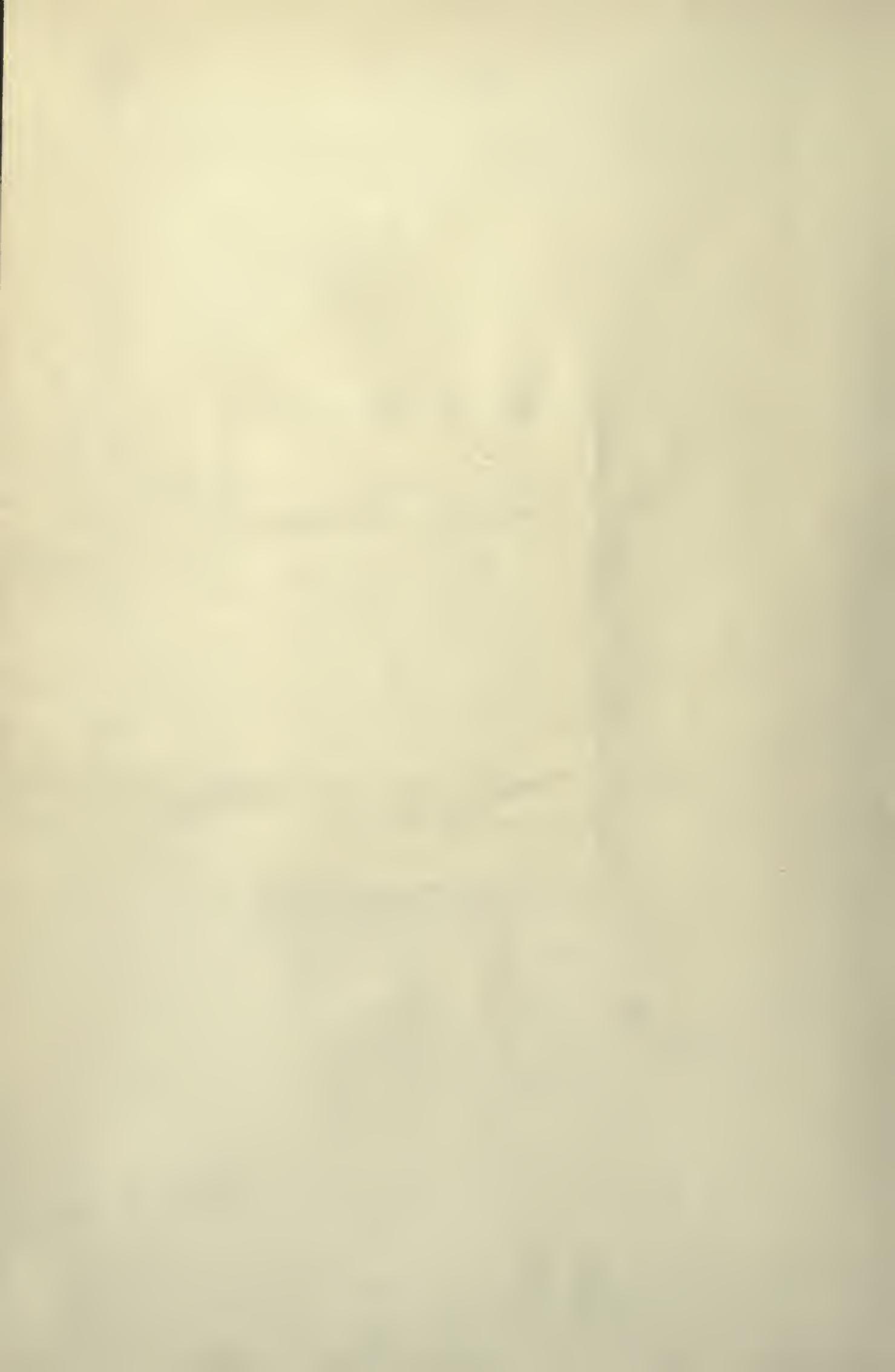


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EVERYMAN

APRIL 18—OCTOBER 10

1913

EVERYMAN

HIS LIFE, WORK, & BOOKS

Edited by CHARLES SAROLEA

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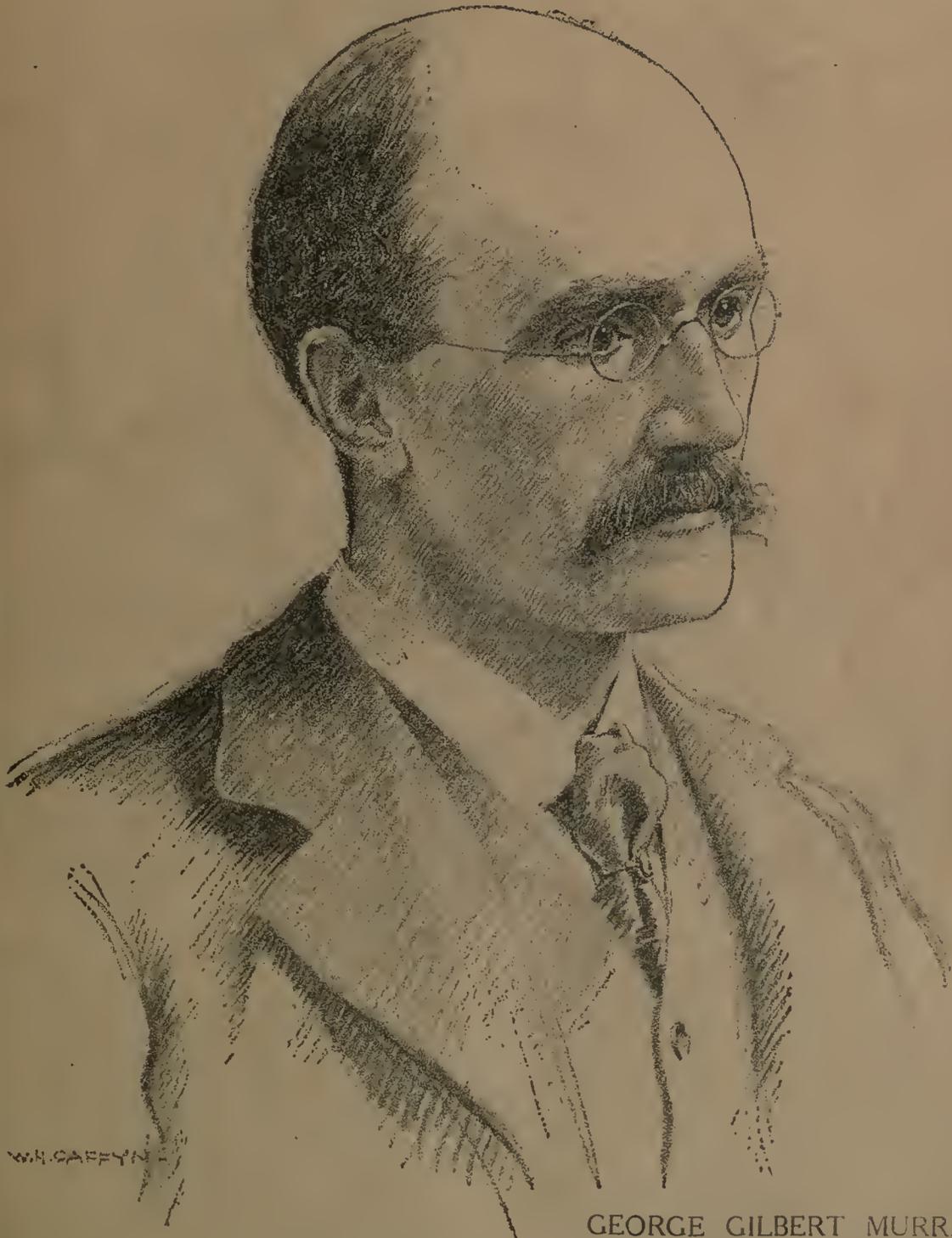
EVERYMAN

His Life, Work, and Books.

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FRIDAY, APRIL 18, 1913

One Penny.



GEORGE GILBERT MURRAY
NATUS 1866

For Biographical Sketch, see p. 14.

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HISTORY IN THE MAKING

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

PARLIAMENT has not been conspicuous for energy of late, and it is likely that the week will end as it began, in a general air of languorous lassitude. The Committee of the Cabinet has been considering the right handling of certain important Bills, pending which the House has been marking time. The Revenue Bill showed a tendency to drag, and no very overwhelming desire for its smooth and rapid progression was manifested. This somnolent mood may, however, break into something less placid over the official Opposition amendment to the Plural Voting Bill. Mr. Crooks' Minimum Wage resolution ruffled it for an appreciable space, and then minds (if not heads) nodded once more. A generation ago such a resolution would have been opposed "on principle," whatever that might mean in such a connection. To-day everyone admits that a minimum wage of 30s. would be "most desirable," and then calmly proceeds to ask whether it is practicable and in the interest of the workers. The "social conscience" has come to stay, and has transcended all party distinctions.

The suspicion that Canada is being treated *de haut en bas* by the British Government, and that Mr. Winston Churchill is a belated reincarnation of Lord North, has raised a storm which, centring in Ottawa, has reverberated from Halifax to Vancouver. The Canadian Press teems with discussions, rallying cries, pacifications, and miscellaneous advice. The *Ottawa Citizen* taunts the Canadian Liberals with not knowing the difference between a dinghy and a dread-

nought. The *Winnipeg Tribune* counsels moderation. The *Toronto Globe* is inflammatory. The *London Advertiser* takes up the cudgels for Canadian manufacturers and working men whom it sees branded with the stamp of inferiority. And through the hubbub of comment and outcry comes the reasonable voice of the *Montreal Herald* (Liberal), telling Canadians that "it will not be comfortable with Canada's dignity, nor make for the strengthening of the Imperial tie, if we become so supercritical of what the members of the British Government say regarding us, that they will be afraid to open their mouths . . . for fear of their motives being misinterpreted."

President Woodrow Wilson is making history somewhat rapidly, and his deliverance at the Democratic Congress is likely to have deep-going consequences. An interesting sidelight is thrown upon his personality by a writer in the *Ohio State Journal*, who comments upon the conference between the President and Senator La Follette, who had not visited the White House for three years. "Such an experience," says this writer, "would not be possible under a political régime inspired by a clamour for official plunder and the flesh-pots of politics. But, above these considerations, these great, earnest, candid men can meet to talk over the public welfare without suspecting each other of seeking a selfish advantage."

The Belgian political strike, involving 500,000 workers, appears distinctly barbarous to a people like ourselves, who look with suspicion upon anything like "unconstitutional" procedure. One is apt to forget that there are Constitutions which make constitutional protest impossible, and that the Belgian electoral system is one of them; also that ever since 1893 the Belgian democracy has used every peaceful means in its power to secure its end. To act constitutionally in this case means to attempt to use the very machinery which is the cause of the trouble as a means to remove it—an obviously impossible proposition. It were short of the mark, however, to see in this strike merely a crusade for "One man, one vote." It is Democracy against Clericalism; the bursting of a long pent-up flood of resentment and wrath; the meeting of two opposing principles and "life-systems." That the strike is doomed to failure is a foregone conclusion. For one thing, the State owns the railways, and the Government will see to it that they and the port of Antwerp are kept open. For another, such a strike is bound to deplete Labour to the point of inanition before it has so much as scratched the hide of Capital.

"Latin America for Latin Americans" is becoming something more than an idle tag in the great Republics of the South: Projects of militarisation are in the air, and writers in the South American Press cry shame upon the short-sighted policy of statesmen whose horizon is bounded by the commercial well-being of their people, whereas the very existence of Latin America depends upon "an alliance of the Latin American nations," based upon a uniting and consolidating of military forces. The *Preusa* (Buenos Aires), one of the most influential organs of South America, stands for a progressive naval policy, and shrewdly points to the United States as an example of a peace-loving nation up to the knees in military preparation. "The States which are most avowedly pacifist are also most generous in their military expenditure," declares the *Preusa*. This new movement, led by the Argentine Republic, is fraught with momentous possibilities, and will cause a flutter among European capitalists.

THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO * * * BY HILAIRE BELLOC

PART II.

UPON the next day, June 17th, this is what happened:—

The Prussians, defeated at Ligny, retired towards Brussels; so by a parallel line did Wellington with his Anglo-German-Dutch force. The two halves of the line Napoleon had pierced were each in being, and each remained in the neighbourhood of the other as it fell back. After the Prussians, to watch them and see what they were doing and whither they retired, Napoleon sent Grouchy with a very large body of men; weakening his army (lessened as it already was after the losses of the two battles) by nearly a third. Grouchy's instructions were, of course, not only to watch the Prussians, but to prevent them joining Wellington, who was retiring by that parallel line, only a few miles off. On that Saturday evening the Prussians drew up round a little town called Wavre, due south-east of Brussels, while, only eight or nine miles off, Wellington put his army in line that same evening upon a low ridge in front of the village of Waterloo, which is very little short of due south of Brussels. The two commanders, whose united forces amounted to close upon the double of the whole French Army (and much more, of course, than double what Napoleon commanded, now that Grouchy was away), awaited the attack of the morrow; but the only one immediately in front of Napoleon was Wellington, in his position on the ridge.

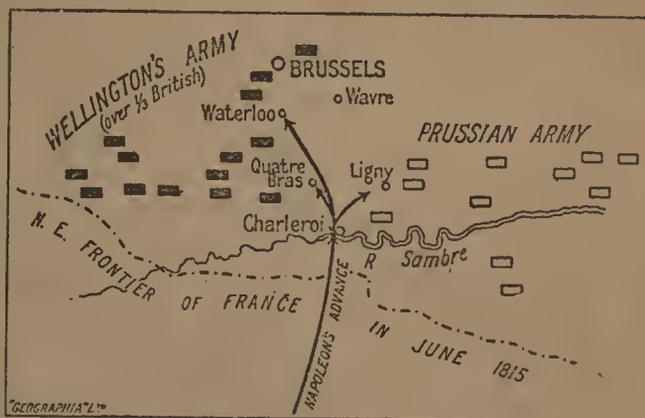
Napoleon delivered his main attack upon the line Wellington had taken up a little after one o'clock in the afternoon. The same morning the Prussians had begun to advance their troops across country from Wavre westward towards the Waterloo ridge, in aid of Wellington. If Wellington had not had a promise that the Prussians would do this he would not, of course, have risked an engagement, for his British and Dutch and German troops, all combined, were somewhat inferior in numbers, and greatly inferior in guns, to the force with which Napoleon faced him.

The Prussians could not bring the whole of their great force across country to help Wellington in one body. They could only bring it bit by bit, and it was their freshest and first army corps, the Fourth, which Blucher thus led to the aid of Wellington upon that morning of Sunday, June 18th.

Napoleon then began the attack on Wellington's as yet unaided line a little after one. The success or failure of this attack would depend upon three things: the power of Wellington's command to hang on until the Prussians should arrive upon the scene, the hour by which the Prussians could manage to come, and Grouchy's ability or inability to intercept the Prussians, and prevent them coming up at all. Neither Grouchy nor Napoleon knew on the Sunday morning whither the main Prussian body had retired or whether they were near Wellington or far off. If Grouchy should discover in time that the Prussians had retired on Wavre, and should step in between them and Wellington, it was hopeless for Wellington to fight. Even if Grouchy did not find out what the Prussians had done, and allowed the Prussians to come up unmolested, it was essential that they should come up pretty early in the day; and Wellington would not have accepted battle with an inferior force unless he had been distinctly promised that Blucher would appear upon the field somewhere between one or two

o'clock. As a fact, Blucher did not appear with the first of his troops until between four and five, and they did not begin to make an impression until somewhat later.

Meanwhile, from one o'clock, when the big artillery attack began—at the latest, from half-past one, when the first infantry attack was delivered—Wellington's line on the ridge had to stand the assaults of the French. There was at least four hours' fighting before the relief afforded by the arrival of the Prussians began to be felt. That arrival made, of course, all the difference to what was left of the day. Napoleon's forces were increasingly taken up with this new pressure upon their right flank. The whole of the north-eastern horn of the battle was pushed in



to meet the increasing force of the Prussian attack, and still the Anglo-Dutch line on the hill held. Just before sunset a last desperate attempt was made to break that line by a charge of the Guard. This charge failed, largely through the action of the Commander of the 52nd, Colbourne, afterwards Lord Seaton; and before it was twilight the combined pressure of the Prussians upon the French right flank, with the failure of their attempt to break the Anglo-Dutch line, had decided the action. The whole French line gave way, and a little before darkness—the retreat of Napoleon's forces became a rout, which was pursued for more than twelve miles through the night towards the French frontier.

That, as best as I can tell it within a very short compass, is the strategical and tactical story of the Battle of Waterloo, and the more people will keep in mind those main lines, the better for popular history.

It is of some interest, though of no practical value, to consider what would have happened if, for any one of the three reasons I have mentioned, Napoleon had succeeded upon the field of Waterloo. Suppose, that is, that Grouchy had found out the line of the Prussian retreat; or supposing the Prussians had not come up in time (they were badly late as it was), or supposing Wellington's line had not held.

Well, as to the first two suppositions, the answer is not very difficult. If Grouchy had found out that Blucher had retired upon Wavre and was close in the neighbourhood of Wellington, why, then he would have "held" the Prussians, and Wellington would never have fought the action of Waterloo at

all. The Prussians would have retired upon Brussels, and Wellington would have retreated again to effect his junction with them in front of or behind that town. If, again, Blucher had come up later than he did, Wellington would have broken contact, and put an end to the battle. He was, as a fact, engaged in the preliminaries of this, on the supposition that the Prussians might fail, when their pressure began to be felt; and he would have been a very bad general, instead of a good one, if he had hesitated for a moment upon that conclusion, supposing the Prussians to have failed him.

As to the last supposition—what would have happened if the Anglo-Dutch line had broken before the Prussians came up? I think the answer is this: Napoleon would have reached Brussels. The Prussians would have retired upon Cologne; but the forces converging upon France were far too considerable to have permitted Napoleon any enduring success. He would, I think, quite certainly have been beaten in some final manner within a very few months of that occupation of Brussels; nor do I think that he could possibly have recovered at home during the short intervening space of time the prestige which the retreat from Russia, the destruction of the Grand Army, and the catastrophe of Leipzig had ruined for ever.



CATHBAD'S PROPHECY

O KING, I stood upon the outer rath
In the wild airs of night, and marked the stars.
The wandering moons, pointing with fingers pale
Down the vast spaces of the windless deep,
Chanted their secret runes. I, Cathbad, heard:
They told me Deirdre's tale—a tale whereat
Many shall weep when Deirdre's self shall be
As dust upon the indifferent wind. I saw
The story of her days, who lies this night
In her first baby slumber, knowing not
She shall be sought by kings. Her face shall bring
Exile on princes, and the sound of wars
Shall follow her. Deirdre, O King, shall be
A flame of beauty in the wastes of time,
Lovely and perilous. For her shall fall
Great heroes and bright candles of the Gael;
Her eyes shall lead them over alien seas,
Her voice entreat them down the ways of Death.
And at the last, O King, a lonely grave
Shall be her share—a little grave apart
Hide her sad beauty from the eyes of men;
Above her passionate heart the swinging tides
Shall fret the salt sea-sand, and o'er her rest
Wild winds of ocean raise the funeral keen.

RUTH DUFFIN.

LITERARY COMPETITION.

The Editor of EVERYMAN offers a prize of Two Guineas for the Best Essay on "The Woman Teacher—Her Life and Labour," the essay not to exceed 1,800 words. All entries for this competition should be addressed to the

COMPETITION EDITOR,
21, Royal Terrace,
Edinburgh,

and must reach him not later than May 1st. It is recommended that essays be typewritten.

THE CALL

By WILL OGILVIE

FOR nearly three years he had lived in Scotland, picking up, one by one, the broken threads of an existence which he had abandoned almost in boyhood; when the memories born of his ten years' exile forced themselves upon him—as they did at times—he set them firmly aside. He had made his choice, and he meant to abide by it.

At first, in the glamour of new friendships, in the glow of renewed acquaintance with the sports and pastimes of his youth, the cry for wider spaces and more understanding comradeship was stifled in his heart. Then came a close and intimate sorrow, a period of soul-sickness and despair; and then, again, at the door of his heart the old, insistent knocking, and the loud, incessant call that would not be denied.

As the winter waned he sat by his fire, gazing dreamily into the towers of flame, and seeing there the rose-red camp-fires of the Past. In the dim hour before the lamps he boarded the golden ship of Fancy, and crossed in the shadow of its purple sail the wide seas of the world. The familiar surroundings of his new life grew faint, and faded away. In their place was the glitter of innumerable stars through pointed gum-leaves, the enwrapping mystery of a Southern night. Only a few feet from him the forest of scrub closed in, dark and impenetrable, full of the silence that is louder than sound. Against the background of trees the myall-logs burned redly.

His ears were full of the distant melody of horse-bells; a horse, parted from its companions, neighed across the darkness—and across the world.

The dim outlines of many cattle lying at rest forced themselves upon his vision. A myall-log dipped in the centre, crashed down, and broke into sudden flame, driving the shadows back upon the forest and glinting on the horns of the nearest steers. One beast rose, restless, stretched itself, and wandered moodily off camp; another followed, and another.

The man stirred uneasily in his chair, and woke with a start to the familiar surroundings of his room. He sighed as Memory, passing, brushed him with her warm, soft wing.

He was awake now, wide awake; but the tinkling horse-bells did not cease to sound. Their melody, mingled with the voices of old comrades, permeated every tingling sense. Through the sounds a Bush Wind blew softly, full of the wail of weird things known only to Nature's sorrow.

Night after night the Bush called to him in his dreams, and all the day her half-forgotten glamour wrapped him round. His sports seemed trivial and tame, his labour insufficient. More and more he hated the narrow fields, the uneventful ways, the sights and sounds of a life so planned and ordered that its very order seemed a menace of misfortune, so guarded and remote that it seemed to be in the imminent shadow of danger.

Longing gave place to fear. The call became more than a love-summons, it became a command, even a threat; a bugle call demanding instant obedience. And it was under the spell of this strange, absorbing fear that the ship was chosen and the die was cast.

To-night his camp-fire flashes, far out beside a Western river, a golden sword-blade on the darkness. He is one with the wind-swept gum-boughs, and kin to the glittering stars. The voices of the great, mysterious Bush play on his thrall'd heart to-night—and for ever. He dare not leave her; nor would he if he dared.

THE USE OF BOOKS TO WORKING MEN

BY J. R. CLYNES, M.P.

IN the matter of making excellent use of brain and time, one of the best things which workmen could do is this: give to good book-reading during the coming years all the precious time they waste on staring at the flashy headlines and absorbing the worthless parade of newspaper rubbish which make up much of the news of the day. Let a working man ask himself what he remembers of the things he read in the papers last week, and what there is worth remembering till next week.

There is a probability of Parliament being called upon during the present Session to deal with another Education Bill, and it is said that, unlike previous ventures in this field of political action, the new Bill will arouse no sectarian conflict, but will be framed to enable the workers' children to secure the best education, and reach positions which are now impossible to them. I do not hesitate to say that Parliament would do more good if the Session were used in passing a law to compel working men to read Shakespeare, Shaw, Balzac, and William Morris. It is a good thing to educate the children, but a bad thing to let the parents cease to think, or think in the wrong way.

Any fundamental or substantial change in the economic structure which will help the working class to rise above their present level may be a long way off, and any mere change in our educational system to afford a better ladder for a few to climb to higher positions will leave unchanged the great mass, who will not be rescued by extended Universities and the better training of teachers. Much as I would welcome educational reform, I would more readily welcome a change in the disposition of workmen which would cause them to make a better use of their time now. Good book-reading would be no cure for labour unrest. Labour unrest would be increased, though better expressed and more scientifically directed if workmen used to a greater extent the intellectual levers of Ruskin, Dickens, Meredith, and Masefield—to throw in only a few uneven names.

Reading may not make thinkers, but it broadens knowledge and ripens men's capacity for action. It enlarges the toleration of masses of men, and it supplies many a joyful recompense after the labours of the day.

To those who adduce the difficulty of cost when thinking of books of popular present-day writers, the answer is that the older masters, who remain masters, afford books in plenty that are almost as cheap as waste-paper.

A book to a workman who is devoted to reading is not what it is to a reviewer or an author. Many a good book is as a gateway leading from a long round of drudgery and effort to obtain the means of daily bread. I would not have books intended to make men content with evil conditions, or submissive to them. The more men read usefully and well, the less will they yield to either an excess of authority or to under-payment in the matter of reward for their work.

Workmen need not now regard books as things devoted to the doings of society, or the interests of the nobility or well-to-do. Many of the best literary efforts illumine the daily lives of common folks, without whose service the rest of men and monarchs would not be sure of their daily bread. Let every workman who wants to feel the breeze of the sea and know the

lives and understand the tribulations and pleasures of our fisher-folks read Stephen Reynolds' "Poor Man's House," and he will only set it aside as a book to be read again.

The long hours or bad conditions under which many men are employed may incline some to say that book-reading is a continuation of men's labour. They are wrong; for any time given to the task will yield greater return, in better forms of pay, than they can secure by any similar time placed at the disposal of an employer. Most manual work is monotonous, distasteful, or irksome. The subdivision of labour, production by piece-work, the use of machinery, and the pressure and speed incidental to modern trade and commerce are all very exacting. These are additional reasons why a man should taste some joys of existence by means of the mental recreation and pleasure which so many great minds can readily afford him.

By years of effort workmen are able to get little improvements in their condition, but these scarcely enlarge the margin of household comforts to an extent which compares with increasing necessities. The one department in which all workmen should ensure increase is the department of thought and outlook.

I am not arguing for a fireside life at a time when the season may call for a healthy country ramble, but many such a ramble would be the better if the workman carried with him Whitman's "Song of the Open Road." If the road is impossible, because the man is already tired with work, or for reasons of time or money, it will cost him little to sit and secure the delights of Belloc's "Path to Rome." To read it will the better fit him for any future journey, and enable him to see himself and nature on a larger scale.

In a recent number of *EVERYMAN* the book of Mr. W. R. Lawson, dealing with our schools, was referred to. Most things, it was argued, were wrong with our education. Committees all over the country were disappointed with the results of the arduous labours of schoolmasters and the enormous expenditure incurred in our educational system. Even those who, with good reason, assert the existence of the difficulty show some diffidence when asked for a remedy; but there should be no diffidence in directing the energies of organisations and men, to encouraging book-reading as indispensable to the life of many who are guilty of a corroding neglect.

There are men who sneer at the small talk of women, and who consider that their conversation is made up of chatter about fashions, dress, or domestic trifles of no account. Have these men kept their ears open when many of their fellows are talking? At what level is their conversation? How often do they hear them talking about the things that matter, or of the great stores of knowledge and life-action which lie upon the shelves of libraries, and which are so seldom seen in the homes of the most useful social servants and wealth-producers in the country? The smallest talk of women is less pitiable, and certainly more excusable, than the talk of many men. This reflection cannot apply to thousands of honourable exceptions; but it does apply to many who, despite every hardship, could make far better use of their reading time. Working men want many things which books could help them to get. And, if not, a good book was never a bad ornament.

WOMEN AT WORK BY MARGARET HAMILTON

VIII.—THE SWEATED WORKER

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 case of the sweated worker cries out for immediate attention, and is of clamant importance to the community at large. The majority of women employed in the sweated trades work in their homes under conditions of unspeakable misery and squalor. The children before and after school are pressed into the service, but the united earnings of an entire family, working all day and half the night, do not permit of the purchase of sufficient food—let alone the common decencies of everyday life. "The Song of the Shirt," Tom Hood's immortal tragedy, is being enacted here in our city of to-day, and it is not women only who pay the price, working their fingers to the bone, but the little children, whose eyes, that should smile on the glad world, grow dim, whose limbs are stunted, whose hearts are bowed down with the cruel discipline of work.

And now let us see the number and variety of sweated trades in London only. It has been said of late that sweeping reforms have taken place in the dressmaking business, that the better-class firms have their goods made on the premises, in large, airy, and commodious workrooms. In many cases this is true. There still remains the fact, however, that in the East End women are employed to make ladies' skirts (lined) at 2s. 6d. a dozen, while long coats, cut in the latest fashion, are paid for at 7d. apiece.

Nor is this the lowest figure. In the course of their investigations the British Federation for the Emancipation of Sweated Women discovered that coats are put out at the rate of 4d. each, and that trousers are paid for at 1d. a pair. One unfortunate creature that the society's officers interviewed worked at this rate eighteen hours out of the twenty-four in the endeavour to keep herself and her four children. These trousers are sold in the retail shops at 10s. to 13s. a pair, and some of the coats find their way into fashionable establishments in the West End, where they are marked from two to three guineas.

The tailoring trade, however, does not touch the lowest depths of penury. In a room in Hoxton, stripped of every remnant of wainscotting, torn off for fuel, with pieces even hacked off the door, in the vain attempt to get a little warmth from the sullen, smoking grate, I found a mother and three children, the eldest six and the youngest three. Their little faces pinched, their eyes heavy, their fingers moved with a dexterity and swiftness wonderful to see. The baby handed lengths of wire to the mother; the other two were more advanced, and contributed a fair share to the weekly exchequer. They were making artificial violets, and the contrast between the dainty little blossoms in deep purple and pale mauve and the wretchedness of the apartment struck home like a knife.

Sixpence a gross was the payment the flower-makers received—sixpence for one hundred and forty-four! You can see flowers identical in shape and pattern in the shop windows to-day—masses of soft colour, graceful, innocent-looking things. After I left the Hoxton garret I felt an impulse of loathing towards them. Day in, day out the mother sat, and the heap of spring-like blossoms grew beside her. The children had a respite sometimes. The eldest was driven off to school by an inspector; the younger

babies went early to bed. But the poor mother worked on, with nothing to hope for, to live for, but the children whom at such a sacrifice she worked to feed.

The art of buttonhole-making is one acquired in its perfection by long practice and experience; yet at this moment girls and women work buttonholes in shirts at the same rate per gross as the violet-maker receives. The calico is hard, and wears the fingers, rasping the flesh; but the sweater has little care for the flesh of his victims. He farms out his work, and receives with the left hand 100 per cent. in excess of what he pays with the right.

The list is not yet finished. The cards of hooks and eyes, all neatly stitched in place, and numbering 384 eyes and as many hooks—we have all bought them, and never given a thought as to who stitched them there, or what they were paid for doing. A penny a card is the price, and in some instances the worker has to find the thread. Children's clothes are made at a figure that, at first sight, seems impossible. The small boy's sailor suit that most young mothers have attempted at some time, cutting out with pride, and stitching away with love and happiness—two-pence is what the woman in the slum receives for the whole thing, and her earnings average from 4s. to 5s. a week.

There is no respite for the sweated worker. She dare not idle for an hour. She has no time to clean the wretched room in which she slaves; the children must go unkempt; herself in rags. The one breathing space she gets is when she takes the weekly toll of work and receives the few poor shillings she has slaved to earn. She dare not stop, because, if once she ceases, the home, held together on so frail a tenure, will go. The children, deprived of the scanty food procured, fall sick. Worse than all, she may lose the employment that demands so terrible a bondage. For, no matter how low the pay, how severe the conditions of the sweated worker, there is always an army of unemployed pressing from behind, and for every one that falls out, overtaxed and overstrained, there are fifty to take her place.

The majority of sweated workers are married women. The young girls employed, as a rule, commence by helping their mother, and, having once accepted the treadmill of ceaseless effort, find it difficult to break away. They have no chance in which to apply for work in a factory, and a situation as domestic servant is for them an impossible paradise. Without training, insufficiently fed, indescribably housed, the sweated worker is chained to her task as surely as the galley slaves of old.

Box-making is one of the few industries of the East End that is not confined to the home. The wages earned, though low, compare favourably with those above quoted. Of late years the rate has gone up from 1½d. to a minimum of 3d. an hour. This is owing to the strenuous efforts of the Box-makers' Union, which has laboured unceasingly to improve the conditions and increase the pay of the women workers. The hours are fifty-eight a week, and a quick, clever hand can earn from 14s. upwards, according to the class of work she adopts. Fancy boxes, the dainty sort of things you buy your chocolates in, are paid for at a

higher rate, as are cigarette and cardboard cases for holding scent.

"My young man's out of work, so what am I to do?" I have heard the phrase time and again from a woman working her fingers to the bone at a starvation rate. The husband—her young man, as she calls him—is on the tramp, looking for a job. There must be a meal ready for him when he returns, a handful of fire in the grate, a cup of tea upon the hob. And the children, how can they go without food? What can the poor mother know or care of Trade Union rates? One's heart bleeds for them as they answer your questions. They must work early and work late, losing their youth, their looks, their very womanhood, in the insuperable task of earning the daily bread.

Combination is the best remedy for sweating. Hampered, as the pioneers of the women's unions undoubtedly are, by the factor of the married woman, the strides they have already made are considerable. Even the chain-makers of Cradley Heath have ameliorated to some extent the misery of their lives by combination, while the women upholsterers have secured a notable advance in wages and shorter hours of work per week.

Some of the less-known trades are terribly underpaid. Who would have supposed that the innocent-looking doll, reposing in a shop window, admired and loved by all the children who pass, was in any way connected with the horrors of this system? Yet the modelling and making of dolls' heads is a recognised branch of East End industry. Sixpence a dozen is the price—a price that seems to recur throughout the annals of the patient slaves with an appalling regularity.

If the toys of a happy and innocent childhood are not free from the taint of the sweater, what is to be said of funeral trappings—the last offerings of respect and veneration human nature can pay to the beloved dead? Four and sixpence a week is the average amount earned by workers employed at making coffin and hearse furniture—furniture, let it be realised, sold by the sweater at a huge profit either to a middleman or direct to firms of undertakers.

You are fond of a pretty blouse, and note a shop that is selling them cheap. Cheap or dear, the risk is run that the garment is sewn with a woman's tears. Three-halfpence apiece is the sum paid for the plainer kind, rising to 2d. and 3d. for the more elaborate variety. Bedspreads command a higher tariff; they are paid for at 4½d. apiece.

We all of us know and appreciate those handy boxes of hairpins of assorted size and shape. Women, working hard all day, manage to make the munificent sum of 4s. weekly, and boxing them!

Four shillings! That, with the help of the children and, on occasions, of the husband, may mount up by another 3s., making in all a family exchequer of some 7s. Out of this pittance the rent has to be paid, the food bought, some show of clothing purchased, an occasional pair of shoes or boots bought cheap at a stall on Saturday night. A desperate struggle, a hand-to-hand fight to keep body and soul together. Such a combat, indeed, as would never be continued but for the generosity of neighbours, the unfailing kindness of the poor to the poor. Is the top floor front in funds and cooking a dinner, she cannot enjoy it unless the lodger below, less fortunate than herself, shares the repast. There is a communism in the slums undreamt of in more prosperous sections of society. In times of trouble, when the landlord, impatient for his rent, distrains on the poor bits of furniture left in the garret, friends gather round and help the family to tide over the time until a few necessary articles can

be purchased. Sickness enlists faithful service; hours stolen from sleep are lavished on the sufferer; such apologies for luxuries as can be obtained are offered to the invalid.

So wonderful is the sympathy the poor possess, so keen their enthusiasm for helping each other in the struggle towards better things, that from their pittance they will subscribe freely and generously when occasion arises, without a thought of their own necessities. At the time of the great dock strike collections were made for the men in all parts of London. Nowhere was the response more eagerly met than in the East End of London. In the districts of Hoxton and Bethnal Green no less than £30 was raised—in *farthings!*

But for the fellowship that exists among the very poor they could hardly endure their existence. Everywhere the trail of the sweater is discovered—the paper bag in which you buy your eggs or carry home the feather for your new hat may have been made at starvation rates. Sixpence—once again the sum appears—is the price per thousand, and in some instances paste has to be provided at the workers' expense. At the time that beaded shoes were fashionable, 9d. a dozen pairs was the highest figure, and in many cases the pattern was intricate, and strained the eyes as well as tiring the hand. Match-boxes fetch 3d. a gross; buttons are carded at 3s. per 100 gross.

If women would combine—women of all classes and occupations—to bring this system of sweating to an end, how many lives would be brightened, how many lives would be spared. A small amount of capital would be sufficient to enable the sweated workers in the flower-making and kindred industries to start a co-operative workshop, and, instead of starving for the sweater, work for themselves, and supply the warehouses and shops direct.

But without such help and assistance the sweated workers can do very little. Those unions, as I have shown, have made considerable headway against the sweater, but, as I pointed out, there still remains a vast army of women, with "eyelids heavy and red," who, from the dawn of the morning till dark at night, sit over their task, the crack of the whips of hunger and destitution in their ears.

Slaves of as cruel a system as ever white man imposed on black, they are silent for the most part, and piteously uncomplaining.

"I've only three left now, miss," said a sad-eyed woman when I asked after her poor, sickly little children. "I had eight once, but bad times came, and they died one after the other. I was out of work at the time, and my young man was in hospital. But I'm doing better now, and we're getting on fine."

Her smile hurt one; her courage was a reproach. Getting on fine—with five children in the grave and a sick husband and three babies to support! The attic was terribly bare and gaunt, but the truckle bed was clean; the table had been scrubbed and the floor swept. She had been working since five that morning, and when I saw her it was past two. She had snatched but a few minutes to give the children their dinner of bread and dripping, and to eat a crust herself. And the net result of her labour was exactly 6d. She had stitched seventy-five sacks, for which she was paid at the rate of 4d. for fifty!

Fourpence for fifty, and she was going on fine! Incalculable heroism that can find a gleam of brightness in a life so drear! Seventy-five sacks, and she hoped to complete the hundred by the end of the afternoon. And for this she wore out her life, stitching in the bleak attic, while the children huddled round the dying fire.

COUNTRIES OF THE WORLD

XII.—AUSTRALIA

By E. HERMANN

I.

WHEN it is remembered that Australia covers 2,948,366 square miles, forming more than one-fourth of the whole area of the British Empire, and that, although five-thirteenths of its area lie within the tropic of Capricorn, it exhibits almost every variety of climatic conditions, it will be seen that a comprehensive and summary exposition is extremely difficult, if not impossible. Larger than the United States without Arctic Alaska, and more than three-fourths of Europe, and about twenty-five times as large as the United Kingdom, Australia is habitable by white men in every part, not excluding the so-called Australian desert. Three distinctive geographical features will strike the observer at his first look at a good map. The coastal line is remarkably small in proportion to the whole area, there are no considerable ranges of high snow mountains, and there are neither lakes of any size nor rivers connecting the coast-line with the interior. The last two characteristics bring one face to face with the crucial problem of irrigation. The future of Australia hinges upon the question of water conservation, and, though it is a land of short memories for misfortunes, the recent unprecedented succession of good seasons has not availed to make thoughtful men forget the desolating seven years' drought of fifteen years ago. At present most agriculturalists pin their faith to artesian water bores. Subterranean water is found over huge areas, and scientists surmise an inexhaustible supply. Such borings are expensive, however, and the nature of the springs still obscure. Moreover, as one goes farther inland, the water contains too much soda for purposes of irrigation, and grows increasingly brackish towards the heart of the great "desert."

II.

The configuration of Australia has been compared to an inverted saucer. There is, to begin with, an outer coastal rim, some forty miles deep, of rich alluvial soil. Broken by Spencer's Gulf, and degenerating into sandhills on the edge of the Bight, this belt reappears on the western coast and runs northward. Above it there rises the great dividing range, at no point more than 250 miles from the sea, and falling precipitously seawards in places, with bold, wild escarpments. Starting at the northernmost point of Australia, Cape York, it runs southward, achieves mingled charm and grandeur in the Barrier ranges of Queensland and the Blue Mountains of New South Wales, and reaches its greatest elevation in Mount Kosciusko, king of the Australian Alps and chief centre of winter sports. It breaks off at the boundary of Victoria and New South Wales, and, while it reappears in the west, it does not follow the alluvial rim northward. Behind the dividing ridge is the great central plain, forming the bottom of the saucer. Following the three divisions, we get three types of country—green pastures and well-wooded slopes on the coastal rim, rolling downs and dense, high forest land on the range, and a treeless plain in the centre, unattractive to the eye, but a serious rival to the wheat-fields of Canada. On the south coast one might imagine oneself in pastoral England. On the uplands the eucalyptus stands in free, open spaces, and rank creepers hug the roots of towering trees; the desert plain is instinct with the blankness and loneliness of vast spaces in a wild and virgin land.

III.

The dividing range explains the climate, or rather climates, of Australia. The sea breezes strike the eastern shore, hence the abundant rainfall along the coast. They are checked by the range, hence the scanty rainfall on the plains, which depend on the monsoons and western trade winds. Thus, while the rainfall in Sydney has averaged fifty inches over forty-two years, that of Western New South Wales averaged only nine. Add to this the lack of lakes, rivers, and snow mountains on the plain, and the magnitude of the irrigation problem jumps into instant view. So formidable is the drought spectre that it was declared a few years ago that Australia could never support a population at all commensurate to its size. But this gloomy armchair theory collapsed at the first impact of solid facts, as demonstrated, for example, by a writer in the Australian journal, *Life*. To begin with, he showed by a most ingenious map that the maritime belt alone would hold more than all Europe, minus Russia, and, further, that the rest of Australia contained more than *twice* the amount of land, with a rainfall of over twenty inches—that is, a rainfall allowing of excellent agricultural results—than Canada. Moreover, agriculture can be carried on with a rainfall of only twelve inches, while fifteen inches yield distinctly good returns, which adds half a million square miles to the credit balance of Australia. The gloomy theorists also left the quite extraordinary recuperative power of Australian soil and stock out of their reckoning.

IV.

With the granting of responsible government to the several States, Australia passed from the amorphous agglomeration of a "colony" to the articulated organism of a nation. The people gripped the land, and in doing so discovered their power of grip. They did not excoGITATE theories of State Socialism, but they realised by degrees that the most important of Australia's undeveloped resources was its population, and that a man is of more value than a sheep. That they gave an idealistic and spiritual connotation to that value cannot be asserted; but they recognised from the start that a man's body and brain and powers of enjoying the good things of life, material and artistic, are bigger assets than wool and coal and precious ore. The Federation of 1901 at once strengthened and controlled this new national spirit, giving it increased volume, but pruning its excrescences. To the Federal Senate and House of Representatives came men who were "big guns" in their own State, but had never realised that the conflicting claims of neighbour States affected the problems of each, and that a wise and generous dovetailing of interests was the only chance of solid success. The reaction upon State Parliaments was marked, and the Australian M.P. of to-day has a wider outlook and far more tolerance and general *savoir-faire* than his predecessor.

V.

To speak of Australian politics is to say "Labour Government" in these days. The Australian Labour party is Federalist in sympathy, has learnt to think imperially, and is solidly protectionist. It is not anti-Capitalist as a whole, believes in a modified form of conscription, and has little patience with Socialism of the *doctrinaire* type. Above all, it represents the



people in the most full and real sense. It grew out of that new ideal of social progress which responsible government had called into being, and out of that characteristically Australian preference of ease to wealth which is largely the outcome of climatic conditions. Averse to any "high-falutin'" idealism or abstract social doctrines, the common-sense Australian worker decided that work at fair wages, pleasant, healthy conditions, and ample leisure were vastly preferable to enormous returns at the price of sweated or excessive labour; and he took care to send men to Parliament who would stand for this ideal. That the Labour party has made mistakes will be readily admitted. It has tended to perpetuate the Caucus—a necessary evil in the day of a party's weakness, but a pernicious incubus in the day of its strength. It was at one time guilty of a selfish and short-sighted immigration, or rather anti-immigration, policy—now a thing of the past. Its narrow definition of "Labour," and its exclusive insistence upon the rights of one class, entailed undeserved and unnecessary hardship upon the small tradesman and manufacturer. But, whatever its sins of commission and omission, its reign has synchronised with a period of unprecedented national prosperity, and, as a matter of fact, there is less paternal legislation in Australia to-day than in the home country. Wages Boards, Industrial Courts, and Trades Halls look formidable on paper, but it must not be forgotten that in a new and sparsely populated country legislation must needs be called in to do what is effected by economic compulsion in older countries, and in reality the Australian industrial law is no more stringent than, if as stringent as, our own.

It remains, however, that the Australian has an enviable faith in legislation, and uses it freely and audaciously *pro bono publico*.

VI.

The Labour party is commonly identified with what is known as the White Australia policy; but there are, in fact, very few thoughtful and unprejudiced men in Australia, whatever their political convictions, who do not stand for the ideal of a White Australia. To make the question of imported coloured labour an economic one is to miss the real issue. No one denies that the country could be developed far more rapidly with the aid of coloured labour; but Australia has made up her mind that no economic advantage can compensate for the degradation of both coloured and white which such slave-labour brings, and that a White Australia means political, social, and moral salvation, and is worth any sacrifice. And events have proved that the sacrifice was not nearly as great as was anticipated. When the Kanakas were deported from the sugar district of Queensland, mill-owners declared that the industry would be ruined, in spite of the compensating Government bounty. Instead of this, the yield rose by 593,340 tons within a year. As a matter of hard fact, there is hardly a spot in Australia where the white man cannot work and thrive.

VII.

One of the unhealthy symptoms of Australian development is the growth of large cities on or near the coast-line, and the drift of the population to these centres. There are few really progressive country towns, and the State capitals are tending towards an

undesirable congestion. Of all the State capitals, Sydney captures the imagination most completely. Brisbane has its own charm—mostly a matter of gorgeous flowering shrubs clustering round wooden houses on "stilts," and undulating river-banks, every hillside hung with villas, glorious to see from a launch when the purple Judas-tree is in bloom. Melbourne is reminiscent of an American city, with its chequer-board street-planning, its bustle, and its taut, well-groomed women. Adelaide is a sleepy city of gardens and churches, with a comfortable air of unostentatious well-to-do-ness. Fremantle is a derelict city, the stream of life having deflected to Perth, which is the real capital of Western Australia, and has not a few attractions, notably a bracing climate, with cool nights, even at the height of summer. But one has seen them all before—or, at any rate, something like them.

Sydney suggests nothing but itself. And this is not merely due to the fact that Sydney Harbour is one of the seven beauties of the world, and that no invasion of fat Philistinism can make its garden suburbs anything but interesting. It is rather that Sydney exhibits more explicitly than any of the other centres the emergence of a new type of life and character, fundamentally British, yet strangely un-British. It is a type not a little Greek—modern Greek, that is, and one had almost said Levantine—in its relaxed and seductive grace, hedonistic tendency, artistic instincts, and scant capacity for moral indignation. Yet it is even more unlike any Southern type than it is unlike the British. It is, in fact, a new thing—a strangely intricate and fascinating woof of iridescent threads on a warp of British homespun. It is a young, yeasting life poised on the perilous edge of a transition, pregnant with every eventuality, and not without indications of disaster ahead. What part the new capital of Canberra will play in this evolution is an interesting but futile speculation. We are being told that Canberra will be smokeless, dustless, slumless, odourless, mudless, and free from deleterious gases; that its streets will be as spotless as a Dutch kitchen, and its buildings hermetically sealed against dust; and that it will combine beauty with efficiency. Whatever type such a nuisanceless city may produce, it is fairly safe to predict that its denizens are not likely to err on the side of strenuousness and self-denial.

VIII.

Misprized for generations, and used as little more than a dumping-ground for our failures and derelicts (a heartless policy from whatever point considered,

INDEX AND BINDING CASES OF VOL. I.

THE Publishers, after careful consideration, have decided not to issue the Index in the form of a supplement to the present number, as originally intended. Only a certain proportion of readers would have any use for the Index, so it has been decided to issue the Title-page and Index to Vol. I. as a separate publication, which will be sent post free to any reader on application accompanied by 4d. in stamps.

Cases for binding can be obtained at 1s. 6d. each, post free 1s. 8d. The first volume of EVERYMAN will be ready next week, handsomely bound in cloth, price 3s. 6d. net, carriage paid 4s. Numerous applications have already been received, and all those desirous of obtaining the first of what should prove a long series of interesting volumes should write at once to the EVERYMAN Publishing Dept., Aldine House, Bedford Street, W.C.

and a foolish one as well), Australia is at last being recognised as a country of unparalleled resources and possibilities. No area of equal size contains so much wealth and such a variety of wealth, and the Government is doing much to develop these rich resources.

A policy of close settlement is rigorously pursued; railways and forest telephones go with, or rather precede, the settler; irrigation works are multiplied; expert instruction and advice are extended to agriculturalists and pastoralists; an up-to-date system of national education, with free entry for clergy of all denominations, is the rule, and free railway passes are granted to scholars living at a distance. A more stringent grading of wheat and a closer supervision of dairy output are still desiderata, but there are indications of an improvement in both these directions. Whether, with all these promises of a great future, Australia will merit its title of "God's own country" depends on its men. The nation is still in the crucible. Saxon and Celt, Teuton and Scandinavian have contributed the main elements of that seething mass—the first two in great preponderance. What will emerge is in the lap of the gods. We see but indications.

The up-country worker, be he boss or "hand," gives one side of the medal; the easy-going, pleasure-loving harbour-lounger another. There is a strange mixture of fierce independence and the habit of "leaning"—be it against a wall or a Government. One can trace the beginnings of an indigenous art and literature and a nascent interest in the spiritual world. Perhaps the least auspicious symptoms are an insane lust of pleasure and a Gallio-like mood, fostered by languorous suns. This tepid temper emerges in the characteristic answer of the Australian school-boy, who, on being asked which he preferred, Puritan or Cavalier, admitted that the Puritans were altogether too religious, but added, with calm objectivity, that he guessed even *that* was better than too much drink.

Certain it is that Australia's greatest and most immediate need is more population. It is hard to realise, indeed, that the present population of all Australia is less than that of London. And, whatever else may go to the shaping of the Australia that is to be, her future depends very largely on the kind of human material the Mother-country will contribute to her fabric within this generation.



"ONCE, MY PLAYMATE."

A Japanese Child-Versé.

RIYOSHI was my greatest friend,

But now he never comes to me;

Yet when I go my nets to mend

I hear him calling, out at sea.

So when the waves come up the bay

I tell them all about my fun,

And whisper secrets every day;

The waves run back when I have done.

And sometimes, when I'm gone to bed,

The waves bring secrets back to me,

And tell me what Riyoshi said,

And how he always waits for me.

AUSTIN PRIESTMAN.

ARNOLD BENNETT * * * BY RICHARD CURLE

I.

WHENEVER I take up one of Mr. Bennett's novels I feel at once the enormous sense of relief which comes from the knowledge that one won't be bothered by some fevered ethical problem. For Mr. Bennett has not this passion for reforming the world which has seized hold of so many of our best writers. His view of the novel is really a much wider one. In his hands it actually is a great slice of existence. He is not there to prove a case, to show up something or other, to preach in the guise of fiction; he is there to unroll the mysterious and trivial lives of ordinary people. In his three most famous works, "The Old Wives' Tale," "Clayhanger," and "Hilda Lessways," this realistic, impersonal, unexaggerated method becomes very impressive. One just seems to be watching familiar figures passing through the long years of their rather futile and weary lives. The illusion is so powerful as to be almost mesmeric. The air of genuine reality is astonishingly convincing. It's not so much that the people themselves are real (they are, but not overwhelmingly) as that the whole thing is so real, so perfectly balanced, such a complete structure of even and tireless imagination. I think that one is apt to accept all this in Mr. Bennett's work too much as a matter of course. It's so obviously sound that one is inclined just to say, "That's precisely the sort of life these people would live," without realising how very remarkable is the art that can induce this feeling of certainty.

II.

For Mr. Bennett conceals himself with rare cunning. His work is seldom tuned to a higher key than that of balanced narrative. He avoids purple patches, all showing of himself, all philosophic outbursts. And yet he deals with the hidden secrets of the heart. Much more does he resemble Balzac than Dumas. As a story-teller, pure and simple, he can be very effective (witness such a book as "Buried Alive"); but in his finest work he is something much grander—the designer of prose epics. For this is his foremost quality, that his great novels read like epics. They cover all the years of life, all the changes, all the history. In his canvasses people appear and die out, people grow old, people are born, and with it all one sees ever the unchanging face of time. There appears no valid reason why a novel by Mr. Bennett should not cover a hundred years and twenty thousand pages. If it did, I'm certain it wouldn't cease to be absorbing, just because I'm certain that life itself wouldn't cease to be absorbing.

III.

And Mr. Bennett is not a mere humdrum observer. He is far too taken up with life to be that. He writes with assured vivacity, with intense zest, and he makes us understand things through the glow of his own comprehension. His books, in spite of their subdued tones and their moderation, are nevertheless tonics against *ennui*. For he causes very commonplace affairs, very usual people, to be exciting. It's easy enough to make the South Sea Islands thrilling, but it's not so easy to make the Potteries thrilling. But that's what Mr. Bennett has accomplished, and there lies one of his triumphs. Who can read about old Mr. Shushions, about Clayhanger's love affair, about Sophia's desertion, about Sarah Gailey's illness, about Hilda's awakening, without feeling moved? These are just random examples. And it is not only the

personality of the people; it is the personality of the place. That curious atmosphere of the Five Towns is a creation—one is sensible of its dogged, old-fashioned, "canny," sordid spirit—a hard atmosphere, but deeply individual.

IV.

Perhaps it is a mistake to dwell so long on these three books, considering the vast body of Mr. Bennett's other work. For he must be the author of something like forty volumes. He, himself, divides his work into novels, fantasias, short stories, belles-lettres, drama—a formidable list. Some of it is on a distinguished level and some of it is not; but all of it has been dimmed more or less (dimmed in a literary sense, though probably not in a commercial one) by the shining brightness of his three masterpieces. A comparatively unknown work like "Leonora," for instance, is really a capital novel, and would have made for most people a considerable and deserved reputation. And then there are such books as "Anna of the Five Towns," "The Card," and so on. . . .

As a critic, Mr. Bennett, it is well known, used to write week after week in the *New Age*, under the pseudonym of "Jacob Tonson." His criticisms were particularly just, perspicacious, and unfanatical, although, in my opinion, he was now and then carried too far by the glamour of the ultra-modern. This lack of fanaticism is, of course, obvious in all that he does. He is that scarce and valuable thing, an original man without cranks. All his work is irradiated by a splendid sanity. And thus in his criticism one always knew what to expect—freedom from the stupidities of convention, and, generally speaking, a vital appreciation of literature. If only someone could induce Mr. Bennett to republish a selection of these *New Age* papers he would be doing a service.

V.

A minute ago I was mentioning the name of Balzac, and really one might institute a suggestive comparison between Balzac and Mr. Bennett. For there is affinity between them, though I daresay it wouldn't stand too precise an analysis. It's the affinity of a sort of universal inquisitiveness in regard to life, and of a colossal, concrete energy. Mr. Bennett's attitude to his characters is, in some ways, very like that of Balzac. Both men give one the impression of being interested in their creations to an extent far beyond any mere literary interest. One can easily picture Mr. Bennett wishing to consult Clayhanger on some point or other, just as one can realise how natural it was for Balzac to murmur on his death-bed that he would have been saved had a certain doctor of his novels been present. This unfeigned interest in their creations is one of the chief reasons that render the novels of Balzac and of Mr. Bennett so engrossingly and so intimately alive.

VI.

And, like Balzac, Mr. Bennett is a realist of a type that is romantic without being at all poetical—a man-of-the-world attitude not too common amongst authors. Certainly he has not Balzac's teeming brain, and he is not so creative an artist; but, all the same, he approaches much nearer to Balzac in his outlook and in his technique than he does to the Russians for whom he has such enthusiasm. For he has none of the Slavonic melancholy, and his psychology is invariably normal. Like Balzac, he is touched by the prodigality of life without being oppressed by its

disasters. He is far more the recorder than the theoriser, far more the studious dissector than the compassionate sympathiser.

"Clayhanger" and "Hilda Lessways" await their sequel, and meanwhile Mr. Bennett has written an entertaining book on the United States, and started a new series of adventures of "the card." One cannot help doubting the wisdom of such unceasing productive energy. There were signs of staleness in "Hilda Lessways." Everyone has to pay the penalty of staggering labour if that labour is quite unremitting. Now that Mr. Bennett's fame is so secure, so well-founded, should he not devote himself entirely to that work in which his highest ability is most evident and most unchallenged?



LITERARY NOTES

NO musician, not even Beethoven, has been written about so much as Richard Wagner, the centenary of whose birth will be auspiciously commemorated next month. The literary cairn to the composer of "Lohengrin" and "Tannhauser" is now of formidable proportions. Recently I had occasion to look through the bibliography of Wagner, and was surprised at the number of works bearing upon practically every aspect of his career. Of course, the fact ought not to go unrecorded that Wagner himself bore no small part in the rearing of the cairn. Ten substantial volumes of criticism, all of which have been long available to English readers, and an autobiography which extends to nearly a thousand pages, afford a fair idea of his literary industry.

And this bibliography is by no means closed. English Wagner literature is to receive important additions next month. There is, first of all, a new study of "Wagner: as Man and Artist," by Mr. Ernest Newman, which Messrs. Dent are to publish. Then we are to have a biography from the pen of Mr. John Runciman, with whose trenchant musical criticisms readers of the *Saturday Review* are familiar. Messrs. Bell will publish the book. Lastly, Mr. G. D. Gribble is bringing out, through Messrs. Everett, "The Master Works of Richard Wagner: a Study of their Plots, Legendary Sources, and Musical Characteristics." I ought to add that Messrs. Smith, Elder have just published "The Ring of the Nibelung of Richard Wagner," a translation of the poem by Randle Fynes which attempts to reproduce the spirit rather than the letter of the original.

"Katharine Tynan," who is now living near her birthplace in Co. Dublin, is announced to have completed a first volume of reminiscences, in which the subject of Home Rule bulks largely. The industry of this gifted poet and popular novelist is really amazing. Her first book, which contained verse, was published in 1885, and since then she has written about sixty works, mostly novels, which surely gives her an indisputable claim to be regarded as the most prolific among British women writers. Andrew Lang wrote about the same number of volumes, but he was as versatile as he was industrious.

There has been quite a record demand for Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace's new book, "Social Environment and Moral Progress." I am not surprised, for not only has the author been a close student of social science for many years, and is therefore well entitled to expound it, but he has written the book when verg-

ing on the age of ninety. This fact of itself would, I imagine, create a demand for the book. Is there another man alive who has written a book at so advanced an age?

* * *

Messrs. Harrap have launched a new series of histories, the first volume of which ("Ancient Greece") is ready. "Great Nations" is the title of the new series, which will endeavour to revive the real life of the past, and show how the great men and women of other ages still deeply influence the present by their deeds and thoughts. Political and military events will receive their proper place and proportions in the structural framework, but more attention will be given to great achievements in art, literature, science, and other civilising influences. Each volume will run to about 450 pages, and will be sold at 7s. 6d. net.

* * *

We are shortly to have a biography of Matthew Gregory Lewis, better known as "Monk Lewis," a sobriquet earned by a rather unsavoury romance, "Ambrosio; or, the Monk," which was published in 1795, when the author was only twenty. Lewis's career ought to provide first-class biographical material. He met Goethe at Weimar, was the friend of Byron, Shelley, and Scott, and wrote many sensational plays and novels. Then he entered Parliament, made two voyages to the West Indies, and became the owner of two large estates in Jamaica. He died in 1818 of yellow fever in the Gulf of Florida, and was buried at sea. Lewis's "Life and Correspondence" was published in 1839, and is long out of print. There is room, therefore, for a new biography.

* * *

Messrs. Sampson Low announce a work which promises to be rather interesting. It is entitled "Major Greville, V.C.: a Tale of the Great Boer War," and has been written by Senator G. G. Munink, a Boer who fought against Great Britain, and was taken prisoner. He was even reported to have lost his life at Elandsлагте. Lord Selborne and other eminent men have read the manuscript, and express warm approval of the novel, the most striking chapters of which are said to be those in which the author describes, from the Boer side, the fiercest battles in the war.

* * *

Next month will witness the issue of the first number of a new literary and artistic monthly. The *Blue Review* will be edited by Mr. Middleton Murry, who has gathered round him some able contributors. Mr. Gilbert Cannan, Mr. Frank Swinnerton, and Mr. Hugh Walpole are to be associated with the literary side of the journal. Artistic criticism will be in the hands of Mr. Albert Rothenstein, and Mr. Edward J. Dent will be responsible for the musical criticism. Mr. Martin Secker will publish the journal, which, I trust, will have a prosperous career.

* * *

A work which will assist writers and public speakers who are often at a loss for the exact word to use is always sure of a welcome. Something of the kind has been brought out by Messrs. Putnam. "Synonyms, Autonyms, and Associated Words" is a manual of reference which ought to afford practical guidance in the expression of ideas through the use of an exact and varied vocabulary. Mr. Louis A. Flemming, the compiler, has contrived to arrange the contents so that by turning to the word that one thinks of first, it is possible to find almost instantly any word that may be desired.

X. Y. Z.

MASTERPIECE FOR THE WEEK

CHARLOTTE BRONTË'S "JANE EYRE" *

THE publication of "Jane Eyre" dates a new era in literature. The leading fictionists of the 'forties had tabooed uncovenanted love from the master motives of the English novel. The plot was cribbed, cabin'd, and confined until Charlotte Brontë took possession of the reading world with a whirlwind. The little governess, who had lived the greater part of her life in the lonely parsonage of Haworth, surrounded by the wide and lonely stretch of moorland that swept right up to the village, as if resenting the encroachment of mankind upon its solitudes, produced a work of fiction unique and challenging; a work that owed its inspiration to none of the founts of literary greatness, that launched a challenge in the world, flung down a gauntlet that has proved the herald of innumerable fights.

Charlotte Brontë was the first novelist who dared to portray the force of passion in a woman, strong and unafraid, pure and unashamed. The very strength of Jane's love for Rochester convinces one from the moment suspicion first enters the mind as to the identity of the woman hidden in the locked room, that, though she loves him, she will not yield to him. When the inevitable moment of discovery is reached, and suspicion is realised in the fact that the secret woman is Rochester's wife, Jane justifies our faith, and though her heart breaks she will not allow the issue between right and wrong for a moment to confuse her judgment. The medium the author chose for the portraiture of passion was an insignificant little creature, insignificant from a physical standpoint, but with an incomparable vividness of spirit, vitality of character, and unconquerable will. It is the triumph of character, the vindication of that aristocracy of temperament that is the salt of humanity.

The book was greeted with a storm of execration, Charlotte was accused of an attempt to undermine morality, and the relations between Rochester and Jane were hotly canvassed. But the innate power of genius surmounted in triumph all obstacles, and "Jane Eyre," in face of the masterpieces with which it was contemporary, scored a success which remains unimpaired to this day.

But it is not in the portrayal of passion alone, in the protest of woman's right to feel and to express the strongest and most potent of emotions, that Charlotte Brontë is remarkable. Her presentment of the suffering of Jane, the imaginative, highly strung child of intense nervous susceptibility under the rule of Mrs. Reed, is a revelation of child psychology. Nowhere else do we find such an intimate knowledge of the power the "terror that walks in darkness" exercises over a young mind. Take the inimitable description of Jane's sufferings when, by order of her aunt, she is locked in the red room as punishment for her contumacy in resenting the tyranny of her cousins, John and Eliza.

"Daylight began to forsake the red room; it was past four o'clock, and the beclouded afternoon was tending to drear twilight. I heard the rain still beating continuously on the staircase window, and the wind howling in the grove behind the hall; I grew by degrees cold as a stone, and then my courage sank. . . . And now, as I sat looking at the white bed and overshadowed walls—occasionally also turning a fascinated eye towards a dimly gleaming mirror—I began to recall what I had heard of dead men . . . revisit-

ing the earth to punish the perjured and revenge the oppressed; . . . my heart beat thick, my head grew hot; a sound filled my ears which I deemed the rushing of wings: something seemed near me; I rushed to the door and shook the lock in desperate effort."

It will be remembered that Bessie, the kindly nursemaid, hurries to Jane and unlocked the door. Mrs. Reed—the embodiment of our childish belief of ogres and their desperate power—thrust the child back into the haunted chamber, and the little creature, engulfed in a sea of icy terror, falls into a fit.

The author is not always in a tense mood; she occasionally relaxes, and, with a quiet humour that finds its fullest expression in the characters of the inimitable curates in "Shirley," falls into a lighter vein. There is bitter satire as well as humour in the sketch of Mr. Brocklehurst. Take the memorable interview between him and poor Jane:

"Do you say your prayers night and morning?" continued my interrogator.

"Yes, sir."

"Do you read your Bible?"

"Sometimes."

"With pleasure? Are you fond of it?"

"I like Revelation, and the Book of Daniel, and Genesis and Samuel, and a little bit of Exodus, and some parts of Kings and Chronicles, and Job and Jonah."

One can see the small child, with the grave face and earnest eyes, quietly studying the man with the large features and pompous soul.

"And the Psalms? I hope you like them?"

"No, sir."

"No? Oh, shocking! I have a little boy, younger than you, who knows six psalms by heart. And when you ask him which he would rather have, a gingerbread nut to eat, or a verse of a psalm to learn, he says: "Oh, the verse of a psalm! Angels sing psalms," says he. "I wish to be a little angel here below"; he then gets two nuts in recompense for his infant piety."

The life at Lowood in the Institute over which "Brocklehurst" is written wrings the soul. So vivid, so vital is the creation of Jane, that we see her, understand her, agonise over her childish sorrows, rejoice in her simplicity of spirit and warmth of heart that confines such ardent pleasure in the quiet things of life. Rochester, we know, is melodrama pure and simple, but melodrama infused with flashes of reality. His courtship of Jane is relieved by touches of pure comedy, and the proposal in the garden is written with a charm and tenderness that blots out remembrance of stilted sentences and turgid phrases.

"A waft of wind came sweeping down the laurel walk and trembled through the boughs of the chestnuts; it wandered away—away—to an indefinite distance; it died. The nightingale's song was then the only voice of the hour; in listening to it I again wept. Mr. Rochester sat quiet, looking at me gently and seriously. Some time passed before he spoke; he at last said:

"Come to my side, Jane, and let us explain and understand one another."

"I will never again come to your side; I am torn away now, and cannot return."

* Everyman's Library.

"But, Jane, I summon you as my wife; it is you only I intend to marry. . . ."

"You, Jane. I must have you for my own, entirely my own."

Unable to believe him, she questions again and yet again, and, when at last she yields, does so in a passion of surrender.

The culmination of Jane's love, as will be remembered, results in the tragic dénouement upon her wedding morning. The author keeps alive an undercurrent of suspense, winding in and out the thread of the story, the dull, grey thread of tragedy against the glowing colours of romance. And then, at the rails of the altar, where Rochester, daring everything, admitting nothing, has taken the girl he desires more than all else, she learns the truth.

It is on the return of the wedding party when he invites them all—the solicitor, the brother-in-law, and poor Jane herself, to visit the mad woman who is his wife, that Rochester suddenly rises to reality. He is infused with the fire of genius, and stands out for all time as counsel for the defence on the charge of unlawful but consuming passion.

"This is *my wife*," said he. "Such is the sole conjugal embrace I am ever to know—such are the endearments which are to solace my leisure hours! And *this* is what I wish to have" (laying his hand on my shoulder): "This young girl, who stands so grave and quiet at the mouth of hell, looking collectedly at the gambols of a demon, . . . look at the difference! Compare these clear eyes with the red balls yonder—this face with that mask—this form with that bulk; then judge me, priest of the Gospel and man of the law, and remember, with what judgment ye judge ye shall be judged!"

It is a masterly touch that makes Jane feel no sense of injury or indignation against him. Consumed with misery, doomed to see the ruin of a woman's tenderest hopes, she finds it in her heart to feel for Rochester such a gush of compassion, of tender pity, and healing regret, as washes out the sting of bitterness, and leaves only a vast sorrow behind. Again and again he pleads with her that she is the one woman meant for his wife, advancing every argument and appeal likely to influence her. Each time she repulses him, and finally, unable to bear the strain of conflict any longer, steals away as friendless, and even more penniless than when she entered his house.

Her meeting with Diana and Mary Rivers, and their brother, St. John, is told in a convincing fashion that robs it of any appearance of strained effect; indeed, the most remarkable thing about "Jane Eyre" is that the palpable improbabilities and occasional infringements of taste that occur in the course of the narrative do not seem to matter in the least. The effect of St. John's influence on Jane, the narrowing sense that springs from his personality, the limitations he imposes on her outlook in life are wonderfully suggestive.

But Jane's inherent vitality asserts itself; she breaks away from him and makes her way back to her "master," and discovers he is desolate indeed.

His wife is removed, by a novelist's pardonable licence, having set fire to the hall, and Rochester, true to his character of melodramatic hero, loses his sight in attempting to rescue her. And so the story closes, and Jane finds a home in the heart of the man she has loved.

"I know what it is to live entirely for and with what I love best on earth. I hold myself supremely blessed—blessed beyond what language can express; because I am my husband's life as fully as he is mine.

No woman was ever nearer to her mate than I am: ever more absolutely bone of his bone, and flesh of his flesh." And in those poignant words lie the eternal vindication of Jane Eyre—and her author.



PROFESSOR GILBERT MURRAY

GEORGE GILBERT AIMÉ MURRAY was born in 1866 in Sydney, New South Wales, his father, the late Sir Terence Aubrey Murray, being President of the Legislative Council of New South Wales. Leaving Australia at the early age of eleven, he was educated at the Merchant Taylor's School, London, and entered St. John's College, Oxford, where he had a distinguished student career. He was elected Fellow of New College in 1888, and a year after appointed Professor of Greek at the University of Glasgow. In 1908 he became Regius Professor of Greek at Oxford, an appointment he still holds.

Professor Murray soon made his mark as a writer of rare and individual insight bottomed in consummate scholarship. His earliest work, "A History of Ancient Greek Literature," was followed by two plays—"Carlyon Sahib" and "Andromeda"—both published and acted. Joint author of "Liberalism and the Empire," he soon returned to his first love, and gave us a succession of characteristically "live" translations of Greek dramas, most, if not all, of which were staged in due course, mainly at the Court Theatre. The present writer remembers an accomplished and meticulous Greek scholar, who could "taste" the subtle gradations of the original, going as near enthusiasm as a somewhat cold and phlegmatic habit would allow him in his appreciations of Professor Murray's Englishing of the "Hippolytus" and "Bacchæ."

But it is with his "Rise of the Greek Epic," now in its second edition, and his latest book, "Four Stages of Greek Religion," that Professor Murray has gripped the larger public; not, indeed, by "playing down" to it, but by seizing upon the universal and human in the world of Greek thought and culture. In brief, his books are alive, and life must ever call to life. He gives us not the glory that *was* Greece, but the glory by which Greece still lives, and which, in dying, she bequeathed to her conquerors. Professor Murray writes out of a sensitive and recreating imagination, flashing a penetrative light into those dark caverns of Greek life which the torch of mere index-learning cannot reach. He tells us that his "Four Stages of Greek Religion" aims largely at the "filling of interstices" left dark by other interpreters; but how much does such a filling of interstices contribute to the understanding of the whole? A mere brief flash—a single, vital phrase, perhaps—and a whole continent of obscure interpretation lies open to the light. Nowhere is this *luciferous* quality so apparent as in Professor Murray's treatment of the Hellenistic age—that age of sick disillusionment and "failure of nerve," to use Professor Bury's memorable phrase, when the Greek soul, bankrupt of its Olympians, sought blind and desperate alliances with every form of emotional mysticism. Compared to the feat of vitalising this blank and sterile period, the handling of the final struggle between Paganism and Christianity is comparatively easy. But here also there is the fresh evocative touch that makes familiar country a new creation. Professor Murray stands as the type of a new scholarship which is not an esoteric professional amusement, but part of the very stuff of life.

E. H.

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THE NECKLACE * * * BY GUY DE MAUPASSANT

SHE was one of those pretty and charming girls, born, as if by an error of destiny, into a working-class family. She had no dowry, no expectations, and allowed herself to be married to a petty clerk in the Office of Public Education.

Not being able to adorn herself, she was plainly dressed, and as unhappy as one out of her element, for women have neither caste nor family, their beauty, their grace, and their charm making up for birth and parentage. Their natural delicacy, their instinctive elegance, their vivacity of spirit, are their only criterion, and this makes the daughters of the people the equals of the grandest ladies.

She suffered continually, feeling herself born for every delicacy and luxury. She suffered from the shabbiness of her home, the bareness of the walls, the worn chairs, the ugliness of the upholstery. All these things, which another woman in her station would not even have noticed, tortured and annoyed her. The sight of the little Breton girl who cleaned her small house awakened in her vain regrets and lost dreams. She dreamt of silent halls carpeted with Eastern rugs, and lighted with tall bronze candelabra, and two tall footmen in knee-breeches dozing in two large arm-chairs, drowsy with the warmth of the stove. She dreamt of spacious drawing-rooms upholstered in old silk, of fine cabinets containing the choicest bric-à-brac, and of elegant little perfumed rooms suitable for five o'clock gossip with the most intimate friends.

When she sat down to dinner at the round table, with a cloth three days old, opposite her husband, who uncovered the tureen, declaring delightedly, "Ah! What good soup! I know nothing better than that," she would dream of fine dinners, with glittering plate, and tapestries peopling the walls with ancient personages, and strange birds in the midst of a forest in fairyland; she would dream of exquisite dishes served in beautiful vessels.

She had no dresses, no trinkets, nothing. And she loved but those; felt she was made for them. She had a rich friend, a convent companion, whom she no longer visited, as she suffered so much on her return. She would cry the whole day, of chagrin, regret, despair, and sorrow.

Now, one evening her husband returned home, highly elated, holding a large envelope in his hand.

"See," said he, "here is something for you."

She quickly tore the paper and drew out a printed card, which bore these words:—

"The Minister of Public Education and Mme. Georges Ramponneau request the pleasure of M. and Mme. Loisèl's company on the evening of Monday, 18th January, at the Minister's residence."

Instead of being delighted, as her husband had hoped, she threw the invitation spitefully on the table, muttering:

"What do you think I can do with that?"

"But, my dear, I thought you would have been pleased. You never go out, and this is really a splendid chance for you. I have had a lot of trouble to get it. Everybody wants an invitation; it is very select, and it is not every clerk who gets one. The whole official world will be there."

She looked at him angrily, and declared with impatience:

"What have I to put on my back that I could go there with?"

He had not thought of this, and stammered:

"There's the dress with which you go to the theatre. It seems very nice. I—"

He stopped, astonished and bewildered at seeing her crying. Two large tears rolled slowly down from the corners of her eyes to the corners of her mouth. He stammered:

"What's wrong? What's wrong?"

Then, with a strong effort, having conquered her feelings, she replied, in a calm voice, while drying her cheeks:

"Nothing. Only I have no dress, and, consequently, do not wish to go to this entertainment. Give the card to some friend whose wife is better dressed than I am."

He was grieved, and continued:

"Let us see, Matilda. How much would it cost to get a suitable dress, one that could also be used on other occasions; something nice and simple?"

She thought for a few seconds, calculating and thinking of a sum she could ask without risking an immediate refusal and a startled exclamation from the economical clerk.

At length she answered, hesitatingly:

"I do not know exactly, but I think that with 400 francs I might manage."

He paled a little, for he had reserved exactly this sum to buy a gun and make up a sporting party among some friends who were going to shoot larks on the plain at Nanterre.

Nevertheless, he said:

"Good. I shall give you the 400 francs. But you must get a really pretty dress."

The day of the ball drew near, and Madame Loisèl seemed sad, uneasy, and anxious. Her dress, nevertheless, was ready. Her husband said to her one evening:

"What's wrong? You have been quite strange these last three days."

And she replied:

"I'm annoyed at having no jewellery, not a stone, nothing to wear. I shall have such a poor appearance. I almost wish I were not going to that party."

Then he said:

"But you can wear some natural flowers. They are very smart at this season. For ten francs you could get two or three magnificent roses."

She was not, however, convinced.

"No. There is nothing more humiliating than to have a poor appearance among rich women."

Then her husband cried:

"But you are stupid! Why not go to Madame Forrestier and ask her to lend you some jewellery? You know her well enough to take such a liberty."

She gave a cry of joy.

"That's true. I had not thought of that."

On the morrow she visited her friend and related her distress.

Madame Forrestier went to her wardrobe, took out a large box, brought it, and opened it, saying to Madame Loisèl:

"Choose, my dear."

She looked first at some bracelets, then at a rope of pearls, then at a Venetian cross of gold and stones of exquisite workmanship.

She tried on the ornaments in front of the mirror, hesitatingly, not being able to decide which to take, which to leave, always asking again:

"Have you nothing else?"

"Yes. Look for yourself. I do not know exactly what will please you."

All at once she discovered in a box of black satin a superb diamond necklace, and her heart began to beat violently. Her hands trembled as she took it. She put it around her neck on the top of her dress, and looked at herself in ecstasy.

Then she asked, hesitatingly, full of dread:

"Could you lend me that? It would do alone."

"Oh, yes; certainly."

She fell on her friend's neck and kissed her effusively, then went off with her treasure.

The day of the party arrived. Madame Loisël was a great success. She was the prettiest of all, elegant, graceful, smiling, and transported with joy. Everyone admired her. The Minister took notice of her.

She danced enthusiastically, passionately, intoxicated with the pleasure of it, no longer thinking of anything in the triumph of her beauty, in the glory of her success, in a sort of mist of happiness created by all this homage, all this admiration.

She left about four in the morning. Her husband, since midnight, had been dozing in a small drawing-room with three other gentlemen whose wives were also enjoying themselves.

He threw the wraps which he had brought for her departure over her shoulders—plain garments of everyday life, the poorness of which contrasted with the elegance of the ball dress. She felt this, and wished to hurry away, in order not to be noticed by the other women, who were wrapped in rich furs.

Loisël stopped her.

"Wait now. You will catch cold outside. I am going to call a cab."

But she would not listen, and went quickly down the staircase. When they had reached the street he could not find a cab, and they went to look for one, calling after the cabmen who were passing at a distance.

They went down towards the Seine, despairing and shivering with cold. At last, on the embankment, they found one of those old growlers that are never seen in Paris until night comes, as if they were ashamed of their wretchedness during the day.

It conducted them to, their door, in the rue des Martyrs, and they mounted sadly to their home. For her it was ended. And he was thinking of the fact that he must be at the office at nine o'clock.

She took off the cloak that covered her shoulders before the glass in order once again to see herself in her glory. But suddenly she uttered a cry. She had no longer the necklace around her neck.

Her husband asked:

"What is it that's wrong?"

She turned towards him distracted.

"I have—I have—I have lost Madame Forrestier's necklace."

He jumped up dismayed.

"What! How? It isn't possible!"

They searched in the folds of the dress, in the folds of the cloak, in the pockets, everywhere. They could not find it anywhere.

He asked:

"Are you quite sure you had it when you left the ball?"

"Yes. I felt it in the vestibule of the residence."

"But if you had lost it in the street we would have heard it fall. It must be in the cab."

"Yes. That's probable. Did you take the number?"

"No. And you, did you notice it?"

"No."

They looked at each other dejectedly. At last Loisël said:

"I shall go over the road we came on foot and see if I cannot find it."

He went out. She remained in her ball dress, without strength to lie down, sitting dully on a chair, spiritless and unable to think.

Her husband returned about seven o'clock. He had found nothing.

He went to the police office, to the newspapers in order to offer a reward, to the cab companies' offices, everywhere that one could think of.

She remained the whole day in the same state of collapse caused by this fearful catastrophe.

Loisël returned in the evening with a pale, drawn face; he had discovered nothing.

"We must," said he, "write your friend that you have broken the clasp of the necklace, and that we are having it repaired. That will give us time to get it back again."

She wrote to his dictation.

At the end of the week they had lost all hope.

And Loisël, aged by five years, declared:

"We must think how we can replace this necklace."

The next day they took the box that had enclosed it and went to the jeweller whose name was inside.

He consulted his books.

"It was not I, madame, who sold this necklace; I merely furnished the case."

Then they went from jeweller to jeweller, searching for a similar necklace to the other, racking their brains, both sick with sorrow and anguish.

They found, in a shop in the Palais Royal, a necklace of diamonds that seemed to them exactly the same as that for which they were searching. It was priced at 40,000 francs. They could have it for 36,000.

They asked the jeweller not to part with it for three days. And they made it a condition that he would take it back for 34,000 francs if the other were found before the end of February.

Loisël possessed 18,000 francs that his father had left him. He borrowed the remainder.

He borrowed, asking a thousand francs from one, five hundred from another, five louis from this one, three louis from that one. He granted bills, made ruinous pledges, and did business with usurers of all descriptions. He mortgaged the whole course of his existence, risked his signature, without knowing even if he could honour it, and, haunted with nightmare of the future, by the dark misery that was going to fall on him, by the prospect of all the physical privations and all the mental tortures, he went to fetch the new necklace, depositing 36,000 francs on the jeweller's counter.

When Madame Loisël took back the necklace to Madame Forrestier, the latter said to her in an icy tone:

"You might have brought it back sooner. I might have needed it myself."

She did not, however, open the case, as her friend had dreaded. If she had noticed the substitution what would she have thought? What would she have said? Would she not have taken her for a thief?

Madame Loisël now knew what it was to lead a penurious life. She took up her part, nevertheless, at once heroically. This terrible debt must be paid. She would pay it. They dispensed with the maid and changed their house, taking an attic under the roofs.

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She became acquainted with the rough work of the house, the odious drudgery of the kitchen. She washed the dishes, wearing her pink nails on the greasy pots and bottoms of the saucepans. She washed the dirty linen, the shirts and the dusters, and put them out on the line to dry. She went down to the street each morning with the dust-bin, and carried up the water, stopping at each landing to take a breath. And, dressed like a working woman, with a basket on her arm, she went marketing, to the fruiterer, the grocer, and the butcher, husbanding, sou by sou, her wretched income.

It was necessary to meet bills every month, renew others, and to obtain extensions.

Her husband worked in the evenings, making out accounts for a tradesman, and often at night he would do copying work for five sous a page.

This life lasted for ten years.

At the end of ten years they had paid up everything, including the charge for interest and the accumulation of super-interest.

Madame Loisël had now an aged appearance. With the household drudgery she had become a strong, hard, rough woman. Unkempt, with rough hands and her skirts tucked up, and speaking loudly, she would wash the floors. Sometimes, when her husband was at the office, she would sit at the window and dream of that evening at the ball, when she had been so beautiful and so admired.

Now, one Sunday, when she had gone for a walk in the Champs Elysées for a change after the drudgery of the week, she noticed, all at once, a woman who was taking a child for a walk. It was Madame Forrestier, still young, still beautiful, still attractive.

Madame Loisël felt moved. Would she speak to her? Yes, certainly. Now that she had paid everything, she could tell her all about it. Why not?

She approached her.

"Good morning, Jeanne."

The other did not recognise her, and, astonished at being addressed thus familiarly by this common-looking woman, stammered:

"But—madame—I do not know you. . . . You must be mistaken."

"No. I'm Matilda Loisël."

Her friend uttered a cry.

"Oh! My poor Matilda, how you *are* changed! . . ."

"Yes, I have had hard times since I saw you last, and, really, it was all on your account."

"My account? . . . How that?"

"You will remember the diamond necklace you lent me to go to the Minister's ball?"

"Yes; what about it?"

"Well, I lost it."

"What! I'm sure you brought it back to me."

"I really brought back another one exactly the same. And we have been paying for it these ten years. You can understand that for us, who have nothing, this was not an easy matter. . . . At last it's finished, and I'm thankful it's done with."

Madame Forrestier stopped.

"You say you bought a diamond necklace to replace mine?"

"Yes. You never noticed it, then; they were so exactly the same."

And she smiled with pleasure and pride.

Madame Forrestier, greatly moved, took her by both hands.

"Oh! My poor Matilda! But mine were imitation. They were worth at most five hundred francs!"

CORRESPONDENCE

IS THE HUMAN BRAIN DEGENERATING?
To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Your correspondent Mr. Hubert Bland, in his article on "The Degeneration of the Human Brain," seems to assume that intellect is evolutionary and cumulative, and says that if "most clever men married clever women . . . something would be done towards the increase of brain-power, both in quantity and quality." This is not so. However clever the child of a genius may be, it can never reach the intellectual height of its parent. As a proof of this statement we find that the world's geniuses have sprung from common or normal stock in nearly all cases, and that while their children have in nearly all cases been clever, and even experts in a particular line, yet they have never displayed the genius of their parents.

Hereditary, certainly, genius may be, but not cumulative.—I am, sir, etc., W. H. DARRACOTT.

Walthamstow, E., April 11th, 1913.

WAS EURIPIDES A WOMAN-HATER?

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—As a student of criticisms of Euripides, may I be allowed to quote some opinions which contradict Prof. Phillimore's conception of Euripides' teaching concerning women? For instance, the head master of the King's School, Ely, E. H. Blakeney, who was a distinguished Greek scholar, says, in his preface to "Alcestis": "Euripides has been called a woman-hater, perhaps with some show of reason. But, after all, one may take leave now and then to doubt the poet's own sincerity in this regard, while, in many instances, much of his invective is due to rhetorical exaggerations, dramatic necessity, or the circumstances of the play. It is, of course, obviously unfair and unjust to accredit a dramatic poet with the sentiments of his characters."

The comment of Sophocles on the statement that Euripides hated women was, "In his tragedies, yes. Certain it is that, woman-hater or no woman-hater, scarcely any poet has drawn pure, self-sacrificing, affectionate women with truer grace or simpler tenderness than the author of the 'Alcestis' and the 'Iphigenia.'"—I am, sir, etc., L. J. HENRY.

Salford.

EDUCATIONAL REFORM.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Dr. Priestman deplores the condition of our elementary education, and quite rightly, too, for who, after carefully considering the returns for all the output on the part of educationists throughout the country, can feel satisfied? He declares that "the only path to social or any other regeneration" lies in the education of our children. Here I quite agree with Dr. Priestman, but is his suggested curriculum at all likely to sweep away the defects of present-day schemes? Is such a curriculum at all likely to bring about the much-desired social regeneration? He claims that the characteristics of every child can alone be satisfied by the "spontaneous song, dance, and dramatic action." Of course, the characteristics of every child should be satisfied, but surely a school education, stretching over a period of nine years, ought to do something more for a child than satisfy his characteristics; and something more can be done without turning Standard I. or any other standard into a "prison house."

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The education suggested by Dr. Priestman would be excellent, provided that the child was to be prepared for what Rousseau would be happy in calling the "State of Nature," but, unfortunately, we are born into a state of highly complex civilisation which makes certain demands from all who enter. If school life is to be of any use to a boy, it must prepare him for the grim struggle he will be compelled to undergo—otherwise it is of little use.

To prepare a boy for complete living is the work of the schools of our country, and consequently a boy ought to leave school, after spending nine years within its walls, capable of applying himself to the work by which he has chosen to earn the wherewithal for living, and also capable of spending his leisure moments with pleasure and profit. To place a boy in this very desirable position, methods of a drill character must be employed at some stage in the process, and many psychologists are agreed that there is a period when drill methods result in very little harm and, I think, considerable good. The period to which I am referring is that just preceding the period of adolescence—the period of stability. This is the period when a boy can undergo a certain amount of drudgery, which, if not mastered at this period, will be wholly neglected, with the lamentable result that the boy will never know the pleasure derivable from most studies after the student has mastered many early and necessary drudging lessons. I am not advocating a period when the child may be treated harshly, for from experience I know that the child, under a sympathetic teacher, can be enjoying school life while, at the same time, he is gaining acquaintance with facts and memorising them, with the result that when he comes to the age of reason he has a foundation of facts (carefully selected) upon which to reason. While we must remember what the child is we must keep in mind what we would have him become.

Finally, sir, why should the school be a veritable fairyland? Ought not boys from eleven to fourteen to be encouraged to apply themselves to the performance of a difficult task? Why should we merely satisfy his characteristics and then turn him into the world? Should we not bridge the gulf between the school and workshop routine? I agree with Dr. Priestman when he condemns rigid routine for lower classes, but certainly think it folly not to encourage a boy, by all the means in our power, to apply himself to a task the completion of which involves many hours of not altogether pleasant labour.—I am, sir, etc.,

J. S.

ENTERPRISE IN BUSINESS.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—The hope that one may look to EVERYMAN for enlightenment on the fundamental questions of the day is confirmed by the article in your last issue on "Enterprise in Business—an Omission in the Socialist Argument." The writer is as clear in his demonstration that enterprise is a quality independent of the present economic system as he is direct in his exposure of some common Socialist sophistries.

Now I have little doubt that among the readers of EVERYMAN there are many to whom the Socialist argument appeals with great effect. Though not yet sufficiently informed to reach a decision, they are strongly influenced, and unless speedily shown where lie its sophistries and fallacies will soon abandon their present state of suspended judgment, throw in their lot with the party of revolution, and do what they can to make its principles and policy prevail. The ordinary denunciations by Conservative and Liberal poli-

ticians do not avail against the facile exposition, the evident conviction, and the abounding enthusiasm of Fabian authors and Labour leaders; whilst, if serious argument in favour of the capitalist position exists, it certainly is not greatly in evidence. Very welcome, then, would be the appearance in EVERYMAN of a reasoned statement of the issues, a reduction of the problem to its simplest terms, and a clear presentation of the objections to the Socialist solution.—I am, sir, etc.,
W. A. FINCH.

Birstall, Leeds, March 31st, 1913.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—May I compliment very highly the writer on this subject in your issue of March 28th?

As the head of a large federation of traders, I have for the last fifteen years been drawing attention to the difference that enterprise makes between the active and passive sections of the community; and I thank your contributor for his admirable putting of the case. But when I come to his concluding section, where he attempts to prove that enterprise is compatible with and assisted by Socialism, without informing us what he means by the term, I differ, and I think your contributor differs with himself; and I would like very much to know how he reconciles such statements as "well may the leaders of business be called the captains of industry, and such captains of industry must be prepared to face ruin and bankruptcy in the industrial battle." There is not much of "the security of Socialism" about these expressions.

Then we have an admission that politics and economics may crush enterprise. But is not Socialism more or less a doctrine of economics? And though agreeing that the birth of enterprise is possible, the crushing of it under any Socialism of which we have experience would be inevitable, as the wreckage of all such systems prove. The statement that enterprise has been found compatible with most different political conditions is not to the point. The value of enterprise is mainly that it may become the possession of larger numbers of individuals rather than of a few exceptions. I should not myself call scientific investigation enterprise except under certain conditions; and what is meant by the modern State is not made quite clear. If it refers to present conditions in this country, then there is nothing that I can think of that needs so much the check of business principles, which some may call capitalism, as the enormous increase in local and Imperial taxation that is at present proceeding.

The definition of Socialism given me the other day was that it was really individualism, because every man possessed his own Socialism. But may I suggest that we are all Socialists as well as all individualists; and that both terms represent half-truths intended to balance each other in the steady progress which should be deliberately conducted on the business principle of seeing a net profit when the transaction is completed; not necessarily a profit of increased wealth in all cases, but increased wealth is, no doubt, a compelling object; and for the assurance of attaining that object, your contributor even would change his viewpoint; but the world never has, and probably never will give that assurance. But should it by any possibility—of which history gives no hint—be brought about, the security would mean stagnation, and enterprise, without risk or danger, would cease to have the meaning that your contributor gives to it with such generosity and ability.

—I am, sir, etc., S. T. NICHOLSON.

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THE CALL OF THE CITIZEN.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—In every article advocating the enfranchisement of women much is made of the fact that women are the mothers of men. My experience is that "the bearers of the men who can and must defend their country" do not care one jot whether they vote or not. It is, generally speaking, those "potential mothers"—who will probably never be mothers, owing to the excess of the female over the male population, selfishness, physical unattractiveness, and other reasons—who are so loud in clamouring for this vital necessity on behalf of their child-bearing sisters!

I am also at a loss to discover the uplifting tendency of woman's influence—so often spoken of by advocates of women's suffrage—in the recent actions of the militant section. More harm is done to innocent, and also poor people, by intercepting their letters (which may contain matter of an urgent nature) than will be counterbalanced by the good that might accrue if women were enfranchised for half a century. It is callous, and it is cowardly. If the militant crusade were an organisation to assist in the suppression of the sweating system, slums, and other evils, it might receive some sympathy; but why is it necessary that women should get the power to vote before they will deign to use their energies in that direction?

It is getting extremely awkward to distinguish between those women who wish to be known as our "equals," and the remainder—fortunately, the majority—who are our superiors, for we do not wish to treat the former class in a different way than our male equals. Let them display their independence and equality, and not cry out that the "mere man" is less polite than he used to be. Apologising for taking up so much of your valuable space, I am, sir, etc.,

VOTER.

Bournemouth.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—I agree with "Lumen" that Lady Frances Balfour's article, "The Call of the Citizen," is vitiated by its omission of any reference to Suffragette militancy. He asks whether the militant tactics are due to the greater knowledge and freedom extended to women, and I should like, if I may, to say a few words in reply.

There is a saying that "the appetite grows by what it feeds on," and applying this to the position of women, is it not possible that the greater knowledge extended to them has opened their eyes to visions of wider freedom still ahead? Tired of broken promises and vacillation on the part of Cabinet Ministers, the militants have resorted to attacks upon property in the hope of concentrating public attention upon the question of the extension of the franchise to women, a question which they consider vital to the interests of the community. They must be admitted to have succeeded in this, but at the same time they have brought upon themselves the fury of a large section of the people.

They consider that the social, economic, and political position of women is still very far from being what it should be, and have resorted to their present methods in order to force the pace. Whether their methods will be successful in this time alone can tell, but the Government does appear to be more amenable to such pressure than to the simple justice and logic of a case. Witness the Railway and other strikes. The strikers might have waited until the Greek Kalends to obtain a rise in wages or a settlement of their claims, if they had not caused consider-

able inconvenience to the public. And the strikers, having the franchise, have not the same excuse as the women.

To ask constitutional Suffragists, who only succeeded in arousing a very mild interest in what had come to be regarded as quite an academic question, until the advent of the militants; to ask them to suppress militancy is to ask of them the impossible. What the Government, with all its resources, and some of them very ugly and barbaric resources, has failed to do, the constitutional Suffragists cannot possibly do. What they can do is to bring pressure to bear upon the Government to introduce a Government measure conferring votes upon women—the one and only way to settle the matter.—I am, sir, etc.,

HENRY LYNCH.

New Southgate, April 9th, 1913.

MODERN FORTRESSES CAPTURED BY ASSAULT.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—In one of your "Notes of the Week" in the current issue of EVERYMAN you refer to the storming of Adrianople as "the solitary instance of a first-class fortress being carried by assault." I think this is an oversight. Kars, in 1877, ranked as a first-class fortress. It was protected (in addition to older fortifications) by an outlying circle of forts and redoubts planned by European engineers, and the position was, besides, naturally strong. After a brief bombardment with forty-eight guns on November 11th, which produced no effect of importance, the Russians decided to attempt an assault, and successfully stormed the place by moonlight on the night of November 17th. The attack cost them the loss of over 2,000 men.

I think we are all apt to underestimate an earlier exploit coming at the end of a long siege, the successful assault of Sebastopol by the French and English troops. It was impossible to invest the place, and its capture was effected by pushing the trenches close up to the works that were the key of the southern front, and carrying them by storm.—I am, sir, etc.,

London, April 7th, 1913.

A. H. A.

THE TYPIST.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—I have read Margaret Hamilton's article on "The Typist" in No. 25 of EVERYMAN, and would hasten to point out one or two flagrant errors therein.

(1) "It is a notable fact," says the writer of this article, "that the average intelligence of the typist is lower than that of factory, shop, or domestic workers." I would like to ask her from whence or whom she has derived this "fact." From some individualist employer (whose name is legion) who requires the maximum amount of brains for the minimum salary? Often the munificent sum of 12s. 6d. a week inclusive of overtime is considered quite a sinecure by these gentlemen. That sum might procure an automaton, but it never will procure brains!

(2) Margaret Hamilton further states that "the faculty of observation is developed in those callings mentioned above, 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." I wonder where the average typist would be in these strenuous times who has no "judgment, enterprise, or decision"; when she must perforce take down dictation under

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the most trying circumstances, in a hurried, disjointed manner, her employer sometimes pacing his office furiously, often smoking a pipe, not infrequently holding a telephone conversation whilst he is dictating his mail. It is for her to know what is at the back of her employer's mind (to have that initiative which Margaret Hamilton says the typist possesses in such a very low degree), in order that the letters may clearly and aptly express what her employer really wishes to say: for woe betide the girl who types a literal transcription of her shorthand notes!

Granted that "the tapping of the typewriter is neither stimulating nor inspiring," I absolutely disclaim that any machine has the power "to cause the intelligence of the operator to fall into a mechanical groove," even such, apparently to Miss Hamilton's notion, insentient creatures as typists. Intelligence is not an element present and absent at intervals. Where it exists it is a permanent force.

(3) In regard to the dictaphone, Margaret Hamilton is in gross error when she affirms that "the number of typists able to realise how to use the instrument are few and far between." The working of same could not possibly be anything but simplicity itself, even to the meanest intelligence. Many firms—indeed, most of the larger business houses—use this instrument. I know a firm who have at least forty dictaphones, and the majority of the operators are juniors (who have had no education beyond that of a board school), and they manipulate the machine successfully, for salaries ranging from 10s. to 15s. per week. Many expert shorthand writers now find themselves, when seeking a post, faced with the cry, "We are not prepared to pay a large salary, as we use the dictaphone," rendering shorthand quite unnecessary.

Lastly, I fail to see why, "after a period of hard work, the typist finds herself faced with a future arid of ambition." Is the future of the typist any greyer than that of any other working woman? Indeed, there are very many occupations where life is harder and the conditions more unfavourable. If her future be grey it is her own fault entirely, since happiness is not the exclusive possession of any particular class. Life holds as much for the typist as for other individuals.—I am, sir, etc.,
OLIVE SEARLE.

PAGANISM AND CHRISTIANITY.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—We have grown accustomed to hearing from the pulpit the Greeks accused of sensuous enjoyment, but when such accusations appear in EVERYMAN, which professes to stand for the best that classical Greek stood for, it is time to protest.

In Homer we are first introduced to the Greek as Achaians, the period being about 1300 B.C. We find them a highly civilised and cultured people dwelling in the fertile regions of the Peloponnesus, and having their stronghold at Mycenæ. In respect of the status of their women their civilisation was in advance of that of the classical period, and in some respects of modern times also. They gave us the religion of the hearth and abhorred polygamy, which was practised by the Jews and barbarians around them.

Homer, in the parting between Andromache and Hector, has given us an example of married love which the whole of literature has never surpassed.

In religion also the cultured Achaians were less superstitious than the Hellenes of a later period. They had advanced beyond the old beliefs. They were greater than their gods, and knew it. But at this point we lose sight of them, except what the

archæologist has discovered for us, for the Dorians came and overthrew this fine civilisation and settled in Sparta. Then came darkness and stagnation for several centuries, until light began to break over Attica, and Athens became the cradle of civilisation and school of all the world. It is round this period that the best literature of our time has gathered. It is still too early for us to comprehend the magnitude of our debt to classical Greece, or the work she accomplished during the short time that was allotted to her. "We find it generally admitted that the seeds of Western civilisation are mostly to be found in Greece, and not elsewhere. Yet it is curious how seldom Greek literature is regarded from this point of view as an embodiment of the progressive spirit, an expression of the struggle of the human soul towards freedom and ennoblement." "If we hold sacred the earliest source of that virtue or manliness which is the morality of the free European citizen, it is not to Palestine, but to Greece, we must make our pilgrimage." "The ideal of modern life may be summed up in the phrase, 'Christian Hellenism.'" The Greeks of the classical period were far too busy working for posterity and preparing the way for Christianity to be troubled with ennui. How the sides of the Athenians would have shook with laughter could Aristophanes or Euripides have known that some barbarians of a grossly materialistic age would have accused them of ennui or sensuous enjoyment! The Greeks were as far above us intellectually as we are above the negroes. The most important function of the State was to see that each citizen had an opportunity of developing his capacities to the utmost. Their capacity for enjoyment was, therefore, greater than ours.

"The appreciation of good things and the power to refuse them is characteristic of the spirit of progress. I think most scholars will admit that it is also eminently true of Greek civilisation." "All great schools of philosophy were in various degrees ascetic. Greek asceticism was nearly always related to some reasonable end, and sought the strengthening of both body and mind." The quotations are from Professors Gilbert Murray and Bernard Bosanquet.—I am, sir, etc., (Mrs.) J. STARK.
Thorntonhall.

THE GLORIOUS FREEDOM OF HALF-TIMERDOM.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Mr. Herbert Leather would see, I think, if he read my letter carefully, that "the glorious freedom of half-timerdom" was used only in a comparative sense. There is nothing in the sentence to suggest that I consider the half-time system "good." I suggest that the child often thinks it good, which is a different thing, and he does so, in many cases, because (1) he escapes self-suppression for a time; (2) he is able to use his own eyes and his own tongue; (3) he is allowed to laugh, and even to sing; (4) he may stand or sit down without necessarily receiving a command; (5) instead of being a governed machine with feelings, he is helping to govern a machine without feelings—much pleasanter! (6) he can better satisfy his energies, mental and physical, of output and intake; (7) he avoids the cane; (8) he feels that he has a position of trust and responsibility, and is doing some good, if only to himself, by earning something.

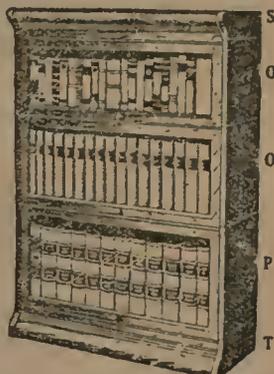
No one in his senses can defend the half-time system theoretically. Practically, it is essential to life or existence for many families, and some mills or factories are hygienically better than some schools, in

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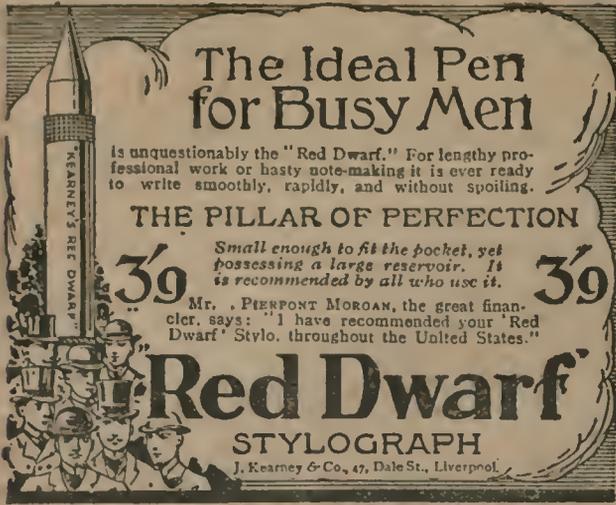
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The Advertisement Manager is prepared to investigate the complaint of any reader, should cause for the same arise at any time.

which case the children benefit (I have known many such).

That a half-timer must have a clean sheet of health before being allowed to work is entirely untrue. The examination is usually most perfunctory.

The half-time system is thoroughly bad, wholly wicked; and Mr. Leather seems rather unkindly to confuse me with the system!—I am, sir, etc.,

AUSTIN PRIESTMAN.

Bradford, April 9th, 1913.

INTERNATIONAL LANGUAGES.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Samson, it is true, destroyed the temple, but he, at the same time, put an end to his own life. Should a simplified Latin or a bastard Esperanto succeed in vanquishing Esperanto (which is not likely), an end will also be put to the idea of an international language. The co-existence of two or more international languages will only aggravate the very evil desired to be removed. Esperanto so completely "fills the bill." Why spoil it? It will naturally change with time, but the changes will be international. The various nations will not use it amongst themselves (except for study and practice). Its field being international conference, correspondence, and reading, national idiosyncrasies will, therefore, have but an infinitesimal influence upon its development.—I am, sir, etc.,

JACK EDWARDS.

Aberystwyth, April 11th, 1913.

WAGES AND LABOUR CONDITIONS.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—For the purpose Miss Hamilton has in view, it is quite necessary that wages and conditions of work should be considered together. For the purpose of social reform, however, wages and work conditions should be regarded as two distinct problems. By amending Factory and other Acts, Parliament can, with absolute certainty, prolong the life and add to the health and happiness of the workers, especially women and children. I do not say Parliament should not interfere with wages, but the difficulty and uncertainty of the result of such interference is very great. It is safe to say that for one who would advocate interference with wages there are one hundred who, if they knew the facts, would favour further amendments to the Factory and other Acts, having the physical and moral welfare of the worker as the object in view.—I am, sir, etc., J. E. WATES.

Brockley, London.

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—I am sorry to see in your current issue the contemptuous reference made by Mr. Lilly to that highly gifted speaker, sincere Christian, and very perfect gentleman, the late Rev. Hugh McNeile, D.D., for many years a beneficed clergyman in Liverpool, and who was a Canon of Chester, and finally Dean of Ripon. He was of sufficient importance in his day to call for a leading article in the *Times* on the occasion of his decease. Had Mr. Lilly known him at all he could not have spoken of him but in terms of great respect, although Dr. McNeile certainly held very different theological views from those of the brilliant and equally good and sincere Cardinal Newman.—I am, sir, etc.,

J. W. WHITE.

Hampton-on-Thames,

TWO BOOKS ON INDIA

THE GORGEOUS EAST*

IN "Pioneers in India" Sir Harry Johnston has given us a very good specimen of popular history. These stories of "real adventures" are always well, often racily, told. The necessary explanations are succinct and informing, and contain almost all the material of Indian history down to the beginning of the nineteenth century. The oft-told tale of Clive is dismissed shortly, as being too familiar, too near modern times, and not dealing with the unexplored. On the other hand, the fantastic adventures of the German-Italian, Varthema, are very fully narrated, as are Sir Thomas Roe's visit to the Great Mogul.

IN TRUST FOR CIVILISATION†

All Englishmen like books on India; most of all, those of us who have been connected with that country either through personal experience or through a host of relatives and friends. We may add that this category has most need of instruction; knowledge based on a limited and finished set of data is apt to crystallise into an imperishable dogma. The retired Indian civilian is one of the great disappointments of modern England. He goes out as a picked man to do splendid and self-sacrificing work in one of the finest Government services the world has ever seen, and he too often comes back with a mind rigidly closed to new ideas of any sort, whether they bear on east or west, on heaven or earth.

Sir Joseph Bampfylde Fuller's book is interesting in every way, but one of the chief reasons of interest is that its author is a tried and distinguished member of the Indian Civil Service. Mental rigidity is by no means one of his characteristics; indeed, in a singularly complete survey of modern India, with a good deal of ancient history thrown in, he has shown a breadth and originality of view that would be hard to excel. He holds a brief for his country as a civilising agency, and for his service as an inspired and efficient instrument. The protection afforded by the English Fleet balances a few financial meannesses—amongst which he reckons the upkeep—by India—of the India Office, and the favours shown to Lancashire cotton at the expense of Indian manufacturers. Indeed, many incidents of administration excite his keen criticism, though most of them are connected with Imperial arrangements. The effects of Free Trade on India, for instance, are condemned in many passages.

Sir Joseph Fuller believes in British rule in India, but he also believes in the gradual development of an Indian nation. He is strongly against premature concessions in the sphere of politics, but he pleads for a more systematic study and indulgence of national sentiment. A strong vein of healthy scepticism pervades his observations and prognostications; he is doubtful of education, and he considers that the caste system is in some places growing stronger rather than weaker, as the attempt to foist alien customs on a people inevitably results in a strengthening of national custom and tradition. He insists repeatedly that the worst evil of India, even worse than her marriage customs, is malaria. The illustrations and the chapters on ethnology and physical geography are excellent.

* "Pioneers in India." By Sir Harry Johnston, G.C.M.G., K.C.B. 6s. (Blackie.)

† "The Empire of India." By Sir J. Bampfylde Fuller, K.C.S.I., C.I.E., of the Indian Civil Service (retired). 7s. 6d. net. (Pitman.)

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We hope that every reader, every lady and gentleman, who sees this article will carefully read it, and not hesitate to write to Mr. Hartley should the matter interest them in any way.—Advt.

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—*T. Anderson, P.L.P.T. College Student, Helensburgh.*

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—*E. G., Assistant Master (Lancashire).*

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—*W.G.O. (Romsey).*

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BOOKS OF THE WEEK

THE INNS OF COURT AND CHANCERY (Macmillan, 1s. net). This is a most instructive and, at the same time, entertaining volume, comprising six lectures delivered by members of the Inns of Court and Chancery in Middle Temple Hall last year. It is difficult to say which of these lectures is the most interesting, but perhaps to the layman the last, "Literary Men Connected with the Inns of Court and Chancery," is more appealing. It is with surprise that one learns how intimately associated with the Inns practically all the great writers of the past and present have been. We find happy recollections of Macaulay and Disraeli, Lamb, and, of course, Dr. Johnson. Then one is vastly amused at the controversy, which has apparently been waged for many years, as to which of the Inns was the one-time home of Geoffrey Chaucer. Speght, writing in 1574, says, "It seemeth that Chaucer was of the Inner Temple, for not many years since Master Buckley did see a record in the same house where Geoffrey Chaucer was fined two shillings for beating a Franciscan friar in Fleet Street." The lecturer, Mr. Blake Odgers, K.C., is of opinion that this is just the sort of thing Chaucer would have done had he been a member of either Temple! It is refreshing to learn that members of the Bar are, in moments of stress, capable of beating a Franciscan friar in Fleet Street! Mr. Odgers is profuse in his anecdotes of famous men, and, turning the pages at random, we find Henry Fielding, Goldsmith, Dickens, Thackeray, Sir Philip Sidney, Tom Moore, Lord Haldane, and others too numerous to mention. We are given a pathetic insight into the life of Fielding. "He joined the Western Circuit, and for a while regularly attended the Wiltshire Sessions. But he was deep in debt; he had a wife and children dependent on him, and he had to devote himself to writing political pamphlets, newspaper articles, and all kinds of literary work. He worked hard; he is described by Thackeray as sitting up late at night after a carouse, with inky ruffles, scribbling away something for one of the papers, with the printer's boy fast asleep on the stairs outside the door."

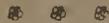
The remaining five lectures are not less interesting, and will, doubtless, appeal to those who make a study of the history of London. We are carried over the centuries from the days of Cæsar and the Romans to Mr. Asquith. The book is vividly written from the first page to the last. Messrs. Macmillan and Co. have given to the public a compact and attractive volume, which will be welcome on the bookshelves of laymen and "Benchers" alike.

Miss F. M. Mayor has had the courage to undertake a somewhat difficult task—depicting the life of an idle unmarried woman of the last generation from her childhood to her deathbed. The story, **THE THIRD MISS SYMONS** (Sidgwick and Jackson, Ltd., 3s. 6d. net), is necessarily somewhat devoid of incident; but it is, nevertheless, interesting from beginning to end, and as a character study is extremely clever. One cannot help pitying the lonely, unattractive woman who so greatly desires the love and affection of her fellows and is so incapable of arousing it. One feels impatient with her for her numerous shortcomings, but, at the same time, is well able to comprehend how impossible it was for her to be otherwise than she is. Her story is one which will appeal to students of human nature, and which will bring home to everyone how terribly cramped and drear must have been the life of the woman of her day, who had nothing to do but (in the words of Mr. Masfield) "go passively, like

poultry, along the tramways of their parishes." Mr. John Masfield's introduction shows a true appreciation of Miss Mayor's work. It is needless to say we thoroughly enjoyed reading the book, and, if it left us feeling rather sorrowful, at least one has the comfort of hoping that the women of the present day are not doomed to such a life as that of the third Miss Symens.



Admirers of the Rev. J. Adderley's writings will welcome the second edition of *A PIECE OF NEW CLOTH* (Hunter and Longhurst, 1s. net). The story tells of the struggles of a young Socialist parson, John Seymour, to overcome the prejudices of his old mother and father and to uplift the members of his father's congregation. John is an earnest and clever exponent of the doctrines of free speech, and readers will follow with interest the arguments which Mr. Adderley so clearly and ably puts into the mouth of his characters. The book is written in a breezy and refreshing manner, and there is a delightful chapter in which is given a humorous account of a Primrose League meeting, of which John's father, the old rector, is chairman (prompted by his wife!). We can remember having attended just such a meeting not so very long ago in the grounds of a certain scion of nobility not far from London, and we remember the difficulty we experienced in keeping our countenance when the stale old platitudes were brought forward with such triumph by the various speakers—so dutifully applauded by the yokels, led by the "gentry" who were keeping a watchful eye upon the audience. Our sympathies are entirely enlisted on behalf of the hero and his Socialist friends, Jack and Jill Dunkley. The characters are well drawn and very true to life, and the old rector and his wife are perfect portraits of the old-fashioned clergy folk. The book is amusing and, at the same time, shrewd and searching, and will doubtless be of much interest to all those who seek the solution of the social and religious problems of the present day.



A dreamer—in a log cabin! This may sound paradoxical, but in *NEW LEAF MILLS* (Harpers, 6s.) Mr. W. D. Howells has very faithfully and sympathetically chronicled the happy-go-lucky endeavours of his hero to realise his ideals—the forming of a communal settlement in the backwoods of the New World some sixty years ago.

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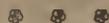
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town, which seemed to her full of the things, the cane-seat-chairs things, that made living worth while"; and those walls were never plastered, nor even the vines trained over them—and she knew, poor thing, they never would be. The miller, Jack Overdale, is a surly individual, with a queer, childlike train of superstition in his character, which is the cause of misunderstandings between himself and Owen. Jack is a curious personality, whose acquaintance we are glad to have made, if only as representing a phase of human nature not frequently met with. The characters are well drawn, and show an unusual insight and appreciation of men and women. One feels when laying down the book that it might with advantage have been longer. We should have liked to follow the history of our very lovable hero in the new life which he adventures upon.



Mr. Redmayne opens his story, *THE GULF BETWEEN* (Wells Gardner Darton, and Co., 6s.), in the homely but not uninteresting atmosphere of a German boarding-house, whose residents offer, with their hostess, Frau Meyer, excellent opportunities for amusing, if not very subtle, characterisation. On the whole, German boarding-houses seem very like the kind with which we are familiar in Bloomsbury. Thus quite early in the narrative we learn of the tragedy of the bath in regard to the hero, Mr. Klupps, who greatly rejoiced when he learnt that this luxury was not regarded as an extra. Imagine his disappointment, however, when, on presenting himself at the apartment in the morning, he discovered that he had omitted to give the necessary notice overnight, which would have permitted of the servants removing the cans of petroleum, the sanitary dustbin, and the other impedimenta from the apartment. One is reminded of the story of the English working man who, on being told that the new tenement he proposed occupying was without a bath, asked plaintively, "Then where do we keep the coal?" However, the German boarding-house has other points of resemblance to those in our own land. As usual, there is one boarder, Kathleen Vaughan, who commands the affection and admiration of the others. The story of her love affair with a man whom she discovers is already married, her renunciation and death, are cleverly worked out; but the climax is a trifle strained, and one could have wished that Mr. Redmayne had closed on the quiet and effective key in which he opened.



In her new novel, *THE WINGS OF PRIDE* (Harper's, 6s.), Miss Kennedy Mabie gives us a vivid and most realistic insight into the working of the caucus on the other side of the herring pond. We in England are becoming sufficiently familiar with the evils of the party machine, and the complete ascendancy it has gained over politics and politicians. The gradual elimination of independence among the members of the House of Commons has long been a matter of grave misgiving to the student of national affairs. In this book Miss Mabie shows us the system carried out to its logical conclusion. There is, for instance, "Boss" Kavanagh, the arch wirepuller, who holds Lake City practically at ransom, and with the help of his hirelings and creatures organises "jobs" at enormous profit, practically without any risk of detection. Miss Mabie's analysis of "graft" is one of the best that has yet been presented for the consideration of English readers. But it is by no means the only triumph she achieves. Her heroine is an admirable presentation of a young woman, flushed with the arrogance of youth, made humble by experience in a land whose characteristic virtues do not certainly

tend in that direction. The struggle between Ordway, the Hampden of Lake City, and his enemy, the "boss," makes capital reading, and while one is not so sure that Kavanagh would have been defeated, we do not grudge the patriot his reward in the capture of the heroine's affections.



Miss Augusta Ayliffe has published a very useful and clever work, entitled *TIME IS MONEY* (Bloodworth and Pepworth, Dursley, 3s. 6d. net). The book aims at teaching languages to busy people, and "is intended for those persons who jump into the train and go half way round the world while the sleepy ones are thinking the matter over and studying a bit of French or Italian grammar before entertaining a thought of going on the Continent." Miss Ayliffe sets out the colloquialisms of the chief languages—English, French and Italian—notably avoiding the parrot-like iterations and mechanical observations of the stereotyped dialogue. One feature is noticeably valuable. "Time is Money" teaches the traveller to ask intelligibly for his food, and to understand the menu placed before him. The actual *carte de jour* of a French restaurant is reproduced, and simple but telling instructions offered on it. The book should prove invaluable to all those who want to achieve a workable knowledge of French or Italian in the shortest possible time.



LIST OF BOOKS RECEIVED

- Anglo-German Understanding Conference Report. (British Joint Committee.)
 Boutroux, Emile. "Education and Ethics." (Williams and Norgate, 5s.)
 Byron, Mary. "A Voice from the Veld." (Dent, 2s. 6d.)
 Drinkwater. "Swinburne." (Dent, 5s.)
 Grettton, R. H. "A Modern History of the English People." (Grant Richards, 7s. 6d.)
 Goldring, Douglas. "Dream Cities." (Fisher Unwin, 8s. 6d.)
 Heine, Reginald L. "Dreams." (Dent, 5s.)
 Hutton, Edward, "Ravenna." (Dent, 10s. 6d.)
 Jerrold, Laurence. "The French and the English." (Chapman and Hall, 7s. 6d.)
 Le Bon, Gustave. "The Psychology of Revolution." (Fisher Unwin, 10s. 6d.)
 Neil, Rev. James. "Everyday Life in the Holy Land." (Cassell, 7s. 6d.)
 Oppenheim, E. Phillips. "The Temptation of Tavernake." (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.)
 Pugh, Edwin. "Punch and Judy." (Chapman and Hall, 6s.)
 Redmayne, P. Y. "The Gulf Between." (Wells Gardner, Darton and Co., 6s.)

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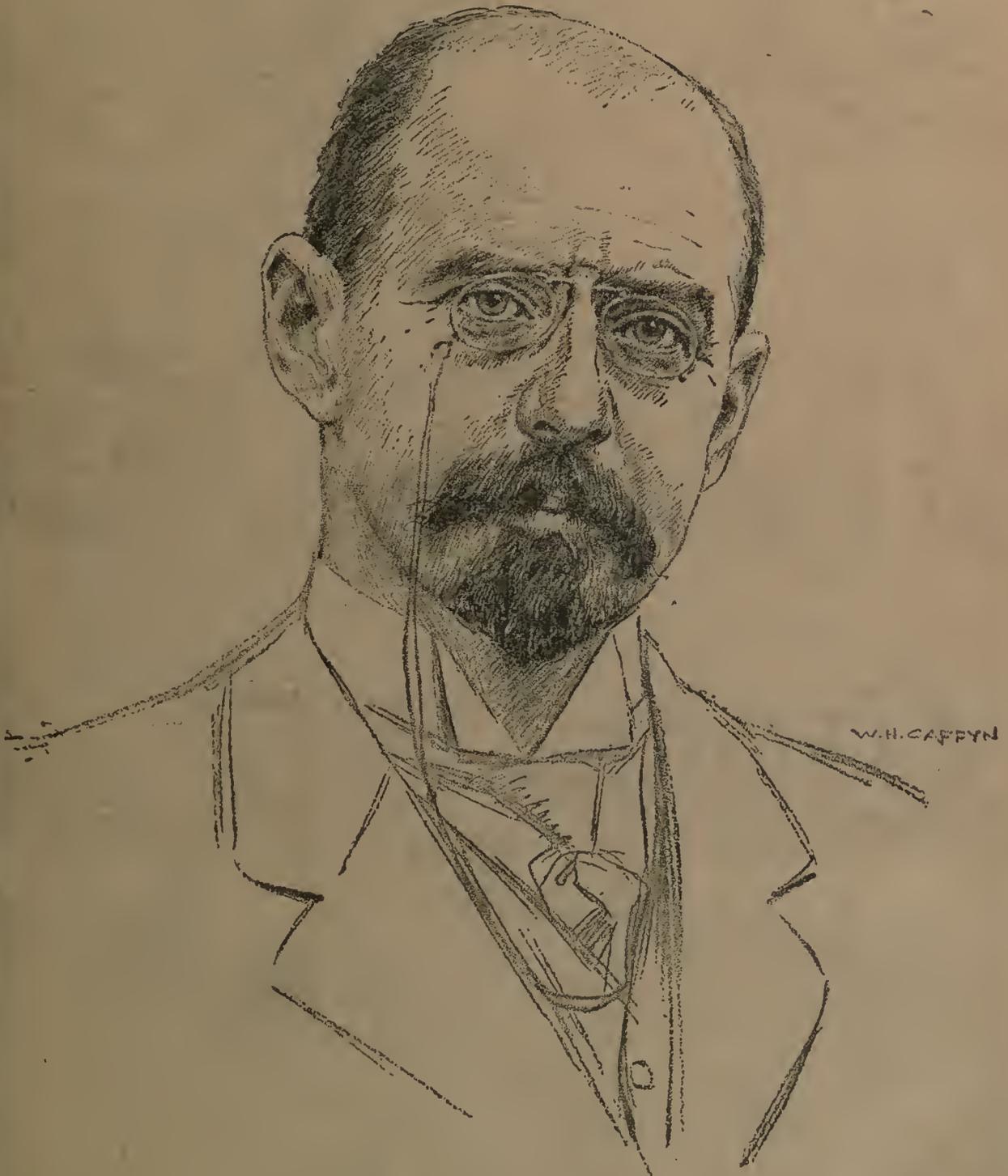
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EMILE VANDERVELDE, NATUS 1866

For Character Sketch, see page 40.

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HISTORY IN THE MAKING

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

LORD ROBERTS' campaign of universal service has been the topic of the week; and while one party sees in him the honest instrument of a malignant plot and the other the heroic leader of a holy crusade, both agree in bearing tribute to the veteran soldier's patriotic devotion and singleness of purpose. "A simple-minded gentleman, as modest as he is brave, and entirely free from jesuitry and disguise," says Mr. A. G. Gardiner, in the course of a characteristic indictment of what he calls the "adventure of conscription." "Nor is he a jingo. He has done more fighting than any man living, but he does not love fighting for its own sake. His defect as a general is that he is too humane, too sensitive to the suffering and misery of war." Over against this the headlines of a vigorous article in the *Observer* make interesting reading: "The Pilgrimage of Faith—Lord Roberts as a Revivalist—A People Sick of the Palsy—The Sword of the Lord and of Gideon." With regard to the probable effects of conscription upon our democracy, there is a similarly picturesque contrast of opinion. While one side declares that one of the objects of the universal service movement is the taming of a free democracy by the drill-sergeant, the other sees in conscription a great levelling force, and, indeed, the only remedy for the curse of caste—"a great University of life . . . the beginning of true democracy in its social bearing, the first real antidote to that antipathy and friction of class which are tearing the vitals of the State." It would be interesting to trace this levelling influence in countries that have conscription—and more interesting than easy, one imagines.

The fall of Adrianople has plunged Constantinople into a sombre and apprehensive mood, evoking not

only expressions of bitter regret, but revealing an element of sober self-criticism which few suspected in the "terrible" Turk. And while such self-criticism may be traced in the Constantinople Press—the *Tasviri Efkyar*, for instance, frankly admits bad statesmanship in both external and internal affairs—it is mainly expressed by private individuals. Thus, a writer in the New York *Literary Digest* quotes an intelligent Turk in Constantinople as giving utterance to the following shrewd diagnosis of the situation: "A blind man is in no greater danger than one who closes his eyes in face of vital facts. . . . We did not succeed because, before drawing our swords, we did not waken our mind and soul from the sleep of centuries. To lose provinces is to grow smaller on the map. This does not much frighten me. I am more afraid of growing smaller in mind and soul. The other day a friend was saying, 'How did it happen that we gave up that large Rumelia in ten days?' 'No, my simple-minded friend,' I said, 'not in ten days, not even in ten years, but centuries ago we began to give those lands back when we conquered and took them.'" The other side of the picture is given in an interesting interview with the Turkish Grand Vizier, reported in the *Daily Telegraph*. The Grand Vizier emphatically denied the assertion that the misfortunes of Turkey are due to the failure of the Young Turks to redeem their promises of reform. "If our ideal has not been realised up to the present," he said, "it is because all our best efforts have been paralysed by internal intrigues and external complications. To-day . . . we are thoroughly decided to take in hand again the pursuit of our old ideal, and in the realisation of this work of salvation we shall not allow ourselves to be hindered by any obstacle."

The proclamation of the Chinese Government appointing April 27th to be observed by the Christian Churches throughout the eighteen provinces as a day of prayer for the new Republic, demonstrates how largely the revolution was influenced by distinctively Christian ideals. The question is a far wider one than that of the beneficence, or otherwise, of direct missionary effort. Whatever view may be taken of the specifically "missionary" aspect of the case, it remains that the best mind of China—whether professedly Christian or anti-Christian—has been leavened with ideals and aspirations imbibed largely at mission schools, and that this official recognition of Christianity marks the birth of a new civilisation.

South African agriculture has won a sensational victory over the drought-spectre. A "rainless" wheat—the Durum wheat of Italy—was grown successfully at Lichtenburg, in the dry belt of the Transvaal, without a single drop of rain falling upon it from seedtime to harvest. Thanks to numerous experimental "dry land stations," the old superstition of "no farm without a water-furrow" has been abandoned, and in each of the four provinces and Rhodesia thousands of acres of land, once considered valueless, are being exploited with excellent results. Another remarkable development is the extermination of locusts by means of poisoned grass, over which they cannot pass. At present the only locusts available in the Transvaal are in the natural history museum. Dr. Macdonald, of the Union Department of Agriculture, and one of the most competent exponents of the dry-farming movement, with its system of "moisture-saving fallows," is at present in England, and one may expect a diversion of, at any rate, part of the present stream of emigrants to South Africa, which bids fair to take rank as one of the richest farming countries in the world.

THE LLOYD GEORGE CRUSADE * * * BY P. W. WILSON

I.—THE DEMAND OF THE ABLE-BODIED WORKER

THEY who so emptily assert that no man is indispensable, should be reminded that every man makes a difference. If at this moment Mr. Lloyd George (and his numerous biographers) were to be suddenly obliterated, someone or other—say Mr. Churchill or Mr. Herbert Samuel—would doubtless fill the vacuum at the Treasury. The Government would continue on its appointed way, and, not perhaps for years, would it dawn upon the philosophers that the most formidable agrarian revolt ever threatened against English feudalism had been scotched by fate. Everything for which a public man lives has been staked by Mr. Lloyd George, as a year or two will show, upon a Land, Housing and Wages Crusade of amazing audacity. He may triumph; he may be annihilated, but either of these events must be classed as history.

I.

I am not concerned to deny the soft impeachment that for years past I have watched at close quarters the evolution of Liberal policy. But it is not as a blind defender, whether of parties or of statesmen, that I would here discuss the economic crisis with which the nation will be called upon to deal. All sides admit that the years 1884 to 1904 were in the main years of profound social slumber. Liberalism imposed death duties. Unionism established County Councils. Here and there minor adjustments were effected. But, as Mr. Chamberlain perceived, the people were, in 1902 and onwards, ripening for change. In 1906, Mr. Chamberlain's line of advance—I say nothing of its merits—was, in fact, checked. For good or for ill, Liberalism secured the initiative. What followed? Let us see.

II.

I am not concerned with Imperial matters—the reorganisation of South Africa, the wrestling with Indian uneasiness, the German embroglio, Home Rule, the new army. I want to get at the fundamental question, how far the condition of the people, of which Carlyle wrote in Chartist times, has been altered. We have read our Booth—our Masterman—our Rowntree—our Webbs. Between 1906 and this day of grace, what has actually been done which makes a difference—a real and not a merely verbal difference—to the mean street, the deserted village? If I were writing a political pamphlet, I would point, perhaps with some legitimate pride, to old age pensions, feeding of some children, medical inspection and occasional school clinics, an extension of workmen's compensation, a court of criminal appeal, a White Slave Bill, any amount of industrial inspection, and, finally, insurance against sickness, and, in certain trades, against unemployment. I might add that some food taxes have been reduced, and also some income tax. Extra burdens have in the main been heaped upon the fairly rich. That is, broadly, the result of these seven years, as it is set out in Liberal literature. Things have also been assisted by a trade boom, which is as much due to China and South America as it is to Whitehall; but I am here only dealing with the conscious action of the State. Why is it that this record, which—as set out by Mr. Asquith at any rate—looks creditable so far as it goes, has left the people restless, ready to down tools on the slightest provocation, seething with unfulfilled hopes?

III.

The reason is that statesmanship has been handling, not the normal human being, but the exception. Men and women over seventy years are a large class, but they are not the main body of the industrial army. A woman, at child-birth, deserves her thirty shillings; but her life as a whole remains, broadly, unrelieved by the bounty. A man whose arm has been crippled by a machine is entitled to special money, but his case is, or ought to be, not one in a hundred. Children should be fed before they are taught; but they are the future nation, not the nation that reads these words and goes on strike. The prostitute is another exception. So is the criminal. So, even in bad times, is the unemployed workman. What we are faced by to-day is the cry of the man who is neither aged nor a child, neither criminal nor diseased, neither injured nor out of work—who has wages, a home, brains, muscle, but who asks leave—to live. This man reads of garden cities which he never sees, of drama which is beyond his purse, of dress and travel which are a mockery to him and his wife; he reads of this, not in expensive newspapers, but in his halfpenny print; in the magazines which he can see gratis at any free library; in the very advertisements which face him when he enters a tramcar. The camera brings home to his mind the meaning of wealth, and Mr. Chiozza Money's statistics back up the pictorial appeal. Nothing that Parliament has yet accomplished touches this man's trouble, except indirectly. He does not consciously feel the relief of $\frac{1}{2}$ d. off sugar and 1d. off tea. It is a long time before he will be seventy and get a pension. He doesn't want to be ill or a cripple in order to obtain benefit. He gets impatient with his trade union and its officials. Sometimes he swings towards tariffs. Sometimes he lets off steam at Brotherhood meetings. Sometimes he takes to Syndicalism. It is this man whose case is before the public. You may, of course, leave him to the play of economic forces, which is the way of the older Cobdenites and Mr. Harold Cox, only supplying the Poor Law or its newer substitutes as ambulance for the devil's hindmost. You may leave him to emigrate. But the first fact about Mr. Lloyd George and his crusade is that it abandons, definitely and for ever, the policy of *laissez-faire* in its last stronghold, the able-bodied workman's home.

Next week I will deal with the minimum-wage movement for agriculture, and its assumed relation to housing; while there may be a further opportunity for the delicate problem of site-value taxation. These subjects, and all the varied alternatives which this virgin territory for legislation offer, are now the absorbing, cumulative issue in British politics.

LITERARY COMPETITION.

The Editor of EVERYMAN offers a prize of Two Guineas for the Best Essay on "The Woman Teacher—Her Life and Labour," the essay not to exceed 1,800 words. All entries for this competition should be addressed to the

COMPETITION EDITOR,
21, Royal Terrace,
Edinburgh,

and must reach him not later than May 1st. It is recommended that essays be typewritten.

PACIFISM AND IMPERIALISM ✧ ✧ ✧ BY ENRICO CORRADINI

[ONE of the most significant and most ominous features in the international situation is the sudden rise of Imperialism in Italy. The war in Tripoli was only one of the symptoms of this nationalist movement. Other symptoms are the claims of Italy on the Ottoman coast, the anti-Austrian campaign, and the growth of militarism in the press. We publish in this number a glorification of war by Signor Enrico Corradini, who is generally considered as the most brilliant exponent of the New Spirit, and as one of the leaders of Young Italy.]

THERE are three kinds of pacifists.

Firstly, those of the plutocracy, who oppose war because it is harmful to their interests.

Secondly, Socialists, who oppose international war because it damages internal class-warfare.

And thirdly, idealists, who oppose war because they believe in an ideal peace.

Taken altogether, these three kinds of pacifists make no small stir. But, to begin with, the plutocrats should be excluded from the group, because, if it suited their interests, they would not hesitate to incite one-half of the human race to go to war with the other. They are not true advocates of peace, any more than are the Socialists, who, if they could, would turn the antagonism between one class and another within the State into civil war.

There only remain the idealists, the honesty of whose intentions is as unsurpassed as is the feebleness of their argument. For they forget that the whole world, including men and human societies, is subject to natural laws, and can only act in conformity with those laws. And they forget that both peace and war—not peace alone, nor war alone—but both peace and war—are two of those laws to which human societies, peoples, and nations are subject.

In a recently published work* I wrote as follows:—

"Peace is the world's organising and conserving force. War is its quickening force, and these two forces work together in ways which, to any thoughtful man, suggest the hand of Providence. The world is kept in existence because it is being continually renewed, and the same is true of the individual. In fact, all living things continue to live because they are renewed. That is to say, all living things tend to decay and die, and are kept alive by a force which is constantly renewing them. This is true both of physical and social organisms, and war, whether it manifests itself as war or as revolution, is the force which revives our social organisms when, during a period of peace, which means a period of conservation and organisation, those organisms have tended to decay and die, and consequently have become, little by little, mere usurpers of the land in which they exist. They are usurpers because every nation ought to recognise that it has a duty towards its land—the supreme duty of being productive. Wars of conquest pour new life into a country, in so far as they drive out those who, in view of this ethical relationship between a country and its people, are usurpers, and establish in their place a productive race.

"It is clear, then, that to the pacifists war is that destructive monster which we can all recognise, inasmuch as it destroys individual lives; but that, on the other hand, when it is rightly understood as part of a greater scheme, it is seen to be a means of preservation. Peace, the organising and conserving force, and war, the renewing force, work together, I

repeat, to preserve and continue all that ought to be preserved and continued. The one is essential to the other, and both together form that inexorable rhythm of peace and war which is the rhythm of life itself."

During this year we have witnessed two wars which give admirable proof of the truth of this theory. I refer to the Italian war of conquest in Tripoli and to the Balkan war.

As a result of her war Italy alienated the plutocratic pacifists of all nations, irritated her own pacifist subjects, the Socialists, and was denounced by the idealist pacifists in some little congress in Switzerland, as usual, in the name of humanity, civilisation, progress, the liberty of the people, and so on. But, in reality, by making war on Turkey and by conquering Tripoli, Italy has accomplished a task, not only of advantage to herself, but of justice towards the world, and of advantage to the world. It was a supremely just act in accordance with natural laws. Italy has driven the Turk out of Africa, and has taken the Government of the Arabs into her own hands, and by doing so she has established a productive people on a productive soil, where before there were two peoples who had only succeeded in making their land as unproductive as they were themselves. Surely the Turks and the Arabs were the true destroyers of humanity, civilisation, progress, and the liberties of the people, since they had for centuries shut out other productive people from the soil which they had themselves rendered barren! Italy has given back to Africa the rights of a progressive people by making it possible for her to be productive. My contention is that Italy *has reinstated in Africa the just, the ethical relationship between the land and the people who inhabit it.* That is to say, the relationship of a productive people to the soil. In other words, the day will come when Italian Tripoli will be linked up with English Egypt and French Tunis, and when the whole southern shore of the Mediterranean will flourish with European vitality. Will pacifists be as loud then as they are now in their condemnation of Italy's war of conquest?

The pacifist's plan, *leave Africa to the Arab and the Turk, and let us keep the peace*, simply means an unproductive people and a barren soil, and that ends on the one hand in desert land and on the other in the extermination of the race, possibly after a period of cannibalism.

The same is true of the Balkan war. The four Balkan allies are driving their unproductive Asiatic enemy out of Europe, and are thereby performing a just action, not merely as regards their own peoples, but as regards the human race in general. The war in Tripoli and the Balkan war are alike in their aim, which is to free Europe and Africa from the same enemy, whose very presence casts a blight upon the soil, and dries up the springs of life like a devastating fire. The Mediterranean, encircled by the barrenness of Islam, was a truly terrible sight in the eyes of the whole world. We have put an end to that barrenness in Africa, and that is the justification of our war in Tripoli. Before very long that barrenness will have lost its hold on Europe. And that will be the justification of the Balkan war. Then, finally, the Asiatic shore must also be set free. Thus, *thanks to war*, productive activities will be reinstated in place of barren lethargy all round the Mediterranean, where they formerly flourished; that is to say, an ethical

* "Sopra le Vie del Nuovo Impero." Milan, Treves, 1912.

régime will be established. I am sorry to have to point out to all lovers of peace that this can only be accomplished by war, and that it cannot be accomplished in any other way.

But pacifists may, if they choose, still prove that we are wrong and that they are right—that we are wrong in defending war in general, and the wars in Tripoli and in the Balkan States in particular, and that they are right in condemning the same. It is open to them to prove, but it must be seriously proved, that the same ends might be, and can be, attained by other means.

But, so far, nothing has been found which can accomplish what war accomplishes; it has not been found yet, and there is no immediate, nor even distant, prospect of its being found. Various means have been discovered, and have been hailed with delight, it is true, in theory, but, in practice, in real life, in dead earnest, not one.

What of the Tribunal at the Hague? I will even go so far as to postulate ideal conditions for the Tribunal at the Hague. I will postulate a general desire for peace among mankind. That would certainly put a stop to war, but it would not produce the results which are produced by war. And herein lies the subtle distinction. It was not merely a question of preventing war from breaking out between Italy and Turkey in Tripoli, but also of settling a productive people in Tripoli in place of the unproductive Turk. And the same applies to the Balkan peninsula. Is there any peaceful method of taking land from the nation to whom it belongs for the good of humanity? I think not. Will there ever be? I doubt it. And there will always be people who ought to be deprived of their land because there will always be people incapable of production, *if only from natural decadence*. I am sorry to distress any advocate of peace, but it seems probable that, just as death is the immortal counterpart of life, so war is the immortal counterpart of peace.



WINDS OF DOCTRINE *

AS the title suggests, this is not a systematic exposition of current philosophies, but a collection of popular critiques and appreciations, showing "the way of the wind"—and a "snell," easterly wind it is, with not a little of bleakness and salt in it—in a mind of singular acuteness and force. For many years colleague of the late William James at Harvard, Professor Santayana has watched the rise and fall of philosophical theories with shrewd, appraising eyes, and his humour, while not unkindly as a whole, never lacks a subacid flavour.

His latest book will appeal to a large circle of readers, for it treats of those "winds of doctrine" which, having swept through the schools, are now stirring drawing-room curtains and ruffling the gentle pools of after-dinner conversation. One remembers a recent magazine illustration representing an up-to-date Christmas dinner, and showing a lady in the act of leaving the room while the repast was still in full swing. Several guests expressed anxious solicitude, but were reassured by the lady's mother, who informed them that dear Beatrice had finished her nuts and health-biscuits, and was now going upstairs to study Bergson and Nietzsche in her room. That lady is even more at home in America than here, and she—or rather the tendency she stands for—has a place in Dr. Santayana's penetrative diagnosis of the present philosophical situation. An age in which every man is his

* "Winds of Doctrine: Studies in Contemporary Opinion." By Prof. G. Santayana. 6s. net. (Messrs. J. M. Dent and Sons.)

own philosopher, and whose vague intuitions and vagrant moods aspire to the dignity of a "system," is bound to excite so stinging and sardonic a humour as that of our author, and his opening and closing chapters on "The Intellectual Temper of the Age" and on "The Genteel Tradition in American Philosophy" exhibit that humour somewhat at the expense of justice. But possibly a more nicely balanced reading of the case would not hit the mark so closely as this merciless and mordant critique.

It is in his reading of the present state of Christian thought and progress that one is inclined to quarrel most seriously with Professor Santayana. When he tells us, for instance, that "even prelates and missionaries are hardly sincere or conscious of an honest function, save as they devote themselves to social work," he is saying something which had considerable justification some years ago, when the so-called "institutional" Church threatened to swamp the Holy Assembly, but which wears the air of a superannuated cliché in an age whose outstanding religious characteristic is a renaissance of the spiritual and mystical. He manifests a similar myopia when he sees the weakness of Modernism in its symbolical interpretation of "the deluge, the resurrection, and the Sacraments," and finds the strength of Christianity in a bald literalism. As a matter of fact, what kept Christianity alive, humanly speaking, through its darkest periods, was the mystical element in the Church, and the great Christian Mystics—who, be it remembered, were also the great practical philanthropists—always interpreted these things symbolically. It would be nearer the truth to say that Modernism has largely failed, not because it believes certain miracles and dogmas to be symbolic, but because it has not always believed in the absolute spiritual reality of the things symbolised, tending rather to agree with Professor Santayana and assign to them only a relative and utilitarian significance.

The chapter on Bergson should not be missed by enthusiastic Bergsonians. Indeed, it is true of the whole of this book that it is those who most profoundly disagree with its author's conclusions that ought to read and ponder it most attentively. His critique of Bergson is vulnerable to a more thorough analysis, but as far as it goes it is acute and searching, and lays a sure finger upon the salient weaknesses of the new philosophy. Like most of Bergson's critics, he takes up the cudgels for intellect *versus* intuition, but one suspects all the time that he really denies the existence of intuition—that, in fact, it has no place in his scheme of things. And one is inclined to find Bergson's main weakness not so much in his exaltation of intuition over intellect as in his failure to demonstrate the reality of intuition in any other than the vaguely romantic or amateurishly occult sense in which the Boston young lady uses the term. It is noteworthy that Mr. Bertrand Russell's logical absolutism fares no better at Professor Santayana's hands than Bergson's empiricism.

One is tempted to quote from almost every page of this provocative—and, it must be confessed, provoking—book. It is packed with witty and penetrative things, and, granting Professor Santayana's postulate of the relativity of all values, it is as cogent a critique of modern thought-currents as could be compressed within its limit. As a castigation of the pragmatism that would exalt the private interests of man as an explanation of the universe, it has a tonic and astringent quality which should commend it to all thoughtful readers. Professor Santayana's style is a beguilement, and comes to its full right in a delightful essay on Shelley.

E. H.

WOMEN AT WORK BY MARGARET HAMILTON

IX.—THE DOMESTIC SERVANT

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.

OF all branches of woman's employment there is none that has provoked such discussion and controversy as the condition of domestic servants. Their faults, their failings, the way they dress, the way they ought to dress, has provided matter for newspaper correspondence and roused the interest and the antagonism of innumerable householders. At one time "fringes" were tabooed, a housemaid with curled hair was not permissible, a parlourmaid dressed in white on her Sunday out was regarded as a scandal, and a severe eye was kept on the costume of the cook. Nowadays this is altered; domestics are given a free hand in the selection of their gowns, and mistresses are thankful if their maids do not too slavishly copy their confections. In some households a girl is permitted to receive a friend on certain evenings, and the admission of a sweetheart, if the couple are engaged, is not denied. Other families still strenuously enforce the conventual rule; no intercourse with relatives or friends is allowed within their walls, and the suggestion of a "general" giving tea to the man she hopes to marry would inspire horror.

There are, it is estimated, over two millions of female domestic servants in the United Kingdom. These include the smart parlourmaid with the French cap and muslin apron, the hardworking general servant, the little lodging-house marchioness, and the army of cooks and housemaids. Under this heading also comes the charwoman—those migratory ladies of the broom and washtub who descend upon suburban households and battle with brushes and pails.

These figures do not take note of the small girls of ten years and upward who run errands, mind other people's babies, and perform odd jobs after school hours, or in the dinner-hour. The number of servants, however, by no means prove the popularity of domestic service. The number has steadily decreased of late years, the census returns of 1901 showing a far larger proportion.

In the report of the Labour Department of the Board of Trade we find it stated that "among working girls there is a strong prejudice against service. Many owe this to a short experience as an overworked general servant, or else to the early experiences of their mothers or neighbours. Domestic service will probably be readjusted in many ways in the near future, but even now prejudice and the mistakes of the past have much to answer for in the present state of affairs, and it is difficult to see how this prejudice is to be overcome."

The rate of wages has of late increased with the scarcity of the supply, and remembering that board, lodging, washing, and in many cases beer, is included, the scale of payment cannot be considered unsatisfactory. "The result of the inquiry is to show that the average money wages of indoor servants in London are £17 16s., £15 10s. in the rest of England and Wales, £17 6s. in the three principal Scottish towns; while it has not been found possible to obtain a return for Ireland."

And now let us inquire into the reasons that make for this distaste for service. Though the life of the lodging-house domestic is arduous, and the general servant has multifarious duties to perform, the conditions of employment are not, generally speaking,

arduous or difficult. The root cause of the dissatisfaction may be said, broadly, to rest on the curtailment of liberty, the loss of freedom, the sense that at no time during the day can the work be said to be done! Other occupations call for laborious effort and ceaseless activity during waking hours, but there comes a time when the factory shuts, the shop puts up its shutters, the office closes. The domestic knows no such respite; there is no space of time, from the moment the alarm-clock strikes in the morning till weary feet drag up the stairs at night, that she can call her own.

Some mistresses, more considerate than others, make no objection if a girl sits down to needlework of an afternoon; but the license is accorded as a favour, she has no "right" to take the leisure. She is, according to the bond, at the beck and call of her employer the day through.

That domestics stay but a short time in situations nowadays, compared with their periods of service in former days, that the spirit of discontent and dissatisfaction is rife amongst them, only emphasises the fact that this ear-marking of the hours of sunshine touches the very quick of the matter. Mistresses are prepared to increase wages, to lighten duties, but they will not permit recognised periods of leisure which their servants can employ as they see fit.

Many are the devices that have been suggested, and tried, to solve the problem, and stem the stampede of women to callings more laborious and less fitted to feminine physique; but there has yet to be discovered a system that touches the vexed question. Communal kitchens were hotly advocated some short time back. The advantages of one kitchen, one block of flats, was thoroughly emphasised, and, to my knowledge, a part of the experiment was carried out. Two shifts of employees were engaged, working eight hours a day each, and communal breakfasts were prepared and served at certain hours, as were luncheons, teas, and dinners. The plan, however, did not work. No. 1, Albanian Mansions wanted underdone beef and baked potatoes; No. 2 clamoured for boiled mutton and potatoes fried; the flats immediately below insisted on vegetarian dietary; and the ground-floor tenants, being theatrical folk, outraged the entire block by ordering breakfast when most folks had afternoon tea!

The employees had as many and as contrary orders as if each one was separately retained by a different flat, and the purposed reform collapsed in ruins. The system, however, somewhat modified, is, we believe, worked with moderate success in certain Garden City Colonies, though here the communal kitchen is accompanied by a communal dining-hall, largely on the lines of a boarding-house or hotel.

Attempts have also been made to work the "shift" system, whereby a servant is supplied for a certain number of hours, on application to an agency that guarantees efficiency. The results, however, have not proved satisfactory. Mary Ann appeared at seven in the morning and went at three in the afternoon, when another Abigail took her place. Next day it was on the cards that two entirely new and strange domestics invaded your premises, entirely ignorant of your fancies and dislikes. The expense proved much greater than that attached to the employment of

domestics on the ordinary scale, and ultimately the experiment collapsed in ignominious failure.

The charwoman, however, has managed to solve the difficulty—from her point of view—of both hours and wages. Who has not suffered at the hands of the mysterious female who breaks your china, upsets the paraffin on your carpet, burns your chops and blackens your potatoes? They inevitably possess an ailing relative, these ladies of the broom, who would appear to suffer from all the manifold diseases of the human frame, and the recitals of whose symptoms cause the charlady a certain melancholy joy.

"Fits he has, ma'am," said a worthy woman of the name of Gamble, "and congestion somethink cruel, all along of his not domesticating of his food."

She was a little woman, with a meek voice but ferocious will, and, having once entered the house, literally encamped there, being determined not to leave you "loncsume-like, with no one to work for you," and had eventually to be bribed to leave. They change but little with the passing of years. The bonnet of to-day is the same as years back, and the fashion of the many never changes. But the lady of the broom has been overshadowed since the Insurance Act became law, and, in some instances, they have been crowded out altogether. In the heyday of her prosperity, however, the charlady, at half a crown a day, was inevitably mistress of the situation. She came at her own sweet will, and left when she was inclined to, though, to do her justice, she generally achieved to some very strenuous work.

The more valuable her services, the more tyrannous her conduct, and this applies not only to the lady of the broom, but to domestics generally. The old-fashioned retainers, that nowadays seem to have died out, ruled their mistresses with a rod of iron, and their mantle has descended to the modern cook, who, if she be reproved even in the mildest manner, is liable to ruin the dinner, to justify herself with a burnt omelette or a watery stew. I have known young married women reduced to a pitiable condition of nervous agitation at the prospect of having to complain to a maid years her senior, who combined many good qualities with a strain of obstinacy that would not let her admit she was ever in the wrong. There is little or no prospect of a comfortable old age for the domestic. If she does not marry, but keeps in harness all her life, save in exceptional cases, there is little to hope for but the workhouse. In wealthy families, where good wages are paid, a girl is able to put by a certain portion of her earnings; but it requires steady discipline to save out of £16 a year, and when the monthly holiday comes round there are many things to buy, and perhaps the old people at home to keep. Some few families pension off their staff, but the servants thus assisted form but a small number in a vast crowd.

The Domestic Servants' Benevolent Institution is one of the few organisations that deal with this problem. Its objects are: (1) to grant pensions when past work; (2) to assist domestic servants when out of situations through no fault of their own.

The institution is assisted by gifts of money, but payments are required from members of the institution, which are within the reach of all classes of domestic servants, viz., from 4s. to 9s. per annum, or life subscriptions from £3 to £7. The amount of annuity paid is from £15 to £23. Members are not disqualified by marriage or change of occupation, and are admitted up to the age of fifty, if of good health.

The majority of girls enter domestic service with little or no training but that supplied at home or

at school. There are certain institutions that undertake to train young servants, but the fees in the majority of instances are prohibitive, and beginners have to rely on what they learn in their first place, supplemented by the scanty knowledge they gain in classes on cookery and domestic economy at the county schools.

If a girl be anxious to learn, and is quick and ready, she can work her way up from small beginnings to a situation demanding a good sum. Parlourmaids are well paid, from £20 up to as much as £35 in special cases, and in families where many visitors are received the "tips" form a considerable addition. The general servant varies as much in the amount she can command as in the efficiency she can offer. It is an axiom that one good domestic is worth three, and that once you increase your staff from the original "general," you get less and less well served.

The continuous demand prevents the problem of unemployment to any extent, though in cases where a girl has been out of a situation for some little time it is difficult for her to obtain another, more especially because, as a class, they do not save, but spend their wages very readily. The life does not afford great variety or colour, and "the evening out" that is usually allowed is eagerly looked forward to. It is noteworthy that, as a class, servants do not make economical or managing wives if they take husbands of the working class. They have been used to the administration of plentiful food and household stores of all descriptions, and are at a loss to deal efficiently with less profuse supplies. The charwoman variety is recruited from other employments besides domestic service. They arrive at their empire of the broom by diverse routes. Some of them have been workers at a laundry, others found employment in factories of all descriptions, being often the flotsam and jetsam of industrial life. Some few spring from the lower middle class—wives and daughters of small tradesmen fallen on evil days—and yet a small percentage have once occupied positions as housekeepers, cooks, having been well trained in their respective duties.

Monotonous as the life perhaps is, and wearing as are the hours, the fact remains that domestic service is far better fitted, both to the physique and special characteristics of women, than other employments that necessitate separation from that atmosphere of home wherein the qualities of woman find their best expression and encouragement.



THE MOON-PATH

RISES the moon, and on the distant line,
Jagging the yellow-blue with serried edge,
Trees, and a tall church-steeple-wedge,
And a clock striking nine.

Stands there a house, a mirror for her queen.
Still mounts the moon and silent hangs aloft,
Great, mellow, rounded, soft,
And the air grows keen.

Arching her path, she crosses, and the blue
Yellows, and her face grows wanly pale.
Night after night she tells the tale—
She's telling it anew.

Comes then the dawn, and snowflakes fall around;
Falls down the Lamp towards the bitter west.
Run is her race, and now to rest—
The sun's above ground!

E. W. ALEXANDER.

EMILE VANDERVELDE AND THE BELGIAN STRIKE * * BY CHARLES SAROLEA

EUROPE is following with rapt attention and anxious interest the vicissitudes of the tremendous struggle which is paralysing the industries of the most industrious and the most populous nation of the world. We are all wondering what might happen if, on the one hand, the whole army of Belgian workers were to be eventually mobilised, and if, on the other hand, the Conservative Government maintained its determination not to give in. A similar struggle some years ago led to armed conflict in the streets, and the last electoral reform was only obtained at the cost of civil war and bloodshed.

I.

There are many elements of danger in the present crisis, but there is one important safeguard, namely, the personality and statesmanship of the eminent Socialist leader, whose name is inscribed at the head of this page. Emile Vandervelde has steered the Belgian Socialists through many a difficulty in the past. It may be that the present difficulties may prove greater than any hitherto encountered. But there are many reasons to believe that once more his moral authority, his clear vision, his diplomatic skill, will prevail in the councils of his party.

II.

Twenty years ago I used to see a great deal of Vandervelde in Brussels. On one occasion, which proved to be historic, I had a sharp but courteous encounter with him at a stormy gathering at the University of Brussels—a gathering which led to student riots, to the closing of the old Liberal University (which had committed the crime, unpardonable in Socialist eyes, of offering me its Chair of Philosophy), and which eventually led to the foundation of a rival Socialist University of which Vandervelde is still to-day the most brilliant ornament. In those early days, both Vandervelde and the party which he was already leading were young, and inspired with the extravagant hopes of youth. Electoral reform had just been granted. The Liberal party had been crushed, and there were many who prophesied that the Socialist party was going to take its place, and that, before five years were over, Vandervelde would be Prime Minister in a new Collectivist administration, and perhaps president of a regenerate Belgian Republic!

It is true that Vandervelde has fought many a battle against old King Leopold, but he is not yet President of a Belgian Republic! Pessimists might even contend that to-day it is the Socialist party that has become older, and that with the advent of King Albert it is the monarchy which has become rejuvenated. Nor can it be said that there are many prospects of Vandervelde becoming Prime Minister in the immediate future, nor even of his becoming a Socialist member in a Radical administration, like Millerand in France, and John Burns in England. The Conservative Government has been at the helm for twenty-nine years, probably the longest lease of power ever granted to any party in the history of Parliamentary Government. And that Belgian Conservative Government may remain in power for many years to come!

III.

And yet although Socialists have not become the governing party in Belgium, although Emile Vander-

velde has not been asked to form or join any administration, no one would say that he has disappointed the expectations of those who, twenty years ago, cast his political horoscope, and who predicted a brilliant future for him. If he has not become Prime Minister of Belgium, he has become something greater. He has become, namely, one of the two or three controlling forces in Continental Socialism, one of the commanding personalities of the political world of to-day.

He is a powerful speaker. He possesses in a supreme degree gifts which are generally mutually exclusive. He is a formidable debater in Parliament, and a magnificent platform orator, capable of swaying popular audiences. But, above all, he is one of the clearest brains in present-day politics. His books have influenced countless thousands. At International Congresses he is looked up to by "comrades" of every country, and his name is one to conjure with. Those who are acquainted with Continental Socialism from the inside, know that if Jaurès may be considered as the oratorical genius of the party, if Bebel has been its organising genius, Vandervelde is pre-eminently the controlling brain in the Socialist Triumvirate.

IV.

The continued leadership of Emile Vandervelde in Belgian and International Socialism is a tribute not only to himself but to his followers, and compels us to revise all our preconceived notions on the relations between leaders and men in modern democracy. We are constantly being told that modern democracy is devoured by ignoble envy, and must necessarily be a leveller of all superiorities. Yet here we have poor and illiterate Belgian workmen giving their confidence and choosing for their chief, a man endowed with every one of the advantages of which they themselves are bereft, endowed with every superiority of wealth, of leisure, of intellectual gifts, and of social standing.

Again, we are constantly told that a Socialist leader must needs be a demagogue, that his main function is to stir up the feelings and the passions of the men. Yet here we have a leader who is, above all, a pure intellect, whose strength lies not on the hustings, but in the library, who never appeals to passion, and always appeals to argument, *and whose policy for twenty years has been, not to inflame, but to educate, to moderate, and to restrain.*

When the history of the Belgian Labour Party comes to be written, it will appear that again and again Vandervelde has been the sobering influence, that again and again, but for him, civil war would have been let loose. Belgian Socialists may protest against that restraining policy, they may advocate a policy of "Thorough." They may grumble, as Napoleon's Old Guard would grumble: "ils grognaient mais ils suivaient toujours." Emile Vandervelde's Socialist Guard have grumbled, but for twenty years they have followed him.

V.

In the early nineties, when Emile Vandervelde was hailed as the Belgian Lassalle, I once took him to visit the veteran statesman, Frère-Orban, who was the Belgian Bismarck, or, rather, the Belgian Gladstone (and, in my opinion, a much bigger man than Gladstone), who for more than half a century directed the fortunes of the Liberal party. Frère-Orban had just

been beaten in his own stronghold of Liège by Vandervelde's Socialist friends, and the Grand Old Man had practically retired from politics. It was a curious meeting; Frère-Orban was contemptuously condescending, Vandervelde was deferential and even respectful. Vandervelde wanted to argue, Frère-Orban refused to argue, and only shook his magnificent Olympian head. On the issue of the meeting, I asked the statesman what he thought of his young adversary. Frère-Orban summed up his opinion in one phrase: "He is undoubtedly amazingly clever, but I do not trust him."

It was the first time I heard the phrase. Since then I have heard it expressed again and again by Vandervelde's political opponents. Those who are acquainted with the Socialist leader know the unfairness of such a judgment. It is too absurd for discussion. No man has given more convincing and more continuous proofs of his disinterestedness and integrity, of his singleness of purpose, of his lofty motives. Yet even absurd judgment must be explained. And the explanation in the present case can only be that, in the opinion of his opponents, Vandervelde is so amazingly clever that it seems inconceivable how he can have remained so long in the grip of so superficial a political doctrine. He is so clear headed and cool headed that, in their opinion, he ought to have long ago disentangled the confusions of the Socialist fallacies. He is not a fanatic, and it seems as if only a fanatic could have remained the prisoner of so narrow a creed.

VI.

A few weeks ago, Emile Vandervelde wrote in EVERYMAN an incisive article on the Land Question. It is a characteristic example of his work. It shows both the strength and the weakness of the Belgian thinker. It is lucid. It is admirably informed. It states with scrupulous fairness the arguments on the other side. Yet somehow one feels that something essential is missing. It is true as far as it goes, but it does not go far enough, and especially it does not go deep enough, it does not go down to the bottom rock of human nature.

Vandervelde's argument is generally restricted to economics, it seldom touches on ethics, except for his advocacy of temperance reform. It always enlightens us. It does not inspire us with enthusiasm. It does not touch the soul. He does not believe in the Gospel according to St. Mark. But he continues to believe in the Gospel according to St. Marx. He does not believe in the elemental facts of human motive, of human instinct and aspiration, in the eternal verities of family or property, of poetry or religion. He, like the naive and candid artisans of Belgium, still believes that the millions can only be made happy, and must infallibly be made happy, by Act of Parliament, by the virtue of manhood suffrage and womanhood suffrage, and by the automatic machinery of a State bureaucracy.



IS THE HUMAN BRAIN DEGENERATING?

A CRITICISM OF MR. BLAND

"THE *à priori* method," says Mr. Bland, "is a perfectly sound and safe method if carefully pursued." True, but the pity is that Mr. Bland has signally failed to observe his own maxim. The principal canon for the right use of the *à priori* method in such inquiries is constantly to check your deductions by comparison

with the facts, where facts are available. Now, despite Mr. Bland, there are facts by which we can test our conclusions in this matter, and a study of these facts would show that his argument is of questionable soundness.

The fault of Mr. Bland's theory is that, if true, it proves too much. If we accept his reasoning, not only must we believe that the human brain is now deteriorating, but that all the greatest brain-work of the world has been done in periods of brain-degeneracy. The eras of greatest and most fruitful intellectual activity—the age of Pericles, the Italian Renaissance, the age of Elizabeth, the Teutonic Renaissance, the age of mechanical invention and scientific progress—have all been times "when the struggle for life—actual, individual life—(had) ceased to be severe enough to ensure actual death to all those, and to the offspring of all those," who had not the advantage of superior brains. Hence, if we accept Mr. Bland's sweeping logic, the fruits of these great and spacious days are the product of brain-degeneracy!

The truth, surely, is not far to seek. In order that the higher activities of mind may arise at all, it is necessary that the crude struggle for life should be mitigated. So long as man's energies are absorbed in the endeavour to defend himself against the attacks of enemies, or in the constant, unremitting struggle to provide the means of sustaining life, no great intellectual advances are possible. Progress is infinitely slow, and is confined almost entirely to the means of supplying physical wants. It is only when man's conquest of his environment has proceeded far enough to enable him to gather material resources sufficient to keep at arm's length the fierce struggle for life that the higher intellectual progress can begin. This applies not only to progress in the arts, science, literature, and philosophy, but even to those forms of material progress in which the fruit of inventive ability is reaped by Society rather than by the inventor. To this fact, namely, that many modern inventions cannot yield an immediate return to the individual inventors, as did the simple contrivances of Mr. Bland's primeval man, is due the frequently hard lot of the man of inventive talent which Mr. Bland laments, and which can only be remedied by an increase in that mutual aid and co-operation which he seems to deplore as tending to increase the number of persons of average or under-average ability.

It is true that mutual aid gives the average man a better chance, but it is also true that many a child of genius has been as much indebted to it for the opportunity of reaching maturity as any village idiot. For, despite Mr. Bland's rhetoric, the struggle for life is still keen enough to prevent many men of genius, whose genius is not of the money-making type, from securing not merely the easy-chairs of life, but the very means of subsistence, and without mutual aid the world would be robbed of the fruits of their genius.

Mr. Bland proposes that Society should breed brains. When he can give us some evidence of the fitness of Society to undertake this task, it may be worth consideration. Would the most brilliant and conscientious "brain-breeder" have been able to select suitable parents to beget the author of the "Contrat Social" and "Emile"? Would he have seen in the Cockney ostler and his consumptive wife likely parents for the author of "Hyperion"? Would he have recognised in Sir Timothy Shelley the future father of the author of "Alastor"? Would he have fixed upon the author of the "Curiosities of Literature" to beget the creator of the modern Conservative party? I am afraid not.

A. M. S.

MASTERPIECE FOR THE WEEK

THE ÆNEID * * * BY PROF. J. S. PHILLIMORE

MONARCHIES, new and old, need prestige, and the poets, to whose divine simplicity, as to that of good women and of good priests, a certain snobbism belongs, have rarely failed to supply the commissioned glammers. A self-seeking despot like Cromwell could command the too facile or fanatical pens of Milton, Marvell, and the boy Dryden. When Octavian founded, almost unwittingly, the beneficent autocracy which we call the Roman Empire, he began, too, as a "Lord General." This title is the aptest translation that you could find for the word *Imperator*. He was in no sense an usurper, nor was he, like Cromwell, the too-powerful soldier of a new plutocracy, who, from being their bully, became their master: his monarchy meant protection for the poor against the rich. Even had Augustus, whose worst vices were a cold-bloodedness which readily froze into cruelty and a quattucento recklessness, cynical and ferocious, on the sentimental side, been as morally leprous with hypocrisy as Cromwell, yet a poet might be pardoned for idolising the prematurely wise head and the strong hand which gave Italy peace after three generations of civil war. And the poets were not of the old order, nor Roman born. If our Parliament were abolished to-morrow, our literature would welcome the new régime—say, a strong popular monarchy—quite gaily, save for a few elegant philippics from the surviving Whigs whose family privileges would disappear. Literature maintains few long loyalties. And why, indeed, should an Apulian, an Umbrian, a Venetian, have many tears to spend on the fallen Senatorial Oligarchy? The note of thankfulness, appeasement, and renaissance which rings in all the Augustan poetry is no more a courtier's simulation than the holiday mood of 1660 in England.

The national reconciling, consolidating tendency of Augustus's principate required for its panegyrist one in whom a proper sense of past, present, and future should be most rarely tempered. Mere antiquarian regrets, mere political modernism, mere windy idealism—none of these could furnish the man who was to express Rome as *caput orbis*, as *pulcherrima verum*, as the Mother City. And what an analogy leaps to Augustus and his work when we hear Virgil described in Pope's sentence: "*Virgil's great judgment appears in putting things together; and in his picking gold out of the dunghill of the old Roman writers.*" Even such was Augustus's statesmanship. And, again, when Dryden says of Virgil that he has "all the majesty of a lawful prince," how he suggests the very service which the Augustan poets, and Virgil in chief, rendered sincerely to the new throne.

When Propertius, already cognisant of the advance parts of "The Æneid," saluted the coming masterpiece in his famous lines:—

"Room for the Roman! Room, you Greeks!
For now a greater poet speaks;
Such verse shall now be born
As puts Troy Tale to scorn"—

he voiced a genuine enthusiasm of friendship and admiration, but perhaps also of relief. All the poets were so tired of hearing themselves invited to consecrate the new régime in Epic, regardless of their particular aptitudes for other literary forms. Here, at last, was Virgil, who would acquit all the rest!

Never has a poet been challenged to rise to so great

an occasion. Rome was renewing herself in peace under the wise and humane administration of one in whom (as Brunetière says of Louis XIV.) the nation could recognise and admire its own best qualities typified. The language was just topping the edge of that plateau of perfection which runs along from Cicero to Augustine. Poetry had been brought by Catullus and Lucretius to that point just short of absolute technical mastery. The little surviving awkwardnesses seem to add a charm of self-unconsciousness and freshness, which maturity itself can hardly match: just the difference between the foliage of May and the foliage of June. Historians and antiquarians had been busy about the origins of Rome; others had prepared the Trojan legend for the poet's hand, as old Varro's homely, racy treatise had prepared for the *Georgics*. Now at last, now for the first time, it could truly be asserted that Latin workmanship in language was superior to Greek. The period of 200 years' pupilage was over. The torch passed.

It is a thrice-told tale how Virgil, on his deathbed, ordered his "Æneid" to be destroyed, and the Emperor overruled his instructions, charging the two executors to publish it as it was, with no more repointing than was needed to save the unfinished parts of the structure from looking quite ruinous. The major part was already finished; some books had been read to Augustus years before. That Virgil should be so disgusted with the results of eleven years' labour as to wish it destroyed we may set down partly to his extreme fastidiousness, which required endless processes of reduction and refinement before the material should be passed as finished, and partly to his eager, curious, spiritual restlessness. "To change is to live," said Newman, "and to change often is to be perfect." A wonderful change is visible between Virgil's playful "Juvenilia" and "The Æneid." Only in a quite recent study has the real significance of Virgil's conversion from Epicureanism to a Stoico-Platonism been thrown into due relief. As Mr. Garrod (in "English Literature and the Classics," Essay VI.) well observes, "It would startle us to learn that Milton was a Puritan in 'Paradise Lost' and a Catholic in 'Paradise Regained.' We should feel that here was a fact of supreme importance for criticism. Well, the man who wrote 'The Æneid' is a man who has undergone a conversion not much dissimilar to that which I am supposing for Milton."

Virgil's path had led him round such a curve that the experiences of a dozen years ago were grown untrue and unmeaning; his mind had changed, and so had even his manner as an artist: his ear now discerned the music he had made in those bygone stages. What was finished of his great poem now stood for a dead self in which he took little interest.

Of "The Æneid," more than most poems, it may be said that the best preparation for reading it is not to study its real or supposed origins, but to follow up the long and broad wake of glory which leads from us back to him, and on which Dante is the great measuring-point. If you cannot read both Dante and the Greek models which Virgil used, then rather read Dante and let the Greeks be. Approach him through Tennyson, through Milton, through Spenser, but, above all, approach him through Dryden. Dryden's "Discourse on Epick Poetry" is delightful for all reasons, but the singular charm of it is Dryden's frank confessions;

what beauties he recognised, and especially attempted, with better or worse success to his own thinking, to reproduce; and by what expedients. The humblest critic gets a better notion of an author's greatness by trying his hand at practice of the craft, on however small a scale, than by many readings. And when we have a great critic who is also a great poet we may learn secrets which the masters seldom betray. "*I am the first Englishman,*" he says, "*perhaps, who made it his design to copy him in his numbers, his choice of words, and his placing them for the sweetness of the sound.*" And again, "*Taking all the materials of this divine author, I have endeavoured to make Virgil speak such English as he would himself have spoken, if he had been born in England and in this present age.*"

This principle authorises a new translation as often as any great enough change befalls our language and the diction of poetry; but, despite this, Dryden remains incomparably the best medium for those to taste him in who have not the Latin. For, though other modern versions may aim at more detailed exactness of rendering, Dryden alone carries the guns of a great poet: he alone has the force to compensate for weaknesses by sometimes rising superior to his original; and, above all, he alone congenially recognises the humour of Virgil. Were the Latin to be lost, Dryden's "Virgil" would remain a first-rate poem, and he would gain lustre by the advantage which Fitzgerald enjoys in his "Rubáiyát."

And now let us survey in brief the enormous difficulties which challenged Virgil's skill in management. He must all the time be under fire of comparison with Homer, picking his way between "Iliad" and "Odyssey," sometimes translating, sometimes alluding, but never ignoring. In purely epical qualities nobody will rank him above Homer; but he is *richer* than Homer by the measure of what the Attic drama had deduced from Homer. Indeed, the *riches* of Virgil is the quality in which he remains unrivalled. To expound him needs half a dozen different commentators—a Servius to explain the local, ritual, antiquarian wealth of his Italian inheritance; a Donatus to exhibit his greatness from the point of view of Rhetoric—and how many more? You can take a delightful experience by reading Virgil merely for the sound, for the marvellous orchestration of vowels and consonants. R. L. Stevenson's paper on "Some Formal Elements of Style" will furnish the clue. But to return. Whether he really set himself consciously to portray Augustus in the feature of Æneas is doubtful. Without that his difficulty was great enough. Epic, when it reappeared after the great movement of Tragedy was over, was Romantic Epic. Jason and Medea beset his path. And yet he must make his hero, not a romantic adventurer, but a pioneer, a founder, a law-giver.

Was Dido meant to be a prototype of Cleopatra? He confesses it to the initiated by the handshake of an echoed phrase. That analogy could hardly be escaped. He must, in any case, treat her as the beguiling enchantress, the incarnate temptation of a mere private passion to deflect the chosen leader from his duty and his destiny. "*The ladies,*" says Dryden, "*will make a numerous party against Æneas for being false in love.*" And all the romantic sentiment which has belittled Virgil during the last century has centred upon his desertion of Dido. Mr. Garrod (in the paper already quoted) pleasantly contends that the subconscious Celt in "The Mantuan" forced him to put Dido in the right and Æneas in the wrong, despite his purpose. So the Alexandrians would have said, for whom *All for Love* was a first principle, since they had neither creed nor country; so said mediæval and

modern dilettantism, singing madrigals for the bower. But not so Virgil. For his Æneas (whether or no he is "a character of perfect virtue") at least was not one who would sacrifice all for a passionate *égoïsme à deux*.

But it was no light matter to make a religious hero into a hero of Epic. Nobody has succeeded with David, and there are points of contact between David and Æneas. Certainly the mere consecration of defeat and failure (which Sophocles divined) gives us a bias for Homer's Hector and for Virgil's Turnus, against which we have not the patriotic sympathy of a Greek for Achilles, and a Roman for Æneas, to put in counterpoise. The muse of Tragedy prefers St. Helene to the Tuileries; she triumphs in morally reversing the verdict of fact. And thus far we are all Celts.

To see that gorgeous episode of Dido in a true light we must go back to that simple remark of Servius, who says of Book IV., "The style is almost that of Comedy: and naturally so, for it deals with love." Does that strike you as cynical paradox? If so, it is the measure of perversion in your attitude. A pathetic episode, but only an episode: for it concerns mere individual passion, proper in private persons, but not in those who cannot call their lives their own, but are dedicated to a divine mission; not to one who is in Donatus's great phrase, "*animum gereus reipublice necessarium,*" i.e., has about him the mind without which the Republic cannot exist.

The Christian ages were not mistaken in feeling that Virgil was instinct with potential Christianity. He gathered up in his poem all the riches of fullness of the old civilisation, ready to be poured into a new channel.



APRIL GOLD

INTO the town, from heath and wold,
The quickening winds are borne;
The meanest streets are paved with gold
This golden April morn.
The very rumble of the carts
Is melody to-day,
And sunshine gilds the lowliest heart,
Fashioned of London clay.

The city sparrows' hungry din
Takes on a rural note;
And wakes less hideous echoes in
A happier huckster's throat.
Forsaken babes that sprawl and dance,
Less pitiful are seen:
And daffodils from smiling France
Still smile in Bethnal Green.

Out here, beneath the Bridge, behold
Where crept the sluggish Thames,
'A molten tide of sheerest gold
'Ablaze with flashing gems.
With dazzled eyes we turn away,
Elate and wondering. . . .
Oh, God! To feel our hearts obey
The alchemy of Spring.

—ARTHUR STANLEY.

THE POETRY OF DONNE* BY PROF. GEORGE SAINTSBURY

THERE are some books of which it is at once the glory and the disadvantage that their full excellence can only be understood by experts, and of these Professor Grierson's "Donne" is certainly one. The amount of pains which have been, and must have been, spent upon the book is only paralleled by the need that there was of the work being done. Although estimates of the positive value of Donne as a poet have varied very much, there has hardly been a time, even in the most unlikely period, when he has not attracted the admiration of the competent from the most curiously different points of view. Yet his text and canon have, without exception, been in the worst condition suffered by any great English writer. He would not apparently let us have any authentic printed form; while at the same time his immense popularity and authority multiplied, beyond all reason and measure, those manuscript copies which are almost peculiar in their special kind to the earlier seventeenth century, and which compensate the benefit of preserving things otherwise likely to perish by the drawback of preserving them with the most irresponsible variations, and not seldom with differences of attribution of the most bewildering character. Whether a certain poet wrote certain things, and, if he wrote them, in what form he most probably let them go forth, are questions which present themselves in the case of not a few seventeenth-century writers; but in none are these questions of such importance, and in such a tangled condition, as in the case of Donne.

With the problem, not of finally settling all questions concerned (*that* would need a doubly "metaphysical" aid), but of disentangling the tangle as much as possible, and setting things clearly before the student, Professor Grierson has busied himself. Having first dealt with the matter incidentally in the volume of a general history, Messrs. Blackwood's "Periods of European Literature," which dealt with the earlier seventeenth century, he was induced to tackle the text itself, both in its printed and its MS. forms. In one sense, of course, such a proceeding can never be final. Probability is the utmost that can be attained: and this probability will present itself differently to different students of the facts. But the important point is that, before Professor Grierson's work, it was impossible, not merely for ordinary lovers of poetry, but for professed students of it, to get at the facts themselves without an immense and (except in the case of those who had time, money, sufficient equipment, and practised good will entirely at their own disposal) an impossible effort. We had more than one recent (or comparatively recent) edition of Donne which possessed merit, but none which aimed at presenting a full *apparatus criticus* as this does.

A book of this kind divides itself, as naturally as some other things, into three parts. There are the editor's critical remarks, which, of course, are, like all critical remarks, for its readers to accept or not, as they choose; but which have, as all critical remarks should have, an intrinsic interest and value. "Thus 'A' appeared to B." Then there is the estimation of genuineness, which, again, has a good deal of the personal in its equation. No sensible person will ever

weigh internal against certain kinds of external evidence; but the extent to which strong internal evidence may be set against weak external, and the way in which internal evidence is to be estimated, will always be problematic. But here an editor may, if he takes the trouble, furnish inestimable assistance to everyone who comes after him by stating the *facts* of external evidence. And the value of such an edition rises still further under the third head. A text made out of the comparison of many different printed and manuscript sources can never, of course, acquire the satisfactory character of an autograph, or a book corrected and passed by the author. But if the sources are duly specified and critically arranged, if their various readings are properly classified and catalogued, then everything is put into the student's hands; he is admitted *ad eundem* with the editor himself, and what he will do further is entirely within his own discretion in the way of acceptance, rejection, or alteration.

It is long since any edition of an English poet has complied with the conditions indicated in the foregoing remarks as has this of Professor Grierson's. One may differ here and there with his criticisms; may feel inclined to add or subtract, or apply somewhat different standards of authenticity from his; may occasionally find a phrase or a fact at which it would be possible to cavil. For instance, he is, perhaps, not fully illuminative on the point when he says that Dryden, in applying for the first time the famous term "metaphysical" to Donne, meant only "philosophical." Dryden, though perhaps a scholar rather than a second hand, was a better one than is sometimes thought: and, as he has just pointedly contrasted Donne with the poets who confined themselves to "nature," it is clear that he used "metaphysical" in its proper original sense of "extra-" or "post-natural." But this is the merest trifle. There remains the fact, already referred to, that, by the most curious consent of the most different persons, Donne is one of the most remarkable of English poets. There remains, further, the fact that, according to some, he is one of the most strictly and purely *poetical* of these poets. There remains, thirdly, the fact that his text was in, perhaps, the worst condition. From this last state Professor Grierson has done more than all previous editors put together to rescue it and him. There are some who think that a Professor of Literature cannot possibly be better engaged than on such work, which benefits not merely his immediate students, not merely the company of students all over the country, and, indeed, the world, but Literature itself. Such "unlocking of the word-hoard" (in a much better sense than the old one) may bring little popularity and less profit in the vulgar sense. They may be stinted: "but not the praise."

INDEX AND BINDING CASES OF VOL. I.

It has been decided to issue the Title-page and Index to Vol. I. as a separate publication, which will be sent post free to any reader on application accompanied by 4d. in stamps. The first volume of EVERYMAN is now ready, handsomely bound in cloth, price 3s. 6d. net, carriage paid 4s. Cases for binding can be obtained at 1s. 6d. each, post free 1s. 8d. Numerous applications have already been received, and all those desirous of obtaining the first of what should prove a long series of interesting volumes should write at once to the EVERYMAN Publishing Dept., Aldine House, Bedford Street, W.C.

* Donne's Poetical Works. Edited by H. J. C. Grierson, Chalmers Professor of English Literature in the University of Aberdeen. Two vols. (Oxford: 1912.)

LITERARY NOTES

CERTAINLY there has been no hurry in the preparation of the authorised biography of John Bright. That statesman died twenty-four years ago, and it is only now that his *Life* is announced as ready for publication. I am not aware who is responsible for such dilatoriness, but it is in striking contrast to the expedition with which the monumental biography of Gladstone was got ready. The Liberal leader's death took place in 1898, and before the end of 1903 Lord Morley's three bulky volumes were published. Moreover, if I remember correctly, Lord Morley did not enter upon his biographical labours for a considerable period after the death of his subject, so that the contrast is even more impressive than it seems.

There is this further to be said, that public interest in Bright has, for obvious reasons, appreciably declined during the long interval that has elapsed since his death. The whole political outlook has changed. Controversies in which he was most deeply concerned have either been settled or have ceased for some reason or other to interest us. To revive interest in him will therefore be no easy matter, but if any biographer is capable of doing this, it is Mr. G. M. Trevelyan, whose brilliant pen has made the personality of Garibaldi and the causes for which he fought intensely real for those of us who came after the Italian patriot's day. It is not often that a father and a son attain eminence as biographers, but this happens to be so in the case of Mr. Trevelyan, who is the son of the biographer of Macaulay. Mr. Trevelyan's "*Life of Bright*" will be published by Messrs. Constable next month.

About a year ago a slender volume of poems was heralded by the critics as the work of one worthy of a distinctive place among the best of our modern singers. The author was Mr. Gilbert Thomas, a young man but just out of his teens, and the volume bore the title of "*Birds of Passage*." I am glad to note that we are to have a new volume from Mr. Thomas's pen. It will be entitled "*The Wayside Altar*," and will be published shortly by Messrs. Chapman and Hall.

I should have thought it rather risky to publish a three-volume biography of Lord Chancellor Hardwicke at this time of day, but the Cambridge Press have had the courage. The work is entitled "*The Life and Correspondence of Philip Yorke, Lord Chancellor Hardwicke*," and the author is Mr. Philip C. Yorke, whom I take to be a descendant. The one thing that most people who are not lawyers remember about Lord Hardwicke is that he was an ally of Walpole, and that he abolished the notorious Fleet marriages. The sketch of him in Campbell's "*Lives of the Lord Chancellor*" is very inaccurate. As the present work is based on original papers and documents illustrating both the career of Hardwicke himself, and the whole history of the Georgian period from 1720 to 1764, it ought to be interesting.

The appearance in a revised and modernised form of "*The Love Letters of a Worldly Woman*" recalls a literary episode of some interest. The work was written some twenty years ago by Mrs. W. K. Clifford, the wife of the famous mathematician, and the authoress of many charming stories, and went immediately out of print. In America its success was even greater than on this side of the Atlantic, and there was a time when the book was sold at street corners.

On the Continent it also had considerable vogue, especially in France and Austria. With such phenomenal success the wonder is that the book was not reprinted. I cannot conceive of a publisher nowadays being so unmindful of his own interests. But whatever the reason, "*The Love Letters of a Worldly Woman*" is being given a new lease of life in Messrs. Constable's Pocket Edition Series.

I had occasion some time ago to remark upon the astonishing literary vitality of Mr. A. C. Benson. Only the other week he gave us a delightful volume of essays entitled "*Along the Road*," and now he has got another book ready, which Mr. Murray is to publish next month. It is called "*Joyous Gard*," and will exhibit Mr. Benson once more in a contemplative mood. The book recommends "a studied quietness and a cheerful serenity of life"—a most excellent gospel, but somewhat difficult to practise in these hurry-scurrying days.

Sir Harry Johnston, whose interesting biography of Livingstone many of us have been reading lately, is publishing through the Cambridge Press a work in which he propounds a system of phonetic spelling, mainly in characters derived from the Latin alphabet. Sir Harry has endeavoured to combine the best features of the most noteworthy "*Standard Alphabets*" of British, Anglo-Indian, French, and German authorities on phonetics, together with ideas of his own. Phonetic spelling is a subject which is coming more and more to the front, and I shall be surprised if Sir Harry Johnston's book does not contain plenty of material for reflection.

There has been but one English pope, and as the policy of the Curia precludes all hope of another, it is well that we should have a biography of Nicholas Breakspear, that remarkable Englishman, whose pontificate, bearing in mind the times in which he lived, did honour to himself and to the country to which he belonged. Messrs. Kegan Paul announce a *Life of Adrian IV.*, from the pen of the Rev. Horace K. Mann, the last two volumes of whose "*Lives of the Popes in the Early Middle Ages*" are now in the press.

Messrs. Macmillan make the interesting announcement that they will issue next month the first three volumes of "*The Imperial Edition of the Works of Gilbert Parker*." The edition is to be completed in eighteen volumes, and will contain six long novels, ten short novels, and some seven volumes of short stories, with one volume of verse, which includes, in addition to a "*Lover's Diary*," published in 1894, a collection of poems entitled "*Embers*," printed privately, and not hitherto issued to the public. A number of stories, published serially, but never reprinted in volume form, will also be included. Sir Gilbert Parker has written a general introduction to the whole edition, and a special introduction to each volume.

The same firm will also publish immediately the "*Life of Octavia Hill as Told in her Letters*," edited by her brother-in-law, Mr. C. Edmund Maurice. Miss Hill, who died only last year, is best remembered by her beneficent work among the London poor. In her early days she laboured under Maurice, and was supported in her enterprises by Ruskin. The book ought to throw an interesting sidelight upon the condition of the homes of the London poor two generations ago.

X. Y. Z.

THE KINEMA * * * BY DR. PERCY DEARMER

A FEW weeks ago in EVERYMAN I referred to picture palaces, and hinted that neither word in this title was well applied. They are, indeed, not palaces, any more than they are amphitheatres or cathedrals, and the objects exhibited in them have not the dignity and beauty of a real picture. I doubt if kinematograph shows can ever be beautiful, and it would be a pity if people imagined they were developing a taste for art because they frequented exhibitions of this kind; but none the less they may have a considerable scientific usefulness, and their educational function may prove to be very great.

By the way, what *are* we to call these things? "Kinematograph" is impossible—one of those hopeless words which only our scientific barbarians can invent. "Living pictures" is two words, and therefore will not live; besides, they are not living pictures. Such titles as "théâtre de luxe" are the mere vulgarity of advertisement. "Biograph" is not so bad, but it is rather flat. "Vitograph" is a horrid hybrid. Now, it is the general public that is always the best at finding names, and the people, if they succeed in throwing off the yoke of the pedants, always give us a good English word, which, though it may seem to begin as slang, may end in the poet's vocabulary. Such words are "tube" and "taxi," and I think in time we shall get over our prejudice against "phone" and "bike," and recognise that the genius of the English tongue has not done ill to their Greek originals. Perhaps the public will end by coining some jesting word like "fictures"; it may settle down into "kinnies," or it may be content to use three syllables and say "kinema."

But if it does, I hope it will retain the proper spelling and pronunciation so far, and not tolerate the mispronunciation of "cinema." It is bad enough to have a useless and ambiguous letter like "c," but don't let us drag it into new words, where it has no excuse. Lastly, if the word is to be "kinema," we shall doubtless refuse (and rightly) to listen to the schoolmasters, and shall pronounce it "kiněmā," and not "kinēma." The schoolmasters have mispronounced Latin and Greek too long for us to spoil what might be a decent English word at their behest. So *kinema* let it be, unless EVERYMAN will help with some better suggestions.

But this has been a long digression. I was about to speak of the educational power of the kinema. It will not take the place of art, it will not take the place of books, it can never be a theatre, and the great educational work which lies before the drama of the future will be just as much needed as ever. But there are some things which the kinema only can do. Those wonderful films of African wild beasts now on view in Holborn are an example. How delightful it is for animal lovers to go into the forest to photograph instead of to shoot, to bring back a film instead of a skin! "He is so fond of animals" used to mean that a man devoted his life to hunting and killing animals; but now the real animal lover shows a far greater skill, patience, and courage by lying in wait through long nights and days in the lone places which the wild things haunt. And, after all, if Browning be right in

thinking that the business of art is to make us *see* what before we have only looked at, the kinema will in some departments be accomplishing much the same mission.

But the main educational value of this new thing that is now spread all over the world is that it provides a form of amusement which is always, to some extent, instructive, and which appeals to the unlearned, and to boys and girls, and to savages. It flourishes already among all the peoples of the earth; it has spread to the smallest towns; perhaps it will soon be as familiar an object even in villages as the public-house. It is becoming as universal as the inn, and a good deal cheaper. True, it will not produce the educated mind, any more than a newspaper can; it will not take the place of mental training and discipline, for it offers no discipline. But to those large sections of our population who have had little possibility of amusement except drinking, what a revolution of opportunity does the kinema give! It is not, to my mind, a very stirring form of amusement; a little of it, one would think, should go a long way; and only when subjects of exceptional interest are on view is it very much worth while. But, at least, it makes no mental demands, and it is so cheap as to be within everyone's reach, and, as a matter of fact, people, and especially young people, do not seem to tire of it.

Instead of drinking, instead of playing cards, instead of gambling or pitch-and-toss, instead of becoming cross because there is nothing to do, people have now an attractive alternative at hand. And that attractive alternative, though it does not provide mental discipline, does generally leave the spectator with his mind a little widened, and often in possession of some bit of knowledge which he did not possess before. This is surely a great gain, and may make a real difference in the future of mankind. Instead of demoralising or merely time-wasting amusements, we have something which is on the side of education, and in some measure is a diffuser of knowledge.

I can well imagine the lecturer, teacher, and preacher finding a much greater educational value than this in the kinema. The teacher or lecturer always finds it difficult to make his audience realise what he tries to explain, and the gift of awakening the imagination of one's hearers can never be a common one.

The preacher, too—how little his audience call up before their eyes the pictures which he is trying to describe to them! What an immense amount of talking goes on which is never understood at all, because it is so difficult to make anything clear, and so few in the audience really know anything, and so few speakers are endowed with magic! The kinema is helping, and it will help more in the future. If it is wisely controlled, and kept free from baseness, and used for beautiful and good ends, this wonderful invention may prove in its educational use a valuable asset for civilisation, as well as a powerful counter-attraction to vacant, sensual, and demoralising amusements.

KENSINGTON COLLEGE.

DIRECTOR'S TWENTY-SIXTH EASTER REPORT.

Five applications for the services of each qualified Student.

RAPIDLY GROWING DEMAND FOR LADY SECRETARIES.

Commercial Careers for 'Varsity and Public School Men.

We have been favoured by a copy of this interesting document, from which we learn that the past year has been by far the most prosperous in the history of the College. The unique distinctions of the Gold Medal and the Diploma of Honour for Secretarial and Commercial Training, awarded by the Jury of the Festival of Empire, 1911, to Kensington College, have now been duplicated by the Manchester Winter Exhibition, 1912-13.

During the first two months of term, an overwhelming number of applications was received for the services of Kensington College Graduates. Owing to the supply being unequal to the demand, it was only possible to partially satisfy it. Applications were for Resident Private Secretaries, some from Peeresses, one from an eminent Professor, other inquiries were from Clubs, Hospitals, well-known Journalists and Authors, and several from important City Companies.

In order to cope with the demand, it has been necessary to advertise again in the public Press, inviting applications from ex-Students of the College desirous of improving their position, but, from their point of view, it is doubtless satisfactory to be able to state that practically no response has been received; in fact, there is every reason to believe that not a single Graduate of Kensington College is unemployed, and further, that they have no wish to change their present satisfactory appointments.

During recent years several Students have been sent from College to positions in England and abroad, some even as far away as Japan, where Kensington College Students

have started an English Ladies' Club.

The question of Commercial Careers for 'Varsity and Public School men is now engaging public attention. The College has during Term been successful in securing for a 'Varsity man an introduction to an important position at a commencing salary of £150, leading up to an Assistant Directorship at a salary of £500 and upwards.

Kensington College is described by Sir Samuel Evans as "a progressive Institution." We may venture to go further and style it an educational force that is probably doing more for the progress of English Commerce to-day than we can anticipate from armaments. Practical training for the practical duties of life is the keynote of all work at this powerful institution. So great is the demand for the services of its graduates that during the last twenty-six years—in fact, ever since it was established—every qualified student has had a choice of at least half a dozen dignified and remunerative appointments from which to select a congenial career; a striking testimony to the efficiency of the College training. The result of a recent investigation by the College Accountant shows that the applications from employers for the services of the College Graduates exceeded the number of candidates available in the proportion of one hundred to fifteen. In other words, fifteen students had a choice of no fewer than one hundred appointments between them.

A College with such a record commands the most serious consideration of everyone, and a knowledge of the secret of its success is a valuable asset to all who are interested in the future of England's sons and daughters. The utterances of

eminent men assist us to probe that secret. The Earl of Lytton, when the full facts about the College were before him, found expression for his surprise in the phrase, "Have every hope all ye who enter here," an anti-theoretical variation of Dante's famous inscription. Lord Lytton's words have been adopted as the motto of the College. A Knight of the Legion of Honour and an ex-President of the British Chamber of Commerce in Paris, when opening Winter Term recently, said, "As an Institution for the training of our future business men and women Kensington College stands first and foremost." Comment upon such pronouncements is superfluous; facts about the Institution which inspired them are more interesting and of greater value.

Kensington College was established twenty-six years ago, and during the last few years it has been located a short distance west of Paddington Station, at the corner of Gloucester Terrace and Bishop's Road, one of the most fashionable and healthy parts of the Metropolis. These premises, opened by Her Grace Katharine Duchess of Westminster, stand in their own grounds, every window faces trees or commands a view of beautiful gardens—an ideal situation for study. Modern languages hold a leading place among the subjects taught. Gratifying successes at the Examinations of the London Chamber of Commerce, the Royal Society of Arts, and other public bodies, testify to the thoroughness of the training in all departments of the curriculum.

The College watches over students' careers after they have left the Institution, assisting them to new appointments when necessary.

The Director is ever ready to give his advice on the subject of a suitable career for boy or girl personally or by post.

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A LAY SERMON ON THE ART OF READING, AND HOW TO DISTINGUISH A GOOD NOVEL FROM A BAD ONE

AS was explained in the "Message of EVERYMAN," one of the main purposes of this new journal is to give practical guidance to every student in his reading and interpretation of the masterpieces of literature.

It will be admitted that if it were really possible to give such practical guidance and helpful advice, if it were really possible to devise a simple and scientific method by which to develop our appreciation of what is best in world literature, it would repay our utmost efforts to master an instrument which would secure such invaluable results. For, after all, to acquire a critical judgment and appreciation of literature, to distinguish a good book from a bad, a great book from a mediocre one, must be the ultimate object of all literary education and culture. Even with the most elaborate University machinery, and with the most abundant stores of learning, if we have not acquired such literary appreciation, we shall still remain uncultivated and illiterate. On the contrary, even without any University apparatus and machinery, even if we had been debarred from all opportunities of a secondary or so-called higher education, and if, on the other hand, we have acquired the gift of literary appreciation, we shall thereby have achieved culture and education in the most real and vital sense of the word.

I.

Let us then take some representative work of fiction—for I shall restrict my analysis to the most prolific *and* the most universal form of contemporary literature—and let us approach some great novel both with a receptive and appreciative and with a discriminating and questioning mind. Before we can even attempt to formulate a competent judgment on that particular novel, it will be necessary to examine it in succession in every one of the following aspects: (1) The subject and substance of the book; (2) the plot or the story (3) the style and language; and (4) the characters.

A.—THE SUBJECT.

Considering first the subject and substance, it is obvious that there must be vast differences between one book and another.

(a) The subject may be trivial or it may be momentous, and the importance of the work must necessarily be estimated to some extent by the importance of the subject itself. You will probably find that the novels of Jane Austen, however perfect they may be as pictures of certain types of eighteenth-century English society, seldom touch the deeper side of human life. On the contrary, you will find novels like "Jane Eyre," like "Père Goriot," like "Don Quixote," are concerned with all the deeper problems of human destiny.

(b) Again, the subject may be either of transient or it may be of permanent interest. Thus the novels of Beaconsfield or Trollope are concerned with certain political or social conditions prevailing at a particular time, and their interest gradually vanishes and evaporates as the conditions which they describe are themselves passing away. On the contrary, novels like "Tom Jones," or "Crime and Punishment," or "War and Peace," are concerned with the eternal verities, with the abiding element in humanity.

(c) Or again, the subject may be treated in a spirit of human sympathy, it may be beneficent, inspiring,

healthy, and health-giving; that is to say, it will be, in the truest sense, moral. Or it may be treated in a cynical spirit, it may be morbid, depressing, demoralising; that is to say, it will be, in the truest sense, immoral. Thus there is a vital difference between the healthy realism, let us say, of George Eliot or Dickens, and the debased view of human life which is the view of too many contemporary French novels of the Zola or the Maupassant type.

B.—THE PLOT OR THE STORY.

Passing on to the treatment of the plot or story, again we shall have to answer very definite questions which must affect our judgment of the literary value of a given novel.

(a) There may be either one plot or two, or many. Our interest will be either concentrated on one story, as in most classical works of art, or it will be diffused and dispersed over several stories. A duality or multiplicity of plots may sometimes, though rarely, add to the literary value of a novel, as in "War and Peace," if the plots are correlated, if one plot is so used as to set the other into stronger relief. On the other hand, if there is no correlation between them, if our attention is continually distracted, the multiplicity of the plots must necessarily detract from the artistic value of the novel.

(b) The plot may be simple and natural and inevitable, or it may be artificial and far-fetched. Some of the most perfect masterpieces of world literature have the simplest plot, and the maximum of effect is produced with the minimum of effort: thus in the novels of Jane Austen, George Eliot, or in the supreme Russian story-teller, Turgeniev. On the contrary, even a powerful masterpiece like "Les Misérables" is marred by the bewildering complication or impossibility or improbability of the story.

(c) Again, the story may either be skilfully or it may be clumsily constructed. It may be harmonious in all its parts, or it may be confused and chaotic. Events may develop logically, progressively, in rapid succession; the incidents may be ingeniously unfolded, and our interest may be kept in suspense until the end. On the other hand, the story may be erratic and aimless, rambling and discursive, wandering from the main point, drawn out to inordinate length. We may fail to see the forest for the trees.

(d) And, finally, the story of a novel may either exist for its own sake, and without any ulterior purpose, or the story may be kept in strict subordination to the study of character. There may only be a succession of stirring episodes and romantic adventures, as in the novels of Dumas. Or the events may be so presented as to reveal human motive and character, and the plot, as in the novels of Sir Walter Scott, may be so constructed as to constantly bring out this action and reaction of character and circumstance. It is obvious that the latter plot, which subordinates incident to character, stands on a much higher artistic plane. Whereas the novels of incident and adventure are only intended to amuse, to relax, and to while away an idle hour, the novel of character is pregnant with meaning; it reveals the inmost secrets of the heart, teaches lessons of wisdom, and realises the ultimate purpose of art.

(To be continued.)

CARAVAN DAYS * * * BY GEORGE GOODCHILD

THOSE were happy days. How often have I sat in this darkened room and wished my feet could slide backwards down the slope of time, that I might live again those glorious years, tread again those flower-strewn pathways, hear again the rattle of harness and the creak of the axle.

There were many tears and many sorrows, but I *lived* in those days, and that is something.

There were cold, cheerless winters, when the keen air bit at my finger-tips and set the blood tingling in my veins; wet, miserable nights, when the ground was turned to slush and the water squelched in my boots. That the memory of those days should be so pleasant is not a little perplexing. I suspect that time has conjured with them in no small measure, garbed them with a mystical glory that never really was theirs—exaggerated the joys and almost forgotten the sorrows.

Jasper it is who shines brightest in my memory—Jasper and the things pertaining to him. Of the precise manner of his genesis into our camp I am still ignorant; I was ill at the time. I have a hazy notion that he nursed me through my delirium, a nasty nightmare with drums and trumpets as its subject. There were always drums and trumpets, all over the ceiling and walls—trumpets of uncertain size, and drums that swelled and swelled and then diminished into nothingness.

Jasper I saw as through a mist. I knew it was not my father, because the hands placed on my forehead were cooler than his could ever be. The face I could not see, because the optic portion of my brain refused a nearer focus than the opposite wall. At times my attendant Phantom would assume the most alarming proportions—grow so large that the whole caravan was filled with him, and I knew that if he got any bigger the walls must burst; and then I would scream, and down would come the cool hand again on my forehead.

There came a time when his features took more definite form, and I saw him as he really was—a great, broad-shouldered man in the midway of life, with grey eyes and scholarly features; no gipsy, that was obvious to me.

He was pessimistic in temperament—the greatest pessimist I ever knew. Nothing pleased him. He viewed life through a distorting kaleidoscope, never seeing it as it really was, magnifying the bad and refusing to acknowledge the good; and yet he had ideals—that was the strangest thing about him. Meditating on this point, I arrived at the probable solution. Those same ideals were in part responsible for his pessimism. He had built them too high—so high that, on seeking to determine their exact latitude, he quite overlooked the materially beautiful.

High up in the clouds they were—enveloped in a halo of uncertainty, but he never wished to drag them down, and that is why I loved him.

Discussing the subject with me, he would smile whimsically, and say, "Never you have ideals, Chris. All your life is spent in the pursuit of a will-o'-the-wisp across the desert of time—never realising that it may *not* be attained. Like the elusive tortoise of legendary fame, it has gone a little further when you arrive at where it was." Yet the things he spoke of so disparagingly he strove to instil into my own mind. From him I learned to read and write, to decline Latin nouns, and to recite "The Iliad" from the original text. He would sit and talk to me of things beauti-

ful—great pictures by men long dead, gigantic symphonies which lifted their tremulant voices in sweet concord; sculpture by the ancient Greeks—statues by Praxiteles, whose marble limbs literally pulsed with life; and then he would damn the whole thing by some critical observation.

I gave him little enough in return for these wonders. From me he learned to make clothes pegs, and cooking pots from sheet-tin and solder. He had little skill in these matters, and we would laugh at the products of his labour—fat, clumsy pegs and saucepans which leaked.

The extent of our peregrinations was Bristol to Land's End. We traversed that glorious western coast year after year, always the same route, always the same camping ground. I see how beautiful were those journeys now that I take a retrospective glance. There were sweet flowers which grew wild along the hedgerows; honeysuckle which exhaled its perfumed breath with delicious persistence; foxgloves, a hundred on one tall stalk, shaking with silent laughter in the western wind—a tribute to creation.

Sometimes the wind blew in from the sea, sometimes from the land, but it was always good to breathe it and to feel its gentle pressure on the face. There were times when it blew hard—so hard that I thought the hair would go from my head—I never wore a cap, and Jasper would curse because the precious ashes would fly from his pipe.

Late autumn—that was the best time, when the earth discarded her bright costume to take upon her broad shoulders more sober apparel. The days were shorter and the evenings longer; there was less work to do—a great consideration to me, for I was always lazy.

My father would retire early, but Jasper would scrape together the remaining ashes of the fire and begin to talk, at first intermittently, then in more definite strain. He spoke of subjects in endless variety, delved deep into the past, brought before my wondering eyes processions of well-remembered ancients, whose hands wrought wonders when the world was younger, and whose deathless memorials mark epochs in the world's history. From Egypt I floated on wings of imagination to Persia; thence to Greece, where he laid before me the panorama of its great history, instilled into my mind the beauty of its arts; then sent me scuttling back over the centuries to more recent times, changing his theme as his mood dictated. He spoke of painting and music. On the latter subject he was particularly voluble. "Music hasn't begun yet, Chris," he whispered confidentially; "it never can begin while we restrict our tonal catalogue to some dozen octaves.

"I have heard a bird's song pitched so high that the fiddle's top note were but bass to it; sounds in nature so low that you might score ledger lines in dozens before you could fix their precise location. Can you conceive a sweeter symphony than a nightingale singing to the whispering trees? Your human creator of symphonies fixes his melody or theme, and then endeavours to weave around it an appropriate atmosphere. The nightingale ignores everything save its own sweet carolling. The woods and the trees do the rest, fixing a basis to the thing in their own incomparable fashion—a natural symphony; and they must needs be concordant—the song and the atmosphere—because the one is part of the other."

He kicked the fire into a blaze, lighted his pipe, and frowned. I knew he was raking over the nasty things

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in his mind, and was prepared for an outburst. It came.

"Creation serves us a dirty trick, doesn't it, Chris, boy? It sets our baby feet on this terrestrial sphere, allots to us a few weary years of existence, and then reveals to us, by means of indisputable tradition, that, be we not righteous—a quality in direct opposition to our natural inclinations—we must suffer accordingly, never deeming it fit or proper to inquire if it be our pleasure to live at all."

"But, Jasper," I ejaculated, "that is the argument of an unhealthy mind. There's plenty to live for. Haven't you sufficient 'joie de vivre'?"

"'Joie de vivre'!" he interrupted; "a palatable lie—a skeleton parading itself as the spirit of contentedness. It never did exist, save in the lower animal."

Argument was useless in the face of his present mood, so I left him to find his own peace of mind, if that were possible.

The autumn waned, and winter encroached on the land. Day by day we journeyed south, down those long Devon lanes, now robbed of their summer glory—over those great rolling hills but lately clad with purple bloom. St. Ives was our destination. It was less cold. There we would localise our wanderings till spring came and went, and the swallow heralded the summer's return.

So the years passed away. How many of them there may have been I cannot say, nor do I wish to ascertain. I would fain leave them as they are—shrouded with the cloak of delightful uncertainty. Of the happenings they contain, only the happiest survive, like holes in a black wall with the sun shining through.

Bristol marks the crisis of events. We had struck our camp early in the morning—it was midsummer day. There was no wind, and the heat of the previous day still hung heavy in the air. We entered the town from the western side, and meandered along the High Street, Jasper driving and my father and I walking behind. It was yet early, and business had not commenced.

From somewhere close at hand a bell struck the hour. I counted the slow beats, almost unconsciously. Eight! What a stifling day it would be. Already the heat was unbearable.

On the curb two men were standing. I had seen them before; for the life of me I could not think where.

As we approached one whispered something to the other, and they stepped over to us. The caravan stopped, and Jasper descended from his seat, his face deathly pale.

They spoke in low tones, and I could not hear all that was said, but I gathered the crux of the matter from one dreadful word which fell on my ear—*Murder!*

I was put in the witness box and asked innumerable questions. What could I say, save that I knew him to be a good man—that I loved him better than my father? Shameless confession! Fearing lest anything I might say should prejudice his case, I made guarded replies to the questions asked, a useless precaution. Nothing could make any difference. He was found guilty on his own confession.

He had committed the capital crime, and must pay the penalty—his own wife, too; but there were extenuating circumstances, so they condemned him to penal servitude for life.

He stood there in the dock—a murderer, a common felon. There was blood on his hands, and yet I cared

not. He was good to me, and I'm glad to have known him—glad to have been his friend.

As they led him away he turned and looked at me—a look of unspeakable weariness that released the spring of my memory and sent my mind whirling back over the period of our friendship, and then I understood—understood his ever varying moods and wicked pessimism.

"Joie de vivre"—how he had mocked at those words. No wonder!



CORRESPONDENCE

ENTERPRISE IN BUSINESS.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Your able article upon the question of Enterprise in Business deals with only one omission in the Socialist argument. What of management, organisation, industry, initiative, to say nothing of character, loyalty, and other individual merits, all of which are more or less essential to success in modern business practice? What is the corrosive irony of Mr. Wells or the scintillating wit of Mr. G. Bernard Shaw but so much stupidity to practical business men, who in most cases are equally alive to the present social and economic conditions? But the Socialism of the leading propagandist never has, and never will, come to good business results. Why? Because its very essence is antagonistic to discipline, and without discipline all the essential qualities leading up to individual efforts are handicapped in the race for efficiency. It is the lack of discipline in every phase of juvenile life—especially the discipline of apprenticeship—which is largely responsible for the chaotic condition and helplessness of the working classes (so called) to-day.

Why, the Scout movement, with its well-recognised assistance in character building, is openly tabooed by Socialists. The fact is that the moment Socialists give cognisance to discipline, Socialism simultaneously disappears. Your correspondent "Railway Worker" points to the Post Office as an instance of public ownership, but does he really look upon this institution as an example of practical Socialism? Such an idea is utterly absurd. Why, it is a very school of discipline from beginning to end, and discipline, I repeat, is incompatible with Socialism. Your correspondent should be a good judge of railway efficiency, but, surely, surely he cannot consistently claim that because there are general managers who have graduated from the ranks that this is a triumph for Socialism. It is rather a triumph of individual effort—a virtue wholly inconsistent with Socialism.

Then comes the usual reference to the co-operative movement in farming, etc. There is no doubt that the co-operative principle is successful to-day in farming, and notably in the production of milk, and we shall very probably hear more of its success in due course; but co-operative farming is not Socialism. In turning towards the industrial co-operative societies, from an employee's point of view, it can scarcely be argued that they have materially benefited by the movement, for, judging by resolutions passed by their union in conference recently, they are not so well off as the employees of private firms. But perhaps "Railway Worker" refers more especially to the dividend-paying successes of the societies; if so, I hope he will not feel offended if I point out that they are not able to serve the public better (and often not so well) in the matter of value-giving as private traders, notwith-

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REVIEW**

Edited by AUSTIN HARRISON

MAY, 1913

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standing the low wages paid to their employees. The success of the whole movement is almost entirely due to the "dividend idea," which gives the management a safe plan to work upon, and permits a large covering profit to be made, because competition is practically non-existent. "Who, then, pays for this privileged position?" Why, its supporters, of course. The following little story is not without its bearing upon the point. A certain old lady called at the butchery department of a large co-operative store and asked if she could be supplied with a few bones for her dog. "Had they any?" Certainly they had, and the bones were produced. "How much?" queried the old lady. "Nothing," said the salesman. Whereupon the loyal co-operator sternly informed the salesman that she would report him to the society. "What for?" gasped the man. "What for, indeed! Why, because you have attempted to rob me of my dividend!"

You see the old lady was obsessed with an idea, as, indeed, many Socialists are, especially those who stand to some disadvantage in not coming into more practical touch with the actualities of business life, which teaches so thoroughly the fact that there is a world of difference between theory and practice.—I am, sir, etc.,
MANAGER FROM THE RANKS.
Glasgow.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—In last week's issue "Railway Worker" commends the Post Office as a good example for private enterprise to imitate. This is strange advice for a worker to offer. Does he not know there are hundreds of postal servants profoundly dissatisfied with their conditions of labour, and this notwithstanding the fact that the service is run at a considerable profit? Every fair-minded man must admit that the efficiency of the Post Office is largely due to private enterprise. It seems to me that business enterprise is only possible under a capitalist system. The Socialist State would have to elect its railway managers, postal chiefs, and directors of men of all grades by public election. Now, we know from experience that the best men are not always chosen by this means. It often happens the most proficient and suitable men are cast aside without any valid reason. This would happen in the Socialist State, with the result that men of business enterprise would have to be content to grovel while the incompetent would rule.—I am, sir, etc.,
Upper Tooting, S.W.

INDIVIDUALIST.

THE ABOLITION OF THE WORKING CLASSES.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—With regard to Mr. L. G. C. Money's article on "The Work that Must be Done" I don't quite follow his arguments and disagree with his dicta. The working classes he defines as "a most ungentlemanly institution." This reminds me of Sam Weller's story of the cook who called the cats'-meat man no gentleman, and his retort that it was a self-evident proposition. Mr. Money seems to cast aside altogether, or suppress, the fact that there is such a thing as brain labour as well as manual labour. Scholarships were never meant to be provided in order that the brightest youngsters might "cheerfully climb out of work into some soft-handed occupation."

I am astonished that Mr. Money should be seeking in vain for a sight of the working classes. If he got up early enough in the morning he would find train-loads of them, and, as to Kew Gardens on a Sunday, perhaps few of them are horticulturists.

The parent, the "member of Parliament" who

wrote to Mr. Money as to a career for his child, surely did not expect a career without hard work—a "genteel occupation." The middle classes, the trading classes, the professional classes, must work nowadays with their brains as hard—nay, harder—than the manual workers. They have no eight hours' regulations, no trade unions. The unions are crippling the good all-round manual workers. I have lived for twenty years in Jersey, in the Channel Islands. Here a carpenter is an all-round man, and can turn his hand to any branch of carpentering or joinery. In England a man is boycotted by his union, forsooth, if he steps out of his groove. All honour to the working classes, say I, only give them a free hand. Their life has its compensations. They have no appearances to keep up, and get their pay regularly. Let the middle classes do more of their own manual work. I am not above blacking a pair of boots, fetching water, and sawing logs for the fire. The present system of higher education is wrong. Teach the lower classes reading, writing and arithmetic, and a trade.—I am, sir, etc.,
 Jersey, April, 1913. ARTHUR HAILSTONE.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—It would, indeed, be presumption on my part if I attempted to criticise Mr. Chiozza Money's article on a subject of which he is such an experienced authority. But, at the same time, as I realise the importance of the good equipment of, and good provision for, those engaged in producing the necessities of our everyday life, I should like to thoroughly understand his argument and the meaning of some of his remarks, which to me, at any rate, appear somewhat illogical.

Firstly, he mentions that many parents wish their children to have "the right to avoid hard work," and that there must be a large margin of persons "engaged in avoiding necessary labour altogether," and refers to "those who escape work."

In each case the "hard work," "necessary labour," and "work" referred to is manual labour.

Now, surely there is other work, and hard work, too, besides manual labour? Does a clerk do no work? 'Am I a "drone" because I don't mend roads or build houses? If I want to build a house it is just as necessary to think how to build it and to draw the plan as it is to put one brick on top of another. Is not this also "Work that Must be Done"?

Secondly, he states "that every addition to the 'classes' . . . means the performance of undue work by others," and also that the "classes," by avoiding manual labour, "leave for the labourers little more than a bare subsistence"; and, again, the labouring boy asks himself, "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?"

It naturally follows that if you overcrowd one class of workers from the ranks of another class the competition in the former class will increase, and consequently the wages will decrease, while the competition in the latter will decrease and the wages increase. In this way it follows that a scarcity of one class of workers is bound in time to adjust itself. How, then, can you complain of men leaving the craft of joinery (which is evidently overcrowded, since it means poor pay and unemployment) to join the ranks of those earning commissions (which is evidently understocked in comparison with joinery, since you get better pay and are more regularly employed)?

Thirdly, the tubes are not for the working classes.

How, then, is it that every one of the underground

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railways in London have workmen's trains running in the morning? You may, of course, travel for hours in the tubes without meeting labourers, if you choose the West-End tubes, and travel in the middle of the morning or afternoon. It would surely be wiser to look for them at the factories or the docks at that time.

Nor yet is Kew Gardens on a Sunday the rendezvous of the labouring classes in their "dirty clothes." Few labourers live at Richmond or Kew, and Mr. Chiozza Money is not, I presume, advocating unnecessary travelling on a Sunday. Victoria Park or Southwark Park should be, I imagine, a more likely place.

And, lastly, "boys and girls are not educated to fit them to be useful producers." I must point out that there are such institutions as industrial schools. I have not the statistics for the British Isles (save that in 1908-9 £200,000 was spent on them), but in London alone there are already nine of these schools. These figures are, of course, very low when we consider our enormous population, but still it is a beginning, and shows that some, at least, realise the importance of such education.—I am, sir, etc.,

Tulse Hill, S.W.

EDWARD A. ROE.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—In your current issue Mr. Chiozza Money suggests a uniform working day of five hours. May I ask, Would the same wage be given to both the honest and the dishonest worker? If so, what will become of justice? If not, what will become of Mr. Money's prophecy as to the abolition of poverty?—I am, sir, etc.,

J. H. PROFIT.

Leytonstone, N.E., April 12th, 1913.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—I have been thinking over Mr. Chiozza Money's article, with this result: I ask myself how "The Work That Must Be Done" will ever get itself done unless there is a perfect army of inspectors to see that the workman, who is no longer a member of a class, but a free and independent being, does his task; and I fear these inspectors will not be drawn from the most estimable classes of society. Honest men would not like the job. Will lots be drawn, so that the most disagreeable jobs will not be thrust upon anyone without some show of justice? If a nobleman drew sewer work, would he be allowed to swop for a consideration?

Horace is never tired of telling us that the way to increase your wealth is to curb your desires. Care follows growing riches and the hunger for more. Are we really happier in the wearying pursuit of pleasure and racket and bustle of modern life? Is leisure worth having if we have never learnt how to employ it? But your last issue points to the true remedy for our social ills in the sketch of Dr. Chalmers's work, which a regenerate Scotland may be expected to carry on in a spirit of truly national fellowship.—I am, sir, etc.,

SESEX.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Mr. Chiozza Money appears to think that the sole object of leaving the industrial ranks is to avoid work, whereas, of course, it is to secure better pay. The community fixes the rate of remuneration according to the service rendered to itself and the rarity of the special kind of labour required. For instance, it will pay fabulous sums to the singer who possesses a voice that will charm more than any other, to the general who has the capacity to plan and the skill to win victories, or to the administrator who can rule wisely

and well, though, according to Mr. Money, none of these do any work that counts.

The higher the civilisation the greater the realisation of the fact that head work is of more service to the race than hand work, and hence is worthy of larger remuneration.

Mr. Money includes transport workers amongst the producing class, but, according to his definition, it ought to be the horse or motor, rather than the man who directs the one or controls the other, that should receive the bigger pay, for it is surely he that has the "soft job" and the horse that does the effective work. Of course, the great fallacy of all those who, like Mr. Money, try to set class against class by extolling the manual worker and depreciating the brain worker is the artificial division of workers into two groups. No such separation is possible. Every hand worker must use his brain, and every head worker must use his hands. Only the greater the domination of the hands by the brain, the larger the service to the community of the work, and the more highly will it be paid. The skilled artisan deserves and receives more than the unskilled labourer, the organiser and controller of the works more than the clerk or messenger, who only does what he is told. The manufacturer is a producer just as truly as the minder of the loom, the farmer as the ploughman. All honest workers, whether they be labourers, artisans, clerks, merchants, manufacturers, farmers, lawyers, parsons, doctors, actors, authors, or statesmen, are producers, in that they either themselves aid in providing the necessaries of life or care for those who do. There are those who prey upon the workers, such as the financiers who make corners, the professional gamblers, the charlatans, the professional politicians, *et hoc genus omne*, who are not producers but destroyers, and who should be swept from the face of the earth. Wealth is unevenly distributed, and often unwisely spent, and officialdom is tending to absorb far too great a proportion of the national wealth; but surely the remedy is to remove the abuses and not to aim at lowering the ideal of work.

Finally, I would ask Mr. Money whether he expects the industrial workers to go to Kew Gardens on Sundays in their working clothes, or does he consider that there is some inherent distinction between the man or woman who works chiefly with his hands, or mainly with his brain, which makes it possible to recognise them as groups apart?—I am, sir, etc.,

H. J. CAMPBELL.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—To make us a nation of "half-timers" would be to make confusion worse confounded, for not only would it do away with much of the economy of time and labour that follows on specialisation, but it would inevitably result in the deterioration of all the higher kinds of work.—I am, sir, etc.,

April 13th, 1913.

H. J. CAMPBELL.

IS THE HUMAN BRAIN DEGENERATING?

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—The conclusion Mr. Bland arrives at is that human beings may be getting stronger, healthier, more cultured, better trained, more moral and compunctious than they were in the past, but cleverer—assuredly, no. And why? Because man has ceased to be primitive.

In the good old times a man had to be brainy. Unless specially gifted in this way he could not be sure of even the two dinners per week, and when a dainty morsel crossed his path a highly developed

(Continued on page 56.)

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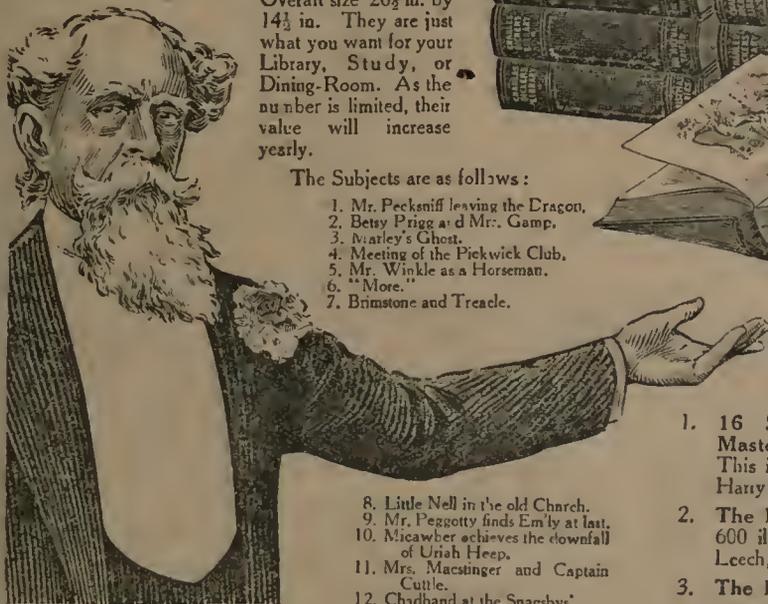
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faculty for making a quick lunch was desirable if the primitive inner man was to be saved from disappointment. That extra and deeper brain convolution which enabled a man to stop a leak in the roof is necessarily a thing of the past. Nowadays he would probably get into trouble if caught on the roof, and his family would certainly be uneasy as to his mental condition.

According to Mr. Bland's theory, one should have expected the hard lot of the curate and the clerk to give him some hope for the future. It is generally admitted they are two wretchedly paid men. I take it from the writer that they reproduce with astonishing rapidity and rear overflowing families. That being so, their struggle for bread, life, or existence, which, after all, amount to much the same thing, must be very real indeed. They must find it about as difficult as did their primitive forefathers to make both ends meet. In the case of the clerk the quick-lunch proclivity even does not seem to have been quite eradicated.

Some people might feel inclined to point out to Mr. Bland quite notable examples of brain development within recent times—Edison, Kelvin, Lister, and Marconi, for example. But these, perhaps, do not exhibit that rich convolution of brain so much to be desired.

After reading Mr. Bland's article one is convinced that the future hope of the world is not in man at all, but in that despised creature, the fox, which is proverbially most cunning and resourceful, and has never weakened these attributes by trifling with culture or morality.—I am, sir, etc., P. D. MUNRO.

Glasgow,

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Surely Mr. Hubert Bland, in his interesting article on the above subject, is unduly pessimistic? We have only to review the mental work of, say, the last hundred years to find his *à priori* conclusions unsupported by facts. The evidence would seem to point to a progressive rather than a retrogressive movement in brain development; and, curiously enough, it is just in the matter of scientific inventiveness that this progressive development is most marked. This comparatively short period has witnessed a wealth of inventive and creative genius that has profoundly modified our whole social life; and this, too, without the impulse of the extinction alternative.

Is the extinction alternative an essential incentive to the kind of brain development required by modern civilisation? The nature of the quest and struggle for food of primitive man did certainly foster a species of brain growth, but it was a species vastly inferior and wholly inadequate to meet the demands of modern conditions. In the struggle for existence the modern man has not merely to circumvent his neighbour, but his circumventing must be more complex and accommodate itself to our improved notions of justice and humanity. While the primitive environment called for animal vitality and a certain level of intelligence, the modern environment demands of the would-be "survivor" not only a higher level of perceptual activity, but also of ideation and reflection. If the penalty of failure be less violent than formerly, it is at least unpleasant enough to make some "unfortunates" prefer self-extinction to a security of the bare necessities of life offered them by their now more humane brothers.

As Mr. Bland rightly points out, modernly regarded, the phrase "struggle for life" is a misnomer. It is not now so much a struggle for life as a struggle for the fullest life—or, as he himself puts it, "a scramble for easy-chairs." But this "scramble" is by no means the

easy and comfortable process he would have us believe. One has only to turn one's hand to scientific invention or any of the professions or arts to quickly discover how much has already been done and how much brain capacity is needed if it is to be of the smallest "survival" value.

It is true that in this ill-ordered world fortunes sometimes go by favour rather than by merit; but it is by no means the majority who are able to evade the rigid and inflexible test of economic law.

But, if Mr. Bland's diagnosis is faulty, is not his remedy even more so? Granting his dismal conclusions, how can he hope for mentally or physically profitable results from unions in which the proper sex affinity is absent? Since, as he himself admits, men of conspicuous mental endowments almost invariably prefer to marry women intellectually inferior, how is the scientific brain culturist to overcome the difficulty? The treatment in the case of the lower animals is scarcely applicable here, since, broadly speaking, they are less exclusive, sexually, than man—less exclusive because the mind factor is less complex.—I am, sir, etc., F. C. CATTELL.

London, N.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—In your excellent number of April 11th there is one article which irritates me no less than it makes me think. I refer to Mr. Hubert Bland's "Is the Human Brain Degenerating?" I thank Mr. Bland for making me think, but I do thank him for irritating me.

His whole argument seems to hang on this, that brain degeneration is identical with social deterioration. Now, I agree with him in making such an identity, but I do not believe that he has given the proper value to each of his terms. According to him, if we have no life "push," that must necessarily imply a collective quantity of uncreative brain tissue, and *vice versa*.

First of all, in connection with his sigh for more creative capacity in brain power, Mr. Bland is a believer in natural selection, and yet he bemoans education as a factor in demolishing such selection. In this I entirely disagree. Through the whole of our modern education there is a growing passion for more definite specialisation. And what is specialisation but an outrageous form of natural selection? But more important still, is not this lust for excelling in one particular branch of learning exactly the state of mind conducive to creative results? Nowadays, it would appear, we must learn to find the world in a little division of its labour.

Secondly, Mr. Bland does not give a true meaning to progress. Does it not strike us all that we are getting past the days—thank heaven!—of selfish strife for daily existence, nonsensical strife for the mere pleasure of striving? As the writer points out, we have still a great deal of it. But why wish for more? In this great age of medicine those are not true optimists who cry, "The weak to the wall! Let us get back to the pagan period!" No, this is a new age, and I, for one, cannot believe with Mr. Bland that it is not an advanced age. It is, above all, an age of depth. We have never been so near the heart of things before, both scientifically and morally. I have dealt with the former of these; what of the latter?

Mr. Bland is unpoetic. We do not wish our youth to be so very sharp and self-centred. We want them to be broad-minded, healthy, and righteous. Away with grovelling cleverness! Lead our children to the

(Continued on page 58.)

HOW TO START IN JOURNALISM

By W. ASTON BASLAKE

THERE is, perhaps, no field of intellectual activity more universal in its appeal, or offering wider scope for the lucrative employment of one's leisure or whole time than the profession of journalism.

Most of us at one time or another feel a strong desire to express ourselves in print, and those who put the desire into practical effect, and are fortunate enough, or clever enough, to get their literary productions accepted, experience a keen intellectual pleasure which is in itself a sufficient reward for their labours.

But when to this pleasure is added the further satisfaction of receiving a cheque—for however small an amount—the beginner feels as a prospector might feel when he unearths his first nugget—he feels that there is an excellent chance of getting more nuggets from the same source. Similarly the budding author feels that having once produced a marketable commodity from his own brain there is no reason why he should not repeat the process.

But, as everyone must be aware, success at the first attempt is the exception rather than the rule, and the majority of those who have reached even the lower steps of the hill of Parnassus have done so at the expense of much bitter disappointment and weary waiting.

Their example need not, however, deter the aspirant for similar success from making the attempt; for if the reasons for preliminary failure be summarised and analysed, it will be found that in the majority of cases they are the same. That is to say that one man has failed at first from making precisely the same mistakes as were made by hundreds of others. But he has not had their experience to guide him, and so has had to buy his own experience—at the same price.

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stars; give them a glimpse of God's immensities, and there will be plenty of life push!

To-day the concentrated, creative force of each unit is focussed on the perfecting of a small part in the complex whole, and in this we truly progress—those of us (and there are not so few, Mr. Bland) who use our brains at all.—I am, sir, etc.,

April 12th, 1913.

JOHN D'ASCHENNAN.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—It is hard to take the article under the above heading seriously; at the same time, I think it should not be allowed to pass unchallenged, even at the risk of being classed by Mr. Bland as an "average, uninstructed person."

Mr. Bland's main hypothesis is that the brain cannot improve except as the result of the daily fear of death.

Surely this is a false hypothesis, and cannot possibly be accepted by anyone who considers the change that has taken place in the world during the last century. Besides, have the present rush and feverish anxiety in the competition of business which we see ruining the health of so many of the weaker of our business men no place in the development of the brain? Is the rivalry amongst inventors in striving to conquer the air and evolving marvellous machinery of all possible kinds of no value?

Again, let us take Mr. Bland's word-picture, in which he so vividly portrays our forefathers engaged in developing their brain capacity, and incidentally ours, to which process Mr. Bland is so anxious, I suppose, we should resort. I believe it is firmly established that in those days the human skull was shallow and incapable of containing the average brain of the day. Also I believe I am right in asserting that, according to the latest views on the subject, the size of the skull must have increased before the brain capacity increased. I think it is fair to assume that the converse is true, and that as the brain "degenerates" so would the skull become shallower. Is this so? I am glad to think the evidence on this point is against Mr. Bland. I notice that Mr. Bland mentions that when our forefathers were developing their brain capacity "dinner was an affair of every three days or so." This suggests the awful thought that some of our more far-seeing Suffragettes may be stealing a march on us men.

I am glad to say I am an optimist as regards the progress of man and the world, and am inclined to think that opinions such as Mr. Bland expresses may, if not checked, easily become the "father to the fact."—I am, sir, etc.,

J. H. TAYLOR.

Southsea,

WHITTIER'S LIFE AND WORK*

THE writer of this book believes that Whittier's career is not known in this country, and she is hopeful that her brief sketch may lead to a deeper appreciation of his poems. The aim is laudable, but, in order to be entirely successful, the authoress would have required to have approached her subject in a more critical spirit. She says: "Any criticism accentuating 'cultured fastidiousness' finds no place in the purpose of this biography." That is rather an unfortunate remark, for it is difficult to see how the book is to increase the number of admirers of Whittier's poetry if the exercise of the critical faculty is withheld.

* "John Greenleaf Whittier: His Life and Work." By Georgina King Lewis. 3s. 6d. net. (Headley.)

Manifestly, a book which is intended to appeal to those who don't know Whittier ought to have sedulously avoided anything in the nature of a panegyric. But this is precisely the line the authoress has taken. Instead of providing the reader with a careful estimate of Whittier, exhibiting his weak as well as his strong points, she, for the most part, contents herself with serving up the opinions of a number of Whittier's admirers.

But while the book cannot claim to have critical value nor even literary distinction, it furnishes a gossipy narrative, recounting the main facts of Whittier's life accurately and intelligently. There are also numerous selections from his poetry and his correspondence. Much space is given to his friendship with Lloyd Garrison, and we are afforded interesting glimpses of Whittier's long and stern battle against the foes of emancipation. With the poet's religious views Miss Lewis is thoroughly in sympathy. It is in portraying this side of his character that she is most successful. And that is no small gain, for, after all, religion was the impelling force of Whittier's being.

The influence of his Quaker birth and upbringing was manifest in all he did and in all he wrote. Miss Lewis is on unassailable ground when she says:—

"Whittier was a mystic and a seer. The invisible world was the influence of his life; the spiritual world the reality. Life was one beautiful whole; no hard and fast division of secular and sacred troubled him. The fruit of the spirit could grow out of every action: every meal was a sacrament, every place was holy, every human being could be the temple of the Holy Ghost."

For frontispiece there is a photogravure of the poet. There are also illustrations of the Old Homestead at Haverhill.

SCOTTISH CHURCH HISTORY, 1690-1740

THIS is a book which it is not easy to review either fairly or coherently. It purports to be an account of the twenty-seven ministers of the Church of Scotland who were Moderators of the General Assembly between 1690 and 1740. With the notable exception of Carstairs, not one of these Moderators has previously been made the subject of special study. Their history is exceedingly obscure, and can only be pieced together, and that in a fragmentary way, after much laborious burrowing among musty volumes, pamphlets, and documents.

In order, therefore, to review this book adequately, one would require to do what Mr. Warrick has evidently done—expend an enormous amount of time and labour in gleaning facts from rare authorities. Needless to say, we have not attempted so stupendous a task; but we have been able, nevertheless, to traverse a portion of the ground, and have, of course, scrutinised the sketch of Carstairs, of whom an excellent biography exists by his descendant, the late Principal Story. The result of these investigations tends to show that Mr. Warrick's knowledge of the period is not only extensive, but amazingly exact. Some of his portraits are shadowy, as indeed they were almost bound to be, but the majority, thanks to his industry and enthusiasm, are skilfully and vividly drawn. He has produced a book which fully maintains the best traditions of Scottish ecclesiastical scholarship.

Was it worth while, it may be asked, to chronicle the sayings and doings of these Moderators, all of whom, with one exception, are unknown to fame? Mr.

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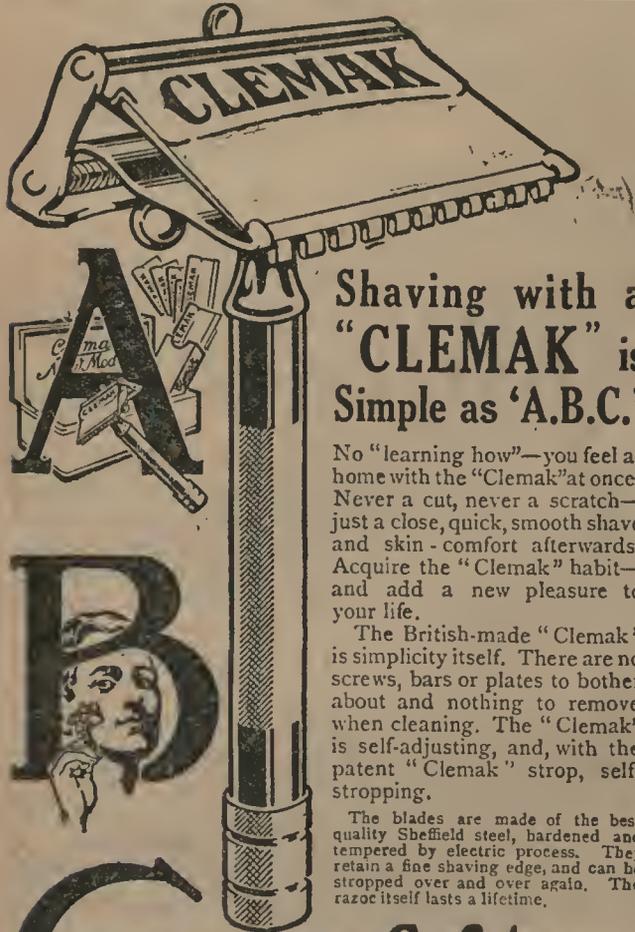
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Warrick anticipates the question and, as we think, conclusively answers it. The fifty years covered by this book was a period of transition. It was devoid of the glamour and interest which marked earlier and later epochs, and possibly on that account has received less attention. But no one can hope to master fully the subsequent history of the Church of Scotland without understanding the forces at work between 1690 and 1740, and of the men who controlled them.

In 1690, as Mr. Warrick observes in an admirable introduction, the Covenanting period was over. Presbyterianism had regained its place and power; and it is the chief claim to remembrance on the part of most of the Moderators whose careers are here narrated that they materially assisted in rooting the Scottish Church more firmly than ever in the affections of the people. The year 1740, on the other hand, witnessed the successful inauguration of the Seceder movement and the rise of the Moderates.

Many conflicting views prevail regarding the spiritual condition of the Scottish Church during this period. Mr. Warrick, who writes as a Free Churchman, presents a broad survey of the facts, citing, among other testimonies, those of evangelical divines like Wodrow and Willison, of Dundee, and concludes that the Revolution Church was full of spiritual life and vigour, at least during its earlier years. He also notes the literary barrenness of the Church at this time. Though some of the Moderators were capable scholars, not one of them has left a book which is read to-day. Mr. Warrick says they were preoccupied with the work of reorganising the worship and discipline of the Church. But surely the explanation lies deeper.

The Revolution Church carried the practice of re-electing its Moderators to a degree unsurpassed before or since. Three of the twenty-seven Moderators mentioned in this book—William Wisheart, William Mitchell, and William Hamilton—held the office no fewer than five times, while Carstares occupied the chair of the General Assembly on four occasions. The latter, as is well known, was one of the greatest of Scottish ecclesiastics; but how to explain the repeated bestowal of the honour on the other three is not easy. Either Wisheart, Mitchell, and Hamilton were more singularly gifted than even Mr. Warrick's narrative would lead us to suppose, or the Revolution Church was woefully deficient in first-rate Churchmen.

It only remains to add that the volume is furnished with excellent portraits of Carstares, Wisheart, Hamilton, and other Moderators. W. F. G.



BOOKS OF THE WEEK

THE PRAYER LIFE: ITS PHILOSOPHY AND PRACTICE, by J. G. James, D.Lit., M.A. (National Free Church Council, 2s. 6d. net), was written at the request of the organisation under whose auspices it appears. It aims at quickening in the Churches the spirit of prayer, private and social. Dr. James, who is already favourably known by his "Problems of Prayer," here concentrates attention upon the philosophical and theological aspects of the subject. After treating of the teaching of the Bible on prayer and the psychology of prayer, he devotes three chapters each to the philosophy, the theology, and the practical aspects of his theme. Though the book is ably and lucidly written, we are inclined to think that the earlier sections are too advanced for the class of reader for whom the work is specially intended. The concluding chapters, however, fulfil their purpose admirably, and ought to be pondered by all interested in the subject. Two

prayers by R. L. Stevenson, we are glad to note, are warmly commended. The Rev. H. Elvet Lewis contributes a foreword. ● ● ●

OUT OF THE BLUE (Longmans, Green and Co., 6s.), by R. Gorell Barnes. This is a love story with an idyllic setting in a coral island in the Indian Ocean. There is the inevitable shipwreck, and the hero and heroine are cast ashore on a desert island, which, like the island one remembers with such affection in "The Swiss Family Robinson," is prolific with everything needful to man—and woman. The author, however, does not overburden us with adventures in the new and enforced home, realising, perhaps, that what is acceptable in one's childhood one is apt to be somewhat sceptical of in later life. The peg upon which the story hangs is the relation between James Graham and Joan Elliott, who find themselves thus cut off from civilisation, and falling in love. The situation is somewhat complicated by the fact that Graham has a wife! We will not spoil the story by saying what is the solution which is eventually reached, but leave it to the reader to discover. The story, though it has dramatic possibilities, does not ring quite true, and it occurs to us that perhaps it would have been more convincing had the author devoted fewer chapters to analysing the feelings and varied sensations of his characters, and given us a little more incident to while away the year in the island. But perhaps Mr. Barnes has never been cast away on a desert island, which would account for a certain atmosphere of unreality which pervades the book. ● ● ●

The smell of gunpowder and the reek of the battlefield, the agonies of forced marches and the stern and frequently brutal discipline of the British army in the early part of last century, all this, and much more, is brought vividly before us in the book which Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co. have recently published, WELLINGTON'S MEN (1s. net.), being some soldier biographies, edited by Mr. W. H. Fitchett, B.A., LL.D. The extracts, which are very admirably edited, are taken from "the pages of battle literature written by the hands of soldiers," and they bring before us in all its horror the actual meaning of war from the standpoint of the soldier fighting in the ranks. It is hard to realise, when turning these pages full of thrilling incident and heroic deeds, that the hands which wrote it all down so vividly are now still for ever. It is wonderful to feel we are actually face to face with the men who made the history of that day, and to feel we are reading at first hand the experiences of the soldiers who fought in the Peninsula and who won Waterloo. The account of that terrible retreat to Corunna is wonderfully and strikingly brought before us. Who has not felt the horror of that heroic march when reading it in the cold and unsympathetic print of an orthodox volume of history, but when it is told in the simple words of a man who marched with Craufurd to Vigo, then, indeed, one can begin to appreciate what war meant to the soldier in the ranks—and to his wife. There is a chapter on "Soldiers' Wives" which the reader would do well to note carefully, so admirably does it depict the devotion and quiet heroism with which the women marched with the men and shared all their hardships. The book is, however, not entirely devoted to the dark side of those dreadful days. We are occasionally enlivened with amusing accounts of the idiosyncrasies of some of the great men themselves. There are diverting instances of Wellington's irritability, as when he issued a general order that "British officers would in future abstain from beating Marshals of France," consequent upon the complaint of a French

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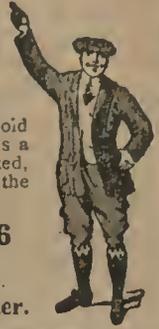
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Marshal who had been knocked down by an Englishman on the boulevard, but was unable to identify his aggressor! Then, again, there is the incident of the officer who lost his wig, and after a victorious battle went frantically riding over the field, bald-headed, and shouting, "A guinea to the man who will find my wig"! These little anecdotes are a welcome relief from the tales of blood and suffering with which the book abounds. The men, though brutal, and in many instances seeming half savage, are nevertheless worthy of an admiration that one wonders whether one could so readily accord to the soldier of to-day. Their life was harder—one doubts if the present generation could stand a quarter what they had to bear—but it was a life which made heroes—and heroes, too, who thought nothing of what they did, but took it all in the day's work. The book will fill a present need in giving the student (too often addicted to taking his history in pre-digested tabloid form) a human insight into the everyday life of the men who made England.



LOP-EARED DICK (John Ouseley, Ltd., 6s.), by G. F. Monckton. This is a "disjointed account of the trials of a genial Cow-boy in a World of Widows and Wild Animals." The reader will doubtless be much diverted by the adventures of the hero, which are recounted in a number of short tales. Dick tells us in his "appendage" that "this here book ain't nun of my work. The man that dun it he can't spel and is considrbbl of a lyer, . . . so wenn you rede this here book, if it gives you a pane in your inside ware you kepe yor laffs, . . . say the cusswords over him, not over mee." We will not go so far as to say we said cusswords over anybody—neither did we have a very bad "pane" where we "kepe our laffs," though we will admit we found "Concerning Bulldogs" rather funny. "A Revolt of Women" is also quite amusing, but we cannot say we were altogether sorry when we had finished the book. It strikes us that Mr. Monckton is aspiring to be a second "Artemus Ward," and if that is so, our advice is that of Mr. Punch, "Don't."



Mr. Phillips Oppenheim is always readable. Almost alone among those writers who appeal to the public through the medium of the serial, his characterisation is clever and occasionally subtle, and, as inevitably happens when you find this in a writer, his plot is not only credible, but workmanlike, and in its involutions invariably original. The author knows how to intrigue the interest, and to keep alive the reader's curiosity of interest without losing sight of the story as a whole. There are no sudden and disjointed effects in THE TEMPTATION OF TAVERNAKE (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.). The episodes are striking and arresting, but they fit into the framework of the novel as a whole, and the perspective is never thrown out by a sudden and abrupt transition from a love scene to a murder, a domestic interior to a midnight burglary. Tavernake is a popular type of hero, the Napoleonic man with a capacity for concentration "upon the things of the passing moment, which was in itself impressive, and which somehow disarmed criticism." The opening scene, when he taxes the heroine with the theft of a bracelet, is cleverly conceived and carried out, and the girl herself is a more subtle type than we usually find. The interest is kept up throughout the book, and every now and again we chance on descriptions notable for the vividness and colour. At times Mr. Oppenheim achieves a high level of word painting. "A late spring—late, at any rate, in this quaint corner of the world—stole like some wonderful enchantment across the face of the moors and the

marshes. Yellow gorse starred with golden clumps the brown hillside; and while lavender gleamed in patches across the silver street marshes, the dead hedges came blossoming into life. Crocuses, a long line of yellow and purple crocuses, broke from waxy buds into star-like blossoms along the front of Matthew Nicholls' garden. And with the coming of spring Tavernake suddenly found himself able to think of the past." After reading this and similar passages one wishes that Mr. Oppenheim, while we fully appreciate his talent and capacity for originating and developing a powerful plot, would turn his talents in the direction of a quieter and at the same time a more spontaneous channel.



THE BLUE WOLF (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.) is written with a swing. It is a story of Texas, and treats of a big ranch and of the life of the Guachos. South America is as yet fairly unexploited by the novelist, except for those wild and whirling romances that centre round presidential crises in one of the small Republics that lend themselves so ably to the melodramatic happenings. The chase of the blue wolf, the animal that plays an actual and symbolic part in the story, is powerfully described. The women, fresh, healthy creatures, impress one with their vitality, and the love interest is convincing and well sustained.



Mr. Robert Chambers paints with a magic brush. In his latest volume, THE GAY REBELLION (Appletons, 6s.), he portrays with a most delicious humour both the suffragette movement and faddists in Eugenics. America is pictured as under feminine rule; women reign supreme by means of the suffrage strike, and marriages are few and far between. While men refuse the vote, women decline to notice them. Husbands, fathers, uncles, fiancés, bachelors—all are excluded; shut out from womanly smiles and feminine fascinations. The Eugenists, as a side line, start the New Race University for the purpose of scientific propagation, and lively girls capture athletic and well-proportioned young men and hand them over to the authorities of the institution. These are the sentiments voiced by the movement: "Mr. Langdon, the day is past when women will either countenance or take part in any disrespectful witticisms, slurs, or jests at the expense of their own sex. Once—and that not very long ago—they did it." The farce, sustained to the end, helps to make the book one of the most amusing we have read for a long time.

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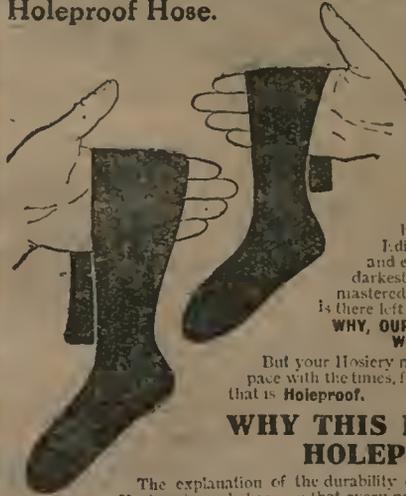
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FRIDAY, MAY 2, 1913

One Penny.



GEORGE BORROW, NATUS 1803,
OBIIT 1881.

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HISTORY IN THE MAKING

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

SCUTARI continues to be the all-absorbing topic of foreign politics. The Montenegrins have secured the fortress at the cost of heroic sacrifice, and they have made up their minds to retain it. They are determined that Scutari shall be the capital of Greater Montenegro. Austria is determined that it shall be the capital of an autonomous Albania. Montenegro is under the indirect protectorate of Russia, Albania is under the direct protectorate of Austria, which for years has subsidised Albanian Catholic churches. If Austria carries out her threats, war with Russia is a certainty. There is one disquieting feature of the Russian situation: at the time of the Japanese war it was the Russian Government which was in favour of hostilities, whilst the people were against it. In the present case it is the Russian Government which is pacific, and it is the Russian people that are bellicose.

Without taking any sides in a complex question, it is amusing to see the arguments adduced by the British Press in favour of Scutari becoming the capital of Albania. We are informed that the majority of the population are of Albanian race, that only a small minority are Serbs, and that, therefore, the Scutari district ought to form part of Albania. Are the journalists who use this argument aware of its grim irony and its profound immorality? A band of burglars invade a country house, murder the majority of its inhabitants, and say to them, "We are the majority; therefore the house shall belong to us." Such is exactly the relative position of the Serbs and the Albanians. The Serbs resisted the Turks, remained Christians, and refused to become renegades. The Albanians submitted to the Turks, and for centuries became the dreaded Janissaries, the henchmen and the hangmen of the Sultan. For centuries they have lived by murder. They are the last surviving tribes of mountaineer brigands. We do not deny that they are eminently picturesque, but to say that they have the

right over a territory simply because they have massacred its inhabitants, is to carry a little too far the right of occupancy and the principle of nationalities.

The Belgian strike has come to an ignominious end. The Belgian leaders, to retrieve the position, affirm that it has been eminently successful. It is true that the Belgian Conservative Prime Minister has promised that a joint committee of Parliament will be arranged to consider the revision of the electoral law. If such a platonic promise satisfies the Belgian workmen we can only say that they are not difficult to please. In justice to the leaders, it must be granted that, from the beginning, they were against the strike, that on no one day was it anything like general, and that, even without the present agreement, the strike would have ended in a complete collapse. At the same time, one cannot help contrasting the levity and the weakness of the Belgian workmen with the grim determination of the British workmen in the railway strike. The present lamentable experience, however, may be of service to the Belgians. It may teach them the very necessary lesson that a general strike is too formidable a weapon to be used unless there is a firm determination to hold out until the bitter end.

The Insurance Act is getting more and more of a muddle, and it is about time that the country should awaken to the realities of a scandalous situation. Patience is not only a commendable Christian virtue, but an indispensable political virtue, and we ought to make full allowance in favour of those who have had to organise a huge scheme of social reform. But when patience is exercised at the expense of millions of suffering fellow-citizens, it may be carried too far. Mr. Rockliff, secretary of the Joint Committee of Approved Societies, which is a committee representing over seven millions of insured persons (more than half the insured in the country), declares that tens of thousands of insured persons are not obtaining anything like proper attention under the Act, and that many are paying for a private doctor. The grievance is not only that 386 doctors under the panel have over a thousand patients each, and that a few doctors have between five and seven thousand patients, but that an insured person, once he has selected his doctor, cannot change him for another, even if he is getting no treatment at all. Mr. Rockliff gives a few statistics showing the enormous numbers which some doctors have undertaken to treat.

Doctors.	Patients.	Doctors.	Patients.
93	1,500—2,000	3	4,000—5,000
80	2,000—3,000	3	5,000—7,000
20	3,000—4,000		

Dr. Liebknecht and his Socialist colleagues are doing splendid service in the Reichstag by throwing fresh light on the world-wide organisation of the German Armaments Trust. It had long been known that huge industrial concerns were directly interested in artificially stirring up national feeling, and in running up the military and naval expenditure, and that the Trust largely used the "armoured plate" press to further their ends. The recent Krupp revelations have already resulted in the changed attitude of German public opinion with regard to the new Military Bill. The enthusiasm with which the German people five weeks ago received it has vanished, and it may not be too much to hope that wiser counsels may still prevail, and that the Bill may not pass the Reichstag.

NOTICE.—In our next number we hope to publish an article by Maurice Maeterlinck.

THE BIRTH OF A NEW CIVILISATION

BY THE REV. LORD WILLIAM GASCOYNE CECIL

IN the admirable article which appears in your paper you speak of the Westernising movement in China. This is not merely a question of temporary interest to those who have mercantile dealings there; certainly it is not a question which should be viewed with amusement as a quaint abnormality like the bearded woman at the fair, a freak development of civilisation; it is, in truth, one of the great milestones that mark the development of the world.

Of course, there is a humorous side to the whole question; the painful efforts of the Oriental mind to understand the illogical systems of Western Government are as comic as a Chinese gentleman dressing in a frock-coat and trousers of brocaded silk. For as the silk that his country produces does not suit the hideous garment of the West, so neither do the great Confucian tenets, which put especial value on education, suit a democracy which gives equal rights to the village idiot or the University professor. The Chinese idea of democracy is perhaps an improvement on the Western scheme. The voter must have some claim to be an educated man before he can have a share in the government of his country. In like manner the Chinese have every nominal respect for our slow Western methods of justice, yet when they are in a hole they revert to the efficient Eastern statecraft: they cut off the dangerous man's head first, so that he can no longer do any damage to the Republic, and then, to show their pupils they respect Western methods, they hold a fair and just trial to see if he was guilty. When one hears of the Chinese becoming Western, the word "incongruous" keeps returning to the mind.

Yes, incongruous, not inefficient; they were that before they westernised, but since they have westernised they seem more efficient. They carried out their Revolution in a most efficient way, with a minimum of fighting, and only a massacre here and there in parts of the country, such as in the north-west, where those in command must have had but little authority. When they had defeated the Manchus, they did not make the common Oriental mistake of driving their fallen foes to despair, and so prolonging disorder and incurring heavy expense. With true wisdom they showed mercy, with the result that the opposition to the Revolution collapsed.

In some ways they are too efficient. Western knowledge has taught them, for instance, that leprosy is contagious, that it may be carried by flies to all sorts of people who are not in direct contact with it; so one governor killed a whole colony of lepers—a very efficient way of stamping out disease, but hardly congruous to our ideas of civilisation.

This incongruity makes one ask oneself, Will the new civilisation really be Western? From the conceited Anglo-Saxon's point of view nothing is worthy of the name of civilisation except the civilisation to which he belongs; but, of course, that is not sound reasoning. The world has seen many civilisations, some with one characteristic and some with another, and it is hard to say which is the strongest. Western civilisation has great efficiency in mechanics; but it has no respect for authority or antiquity, and thus lacks the element of durability. It is always changing; in fact, that is its ideal. As we say in many an after-

dinner speech, "We are progressive." That is all very well when you start with having a sufficient mass of abuses to abolish; but when you have abolished all the abuses, the spirit of change will induce you to found other abuses. Change is all very well till you have reached efficiency; but a civilisation which has change as one of its characteristics is apt to run past efficiency.

The Eastern civilisation is just the opposite. It respects authority and values antiquity, and the question is, when the Easterner tastes the Western civilisation, with its kaleidoscopic changes, whether he will not prefer to go back a little to the Eastern principle and find again a world which does not always change.

Probably we are seeing the birth-pains of a new civilisation, for as it is certain that England will never become Chinese, it is most improbable that China will ever become Anglo-Saxon, and therefore a compromise will have to be found somewhere. What will that compromise be?

Pessimists have already settled that the new civilisation will surely be a mixture of Eastern and Western vices, a very devil among civilisations—an efficient devil, very probably, with longer horns and a more mischievously poisonous tail than China has yet seen, but essentially a devil. A French diplomatist took that line in conversation the other day. We Anglo-Saxons were the fishermen who had uncorked the bottle and let out the jinnee, and he asked why our educators could not have left the Chinese alone. His whole tone was, "There! You have gone and done it!"

Optimists, especially if they come from the other side of the Atlantic, are, on the other hand, in no doubt as to what is going to happen. China is going to become an Asiatic United States, with a George Washington, in the person of Sun Yat Sen, and all the other incidents of American oratory. In some American schools in China, when we were there, they were teaching the science of history as it is understood in America; but one felt that those olive-hued, impassive faces must have quite a different national history to the vigorous and energetic races of North America.

Probably the new civilisation will contain good and bad elements, coming from both East and West; but the national individuality of China will make itself felt, and the Eastern civilisation will be this incongruous thing, a Western civilisation which is essentially Chinese. One thing seems certain, that this new civilisation will be dominant in the Far East, and will probably become prominent in all the sub-tropical countries of the world.

The Chinaman, after all, prospers in the sub-tropical region, though he can live anywhere; in fact, he becomes happy in just that latitude in which the Anglo-Saxon begins to become unhappy; and as he is essentially a civilised man, he probably will become the great vehicle for civilisation in all the regions where the white man can only be a temporary resident.

That is why it becomes so important to consider what this civilisation is going to be. The Chinaman is not "a nigger"; he is a thinker, an organiser, and,

above all, a worker. One has only to look at the way he succeeds in Tonkin and the Straits Settlements to see that his future belongs to a much wider world than to China.

It seems as if he were going to be the apostle of authority and education, obey the powers that be, and learn Western knowledge. But he also may exaggerate the methods of municipal dishonesty which are characteristic of our Western life in so many countries. We understand all about graft and illegal commission, but do we understand the Chinese "squeeze"? He will teach as well as learn.

Certainly I think it very foolish of Western thinkers to ignore the developments in China. I do not think we had any right to open up the country with our army and navy and with our trade, unless we were prepared to teach her the good side of our civilisation; and just at this moment we can do so very much. All these young Chinese thinkers are trying to understand Western civilisation, and to accommodate it to the conditions of Chinese nationality. Now, if we could but show them the true aspects of our civilisation, what a lot of misery we might save millions upon millions of people hereafter! Even if we are pessimists, we might put knobs on the devil's horns and just blunt the point of his tail.

But if we are optimists, what dreams may we not dream, especially when we read such a book as Milman's "Latin Christianity"! May not the Mongolian world be as much higher in moral standard to the Anglo-Saxon world as the Anglo-Saxon has been to the mediæval Latin world, and the mediæval to the Pagan world?

As a Christian, one can see in the entry of a new race into the Christian thought a revivifying influence in a system which in some respects is showing weakness. Every national mind sees a new aspect of the truth, and we badly need the eyes of the Chinese thinker to see another and a holier view of Christianity.

Of course, the ideal way to help China is not only to send missions to her, much less gunboats to compel her to take the opium she does not want, but to give her educators, enlightened men, who will teach her the truth.

The Americans see this, and they are founding universities all over China; and I am much afraid the future Chinese History of China will have a chapter comparing the English and American methods, and that chapter will not be very pleasant reading for an Englishman.

If you doubt this, go to Liverpool Street and buy a ticket for Peking. The journey is very comfortable, and there is an excellent hotel. And then go from Peking down to Hankow, take the boat and slip down the river to Nanking, and so to Shanghai; and, as you go, ask to see all the English and all the American mission stations. I am certain—though you will be proud of the English missionary—you will feel rather ashamed of his station.

I have tried to persuade my fellow-countrymen to build a university in Central China, where the young Chinese would learn the truth about the Western thought; and they would be then in a position to help their fellow-countrymen.

Of course, this can be recommended for Christian and philanthropic reasons; but it is also a good business proposition for England. The young Chinese who have studied in an English university will be more disposed to trade with England. But, so far, the scheme has not met with adequate support.

WILLIAM COBBETT: A GREAT ENGLISHMAN

By F. E. GREEN.

STOUT of limb, girt in his dust-coloured coat and drab breeches, with round and ruddy face, combative he stands before us, a live man, a figure breathing of English manhood from his bull neck, his strong, argumentative chin, his firm upper lip and fine shaped mouth, his pugnacious nose, to his clear eye, fired by a passion for justice, and lightened by a rapier glance of irony. Thus does his striking personality with characteristic insistence stride through the pages of Mr. Lewis Melville's fascinating book, "The Life and Letters of William Cobbett," issued by Mr. John Lane last month.

It is a pity that the life of so great and typical an Englishman should have to be issued at a price (32s. net) beyond the means of most students of literature. Indeed, destiny has been somewhat ironical in its treatment of this great publicist, who was the first journalist to introduce a cheap journal in this country in the form of *Twopenny Trash*, in defiance, too, of a Government supported by a shilling newspaper electorate. In our own generation, it was not until Messrs. Dent issued the Everyman edition of "Rural Rides" that we could buy a cheap edition of this incomparable work.

There are two other "live" books of Cobbett's still circulated by publishers, and these are "Advice to Young Men" (1829) and "Cobbett's Grammar" (1818). At second-hand bookstalls you can still pick up copies of Cobbett's exceedingly racy "Legacy to Parsons" (1835) and his trenchant "History of the Protestant Reformation" (1824).

Cobbett, apparently, had no feelings of revolt in his nature as a boy. Like the sons of most of our peasantry, he saw the world—that is, England—as a jolly fine place for adventures. He was quite content to take things as they were. His grandfather was a day-labourer; his father started as a labourer and became a small farmer, keeping at Farnham a public-house, "The Jolly Farmer." Here William was born, as anyone may learn by reading the large inscription painted with pride on the face of this inn.

At the age of eleven William was lured away from home by a chance description of that gardener's paradise—Kew. He set out to walk there with 6½d. in his pocket, and near the end of his journey, at Richmond, the expenditure of 3d. of his capital on "The Tale of a Tub" sent him supperless to bed behind a haystack, where he read until he could see no longer. This superb piece of satiric writing may have given this healthy-minded boy a taste for literature. Thus, through a garden gate, Cobbett entered Grub Street.

He did not learn English grammar until he was twenty-three. He mastered syntax whilst he was a soldier stationed at Nova Scotia, and mark you, oh, pampered collegians, he had to learn it in the guard-room, by the light of one common fire, surrounded by noisy, quarrelsome, half-drunken comrades! In this we get an instance, together with the young man's forswearing all alcoholic liquors and cards during his eight years' service, of Cobbett's bull-dog determination of purpose.

In two years Cobbett became sergeant-major, and even instructor to and writer of despatches for his officers. He was a Tory, which meant that he held by tradition certain ideals of England and English

government. A man of shining honesty, he imagined that a government of men who had been given every opportunity of culture in life must be incorruptible. Like most soldiers, he had not begun to think politically. His disillusionment began when he landed in England, and tried to bring to light before a court martial the corrupt practices of certain officers in the commissariat department who plundered the poor private soldier.

Then he went to America after his romantic marriage, and soon became famous as a truculent defender of Monarchy. His innate English patriotism and combativeness made him stand up for English institutions when he heard them abused by republicans. He did not particularly mind hearing foreigners run down England, but he had John Bull's strong aversion to hearing an Englishman do so abroad.

When he returned to England he was fêted by the Tory Ministers, and could have had anything he liked to demand. He was offered the control of a Government journal. But no party could trammel this invincible Free Lance. "No Government was ever rich enough," as Mr. Melville has truly said, "to buy him."

Though his faith in Pitt and the Tory party was soon shaken, Cobbett never became a Whig. If as anything, we may describe him as the first great Independent Labour representative that ever appeared in the House of Commons. It was inconceivable that this sturdy champion of the rural poor should remain long a supporter of a Prime Minister who, at about this time (as we learn from the Hammonds' "Village Labourer"), relinquished a Poor Law Bill because he owned himself "inexperienced in country affairs and in the condition of the poor"!

But Cobbett was soon to pay the penalty of his refusal to come to heel at the dictate of a political party. The great Free Lance, which could sell 30,000 copies of his *Political Register*, whilst the *Morning Post* could sell only 1,250, must be broken. An indictment for sedition descended upon Cobbett when he poured his vitriolic irony on the heads of the Government for inflicting 500 lashes on the bare backs of English soldiers whilst a German legion stood on guard.

By imposing a savage fine of £1,000 and keeping him within prison walls for two years the Government thought they had completely broken this Free Lance. They ruined him financially, it is true, but they never broke the power of that lance which sharpened its point upon prison walls. It struck deeper than ever into the vitals of oppression and corruption.

Once more, twenty years afterwards, the Government tried him for sedition—tried the man that Brougham, as Minister, appealed to in order to subdue, by the power of his pen, the Luddite riots. This time Cobbett left the Court triumphant, and became the First Man in the reign of the First Gentleman of Europe. Thereafter the Government left him alone.

Cobbett's style was hammered out of his character. Therein lay its success. He was sincere, simple, colloquial, and personal—outrageously personal. In the use of the invective lay his great strength. He had the common sense of the Englishman who knows that if he is to be listened to, it was no use writing like Adam Smith, Ricardo, or Godwin.

Had he lived in this kid-gloved age, Cobbett would not have been tolerated at our London School of Economics, nor would the Fabian Society ever have asked him to write a tract. Cobbett knew nothing about Political Economy, though he may have

imagined he did, and he was far too personal to suit the amenities of modern propagandist societies.

Listen to this diatribe, taken from the "Rural Rides." After showing that "honest labourers were far worse off than felons," he breaks out with:

"Oh! you wish to keep up the price of corn for the good of the poor devils of labourers who have hardly a rag to cover them! Admirable feeling, tender-hearted souls! Did not—oh, oh! did not care even about the farmers! It was only for the sake of the poor naked devils of labourers. . . . This was the only reason for their wanting corn to sell at a high price! . . ."

"There is in the men calling themselves 'English country gentlemen' something superlatively base. They are, I sincerely believe, the most cruel, the most unfeeling, the most brutally insolent; but I know, I can prove, I can safely take my oath, that they are the most base of all the creatures that God ever shaped to disgrace the human shape."

Cobbett understood that it was no use to write in an academic way about landlordism. He knew that the most successful way to destroy landlordism was to show up the baseness of landlords. Yet this truculent pamphleteer was one of the wisest and the most affectionate of husbands and fathers. The gentle-hearted Miss Mitford shows us this in her description of Cobbett's home life at Botley. And those of us who love "Rural Rides" get an illuminating index to Cobbett's domestic character in that charming passage describing a ride from Winchester to Burghclere (see *Everyman* "Rural Rides," vol. i., page 295).

Cobbett had been a little put out (on an empty stomach) at Richard's portmanteau breaking loose from his saddle. "I jumped off, saying, 'Here, I'll carry it myself.' And then I began to take off the remaining strap, pulling with great violence and great haste. Just at this time my eyes met his, in which I saw *great surprise*; and, feeling the just rebuke, feeling heartily ashamed of myself, I instantly changed my tone and manner. . . . Now, if such was the effect produced on me by the want of food for only two or three hours, me, who had dined well the day before and eaten toast and butter the over-night; . . . if the not having breakfasted could, and under such circumstances, make me what you may call 'cross' to a child like this, whom I must necessarily love so much, and to whom I never speak but in the kindest manner . . . how great are the allowances that we ought to make for the poor creatures who, in this once happy and now miserable country, are doomed to lead a life of constant labour and half-starvation!"

Behind Cobbett's bracing egotism always loomed the spectre of the army of the dispossessed.

LITERARY COMPETITION

The Editor of *EVERYMAN* offers a prize of Two Guineas for the Best Essay on "The Working of the Medical Insurance Act: Criticisms and Suggestions," the essay not to exceed 1,800 words. All entries for this competition should be addressed to the

COMPETITION EDITOR,

21, Royal Terrace,

Edinburgh,

and must reach him not later than June 1st. It is recommended that the essays be typewritten.

WOMEN AT WORK BY MARGARET HAMILTON

X.—THE CANVASSER

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.

ONE of the most extraordinary developments that has taken place of recent years in regard to woman's work has been the enrolling of some tens of thousands of the sex in the great army of canvassers who are at work all day, and every day, selling, or trying to sell, a huge variety of articles, from pianos to india-rubber stamps, and from sewing machines to jewellery. So far as I am aware, there are no statistics available as to the exact number of women who are earning their living in this way, but to judge from the innumerable calls that the suburban householder receives daily from all sorts and conditions of women canvassers, and from the fact that they are as persistent in their visitations at the ordinary City office, there must be many, very many thousands of young girls and young women who have been compelled to adopt this most arduous occupation, in its way the hardest, most vexatious and dispiriting that a human being can follow.

I suppose one ought not to be very surprised at this fact. As a general rule women are infinitely superior to men where this kind of work is concerned. To use an Americanism, they beat the mere man "to a frazzle" when it is a question of selling anything to anybody. Their tact, their shrewd intuition, and more equable tempers give them enormous advantages. Moreover, the instinctive chivalry that even the hardest hearted employer feels for the weaker sex makes it difficult for him to turn empty away that tired-looking, worn young girl who has brought him a new Shakespeare to subscribe for, or who is eager to put his name down amongst the list of donors to a charity. A mere man would be promptly "turned down." But it goes against the grain to refuse a woman unless the request is quite outrageous. No doubt it was a recognition of that fact which has led to the employment on so huge a scale of the woman canvasser.

Like many other interesting innovations, the woman canvasser had her rise in America, and it was in selling books on the subscription basis that she achieved her most brilliant successes. Here, at home, it is on what is called the "advertisement side" of certain enterprising newspapers that she has scored most heavily. And deservedly so. There are journals today reaping revenues that run into thousands a year, which have been won for them by smart lady canvassers; canvassers who do the thing on a grand scale, driving round to the best shops up West in a well-appointed coupé or motor car, and taking care, we may be sure, to see no one but the manager or the heads of departments. These are ladies who would disdain the title of "canvasser." Probably they never mention so mundane a subject as an order for space, but the recognition of their intelligent and appreciative "write ups" in the papers they represent invariably takes that form. Their intimate knowledge of all the latest developments of fashion, their quick perception of anything new that is coming along, above all the fact that most of them contrive somehow or other to know everybody who is anybody, together with the fact that they can write brightly and well on the various questions that interest women, render them invaluable to fashionable organs as "business getters." Frequently they are paid on commission alone, with a liberal allowance for expenses. Often

the first item will bring them in some hundreds a year. There is one organ well known to the writer, of great repute though attenuated circulation, which enjoys an income of some thousands per annum, due largely to the personality, energy, and cleverness of the brilliant lady who presides over its advertising pages. Personally popular, and a shrewd judge of men and things, her opinion is eagerly sought by many of the heads of the great houses "up West," and, to use another Americanism, "what she says, goes." She is an invaluable asset to the paper she represents, and, as part of her work is to go everywhere, and be seen by everybody, we may take it that she has a fairly good time of it. The social whirl, the very latest fashionable distraction, all the most brilliant events of the London season, these are not only her pleasures but her business also, and the paper she represents benefits to the tune of some thousands a year, paid for advertisements, which, whatever other journal is passed over, *must* be given to the weekly to which this bright particular star is attached.

Contrast with this lady, brilliant, well dressed, eminently successful, her sisters at the other end of the ladder. The difference is indeed a marked one.

Let us take the case of a girl known to the writer of this article—an exceptionally smart canvasser and hard worker. Her method is simple but ingenious. She calls on the better class of suburban householders, and succeeds, by dint of cleverness and persistence, in getting through to the mistress, to whom she promptly makes a present of a little pad. No doubt, she goes on to say, the lady would like a stamp of her name or initials also. Deftly and swiftly she sets the type up. If she is lucky, and the children of the house are with their mother when she calls, then their delight is unbounded, and immediately she is requested to set up stamps for the children's names also. In that case victory is assured, for, of course, without ink, neither the children's names nor their mother's can be stamped anywhere, and ink is *not* given away, but sold at the rate of 1s. a bottle. In nine cases out of ten this strategy is successful, and the ink finds a purchaser.

The wages earned by these suburban canvassers are wretchedly inadequate, often miserable in the extreme, such as even the dock labourer, to say nothing of the domestic servant, would turn their nose up at. In one case details of which have just been given me, girls were engaged by a certain firm to canvass for the enlargements of photographs. They were to call on likely people in the suburbs, and to offer enlargements of the photographs of relatives, etc., at a moderate charge. The pay was as follows: There was a salary of 10s. per week, together with a bonus of 3d. on every enlargement of a photo from ordinary to cabinet size, and of 1s. from cabinet to full-size. My information is that none of the girls who accepted this offer were able to make more than 17s. per week.

Of course, if we contrast this form of canvassing with that of "touting" for advertisements, we may see at once the advantage which the latter possesses. An advertisement canvasser is entitled to a commission on his "renewals." That is to say, when once a firm comes into a paper, and, finding the experiment profitable,

repeats it, the canvasser who introduced the order can claim a commission on the repeat. But, of course, the suburban householder, who requires the lineaments of his grandfather elaborated, does not repeat, and there is no commission on renewal to be hoped for. What is the result? The earnings of these girls, canvassing up and down the suburbs, are cruelly meagre. They are out from early morning till late at night. Their expenditure on 'bus and tram fares is considerable. When midday comes, they can afford, alas! only a cup of tea and a piece of cake. They leave Lyons' or the A. B. C. positively hungry. Perhaps sick even for the want of good, nourishing food; but they must pull themselves together, so that the next possible customer they call on does not "turn them down." It is just that "extra little bit of ginger that pulls the orders," a very clever canvasser once said in my hearing. He was right. He lunched every day at Romano's, and took care to do himself well. His very laugh was infectious. His look spelt confidence. Yes, I could see the customers surrendering to his well fortified affability. Then I thought of the peaked-faced girls trudging up and down the suburban streets, hungry and dispirited, unable to take an order, and, oh so tired!

When it comes to this sort of canvassing, when the boots are down at heel, and the pavement is hot and dusty, and the throat parched, a man will do better under such an ordeal than his womanly competitors. To begin with, he has greater reserves of energy to call up, and, driven into a corner, makes the better fight of it. I have known men and women canvassers go out on the same proposition. The women were by far the more assiduous. They worked right through the week steadily and persistently. The men, on the other hand, left the actual work to the last couple of days. Then they put out all their strength, and pulled double the business of the women.

Men, too, have another advantage over women canvassers. While the latter are tactful, eloquent talkers, quiet, insistent, and persuasive, they have not often the strange quality of geniality that some men possess. Geniality we have got to think of as a rich man's gift; but many a poor canvasser has captured an order through it. I remember well hearing a canvasser of my acquaintance relate how he went swaggering into the shop of a rich tradesman, to whom he put up his proposition. "Is that all?" replied Dives. "Why, bless my soul, I'd thought you'd come to buy my business." The canvasser, of the male gender, was unabashed. "I should like to," he said; "but just now I can't afford it." Against his will, the principal gave a sepulchral laugh, and the canvasser knew that the order was captured!

On the other hand, women canvassers are infinitely more conscientious, hard-working, and reliable.

It is, I suppose, this quality of reliability that they possess in so high a degree as compared with male canvassers that has led to women being employed so largely in this direction. One of the most interesting developments that this same quality has led to—a development that somehow one does not like to think about overmuch—is the increasing employment of women as debt collectors and process servers. It is not nice, of course, to reflect that the modest-looking, soft-voiced young lady, who has called without an invitation on the elusive owner of that house in the square where they stay so exceedingly late of a night, and make such a noise occasionally over those card games they delight in—it is not very nice, I say, to reflect that this young lady has a writ or a judgment summons for the owner of the said house, and

has followed him through all sorts of neighbourhoods and vicissitudes until he has been duly served. Still, it is found in actual practice that women do this sort of work more faithfully, more assiduously than men, and that they are infinitely more successful in obtaining results. The first essential of a good canvasser is to get through to the principal that he or she desires to interview. Here women are infinitely more successful than men. "Is it about advertisements?" is a phrase that many a canvasser of the male sex has heard from the office boy, with a sinking heart, a feeling of suppressed rage. Inevitably the answer is in the affirmative, and inevitably he does *not* see his man. There is nothing doing. Somehow women are cleverer at overcoming these difficulties. Perhaps the office boy, like the Lord Chancellor in *Iolanthe*, is "rather susceptible." Perhaps he thinks the lady is a distant cousin of the manager. Anyway, the lady canvasser laughs at bolts and bars, and gets through under circumstances that would deter the most resolute "business getter" of the other sex.

Of course there are other developments of her canvassing from which one does not shrink so much. Many of the West End houses have skilled "demonstrators" at work all day showing off their blouses or corsets to the very best advantage, and getting customers, we may be sure, when nothing else would suffice. This quite recent development has already "caught on" considerably, and brings the girls engaged good earnings in the form of commission, their gross receipts far exceeding the emoluments offered by other firms trading in less expensive articles. Not long ago, for instance, a well-known firm of sweet manufacturers offered for picked lady canvassers 30s. a week and a commission of 2½ per cent. Of course, when one recollects how very heavy the canvasser's expenses necessarily are, we see at once that the terms are hardly equivalent to the wages of a typist or of a domestic servant. But they are princely compared to some of the earnings of the humbler class of canvassers. The earnings of women who call at house after house in the suburbs trying to sell tea or to obtain orders for sewing machines or wringers are wretchedly low, hard and dispiriting as their work may be; and if any of my readers should by any chance be driven to adopt canvassing as a livelihood, let them take good care to have only expensive articles to sell.

I suppose one of the most profitable developments in connection with the canvassing activities of women is that part of them devoted to obtaining subscriptions for charities, hospitals, and the like. Women are extraordinarily successful in this direction, and, quite properly, are very well paid indeed. So much so, that the various institutions which employ them have incurred criticism from time to time for paying so large a proportion of their receipts away in this direction. But the labourer is worthy of her hire, even though she does *not* serve Mammon; and one is glad to reflect that, at all events, in one department of her work she is well remunerated. For the most part, alas! one has to think of her as ill-fed, badly clothed, with thin boots, and an aching heart, calling on herself for efforts that I, at all events, am old-fashioned enough to believe should be spared mothers and sisters of a great, a prosperous, and a proud people.

THE index to the first volume of EVERYMAN is now ready, and will be sent post free to any reader on application, accompanied by 4d. in stamps. Cases for binding can be obtained at 1s. 6d. each, post free 1s. 8d.; also Vol. I. of EVERYMAN, handsomely bound in cloth, price 3s. 6d., carriage paid 4s. Those desirous of obtaining the above should write AT ONCE to the EVERYMAN Publishing Department, Aldine House, Bedford Street, W.C., as numerous applications have already been received.

THE LLOYD GEORGE CRUSADE BY

P. W. WILSON II.—THE WAGE PROBLEM

IN explaining the attitude of Mr. Lloyd George towards the wage problem I may recall the fact that year by year the Labour party submits to Parliament its resolution in favour of a minimum of 30s. a week. After an hour or two of amiable conversation, the benches being for the most part empty, the subject is dropped and the statistics roll on for another twelve months. This is the pitiful answer of Parliament to the cry that the homes of the people are undermined. Moreover, Mr. Lloyd George and the Socialists agree in urging that the remedy lies deeper than strikes and arbitration. Here and there negotiation may level up some sweated industry, but this is mere adjustment, hardly amounting in the aggregate to a defence of the *status quo*, especially if boom prices be taken into the reckoning. Prosperity doubtless brings employment, but it is the Nemesis of prosperity that on the same wage the employed person is actually worse off than he would be if at work during a slump. If we are to set on one side the Socialist policy of general nationalisation, what is the alternative remedy for inadequate wages?

Mr. Lloyd George was bred in a village. He has witnessed at first hand the recruitment of the labour market from the countryside. He holds that wage scales throughout modern industry are determined broadly by the remuneration of the agricultural labourer. The railwayman is modestly paid because every rural station is a feeder whereby village lads to whom 16s. a week is wealth can be drawn into the system. You cannot impose a minimum of 30s. a week on railways until something like this sum is paid upon the farm. The same reasoning applies to the police, to the docker, to the building trades—indeed, more or less to the whole range of employment. In past years it was the Irish immigrant—exiled and embittered—who furnished a reservoir of labour at low wages. The agrarian revolution in Ireland has altered that, and what Mr. Lloyd George advocates for Great Britain is a revolution, essentially similar, though widely diverse in its legislative expression—a revolution which would shatter the magnetism of a mere 16s. a week as railway porter and turn the countryside into an arena which young men and women will only leave when offered a substantial compensation elsewhere.

How to raise agricultural wages is thus the central problem of social reform, as it is regarded by the Lloyd George Crusaders. Methods, both direct and indirect, are suggested. Lord Henry Bentinck frankly advocates an extension of Trade Boards to agriculture.

He points out that in Dorsetshire thirty-six labourers at 16s. a week are required to work 1,000 acres of the kind of land which in Durham, where mines are contiguous, is worked successfully by nine-teen labourers at 22s. a week. Owing to various circumstances the Durham farmer has had to pay an additional 6s., but he has obtained for this sum a labourer of double the efficiency in comparison with Dorset. The reason is simple. Scarcity of cottages is admitted, and this scarcity means that young men migrate, leaving the veterans to garrison the soil. The veterans cannot fight the battle for a living wage, first, because they are not always economically worth £1 a week, and, secondly, because they are tied to the

farmer by a double bond—he is their landlord as well as their employer. If on the countryside you had abundance of cottages, held independently, whether of landowner or of the farmer, and reinforced by allotments, the result would be a race of capable young labourers, secure against eviction, who would be able to claim their price. To get such cottages requires, first, the right to take over land at Budget valuation; secondly, a building loan from the State; and thirdly, cheap and scientific construction. There has just been concluded at the Board of Agriculture a complete inquiry into buildings for small holdings and agricultural labourers. This inquiry shows that for £150 a decent cottage, with three bedrooms, not ill-designed from the æsthetic standpoint, can be provided. Every £150 so devoted works out at about 2s. a week in rent—this inclusive of sinking fund—so that for £150 cottages at 3s. a week are now rendered possible, as in Sweden—this without resort to wood or concrete for walls. In Ireland the cottages have been given to the people at little over half their cost price. In Great Britain there is no reason why a loan of, say, £15,000,000 should not be represented by assets fully equal to its par value, and be repaid within the lifetime of the fabric. Such a loan would furnish about 100,000 cottages. For some years to come it would steady the building industry, and, by furnishing alternative employment on the countryside, would set in motion the rise in wages for agricultural labour which more permanent causes would afterwards sustain. Such a 100,000 homes, to be independent of the farmer and of the landowner, must be under the control, not of the County Council, which the farmer and the landowner dominate, but of the Small Holdings Commissioners or other central authority. Tenants might be allowed to purchase their cottages on strictly business terms, with the proviso that the State shall have the option to repurchase in all cases where the owner wishes to sell. Experience has, however, shown that in England ownership has no magical superiority over tenure at a reasonable rental, with security against disturbance.

The wage value of the cottage is enhanced with every small holding that commences a successful career. Such small holding adds one to the number of competing employers, and in many cases it rescues a unit from the ranks of the employed. At present the Act has placed about 160,000 acres under small holdings, an achievement still far below the possibilities.

Want of space forbids that I should here enter into other questions, like agricultural organisation, credit banks, and so forth. I will only remark that the productiveness of the soil must, in the long run, go far to determine the wages derived therefrom, and that in many counties it has yet to be realised that agriculture is at once a business and a science. The broad argument here is that at present low wages mean low rents, and low rents mean a famine in dwellings. What the Lloyd Georgeites desire is to reverse the vicious circle, securing by means of cottages valuable men on the land who are worth good wages, and so, by means of good wages, stimulating the further demand for cottages.

How land taxation would affect this problem is a question for separate treatment.

GEORGE BORROW * * * BY E. HERMANN

THE man who would attempt to explain or analyse the charm of Borrow might as well undertake to catch the ocean wave in a net. Who can decompose an enchantment that owes little to verbal cunning, and still less to artistic ecstasy, moral passion, or intellectual strength—a charm which is a mysterious contagion, an irrational and dizzy joy, a weird and intoxicating delight, and which crumbles at the first application of the critical calculus? Mr. Birrell is entirely right when he assures us that Borrowians are born, not made. The true Borrowian simply loves George Borrow, accepting him as a man accepts the woman he loves, and joyfully forgiving a hundred contrarities, vagaries, caprices, and cruelties. Men blown together from all parts of the globe will wax comradely over a talk about "Lavengro" or "The Bible in Spain," as men of antipodean temperament and character will discover a thousand affinities if they have once lit their dreams at the same woman's eyes. Nor does it need the witching hour of night, when the spirit of frank confidence descends upon the most reticent, to loosen the Borrowian's tongue. His love will stand the ordeal of the sun—it is, indeed, essentially a thing for daylight wear and for the open air. If Borrow was anything he was a genuine "open-air man," and for a really satisfactory talk about Isopel Berners, the *Flaming Tinman*, Ursula the wife of Sylvester, the Old Woman on London Bridge, the Bruisers of England, and all those other Borrowian folk whom we know so much better than our fellow-workers in shop or office, give us a ramble along the open road. I do not know what sore-hearted woman it was who said that she had rather be loved than respected. If such a wistful conviction ever came to the unbeloved Vagabond of Oulton Broad, death has given him in overflowing measure what life so persistently withheld.

George Borrow's life-tragedy began early. A weird, futile, morose child, living in a dream world, and dividing his time between black fits of unchildlike melancholy and an alarming taste for low company, some inscrutable destiny had pitchforked him into as respectable and conventional a family as could be found anywhere in England. Between him and his father, from whom he inherited his strong physique, unquenchable love of fighting and anti-Catholic prejudices, there was an early-ripened misunderstanding, which gathered bitterness as the years went on, and brought a constant nagging pain. What man who has read Borrow with any sort of understanding will ever forget that pitiless picture of himself and his dying father in "Lavengro"—a cold, hard, word-etching, with every line bitten clean and true, and rivalled only by Defoe for its compelling power of sheer, naked authenticity. The son's voluble, yet far from willing answers to the father's monotonous and inquisitorial "Well?" suggest a hell of quiet torture. As one reads, the calm but unequivocally hostile quality of that "Well?" scrapes and rasps upon the mind to the point of physical pain. It is a masterpiece of vital evocation with the utmost economy of verbal machinery.

After his father's death Borrow came to London, convinced, as many before him, that London was there for his conquering. London all but conquered him. His translations from all the languages whose acquirement had beguiled the tedium of his early years found no market. He had to sharpen his literary tools on the chronicles of notorious highwaymen and other gaol-birds. And at the last, even hack-work did not

avail to keep body and soul together, and he turned his back upon cities and chose the roving life which was his final step to greatness. He bought the stock-in-trade of a gipsy tinker, and, with cart and donkey, embarked on the life of a nomad. Strong as a giant, and full of courage and the spirit of adventure, a lover of the open air, and of everything in man or beast that was picturesque and out of the common—how could he fail to suck some happiness out of a life such as that? His eyes took a keen hold on all he saw, and they remembered well; years after, in "Lavengro" and elsewhere, he recalled the strange company he consorted with then with a vivid accuracy that startles and charms. Moreover, it was then he met Isopel Berners—the woman all Borrowians love as if they had drowsed through honey-sweet hours with her in the dingle, and questioned the stars by her side. Borrow counted the love of this strange, fierce, deep-hearted girl as water spilt upon the ground, and tortured her into flight to an unknown land, and he knew not what horrible fate. But if the thought of her stung like fire afterwards, he must have drunk deep draughts of enchantment over the camp fire in the dingle.

There followed closely shrouded years of humiliation and disappointment, and then his wonderful linguistic gifts secured to him the strangely incongruous position of translator and colporteur to the British and Foreign Bible Society. With all their reputed narrowness, the directors of the Bible Society knew how to appreciate this most unconventional missionary; and George Borrow performed his duties not only with characteristic vigour, but with a scrupulous fidelity in rendering accounts. Having performed the miracle of learning Manchu in three or four weeks, and translating part of the Bible into that language, he went as a colporteur to Spain and Portugal, and thus "The Bible in Spain" came into being. This book is the favourite of most Borrowians, not a few exalting it to the great detriment of "Lavengro." But one would be inclined to quarrel with such a judgment. "The Bible in Spain" has the magic of spontaneity. It carries one along with a glorious stride—a breathless contagion of life and motion. "Lavengro" bears the mark of deliberate and irksome toil; but for depth of suggestion and evocative power it stands supreme.

There followed long, dreary years of comparative failure, disillusionment, and much bitter railing against injustice and lack of appreciation. Gradually Borrow sank into the dreary loneliness of disappointment. Finally he settled down in an old farmhouse on Oulton Broad—a recluse and somewhat of an ogre to the simple country folk around him, who feared and avoided him. There he died, alone. From there his body was despatched by train in a deal box hurriedly put together by the village carpenter.

I have said that a tramp in the open is best for a really good talk about "Lavengro." But better still is a tramp in the open with "Lavengro" in one's pocket and no talk at all. Alone on the open road, a tramp for the time being, with the curious sense of power and freedom that comes of utter loneliness and lack of responsibility—it is then that the world of the open road becomes real and enters into a man. Then, if he opens his "Lavengro," though he be sweltering in a sun-baked, windless place, he will hear, blowing through the wide, vague spaces of his soul "the wind on the heath, brother; the wind on the heath!"

THE REAL NAPOLEON BY CHARLES SAROLEA

I.

THERE is probably no historical character on whom so much has been written as on Napoleon. The last twenty years especially have witnessed in every country a veritable flood of Napoleonic literature. In France Memoirs of Napoleon sell even better than objectionable novels, and their market is world-wide. Even in England there is an increasing output of Napoleonic books, and the historical schools of our Universities give precedence to the little Corsican over the heroes of national history.

Amongst the innumerable volumes which have thus been added to that Napoleonic literature one book stands out as having completely changed our view of the Emperor's personality. I am referring to the masterpiece of Monsieur Arthur-Levy, "Napoléon Intime." "Napoléon Intime" is the work of a distinguished business man, and not of a professional historian, and for a long time professional and academic historians have tried to ignore it. But its conclusions have gradually made their way, and are to-day more and more generally accepted by those best qualified to judge. Quite recently the greatest historian of contemporary France, Count Vandal, left on record his appreciation of the unique value of Monsieur Levy's research.

In order to put the character of Napoleon in an entirely different light, all that the author has had to do has been to study his hero, not in his public activities, but in his private life, in his home surroundings, in his capacity as a son and a husband, as a brother and a friend. We are often told that the private life of a great man does not concern us, and English historians do not like to pry into the intimacy of their national heroes. For instance, the historians of Wellington in their voluminous biographies carefully refrain from telling us anything of the love affairs of the Iron Duke. On the other hand, French historians instinctively have always shown much reticence. They have always felt that it is the private man that gives the key to the public man. Monsieur Arthur-Levy has proved once more that the French instinct is a right one, at least from the point of view of historical truth, and that, so far as Napoleon is concerned, whereas the soldier and Emperor is only an actor playing a part on the stage of universal history, his real personality and humanity are revealed to us in his love letters, in his domestic correspondence, in the intimacy of his home life.

II.

The main conclusion of Monsieur Arthur-Levy may be summed up in the one contention that the truth about Napoleon's character is exactly the reverse of the truth which hitherto has been universally accepted.

It is universally assumed that Napoleon was, above all, a man of blood and iron, that the intellectual side of his nature and his formidable will power had been developed at the expense of all human feeling. Monsieur Levy, on the contrary, conclusively proves that the emotional side of Napoleon's character was as strongly developed as the intellectual, that the tender passions were as active and intense as the manly passions, and that as a lover Napoleon might almost be described as a sentimentalist.

Again, it is the universal opinion that Napoleon was a kind of miracle, a "monstrum" in the Latin sense, and a "Superman" in the Nietzschean sense; that he was a savage Corsican whom circumstances brought to rule over a civilised community: in one word, that he was not normal, but abnormal. Monsieur Levy,

on the contrary, proves that Napoleon is entirely normal; that his greatness consists, not in his possessing qualities of which the average man is deprived, but in his possessing, in the highest degree and in their fullness, all the characteristics of the ordinary man.

And, finally, it is the general opinion that Napoleon recognised no rule but his own will; that he trampled down every law, human and divine; that he was like an elemental force of nature, uncontrolled and unrestrained. Monsieur Arthur-Levy proves that Napoleon was bound by the rules and conventions of commonplace morality; that he possessed not only the virtues which make the successful business man, hard work, order, method, integrity, but also the domestic and private virtues, integrity, filial piety, loyalty to friends, honesty.

There, according to our author, lies the supreme morality of Napoleon's career. He is not an exception to the law, but he confirms it. He does not challenge morality, but strengthens it. If so prodigious and unique a career can at all be adduced as an example and an illustration to point a lesson, Napoleon can only be adduced by those who believe in the accepted foundations of moral and social life. Napoleon did not take any short cuts to power. He took the royal road. He is not a hero according to the heart of Nietzsche; he is rather a hero of Plutarch. One might almost say he is a hero conforming to the middle-class standard of Mr. Samuel Smiles. He achieved greatness because he was a good son and a loyal friend, an honest, hard-working bourgeois. And he only forfeited greatness when, through the abuse of power, he lost those qualities and virtues which had raised him to the pinnacle. Considered in that light, Napoleon may appear a less epic and a less poetic figure, but he becomes more human, more intelligible, more intensely interesting to the philosopher, because more on a level with eternal human nature.

III.

Let us first consider Napoleon in his relation to women. We have had endless books on the love intrigues of the Emperor. We are constantly told of his cynicism, of his brutality, but we have had no single exhaustive study on the one true love story of his life, on his all-absorbing passion for Josephine. Yet there are few love stories more fascinating in the annals of human passion. And, by virtue of this one central episode in his life, Napoleon is entitled to rank as one of the great lovers of literature. For, even considered merely as literature, his love letters do take a very high place. They are as eloquent as the Letters of Mademoiselle de Lespinasse, and they have a much more genuine ring. Lockhart, in his biography (in "Everyman's Library"), which, after eighty-five years, remains one of the best summary accounts of Napoleon's career, may object to their "indelicacy," but he forgets that a Southern Corsican temperament and a Revolutionary age were not exactly conducive to reticence and restraint.

Very often in the biography of statesmen and rulers and thinkers we find that Love and ambition are mutually exclusive. Love plays little part in the lives of Lord Bacon, of William Pitt, of Frederick the Great, as it plays no part whatever in the lives of the supreme philosophers, inveterate bachelors, such as Descartes, Spinoza, and Kant. On the contrary, Love has been the one supreme event in Napoleon's youth. In love, I repeat it, Napoleon is a sentimentalist. His passion for Josephine burst out at twenty-six years of age with all the violence of a first love, and for the

time being fills his whole nature. His military triumphs are all laid at the feet of the adored. But, alas! that first love was also destined to be the last, and that great romance was also destined to be a great tragedy. For the passion of Napoleon was not requited. The Creole Society woman, the "mondaine" and "demi-mondaine" despised the little, lean, haggard, upstart Corsican. Josephine was not only frivolous and heartless; she is now proved to have been unfaithful almost on the morrow of her marriage. She is primarily answerable for the sad change which took place in Napoleon's attitude to women, and in his attitude to life. He left Italy a naïve enthusiast. He returned from Egypt a disillusioned cynic. He forgave Josephine, as he generally forgave those who wronged him, because magnanimity was part of his nature, but he could not forget her betrayal. The evil done was irreparable. Josephine had inflicted an incurable wound. Henceforth the character of Napoleon is hardened, and is impervious to the softer emotions. Henceforth the epigram which we find in his early Dialogue on Love truly expresses his attitude: "I believe that Love is harmful both to Society and to the individual. I believe that Love does more evil than good" (Yung, "Bonaparte and his Times," page 75).

(To be continued.)



MR. F. R. BENSON AND THE STRATFORD FESTIVAL

I.

THIS week and next, and the two weeks after, all good, wise people steal a couple of days from their business and go to Stratford-on-Avon, for there Mr. F. R. Benson holds his annual Shakespeare Festival, and every man and woman with the dust of cities upon them can get a breath of the atmosphere of merry England to last them the whole year after. There is nothing like it to be found anywhere else, and it is the best spring tonic you can have. And there is no mere fake or clumsy imitation about it. You pass down the streets of the old town, streaming with flags, enter the theatre for the play, and afterwards walk by the still banks of the Avon, and the feeling you get is not that of the revival of some dusty ghostliness raked out from forgotten corners, but of the abounding energy of creative life springing up anew. No one who has only read about the Festival in the papers can have any idea of its intense vitality. It is not a mere scholastic or antiquarian outing. It is as bright and fresh as the dew in the morning, and as gay as spring flowers. Good EVERYMAN, I beseech you, go there and be made young again, if you are old, or go and keep your youth, if age hath not yet staled you.

II.

The strong note of enthusiasm characteristic of the Festival is due to one man. That man is F. R. Benson, the lightest-hearted, hardest-working, choicest spirit there. You will see him with the children—oh, not a heart more overflowing with enjoyment than his! you will see him on the stage—Shylock, Benedick, Malvolio, Henry V.; you will see him (if you are lucky) in his dressing-room talking with infinite patience to all sorts of men—"from the four corners of the earth they come"; you will see him in the streets nodding to the townsmen and at home with them. A wonderful man, who sheds the fire of his optimism and imagination on all. You will talk to him and hardly believe your ears, for here is a man grown old in the service of his art, who has sounded the depths of disappointment and stood to lose all that he had, who speaks like a

boy with the world before him, unheeding, because unknowing, the formidable obstacles in his path. He will talk to you with simple eagerness which will make you forget your own difficulties. The good times for the drama are to come, he will say. We are yet only at the beginning. This Stratford Festival—why, the Festival spirit is coming back into the whole of England! What you see at Stratford you will see in every town. Dancing, happy children, men and women forgetting their cares, gaiety and brightness once more irradiating life—that is what he prophesies. And he gets his belief, his courage, his whole philosophy from Shakespeare.

III.

Yes, Shakespeare is the key to this man. He is so steeped in him, so drenched in his spirit, that, instead of an actor, a mere mime, he has become a prophet and a poet. He is himself a creator. At Stratford you do not think of the plays as "revivals." They are new, they are Benson's. He makes them as up to date as Shaw. Not that you will find any new interpretation, business, or "decoration" in them. Everything is as old-fashioned as the forty-year-old scenery. But the spirit, the "go," the original living mind, that is what transforms the whole. The Memorial Theatre is a beastly theatre—yes, beastly is the only word; but when you are there you don't care about that. You don't look at the theatre; you look at the scene on the stage—at Illyria, Messina, Verona, at the fairyland of Puck. You let yourself be taken out of the Marconi world into a region where controversies are over and forgotten.

"This music crept to me upon the waters,
Allaying both their fury and their passion,
With its sweet air."

IV.

The Benson Company play as though Shakespeare were their ordinary speech. The poetry comes off their tongues as though they had made it. They move about amid familiar scenes, and are as much at home in the courts of old English kings and on the coast of Bohemia as we are in the Strand. And they don't mind showing how much they are at home and how much they enjoy being there. There is no shyness about them. Polonius well described them when he spoke of "the best actors in the world." Truly, nothing is too heavy for them, and nothing too light.

V.

The Shakespeare Memorial Theatre is the only endowed theatre in this country. In it all the plays of Shakespeare except three have been produced, and other dramatists also, from Marlowe to Shaw, and from Ben Jonson to Stephen Phillips, have been represented. In Mr. Benson's hands it is a centre of inspiration for noble living, and its influence is increasing yearly in extent. Now in the spring, and again in the summer, it attracts great numbers who find it a means of imperishable delight. All lovers of England hold it in honour. As I write this at the beginning of the Festival I hear the call of "The Piper," the play which belongs specially to Stratford and the Festival, for it was first produced there, and it is Mr. Benson the wizard, the man with the pipe, who charms us and draws us after him:—

"Out of your cage,
Come out of your cage,
And take your soul on a pilgrimage!
Pease in your shoes, an if you must!
But out and away, before you're dust:
Scribe and Stay-at-home,
Saint and sage,
Out of your cage,
Out of your cage!"

C. B. PURDOM.

EVERYMAN'S FRENCH PAGE

JOSEPH DE MAISTRE ON THE INEQUALITY OF THE SEXES

Lettre à Mademoiselle Constance de Maistre.

Tu me demandes, ma chère enfant, après avoir lu mon sermon sur la science des femmes, d'où vient qu'elles sont condamnées à la médiocrité? Tu me demandes en cela la raison d'une chose qui n'existe pas et que je n'ai jamais dite. Les femmes ne sont nullement condamnées à la médiocrité, elles peuvent même prétendre au sublime, mais au sublime féminin. Chaque être doit se tenir à sa place, et ne pas affecter d'autres perfections que celles qui lui appartiennent.

Si une belle dame m'avait demandé il y a vingt ans: "Ne croyez-vous pas, monsieur, qu'une dame pourrait être un grand général comme un homme?" je n'aurais pas manqué de lui répondre: "Sans doute, madame, si vous commandiez une armée, l'ennemi se jetterait à vos genoux, comme j'y suis moi-même; personne n'oserait tirer, et vous entreriez dans la capitale ennemie au son du violon et des tambourins." Si elle m'avait dit: "Qui m'empêche d'en savoir en astronomie autant que Newton?" je lui aurais répondu tout aussi sincèrement: "Rien du tout, ma divine beauté. Prenez le télescope, les astres tiendront à grand honneur d'être lorgnés par vos beaux yeux, et ils s'empresseront de vous dire tous leurs secrets." Voilà comment on parle aux femmes en vers et même en prose. Mais celle qui prend cela pour argent comptant est bien sotte. Comme tu te trompes, ma chère enfant, en me parlant du mérite un peu vulgaire d'être mère! Avoir des enfants, ce n'est que de la peine; mais le grand honneur est de faire des hommes, et c'est ce que les femmes font mieux que nous. Crois-tu que j'aurais beaucoup d'obligations à ta mère si elle avait composé un roman au lieu de me donner ton frère? Mais le mérite, ce n'est pas de le mettre au monde et le poser dans son berceau: c'est d'en faire un brave jeune homme, qui croit en Dieu et n'a pas peur du canon.

Le mérite de la femme est de régler sa maison, de rendre son mari heureux, de le consoler, de l'encourager, et d'élever ses enfants, c'est-à-dire de faire des hommes; voilà le grand accouchement, qui n'a pas été maudit comme l'autre. Au reste, ma chère enfant, il ne faut rien exagérer; je crois que les femmes en général ne doivent point se livrer à des connaissances qui contrarient leurs devoirs; mais je suis fort éloigné de croire qu'elles doivent être parfaitement ignorantes. Je ne veux pas qu'elles croient que Pekin est en France, ni qu'Alexandre le Grand demanda en mariage la fille de Louis XIV. La saine littérature, les moralistes, les grands orateurs, etc., suffisent pour donner aux femmes la culture dont elles ont besoin.

Quand tu parles de l'éducation des femmes qui étoient le génie, tu ne fais pas attention que ce n'est pas l'éducation qui produit la faiblesse, mais que c'est la faiblesse qui souffre cette éducation. S'il y avait un pays d'amazones qui se procurassent une colonie de petits garçons pour les élever comme on élève les femmes, bientôt les hommes prendraient la première place, et donneraient le fouet aux amazones. En un mot, la femme ne peut être supérieure que comme femme, mais dès qu'elle veut émuler l'homme, ce n'est qu'un singe.

Adieu, petit singe. Je t'aime presque autant que *Biribi*, qui a cependant une réputation immense à Saint Petersburg.

Letter to Mademoiselle Constance de Maistre.

YOU ask me, my dear child, after reading my lay sermon on the education of woman, how it is that they are condemned to mediocrity? There you ask me to prove something which does not exist, and something which I never said. Women are not at all condemned to mediocrity; they may even aspire to sublimity, but only to feminine sublimity. We should all keep our own places, and only affect those qualities which belong to us.

Had a beautiful lady asked me twenty years ago, "Do you not believe, sir, that a lady could be as great a general as a man?" I should not have failed to reply, "Undoubtedly, madam, if you commanded an army, the enemy would throw themselves at your feet, as I do. Nobody would dare to shoot, and you would enter into the enemy's capital to the sound of the violin and tambourins." If she had asked me, "What prevents me from knowing as much about astronomy as Newton?" I should have told her just as sincerely, "Nothing at all, my heavenly beauty! Take the telescope; the stars would consider it a great honour to be ogled at by your lovely eyes, and would hasten to tell you all their secrets." That is how one talks to women in verse and in prose. But she who takes that as ready money is truly foolish. What a mistake you make, my dear child, in speaking to me of "the rather vulgar merit of being a mother." Merely to have children may require nothing but trouble, but the great honour is to make men, and that is what women can do better than ourselves. Do you think I should have been very much obliged to your mother if she had composed a novel instead of giving me your brother? But the credit lies not in bringing him into the world and placing him in his cradle; it is in making an honest young man of him, one who believes in God and has no fear of cannon.

Woman's mission is to regulate the house, to make her husband happy, to console him, to encourage him, and to rear up his children—that is to say, to *make men*; that is the great "travail," which has not been cursed as the other.

At the same time, my dear child, one must exaggerate nothing. I believe that women in general ought never to devote themselves to knowledge contrary to their duty. But I am far from believing that they ought to be perfectly ignorant. I do not wish them to believe that Pekin is in France, or that Alexander the Great asked to marry Louis XIV.'s daughter. Wholesome literature, moralists, great orators, etc., suffice to give women the culture they require.

When you speak of the present education of women destroying genius you forget that it is not the education which produces the weakness, but it is the weakness which produces the education. If there existed a country of Amazons who had provided themselves with a colony of small boys, and who had educated them as we educate women, the men would soon take the upper hand and whip the Amazons. In short, woman cannot be superior except as woman, for as soon as she tries to rival man she is only a monkey!

Adieu, little monkey. I love you almost as much as I love *Biribi*, who at present has a boundless reputation in St. Petersburg.

MASTERPIECE FOR THE WEEK

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE'S "BLITHEDALE ROMANCE."* By C. SHERIDAN JONES

IT needs, perhaps, some little courage, when one is writing of a supreme genius like Nathaniel Hawthorne, to pass over what is usually regarded as the greatest exemplification of his art, at once so elusive, so distinctive, so peculiarly his own, and to offer the reader instead a work far less thumbed, though, as I venture to think, not less treasured by those who know its charm. "The Scarlet Letter" has been translated into almost every language; its readers are legion. "The Blithedale Romance," on the other hand, has never achieved the insult of popularity, and is known only to a few. Yet in that very fact lies the justification of my choice. For once let its quaint, compelling power, its freshness, its grip, above all, to use a bad because a vague word, its modernity, win the attention of a larger circle and soothe their jaded spirits, then, even as we all of us prefer a love tale to a sermon, so shall all of us come to think of "The Blithedale Romance" as Hawthorne's most enduring achievement.

I suppose there is in the lives of most people, worth counting, at least one little green patch of youth and romance, when we dreamed and had visions of the delectable mountains, and looked beyond the unlovely, sordid realities of life. Such a period is usually brief—"Brief as first love"—but it leaves on a man an impress that lasts his life through, and will never let him sink below a certain level. It is just that spring-time of the mind that Hawthorne caught and preserved for us in his great romance. Hawthorne was one of a little company of Socialists, or, to be meticulously correct, Communists, who, over half a century ago, repaired to Brook Farm, Rocksbury, U.S.A., to attempt something which has been vulgarised into absurdity since by the now misleading title of the simple life. The history of the nineteenth century is strewn with the broken hopes of these toy Utopias, by which, from Salt Lake City down to Letchworth, mankind has sought to gratify that innate sense of perfection which leads him to revolt against our drab, imperfect, and creaking civilisation. At Blithedale, as Hawthorne re-named Brook Farm, one feels that such an attempt had a golden chance. The Utopians had plenty of grit. They were mellow, but not soft; keen, but not fanatical, and some at least had a saving sense of humour, and smiled when one of the comrades in a fever of nature-worship declared that "we can never call ourselves really regenerated men till a February north-easter is as grateful to us as the softest breeze in June." They had to teach them how to get to work, and farm the land, stout Silas Foster, who mingled little in the conversation of the elect, "but when he did speak it was much to the purpose."

"Which man among you," quoth he, "is the best judge of swine?"

"Pigs! Good heavens! have we come out from among the swinish multitude for this?" Still, the land was good. The labourers were willing, and had too great a breadth of mind to indulge in the petty jealousies and bickerings that have wrecked many such an attempt. They got to work with a will, resolved that "as the basis of our institution we should offer up the earnest toil of our bodies as a prayer, no less than as an effort, for the advancement of our race."

Standing out from among the knot of dreamers of Blithedale was Zenobia, who is presented to the reader

with consummate skill. She is the best portrait, I have always thought, that fiction affords of a type that many fictionists have attempted—that of "the high-spirited woman bruising herself against the limitations of her sex." This is how she appeared to Miles Coverdale, the narrator of the story, when he reached Blithedale:

"She was dressed as simply as possible, in an American print, but with a silken kerchief, between which and her gown there was one glimpse of a white shoulder. It struck me as a great piece of good fortune that there should be just that glimpse. Her hair, which was dark, glossy, and of singular abundance, was put up rather soberly and primly, without curls or other ornament, except a single flower. It was an exotic of rare beauty, and as fresh as if the hothouse gardener had just clipped it from the stem. That flower struck deep into my memory. I can both see and smell it at this moment. So brilliant, so rare, so costly, as it must have been, and yet enduring only for a day, it was more indicative of the pride and pomp which had a luxuriant growth in Zenobia's character than if a great diamond sparkled among her hair. . . ."

Zenobia is young, rich, aristocratic, with just that touch of enigmatic mystery as to her origin and position that gives piquancy to the figure.

That night, the first at Blithedale, another girl arrives to take her place in the life of the colony—a desolate, shrinking figure, she comes unannounced and unasked, accompanied by Hollingsworth the Philanthropist—to throw herself at the feet of Zenobia, and to beg shelter and a home; a poor, shivering, sad, depressed figure, Priscilla by name, "with whom it was hardly possible to help being angry in sheer despair of doing anything for her comfort." A perfect foil, in fact, to the brilliant, strong, clever, capable Zenobia, who shone in the kitchen as in the drawing-room.

But what of the man Hollingsworth, who accompanied Priscilla, and who tells his friends that an "old man brought her to my lodging, and told me to convey her here, where, so I thought, she had friends"?

"I never could tolerate a philanthropist before," says Zenobia, and Hollingsworth is the only sort of person one can forgive for answering to that description. He had that strange tenderness that goes sometimes with huge strength, "a tenderness few men could resist, and no women": a man of enormous, elemental force, filled with a furious, a blind, an all-consuming compassion for the weak, the desolate, the lonely and oppressed. Obsessed with their sufferings, he cannot rest or sleep till he has toiled, pleaded, begged, and thundered for them, and, just as the late Joseph Cowen, when asked why he did more for the Polish insurgents than for anybody else, answered, "Because they are the most forlorn," so Hollingsworth's mind is possessed of the great idea of helping convicts; of building a prison for them that all the world should recognise as the model institution for their treatment, by which alone they could be reclaimed.

Many and varied are the combats that the disputants wage at Blithedale, and wonderfully dramatic are the conflicts that these three temperaments strike out from each other, and from Miles Coverdale. I can only find space for one. It is when Hollingsworth lets himself go, with torrential eloquence, on the subject of woman, dismaying his advanced friends by a tremendously vigorous defence of the old-fashioned, conventional view: "Man is a wretch without

* Everymans Library.

woman; but woman is a monster—and, thank heaven, an almost impossible and imaginary monster—without man as her acknowledged principle! . . . Were there any possible prospect of woman's taking the social stand—poor, miserable, abortive creatures, who only dream of such things because they have missed woman's peculiar happiness. . . . were there a chance of their attaining the end which these petticoated monstrosities have in view, I would call my own sex to use its physical force, that unmistakable evidence of sovereignty, to scourge them back within their proper bounds."

But women's rights and discussions thereon play little part in the story, which unravels a tangled scheme as it develops. For Zenobia and Priscilla, both of whom love Hollingsworth, both of whom elect to abandon Blithedale colony for the great new convict establishment that his genius is to rear in its place, are, it seems, half-sisters. The old man who sent Priscilla down to Blithedale was their father. He acted in a vain endeavour to equalise matters between these two children, one of whom had inherited the wealth, the independence of spirit, the brilliance that marked his youth, and the other the plaintive resignation of an enfeebled and disgraced old age. But the sisters are, of course, never equal, and Zenobia towers above Priscilla, and, for all the latter's simplicity and pathos, carries off our affection. In one respect only does she lose to Priscilla—the thing that she cares for most in the world—Hollingsworth's love. This Priscilla gains by her very weakness of spirit and body; a weakness that renders her the tool of an unscrupulous, spiritualistic charlatan, whose life has been inextricably mixed up with Zenobia's also. From that fate Hollingsworth rescues Priscilla finally, and takes her back to Blithedale—to renounce the splendid Zenobia for ever, to fling her from him, in fact, with all the brutality that fanaticism had bred in his soul, which could be iron as well as tender.

The final scene is driven home with immense force. Hollingsworth throws Zenobia off, and Priscilla, with heart smiting her, flings herself at the older woman's feet, and begs her love and forgiveness.

Zenobia dies by her own hand that night, but Priscilla lives on for a worse fate. Ten years later Miles Coverdale goes back to Blithedale, and meets her and her husband.

"I have come, Hollingsworth," said I, "to view your grand edifice for the reformation of criminals. Is it finished yet?"

"No, nor yet begun," answered he, without raising his eyes. "A very small one answers all my purposes."

"Priscilla threw me an upbraiding glance. But I spoke again with a bitter and revengeful emotion, as if flinging a poisoned arrow at Hollingsworth's heart. 'Up to this moment,' I enquired, 'how many criminals have you reformed?'"

"Not one!" said Hollingsworth, with his eyes still fixed on the ground. "Ever since we parted I have been busy with a single murderer."

"Then the tears gushed into my eyes, and I forgave him, for I remembered the wild energy, the passionate shriek with which Zenobia had spoken these words, 'Tell him that he has murdered me!' 'Tell him that I'll haunt him!' and I knew what murderer he meant, and whose vindictive shadow dogged the side where Priscilla was not."

I always think this picture of the strong man, so eloquent, so resolute, so invincible, so indomitable in his purpose, broken, crushed, silent, and to be so for ever, is one of the most terrific warnings that literature has uttered to the soul of man.

ROME AND AN EXCURSION*

AMATEUR ecclesiology is an English mark. We meet people every day who count their cathedrals seen as, in another age and clime, they would have counted their scalps. And it is notorious that few Englishmen, when stranded in a foreign village, can resist the temptation of visiting the local church, however modern, ugly, or neglected. Consequently we possess an extensive and distinguished literature on ecclesiastical architecture and symbolism. Not that our ecclesiophile is, as a rule, in the least learned in these subjects, or endowed with any conspicuous measure of taste; he is willing to learn, he is always beginning to learn, and he seldom attains to anything but a highly edifying state of chaos.

Mr. Bumpus has written a book that is not absolutely for the beginner. He is a zealot of his subject, into which he plunges with commendable impatience, and he does not often pause to explain technicalities or to give his disciples breathing-space. Moreover, and this is his best quality as a cicerone, he has his strong, nay violent, sympathies and antipathies. An excellent quality, we have said, but disconcerting to the adepts of Baedeker. Still, his book is to be strongly recommended to all who want to know more intimately the principal and some other churches of Rome and certain South Italian churches. The excellent illustrations, for one thing, are thoroughly relevant to the text. Only—a little previous knowledge and a certain seriousness of aim are demanded of the reader; Mr. Bumpus is not always lucid, and we have found ourselves forced to read sentences as many as three times before we grasped his real meaning.

The section devoted to St. Peter's is probably the best, as well as the most important, of the book. After that we should rank those on San Lorenzo fuori le Mura, a church that is comparatively neglected by foreigners, and on the wonderful San Clemente. San Paolo fuori le Mura gives Mr. Bumpus fine scope for his more fiercely critical qualities. Of the architect Poletti, of the basilica as it stands to-day, he writes: "We have nothing to thank this architect for, except his retention of the apse and the eastern remains; and perhaps for keeping the general arrangement of five aisles." The last clause is a very distinctly saving one, for, as Mr. Bumpus, two pages later, very properly observes: "The effect of the forest of Corinthian columns, viewed from the north or south-east angles of the nave, is truly magnificent; indeed, I know hardly anything more impressive as a *coup d'œil* in architecture than the double rows of pillars down the immense nave of San Paolo fuori le Mura at Rome."

Mr. Bumpus is almost equally puzzled how to deliver his final judgment about St. Peter's; after deprecating the expression of private and personal impressions, he gives us the received opinion, in which he partakes, that the great church is full of the defects of its origin, but, once allowed to permeate the æsthetic consciousness, becomes for every serious critic the supreme achievement of human art. This refers only to the interior, though even here our author points with the reproving finger of love to blemish after blemish; externally the defect is undeniable. The façade having been properly pulverised, Mr. Bumpus continues, "which façade itself in its turn is overtopped by the shapeless masses of the Vatican, which looks like a union workhouse built on top of a railway station, and a gigantic printing office superimposed as an attic and an afterthought."

* "The Cathedrals and Churches of Rome and Southern Italy" By T. Francis Bumpus. 16s. net. (T. Werner Laurie.)



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THE MANNEQUIN * * * BY V. BLASCO IBAÑEZ

NINE years had passed since Louis Santurce separated from his wife. Since that day he had only seen her by glimpses, a lovely vision veiled in silks and muslins, flashing past him in a fashionable carriage, or occasionally, as he looked down from the top gallery of the Theatre Royal, he had recognised her in a box far below, the centre of a crowd of men, all competing for the chance to whisper in her ear and advertise their intimacy to an admiring world.

These meetings—if one can call them meetings—had finally quenched the last sparks of his dead passion, and, like a convalescent fearing a relapse, he had persistently avoided her; yet now, in spite of everything, here he was going to meet her, to see her, to speak to her, in that grand Castellana palace whose insolent luxury bore public witness to his own dishonour.

Each jolt of the cab seemed to shake out memories of the past from every corner of his mind. That earlier life, which he had no desire to remember, obstinately unrolled itself before his closed eyes; their honeymoon, the honeymoon of a petty Government clerk married to a woman of beauty and breeding, the daughter of a family that had known better days; the bliss of their first year of poverty sweetened by love; after that the complaints of Henrietta as she began to rebel against her narrow lot; her dumb rage when every man she met told her she was beautiful, and she knew that she was badly dressed; quarrels breaking out between him and her on the smallest pretext; midnight recriminations in their bed-chamber; the growth of suspicions which gradually undermined the husband's faith in his wife; then his sudden and unexpected promotion in the office, and an equally sudden change at home, where, to his surprise, new luxuries made their appearance; at first these novelties were introduced somewhat shyly, as if in fear of scandal, but soon they were flaunted boldly, as if in open mockery of the blindness of her husband and the whole household. At last came the bitter day when Louis received the damning proof of his disgrace. He writhed with shame at the thought of his own weakness. He was no coward, so he assured himself, but he had either lacked will or loved her too well; and so, when, by odious spying, he had convinced himself of his dishonour, he could do no more than raise his clenched fist to strike that fair face of hers, the waxen face of a beautiful doll, and then—refrain from striking. It needed all his resolution to turn her out of the house, and the moment the door closed behind her he had wept like a deserted child.

Then came complete solitude, the deadness of isolation, broken only by newspaper paragraphs that made his wounds bleed afresh. His wife was making the tour of Europe in the style of a princess; she had been "launched" by a millionaire; she had found her true life, the life for which she was born. For a whole winter she was the talk of Paris; the papers were full of the new beauty from Spain; fashionable watering-places rang with her triumphs; men coveted the honour of ruining themselves for her; and various duels and romantic suicides wove a halo of legend round her name. After three years of continuous triumph, she came back to Madrid, her beauty only enhanced by the fresh charm of having seen the world. Her protector at this time was the richest-merchant in Spain; in his magnificent palace she was the queen of a court where only men had the entrée, and where all men, ambassadors, financiers, and states-

men alike, contended for her smile as the highest decoration that could be conferred. So great was her power that Louis himself had reason to think he felt it in the offers which came to him of certain political posts that did not naturally fall to his department. Tormented, like other Government clerks, by the perpetual fear of losing his place, he was unable to refuse these offers, though he guessed well enough that they came from the hidden hand of Henrietta. Condemned to toil for bare bread, he had the shame of knowing in his secret soul that he owed his place, not to his merits, but to the beauty of his wife. All that he could find strength to do was to turn his back on her, if he chanced to meet her out walking, that her triumphant dishonour might not stare him in the face; yet, even as he fled, he was pursued by the look of surprise in her eyes—eyes that for a moment lost the bold assurance of the successful *demi-mondaine*.

One day he received an unexpected visit—from his wife's confessor, of all men in the world! This singular visitor proved to be a mild old priest, who came in timidly, and was evidently sly about his errand. It was he who now sat beside him in the cab. He was precisely the sort of confessor she would choose! So amiable, so considerate, so unassuming! The first time, when he let out who had sent him, Louis had angrily retorted, "Be damned to her insolence, and to yours, too, for coming here!" But, quite unperturbed, the worthy old man went on talking like a schoolboy anxious to say his lesson quick before he forgets it; and he discoursed piously to the indignant husband of Mary Magdalene, who had sinned, and of our Lord, who, sinner though she was, had pardoned her; and then, dropping the cleric and speaking in his ordinary tones, he told him of the change that had come over Henrietta. She had fallen ill, oh! dreadfully ill, of a most cruel disease that was eating her life away. It was cancer, and only by constant injections of morphia could she be saved from breaking down utterly and screaming in her paroxysms of agony. Her misery had turned her eyes to God. She repented for the past; she wished to see him. . . .

And on hearing this his coward heart leapt with joy, the weak man's joy at knowing himself avenged. Cancer! She was dying a living death; she, so proud of her beauty! Oh, what a sweet revenge! . . . No, he would not go to see her. It was no use for the priest to argue about that. . . . But he might come and see him when he liked, and give him the latest news about his wife's illness. That was a thing he had no objection to whatever. And his secret soul rejoiced in his cruelty.

After that the priest visited him almost every evening, smoked a cigarette or two and talked of Henrietta, and sometimes they went for a walk through the outskirts of Madrid just like a pair of old friends.

The disease made rapid progress. Henrietta knew that she was dying. She longed to see him and implore his pardon. She begged for him as a sick, spoilt child begs for a toy, until even the Other Man, her powerful protector, omnipotent to the world, yet docile to her, entreated the priest to bring Henrietta's husband to the house. And the worthy old confessor spoke with real enthusiasm of madame's touching conversion, even though he had to admit that she was still a slave to that accursed love of luxury, the perdition of so many souls.

Although kept a prisoner to her house by the disease, during her moments of respite, when the cruel

pain did not keep her frantically tossing from side to side, she buried herself in fashion plates and catalogues from Paris, she wrote to her dressmakers, and seldom was there a week in which boxes did not arrive full of the latest novelties, dresses, hats, and jewellery, which she gloated over and played with for a day in her locked chamber, only to toss them like broken toys into a corner, or hide them away for ever in one of her innumerable wardrobes. The Other Man bore all these caprices, anything, everything, if only to make Henrietta smile.

Bit by bit these strange confidences brought Louis into close touch with his wife's existence. He followed, from a distance, the course of her disease, and there was no day that his mind was not full of the woman from whom he had separated himself for ever.

One evening the priest arrived in great anxiety. Madame was most surely at the point of death. She was crying out for her husband by name. It was nothing less than a crime to deny the last consolations to a dying woman, and he would not permit it, not if he had to drag Louis there by main force. And Louis, overmastered by the old man's will, let himself be dragged off and forced into a cab. He cursed himself for his weakness, yet he could not turn back. . . . A coward! always a coward!

The cab stopped in front of the Castellana House, one of the finest palaces in Madrid, and Louis followed close behind the priest's black cassock up the steps. How often had he flung a glance of hatred there as he passed by! Now he felt nothing, neither hatred nor pain; only a keen sense of curiosity, like the discoverer of a new country tasting by anticipation the marvels he expects to see.

Inside the house it was the same with him; nothing but curiosity and surprise. . . . Ah, wretch! How often in the dreams of his nerveless soul had he seen himself entering that house, like a stage husband, weapon in hand, to slay the faithless wife, and then, in a sort of wild beast fury, cut and slash the costly couches, the rich hangings, and the soft carpets. And now the softness that he felt under his feet, the beautiful colours that slid past his eyes, the flowers whose perfume greeted him from every corner, filled him with a sort of emasculate intoxication, and he felt an impulse to fling himself on those couches and take possession of them as if they were his, because they were his wife's. Now he comprehended the meaning of wealth, and the powerful grip it takes of its slaves.

Already they had reached the first floor, and so far there had been absolutely nothing to show that he was in the house of death. He saw servants, behind whose impassable masks he thought he detected an air of insolent curiosity. A waiting-maid gave him a bow and an enigmatical smile. Was it sympathy or only contempt for "the husband of madame"? Passing a room, he fancied he caught a glimpse of a well-dressed man hiding inside. No doubt that was the Other Man! Louis felt abashed before this new, grand world he had entered, and then his arm was taken by his guide, and he found himself gently pushed forward through a door. He was in madame's chamber, a darkened room, across which shone the broad ray of a single sunbeam, admitted through the crevice of a window shutter.

Right in the middle of the sunbeam's path stood a woman, erect, slender, rosy, in a lovely evening dress, her pearly shoulders rising out of a cloud of soft frills, her bosom and her hair ablaze with jewels.

Louis recoiled in horrified protest against the trap laid for him. Was that a dying woman? Had they brought him there to insult him?

"Louis . . . Louis . . ." cried a weak voice behind him, a tender, childish voice, which recalled from out of the past the sweetest moments of his life.

His eyes, growing accustomed to the half-light, discerned at the back of the room an object with steps up to it, monumental and imposing as a high altar. It was a bed, and in it lay a white figure, its curves dimly outlined under the coverings.

He looked again at the woman in the sunbeam, who stood, apparently awaiting him, slender and rigid, her eyes staring vaguely, as if through a mist of tears. It was but a mannequin, an artistic mannequin, modelled into a marvellous likeness of his wife. She had had it made so that she might be better able to judge of the new dresses which she was perpetually receiving from Paris. The lifeless doll was her puppet, to stand in her place in the private exhibitions of wealth and elegance that were the sole consolation of the rich woman's sufferings.

"Louis . . . Louis . . ." the little voice called again from the depths of the bed.

Sadly Louis went to her, to find himself caught in the embrace of arms which clasped him convulsively, and to feel an ardent mouth seeking for his mouth, imploring pardon, while his cheek received the hot caress of tears.

"Say you forgive me, Louis! Say so, and perhaps I sha'n't die!"

And the husband, whose instinct had been to repel her, ended by yielding himself to the embrace of those arms, and repeating unconsciously the pet names and phrases of their happy days. His eyes, growing more used to the darkness, gradually took in the details of his wife's face.

"Louis, my Louis," said she, smiling through her tears, "how do you think I'm looking? I'm not so pretty now as when we were happy together . . . before I'd quite gone out of my senses. Tell me, for God's sake, how do I look?"

Her husband gazed at her in dismay. Beautiful, beautiful always, with that infantile and simple charm, which made her so dangerous. Death was not there yet; only underneath the sweet perfume of that perfect body and that gorgeous bed some subtle, far-away effluvium seemed to insinuate itself, some taint of dead matter that told of internal decay and made itself felt in her very kisses.

Louis became conscious that there was someone behind him. A few feet away stood a man watching them with a hesitating look, as if drawn to the spot by an impulse too strong to be resisted, yet of which he must feel ashamed. Henrietta's husband recognised, as half Spain would have recognised, the austere face of a certain elderly gentleman, a statesman of sound, public principles, a great champion of moral order.

"Tell him to go away, Louis," cried the sick woman. "What's that man doing here? I only want you. I only want my husband. Forgive me . . . it was luxury, accursed luxury. I wanted money, lots of money . . . but for love, only you."

Henrietta wept as she showed her penitence, and he, the Other Man, wept too, helpless and humbled before her contempt.

Louis, who had so often thought of him with bursts of fury, and at first sight wanted to fly at his throat, now began to look at him with sympathy, and even respect. He loved her, too! And their common love, instead of making them enemies, brought the husband and the Other Man together in a strange bond.

"Tell him to go! Tell him to go!" repeated the sick woman with infantile obstinacy. And the husband looked at the great man apologetically, as if to

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make excuse for his wife, who hardly knew what she was saying.

"Come, madame," said the voice of the priest from the end of the room. "Think of your soul and of God. Do not fall into the sin of pride."

The two men, the husband and the protector, ended by sitting down together at the bedside of the sick woman. The pain made her cry out; the anodyne was needed, and the two men anxiously hastened to procure her relief. Their hands met more than once while they were acting as Henrietta's nurses, and no instinctive repulsion drew them apart; instead, each helped the other with a brotherly readiness.

Louis found himself momentarily more in sympathy with this kindly man, so simple-mannered, in spite of his millions, who wept even more sincerely over his wife than he did himself. During the night, when the sick woman was resting under the influence of the morphia, the two men, overpoweringly influenced by their watch beside the sufferer, conversed in a low voice, without their words showing the least vestige of ancient rancour.

At daybreak Henrietta died, the words "Pardon! Pardon!" on her lips. But her last look was not given to her husband. She, the beautiful, brainless bird, took flight into eternity, her eyes caressing the mannequin of the eternal smile and the glassy stare, her dear idol standing upright there in the sunbeam's path and rearing its empty head, ablaze with brilliants, in the heavenly radiance of the dawn.

—Translated by R. B. Townshend.



LITERARY NOTES

A WARM welcome, I should say, awaits a volume of Disraeli's political writings which Mr. Murray is bringing out as a supplement to the authorised "Life," two volumes of which have been published. Disraeli in his earlier years plied a busy and withal pungent journalistic pen. Some of his more important articles appeared in the *Times* and the *Morning Post*, the authorship of which has hitherto remained a secret. These contributions will be included in the volume, together with the well-known "Runnymede Letters," the "Vindication of the English Constitution," and other matter of literary and historical interest. Possibly the volume may not show us Disraeli in any fresh light, but, inasmuch as it contains writings of his which have not come under the eye of the present generation, it can hardly be without biographic value.



If we are not conversant with every detail of the Panama Canal and its potential value long before it opens, it won't be the fault of the journalists who have been "writing it up" for a considerable time. Recently I noted the fact that the literature on the subject is growing fast. Two volumes have appeared during the past few weeks, and now I am notified of a third. The writer is Miss Winifred James, who is well known by her "Letters to My Son." Miss James has just returned from a long voyage to the West Indies and Panama, where, among many interesting sights, she saw the canal in the making. The volume, which bears the somewhat vague title of "The Mulberry Tree," is to be published by Messrs. Chapman and Hall.



When Livingstone returned from Africa in 1864, in order chiefly to write his book, "The Zambesi and its Tributaries," he was invited by Mr. W. F. Webb, who

had accompanied him on one of his journeys, to reside at Newstead Abbey. The invitation was accepted, and in that "splendid old mansion," with its memories of Byron, the explorer spent some of the happiest days of his life. His associations with the place are recalled in a book which one of Mr. Webb's daughters is publishing, under the title of "Livingstone and Newstead." One of the rooms in the Sussex tower of Newstead is called the "Livingstone Room."

In "The Old Road," Mr. Hilaire Belloc proved his power of investing topographical description with at once the charm of historical association and the human interest of its present-day aspect. His latest volume, which Messrs. Constable are publishing, is on similar lines. "The Stane Street," as it is appropriately called, traces the old road from London Bridge to Chichester in its progress through some of the most beautiful bits of country in England. The volume is to have illustrations in black and white by Mr. William Hyde.

The late Sir Hugh Macdonell had so long and varied a diplomatic career that I shall be surprised if the volume of reminiscences which his widow is bringing out does not prove both entertaining and instructive. Sir Hugh was British Minister to Brazil, Denmark, and Portugal, and he held secretaryships at Rome, Berlin, Madrid, Munich, and Buenos Ayres. Moreover, he came into contact with many famous men and women, and saw much of the life of the South American republics fifty years ago. Lady Macdonell's book will be entitled "Reminiscences of Diplomatic Life."

Messrs. Constable announce a volume of essays entitled "Sidelights," from the pen of Lady Blennerhassett, the widow of the well-known political writer. The contents consist of a series of historical vignettes and character studies, which are said to exhibit Lady Blennerhassett as at once a well-informed and capable descriptive writer. The same firm is publishing an account of the Mexican Revolution of 1910, from the pen of an eye-witness—Mr. Hugh B. C. Pollard.

To my mind the popularisation of the theological literature is one of the problems of the publishing world. I am glad, therefore, to note that Messrs. Macmillan are about to wrestle with it, and shall await with interest the result. The firm has in preparation a "Shilling Theological Library," which is intended to bring within the reach of everyone a number of works by well-known authors not readily accessible in their present form. A few books will be included that have already been reissued in shilling form, such as Dean Farrar's "Eternal Hope," but to these will be added other volumes by such writers of a past generation as Charles Kingsley ("Village Sermons," etc.), Dean Church, Bishop Westcott, Dr. Hort, and Phillips Brooks. These are all writers, or, rather, preachers, that count, and if their works do not appeal to the shilling public, certainly no others will.

Mr. Werner Laurie will have ready next month "The Correspondence of Goldwin Smith," selected and edited by his literary executor and secretary, Mr. Arnold Haultain, who has added a bibliography of Goldwin Smith's various writings. The correspondence includes letters from Lord Rosebery, Mr. Chamberlain, Gladstone, Bright, the late Lord Salisbury, and many other celebrities.

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(Concluded.)

C.—THE STUDY OF STYLE.

After the subject and the plot you will have to examine the qualities and defects of the style. I am quite aware that of all the elements of the literary art, style is by far the most subtle and the most elusive. Indeed, the more perfect the style, the more elusive it is likely to be. As in the case of those incomparable masters of the written word, Charles Lamb and Robert Louis Stevenson, the fascination of the style may be inseparably bound up with the personality of the writer.

(a) At the same time, it is always advisable, and even necessary, to take a systematic survey of the general characteristics of the style of any particular novel. That style may be clear or it may be obscure, it may be terse or it may be prosy and overlaid with detail, it may be rythmical or it may be unmusical, it may be vivid and metaphorical or it may be abstract. Its vocabulary may be simple, drawing mainly on the well of English undefiled, or its vocabulary may be erudite, drawing mainly on words of Latin and French origin.

(b) But after studying those general characteristics of style which are common to all literary work, we shall, above all, have to ask ourselves for each particular novel, whether the style is appropriate to the special subject or to the characters of the book. Some writers make all their characters speak in the same uniform or monotonous way. Mr. Bernard Shaw makes even his dull people burst out in brilliant epigram. Other writers, like Jane Austen, make even their rustics use "elegant" phraseology. But the really great artists—George Eliot, Balzac, Tolstoy—who have the sense of life and the sense of reality, will choose the accent, the vocabulary, the mannerisms, even the dialect best adapted to the individuality of each character; whether we take Mrs. Tulliver in the "Mill on the Floss," or Mme. Cibot in "Cousin Pons," or Countess Rostoff in "War and Peace," it is impossible to mistake the peculiarities of their language.

D.—THE STUDY OF THE CHARACTERS.

Last, not least, we have minutely to analyse the chief characters of the novel.

(a) The characters may be either unreal, lay figures, of which the author merely pulls the wires, mere mouthpieces expressing the opinions of the writer, as in many didactic novels written with a purpose. Or the characters will be true to life, veritable creations of art, each stamped with a complex individuality of its own.

(b) Again, characters may be interesting, arresting; they may have a strong and original personality, as almost every character of Tolstoy or Balzac or Thackeray. Or the characters may be commonplace and superficial, as many of the types of Jane Austen, and not a few of the female characters of Sir Walter Scott.

(c) Again, characters may be unchanging and stereotyped from beginning to end. They may learn nothing from the successes or failures of life. Or they may develop and grow; they may gradually be formed and transformed by experience. Thus we see "Cousin Pons" slowly disillusioned by the wickedness and selfishness of his mean and sordid surroundings. Thus we see Natasha, in "War and Peace," transformed by suffering into an entirely different woman from the impulsive and light-hearted girl at the beginning.

Thus we see even the wildly idealistic Don Quixote imperceptibly influenced by the practical common sense of Sancho Panza.

(d) And, finally, the characters may all go their own separate ways; they may move independently of each other. Or one character may continuously act and react on the other. The art of the novel writer largely consists in so bringing his characters together that their mutual relations and conflicts shall reveal their personality, and so to arrange his plot that circumstances and events will bring out those vices and virtues which the artist intends to stamp on our imagination.

II.

To sum up my argument, and to present the subject more vividly and more concretely to the reader, I would like to state in tabular form some of the most important points which have to come up for consideration in any systematic study of the novel:—

1.—*Study of the Subject.*

- (a) Is the subject trivial and commonplace, or is it vital and universal?
- (b) Is the subject of transient or is it of permanent importance?
- (c) Is the author sympathetic or unsympathetic to his subject?

2.—*Study of the Plot or Story.*

- (a) Is the interest concentrated on one plot, or is it distracted by a duality or multiplicity of plots?
- (b) Is the plot natural or artificial and far-fetched?
- (c) Is the plot skilfully or clumsily constructed?
- (d) Is the purpose aimless and purposeless, or is it so constructed as to reveal the characters of the novel?

3.—*Style.*

- (a) Is the style clear or obscure, simple or involved, vivid or abstract, terse or prolix?
- (b) Is the style or dialogue appropriate both to the subject and to the characters?

4.—*Study of Character.*

- (a) Are the characters mere lay figures and literary automata, or are the characters true to life?
- (b) Are the characters commonplace and uninteresting, or have they a marked personality?
- (c) Are the characters invariable all through the novel, or do they grow and develop with the unfolding of the plot?
- (d) Do the characters move independently the one of the other, or is there mutual action and reaction?

III.

We have briefly outlined some of the essential points which have to be analysed before we can even attempt to formulate a competent judgment on the literary value of a novel. The method which I have defined may sound, at first sight, mechanical and scholastic. It may seem a hopelessly inadequate means of getting at the inner meaning of a literary masterpiece. And it is true, no doubt, that even the best method is necessarily a very imperfect instrument, and that the value of the instrument must largely depend on the brain which uses it. I can only say that, having tried some such definite method for many years in the teaching of thousands of young men and women, I have invariably derived the most practical and the most excellent results. Again and again my pupils have admitted to me that it was this systematic analysis of literary masterpieces, on the lines described, which first trained their critical faculty, which first opened their eyes to the beauties and imperfections of literary masterpieces.

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CORRESPONDENCE

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Owing to the large number of letters received it is necessary for correspondents to write briefly if their letters are to appear.

PAGANISM AND CHRISTIANITY.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Your correspondent, Mrs. J. Stark, is surely claiming too much for Greece and leaving quite out of account some unpleasant realities in the picture of old-world pagan life. Her enthusiasm for her idealised Hellenic world betrays her into strange exaggerations, as, for instance, such a statement as that "the Greeks were as far above us intellectually as we are above the negroes."

"The most important function of the State," she tells us, "was to see that each citizen had an opportunity of developing his capacities to the utmost." She does not say "each man and woman," and she omits to remind us—perhaps she has herself not realised—that the citizens were a small class, whose leisure and opportunities for culture and enjoyment depended on the existence of a large slave population. In the great days of the Athenian State there were probably three slaves to every free citizen. There was a flourishing slave trade throughout the Hellenic East. All the fine talk of freedom had no application to these "hewers of wood and drawers of water," and the greatest of Greek philosophers argued that certain men were made by nature to be slaves, others to be free.

It is surely misleading to dwell on the undoubted excellences of the Greek and leave out of account the other elements in Greek pagan life that were factors in the destiny of the race. Your correspondent's letter is a protest against the assertion that the Greek was prone to sensuous enjoyment. But this is the plain fact. The privileged class of slave-owning citizens, with their ample leisure and keen sense of physical beauty, and no ideals such as tend to safeguard Christian peoples, accepted sensuality as a part of normal human life, despite the protests of some of their philosophers. Monogamy existed, it is true, but there was a wide licence even for the married citizen, and, while the wife was uneducated, the *hetaira* had often a smattering of literary culture as part of her equipment. Vice of a more odious kind, such as we do not even name, was rife among the men. It is attributed to some of those whose names were remembered in connection with heroic deeds, and this without any idea that it was a stain on their characters. As Lecky says in his "History of European Morals," there were practices among pagans that centuries of Christendom have made us regard as all but impossible horrors. We know from what remains of Greek comedy, and from the representations of comic actors on the vases, what brutal unveiled foulness was characteristic of this department of the theatre.

And we know from the story of the downfall of Greece how soon true patriotism, citizenship, and manliness departed from the Greek race; how the cities no longer sent out their citizens to war, but trusted their defence to slaves and mercenaries; how easily politicians were bribed, and how the name of the rhetor became a byword of reproach.

The Greek has been a contributor to the sum of European civilisation. No one denies this. But it was from Palestine and from Nazareth that the best and highest teaching came to us. It was not from the Greek that the world learned the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of men. It was not from the Greek that we derived the idea of a freedom that is

the birthright of every class and every individual. It was not from the Greek we learned our Christian code of honour to womanhood. War is still a blot on our civilisation, but even here the Christian ideal has changed the whole aspect of the conflict between nations. For the Greek victor the defeated side had no rights. Reckless and vengeful slaughters were the sequel of victory. Prisoners might be massacred or enslaved for life. Women were valuable booty. Under Christian influence even war has lost its worst horrors, and the Red Cross flag, flying in token of the duty of all to respect and succour the victims of the strife, whether friend or foe, is the symbol of one more of the triumphs of Christianity.—I am, sir, etc.,

London.

A. HILLIARD ATTERIDGE.

IS THE HUMAN BRAIN DEGENERATING?

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Mr. Bland, in his article, seems to find the cause of brain development wholly in the stress of life common to all biological species, to bee as to man.

Is that quite assured? Did we seek cause for the marked individual development in such valid instances as, say, those of Burns, Goethe, and Shakespeare, it would seem certain we should have to recognise a factor of an entirely opposite character, hedonic, in fact. Even in so unpromising an instance as the case of Carlyle there lies, in that singular episode of "Teufelsdröckh made immortal by a kiss" (in the "Two-good-and-Blumine business"), more than a suspicion of hedonic juice about that sudden bite at half-ripe fruit.

If "struggle," indeed, be a factor—and I do not presume to gainsay that—may it not be necessarily in an equation with "joy," strong interaction between pain and pleasure being an indispensable dual condition?

The bee matriarchy, with its incessant labour and lethal proclivities, has developed instinct to a marvellous perfection approximating human intelligence, but it has not developed a brain of cerebral or other distinction. This is the more notable since in its sexual economy it appears in all respects the opposite of mankind—in which the male has subjugated the female peculiarly and, perhaps, more completely than in any other species. In this present question, as well as in others current to-day, one thing most urgently needed is sane authentic statement of the first principles of sexual economy in the case of *homo sapiens*.—I am, sir, etc.,

JOHN C. NORWOOD.

Glasgow.

AUSTRALIA.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—May I encroach on your valuable space to point out two errors made by Mr. Hermann in his interesting article on Australia, published in your issue of April 18th?

In talking of the various State capitals, he says: "Fremantle is a derelict city, the stream of life having deflected to Perth, which is the real capital of Western Australia. . . ."

Apparently he is ignorant of the fact that, firstly, Perth has been the capital of Western Australia ever since the foundation of the colony, and, secondly, that Fremantle, so far from being "derelict," has a population of some 25,000 souls, and is one of the busiest ports in the Commonwealth.—I am, sir, etc.,

London.

MERVYN DAVIES.



HOW PHOTOGRAPHY CAN BE MADE TO PAY

By T. G. Rutherford.

THIS is the age of pictures, and photography is playing by far the biggest part in the production of those pictures. Slowly but surely the picture paper is growing. The sales of papers like the *Daily Sketch* and the *Daily Mirror* have grown to huge proportions. Staid, old-established journals like the *Daily Telegraph* now publish photographs where, a few years back, nothing but reading matter appeared. In Fleet Street there is talk of a new all-picture Sunday paper being launched. The big weeklies, like the *Sphere*, the *Graphic*, the *Sketch*, *Country Life*, the *Taller*, *Bystander*, and others, are crammed full of photographic pictures. The *Illustrated London News* gave away a facsimile of its first issue the other day. That issue consisted almost entirely of type matter, peppered over so sparingly with little wood-block pictures. The current issue of the *Illustrated London News* contains a few bare inches of type matter, and all the rest is made up of pictures—mostly photographs.

Only this week one of the most celebrated music-hall managers said that the present-day music-hall was being killed by the cinematograph pictures. Picture palaces are cropping up in every street, and are filled to overflowing.

But the supply falls a long way short of the demand. True, there are plenty of photographs to be had, but not nearly enough of the right kind. If you could see an Art Editor at work you would soon know why so many pictures are unsuitable. One after another they come, dull, uninteresting, hackneyed, until the Editorial eye lights upon a print that has obvious news interest. Instantly it is seized upon and rushed off to the block makers, and the lucky producer sees his picture in print, and, moreover, gets well paid for it.

Any man, or any woman, with a camera can make money provided they will only take the trouble to get the right sort of prints. There is only one way open to acquire this knowledge, and that is by training and working under the direction of men who know, by their daily work, what subjects are wanted and why they possess value.

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The lessons are chock full of hints, instruction, and reasons why things should be done. Information of this sort cannot be published in book form for obvious reasons, and even if it were, the average amateur could not apply it unless he was constantly in touch with the instructor.

The P.C.C. has been established so long, and has been so successful with its students, that it does not care to enrol anyone who has no chance of making money by the course. It asks, therefore, that prospective students should send half a dozen of their average photographs to the College, so that an estimate can be formed of the capabilities of the would-be student.

These prints are criticised and returned directly, and an illustrated book, telling all about the course, is forwarded at the same time. The fees are low, but it must be distinctly understood that the college will not enrol any student unless the Directors consider that his work is up to the standard required.

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EVERYMAN.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Will you allow me to suggest a small correction for Mr. E. Hermann's able article on Australia? Artesian water subsists only under land which is not likely to become arable for many years, and, consequently, the person who "pins his faith" to artesian water bores is not the agriculturist, but the pastoralist or "squatter"; in the immediate future the former is more likely to be benefited by dry-farming, which depends on the conservation of rain-water in the soil, and by irrigation from the storage of river-water. It is questionable whether artesian water will ever have an effect on agriculture at all proportional to its importance to the pastoralist.

This said, I should like to congratulate your contributor on the penetration displayed in his judgments and the felicity of his phrasing. As regards the life and character of Sydney, he has contrived to say *le mot juste* in a way that has never before found expression. A man hailing from that city, who is an intimate friend of mine—one notices that this is a formula often used in the public Press to avoid an appearance of egotism—was so moved by Mr. Hermann's words that he cross-examined his fellow-lodgers in a certain house to see if their conception of himself in particular afforded corroborative evidence of the statements made in general by Mr. Hermann. The verdicts on the various counts were as follows:—"Relaxed and seductive grace"—exemplified; "hedonistic tendency" and "artistic instincts"—both strongly exemplified; "scant capacity for moral indignation"—exemplified; "fundamentally British, yet strangely un-British" but "more unlike any southern type than it is unlike the British"—these characteristics were allowed, as was also the "fierce independence," coupled with a tendency to "leaning" against walls, Governments, or even other people on occasion. The "subject" under investigation, privately and severally informed certain members of his jury that these latter traits, in his opinion, were not unknown in England, more noticeably among the female sex. However, as to the portents of disaster inherent, according to Mr. Hermann, in all these categories, he maintained that indulgence in alarm is pure waste of emotion. The Australian, though tolerant, has never given sign of weakness of will or moral fibre, and however languorous in attitude he may seem it is only "in loco," for in reality he is constantly doing or enduring with the best. He has as keen a sense of what matters as any one alive, and if that involves strenuousness, or grit, or the breaking of records in club-swinging, like Mr. T. Burrows, he will generally deliver the goods.—Yours, etc., E. R. GARNSEY.

Authors' Club.

ENTERPRISE IN BUSINESS.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—I was much interested in the letters of my friend, Mr. Finch, and of Mr. Nicholson, which appeared in your last issue under the heading of "Enterprise in Business." Mr. Finch asks you for a clear presentation of the objections to the Socialist solution of the social question, stating that this would be useful to those who are interested in the subject. Now the matter appeals to me in an altogether different light. Those of us who have studied the question to any extent at all, and are following contemporary events throughout the world, whether we be Socialists or not, know full well that some form of collectivism is in the end inevitable. The tendency to association, as opposed to competition, is everywhere apparent, and

thus it seems to me that, instead of seeking for the objections to Socialism, we might rather assist in its proper and most desirable development. We should thus be doing more useful service than in seeking to pick out the objections to what must at some future time come, whether we desire it or not, because evolution will have its course, despite what a few individuals might themselves desire; and mutual aid, in other words the ideal of Socialism, is the great factor in evolution, as eminent students have shown us.

The majority of anti-Socialists are, I believe, willing to admit that the ideal of Socialism is desirable of attainment, but hold that economically it is impracticable and unworkable. But I prefer to believe with Mr. Philip Snowden when he uttered the now memorable words, "What is morally right cannot be economically wrong." When more people see this the Socialist State will not be very far distant.—I am, sir, etc.,

GEORGE A. GREENWOOD.

Batley Carr, Batley.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—As an ordinary working man, unversed in many of the arguments used by your contributors to this discussion, may I state some aspects of the case as they appeal to me? "Enterprise in Business" may mean much, but it surely means a continuation of the present capitalist system, which, by a simple test, has failed, in my opinion. The failure is illustrated by the wreckage and waste of human life which is so evident in the midst of civilisation to-day, especially in Christian countries. "Enterprise in Business" means business with a big *B*. The big *B* in business, all through the history of commercial development in civilised countries, has usually meant the profits for the few, the strong triumphant over the weak, the oppression of the poor by the rich, and the negation of all efforts towards international brotherhood. Socialism alone, to my perhaps limited outlook, appears the only system whereby it is claimed that security to every man for the means of livelihood is assured in a civilised community.

It would be better for all society, as now constituted, to come to an end if its weaker members are to continue to linger out the wretched existence to which so many millions are condemned.

The capitalist system, with its "Enterprise in Business," appears to be oblivious of the fate of these millions, and its upholders display a like apathy in regard to their condition, except in so far as their actions jeopardise the profits of "enterprise."

"Enterprise in Business" means more wretchedness for these submerged members of society. Socialism offers the only hope of solving the problem presented by this vast mass of suffering humanity. Your contributor, Margaret Hamilton, shows to what a depth "Enterprise in Business" can descend. I presume the "sweaters" she mentions in this week's article would be, and are, called enterprising captains of industry when they have "made their pile" and are received in some sections of Christian (?) society. Is a system that allows such atrocities to be perpetrated in its name worthy of further defence?—I am, sir, etc.,

Shirley, near Birmingham.

A. STOKES.

THE USE OF BOOKS TO WORKING MEN.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—May I take the liberty of writing a few words in connection with Mr. J. R. Clynes's article, "The Use of Books to Working Men"? On seeing this title I expected to find a sympathetic and reasonable study of this branch of the poor man's life; on the contrary,

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PRIVATE SOCIAL TOURS (gentlemen and gentlewomen). May 23rd.—Austria, including Vienna, Budapest, The Carpathians, Danube, etc. Later.—Holland, Tyrol, Grand Russian Tour, Swiss Holiday, Spain, etc., etc.—Miss BISHOP, "Haslemere," 363, Wimbledon Park Road, S.W.

THE MANUSCRIPT CLUB provides for the criticism of MSS. It has proved its value to many past and present members. An article by one of its late members appeared in "Everyman" in a recent issue. It is not a commercial undertaking, the subscription being a nominal one. There are, at present, vacancies in the membership, and those interested in what Lord Morley has called "the noble and difficult art of writing" are invited to join. Prospectus and particulars will be gladly forwarded on application to G. J. PEACH, 6, Maze Road, Kew, Surrey.

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I found an exposition which, for inconsistency, for prejudice, and utter blindness of judgment, would be hard to exceed.

Does Mr. Clynes really think that for the working man, when "really tired of work, to sit and secure the delights of a 'Path to Rome,'" would solace that man for his hours of sweated slavery, his blood-pittance of, perhaps, 12s. a week on which to keep a wife and dozen little ones? If this is the remedy for treating the great question of "the eternal poor," then by all means let us encourage the distribution of free libraries in England's worst districts, where the working man may obtain Shakespeare or Balzac to while away his leisure hours.

"To elevate, educate," by all means; but the intellectual powers lie low when the body is half-clad and half-starved. Feed and clothe the body; then the natural improving and elevating of the mind will follow.

I notice that Mr. Clynes points out the one danger of his proposal, in that labour unrest would be increased; but this, according to him, we must not allow. The animal must keep to his servile state, though he become a perfect Cicero of knowledge.

I would recommend Mr. Clynes to read the opposing article on the following page, "The Sweated Worker"—read of women stitching buttonholes at 6d. a gross, and making suits and coats for 2d. or 4d. each.

That the possibility of, and even desire for, culture amongst the working classes is great I do not deny. I have seen a labourer reading "Pickwick Papers" in a tramcar with as much zest as might Mr. J. R. Clynes himself; but let the social betterment of the poor come first, and the helping hand held out to "feed, clothe, and love."—I am, sir, etc.,

D. M. T.
Finsbury Park.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—It is amazing that Mr. Clynes should commence an article which expounds such a valuable thesis with a suggestion that shows him to ignore one of the first principles of education, viz., that if any subject is to be studied to real and lasting benefit, then the student must have a real affection for that subject. Mr. Clynes would like to see Parliament pass a law compelling all working men to read "Shakespeare, Shaw, Balzac, and Morris."

Now, leaving aside the fact that this would be a mental and physical impossibility to the majority of working men, is it not a truism that coercion is the quickest road to hatred? I can imagine nothing more likely to cause working men to hate the very name of these writers than the practical enforcement of Mr. Clynes's suggestion.

Nevertheless, it is highly desirable that the nation's Senate should bear their part in encouraging the working man's studies. Much has been done by University extension lectures, by work similar to that of Morley College, etc., but now it would certainly be to everybody's advantage if Parliament would follow up the lead thus given.

May I suggest that, instead of passing a coercive law, Parliament would fulfil Mr. Clynes's demands in a much better way by appointing a Literary Commission to organise a system of permanent public literary disputations. Let them be established in every town, with subdivisions if necessary. Let every inducement be given to any man who desires to improve himself, e.g., in the way of prizes for essays or speeches, the publication of any creditable productions of the men themselves, etc. And let those who manage the institution remember that all knowledge and upraising and

expansion of mind does not necessarily come from book-learning. Many a working man could learn a far deeper lesson from Watts's picture of the "Court of Death" than from all the plays of Shakespeare.

It will be seen that what I recommend is a kind of authorised popular Polytechnic, or a National Forum. No doubt the details of such a scheme would be multitudinous, and the work required to inaugurate it tremendous. Nevertheless, I am convinced that the principle of this idea is the only one by means of which Parliament can hope to give any real encouragement to the working man's studies.—I am, sir, etc.,

JOHN B. HOWARD.

PHILLIMORE ON CROMWELL.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

DEAR SIR,—My scanty education at an elementary school left me with somewhat distorted ideas of Cromwell, which facile priests and fanatical partisans had taken pains to inculcate. In maturer years I became acquainted with the "divine simplicity" of Carlyle, and since have been further influenced by the "commissioned glamour" of such writers as S. R. Gardiner, Frederic Harrison, John Morley, and Lord Rosebery. I am now wondering what must be the state of mind of a learned professor who cannot write a brief article on The Æneid for EVERYMAN without dragging in the Great Englishman to bespatter him with such epithets as "self-seeking despot," "bully," and "morally leprous with hypocrisy." And he talks of "a certain snobbism" too!—I am, sir, etc.,

April 28, 1913.

COMMONWEALTH.



BOOKS OF THE WEEK

"My songs are not of great things, nor of sorrowful things either; But only of what my life brings, and it brings to me of neither."

WITH this great thought Mr. John Spencer Muirhead opens the "proem" to THE QUIET SPIRIT (Simpkin, Marshall and Co., 2s. 6d.). The verses in this volume are not characterised by grace of expression or clarity of thought. Mr. Muirhead's metaphors are sadly mixed, and his pictures are obviously out of perspective. We are introduced to what may be "futurist" poetry, but which carries no conviction to anyone used to the phraseology of the present. The poet is offering himself a choice of a vantage ground from which to observe the Spring! He debates if he shall make "a nest within a reedy brake," or, failing this delectable situation, offers himself a quaint alternative,

"Or I shall see with quiet eye,
The dappled paddock loping by."

We had always supposed in our ignorance that "paddock" was a term applied to green fields or pastures. How Mr. Muirhead could have seen a paddock "lope," we do not know," and perhaps it would not be kind to ask him to explain.



It is rarely one finds the high level reached in Mrs. Belloc Lowndes' latest volume, STUDIES IN LOVE AND IN TERROR (Methuen, 6s.), sustained through a number of short stories. The most powerful, and at the same time the most dramatic, is "The Price of Admiralty." The story is laid in a small town on the sea-coast of France, where the French fleet of submarines is stationed for manœuvres. The character of Jacques de Wissant, the Mayor of the town, is wonderfully depicted. A man of sharply defined limita-

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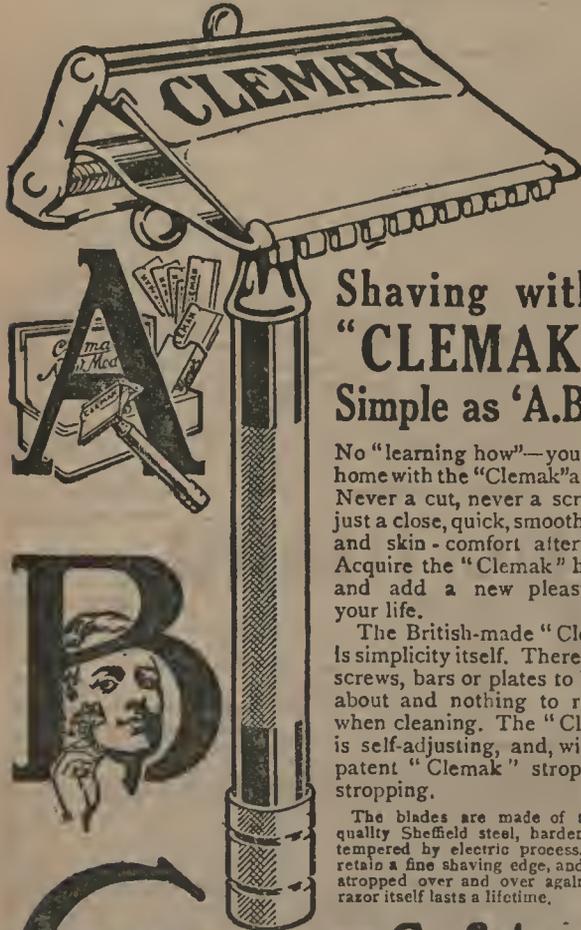
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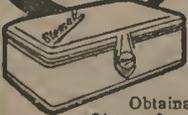
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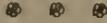
tions, narrow affections, and overweening ambition, the pivot of his character is pride, a pride which enables him to sustain the self-control almost inhuman in its inflexibility. His wife, Claire, has never cared for him; his coldness repels her so that she shuts away the emotional side of her nature, and at the best an armed truce exists between them. She falls in love with Commander Dupré, of the submarine "Neptune," who responds with ardour. They realise that danger exists in their continued friendship, and decide to separate for ever. On the last day of his stay at the town, she consents to go for a trip in the submarine that he commands. It is against the regulations of the service, and secrecy has to be observed. She tells her husband that she is spending the day with her sister Madeline. The adventure culminates in a tragedy, the submarine goes down, every hand on board is killed. Jacques learns the truth from Madeline, and having lost all hope, snatches at the one thing left to him—his pride. He insists that Madeline shall go to Italy.

"You must carry out your plan, my poor Madeline. You must go away to-night. . . . You must do this. . . for Claire's sake, and for the sake of Claire's children. You have but sufficient self-control to endure suspense calmly, secretly, . . . and perhaps"—he waited a moment—"the truth will never be known, or only known to a very few people—people who, as you say, will understand."

He gives it out publicly that Claire has accompanied her. And then, having arranged to cover up any possible scandal on his wife's name, hurries off to the Admiral in command of the Fleet, and insists that the bodies of the victims shall be recovered from the vessel secretly and by night. The Admiral consents. Claire's honour is saved, the children freed for ever from the slightest whisper against their mother's fame. Poor Claire is buried in the coffin with Dupré. It is given out publicly that she died of scarlet fever in Italy, attended by her devoted sister Madeline, and the Mayor of Falaise returns to the narrow course of his official way! The author has the power of making the reader visualise the scenes that she depicts. The tenseness of her dramatic situations makes one catch the breath, and wait for the solution of the matter with quickened pulse and a real sense and excitement and perturbation. The book is one of the most vivid and dramatic that has been published for a long time.

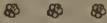
"I am a watcher of life." With this remarkable announcement the latest book of Mr. Harry Tighe is opened. A WATCHER OF LIFE (Ouseley, 6s.) is a pretentious and at the same time a very silly book, written in the form that was popular some twenty years ago, based upon a far-fetched and frankly ridiculous plot and crowded with irrelevant incidents and impossible people. The bold bad baronet, Sir Patrick, falls hopelessly in love with one Rita Haulterman. This lady is apparently unable to use plain English, so she scatters French phrases up and down the book at all and every opportunity. The wife of Sir Patrick suffers from a morbid imagination and a diseased body. These deficiencies are counterbalanced by an ample fortune, which provides the bold bad baronet with the means to escape from her society and to enjoy the beauties of Europe. For some reason, totally inexplicable to the reader, Rosamund pretends to be dead; her husband accepts the intimation with placid indifference, and without unduly concerning himself with the formalities of death certificates or anything else. He does not question the statement of her death, but forthwith marries Rita, and the unfortunate Rosamund wakes from a cataleptic trance to find her position is

usurped. Far from resenting the stranger's intrusion, she apologises humbly, even abjectly, for her continued existence, and, realising that she somewhat embarrasses her rival, considerably commits suicide, being in the second instance really dead. The style is slipshod, the sentiments mawkish. Mr. Tighe has not fulfilled the promise of better things suggested by "The Model in Green."



THE BURNING QUESTION (Putnam's, 6s.) discusses the rival claims of a woman's duty as wife and mother with the gratification of her artistic instinct. Miss Grace Litchfield feels compelled to thrust her heroine from a comfortable home with a dear little child and a loving and indulgent husband into the stress of competition with poorer and less favourably circumstanced violinists. She runs away, determined to make a name as a fiddler. Her husband not unnaturally pursues her, and to escape him she assumes the identity of a woman who is drowned, leaving her unfortunate husband to suppose that she has committed suicide. After two or three years he marries a healthy, normal girl, who is the one believable character in the book. An hour after his marriage, Olive, the wife, reappears, and intimates that she has come to stay. The world has declined to listen to her fiddling, and she has come back full of concern for her own health, and determined to make things generally speaking unpleasant. In real life, if it is possible to conceive of this nightmare being translated into fact, the husband must inevitably have insisted on her immediate departure, realising that though he had to part from the woman he had just married, there was no reason why he should live with his wife. Miss Litchfield proceeds on the lines of transpontine melodrama. Olive, the wife, remains in his house, which, we are quite sure, she mismanages, and pretends to look after the child. And at the end of three years they are living on terms of the greatest affection and intimacy.

Meanwhile Joyce marries a curate, who is dragged into the story at the last moment.



Mr. Herbert Malleon has written an entertaining volume of tales of gipsy life, NAPOLEON BOSWELL (Smith, Elder and Co., 6s.) Boney, the young Romany hero, is well drawn, and altogether a refreshing study. We are given an amusing insight into the somewhat precarious method by which he and his relations gain their livelihood, and the extraordinary cleverness with which they invariably manage to circumvent the machinations of their arch enemy, the "man in blue," not to mention the gamekeeper. The character of Napoleon, the elder, is very well portrayed, and in the first tale, "The Luck of the Whip," we are given an instance of the curiously superstitious thread which seems to run through the Romany race. We could wish that the author had been a little more painstaking in his rendering of the accent of the gipsies. It strikes us that the real Romany is rather less Cockney in his speech than Mr. Malleon leads us to believe, but apart from this the book reads convincingly, and brings before our eyes a vivid picture of the adventures of the road. The accounts of the horse fairs are very good reading, and Boney's frantic ride on a vicious, kicking horse to fetch his father from the fair is an exciting moment. We must confess we held our breath as we followed that young, lithe, brown figure tearing down the road in a cloud of dust, mounted on a huge brown beast, which hammered the road in a fury. Was it possible those little hands could hold him in? Would he be found a huddled, lifeless heap by the wayside, or would he prove the master. "The Raiment of Captivity" is well worth

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reading, and the hero's love story is daintily told. Gertie is a charming study of a gipsy girl, and Ophelia, the ugly duckling, is well depicted. The reader who is a lover of his Borrow will probably find the book has many shortcomings, but if he is willing to overlook these, he will, we believe, thoroughly enjoy this volume of tales of the Brotherhood of the Road.

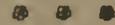


It is always irritating to find a book the scene of which is laid in the present day giving a chapter headed "Twenty-five Years After" devoted to the supposed results of the manner in which various political and religious subjects have been treated in the opening. When the last chapter treats of the fortunes of the hero and heroine alone in later life it is annoying enough, but life is too short to worry over what has never happened and never will. Such a book is *A BUILDER OF SHIPS* (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.), by Charles M. Sheldon. The book treats of an American shipbuilder and his son. They are building warships for their Government, and are "converted" in the middle of the undertaking. They feel that war is wrong, and that all implements of war should be destroyed. They have a contract to fulfil, however, and how they get out of the difficulty the reader must discover. The vivid part of the book is the account of a terrible fire in a block of tenement dwellings and a factory, the owner of which is Brandon Cushing, the shipbuilder. There are hundreds of deaths, and Brandon is held responsible, because he had supplied no fire escapes, although the legal notice had been served upon him. There is a really dramatic trial, in which Brandon comes out in a surprising light. The earlier chapters are decidedly better written than the latter, as the story somewhat fizzles out after the first few episodes. Hermosa, the heroine, is quite unreal; in fact, Mr. Sheldon is not very successful in his characterisation of any of the women. Mr. Sheldon is careless in his grammar, and occasionally makes somewhat stringent calls on our imagination. For instance, such a sentence as "he went back to his desk and confronted himself" is startling, to say the least of it. Again, we are told about a negro porter who gives some harrowing evidence with an "ashen face."



Mr. Ridgwell Cullum has the faculty of gripping his readers with the sense of the weird in nature. His latest book, *THE BROODING WILD* (Chapman and Hall, 2s. net), is the story of two trappers in the wilds of Canada, and the extraordinary influence which is exercised over them by the White Squaw. The account of their long journey in search of the legendary Queen of the Moosefoot Indians is told with a wonderful vividness. We feel the snap of the sparkling, frosty air, with the sun shining on the vast expanse of snow. We can hear the whispering of the runners as the sledge is swiftly drawn by the panting dogs, and a sense of the weird creeps over us as we read. We feel afraid to breathe or speak aloud—all is still with a silence which can be felt, but which may at any instant be broken by something terrible. We try to shake off the feeling, but even the dogs seem aware there is something—something which is full of danger, but which they cannot face. Undoubtedly the author knows how to impress his readers with the fear of the wild. The story ends tragically and quite unexpectedly, and the mystery is well sustained right throughout. The characters of Nick and Ralph are

well drawn, and the manner in which they are victimised by the half-breed, Victor, is carefully thought out. When we say that Mr. Cullum's descriptives make us long to throw down the book and set forth with a train of huskies into the limitless, snowbound "beyond," there is nothing more to add.



AN INN UPON THE ROAD, by Miss Janet Dodge (Sidgwick and Jackson, Ltd., 6s.), may be described as an episode in the life of a young girl, Natalie Herbert, the daughter of a selfish, "persistently young," mother, Marianna, who spends all her energies in keeping her daughter out of all the enjoyments and sensible occupations, for which she longs. The author explains that love is not always the ultimate aim of life, but is very often only an inn upon the road of adventure, at which the wayfarer stays for a while and then passes on, without obtaining the fruition of love. Natalie is a careful study of a girl who is always groping after the solution of herself. She is as puzzled over her own ambitions and temperament as ever her own mother could be, who never attempts to understand and sympathise with her, but engages her energies simply in attracting to herself all the young men whom Natalie brings home. The description of the interview with her daughter, when she breaks the news of her third marriage, is cleverly handled. Marianna is a very understandable and yet repellent character. Conrad, Natalie's lover, is well drawn, though one could wish he was a little less phlegmatic. The book is a notable success, and should run into many editions. For ourselves, we can say with sincerity we are glad to have read it.



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FRIDAY, MAY 9, 1913

One Penny.



W.H. CAFFEYN
From a Photograph
by
G. BERNARD SHAW.

MRS. SIDNEY WEBB, NATA 1858.

For Character Sketch, see page 105.

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HISTORY IN THE MAKING

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

ONCE again the imperturbable good temper of the police turned what might easily have been a repetition of that "bloody Sunday" of 1887, which fructified the Social Democratic movement with the blood of its martyrs, into a rough-and-ready but relatively harmless scrimmage, ending in a general "trek" homewards. As usual, the cause of the disturbance was an irresponsible and unauthorised inciter of the mob; and once more the curious impotence of the authorised leader over against the self-constituted demagogue was made apparent. It remains, however, that a large section of the British public is smarting under what looks like the beginning of a somewhat un-British policy of police suppression. The recent police raid upon the Suffragist headquarters and the confiscation or prohibition of publications will doubtless be welcomed by many whom the militant policy has filled with apprehension; but the thoughtful observer, whatever be his attitude on the question of Women's Suffrage, will see the shadow of a grave menace in these suppressive and prohibitive measures. Free speech and a free Press has not only been the glory of Britain; they have also been her surest safeguards against rebellion and anarchy. Bereft of the escape valve of free utterance, the rebellious elements must ferment and breed the poison of that fierce and furtive revolt which makes the Continental rebel the enemy of society where, given the safety valve of expression, he would have been but a healthy irritant. Unless we completely misread the lessons of history, this suppressive policy will breed a crop of riots and rebellions such as we have been spared this long while past.

China has naturally loomed big in the public eye during the past few weeks. Among the many interesting contributions made to our understanding of a complicated and pregnant situation, none has struck

us as more clear-sighted than that made by Lord William Gascoyne-Cecil in the columns of the daily Press. He rightly points out that, while China's request for the prayers of Christendom was more immediately actuated by patriotic ambitions, notably the desire for recognition as a nation, it is ultimately part and parcel of an as yet inarticulate but very real moral and spiritual aspiration, finding expression in the anti-opium agitation and similar movements. He also reminds us that the present revolution is moulded, not upon English, but American ideals. Owing to a short-sighted missionary policy which did not include the higher education of the young Chinaman, it is the Americanised Chinaman who counts in China to-day. And the China of to-day, be it remembered, is on the verge of one of those great storms which are so apt to follow on the heels of what promised to be an age of gold. On the very Sunday set apart for these Christian prayers, Constitutionalism was made a mere farce by the signing of the sextuple—or rather, as it is now, the quintuple—loan agreement. And again it has been the United States who, in refusing to have anything to do with this agreement, have opened a door of mutual friendship and advantage to the yeasting young Republic—"the only door," says President Wilson characteristically, "by which we care to enter." Britain has lost a great opportunity of moulding the young mind of a people on whom very much of the future depends. She will be wise in using the present attitude of wistful aspirations which characterises thousands of thoughtful young Chinamen to retrieve what she has missed.

The French League of the Young Republic has discovered the convincing value of the sweating exhibition, and at the present moment the Sweaters' Museum is the latest thing in Paris. There the gay and well-to-do buyers of sweated goods can see what their purchases spell in terms of human tears and blood. The exhibition is run very much on the lines of the English one for which the Principal of Aberdeen University was so largely responsible. A dramatic touch is supplied by a little curtained recess at the far end of the room, into which you are bidden to enter. It contains a *mirror* bearing the legend, "Who is to blame?"

There has died at a New York nursing home for poor negroes, at the age of close upon a hundred, Harriet Tubman Davies, the Moses of the Negroes—one of the most picturesque figures in the Civil War. A child of thirteen, she called a brutal slave overseer to account (hence her title of the Moses of the Negro), and was promptly knocked down by him, and that so violently as to inflict a cerebral injury, from the effects of which she did not fully recover for many years. Her extraordinary cunning and enormous physical strength made her the central figure in many thrilling exploits, which make good reading. Many great men of the period, including Emerson, John Brown, Horace Mann, Garrison, and others, held her in high and friendly esteem.

The latest development of the cinematographic art is Kinoplastikon, now on view at the Scala Theatre, London. It is a process by which living stereoscopic pictures are shown without a screen. The illusion of watching living actors performing as on a real stage needs only the aid of a perfected system of gramophones to make it complete. Even at the present stage Kinoplastikon is yet in its earliest infancy. The fact that the actors make their entrances and exits by the wings adds a startling touch of actuality to this screenless kinema.

THE GENERAL STRIKE IN BELGIUM

By EMILE VANDERVELDE, M.P. (*Leader of the Belgian Socialist Party.*)

THE Belgian General Strike is over. It has been what the proletariat wished it to be, formidable and pacific. From the first day 300,000 men had stopped work. They very soon became 400,000, and for nearly two weeks this enormous mass remained immobile, impassive, without any violence being committed, without "order" being disturbed for one single moment.

As for the results which have been achieved, in order to appreciate their value we must go back to the beginning of the crisis and recall its main stages.

According to the Belgian Constitution, all men of twenty-five years of age are electors, but—as in Saxony—the rich, or rather the well-to-do, have two or three votes, whereas the poor have only one vote. It is in order to secure the abolition of the plural vote that for twenty years Socialists have used every means of propaganda and persuasion. At the last General Election (June, 1912) they hoped to have done with the Clerical majority, and to realise electoral reform through the understanding of the Opposition parties. That hope was not realised, owing to the treason, from class instinct, of a certain number of three-vote electors, who had been in the habit of voting for the Liberals.

From the month of July, and during the nine months which followed, the whole effort of the Labour party was devoted to strike preparations. A fund for purposes of propaganda was established by the co-operatives, the workers' syndicates, and the various political groups; manifestos and propagandist tracts were issued fortnightly and scattered broadcast all over the country, and the big syndicates decided to devote a considerable part of their funds to the maintenance of the strike. The bourgeois supporters of Universal Suffrage were asked to undertake to aid the strikers financially, or to receive their children into their homes. Above all, the working classes were called upon to limit their expenditure, and the result of their self-denial was organised into a reserve fund, with a view to accumulating sufficient to keep 300,000 to 400,000 strikers afloat for several weeks.

This self-denial, particularly in the two great industrial provinces of Liège and Hainault, assumed such proportions as speedily to have a most depressing influence upon the retail trade. The preparation for the strike alone caused the takings of the small traders to fall by thirty, forty, and even fifty per cent. in many cases. Commercial travellers gave vent to bitter complainings, and the Excise Department registered an appreciable loss in the income from beer duties. On the other hand, when, on February 12th, 1913, after the House had refused to consider our motion to revise the Constitution, the strike was fixed for April 14th, the mere fact of this decision produced a profound disturbance in the course of industrial business. Many heads of commercial houses were afraid of accepting orders which they were not sure of being able to execute, or saw competitors of other countries being preferred to them. In the port of Antwerp, especially, there was a general complaint that many ships, alarmed by the prospect of a strike, had turned their course away towards Hamburg or Rotterdam.

Briefly, the crisis, called forth at a given moment, became so acute that the most urgent efforts were made on the bourgeois side to arrive at a compromise.

It was well known that for some time already the majority of the members of the Government had grudgingly pledged themselves, thanks to the influence of the King, to effect a revision of the electoral system somewhere in the near future; that the delay merely meant that they were trying to gain time until they had doubled the cape of the elections of 1914, and that nothing would have pleased them better meanwhile than to consider this problem of electoral reform, if they had not been afraid lest in so doing they should alienate the reactionary elements of the extreme Right.

With a view to inducing them to say in public what they were saying already in the lobby, Liberal Deputies and merchants' and manufacturers' associations intervened, but without success. The mayors of the nine county towns interposed in their turn between the Chief of the Government and the leaders of the Labour party, asking of the latter to abandon the strike and of the former to address themselves to the problem of Constitutional revision, and for one moment it seemed that their efforts would be crowned with success, for on February 29th, M. de Broqueville, the head of the Cabinet, authorised the mayors to communicate to the Labour party "the impression that if the declaration of the strike be rescinded the Government would not refuse to make a step in the direction of conciliation and appeasement."

When they heard these declarations, the Socialist leaders were convinced that the action of the Government in authorising the mayors to bring them a message such as this meant that, bent on saving its face, it had resolved to satisfy their demands. It is certain, moreover, that this was also the conviction of the mayors and, in all probability, the intention of M. de Broqueville.

But the mayors, and perhaps the head of the Cabinet also, had reckoned without the extreme elements of the Clerical-Conservative party. Hardly had the thirty or forty Deputies hostile to all electoral reform who sat on the Government benches got wind of what had passed, than a storm of protest arose against those Ministers who were suspected of having wanted to make terms with the Socialists. They were urged to let the matter drop, and, in order to preserve the unity of his party, the Chief of the Cabinet was constrained to sacrifice his conciliatory intention to the ill-will of his political associates.

When, on March 13th, the Liberal leader, M. Hymans, asked the Government what it was going to do, M. de Broqueville replied with a few vague phrases, implying the possibility of a revision of the Constitution after the elections of 1914, and the prospect of the appointment of a Commission concerning itself *exclusively* with the problem of municipal and county elections.

The mayors obviously had been cheated. The Chief of the Cabinet had not broken his promises, because he had made no formal promises. But he had left room for hope. He had given them the right to hope. And what is more, he had

been warned by the mayor of Brussels, M. Max, that it would be a vain and even a perilous thing to attempt to limit the consideration of the question to the local electorate. "In the course of a discussion with M. Emile Vandervelde," M. Max wrote to M. de Broqueville as late as March 8th, "I consulted him about this proposal. He replied without any hesitation that he considered such a course would be disastrous; that it would prove a bitter disillusionment to the Labour party and be the signal of a fresh uprising."

In saying this, I have proved only too reliable a prophet. The declaration of the Government aroused a wave of indignation in Labour circles. In vain the majority of Labour leaders tried to preach patience. They bid their followers observe how, in spite of the burking of plain issues on the part of the Government, the cause of electoral revision had made immense progress during the past nine months, that public opinion was already conquered, that electoral reform was now only a question of time, and that, under these conditions, it was no longer necessary to have recourse to that counsel of despair, a general strike. Nothing, however, came of their persuasions. By an overwhelming majority, the Congress of March 23rd fixed the beginning of the strike for April 14th, and on the day appointed the great cessation from work began, with admirable concord and with an impressive calmness of temper.

Two days afterwards the Houses of Parliament, which had given themselves a month's holiday, resumed their deliberations. Under the influence of the strike, the order of the day was suspended. A debate ensued, in the course of which the Chief of the Cabinet, heckled by Socialist Deputies, protested his unaltered sentiments of conciliation, renewed his promise to appoint a Commission to deal with the problem of the local electorate, and added, to the general surprise, that if this Commission, in which all parties would be represented, would come to complete agreement upon a definite proposal, such a proposal could, in the course of events, be extended to the legislative electorate also.

We lost no time in emphasising the significance of this sensational pronouncement, and, on the morrow, a Liberal Deputy, M. Masson, moved that the House should take note of this declaration of the Government, pointing out that, after all, it implied the consideration of the whole of the problem of electoral reform. Three days after, on April 22nd, the House voted unanimously for M. Masson's motion, as slightly amended by the Right Wing, and the Strike Committee proposed a return to work.

Without wishing to exaggerate the importance of this Parliamentary result, it is certain that the cause of Revision is now well in train. The only remaining question is whether it will take place immediately before or immediately after the elections of 1914.

What is, however, of infinitely greater importance, in my view, is that the struggle in which we have been engaged has demonstrated that a general strike for the end of obtaining a definite reform can be absolutely peaceful and orderly, and attain satisfactory results, without in any way going beyond the limits of the law, when it is carefully prepared and when it is carried on by a disciplined proletariat which knows what it wants and wants it with determination.

From this point of view, we hope that the experience which we have just passed through in Belgium will not be lost on the other sections of the International Labour and Socialist party.

THE LLOYD GEORGE CRUSADE

III.—THE TAXATION OF LAND

By P. W. WILSON.

IN this third article I am to define the part played by taxation of land in the social programme of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. This year's Revenue Bill is a signal for the renewal of this controversy, dealing as it will with the valuation of farms. So-called single-taxers, like Mr. Wedgwood and Mr. Outhwaite, have from the first complained that the Budget made a mistake in including the cost of hedges, ditches, and other unexhausted improvements in the site value of agricultural land, and the Revenue Bill is to furnish, where necessary, a new valuation, from which such items will be eliminated. The critics tell us that, if you subtract from the value of a farm the present worth of buildings, fences, and drainage, you may arrive at a minus quantity; but this prospect does not daunt the land-taxers, who argue that, in a well-ordered country, there will always be a reserve of unfavourable land, of no capital value which will furnish an automatic outlet for marginal labour. Whatever weight we attach to this contention, the fact remains that Mr. Lloyd George proposes this year to create a standard of net site valuation which at a future date will enable him or any other Chancellor of the Exchequer to levy a national tax at a uniform figure for town and country. The land-taxers claim that id. in the £ would yield about 20 millions—a figure admittedly speculative—and they dream of so achieving a free breakfast table, an enriched system of education, and national main roads. But what they really want is not revenue as such, so much as a liberated market in land—the breaking up of large estates—and the better use of land for small holdings, garden suburbs, and allotments. The Budget, with its tentative duty on undeveloped land near towns, has already brought a good deal of land under the hammer. The beauty of the land tax is that it cuts at a stroke through the Gordian knot of legal agreements which fix the whole burden of rating on the unfortunate occupier; but I submit none the less that Mr. Lloyd George to-day contemplates a somewhat different approach to the problem which we are considering. The immediate task is rating reform rather than a land tax.

Policy has to be considered in electoral terms, and, humanly speaking, Liberalism, deprived under Home Rule of the Irish, depends on holding the towns and gaining in the counties. Take, then, the case of a man who farms a hundred acres of, say, £50 an acre capital value, or £30 net. A penny in the £ on that farm means £12 10s. a year. You may tell the man that his landlord will pay, and that the money, so collected imperially, will be distributed subsequently in relief of rates. But the case is not an easy one to drive home against the prejudices and the suspicions of the countryside, especially in those rural constituencies where land is held by the small man on freehold. Rating, however, is a different matter. Everybody agrees that reform is here long overdue. And, as I shall speedily show, the reform naturally presents itself not as a new tax, but as a relief from old ones.

The first fundamental fact is that, having secured a national valuation, we can now sweep away local assessments. Much the most serious abuse in local government, especially in rural areas, has been the fact that property has been assessed by the guardians, a body supposed to be elected for an entirely different

purpose, and composed oftentimes of men whose status is such that they cannot hold the balance even as between the lord in his castle and the grocer in his little village shop. Valuation by a central authority like the Treasury will have the immediate effect of raising the assessments of large country houses and the adjoining amenities. One more function will fall from the Guardians, who will thus be one step nearer an unregretted extinction.

Some people imagine that Budget valuation means site valuation only. This is an error, and my above point amounts only to this—that Budget Valuation means uniform valuation, as between area and area, and as between rich and poor. As a matter of fact, there is not one Budget valuation, but several. The Budget gives you not only site value, but total value—using the term quite popularly—which would include buildings. Thus, under the Budget assessments, a local authority could, if it wished, continue to levy rates as at present on houses as well as sites—on machinery in factories—on signal-boxes on railways. And Mr. Lloyd George has clearly indicated that his plan will be one of local option. He will not say to Liverpool or Glasgow or Middlesex, You shall relieve improvements of rates. He will only say, You may if you like. The effect of this will be a new and vital issue in local politics—something tangible, which the ratepayers will have to decide for themselves. It is not quite so simple as some land-taxers imagine. To say that no rates are to be paid on the fabric of Chatsworth or Arundel Castle is not to assist the poor! Again, to charge rates only on the prairie assessment of railways would be to put some millions a year into the pockets of the companies. It may be right to do this, but the immediate effect would be to raise the capital value of railways by, say, 60 millions—I do not pretend to have worked out the exact figure—which, on nationalisation, would have to be added to the purchase price paid by the State.

Such rating reform as I have outlined would be accompanied by a general simplification, which would include Exchequer grants, now amounting to about 10 millions. It is here, of course, that we touch the economic aspect of Lord Haldane's Education Campaign. That must be a partnership between the Treasury and local authorities. Education is supposed to stand a little apart from the Lloyd George Crusade. Some regard it as a rival, but, if the patience of EVERYMAN is not exhausted, I will in a concluding article describe the bearing of one scheme, so far as it is defined, on the other. It is a subject not free from serious difficulty.



THE ROAD THAT LEADS TO NOWHERE

By LLEWEN MACARTNEY.

“—These things and I; in sound I speak—
Their sound is but their stir, they speak by silences.”
—FRANCIS THOMPSON.

SOME way behind Childerton village—beyond where the last group of cottages straggle apart from the others on the Winchester road—unmolested and unfrequented, there it lies, the Road that Leads to Nowhere.

The hard-headed, practical Hampshire villagers never come down it, for their business takes them in other directions, and they have no time for dreaming. Village yokels and farmers' boys stray across it sometimes in their search for plovers' eggs. I encountered

one of them once. He had discovered a nest with three eggs close by a tuft of furze, and was regarding it with unseeing eyes. “Ta'an't nobbut a haap of stoans and muck,” he said dispassionately, and went his way, his hands full of eggs.

Generally the Road that Leads to Nowhere is left to idlers such as you and me to wander down at our own sweet will, and yet at times one meets strange folk there.

Strangers who come from the jar and whirr of great London find it attractive by reason of its indefiniteness, for it wanders gently up from the main road, across the chalky, furze-dotted common land, and spreads itself only to lose itself over the rolling downs, behind which you may see the sun rise every morning, for the Road runs eastward, and is for that reason most lovely in the light of the early morning, and only less lovely in the evening, when the long shadows lie upon it.

Are we right in calling it the Road that Leads to Nowhere? I wonder. For in the morning the Road runs on till it seems to join the pathway made by the sun's first rays, which lead to the very heart of the sun himself. In the evening the sun has gone and the path has faded, and then it is that the silence of the Road begins to speak to those who care to listen. The silence has a message for many people, but some are too deaf to hear, and some are too tired. Not long since a worker from the great city to whom the Road had made a strong appeal answered that appeal, and came to stay in the village for rest and change. He hurried from the cottage where he was staying towards the Road, in order to spend the sunset hour there, but long before the daylight had faded he was back at the cottage again. “I have waited for this evening walk for the last six months,” he said, “and now the time has come I cannot bear it. The silence is too great!”

The next morning he went at sunrise, and all was different, for the great silence of the Road is broken then by the call of the birds. Larks spring by hundreds from the ground and fill the air with their songs; finches and yellow-hammers chirrup to each other from broken patches of hawthorn bush; and those to whom the plover's cry is not melancholy can watch him as he wheels and circles overhead, showing now the bright and now the dark side of his plumage. Indeed, there is life enough on the Road for those who care to look for it. And the silence of the evening hour as well? What of it? Just this, that since different localities tend to produce different trains of thought, so the silence of the Road has a special message for those who are prepared to hear it.

Listen! It is the evening hour, and you have drifted down the Road that Leads to Nowhere. Hark! The church clock has ceased striking, the village is at rest, the great silence is falling round you. Hush! Do nothing to disturb it. Let your eyes wander down the dim, familiar track, and your thoughts, it may be, will wander down another track, misty, undefined, and fascinating; you know it—the Road that Leads to Nowhere in the mind. Follow it out undisturbed; let the vague, delicious sensations of the brain float around you unchecked—the silence is speaking to you.

Could we but fathom the depths of the silence that falls upon us outwardly and inwardly we should find maybe our dim consciousness would turn to sure reality, the Nowhere would change into the Everywhere, and as the pathway of Gold would lead us to the Sun, so the Great Everywhere would bring us to God.

EVERYMAN'S FRENCH PAGE

BY CLAUDE TILLIER

La Philosophie de mon Oncle Benjamin

J'AI quarante ans; j'ai déjà passé par quatre professions; j'ai été maître d'études, soldat, maître d'école, et me voilà journaliste. J'ai été sur la terre et sur l'océan, sous la tente et au coin de lâtre, entre les barreaux d'une prison et au milieu des espaces libres de ce monde; j'ai obéi et j'ai commandé; j'ai eu des moments d'opulence et des années de misère. On m'a aimé et on m'a haï; on m'a applaudi et on m'a tourné en dérision. J'ai été fils et père, amant et époux; j'ai passé par la saison des fleurs et par celle des fruits, comme disent les poètes. Je n'ai trouvé dans aucun de ces états que j'eusse beaucoup à me féliciter d'être enfermé dans la peau d'un homme, plutôt que dans celle d'un loup ou d'un renard, plutôt que dans la coquille d'une huître, dans l'écorce d'un arbre, ou dans la pellicule d'une pomme de terre. Peut-être si j'étais rentier, rentier à cinquante mille francs surtout, je penserais différemment.

En attendant, mon opinion est que l'homme est une machine qui a été faite exprès pour la douleur; il n'a que cinq sens pour percevoir le plaisir, et la souffrance lui arrive par toute la surface de son corps; en quelque endroit qu'on le pique, il saigne; en quelque endroit qu'on le brûle, il vient une vésicule. Les poumons, le foie, les entrailles ne peuvent lui donner aucune jouissance; cependant le poumon s'enflamme et le fait tousser; le foie s'obstrue et lui donne la fièvre; les entrailles se tordent et font la colique. Vous n'avez pas un nerf, un muscle, un tendon sous la peau qui ne puisse vous faire crier de douleur.

Votre organisation se détraque à chaque instant comme une mauvaise pendule. Vous allez au bal, une entorse vous saisit au pied, et il faut vous rapporter chez vous, sur un matelas; aujourd'hui, vous êtes un grand écrivain, un grand philosophe, un grand poète; un fil de votre cerveau se casse, on aura beau vous saigner, vous mettre de la glace sur la tête, demain vous ne serez qu'un pauvre fou.

La douleur se tient derrière tous vos plaisirs; vous êtes à l'ombre de votre jardin, et vous vous écriez, "Oh, la belle rose!" et la rose vous pique; "Oh, le beau fruit!" il y a une guêpe dedans, et le fruit vous mord.

Vous dites, "Dieu nous a fait pour le servir et l'aimer." Cela n'est pas vrai; il vous a fait pour souffrir. L'homme qui ne souffre pas est une machine mal faite, une créature manquée, un estropié moral, un avorton de la nature.

La mort n'est pas seulement la fin de la vie, elle en est le remède.

On n'est nulle part aussi bien que dans un cercueil. Si vous m'en croyez, au lieu d'un paletot neuf, allez-vous commander un cercueil. C'est le seul habit qui ne gêne pas.

The Philosophy of Uncle Benjamin

"I AM forty years of age, and have already passed through four professions; I have been tutor in a college, a soldier, a schoolmaster, and now I am a journalist. I have been on land and sea, I have lived under a tent, by the fireside corner, behind the bars of a prison, and in the free, open spaces of the world; I have obeyed and I have commanded; I have had moments of opulence and years of misery. Some have loved me, and some have hated me; they have applauded me, and also held me up to derision. I have been a son and a father, a lover and a husband; and, as the poets say, I have passed through the season of flowers and through the season of fruit. Under none of these conditions have I been able to congratulate myself that I have been enclosed in the skin of a man rather than in that of a wolf, or a fox, or in the shell of an oyster, in the bark of a tree or in the pellicle of a potato. Perhaps if I had been a landed proprietor, especially a proprietor with an income of £2,000, I might think differently.

"As things are, my opinion is that man is a machine, made expressly to suffer pain; he has only been given five senses to perceive pleasure, but he can feel pain over the whole surface of his body. Prick him, and he bleeds; burn his skin, and a blister appears. His lungs, liver and intestines give him no pleasure; on the contrary, his lungs get inflamed, and cause him to cough; his liver becomes obstructed, and gives him fever; a twist of the intestines, and colic supervenes. You have not a nerve, a muscle, or a tendon that cannot make you cry out with pain.

"Your organism gets out of order every moment, like a badly made clock. You go to a dance, and you twist your ankle, and have to go home to bed; you may be a celebrated writer or poet or philosopher, but, if an artery bursts in your brain, they may bleed you and put ice on your head, but to-morrow you will be nothing but a poor fool. Pain stands behind all your pleasures.

"You are perhaps in the shade of your garden, and you say, 'Oh, what a lovely rose!'—and the rose pricks you. 'Oh, what beautiful fruit!'—there is a wasp in it, and the fruit bites you.

"Some may say that God has made us in order to serve Him and love Him. That is not true. You have been made in order to suffer; and the man who does not suffer is a badly made machine, a failure, a moral disfiguration, an abortion of nature.

"Death is not only the end of life, but its remedy. Nowhere can one be so comfortable as in one's coffin. Believe me when I say that, instead of getting a new coat, order a coffin. It will be much more comfortable."

ANNOUNCEMENT OF A NEW SERIES OF COMPETITIONS

It is one of the objects of EVERYMAN, expressed in the sub-title of the paper, to get at the facts of national life. We speak glibly of the classes and the masses, lumping them together as if they were abstract entities; but we know very little of the concrete conditions of life of those classes and those masses. One of the most urgent desiderata of social science is an accurate knowledge of those conditions, with their infinite variations in time and space, according to professions and surroundings.

With a view to furthering such knowledge, we offer a prize of Three Guineas each for the best contribution, not exceeding 2,000 words, on any one of the six following subjects:—

1. The Civil Servant.
2. The Anglican Clergyman.
3. The Foreign Missionary.
4. The Male Teacher.
5. The Compositor.
6. The Miner.

The papers should be descriptive rather than controversial, and we would recommend a division into paragraphs, with a view to inducing orderly sequence. We would also recommend a brief synopsis summing up the main points dealt with. It is desirable that the competitions be written from direct observation. The experience of a miner will be more welcome than a contribution by a politician who once in his life visited a coal-mine.

Entries should be clearly written, and preferably typewritten, should bear the number of the Competition, and should reach the

COMPETITION EDITOR, "EVERYMAN,"
21, Royal Terrace,
Edinburgh,

by July 1st. Other subjects will be announced later on.

LISELOTTE: A GERMAN PRINCESS AT THE COURT OF LOUIS XIV.

BY THE EDITOR.

PART I.

I.

ABOUT the end of the seventeenth century there lived at the Courts of Versailles and St. Cloud a German Princess, the second wife of the only brother of Louis XIV., who had made herself the butt of universal ridicule. Strikingly ugly, tactless in manner, coarse in speech, cynical and sarcastic, she was despised and derided by the courtiers, she was ill-used by her husband, she was out of favour with Louis, she was hated by the King'smorganatic wife, Mme. de Maintenon, the uncrowned Queen of France. In the busy throng which filled the galleries of the huge palace, she lived, in the recess of her private apartments, an existence of almost complete solitude, and eventually she was reduced to the company of her dogs, which she preferred to the society of a Court which she abhorred. Her chief occupation in life for thirty years was to write interminable letters to her relatives and friends in Germany, and in those letters she would not, like her contemporary, Mme. de Sevigné, pour out the fulness of an affectionate heart; she only sought an outlet for the malignant passions that oppressed her. Little did the courtiers suspect that the ungainly, massive, unpopular Princess was to be the ancestress of half the Imperial and Royal houses of Europe, and that she would appear to posterity as one of the most remarkable women of her age. Still less did they suspect that their own reputations would be at the mercy of a woman whom they reviled, and that she was drawing the features of their moral characters in indelible lines for all times to come.

I'

The voluminous correspondence of Elizabeth Charlotte, Duchess of Orleans, better known to French historians as "Madame," and known to German historians under the endearing nickname of "Liselotte," form with the "Memoires" of Saint Simon the most important historical document for the last thirty years of the reign of Louis XIV. From a purely literary point of view, the Memoirs of Saint Simon are, no doubt, vastly superior, and it would be absurd to compare the finished, incisive pen-portraits of the greatest memoir writer of all ages with the slovenly, formless outpourings of Liselotte. But from a purely historical point of view, the Correspondence of "Madame" has even greater value than the "Memoires," for these only received their final form fifty years after the events they narrated, and the historian writes mainly from hearsay, and indirect report. On the contrary, the letters of Liselotte were written day after day under the direct impression of the events she described. She possessed, moreover, unique opportunities of knowing the chief personages of the times, and she was a far better observer, as well as a more intelligent one, than the narrow-minded Duke. And, finally, being a German of the Germans, and thus observing the Court of Versailles, as it were, from the outside, her judgment was more detached, as well as more penetrating.

Whilst there exist considerable differences and disagreements between the "Memoires" and the "Correspondence," at the same time there also exists a striking parallelism between them. Both writings owe their origin to the same circumstances, namely, to the fact that Saint Simon and Liselotte were both seeking, in their productions, an occupation for their enforced leisure and an outlet for their passions, their grievances and disappointments. Both had to hide their writings from their contemporaries. Both writers are bent on depicting the darker side of Court life. Both look on the chief characters and events of their generation from the same angle.

(And both the "Memoires" and the "Correspondence" have been buried for several generations in the secret archives of France and Germany. It is only in our own day that M. de Boislesle has been able to give us a complete edition of Saint Simon. As for the three or four hundred letters which make up the "Correspondence" of "Madame," they are still partly unpublished. No doubt, publication after publication have appeared at different times. The Literary Society of Stuttgart has published no less than seven volumes. The great historian Ranke has edited a whole volume as an appendix to his French History. But a considerable fraction of the letters are still hidden in various German private and public libraries, and we are still waiting for the enterprising editor who will give us the complete and standard edition. The extraordinary success which has recently attended the publication by the "Langewiesche Buchhandlung" of a most interesting selection from the "Correspondence"—no less than twenty-five thousand copies have been sold—testifies to the growing public interest in one of the most remarkable characters and one of the most valuable historical documents of modern times.)

III.

The young German girl, who arrived in 1672 at the Court of Versailles, at nineteen years of age, as the bride of "Monsieur" Duke of Orleans, and only brother of Louis XIV., belonged to one of the poorest but one of the most illustrious dynasties of the Empire. Her father, Charles Louis, Elector Palatine, had recovered his principality on the Peace of Westphalia in 1648. Her grandfather, the head of the Protestant Union during the Thirty Years' War, and the ephemeral and ill-fated King of Bohemia, was a descendant of William of Orange, and the husband of Elizabeth Stuart, daughter of King James I. of England. It is not generally known that, through this marriage, Mary Stuart has become the ancestress in direct line of practically every European dynasty,—of the German and Austrian Emperors, of the Kings of England, of France, Spain, Belgium, and Bulgaria. An uncle of Liselotte, Prince Rupert, had distinguished himself in the English service. Another uncle married the notorious Anna of Gonzague, the "Princess Palatine." Her Aunt Sophia was the mother of King George I. of England.

The rich valleys and vine-clad hills of the Rhine Palatinate had been left at the end of the Thirty Years' War in a frightful state of devastation. The population had reverted to barbarism and cannibalism. The political anarchy and the moral confusion were as great as the material ruin. All laws and traditions were in abeyance, and were over-ruled by the tyranny and personal caprice of petty princes. We shall find Liselotte passing merciless judgment on the manners and morals of the Court of Versailles, but the morals of the paternal Court of Heidelberg were not much better. Her father, being unable to agree with the wife whom he married in 1650, dissolved the marriage on his own authority in 1658, and, having the supreme control of the Church as well as of the State, he forced his subjects to recognise his bigamous union with Louise von Degenfeldt. The Church Courts accepted the strange situation, even as Luther had sanctioned the bigamous marriage of Philip of Hesse. Poor Louise proved a most compliant and long-suffering wife, and she bore her lord fourteen children. For many years the two wives lived together in Heidelberg, and the little Court was the theatre of endless domestic quarrels.

It was fortunate for Liselotte that at the early age of seven she was removed from those strange family

surroundings and was entrusted to the affectionate care of her Aunt Sophia of Hanover. One of her first letters, written when she was seven years of age, informs us that in 1659 she visited her grandmother, Elizabeth Stuart, who lived as an exile in Holland. The ex-Queen of Bohemia presented her grand-daughter with a little dog, with a dancing-master, and a language-master. She also made her a promise of a singing-master.

The four years spent at the Court of Hanover were the four happiest years of Liselotte's life. Until the end of her days she will revert to that blissful period, and she will retain a passionate affection, not only for her Aunt Sophia, but for all those who took part in her early education.

In 1663, her father, Charles Louis, finally succeeded in getting rid of his first wife, and in securing her removal to Cassel. Liselotte could now safely return to the paternal home, where she grew up with a numerous progeny of illegitimate step-brothers and step-sisters. It is characteristic of her good nature that she always maintained the most cordial relations with all her father's second family. Indeed, she grew to love her step-brothers better than her lawful brother, the future Elector Palatine.

IV.

Life at the Court of Heidelberg was a queer mixture of dullness and pomposity, of pride and poverty, of freedom and tyranny. Charles Louis was a martinet, and a pedant, thrifty and stingy, indulgent to himself, implacably severe to his children and to his subjects. Being a good manager, he soon succeeded in restoring the prosperity of his country; but his political position remained difficult and precarious between the German Emperor, who was his nominal sovereign, and the King of France, who possessed the controlling power in the German Federation. Every means was deemed legitimate by Louis XIV. to increase his influence. He did with the German Courts what he had done so successfully at the Court of Charles II. He used in turn the intrigues of his diplomacy, the power of money, and the fascination of beauty. Pensions were lavished on impoverished princes. French mistresses and French dancing-masters were freely sent and exploited for political purposes.

It was the need of strengthening his political position as well as the desire to get his daughter out of the way that determined the Elector to seek a matrimonial alliance with the French Court, on the sudden death, in 1671, of Henrietta of England, wife of the Duke of Orleans.

Little did the Elector Palatine foresee that the marriage of his daughter would prove to his country, not a source of strength, but a cause of disaster, that Louis XIV. would use the claims of Liselotte as a pretext for invading her father's country, that the Palatinate would be pillaged once more by hordes of soldiers, that the Palace of Heidelberg would be burned to the ground, and that all those horrors would be perpetrated on the pretence of asserting the rights of the Duchess of Orleans. He might have been put on his guard by the very eagerness with which the German marriage was welcomed by Louis XIV. The proud King would not have been so keen to accept the proposal if he had not already harboured political designs of his own. Not only was he then bent on extending his influence in Germany, not only was he coveting, like his predecessor Francis I., the crown and sceptre of the Holy German Empire, but he was determined to use Liselotte as a pawn in the game of politics, and eventually to establish a claim to the succession of the Palatinate.

But those consequences of the German marriage were still distant and remote, hidden in the womb of Destiny. In the meantime, to all outward appearances, Elizabeth Charlotte was making a brilliant match. The marriage contract was arranged on terms the most favourable to the Elector Palatine. What was a most important

matter for an avaricious Prince like the Elector, encumbered with a numerous progeny, a dowry, was not insisted on, and even the nominal sum which had been promised was only paid after many years' delay. And not only did Liselotte enter France without a dowry, she did not even receive a trousseau. It was a matter of deep humiliation to the proud young Princess that her father sent her to Saint Germain with a most inadequately supplied wardrobe. The sole condition which Louis XIV. insisted on was a change of religion, and that was more easily obtained from the Palatine Prince than an adequate provision of money. A Duchess of Orleans must needs be a Catholic. Charles Louis, although one of the leaders of the Protestant party, thought, with Henry IV., that Paris and the Palais Royal and the Palace of Saint Cloud were well worth a Mass. To save appearances, and to make matters easier for her father, poor Liselotte had to act her part in an ignoble comedy. Nothing was said in the marriage contract about a change of religion, and she was supposed to be converted of her own free will. It was arranged that on her arrival in France a letter was to be dictated to her, in which she was to announce to the Elector her voluntary conversion. Her father was to send in reply a letter expressing his righteous indignation at his daughter's apostasy from the true Protestant faith. . . .

After all, we need not wonder at Liselotte's strange conversion. It was only an application of the old Lutheran principle adopted from the very beginning of the Reformation:—"Cujus regio, illius religio." Religious allegiance followed political allegiance, and spiritual interests were subordinated to reasons of State.

V.

The husband to whom the simple German girl was married had a most detestable reputation. Public rumour accused him of having poisoned his first wife, Henrietta of England, whose sudden death has been immortalised in the "Oraison funebre" of Bossuet. "*Madame se meurt! Madame est morte!*" And although that accusation has been disproved, the evil repute of "Monsieur" was otherwise amply deserved. All spirit and manliness had been crushed out of him by Cardinal Mazarin. The younger brothers of the French Kings had often given trouble in previous generations. In recent times Gaston of Orleans had been one of the leaders of the Civil War. Mazarin, therefore, had been above all careful to make "Monsieur" a harmless fool and a compliant tool of his elder brother. He had only succeeded too well.

"Phillipe, Duke of Orleans," says Saint Simon, "was a little round man, who seemed mounted on stilts, so high were his heels. Always decked out like a woman, covered with rings, bracelets, with jewels everywhere, and a long wig brought forward and powdered, with ribbons wherever they could be placed, highly perfumed and in all things scrupulously clean, he was accused of putting on a very little rouge. The nose was very long, his eyes and mouth fine, the face full, but long."

"Madame" herself points out the striking contrast between the Duke of Orleans and Louis XIV., entirely to the disadvantage of her husband. "One would never have taken the King and 'Monsieur' for two brothers. The King was tall, whilst My Lord was short. He had purely effeminate inclinations, was fond of dress, was careful of his complexion, loved every kind of female occupation and ceremony. The King was quite the opposite. He did not care for dress. He had only manly tastes. He was fond of shooting, and liked to talk about war. 'Monsieur' behaved well on the battlefield, but he did not care to talk about military matters. 'Monsieur' loved to have ladies as play-mates, and delighted in their company. The King preferred to see ladies more privately, and not in all honour like 'Monsieur.'"

(To be continued.)

MRS. SIDNEY WEBB * * * BY C. M. LLOYD

"THE world," says Emerson, "belongs to the energetic man. His will gives him new eyes. He sees expedients and means where we saw none." No living person better proves the truth of that dictum than Mrs. Sidney Webb. The quality of supreme energy is in all her activities; it is the keynote of her character. It comes out whether she is at play or at work—striding furiously over Alpine passes or plotting in her study the details of some social reform. Nay, it comes out, one may almost say, when she is at rest, for she wakes every morning between four and five o'clock, and, while ordinary mortals are lapped in unconsciousness, this superhuman woman has her brain at work upon some lecture campaign, the outline of a pamphlet, or the founding of a weekly review.

But there are two other things to be said about Mrs. Webb's energy. The first is that, for the practical purposes to which it is devoted, it is literally doubled by her marriage. For twenty years she has done all her work, written her books, organised her campaigns, side by side with a husband who is as active and tireless as herself. To such a combination, twin wills ever acquiring "new eyes," ever "seeing expedients and means," an astute political opponent has with some justice given the title of "the most dangerous pair of Socialists in England." The second thing is that Mrs. Webb has in a remarkable degree the power of communicating her energy to others. She is not only constantly at work herself; she impels all around her to work. Her mere presence at a committee banishes slackness; even at dinner with her one is stimulated to eat faster! As to that, indeed, rapid eating is a lesson soon learned by her friends, for she herself is pitilessly abstinent, and regards a meal as, so to speak, a regrettable necessity. Many an unwary one has been hurried off reluctant from the cheerful board to what he thinks an untimely renewal of violent mental activity.

Her disciples, those whom she inspires to work and scheme with her, are won and held by no feminine arts of cajolery (for in truth her temperament and her intellect are far more a man's than a woman's); it is some subtle yet intensely rational influence in her that compels not simply admiration but imitation. It is partly perhaps that her own belief in her work is infectious. This belief is boundless, as also is her pleasure in it (she will sometimes laugh at it gleefully like a child, in sheer joy of the thing), and undoubtedly many who see and hear her are stirred by her dazzling, optimistic faith.

* * * *

If this natural energy is the driving force in the woman, it is her other quality of thoroughness which gives the finish and the solid value to her work, which inspires those who help in it, and those who look on at it alike, with so great a sense of confidence. You may not agree with her aims, you may not admire her achievements, but you cannot deny that all is well done, accurate, thorough. She does not build her social theories on vague generalisations. The contributions of the Webbs to sociology—The History of Trade Unionism, Industrial Democracy, English Poor Law Policy, English Local Government—and the rest—are all monuments of patient research. The Poor Law Commission, of which Mrs. Webb was a member, based its momentous report on such exhaustive investigations as no Royal Commission had ever made before, investigations pushed into every nook and cranny of the kingdom.

How far this passion for thoroughness is inborn in any individual, and how far a product of training, is a matter for speculation. Mrs. Webb, at least, is one whose early circumstances and upbringing fortified her against all vague or slovenly modes of thought. The daughter and close companion of Richard Potter, a great capitalist *entrepreneur* of his day, at one time chairman of the Great Western Railway, and afterwards president of the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada, she found herself in constant touch with captains of industry, business organisers, high financiers—men who built their industry and their finance on hard facts and the accurate and detailed knowledge of facts. As the friend and favourite pupil of Herbert Spencer, she served an apprenticeship to philosophy under a master who, whatever his faults, certainly did not construct his systems on an absence of data. But, even so, Beatrice Potter was not content merely to read and listen, and it was the determination to have some first-hand knowledge which led her, more than twenty years ago (in the days when such things were less fashionable than now), to go down to live and work as a seamstress in the sweating dens of East London.

* * * *

An ingenious journalist, in describing a public meeting addressed by her a year or two ago, asserted that Mrs. Webb's secret lay in her commanding nose, the nose of a Cæsar. Others have compared her to Napoleon in her ruthless energy, her capacity for command, and even her disdain of the pleasures of the table. But whatever characteristics she may possess in common with those masters of the world, she is certainly unlike them in her attitude towards herself. She is utterly devoid of egotism. Even her enemies admit that she is supremely disinterested. Neither she nor her husband ever sought power for its own sake, still less for the sake of any material gain. They could say, indeed, as Napoleon said, looking back on his life, "I had the taste for foundation, not the taste for property." But they could not finish the sentence, as Napoleon did, by saying, "My property consisted in glory and celebrity"; they would have to say, "My property consisted in devotion to the public service." It is this selflessness, joined with a clear and peculiarly un sentimental mind, that makes Mrs. Webb seem a little cold, almost a little inhuman. She has a Japanese readiness to spend her whole self dispassionately (and to demand a like sacrifice from others) for her ideal of the Common Good.

* * * *

There are Social Reformers who love to picture the world as a May-day of merriment, with "cakes and ale" for all, with no policemen and not too much government. They quarrel with Mrs. Webb because she exalts Efficiency and forgets Freedom. But she would answer that she does not forget freedom; only that, without such an organisation of society as will make for a far higher efficiency, both collective and individual, you will not have real freedom, but a dishevelled anarchy. Her aim is to make of the State a great and finely-adjusted engine for achieving the purposes of civilisation, of humanity, or, if you will, of God.

THE index to the first volume of EVERYMAN is now ready, and will be sent post free to any reader on application, accompanied by 4d. in stamps. Cases for binding can be obtained at 1s. 6d. each, post free 1s. 8d.; also Vol. I. of EVERYMAN, handsomely bound in cloth, price 3s. 6d., carriage paid 4s. Those desirous of obtaining the above should write AT ONCE to the EVERYMAN Publishing Department, Aldine House, Bedford Street, W.C., as numerous applications have already been received.

THE REAL NAPOLEON ❦❦ BY CHARLES SAROLEA

PART II.

It is especially in his relations to his mother, his brothers and sisters that Napoleon's character reveals itself. A great deal of irrelevant nonsense has been written about his "Corsican clannishness." It would be more correct to say that he had a Frenchman's sense of what is due to the family. In this respect his letters of 1795 and 1796 are most interesting reading. When he is appointed to the command of Paris, and when his financial difficulties are at an end, his first thought is for those who are near and dear to him. The following extracts from his correspondence, which I take from Mr. Levy's volume, are just the kind of notes which one would expect from an exemplary French bourgeois.

He writes, on October 18th, 1795: "A certain citizen, Billon, who, I am told, is known to you, wishes to marry Paulette; that citizen is without means. I have written to mamma that she must not think of it. I shall make fuller inquiries to-day."

On November 1st: "Lucien is War Commissioner of the army of the Rhine. Louis is staying with me. I think he is writing to you.

"Farewell, my dear friend. Give my love to your wife and Désirée."

On November 9th: "*The family* are in need of nothing. I have sent them money, bank-notes, etc."

On November 17th: "It is just possible that I may get the *family* to come. Give me a more detailed account of your doings and of those of your wife and Eugénie. The only hardship I feel is that you are far from here and I am deprived of your company."

December 31st: "You ought to have no uneasiness whatever about the *family*. They are abundantly provided with everything. Jérôme arrived yesterday with a general (Augereau). I am going to enrol him in a college, where he will be well looked after."

He was a model son, although he never was a favourite with his mother, although she often took his brothers' side, although she never believed in him as the humblest of his soldiers did believe in his star, although even at the Imperial Court she went on saving money against the catastrophe which she was always anticipating. On his father's death—he died prematurely, like Napoleon himself, from the hereditary disease, cancer of the stomach—he was the providence of his relatives. As a young man of nineteen he supported his younger brother Lucien on his meagre lieutenant's pay, and he imposed upon himself the hardest privations.

He not only looked after the material interests of his sisters, trying to establish them in life, but almost before he attained his majority he had assumed full responsibility as head of the family. He showed infinite patience to the vagaries of his sisters, to the absurd demands of his brothers; and he used to say that he had more trouble in ruling his relations than in ruling his Empire. His sisters claimed all the privileges of members of the Imperial family, without accepting any duties or restraints. Pauline behaved like a courtesan, and she shocked even immoral Italy with the scandal of her extravagant *amours*. His brothers claimed the thrones of Europe as their due inheritance, and at the same time they pretended to govern without any regard to the policy of the Empire.

It may be objected that although Napoleon may have been exemplary in the narrow circle of the family, it is not proved thereby that he was bound by the rules of ordinary human morality. After all, even monsters like Fouché, Napoleon's Minister of Police,

who, as a Terrorist, sent thousands to the guillotine, are often found to practise the domestic virtues. The simple answer to this objection is that Napoleon's obedience to moral rule was not confined to the narrow circle of the home, but that in every other sphere he revealed the commonplace, human characteristics. He was equally admirable as a student at college, as a friend, and as a citizen.

To confine ourselves only to two of the elemental virtues, he was supremely generous and magnanimous, and he was unflinchingly honest. He never forgot a benefit conferred, and in his last will, written on the rock of St. Helena, he remembered acts of kindness received in his early years. He again and again forgot and forgave injuries, and he possessed none of the Corsican's traditional vindictiveness. It was this very generosity which probably proved ultimately fatal to him, which was the cause of his imprisonment and induced him to surrender to the English. Being magnanimous himself, he assumed magnanimity in his enemies. But perhaps the most startling quality in young Bonaparte is his almost superhuman honesty. In Italy, when everybody was grabbing round him, he alone kept his hands clean. His financial integrity during the Italian campaign in 1796 and 1797 is truly heroic. He was in supreme command of the Army. He had been given absolute political and diplomatic power. Hundreds of millions of francs passed through his hands. In Paris, Barras and Fouché were amassing huge fortunes. In Italy every general was guilty of extortion and peculation with the connivance of authority. Napoleon alone would not demean himself, and would not accept any "commissions" or perquisites. He remained rigidly honest, and returned to Paris a poor man. His schemes nearly failed for want of money at the crisis of his career, at a time when every political support had to be bought. Bonaparte may have thought that, after all, honesty was the best policy. He may have remembered that part of the strength of Robespierre was his incorruptibility. But this does not in the slightest degree detract from the credit which is due to his magnificent integrity.

The reader may well ask how it is that this interpretation of Napoleon's personality is so generally ignored, and why even his admirers so entirely overlook the "bourgeois" side of his character. The simple explanation is that there are two Napoleons, and there is little in common between them. There is the young general and First Magistrate of the Republic, and there is the Emperor. There is the hero who achieved greatness, and there is the ruler who was corrupted by greatness. The character of Bonaparte was very soon destroyed and transformed by the necessities of statecraft, and still more by the use and abuse of despotism, by the poisonous atmosphere of servility and flattery. But surely the true character of the man is his original character. Surely when we want to describe the constitution of an individual we do not take it after it has been ruined by disease; we take it in its strength and power. Similarly, if we want to know the real Napoleon, we must study him in his radiant youth, in the epic years of Italy and Egypt, as he appeared to a dazzled world, the conqueror of Italy, the champion of the Revolution, the restorer of order and liberty. The true Napoleon is the slim, nervous, haggard soldier of 1796, the young man who saved France, not the obese and self-indulgent despot who oppressed Europe.

CONSIDERATIONS TOUCHING OUR FUTURE STATE. BY MAURICE MAETERLINCK

From his volume, "La Morte" (Fasquelle). By permission of the Author

THE SURVIVAL OF CONSCIOUSNESS.

HOW is the fact to be explained that upon this consciousness which is to live on after us the eternity which precedes our birth has left no trace? Had we no consciousness in that eternity, or did we lose it when our life on earth began; and was that catastrophe which causes all the terror death has for us brought about at the moment of our birth? We cannot refuse to admit that that eternity claims the same rights over us as the eternity which follows our decease. We are children of the first as of the second, and of necessity we participate in both. If you maintain that you will exist to all eternity you must admit that you have existed from all eternity; it is impossible to conceive the one without being forced to conceive the other. If nothing has an end, nothing has a beginning, seeing that this beginning would be the end of something. Now, although I have existed from all eternity, I have no consciousness of my previous existence, while I must bear with me through the boundless space of ages without end the infinitesimal consciousness acquired during the moment of time which elapses between my birth and my death. My real ego, which is henceforth to be eternal, would then only date from my short sojourn on this earth. And the whole of the previous eternity, which has exactly the same value as the eternity to come, since they are identical, would be of no account, and be cast into the void! Whence comes the peculiar privilege granted to a few insignificant days on a planet of no importance?

OUR POSITION AS REGARDS THESE ETERNITIES.

In their number and magnitude mysteries are as boundless as the Universe. If man should one day draw near those mysteries which seem to him now the greatest and most inaccessible, as, for instance, the origin and purpose of life, behind them, like everlasting mountains, he would at once see others rising as great and as insurmountable; and so on indefinitely. As regards the knowledge needful for the holding of the key to the Universe, he would always find himself at the same point of central ignorance. mind infinitely vaster and more penetrating than we do. Everything that its miraculously increased power discovered would meet with barriers no less impassable than the present ones. All is boundless in that which has no bounds. We shall be for ever prisoners of eternity.

Let us make a final survey of the ground we have covered. We have put aside both the religious solutions of the question and the theory of total annihilation. Annihilation is impossible from the material point of view; religious solutions occupy a doorless and windowless stronghold impenetrable to human reason.

Next there is the hypothesis of the survival of the ego, freed from the body, yet preserving full and perfect consciousness of its own identity. We have seen that this hypothesis, if we keep within its narrowest limits, has only a slight element of probability and a doubtful amount of desirability, although the fact that it discards the body, source of all our ills, makes the state of existence which it conceives seem less to be feared than our present one. On the other hand, the

moment we attempt to extend or enlarge it, so that it may seem less barbarous or less primitive, we get back to the hypothesis of universal consciousness or of modified consciousness, which, together with that of continued existence without any form of consciousness, precludes all further supposition, and exhausts the possible forecasts of the imagination.

Continued existence without any form of consciousness would be the same thing for us as annihilation pure and simple, and therefore would be no more to be feared than the latter, that is to say, than a dreamless sleep which would know no awakening. The hypothesis is undeniably more acceptable than that of annihilation, but it prematurely and very daringly disposes of the questions of universal consciousness and modified consciousness.

The question is to know how we are going to regard eternity. Is it an unchanging and unchangeable eternity, perfect and at its zenith from everlasting, and is it a purposeless Universe which our reason is to conceive when the utmost bound of thought has been reached? Do we believe that at our death the illusion of movement and progress which we behold from the remote depths of this life of ours will suddenly fade away? If so, it becomes inevitable that the moment we breathe our last we shall be absorbed into what, for lack of a better expression, we call the universal consciousness.

Or, on the other hand, do we think that death will show us that the illusion is not that of the senses but of the reason, and that in an undeniably living world, in spite of our prenatal eternity, we have not undergone every kind of experience; that is to say, that movement and evolution still continue, and will never and nowhere cease? In that case we must perforce admit the hypothesis of modified or progressive consciousness. Both these views are fundamentally and equally unintelligible, but yet tenable, and, although irreconcilable, they agree in this one point—that endless pain and hopeless misery are equally and everlastingly excluded from each.

The hypothesis of modified consciousness does not entail the loss of the small amount of consciousness almost negligible, it absorbs it, sinks it, and solves it in eternity. It is naturally impossible to support this hypothesis with satisfactory proofs; but it is not easy to demolish it like the preceding ones. If it is allowable to speak of the probably true, when the only truth we know is that we cannot see the truth, this is the most probably true of the provisional hypotheses, and gives magnificent openings for the most plausible, varied and seductive dreams. Will this ego of ours, or soul, or mind, or whatever name we give to the thing which is to survive us and yet to remain ourself, regain on leaving our body the innumerable lives it must have lived since the aeons which had no beginning? Will it go on growing and assimilating all it will come into touch with in eternity during the aeons which will have no end? Will it linger for some time about our earth, leading in regions invisible to our eyes a more and more noble and happy life, as theosophists and spiritualists maintain? Or will it go on to other planetary systems, emigrate to other worlds of which our senses do not even suspect the existence?

MASTERPIECE FOR THE WEEK

"THE ORDEAL OF RICHARD FEVEREL," BY GEORGE MEREDITH

THIS masterpiece of Meredith's is pre-eminently an epic of youth. The freshness, the audacity, the unconquerable courage of life's springtime bloom in the pages of "Richard Feverel." The hero has all the frankness and a touch of the healthy egotism of the British youth. He captures one from the start with his love of adventure, sudden outbursts of high spirit; above all, his capacity for friendship. Meredith shares with Dickens the rare capacity for reading a boy's secret wishes, understanding the desires and ambitions of his heart. It has been said that the Richard of later years fulfilled none of the promise of his schooldays, and that, like David Copperfield, the man shows no trace of the boy. Something of this we feel when, after Richard's marriage with Lucy, in defiance of his father's commands, he falls back on a policy of procrastination utterly at variance with the headstrong fervour characteristic of his boyish escapades, and of the unembarrassed candour with which he confesses to them.

It will be remembered that Richard was the victim of a system. His father, Sir Austin, believed in reducing everything to the level of a formula. He wished his boy early to learn life's lessons, and to read into them the finality of a proposition of Euclid. He leaves out the accident of emotion, however, and his schemes for the apotheosis of his son are upset by Dick's meeting with the daughter of a farmer, and, of Meredith's many brilliant women, the one that stands out as the most convincing and appealing is Lucy Feverel, as fresh and fragrant a creature as ever was created.

With a sublime acceptance of his genius, Meredith flings down a challenge in the title of the chapter dedicated to the lovers' first encounter. He calls this "Ferdinand and Miranda," and never since the love scenes in "The Tempest" has anything more exquisite been written. The flush of ecstasy touches the words with rose, and as we read we hear the lark singing in the blue of the middle heaven, and the reeds by the water side quiver in the breeze.

"The youth looked on her with a glowing eye. It was the First Woman to him.

"And she—mankind was all Caliban to her, saying
"So to each other said their changing eyes in the moment they stood together; he pale, and she blushing.

"She was, indeed, sweetly fair, and would have been held fair among rival damsels. On a magic shore, and to a youth educated by a system, strung like an arrow drawn to the head, he, it might be guessed, could fly fast and far with her. . . . The wide summer hat, nodding over her forehead to her brows, seemed to flow with the flowing heavy curls, and those fire-threaded, mellow curls, only half curls, waves of hair call them, rippling at the ends, went like a sunny, red-veined torrent down her back almost to her waist: a glorious vision to the youth, who embraced it as a flower of beauty and read not a feature. . . . Forward and back love's electric messenger rushed from heart to heart, knocking at each till it surged tumultuously against the bars of its prison, crying out for its mate. They stood trembling in unison, a lovely couple unto these fair heavens of the morning."

From this exquisite duet it is but a step to the declaration of their passion. There follows a clan-

destine marriage. Sir Austin is impossible and implacable. Richard feels that now, if ever, he should justify his father's system—the system that prepared him to judge things by their internal worth rather than their face value. And Lucy, for all she is a farmer's daughter, possesses a radiant spirit, an exquisite serenity of soul, in keeping with her fragrant beauty.

And on the marriage ensues the tragedy. Two young things launched in a great adventure, the husband feels his responsibility to his wife pull against his duty to his father. Sir Austin, with his diabolical system that seeks to reduce human nature to the level of a science, will only pardon his son on conditions. And the terms he makes is that Richard must consent to pass through a period of probation before he can earn forgiveness. He is to leave his young wife, part from the woman he loves with the strongest fibres of his nature, until such time as it shall please the "scientific humanist" to permit their reunion.

At first Richard flatly refuses the command. Lucy, under the counsel of Cousin Adrian, "the wise youth" who fulfils the function of an epigrammatic Greek chorus throughout the story, weakens his resolve. The exquisite art of Meredith is nowhere better shown than in the confidences between the young girl and the man of the world. She falls an easy prey to his suggestion, forms a passionate determination to justify Richard's choice in Sir Austin's eyes, and uses all her influence to send her husband from her.

And this brings us to the second act. Richard consents to go, and sets the seal of weakness on his character. The chapters dealing with his subsequent life in London are as fresh and as true as if they were written yesterday. Richard's opinions of men and things, the women he encounters, the experiences he meets, are told with a brilliancy of style that sets the novel on a pinnacle of artistic achievement.

Lack of space prevents our touching, save in the briefest fashion, on the daring episode between Richard and the woman whom Mrs. Berry—most imitable of landladies—calls "Belladonna." The name describes her; she is one of those feline creatures that are born to prey upon the vanity of ~~sore for his wife, sick in spirit with disappointment~~ and disillusion, surrenders to the woman's charms.

The culmination of the scene that leads up to Richard's downfall is rendered with a force that sweeps everything before it.

"As he looked down on her ~~beauty~~ not divine sorrow but a devouring jealousy sprang like fire in his breast, and set him rocking with horrid pain. He went closer to her pale, beseeching face. Her eyes drew him down. . . .

"Lost, Richard! Lost for ever! Give me up!"

"He cried: 'I never will!' and strained her in his arms, and kissed her passionately on the lips. . . .

"Not a word of love between them!"

"Was ever hero in this fashion won?"

The Belladonna was acting under the directions of a nobleman, by name Mountfalcon, and one of her friends.

My lord, meeting Lucy in the Isle of Wight, loses his head over her beauty, and later, to do him credit, feels for her a real emotion and respect. Finding

(Continued on page 110.)

KENSINGTON COLLEGE.

DIRECTOR'S TWENTY-SIXTH EASTER REPORT.

Five applications for the services of each qualified Student.

RAPIDLY GROWING DEMAND FOR LADY SECRETARIES.

Commercial Careers for 'Varsity and Public School Men.

We have been favoured by a copy of this interesting document, from which we learn that the past year has been by far the most prosperous in the history of the College. The unique distinctions of the Gold Medal and the Diploma of Honour for Secretarial and Commercial Training, awarded by the Jury of the Festival of Empire, 1911, to Kensington College, have now been duplicated by the Manchester Winter Exhibition, 1912-13.

During the first two months of term, an overwhelming number of applications was received for the services of Kensington College Graduates. Owing to the supply being unequal to the demand, it was only possible to partially satisfy it. Applications were for Resident Private Secretaries, some from Peeresses, one from an eminent Professor, other inquiries were from Clubs, Hospitals, well-known Journalists and Authors, and several from important City Companies.

In order to cope with the demand, it has been necessary to advertise again in the public Press, inviting applications from ex-Students of the College desirous of improving their position, but, from their point of view, it is doubtless satisfactory to be able to state that practically no response has been received; in fact, there is every reason to believe that not a single Graduate of Kensington College is unemployed, and further, that they have no wish to change their present satisfactory appointments.

During recent years several Students have been sent from College to positions in England and abroad, some even as far away as Japan, where Kensington College Students

have started an English Ladies' Club.

The question of Commercial Careers for 'Varsity and Public School men is now engaging public attention. The College has during Term been successful in securing for a 'Varsity man an introduction to an important position at a commencing salary of £150, leading up to an Assistant Directorship at a salary of £500 and upwards.

Kensington College is described by Sir Samuel Evans as "a progressive Institution." We may venture to go further and style it an educational force that is probably doing more for the progress of English Commerce to-day than we can anticipate from armaments. Practical training for the practical duties of life is the keynote of all work at this powerful institution. So great is the demand for the services of its graduates that during the last twenty-six years—in fact, ever since it was established—every qualified student has had a choice of at least half a dozen dignified and remunerative appointments from which to select a congenial career; a striking testimony to the efficiency of the College training. The result of a recent investigation by the College Accountant shows that the applications from employers for the services of the College Graduates exceeded the number of candidates available in the proportion of one hundred to fifteen. In other words, fifteen students had a choice of no fewer than one hundred appointments between them.

A College with such a record commands the most serious consideration of everyone, and a knowledge of the secret of its success is a valuable asset to all who are interested in the future of England's sons and daughters. The utterances of

eminent men assist us to probe that secret. The Earl of Lytton, when the full facts about the College were before him, found expression for his surprise in the phrase, "Have every hope all ye who enter here," an antithetical variation of Dante's famous inscription. Lord Lytton's words have been adopted as the motto of the College. A Knight of the Legion of Honour and an ex-President of the British Chamber of Commerce in Paris, when opening Winter Term recently, said, "As an Institution for the training of our future business men and women Kensington College stands first and foremost." Comment upon such pronouncements is superfluous; facts about the Institution which inspired them are more interesting and of greater value.

Kensington College was established twenty-six years ago, and during the last few years it has been located a short distance west of Paddington Station, at the corner of Gloucester Terrace and Bishop's Road, one of the most fashionable and healthy parts of the Metropolis. These premises, opened by Her Grace Katharine Duchess of Westminster, stand in their own grounds, every window faces trees or commands a view of beautiful gardens—an ideal situation for study. Modern languages hold a leading place among the subjects taught. Gratifying successes at the Examinations of the London Chamber of Commerce, the Royal Society of Arts, and other public bodies, testify to the thoroughness of the training in all departments of the curriculum.

The College watches over students' careers after they have left the Institution, assisting them to new appointments when necessary.

The Director is ever ready to give his advice on the subject of a suitable career for boy or girl personally or by post.

A card addressed to Miss E. V. Munford, Secretary, Kensington College, 34, Gloucester Gardens, London, W., will bring by return of post an Easter Report, an Illustrated Prospectus containing full particulars of the Guaranteed Appointment System, and an Illustrated Souvenir of the 21st anniversary, similar to those graciously accepted by Her Majesty Queen Alexandra, and Her Royal Highness Princess Louise Duchess of Argyll.

Students are now being enrolled for next term in order of receipt of their application.

Candidates desirous of Training under the only Gold Medal system extant, for a variety of appointments from which to select a congenial career, should write at once for Illustrated Prospectus and Souvenir, post free.

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Richard has left his wife, he designs to capture her for himself, and instructs the Belladonna to make Richard her own. But the latter makes the mistake of caring for Dick too much to ruin him; she refuses to establish permanent relations between them, and discreetly disappears. Richard, half mad with misery and remorse, is free to return to his wife and child; for by this time Sir Austin has been ameliorated by the advent of a thoroughly human and undoubtedly scientific grandson.

And then comes the final step in the tragedy. Belladonna tells Richard the part Lord Mountfalcon played, and Richard vows he shall pay for it. He will fight a duel and wipe out the insult by an appeal to arms.

On the eve of his departure to meet Mountfalcon on the Continent, he comes home—home to the wife he has forsaken, the child he has never seen. And the meeting between the man and woman is one of the most wonderful scenes ever written.

"Lucy, do you know why I came to you to-night?"

"She moved her lips, repeating his words.

"Lucy, have you guessed why I did not come before? . . . I did not come because I was not worthy of my wife! Do you understand?"

"Darling!" she faltered plaintively, . . . "what have I done to make you angry with me?"

"O beloved!" cried he, the tears bursting out of his eyes.

"O beloved!" was all he could say, kissing her hands passionately. . . .

"But you love me? Richard! my husband! you love me?"

He answers the appeal in broken words and tremulous caresses, and then, driven on by the whips of remorse and self-scorn, torn by the conflicting emotions of love and revenge, he tells her he must leave her and the child; and the faithful Berry, who has followed Lucy with devotion ever since her marriage, discovers the poor young mother sitting on the floor, senseless, her child in her lap.

The conclusion of the book cuts to the very quick of the soul. It is exquisitely painful to read, and arouses a passion of regret that in itself is a tribute to the genius of the man who could conceive it. Richard avenges his honour, fights his duel, is dangerously wounded, and is brought back to England raving in delirium. For a time the reader fears Richard will pass from his ordeal to death. But a worse fate remains for him; and the climax comes with a force of a personal loss upon the reader.

It is Lucy who dies. And the description of her end whips smarting tears to the eyes and brings a surge of pity and regret to the heart.

"Her last hold of reason was a thought for Richard. . . . Had she seen her husband a day or two before—but no, there was a new *system* to interdict that, or had she not so violently controlled her nature as she did, I believe she might have been saved. . . . Her cries at one time were dreadfully loud. She screamed that she was 'drowning in fire,' and that her husband would not come to save her. We deadened the sound as much as we could, but it was impossible to prevent Richard from hearing. . . . Whenever she called, he answered. You could not hear them without weeping."

"Have you noticed the expression in the eyes of blind men? That is just how Richard looks, as he lies there silent in his bed, striving to image her on his brain."

We feel, as we close the book, that for Richard life's ordeal has but just commenced.

SEX AND THE DRAMA

A REPLY

By D. E. OLIVER

THE appeal to history upon this subject in a recent issue of EVERYMAN by Arthur Owen Orrett—evoked in some measure by my book concerning "The English Stage," which he honours me by quoting—proves, albeit most wittily, little beyond the simple fact that dramatists from Æschylus to Galsworthy have, more or less in accordance with the conventions of their day, written about the eternal theme of vice and virtue in sexual relationships. Most folks agree that ethical standards change with changing time. The ideals of to-day may become the realities of to-morrow. The moral code of fifty years hence will, in all probability, differ considerably from that of 1913. Compare, for example, the recommendations set forth in the Majority Report of the recent Divorce Commission with those outlined in the Minority Report.

"Is there any future for the sexless drama?" writes Mr. Orrett. Obviously not. Some relationship between the sexes, individual or collective, actual or implied, must of necessity be a factor of greater or less importance in every play. However, to do Mr. Orrett justice, he makes his position clear enough when he asks if there is "no room for plays of which the mainspring is ambition, or political upheaval, or financial crisis, or social wrong and economic helplessness?" To this I reply, "Aye! room enough and to spare."

Shaw, Galsworthy, and Barker may fairly be considered the pioneers, as far as this country is concerned, of a new dramatic movement, and they certainly deal, upon the whole, with real problems, both social and economic, in as sincere, searching, and sympathetic a manner as stage convention and a ridiculous censorship allow. It is beside the question for Mr. Orrett to twit me with the fact that in "The Eldest Son" Galsworthy departs from the standard subject of "The Silver Box," "Strife," and "Justice," because these very sex problems—or shall we say with him "sex-obsessions"?—are so closely interwoven with the texture of modern society, and can be unravelled only so far as we are prepared to change existing conditions, or, in other words, to attack the root of our social evils.

When I wrote that 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, or the copybook sentiment of the "teacup and saucer" school, I was not so much concerned as to the virility or utility of sex-drama so called, but rather more keenly intent upon proving the utter unreality of it all.

"The great dramatist," says Shaw, "has something better to do than amuse either himself or his audience. He has to interpret life." It is common knowledge that Shakespeare promulgated the same truth when he wrote his famous *vade mecum* for players. Now, to hold the mirror up to nature, or to concern themselves with the verities or realities of life, was the last thing that entered the minds of our mid-Victorian makers of "sausage-drama" (I congratulate Mr. Orrett—verily a good and happy phrase), or even that of the latter Victorians, whose aim was primarily to be "theatrical." Rarely, save by accident, were they at all natural. They studied stage exigencies rather than attempted delineations of real life.

In considering, therefore, the question so ably raised by Mr. Orrett, it is important to remember that no

objection on the part of any earnest social reformer is offered to plays dealing with licit or illicit sexual relationship, always provided the problem is tackled in sincerity and truth.

Musical comedy, in common with the Restoration drama, treats the matter of irregular sexual relations as a huge joke. Pinero dramatises sex questions seriously enough at times, but rarely, as Mr. Orrett truly remarks, goes to the kernel. Shaw, on the other hand, under the cover of brilliant dialogue and penetrating witticism, probes deep down to the seat of disorders, showing men and women to be, more often than otherwise, the victims of a vicious environment which is the natural sequel of society as at present constituted.

I am not sure that I quite agree with Mr. Orrett in regarding "Candida" as a better play than "Widowers' Houses"; but, even so, the main point which the dramatist wishes to urge is the iniquity of our denial to woman of that political equality with man which more than any other cause keeps her in economic bondage to him, and compels her in very sooth to make marriage a trade.

What, then, is the cause of that sexual looseness which keeps the divorce and coroners' courts busy, and incidentally provides the usual stock-in-trade of the average "commercial" playwright, who, doubtless with Mr. Orrett, regards the sex-motive as normal in drama?

Is it not that modern capitalism breeds everywhere a class of rich drones leading aimless lives of luxury and pleasure, and who frequently seek refuge from a nauseating ennui in the stimulus of illicit or abnormal sexual connections? To support these idlers in a life of vacuous and vicious indulgence millions of men, women, and children are condemned to labour long hours for miserable pay under conditions which, in spite of much beneficent ameliorative legislation, contribute day by day to the black harvest of destitution, disease, crime, prostitution, and premature death which year by year our social system entails.

Have we a dramatist who dares tell the truth? That is the question. There are some playwrights undoubtedly prepared to do this, but two great obstacles block the way to any real advance in sincere, searching but sympathetic exploitation of social and economic difficulties as themes for the dramatist. One arises from the common acceptance of the theatre as in the main a source of mere amusement, and therefore primarily a commercial speculation; the other and, alas! more formidable barrier, which every sincere dramatist detests, is that effete and ridiculous censorship which the dull, listless apathy of a sheep-like British public alone tolerates and endures.



IN MEMORIAM: GEORGE MEREDITH

Died May 18, 1909

PROPHET of love's ideal in human kind,
 Dauntless unraveller of the twisted skein,
 You wove your web of happiness and pain
 And hope's frail thread to which we erst were blind.
 A soul undaunted, beaten by the wind,
 Ever you strove the loftier heights to gain;
 But now we name you with the illustrious slain,
 Yielding, with heads bowed down and hearts resigned,
 To this the Universal Conqueror's claim;
 Not in the pain of unattained desire,
 But in the wonder of the task complete,
 Because you taught our spirits to aspire,
 We lay this trophy humbly at your feet—
 The deathless glory of an honoured name.

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THE SPIDER * * *

BY ANDRÉ THEURIET

DID you ever notice in autumn, when the trellises are festooned with ripe grapes and the leaves on the bushes are turning red, large, delicate spiderwebs, whose design is both perfectly geometrical and also artistic, frail, transparent traceries like the finest of lace, strung with dewdrops like the tiniest of pearls and lasting barely for a day? These elaborate, diaphanous embroideries, to which the peasants near me give the beautiful name of *arantèles*, are the work of an industrious spider which has a plump, round body adorned with a pale gold cross and bears the scientific name of *épeire diadème*. This spider has a perfect passion for work, and her manners are so original as perpetually to pique my curiosity. I say "her" manners, because it is the female of this species of arachnida that plays the most interesting part; she alone is the spinner, and works from dawn to dark to earn her living by the sword. The male is merely a thin, slender insect, who spends his brief existence in wandering about on the edges of the webs, timidly making proffer of his services as a husband, and often risking his skin in this perilous profession. When he makes his awkward advances on the web spun by the lady of the house he cautiously shakes one of her threads as an announcement of his presence and then retires precipitately if he perceives that the spinster is too much absorbed in her industry to be in the mood for gallantries. When, by chance, the lady is willing and the ardent swain finds that his hour has come, she condescends to receive him, and they become a happy pair on the spot. Their love-making is short and there is no lingering over it. The moment it is accomplished, the lady, who looks on every minute as precious, considers her lover a thing of no value and brutally turns him out. But, on the other hand, if he has arrived at the wrong moment, and persists with a foolish obstinacy, woe betide him! In the twinkling of an eye she seizes him bodily and winds a network of her threads around him, and the would-be lover is devoured on the spot by the scornful and ruthless amazon.

Two years ago I came early to the Riviera, and I was living in a villa halfway up the hill between La Turbia and Rocabruna. It was the middle of October, and a great year for the diadem spiders. Their webs stretched along every road between the branches of the roses and the spiked leaves of the aloes, and I spent many a long hour watching the habits of the laborious web-spinners.

One morning I set out on foot to breakfast in Mentone, and, on my way, near the forks of the road from Monte Carlo to Rocabruna, I halted to look at an *epeira* busy at her work of spinning. The spider had already set up the polygonal circumference of her tracery and stretched the threads radiating to it from the centre. Now, with intense earnestness, head down and abdomen up, she was spinning the concentric circles of her network, and I was admiring the swift deftness with which she pulled out her thread, stretched it with one of her feet, and glued it firmly to each successive radius. At this moment I heard a step behind me, and a voice said, "A brave spider, monsieur, and not in the least afraid of work."

I turned round, and saw before me a man neither young nor old, tall and thin, with blue eyes having a somewhat sleepy expression in them. Long, grizzled whiskers adorned his face, which certainly might be called distinguished, but seemed faded, not to say

wasted. An ulster, half-unbuttoned, disclosed that he was in evening dress, and had probably been up all night. He had the address of a gentleman, but the haggard features, the faded complexion, and a certain febrile nervousness about him betrayed an internal wastage, due to the corrosive effect of some inveterate and uncontrollable passion.

"Yes," repeated my unknown friend, lightly raising his hat, "a valiant little animal, this spider! She never is fool enough to throw the handle after the hatchet. . . . Only fancy, monsieur, that last night, starting for Monte Carlo. . . ."

He must have noticed my glance at his coat and his white tie, for he interrupted himself with the ghost of a pale smile.

"You are surprised to see me in evening dress at this hour of the morning? I have been spending the night below there, first at the 'big place' and then at the club. . . . And, to be frank with you, I'd have done better to go home!"

I was right; my unknown friend cherished in his bosom the most besetting of passions, the love of gaming. He had the nervous loquacity of the gambler, and the usual mania for holding forth to the first-comer on his good or bad luck.

"The whole night," he repeated, "I had the luck dead against me. Not one of my numbers came up. Now, yesterday evening, as I was starting, I passed by here and saw this very spider sitting in the middle of her perfect web. I don't know what possessed me, but with one wave of my stick I stupidly destroyed the frail tracery spread out there in the sunset light. . . . It brought me no luck, for, as I told you, I found my luck was clean out! . . . A regular Waterloo, what!"

He broke off to watch the insect busy over her task. "Admirable little creature!" cried he. "There she is, courageously repairing my misdeed of yesterday; she does not lose heart; she gives me a lesson. . . . I was intending to go home first and refresh myself; but I should have to endure the questionings and lamentations of my family, and that would turn the luck against me afresh. I have some louis still in my pocket, and, besides, I can always borrow from Charles, the hotel-keeper, at the Café de Paris. Would you oblige me?"

He took a pencil and card from his pocket and scribbled a few words on it; then he turned to me:

"You see that rose-coloured villa nestling among the lemon orchards? . . . That's my house. If you would kindly go up there and give the card to my servant, and say that it is from Count Paprocki. . . . That will set my wife at ease, and I can go back to roulette with a clear conscience. Au revoir, monsieur, and many thanks. . . . Ah, excuse me."

He had twisted a piece of paper into a cone, and, before I could make out what he was up to, he had deftly caught the spider in the middle of her net, popped her into it, and very carefully stowed her away in his pocket.

"That will be my mascot," said he.

He put his heels together, bowed, twirled round and started back to Monte Carlo.

All that remained for me to do was to acquit myself of the commission so oddly entrusted to me. I went up the lemon avenue and rang at the rose-coloured villa. As I handed Count Paprocki's card to the footman, I saw the curtain of a ground-floor window

drawn partly aside; I had a glimpse of the pale, anxious face of a young woman; then the curtain was drawn again, and I set out once more for Mentone.

Two days later, at Monte Carlo, as I was walking in the garden in front of the Casino, I found myself again in the presence of Count Paprocki. He was coming down the Casino steps with a triumphant air. He knew me and, coming up, offered his hand.

"Thank you once more, monsieur! You see before you a man who can win all the money he wants. I was right not to lose heart, and the spider brought me luck. I have just played the maximum on zero, and zero came up twice running. These two days the luck has never left me. . . . So, in memory of this brave spider, I have had a pin made just like her."

He pointed to a pin in his scarf, the head of which was an *épeire diadème*, and then, with a bow, he went his way, triumphantly swinging his stick.

Twice or thrice afterwards I saw him from a distance in the gaming-rooms; then I was suddenly called away to Paris, and left La Turbia before the end of the season.

The next October saw me there again, and one morning, walking along the road to Rocabrana, I recognised the rose-coloured villa with its lemon-shaded alleys. The shutters were up and the garden seemed deserted; but what caught my eye was a new white cross of marble at the entrance to the avenue, with no inscription visible save two initials and a date.

I saw a man breaking stones beside the road, and asked him what the monument was for.

"That," answered he, "is the tomb of a count who lived in the villa there on your right. A fine fellow, monsieur, who had but one fault, he was too fond of play. And he was a little off his head. Just fancy! He couldn't see a spider when he was going to play without putting it into his pocket. He said the creatures helped him to win. All the same, he was completely ruined. One morning, on his way home, he sat down just there and coolly blew out his brains. He left his wife and children nothing but eyes to weep with. Poor lady, she had that cross put up to him, nevertheless, before they went away."

I went up to the cross. The newly cut surface of the marble sparkled in the sun, and across one of its angles on *épeire diadème* was weaving her web with calm deliberation. Backwards and forwards she travelled in perfect confidence. You would have sworn she knew that now she had nothing to fear from the dead gambler below, with his mad fancy for collecting spiders in the guise of mascots.—
Translated by R. B. Townshend.



THE MUSE IN EXILE*

THOSE who have stood with Mr. William Watson beside "Wordsworth's Grave," listening to the Rotha as it whispers its shy secrets to the hills, will lay down his new volume of poems with surprise and disappointment. Hitherto, Mr. Watson has brought us peace; now he brings us a sword, and he has even steeped its blade in acid. Once he led us beside still waters; now he comes, armed to the teeth, thrusting his

* "The Muse in Exile." By William Watson. 3s. 6d. net. (London: Herbert Jenkins, Ltd.)

weapons of satire and scorn, right and left, into the ranks of his readers, and routing out unfortunate critics and politicians from their citadels of assumed authority. In a word, Mr. Watson is labouring under a delusion; and, if we except a few love songs and nature poems, which breathe the familiar austerity of charm, the whole of the present volume, including the introductory essay, which has been delivered as a lecture to American audiences, lies, in unrelieved gloom, beneath its shadow.

The misconception which oppresses—and, indeed, one might almost say paralyses—Mr. Watson's mind is the idea that England is on the decline through her absolute apathy towards poetry, and this, he maintains, is due to the wilful betrayal of the reviewers, who, with mutinous hands, have torn into shreds the old standards of literary criticism.

"Verse—a light handful—verse again I bring;
Verse that perhaps had glowed with lustier hues
Amid more fostering air: for it was born
In the penurious sunshine of an Age
That does not stone her prophets, but, alas,
Turns, to their next of kin, the singers, oft
An ear of stone: in bare, bleak truth an Age
That banishes the poets, as he of old,
The great child of the soul of Socrates,
Out of his visionary commonwealth
Banished them; for she drives them coldly forth
From where alone they yearn to live—her heart;
Scourges them with the scourge of apathy,
From out her bosom's rich metropolis.
To a distant, dreary province of her thoughts,
A region grey and pale."

That is the main burden both of the verse and the prose contained in this volume; and it must be admitted that it makes cheerless reading. The more one cries for the star, the more discontented is one likely to become with the earth; and we choose to think that it is the very intensity with which Mr. Watson yearns for an England where, from end to end of the land, poetry shall be duly honoured by all classes that causes him to exaggerate the present comparative indifference with which it is regarded. That it *is* regarded with comparative indifference no competent judge would deny; but those who have their fingers well on the pulse of the literary world can testify that the emphasis lies on the "comparative." Society has been remoulding itself to such a radical extent during the last twenty-five years that it would probably be impossible for any man of letters to loom so largely in the public eye to-day as did some of the giants of the Victorian age in their day—even had we any such giants. But it is certainly a fact that we have, at the present time, a select band of true, if not outstanding, poets, whose work never lacks quite a reasonable measure of appreciation. Mr. Watson himself has always had a loyal audience; and the names of other poets readily occur to the mind whose volumes are awaited by a considerable public with eager interest; while those who keep a weather-eye upon the literary horizon report fairer conditions ahead.

No! Things are not so bad, after all! Clouds may gather across Parnassus, as across Helvellyn; but the spirit of poetry is eternal and inextinguishable as the sun. We close this volume with the feeling that it is Mr. Watson's own muse that is in exile; and, with the gracious memory of his former work fragrant and fresh in the mind, we hope that a full flood-tide of inspiration will very quickly surge in and rescue it from the unfertile shores where it would seem for the moment to lie captive.

GILBERT THOMAS.

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LITERARY NOTES

WHAT, I wonder, is going to be the future of the *Blue Review*? This is a new literary monthly, the first number of which appeared on May 1st. Considering that not a few magazines (some of them old-established and ably conducted) have ceased publication during the past few years, one may be forgiven for being sceptical about new ventures of this sort. But I make an exception in the case of the *Blue Review*, which marks a new development in the management of English literary magazines. It will be conducted on co-operative principles. The idea is not exactly original, for certain French magazines are successfully worked on these lines. Indeed, it is this fact which has emboldened a band of young English writers to try the experiment.

* * * * *

The contributors to the *Blue Review* have bound themselves to write regularly for the magazine, without payment, for a period of nine months, at the end of which time a profit-sharing scheme comes into operation. Under this scheme all the profits, after the deduction of working expenses, will be divided among the contributors. Of course, it does not necessarily follow that what has succeeded in France will succeed here, but, on the whole, I am inclined to be optimistic, more especially as the *Blue Review* has made an excellent start.

* * * * *

My recent paragraph on Dr. Russel Wallace's literary performance at the age of ninety has brought me a letter calling attention to an equally remarkable case. I refer to Mr. A. B. Todd, the *doyen* of Scottish journalists. Mr. Todd, who is now in his ninety-second year, was a nonagenarian when he corrected the proofs of his "Covenanting Pilgrimages" (Oliphant, Anderson and Ferrier), a book which exhibits more of the Covenanting spirit than any other work with which I am acquainted. I am glad to learn that Mr. Todd, despite his ninety-two years, is still doing a considerable amount of literary and journalistic work.

* * * * *

A paragraph is going the rounds to the effect that Mr. A. J. Balfour's irregular attendance at the House of Commons is due to the fact that he is busy writing a book on political economy. It may be so, but I suspect the real reason is that the ex-Premier is grappling with the subject-matter of his Gifford Lectures, which are to be delivered at no distant date. In this matter Mr. Balfour is following in the footsteps of his political adversary, Lord Haldane, who, ten years ago, delivered a brilliant course of Gifford lectures, which were afterwards published under the title of "The Pathway to Reality."

* * * * *

One of the best selling books at present is "Later Reminiscences," by the widow of the late Principal Story, of Glasgow University. Dr. Story was for more than a generation a leader in the Established Church of Scotland, and at all times a redoubtable ecclesiastic. As a royal chaplain he was a yearly visitor at Balmoral in Queen Victoria's time, and, as minister for nearly thirty years of the beautiful parish of Roseneath, on the Clyde, he was an intimate friend of the Argyll family. A long list of distinguished people, beginning with Mrs. Oliphant, visited the Roseneath manse, and it is no exaggeration to say that Dr. and Mrs. Story, for a considerable period, met a great many people who were well worth knowing. Mrs. Story had, therefore, plenty of excellent

material for a book of the anecdotal order, and she has made good use of it. The work is being widely quoted, and I am not surprised.

* * * * *

Mr. Murray is publishing immediately a half-crown edition of a little book, the demand for which has never ceased since its publication some fifteen years ago. This is "The Five Windows of the Soul," being a popular account of the human senses by the late Mr. E. H. Aitken, who had many friends both in India and in this country. It is a book of marked originality, and stimulating in the highest degree. Among those who, like myself, had the privilege of knowing Mr. Aitken, he was regarded as a man of virile intellect and winsome personality—a man whose excessive modesty and distrust of his own abilities kept him from playing a notable part as a thinker and as a writer. He was cultured in the best sense of the word, his knowledge being wide, exact, and always available, while his style exhibited a literary finish which was surprising in one who wrote comparatively little.

* * * * *

The centenary of the birth of Robert Murray M'Cheyne, the famous Scottish preacher, occurs on May 21st. M'Cheyne was only thirty when he died, but he lived long enough to exert an evangelical influence that is felt to this day. His biography, written by Dr. Andrew Bonar, was published along with a selection of his sermons and addresses in 1844 under the title of "Memoir and Remains of Robert Murray M'Cheyne." Nearly 170,000 copies of this work have been sold, while large editions of the Life (without the Sermons) have also been called for. A centenary edition of the Life has just been published by Messrs. Oliphant, Anderson and Ferrier, while a centenary edition of the "Memoir and Remains" will be issued by the same firm in a few days. For the latter, Principal Whyte, of New College, Edinburgh, has written a commendatory note.

* * * * *

"The Tragedy of Education" is the title of a little volume which Messrs. Constable are publishing shortly. The author, Mr. Edmond Holmes, a well-known educationist, starts with the assumption that much of the present-day system of education must inevitably be consigned to the melting-pot. He not only discusses the defects of existing educational methods, but the means by which, in his opinion, they may be remedied. The book also outlines the work done by Madame Montessori, whose system is attracting so much attention at the present time. Mr. Holmes' work ought to prove helpful in guiding the movement for reform towards a wise issue.

* * * * *

Motley recounted brilliantly the history of the rise of the Dutch Republic. Now we are to have a work tracing the growth of the factors that led to its final fall a century later. The book is entitled "The Fall of the Dutch Republic," the author is Mr. H. W. van Loon, and the publishers are Messrs. Constable.

* * * * *

Messrs. Jack announce "The Battlefields of Scotland." The northern kingdom is rich in battlefields, and I am surprised the subject has not attracted some brilliant pen ere now. The author is Mr. T. C. F. Brothie, who professes to deal in picturesque fashion with those scenes which witnessed the long and bitter struggle for national and religious freedom. Mr. Brothie illustrates his volume with a series of drawings, the result of a tour of the Scottish battlefields.

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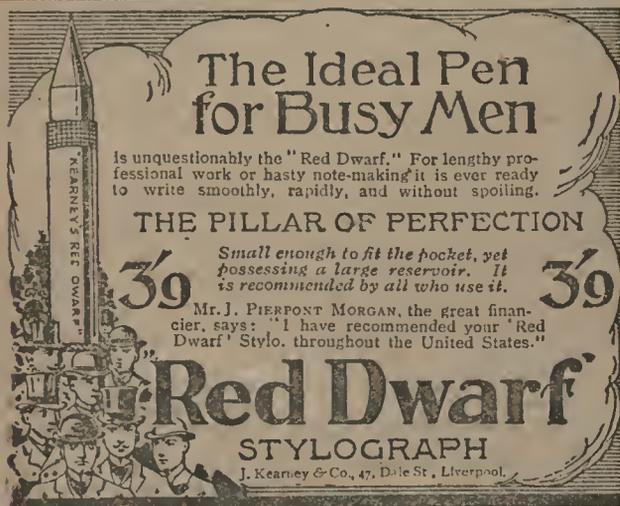
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CORRESPONDENCE

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Owing to the large number of letters received it is necessary for correspondents to write briefly if their letters are to appear.

IS THE HUMAN BRAIN DEGENERATING?
To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—“This scientific and sociological clairvoyance is a kind of parlour game for literary persons which is more amusing than profitable.” So says Mr. Sidney Low in his article, “Is Our Civilisation Dying?” in the *Fortnightly Review* for April, in reference to a recent book by one Dr. Hubbard on the lines of Mr. Hubert Bland's article, “Is the Human Brain Degenerating?” Mr. Low's comment is equally applicable to the latter: it is “a parlour game for literary persons.”

The “rules” of the game are these:—

1. Two clever parents produce clever offspring.
2. One stupid parent spoils all.
3. You are required to answer the following questions:—

(a) John Shakespeare having been something of a fool, what sort of person was his son William?

(b) William's children having proved to be nobodies, what sort of person was Ann Hathaway, (1) if William was the clever fellow he is reputed to have been, (2) if he was the ignoramus the Baconians say he was?

4. The answers must be more or less in accordance with rules 1 and 2, but the wittiest answer wins. If the party cannot agree on the winner, the matter is referred to Mr. Bland, whose decision is final.

I submit the following answers:—

- (a) A bigger.
- (b) (1) An idiot.
- (2) A fit wife for such a noodle.

Some of your readers may like to join in the fun. The game is also profitable—if it sends you to your biographical books of reference. By the time you have looked up the parentage of any half-dozen of the world's greatest literary men, you will have come to the humble, un-Bland-like conclusion that genius, that wonderful flower, bloweth, if not where it listeth, yet in most unexpected places; that it is not altogether “the result of certain external conditions,” but is due, in part at least, to “some inward impulsion, some mysterious life-force, coming we know not whence, going we know not whither.”

Mr. Bland was obviously holding a brief. Let us hear the advocate on the other side—say Mr. Sidney Low.—I am, sir, etc., EDWIN SYKES.
Huddersfield.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—It is astounding to realise the blind optimism of your correspondents on the above subject.

If I may assume that Mr. Bland is referring to mental brain-power—a purely abstract thing—not to physical brain or brawn, that is found in the human skull, as a teacher, I am amazed that, at a time when we are officially told that England is going behind every other nation in Europe on the question of education, it could be said brain power is developing.

Every thoughtful teacher in England knows that brain power, which is the result of natural intelligence, is lying idle through a false conception of education. It is brawn, not brain power, that is exercised. We can't have our cake and eat it. The reason for the loss of brain power in England is a simple matter of logic. “It is no trifle that is at stake,”

said Epictetus, at a time like the present, when the young bloods among the Pagans were lying idle, and they had no higher conception of life than "bread and games." "The thing is, are you in your senses or are you not?" History has answered the question.

Work and genius are indissolubly connected. Edison, on being asked to what he attributed his genius, replied: "It was two per cent. genius and ninety-eight per cent. hard work." Every mental effort has its development in brain power. If the effort, strenuous and continuous, be not made, Nature does not build up the power to think or to reason. One of the first psychological axioms we learnt at college in the past was, "Never do anything for children that they can do for themselves. Show them the way, then leave them to climb it alone." The modern child does not know practically the meaning of the word "task."

The Germans, we read, are the "brainiest people in Europe." If they are, they undoubtedly make their own brains. The methods of training in elementary schools in Germany to-day are, in vital matters, exactly those which we followed in the past instinctively, in training according to Nature's laws which she has written on the human heart. If we follow the promptings of Nature in secular education, that is, the secular work, that equips mankind with trained mental gifts, we find that the moral laws are a natural corollary of true education.—I am, sir, etc.,
Stoke Newington, N. A SECULAR TEACHER.

ENTERPRISE IN BUSINESS.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Although I had not the good fortune to read the article in EVERYMAN on "Socialism and Business Enterprise," there are one or two points in connection with Mr. W. A. Finch's letter of recent date which seem to call for some further explanation.

Mr. Finch is evidently very much concerned about those people who are wavering, as it were, on the brink of Socialism, and who must be saved at any cost from taking a plunge into the depths of the doctrines of revolution.

Now, as I am sure that all of us who have already taken the plunge will be filled with alarm on reading Mr. Finch's letter, with its suggestions of hidden perils, he will be performing a great service by pointing out some of those dangers in order that they may be already and irretrievably damned, that haply he may save others from a like awful fate.

In order to avoid any chance of misunderstanding, perhaps it is best to state at once and plainly in reality. First, they desire that every man, woman, and child shall be properly housed, clothed, and fed. Has Mr. Finch any quarrel to pick with that? Then they say that the benefits of education and culture should be open to everyone, and not, as at present, the monopoly of those "who toil not, neither do they spin." Moreover, these same Socialists look with horror on the long roll of crime, prostitution, child labour, and other evils which they believe to be the inevitable result of a (misnamed) society, where every man's hand is against his neighbour's. To them the sacrifice of human beings, body and soul, on the altar of progress is revolting, and contrary to all the teachings of all the world's greatest philosophers and moralists, including that Christ in whom men profess to believe, but to whom they render only lip-service. In short, the Socialists are struggling towards a great

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Naturally, Mr. Levison has already communicated his discovery to the scientific Press, and that old-established warmly approves of his clever discovery, and advises all who have weak or failing sight to write to him for the particulars he is for the time being prepared to send to anyone who will write him enclosing a penny stamp for reply. For your convenience the Coupon below may be filled in and posted for the particulars of the new discovery which restores weak or failing sight.

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and beautiful ideal, which may be called the Kingdom of God, and for the realisation of which they claim the assistance of all good and noble men and women.

As a last word, and as I know that Mr. Finch will say that our ideal is beyond reach, that Christ was an idle dreamer, with no practical knowledge of the world, and that the methods we propose “will not work,” I ask him to take a walk through some of the slums of East London, and then tell us solemnly and truly if he considers that the present system works. Further, I would respectfully present for his careful and thoughtful examination the proposition that, in order to attain these ideals, it is only necessary to make men believe in them, and that is precisely what we Socialists are trying to do, thereby apparently causing Mr. Finch much uneasiness.

With many apologies for taking up so much of your valuable space, I am, sir, etc.,

Addiscombe, Croydon.

R. C. DOODY.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—The discipline which your correspondent, “Manager from the Ranks,” deploras being absent is a different thing from the discipline originally understood by the word. To-day it does not mean conforming to rules necessary for the welfare of the community, but obedience to certain economic canons, of which, seeing that so large a number of the population are always on the verge of starvation, the least that can be said is that they are both cruel and false. These canons, teaching, as they do, that the worker can expect a bare subsistence only, are commonly supposed to hold the secret of national prosperity; and it is obedience to this doctrine which passes muster as discipline. Shade of Philosophy! “Manager” says that the evil conditions of the workers are due to lack of discipline, *i.e.*, they do not submit with sufficient docility to the rule and system which give to the employer and organiser all the rare and refreshing fruits of intellectual and material production, and to the employed (the disciplined) a minimum immunity from pauperism.

It must be borne in mind that the happier position of the employer and the organiser is not due to a natural superiority in intellectual capacity. They are no more naturally born intellectual aristocrats than the worker is a naturally born servitor. The difference is due mainly to the educational and money-grabbing facilities which each respects. These facilities offer to the one opportunities to enter positions where moderate efficiency is rewarded with all the solid delights that are within reach of the well-being permitted to live—and being disciplined.—I am, sir, etc.,

“DISCIPLINED.”

Jarrow-on-Tyne,

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Will you permit me to controvert some of the statements raised in your issue for April 25th by a “Manager from the Ranks” and “Individualist”?

Your correspondents assert that Individualism is the only system capable of providing efficient “organisation, management, industry, initiative, to say nothing of character, loyalty, and other individual merits.”

Let me state the problem. Given a country and a people, how can we—the people—organise the activities of the whole people so as to produce the highest welfare of all?

Individualistic method: Liverpool has 15,000

dockers. Number required daily—8,000 to 10,000. Result: chaos; at least 5,000 unemployed daily; cheap labour; appalling suffering and degradation of character and efficiency.

Socialistic method: all industry so organised—shorter hours, sessional trades, etc., etc.—that every man would be employed, and would earn a full week's wages all the year round.

As to Initiative, the genius must invent, or write, or compose. The best work is done for little or no money. Under Socialism every person would have the opportunity of working and developing his capacities to the fullest. Given security for a decent existence, most men and women would scorn to work for the mere purpose of gain. It is only the competitive scramble for a living which makes people seemingly avaricious. Socialism would make life secure, and so set free the higher instinct of helpfulness.

It is admitted that Responsibility builds up Character. At present the majority of people have few opportunities of exercising and developing Responsibility. Their activities are ordered by the owners of land and capital, who *permit* the workers to live under a roof, and to work. The millions dare not live, work, think, and read as they would like to do. Socialism means Liberty for all individuals—liberty to live and work, liberty to enjoy fair wages, liberty to express thoughts, liberty to develop one's individuality to the fullest, so long as one does not encroach on the equal liberty of the others.

Under Individualism you cannot be moral. If you do not directly lie, rob, bear false witness, murder, it is only because someone else does it for you. Rent is robbery; interest is robbery; unearned increment is robbery; goods bought cheap at the cost of human life is murder; your whole life is a cowardly compromise. Socialism would harmonise principle and practice.

I have not attempted to prove how Socialism would do these things. I am prepared to do so at the proper time. What I have shown is that Individualism does not provide for the highest welfare of all people.—I am, sir, etc.,

HAROLD A. M. BRANGHAM.

Golder's Green, N.W.

PACIFISM AND IMPERIALISM.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—The article on "Pacifism and Imperialism," by Enrico Corradini, in your issue of April 25th, seems open to criticism on many aspects, which I have neither the time nor space to deal with now. His classification, for instance, of pacifists is absurd; he has forgotten the fourth and most important class, viz., those who are pacifists from an economic and social point of view, without either sentimentality or bombast. I can only deal here with his principal point.

The main proposition which this writer appears to maintain may be summed up in his sentence, "Wars of conquest pour new life into a country," etc. But do they? He instances Italy's conquest of Tripoli, but Tripoli had been conquered by war many times before, and where was the new life? The Turks conquered Tripoli by war, and where was the new life then? and so on. What he appears to mean is that when Italy conquers a country new life is poured in. This seems to resemble the ideas of jingo Englishmen, who imagine that Providence designed the British nation to conquer all sorts of foreign countries for those countries' good.

A war of conquest may be followed by an inflow of new life and energy into the conquered country, and it

A Remarkable Letter

from an Eminent Anatomist.

43, Russell Square, London.

Dear Mr. Cox,—Your lessons, or, rather, the explanation of your ideas as to the training of the power of memory, have given me the most intense pleasure, and I KNOW that you have got down to rockbottom truth in your ideas, and that you have developed the ONE correct plan to which to work for the purpose of memory training. You need have no fear with regard to the correctness of your physiology, which is correct in every detail, and your system is, I am sure, the correct method of thoroughly impinging upon the brain cells and causing them to react in response to the impulses sent to them. You see that you call into play the work of the nerve endings in the cells by force of will in the same manner in which they would be called into play by the senses through the organs of the eyes, ears, and fingers, and the impulse stops in the brain without being sent out again and dissipated in the use of those organs, which is naturally more or less of a drain upon the body.

Your system also compels concentration in three or perhaps more distinct ways, and I have always been of opinion that the reason of all poor memory was the inability to concentrate, and you have been able to explain in a very few words a threefold means of concentration which must be more than threefold more value than a single means.

I am quite sure that your system pursued will result in a strengthening of the nerve tissues involved in the act of storing impressions in the brain, and as use develops any tissue, so it will develop brain tissue also.

In each of us is the power of memory. It is only atrophied for want of exercise. It is a physiological law that what is not used begins immediately to atrophy, and we have allowed many of our powers to atrophy by lack of use, particularly the power of storing impressions.

I am quite sure also that your system will be of the very greatest assistance in maintaining and even in restoring the health of the physical tissues.—Yours sincerely, J. J. MAY.

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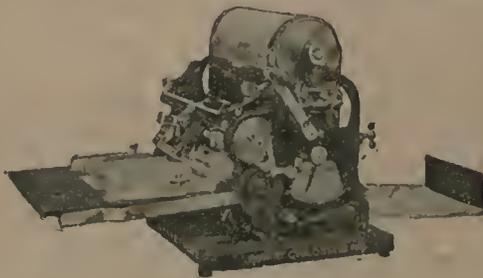
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may not. That is the danger of allowing such a means to such a precarious end. This writer's main proposition is only true on chance occasions, and, like all such appeals to physical force, is capable of unlimited and very dangerous extension.

The only other point I can refer to here is this. It is not necessary to have a war of conquest to pour new life into a country. Consider how British—and other—capital has poured new life into the Argentine without any war of conquest. The only wars in that region of South America among the governing powers are deterrents, not aids to business, and these powers are beginning to see the folly of such wars.

Enrico Corradine's arguments appear to be just the same old arguments in a new "Imperial" form, and, if he has an influence on Italian thought, I regret it is not devoted to other and, to my mind, better ends.—I am, sir, etc.,

W. EDWARD MEADS.

Bexhill-on-Sea, April 27th, 1913.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Signor Corradini's article on "Pacifism and Imperialism" so aptly exposes the mind of the so-called Imperialist all over the world, and is so full of florid generalities, half truths, and misapplied analogies, that I suspect your letter-bag will be filled with attacks on one or other of the pseudo-arguments used by the writer. I would, however, presume on your generosity to place before your readers the views of a plain man on the subject.

Firstly, the three kinds of pacifists. I quite agree that war is harmful to the interests of the large majority of financiers and plutocrats, and that if it were otherwise the probability that they would become war advocates is proved by the armour-plate ring scandals now being exposed in Germany.

As regards the sole reason put forward to explain the attitude of Socialists to war, I do not think Signor Corradini will find one man in a thousand to take his statement seriously. Little as I may accept the Socialist programme as a practicable or advantageous policy, there is no doubt in my mind or in that of the majority of unbiassed inquirers that Socialists throughout the world are dominated by the desire to secure better life conditions for the majority. That being so, it would be necessary for your contributor first to prove that war was other than harmful or merely ineffectual in its results on the life of that majority before he could put forward the shadow of a reason for stating that Socialists were acting falsely to their ideals in opposing warfare, or that they do so solely in the interests of class-warfare.

The long argument that war is the quickening force of the world, as peace is its organising and conserving force, is plainly founded upon an amazing misconception of the teachings of biology. To attempt to uphold so untenable a theory as that war between nations is in these days merely a further illustration of the world-old law of the survival of the fittest would seem impossible except to one blinded by the glamour of a recent war.

As regards individuals, war is, of course, the decay or destruction of the fittest. No country sends its weakest or consumptive or feeble-minded citizens to fight its battles. No, such citizens remain at home to reproduce their defects in the next generation while the stronger and sounder units go forth to possible and sometimes certain destruction.

To the statement that "war, whether it manifests itself as war or as revolution, is the force which renews our social organisms," it is only necessary to ask its application to the continual wars and revolutions

of some of the Republics in South America. I quite agree with Signor Corradini that revolutions, taken in the bulk, where they are revolutions against a form of tyranny, do revive social organisms, and that wars undertaken for the same purpose, such as the Italian war of unity fifty years ago and the present Balkan war, answer his assumption, but I totally deny his statement as an absolute result of war in every form or for any object.

I should also like to ask your contributor whether he considers the Turkish war of conquest, which added the Balkans to the Turkish Empire in Europe, is an exception to his unqualified statement that "wars of conquest pour new life into a country" and establish a productive race in the place of those who, according to this proposition, must be an unproductive race because they have been conquered.

Finally, as to the writer's justification of the Italian war in Tripoli on the ground that Italy has, by establishing itself as conqueror of Tripoli, accomplished a task of justice and of advantage to the world by replacing the unproductive Turk and Arab by the productive Italian. If the Italians had been frustrated in their task by a powerful Turkish navy they would presumably then have been proved to have no claim to be a more productive race than the Turks. This is an absurd conclusion, and therefore the original premises cannot have been sound.

Also, surely there are more productive races than the Italians. They cannot claim so great a productivity as the German race, or so successful a colonising ability as the English. Therefore, I presume, Signor Corradini would consider either or both England and Germany would be justified, if not theoretically compelled, to undertake the reconquest of Tripoli from Italy, or the conquest of Italy itself, in the same world interests by which he seeks to justify the Italian raid on the Tripolitan shores.

I am sorry to trespass so greatly on your space, but would be glad, indeed, to read your contributor's reply to the points raised in this letter.—I am, sir, etc.,
April 26th, 1913. VICTOR MOLLOY.

THE ABOLITION OF THE WORKING CLASSES.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—I have been struck by the reflectless scepticism and the antagonistic spirit by which the correspondents of your current issue of EVERYMAN have replied to the excellent and provokingly plucky article of Mr. Money's on the abolition of the working classes.

One writer says the middle classes have the hardest work and no trades unions, which strikes me as being rather cool and green—a green Hailstone from the prolific isle of Jersey. I should suppose that if that writer works very long hours he reaps the full benefit of it, at least I hope he does.

"Now surely," writes another, "there is other work, and hard work, too, besides manual labour? Does a clerk do no work? Am I a 'drone' because I don't mend roads or build houses? If I want to build a house it is just as necessary to think how to build it and to draw the plan as it is to put one brick on top of another. Is not this also 'Work That Must Be Done'?" Is it not surprising, Mr. Editor, that your correspondent should ask such a question? I would suggest to the writer of these questions that he try and read Mr. Money's article with sympathy, which I more naturally do, as I am an ordinary working man, and then he will readily see that Mr. Money has no idea of excluding these as workers of the work that must be done.

PROBLEMS OF PROGRESS.

By H. VINCENT.

The road to Prosperity is, as everybody knows, not the straight, smooth, long road of our desires; it is a devious, rough, and sometimes difficult road to follow.

Yet I venture to think that the majority of "side-tracked" wayfarers upon that road have something other than the road to blame; often, I think, themselves.

Nothing is more piteous than the man—or the woman—who is "in the rut," a-rusting upon some dismal byway of commerce; yet being more the result of fault than of opportunities.

It cannot be too often said that there are as many opportunities in the world to-day as at any stage of the world's history; even more, the busy business world is full of chances to "get on"; full of the beginnings which, rightly used, end in prosperity.

Every year extends the sphere of business; every year adds to its activities, and every extension brings a fresh crowd of chances to the men and women who want to "get on."

Advertising is one of the most notable recent examples of a new plan of business-creating occupation, and good opportunities for thousands.

Ten or twelve years ago, advertising was, to a great extent, in its infancy in this country; we were only on the verge of those developments which to-day afford a lucrative occupation for many workers.

It is to such professions as these, that the man or woman "in a rut" should turn in search of progress; for then progress is possible.

An easy and safe avenue of approach is supplied by the excellent and practical course of correspondence instruction in advertisement-writing and designing which the Practical Correspondence College offers. The Practical Correspondence College is an institution which has already proved of immense value to men and women all over the country, who, refusing to "rust" in the by-way of business, at a starvation wage, have sought a field where their brains could be used to profitable account.

I know one young fellow—a shop assistant in the provinces some six years ago—now occupies a manager's position in one of the biggest and most successful advertising firms.

He was trained to success by the P.C.C.

I know another who not four years ago was working very hard in uncongenial employment at a very small salary. To-day he is acting as advertising representative for a thriving newspaper.

He also was trained to success by the P.C.C.

I could multiply these cases a hundredfold, and not exhaust one half of the remarkable instances of how a P.C.C. training can lift a man up from obscurity and poverty to a good position and a lucrative income.

To the man or woman, then, with the ambition to prosper and the energy to devote a little spare time to preparing themselves for betterment I can indicate no better course of action than to write to the Secretary of the Practical Correspondence College for a copy of "Brains and Ink," an illustrated and thoroughly interesting booklet on the possibilities of the advertising profession and the means which the P.C.C. place at its students' disposal to aid them in qualifying for a well-paid position in that well-paid profession.

"Brains and Ink" will be sent post free upon request. Address, the Secretary, Practical Correspondence College, 77, Thanet House, Strand, London, W.C.

It is marvellous what sympathy does in the criticism of work, play, books, science, art, and in fact anything; and it is, indeed, in these social questions of ours needed more than anything else.

The next correspondent asks, "May I ask would the same wages be given to the honest and dishonest worker?" Well, sir, I have in this active present time known of cases where the dishonest worker received more than the honest one in the same business; and will any capable thinker say that justice in the matter of wages is the order of our day? I think Mr. Profit must drop his "justice," for the question is, What has—not what will—become of it? And as to equation in the distribution of wages, I will proffer one suggestion in answer to him and to your correspondent "Senex's" query as to his imaginary army of inspectors. We will suppose that a body of workmen form themselves into a company for the purpose of carrying on a specific business, themselves doing all the work necessary to that business, and on conditions of equal wages and equal sharing of the profits and responsibilities of that business. Will they not become all inspectors without any additional expense, and would not the lazy and dishonest boulder have a bad time of it?—nay, I think they would make a better man of him.

Now, a body of workmen have as much right as any other corporation of men to establish a business on equal rights of work, remuneration, distribution of profits, and in committee of responsible government; if this is admissible, I cannot see for the very life of me why it is not as just for the whole nation to do it, because in that there is this further advantage, that, if in any department of the State a member of that specific corporation shows an inaptitude for its work, he can with advantage be transferred to another for which his faculties are better adapted. This is only one reason, but a multitude of others will suggest themselves to the practical mind.

Burns has told us, "A king can mak a belted knight, a marquis, duke, an' a' that; but an honest man's aboon his might," and what he applies to his Majesty's prerogative applies also to his Parliament. No, it cannot make us honest; but it is that other magical and merciful power which Napoleon began to realise in his days of captivity—a power which he recognised as holding the greatest dominion on earth—the love of the homeless Man of Nazareth, Emanuel—God with us; that love which makes Christianity a "self-denying ordinance," and whose symbol is the Cross. When that comes amongst us we shall soon right ourselves. There will be no want, but work with peace and pleasure.—I am, sir, etc., WILLIAM R. LETHABY.

THE USE OF BOOKS TO WORKING MEN.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

DEAR SIR,—I have read with much interest and sympathy the article by Mr. J. R. Clynes, M.P., on the "Use of Books to Working Men," which appeared in your issue of the 18th. If there is a blessing on him who makes two blades of grass grow where only one grew before, and Dean Swift said there was, he is a happy man, too, who can teach others to care for good reading and open a door for them to the palace of books. As Mr. Clynes says, "Many a good book is as a gateway leading from a long round of drudgery and effort to obtain the means of daily bread," and nothing is truer than that "the one department in which all workmen should ensure increase is the department of thought and outlook." The article brought at once to my mind the National Home-Reading Union, with which I have been associated for many years, and the

very valuable work it is seeking to do in kindling fresh interest in books and helping people to read in the most profitable way. Many working men have but little time for reading: they cannot afford to waste it on second-rate books. For such there could be no better adviser and helper than this Union, with its widely varied lists of recommended books, its magazines with suggestive articles upon them, and, above all, its reading circles for mutual stimulus and help. "It has been the making of my mind," a village cobbler once said, speaking of his association with the Union, and this is typical of the Union's work and influence. I have nothing to add to Mr. Clynes' arguments with regard to the value of books to working men—he touches all aspects of the question, and makes the case clear and unanswerable—but I should be glad if you could kindly find room for this letter with reference to the very useful Association I have described.—I am, sir, etc., J. SCOTT LIDGETT.

THE DAPPLED PADDOCK.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—I was astonished to find your reviewer waxing scornful in EVERYMAN of the 2nd inst. anent Mr. Spencer Muirhead's lines:—

"Or I shall see with quiet eye
The dappled paddock loping by."

It seems to me that he remarked truly that in his ignorance he supposed a "paddock" was a term applied to fields or pastures. Of course it has this meaning, but is it not also an old English word for a frog or a toad? Does your reviewer know that exquisite child's grace of Robert Herrick's? Surely the use of the word "paddocks" does not convey the idea of fields or pastures in the following:—

"Here a little child I stand,
Heaving up my either hand;
Cold as paddocks though they be,
Here I lift them up to Thee
For a benison to fall
On our meat and on us all."

In the light of this meaning, I submit that the phrase "the dappled paddock loping by" is a very happy description of the speckled frog jumping through the green, newly sprung grass, and I am surprised to find in the pages of your excellent paper a disparaging remark regarding the couplet, which a little thought or inquiry would doubtless have prevented.—I am, sir, etc., W. NOWLAN SHERLOCK.

Liverpool, May 4th, 1913.

PHILLIMORE ON CROMWELL.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Prof. Phillimore, in his article on the Æneid in your issue of the 25th ult., would seem to have needlessly gone out of his way to express his antipathy to Puritanism, and to assert, as though it were common knowledge, that Cromwell and Milton were rogues of a very base sort.

His phrase, "as morally leprous with hypocrisy as Cromwell," will surely cause some resentment in those who, recognising the narrow outlook of Cromwell, yet see through all his life a lofty aim and an admirable singleness of purpose.

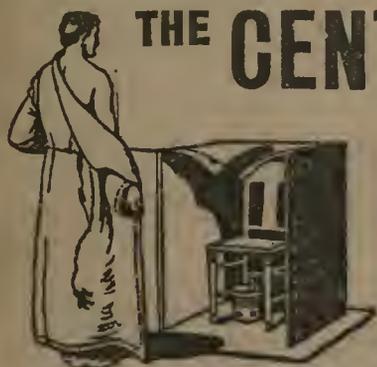
To understand his life one must grasp the intense religious faith he held, and of which his political actions were a direct outcome. The sober and serious mind of the Puritan, embittered by the remorseless persecution of Laud, and narrowed by seeing all his hopes of a Puritan England passing away, had conceived an intense conviction of his individual respon-

(Continued on p. 137, 124.)

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(Signed) "H. J. LOVEJOY (Rev.)."

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sibility to God, and saw the divine leading in every aspect of his life; and this was no mere dogma, but a very vivid part of his inmost life.

Such was Cromwell's faith when the outbreak of the Civil War called him from his farm in the Fens; and in his rapid rise in the Army, and later in the Parliament, he felt himself individually called by God to save England and the religion he believed to be the highest one. To us it may seem a pathetically narrow conception of life that only the Puritans should be the chosen people of God; but it is well to remember that men had been forced by the events happening all round them to think of liberty and Puritanism and of the High Church of Laud and tyranny. Granted its narrowness, there was no trace of selfish ambition in the Puritans, still less of "leprous hypocrisy." Cromwell's aim was pure and high, and though his religious convictions were responsible for some tragic mistakes, they also enabled him to live a straight and upright life through a time of very great temptations; and though these convictions caused him to be harsh and cruel to his former oppressors, he believed he did it to the "glory of God."

His words, "God knows I would have been glad to have lived under my woodside and to have kept a flock of sheep rather than to have undertaken this government"; and again, as he was dying, "I would be willing to live, to be of further service to God and His people, but my work is done. Yet God will be with His people," give a just view of a great man, to whom England (and Prof. Phillimore) owes much.—I am, sir, etc.,

FAIRPLAY.

Sudbury, April 30th, 1913.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

THE ADVENTURESS, by George Willoughby (Max Goschen, 6s.). This is an attractive volume of short stories which should appeal to those of our readers who prefer their reading in breathless spasms to the quieter form of narrative. The tales are decidedly well written, and range over a large section of the human emotions. They can hardly be described as anything more than light sketches, however, and comprise chiefly episodes in the lives of the various characters which may be regarded more or less as "turning-points" in their affairs. The first story in the book, which gives its name to the whole collection of sketches, is written with a notable delicacy, but, at the same time, gives a clear insight into the character of the heroine, Nina. This lady, while apparently in love with one man, does not regard it as at all out of the way to go out to supper and a midnight drive with the fiancé of her friend, and subsequently to fall asleep, after a highly emotional evening, clutching a letter from her legitimate lover and to dream sweet dreams of him, quite forgetting her latest flame, who is driving away in the cab which brought her home, hugging himself in the belief he has made a conquest. The stories are not all in this vein, however, and there is one, "The Sea Captain," which cannot fail to appeal to our readers, revealing, as it does, how terribly difficult it is sometimes to get away from environment, and that one's so-called "freewill" is so frequently open to question. The characters of the mother and daughter in this tale are cleverly depicted. "Savoir Faire" is distinctly amusing, and shows how the lives of three people might have been affected if a lady's dressing-bag had not gone astray. It does not seem to be necessary to mention any other of the stories, as the three we refer to are fairly comprehen-

sive, and will give the reader a tolerable inkling of what to expect from Mr. Willoughby's latest volume.

THE LOST MAMELUKE, by David M. Beddoe (J. M. Dent and Sons, 6s.), is a tale of Egypt at the time of the Napoleonic invasion. The story grips one from the first, and the plot is carefully thought out, and of real interest. For the benefit of the uninitiated it would perhaps be as well to explain that the Mamelukes were slave soldiers who had got the upper hand and ruled Egypt for some centuries prior to the time of the story. They were very valiant and brave men, incomparable horsemen and swordsmen, and, under the sway of the Beys, governed Egypt with a hand of iron. The author could hardly have chosen a more picturesque setting for his story than this of the country of the Nile, and his descriptions of the fierce fights and battles are vivid in the extreme. The story concerns the fortunes of a certain Englishman who has turned Mussulman, and serves under Murad Bey, a powerful ruler of certain provinces, who is at continual warfare with his rival, Ibrahim Bey, but who always manages to keep the upper hand until the awakening comes and Napoleon and his army utterly defeat the brave Mamelukes. This Englishman, Stephen Hales, has a son who is supposed to have been drowned at an early age, but who has really been stolen by a servant with a grudge against his master. The boy is brought up as a Mussulman and taught by an old Sheik, who hopes to train him to become a Sheik also. Margaret, Stephen's Christian wife, leaves her husband upon his becoming a Mussulman and goes into partnership with a delightful old Frenchman, Jules Lefebvre, who keeps a silk store. How she eventually finds her son, and what happens when she does, it would be unfair to disclose. The lost Mameluke is an English friend of Murad Bey, who has mysteriously disappeared for about fifteen years. There had been a terrible misunderstanding and bitter quarrel between Murad and Mustapha, who is cruelly bastinadoed, with the result that he becomes a cripple. In the character of a beggar he haunts the streets of Cairo, seeking an opportunity to revenge himself on his friend, whom he believes has wronged him. Radouan, the eunuch, who is the friend and confidante of Murad, eventually finds him, and the two are reconciled.

The author has the faculty of bringing vivid pictures before the eyes of his readers, and the whole story is written with a spirit and dash that is most refreshing. We trust our readers will enjoy the book as thoroughly as we did.

Breathless excitement and dramatic incident is the keynote of **RALPH RAYMOND**, by Ernest Mansfield (Stanley Paul and Co., 6s.). The opening chapter reveals the sumptuous offices of a mighty City magnate, into which the hero boldly thrusts himself with a determination that will brook no denial. He has a tremendous venture on hand, no less than two mines he has discovered in India, rich in rubies and gold, and he desires Lionel Roy to finance these undertakings. Roy takes a fancy to Raymond, invites him home, agrees to finance the companies—and introduces Ralph to his daughter Berice. The result is love at first sight. Raymond goes away to return in a few years a successful man. He takes Berice by storm, and is accepted. So far their love story runs smoothly, but tragedy is only waiting an

(Continued on page 126.)

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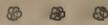
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opportunity to step in, and now is her turn. Gerald Fraser, a young barrister, is determined to have Berice himself, and he hits upon a truly diabolical method of ridding himself of two rivals at one blow. He shoots Captain Lennox, one of Berice's admirers, and contrives that suspicion falls upon Raymond, who is arrested and tried, but the jury disagree. While Ralph is awaiting his second trial, Berice arranges his escape, which is safely negotiated, and Raymond is shipped to Australia. After a terrible experience at sea, he eventually lands in Australia, where he joins in a gold "rush." Berice meanwhile is under the impression he has been murdered at sea, and at last yields to the importunings of Gerald, and becomes engaged to him. At the last moment, however, she learns her lover is alive, and he is brought back to England to stand his trial. What happened at the trial, and how the guilty one is brought to justice, we will not reveal; but the reader need rest under no apprehension that he will be bored for lack of interest. Mr. Mansfield, it may be presumed, is desirous of affording his public entertainment, and there can be no possible doubt that he has amply achieved this.



ZOE THE GYPSY, by Hugh Naybard (Murray and Evenden, 2s. net). We must confess to disappointment over this book. From the author's previous achievements we had expected better things. The book is purposeless and feeble, and has not even the excuse of being humorous. The plot is disconnected and far-fetched, and the characters do not live, but move stiffly. Zoe, who turns out to be the daughter of the man who appears to be in love with her, is less unreal than the majority of the characters, but we cannot say we felt a great interest in her. The account of the bull fight is the only part of the book which is tolerable reading, and that is somewhat revolting, though it carries more conviction than any other incident.



Mr. Vincent Brown brings to his works a quality of detachment, a capacity for viewing men and women at an angle unknown to the majority. His theory of moral values is startling, and occasionally unconvincing. The point of view from which a person or an act is regarded would seem to him the vital consideration. It is not sufficient to feel compassion for a thief caught in the act; the emotion roused must be one of poignant pity that the culprit should ever have been tempted, a pity that seeks to blot out all moral disadvantage and induces an attitude almost apologetic. To judge the motive of any act is to ape the function of a god. To blame the theft and not the thief is the utmost we can hope for from poor human nature. To go beyond this is to run the risk of falling into the quagmire of expediency, where the outlines of both right and wrong grow blurred and the moral sense finally becomes amorphous. Amos Dalyn, the preacher of Bethsaida, is permeated with a sense of his own deficiency and an engulfing pity for the world in general, and his wife in particular. A handsome woman of some five-and-thirty, she and her husband separated some short time after their marriage, when her charms, distinctly of the flesh, had begun to awaken doubts in Amos, whose dreary and unpractical temperament had roused Caroline's most antagonistic instincts. The wife drifts into a life of self-indulgence, preferring the sordid shifts and debasing episodes of a casual existence to life with Amos. And we cannot wholly blame her. A man who at times is unable to appreciate the difference between real life and dream life, whose fear of judging others drives him into a morbid fear of inflicting pain, is hardly a

stimulating companion. As inevitably happens, this shrinking from decisive action, even in self-defence, encourages Caroline's egotism. She swoops down on Bethsaida, demands further supplies from Amos' scant resources, and finally involves him in utter ruin and disgrace. She secures a valuable collection of watches from a house in the neighbourhood, loses her nerve, and finally hands them over to her husband, who wanders about the country with them in his pocket, quite unable to come to a decision as to what he shall do. We are reminded of the lady sketched by George Moore in "Evelyn Innes," who suffered agonies when she was called on to make the slightest choice, and took to her bed worn out with the strain of deciding between the merits of boiled sole or fried plaice. In the ultimate, Amos is accused of the theft, being discovered in the grounds of the house, feebly trying to find his way. He is found guilty, and serves a sentence of six months' imprisonment. He comes out of prison, and is joined by his little girl—whom he has never dared publicly to acknowledge as his daughter. The future of Amos, we conjecture, will be a replica of his past. He is a person of devastating amiability, who carries with him the moral infection of weakness and intolerable pacifism. We recall with regret Mr. Brown's earlier methods. The splendid isolation of the woman in "The Magdalene's Husband" dwarfs into utter and abject insignificance the feckless creature shown to us in CONSIDER THIS MAN (Chapman and Hall, 6s.).



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- Balzac, Honoré de. "Gobseck." (Oxford University Press, 3s.)
 Barnes, R. Corell. "Out of the Blue." (Longmans, 6s.)
 Buxton, Noel. "With the Bulgarian Staff." (Smith, Elder, 3s. 6d.)
 Chadwick, Mrs. Ellis H. "Mrs. Gaskell." (Pitman, 5s.)
 Engelbach, A. H. "Anecdotes of Bench and Bar." (Grant Richards, 3s. 6d.)
 Horsley, Canon. "How Criminals are Made and Prevented." (Fisher Unwin, 7s. 6d.)
 Hannah, Ian C. "The Berwick and Lothian Coasts." (Fisher Unwin, 6s.)
 Le Roy. "A New Philosophy, Henri Bergson." (Williams and Norgate, 5s.)
 Rice, Cate Young. "Porzia." (Doubleday, Page and Co., 5s.)
 Whitten, W. "A Londoner's London." (Methuen, 6s.)

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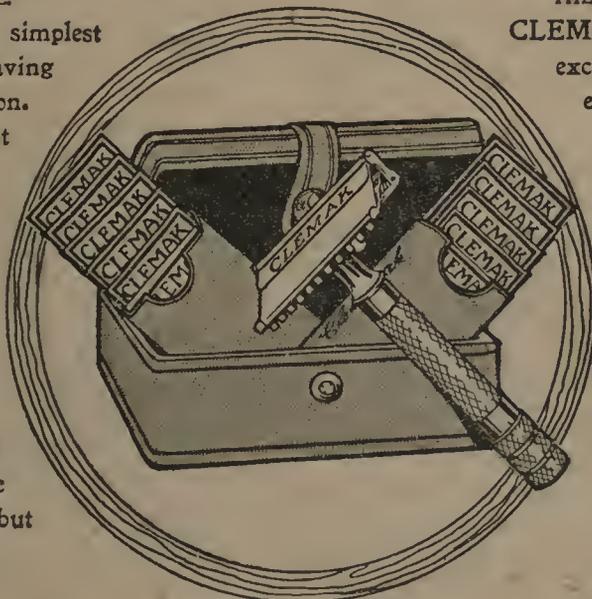
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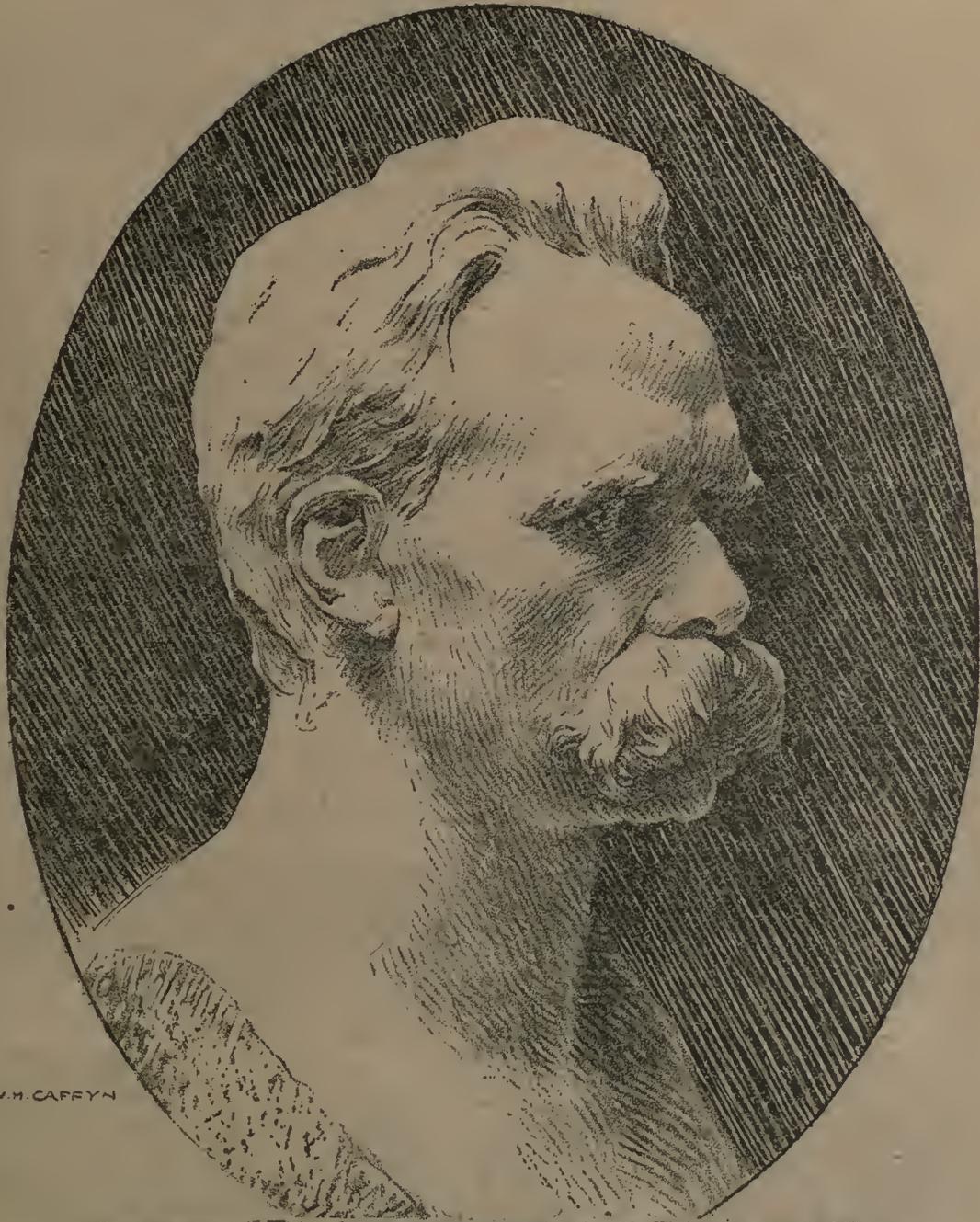
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HISTORY IN THE MAKING

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE outstanding event of the week has been the easing of the European situation. King Nicolas has agreed to surrender Scutari, and Turkey has joined the great Powers in giving her assent to the draft-treaty of peace. The only remaining difficulty is Greece, who naturally wishes to be reassured concerning the islands and the southern Albanian frontier. There is little doubt, however, that under her present competent leadership the matter will be settled without disturbing the present trend towards peace. It is safe to say that any of the Allies who fall out of line now will come under the most effective ban of Europe, and speedily be shown which way prudence lies. How long such moral compulsion can secure peace is another question.

The Australian Labour party is once more demonstrating its Imperial sympathies and its keen interest in national defence. The Australian Labourite, while he lays all the emphasis upon industrial reform that his profession demands, stands in sheer contrast to his English and Continental brother in his dislike of theoretical Socialism, his talent for foreign affairs, and his broad-gauged Imperial outlook. Whatever weaknesses the Fisher régime may have in the eyes of the Opposition—and extravagance seems to be the main charge brought against it by cautious Liberals—Tolstoyan principles and preoccupation with domestic affairs are not among them. National Defence has all along formed a very solid plank in the Labour platform, and now a scheme for the organisation of sea forces is well in hand, the programme including a number of cruisers, destroyers, and submarines, a supply ship, a naval college, a shipbuilding yard, and an aviation school. A floating dock and two naval ports are in process of construction, and a wireless rim has been carried more than half-way around the 12,000-mile coast.

In a very interesting article on the Albanian problem, by Chedo Miyatovich, appearing in Tuesday's *Daily Telegraph*, we are given a glimpse of Albanian ideals and aspirations from the inside. "The Albanians," says the writer, with a certain engaging naïveté, "are not only the bravest of men, but very intelligent and rather gifted. They have a great sense of honour, and even among the wildest of them the women are held in sacred respect." He goes on to give a picture of the type of king Albania is looking for. "But the future of Albania will depend far more on the character and ability of her first king than on any written Constitution. The first King of Albania must be in appearance and in character a fine soldier, a real knight, 'sans peur et sans reproche.' The Albanians, a fighting race and born soldiers, would follow only a man who is himself a good soldier. But that is not all that is wanted. That Royal soldier must be a statesman too. He must be dignified, a born king, yet at the same time quite democratic, accessible to every man and helpful to everybody. It is desirable that he should be well connected with the dynasties of the Great Powers, and that he should have a fair personal fortune. But these two last conditions are not absolutely indispensable. More desirable is it that he should be a man capable of inspiring the people with confidence in his devotion to their interests, and the Powers with confidence in his loyalty and honesty.

Old London will soon be as completely submerged as Pompeii. Drastic changes are in the air, and every spring-time rings the death-knell to a number of old landmarks. Fleet Street has once again fallen a victim to the puller-down, and this time it is the famous Bolt-in-tun, once a Carmelite House, but most of the time a tavern, and now almost the last survival of the old-time London coaching inn. A change of a different kind is likely to be brought about by the concentration of the thirty-two Colleges of London University in Bloomsbury. This may mean the transformation of Bloomsbury into a London *Quartier Latin*—a students' paradise, with no proctors to grieve the sensitive soul of the undergraduate with awkward inquiries and irksome rules. Some two or three thousand men and girls between the ages of eighteen and twenty-two are to enjoy a glorious liberty and perfect freedom of intercourse within this new University Quarter, and while some cautious Conservatives shake their heads over it, no trouble is anticipated by the enthusiastic promoters of the concentration scheme.

During the past month several religious periodicals have given special prominence to the problem of the work of the Church in the countryside, and the point of general interest emerging from the discussion is our practical ignorance of the conditions of British village life. We have a number of sane and competent investigators of the conditions of city life, but our practical knowledge of the conditions which govern life in our country districts—and these conditions vary considerably—is surprisingly meagre. What is wanted is a Charles Booth who will give us the life and labour of the people of the countryside of Great Britain. A number of really reliable commissioners who would inquire with practical thoroughness into the actual conditions, not only of the farm labourer, but of the small shopkeeper, the tradesman, and, in fact, of every individual who lives in a village community, might supply such data to the social reformer as would make his work a far less haphazard and discouraging task than it often is at present.

CANADA AND CANADIAN POLICY

A NATION AND A NAVY

BY AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

I.

TWO political leaders unalterably opposed and absolutely dissimilar stand out before public expectation in that part of the Empire beginning at Prince Edward Island and ending at the Island of Vancouver. One is Right Hon. Robert Laird Borden, Premier of Canada since September 21st, 1911; the other is Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Premier of Canada until that date from June, 1896. The difference between these two leaders, if it could be fairly determined, constitutes Canada's position in the Empire of to-day.

And it was not so in 1896, when Laurier became Premier, nor in 1897, when Borden became leader of the Conservative party. Then the divergence was local. Now it is Imperial. And the struggle over the Naval Bill in the Parliament of 1912-13 has put an accent on Imperial issues in Canada as no election and no political struggle has done since Confederation.

In a nutshell, the struggle resolves itself into whether Canada shall contribute 35,000,000 dollars for a probable three "Dreadnoughts" to the Imperial Navy, or whether she shall spend that immediate amount of money in building warships in Canada, to be manned and maintained by Canadians. There is no question about spending the money for the purpose of naval defence. The problem is altogether as to the best means of doing it.

Empire, like other vast institutions, is largely a series of accidents. It is something of an accident that the Liberal party in Canada is opposed to a contribution, and the Conservative party in favour of it. The reverse might have been true. In 1899 the Liberals sent Canadian contingents to the South African War—to crush a people who desired a certain kind of autonomy. In 1913 Canadian Liberals, for the sake of their interpretation of autonomy, resist the attempts of the Conservatives to pass a Bill looking to the unity and preservation of the Empire in a time of war.

II.

Are Canadian Liberals less Imperially patriotic in 1913 than they were in 1900? Is Sir Wilfrid Laurier less of an Imperialist now than he was when the Parliament of Canada, controlled by his party, sent Canadian contingents to help conquer the Boers?

Probably not. Sir Wilfrid, who is, as he has long been, the most conspicuous figure in Canadian political life, reiterated to the writer just a few days ago that he became a Liberal by reading British Constitutional history. He made the same statement in 1895, when leader of the Opposition. He has not changed—his Liberalism is of a British origin.

But there are those who affirm that Sir Wilfrid, undoubtedly always a Liberal, has never been an Imperialist. The present attitude of his party confirms that view. Is it right—or wrong? The answer is largely one of definition.

And there is no issue that has ever been so mysteriously bedevilled in Canada as what people choose to call Imperialism. I am quite sure Sir Wilfrid considers himself an Imperialist. So does Mr. Borden. So—once in a while, at least—does Henri Bourassa, the brilliant Nationalist leader, who, at the time of the Boer War, broke with the Liberal party and founded Nationalism; at the election of

1911 cast in his lot with the Conservatives to defeat Laurier; and afterwards backed the Conservatives, largely because he and his followers disbelieved in both the Naval Bill and the Laurier Canadian Navy.

There is but one party—if such it may be called—that puts a clear accent on anything like Canadian independence. That is the Nationalist party, or phantom, whichever you choose. They are a minority of French-Canadians. And it is because of the balance of power which that party held in 1911, and the probable balance that it still retains, that Mr. Borden has in his Cabinet a Nationalist wing, and in his Naval Bill no explicit declaration of a permanent policy respecting contributions to the British Navy.

Such is the delicate relation between local and Imperial policies in Canada.

III.

Now, to determine the peculiar significance of this struggle over the Naval Bill in the affairs of Empire, it must be clearly understood how each party derives its point of view. In all Canadian political history since Confederation there has never been such a contest as for weeks past has raged on Parliament Hill between Conservatives and Liberals. Never has been such a deadlock. Never such a rallying of forces. Never such positions of no compromise on a question that has nothing whatever to do with tariffs, or trade, or immigration, or agriculture, or manufacturing, or the building of railways, or any of the chief problems that are supposed to engage the attention of a young autonomous country within a vast Empire.

The odd thing about it is that most of the political struggles in Canada have been over tariffs, and some over railways. It was a transcontinental railway scandal that in 1873 drove John A. Macdonald and the Conservatives out of office and put in Alexander Mackenzie. It was a tariff issue in 1878 that put Mackenzie out and Macdonald in as the practical author of the National Policy, designed to build up Canadian industries at the comparative expense of all competing industrialisms, including that of Great Britain. It was a tariff issue again in 1887, and again in 1891, that enabled Sir John Macdonald at one and the same time to oppose any form of commercial union with the United States, and to wave the old flag in the cause of a united Empire. So that the Conservative party from 1878 till 1891 achieved the paradox by putting the accent on both nationalism in manufactures and Imperialism in sentiment.

IV.

It was the Liberal party in Canada, from the time of the National Policy until the return of Laurier to power in 1896, and for some little time afterwards, that professed, not less attachment to the British connection, but more preference for freer, if not absolutely free, trade between Canada and the United States. Time worked some transitions. In the first place it was a political accident that enabled Macdonald to take up the National Policy before George Brown had time to reach it—when he was heading in that direction. It may have been less of accident and more of intention that caused the Liberals after 1896 to say less about free trade and more about a reasonable tariff for revenue.

And the tariff grew steadily higher; trade grew and

population multiplied; railways were flung with prodigal magnificence across unoccupied areas; national sentiment, such as there was, began to develop; and, from being a bi-lingual country with a French root, Canada became a cosmopolitan country, with most of the languages of Europe and some of Asia. It was the Conservative Government that fathered the first transcontinental railway, the C.P.R.—in the interests of Canada, the Empire, and the Conservative party. It was the Liberal Government that fathered the second, the Grand Trunk Pacific, not yet completed; and fostered the third, the Canadian Northern, still in process of extension.

Under the Liberals the era of the race of railways and the planting of peoples came to its height. With unparalleled advantages of great natural resources, of incomparable land, of an aggressive people, and an age of material progress in the world at large, Canada was able to force her way to the front among all the over-seas dominions, and to practise the arts of peace on a scale that, in ratio to population, has never been equalled anywhere else in the world.

V.

But up till 1909 it had never been profoundly necessary for a Canadian political leader to declare himself emphatically on the question of a navy. What need had Canada of a navy? What need of direct contributions to an Imperial navy? Relatively—none.

"It ain't a navy we want," growled a lanky Westerner the other day on Parliament Hill; "what we want is more railroads and reciprocity. T'ell with the navy!"

This epigrammatic sentiment has been more blandly expressed by adherents of both parties in Canada, and it has been tacitly practised by masters of industry and national expansion. At the same time, the trade of Canada has been carried over the seas in perfect safety, without Canadian men-of-war or a dollar of direct contribution to the building of "Dreadnoughts." Canadian railways have been built and extended, steamship lines developed, and immigration increased, much owing to the lavish borrowings of British capital by Canadians. Without preaching Empire on a basis of either sentiment or trade, Canadian expansionists, under a Liberal régime, have been consolidating the ties of Empire. And it was good national business so to do.

VI.

But it has always been a sort of unwritten axiom in Canada that the greatest over-seas dominion is essentially a land of agriculturists. The colossal expansion of industries and trade and population was made possible because of the farmer, especially in the West. The production of wheat has increased in a ratio that made it possible to coin the flamboyant phrase, "Granary of the Empire." This phrase has been lavishly and magnificently worked in Great Britain for the sake of booming immigration.

At the same time, the multiplication of farmers in a vast area of land contiguous to a huge natural market made it a serious business with Canadian statesmen and politicians to consider the welfare of people whose produce was sent thousands of miles overland from West to East to the markets of Great Britain, and whose manufactured goods travel thousands of miles overland from the factories of the East. A measure of reciprocity began to look like a good stroke of business. It was the Liberals returning to their old love.

ETHICS IN AN AGE OF
LOCOMOTION

By G. F. BARBOUR, D.Phil.

I.

"IN thousands of years, when, seen from the distance, only the broad lines of the present age will still be visible, our wars and our revolutions will count for little, even supposing they are remembered at all; but the steam-engine, and the procession of inventions of every kind that accompanied it, will perhaps be spoken of as we speak of the chipped stone of pre-historic times: it will serve to define an age."

In these words the characteristic feature of our time has been defined by its most brilliant thinker, M. Bergson; and although the idea is not unfamiliar—some might say it is a truism—it has implications that are not always realised. For let us place beside it another truism, that moral problems are constituted both for individuals and for groups of men by outward conditions, not in themselves directly moral. We then see that, if the steam-engine and its electrical rivals and successors form the chief fact of our age, the proper use of these manifold inventions may well be its chief moral problem. And if for the present we confine our attention to modern inventions as a means of transmitting men and ideas from one part of the globe to another, it can hardly surprise us that the present ethical task of mankind is largely determined by the great modern increase of locomotion.

It is true that we often speak and write (though perhaps not quite so often as our parents did) of the modern annihilation of space as being, beyond question or criticism, part of the general and triumphant progress of mankind. The wealth, both material and spiritual, of distant countries is brought to our doors; and this commerce of things and ideas adds enormously to the interest and variety of life—in the case, at least, of those who are fortunate enough to be able to take advantage of it. Severed friends can communicate quickly and cheaply, where before communication was almost entirely cut off; so that it is now possible for those whose work takes them to distant parts of the earth to retain many close ties with the homeland that they have left. All this, and much more, is true. But it is so habitually before our minds that it needs no repetition; while it may be worth while to turn to the other side of the picture, not because we have a preference for dark colours, but because it is well to recognise them when they are present.

II.

In this respect there is a close analogy between medical and moral problems. Of all the achievements of civilisation, there is none of which we are more justly proud than those of medical science. Here at least we are sure that the science and skill of the white man has benefitted the whole human race. Yet even here there is another tale to tell; and Sir Harry Johnston has lately told it in an essay which gives a ghastly catalogue of the diseases which the white man, in his passion for transporting other races as well as his own, has introduced into countries and continents where they were previously unknown. So it appears at times as if the healing inventions of civilisation were in danger of being outstripped by those locomotive inventions which have so gravely increased the problem which medical science is set to solve.

In the sphere of morals and customs a parallel process goes on. It is indeed true that ethical thought tends, like science, to become international, and there

is at least the possibility that it may pass swiftly from land to land. But it often seems hard to bring this possibility into action—curiously hard, until we remember how peculiar and native to itself are the best customs of each people, and how slowly we adopt, or even understand, those of others. This fact, that it is always easier to copy the bad than the good customs of strangers, at once makes it clear why the mingling of races is often so dangerous morally, and why the meeting-points of the continents have so often been centres of corruption.

So it comes about that the increase of travel, which follows a period of good government and peace, brings not only opportunities of moral enrichment (as when the Persian rule in the sixth century B.C. first brought the idealism of the East to Egypt and thence to Greece, or when the *pax Romana* opened a path for the advance of Christianity), but also a considerable degree of danger. In the fusion of ethical standards, there is always a possibility of their total collapse; and that possibility is one which our age is especially called to guard against.

III.

But, in addition to the fusion of different races and ideals, we are also confronted by the instances in which races remain obstinately unfriendly and suspicious, although modern transit has brought them into close outward neighbourhood. Thence arises the "race problem," which is so widespread and in some lands so menacing. Europeans have penetrated Africa and Asia: they have taken Africans to America, whither Asiatics, are now following. These great movements, with many minor ones, have caused a new intensity of racial rivalry and bitterness—a strange result in an age which claims to have deserted religious dogma in order to return to the ethic of the gospels.

Further, it seems probable that this process of race-mingling will be continuous rather than intermittent. In the past it has proceeded spasmodically. Obscure causes set some warlike race in motion, impelling them to attack a country more favoured than their own. This gave rise to migration, and then followed conquest; but, although the confusion and suffering so caused might be long drawn out, a new equilibrium and a new stability emerged. For the conquerors either imposed their language and customs on the conquered or adopted those of the latter, and so the two were gradually welded into one nation.

But strong forces were needed to start the process. The Aryans who invaded India in early times, or the Gauls and Goths who poured down upon the lands around the Mediterranean, must have been driven by some impulse of no common strength to cross the mountains which barred their way to the southern plains. And so most migrations and conquests were followed by an interval long enough to allow a new order to emerge in the subjugated country. But great racial movements, once intermittent and attended by many difficulties, have now become outwardly easy, and hence seem likely to prove continuous. It no longer needs exceptional enterprise and resolution for a large body of people to move to a distant land. There are now no Alps to cross: they have been penetrated in advance by tunnels. Or, if the ocean be the barrier, the steamship-agent is everywhere, and his mission in life is to show how it has been robbed of its terrors.

Hence it seems probable that, except in those cases where strong legal barriers are set up against immigration, instead of the torrent-like migrations of the

old world, fierce while they lasted, but subsiding as quickly as they rose, the world will in future see a gradual, steady inter-penetration of different peoples. But this more continuous, less dramatic, form of race-movement, while it is happily free from the grosser turbulence and violence of the old, has difficulties of its own, one or two of these we have just glanced at.

IV.

Other branches of the same subject suggest themselves. It is tempting to diverge into a discussion of the psychical effect of the quick movements and transferences of modern life. For the individual is affected as well as the nation, and that though he never crosses the frontier of his native land. Dean Henson has said that one of the greatest difficulties of the modern preacher is that he can seldom keep his audience long enough to influence them profoundly, so constant are the comings and goings of our modern city-dwellers. But this remark is capable of a wider application; until we find ourselves questioning whether the modern gain in width and variety of experience is not often more than counter-balanced by the loss of that stability of character and centrality of conviction which demands a settled environment for its growth. But these questionings all run up into the larger doubt whether we have not ourselves been mastered by those very instruments which we have evolved for the mastering of Nature. It may be that this is Nature's revenge on her too daring child,—or, if man cannot be too daring, then on the child who has forgotten that the secret of his true life lies in the supremacy of Spirit, and not merely of inventive intellect, over the powers of the natural world.

Certain it is that, as regards a great part of civilised life, "things are in the saddle, and ride mankind." The words are truer than when Emerson wrote them; and they lead us to ask whether a reaction will come, and a return to other ideals. Perhaps to some they will bring a longing for a science, which the Greeks would have named "architectonic," which should open our eyes to the proportions of things, and teach us the due—the truly human—use of our new-found control over the material. Such a science of life would teach us that man shows himself truly master of space and what it contains, not so much when he "annihilates" it by his inventions, which may but bring him into a new subjection, as when he transcends its limitations by his power of finding significance in all places and all circumstances.

But this train of thought is carrying us into cloud-land, whereas it was the object of this paper to remain on the prosaic ground of fact. The fact that man moves about on the surface of his planet with a speed and a persistence unknown in the past is both obvious and prosaic; yet we have seen that it possesses a grave ethical significance, and that it is moulding, and will mould yet more decisively, our life and its tasks. So it is that our inventors and engineers—nay, our chauffeurs and airmen—have shown themselves strong enough to dictate the problem which moralists, educationalists and statesmen must strive for the next generation or two to answer.

EDITORIAL NOTICE.

We hope to begin in our next issue a New Series of special interest—"Great Cities of the World"—on the same lines as our parallel series, "Great Countries of the World."

WOMEN AT WORK BY MARGARET HAMILTON

XI.—THE WOMAN IN POLITICS

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 democratisation of politics has opened the doors to feminine activities, and allowed woman to play a prominent part in the affairs of government. From time immemorial she has been a factor in things political, a secret but determining force; but to-day, with flags flying and banners spread, she has taken the field, and, in those departments to which she is admitted, has shown a marked capacity for administration and control.

Feminine tact and the power of persuasion have always made her invaluable to Parliamentary candidates. It is an axiom that one woman canvasser is worth three men, and a refractory voter who has resisted the persuasions of innumerable male callers will yield to the blandishments of a pretty woman and meekly accompany her to the poll.

The beautiful Duchess of Devonshire, who promised the blacksmith a kiss for a vote, and won what appeared a hopeless contest by the bribe, has her modern prototype. Society women, in smart motors and exquisite gowns, smile at slum dwellers and go into ecstasies over poor little ragged babies at election times, however oblivious they may be of their existence at other seasons. But, for the most part, women take these things seriously nowadays, and are far from content to play a minor part.

Recalling the thunders of denunciation that the suggestion of women as members of representative bodies have from time to time called forth, it is interesting to note the important part that they have played in the careers of some of our most famous statesmen and notable politicians. Mrs. Gladstone was the confidante of her husband's ambitions, the sharer of his secrets, with whom he took counsel as to his most cherished schemes. She made it her business to shut out from his knowledge all household disturbances or domestic jars, careful to preserve his peace of mind and equanimity of spirit, no matter at what cost. She accompanied him on his political campaigns, was invariably present in the Ladies' Gallery of the House of Commons when he made one of his important speeches, and was ready and waiting, serene and smiling, to accompany him home after a stormy debate.

Lady Beaconsfield, wife to the great statesman's rival, played as important a part in her husband's career as did Mrs. Gladstone. A simple woman, undistinguished by brilliancy of intellect or subtlety of comprehension, she possessed a power of affection, a wealth of devotion inexpressibly sustaining to the restless temperament of her famous husband. It is told of her that, driving with him one night to the House in the days when he was known as Disraeli, the carriage door was accidentally shut upon her hand, smashing her fingers. She endured the most terrible agony, but controlled herself with such courage that not a cry of pain broke from her lips. Disraeli was to make a great speech that night, and, had he learnt of the accident, would infallibly have been unnerved and unequal to the task. Not till the debate was over and he had scored a brilliant triumph did he learn what had occurred. One can imagine with what a wealth of gratitude and tender reproach he greeted her. One can conjure up the vision of her smiling through her tears.

Widely divergent in character and attainment, these two men, giants of their generation, were alike in their simple, unaffected recognition of the debt they owed to the unselfishness and devotion of their womenkind.

One of the most touching sights of modern times was the spectacle of Mr. Henry Fawcett, the blind Postmaster-General, leaning on the arm of his wife, who led him from the carriage into the House night after night. She acted as his secretary, and was his chosen confidante and counsellor. To deny a woman of Mrs. Fawcett's force of intellect and practical knowledge of affairs the right to take an active part in the governing of the country was an anomaly that the Local Government Act of 1889 was framed to destroy.

By the provisions of this Act the County Councils were constituted, and, though it was designed to include the admission of women as members, owing to a technical error in the wording of the clause, the provision was defeated, and, though women were elected, they were not allowed to sit, save under the penalty of a heavy fine. Since that date the Act has been amended, and at the present moment women can sit, and do sit, side by side with men in the Council Chamber, though it is a notable fact that the number of female candidates is extraordinarily small.

The Borough Councils have attracted a larger number of enterprising women, who have done good work in securing the abolition of slums and improving the housing conditions of the poor generally.

Women have always been eligible to serve as Poor-law Guardians, and some of the finest and most lasting work in social reform are due to their efforts. But the activities of the political woman of to-day demand wider scope than that afforded by the patient service and quiet endeavour necessary to the proper performance of the duties of a guardian of the poor! Man is at times an illogical animal, and, while loudly declaiming that women shall not vote, contentedly permits her to play a considerable part in matters of local legislation.

Women councillors are concerned with framing regulations as to housing, the making of roads, the improvement of drainage, the licensing of music-halls, the administration of the Shop Hours Act, and of the tramway systems. They are part and parcel of the bodies empowered to inspect slaughter-houses, dairies, to check adulteration of food, and to secure decent conditions in public lodging-houses. Under their control are the infirmaries, the workhouses, the granting and withholding of small luxuries to the aged, the boarding out of young children. Man does not shrink from allowing the political woman to inspect his meat, control a part of his amusements, look after his aged poor, or arrange for his infant delinquents. She can help to decide whether or no he can take a tram and what he shall pay for his journey, the width of his roads, the elevation of his houses—the very hours at which he may or may not buy the 'baccy for his pipe. All these things, and more also, he places in her hands, but, having given her power and authority over him to a fuller extent than the majority realise, like the Bishop of Rummyfoo, he draws the line at unexpected places and refuses to give her a Par-

liamentary vote—having already permitted her to exercise local franchise.

It is no part of the writer's aim in this article to argue for or against the granting of Votes for Women, but the fact remains that, having admitted the feminine element in constructive politics to the extent shown above, it is a farce to refuse the symbol of the power already given.

That woman is able not only to combine but to subordinate individual aims to a general object has been shown in a striking fashion during the recent increase in the price of food. The women of France took drastic steps and put a stop to the shopkeepers' exaction. They formed a Consumers' League, advanced on the markets of Paris and the principal provincial towns, interviewed the trembling purveyors of edibles, and proceeded to dictate their terms. If the tradesman accepted their offer and abated his price well and good, peace was restored; if not, these notable and excellent housewives took a short way with recalcitrants and effectively demolished their stalls. The whole thing was carried through with the neatness and dexterity for which the feminine genius is remarkable, and prices fell and tradesmen covered before their masterly and sagacious tactics.

It is that same quickness for detail and accuracy of observation that makes the political woman so successful a speaker. Less florid than the average man, more fluent, and free from redundancy, her criticism is sharp and to the point; and though, as a rule, her point of view is less original than her masculine neighbour's, and the matter of her speech less provocative of thought, the manner of its delivery, the conciseness of its statement, reaches a level that leaves the average man far behind.

There are a number of committees in London concerned with the problem of the woman in industry, and for the politically ambitious there is no field where a better training in public speaking and the arts of administration and organisation is afforded. There are a large number of periodicals devoted to the discussion of industrial questions, and of these the majority are run by women, who have already made a steady advance in the political world.

Each day finds a new organisation founded by the woman in politics, and having for its aims and objects the carrying out of a definite programme either of construction or destruction. And this brings me to the discussion of the woman militant, the revolutionary who has abandoned a constructive programme for a policy of demolition.

The constitutional Suffragettes have included many notable women. Mrs. Fawcett for years was the guiding spirit of the movement, and with her were closely associated Lady Henry Somerset, one of the greatest women orators, and Lady Wynford Phillips. At the present moment there are twenty-one suffrage societies in England, and of these seven are militant. The first societies were formed as far back as 1867, drawn from families associated with both political parties. Thirteen Women's Suffrage Bills have been introduced in the House of Commons. Of these, seven have passed second reading. It is claimed that there had been a majority in the House of Commons in favour of Votes for Women since 1886, but that it has never become law owing to the manœuvres of the various Governments in power, the Bill having been blocked, postponed, crowded out, and so never advanced beyond the stage of second reading.

Public meetings in favour of the extension of the franchise rapidly increased. It is roughly estimated that in 1911 these amounted to some 5,000, a number which was nearly doubled in 1912. One of the most

remarkable demonstrations ever witnessed in London was the procession of some 40,000 women from the Embankment to the Albert Hall, of all ages and conditions.

The woman in politics usually springs from the upper and middle classes. The working woman, the mother of a family, the wife of a labouring man, has no time to make speeches, listen to arguments, or indulge in propaganda. Only when she is moved by the sense of pressing necessity for immediate action does she move aside from her arduous path. Witness the records of some of the smaller unions that have been organised in the teeth of the most adverse circumstances, and sustained only by heroic self-sacrifice. These things apart, the woman worker is not attracted by politics; a vote is to her emptied of concern. The prospect of an added shilling to Bill's wages is a far more vital matter.

Whether, if the militant Suffragettes made the betterment of industrial conditions a plank in their platform, they would succeed in enlisting the help and enthusiasm of the woman of the working class is open to question. Personally, I do not think it likely.

"God bless you, miss," said a cheery charwoman, the mother of five sturdy babies, and wife to a slow-brained but irreproachable bricklayer, "they must have somewhere to talk by theirselves, men must. If it ain't Parliament, it's the pub—same thing! They likes to have their say without our hearing of them, and so long as they bring their wages home reg'lar, let 'em have it, I say. It don't interfere with us, and it amuses them—men must have somewhere to talk by theirselves."

The function of Parliament, as expressed by this good lady, is one held by the majority of women in the East End.

"Vote!" said an irate housewife to me, when I meekly solicited her help in regard to her husband, "no, that he shan't! Ten year an' more we've lived here, and twelve year in the next street, and never has he done anything so disrespectable as to vote!"

I retired before this amazing testimony to the disreputability of politics, and left the lady in possession of the field.

The political woman, whether in the suffrage movement or elsewhere, can generally earn a fair income if she be a good speaker. This, of course, does not apply to Councillors, but to the political free lance, who for a fixed sum is ready to speak with eloquence on Tariff Reform, Free Trade, for or against the Insurance Tax, or on any subject that is on the tapis, and in which she believes, for, and this is an important point to note, the woman in politics is, as a rule, uncompromisingly honest. She must speak from conviction or not at all, and her presence in a movement, as on the council of a public body, inevitably makes for purity and the disappearance of corruption.

The Suffrage Societies of England are officered by women, and the journals connected with the associations are edited and managed almost entirely without male aid. It is a tribute to the capacity and industry of woman that in nearly every case these papers and periodicals have achieved a triumphant success, both from a financial and journalistic point of view. It remains to be seen whether the propaganda will prove as triumphant as their circulation.

The vote is but the symbol of the power a public woman already possesses. It has yet to be decided if man, who has already given her power over his trams, will permanently deny her access to a ticket! Whether or no she gains the shadow, she is already in possession of the substance.

The woman in politics has come to stay!

NIETZSCHE BY CHARLES SAROLEA

THE English reader is now in possession of a complete translation of Nietzsche, in the admirable edition published by T. N. Foulis, and edited by Oscar Levy, of which the eighteenth and concluding volume has just appeared. To the uninitiated I would recommend as an introductory study: (1) Professor Lichtenberger's volume; (2) "Ludovici Nietzsche" (1s., Constable), with a suggestive preface by Dr. Levy; (3) the very useful summary of Mr. Mügge—an excellent number in an excellent series (Messrs. Jack's "People's Books"; (4) Dr. Barry's chapter in the "Heralds of Revolt," giving the Catholic point of view; (5) Mrs. Förster-Nietzsche: "The Young Nietzsche"; and (6) An essay by the present writer, published as far back as 1897, and which, therefore, may at least claim the distinction of having been one of the first to draw attention in Great Britain to the great German writer. But a searching estimate of Nietzsche in English still remains to be written. And there is only one man that could write it, and that man is Mr. Gilbert K. Chesterton. I confidently prophesy that a study of Nietzsche, if he has the courage to undertake it, will be Mr. Chesterton's greatest book. He will find in the German heretic a foe worthy of his steel.

I.

Like the history of most great thinkers, like the history of Kant and Schopenhauer, the biography of Nietzsche is totally barren of incident, and can be disposed of in a few lines. Born in 1844, apparently of noble Polish extraction ("Nizky," in Polish means humble), the son of a clergyman, and the descendant on both sides of a long line of clergymen, the future "Anti-Christ" spent an exemplary, studious, and strenuous youth. After serving his time in the army—he was considered one of the best riders of his regiment—and after a brilliant University career at Bonn and Leipzig, he was appointed, at twenty-four years of age, Professor of Greek in the University of Bäle. His academic activity extended over eleven years, and was only interrupted in 1870 by a few months' service in the Ambulance Corps, during the Franco-German War.

His first book, "The Birth of Tragedy," appeared in 1871. Like most of his books, it was published at his own expense, and, like most of his books, it did not find a public. The three first parts of his masterpiece, "Thus Spake Zarathustra," were such a desperate failure that Nietzsche only ventured to print fifty copies of the fourth and concluding part, and he printed them merely for private circulation amongst his friends, but he only disposed of seven copies!

In 1879 he resigned, owing to ill-health, with a pension of £120. After his retirement he spent a nomadic life wandering from Nice to Venice, and from the Engadine to Sicily, ever in quest of health and sunshine, racked by neuralgia and insomnia, still preaching in the desert, still plunging deeper and deeper into solitude. And as the world refused to listen to him, Nietzsche became more and more convinced of the value of his message. His last book, "Ecce Homo," an autobiography, contains all the premonitory symptoms of the threatening tragedy. It is mainly composed of such headings as the following:—"Why I am so Wise," "Why I am so Clever," "Why I Write such Excellent Books," and "Why I am a Fatalist."

Alas! fatality was soon to shatter the wise and clever man who wrote those excellent books. In 1889 Nietzsche went mad. For eleven years he lingered

on in private institutions and in the house of his old mother at Naumburg. He died in 1900, when his name and fame had radiated over the civilised world, and when the young generation in Germany was hailing him as the herald of a new age. England, as usually happens in the case of Continental thinkers, was the last European country to feel his influence; but in recent years that influence has been rapidly gaining ground, even in England, a fact abundantly proved by the great and startling success of the complete edition of his works.

II.

Most writers on Nietzsche—and they are legion—begin with extolling him as a prophet or abusing him as a lunatic. I submit that before we extol or abuse, our first duty is to understand. And we can no longer evade that duty. We cannot afford any longer to ignore or dismiss the most powerful force in Continental literature, on the vain pretence that the author was mad, as if the greatest French thinker of the eighteenth century, Rousseau, and the greatest thinker of the nineteenth century, Auguste Comte, had not fallen victims to the same disease.

And, on the whole, Nietzsche is not difficult to understand, although there has arisen a host of commentators to obscure his meaning, although Nietzsche himself delights in expressing himself in the form of cryptic and mystic aphorism, although he continuously contradicts himself. But apart from those difficulties, his message is strikingly simple and his personality is singularly transparent. And his message and his personality are one. He is a convincing illustration of Fichte's dictum, that any great system of philosophy is the outcome, not of the intellect, but of a man's character. Nietzsche is not a metaphysician like Hegel, whom he abhorred. He is not a "logic-grinder," like Mill, whom he despised. He is a moralist, like the French, whom he loved. His culture and learning were French even more than German. He was steeped in Montaigne, to whom he has paid a glowing tribute in "Schopenhauer as Educationalist." He was a careful student of the great French classics of the seventeenth and eighteenth century. He read and annotated Guyau, with whom he had many points in common. By a curious coincidence, a few years before the advent of Nietzsche, a great French thinker had anticipated every one of Nietzsche's doctrines, and had expressed them in one of the most striking books of the French language. And by an even more curious paradox, whilst every European critic devotes himself to-day to the interpretation of Nietzsche's philosophy, they systematically ignore—as Nietzsche himself ignored—the masterpiece of the Frenchman.

III.

Let us, then, first keep in mind that Nietzsche is not a metaphysician or a logician, but he is pre-eminently a moralist. His one aim is to revise our moral values and to establish new values in their place. For Nietzsche does both. There are two poles to his thought. He is an iconoclast, but he is also a hero worshipper. He is a herald of revolt, but he is also a constructive thinker. Even in his earliest work, "Thoughts out of Season," whilst he destroys the two popular idols of the day, the theologian and the historian, he sets up two new heroes, Schopenhauer and Wagner.

IV.

We have said that Nietzsche's philosophy is strikingly simple. Its whole kernel can be expressed in

two words. He is a systematic pagan, and he is an uncompromising aristocrat. As a pagan, he is a consistent enemy of Christianity. As an aristocrat, he is a bitter opponent of democracy. He proclaims that anti-Christ has appeared in his own person. He hails the advent of the Superman.

First, he is a pagan, a pagan of Greece, or, rather, a pagan of the Renaissance, and, as a pagan, he considers Christianity the real enemy. Christianity denies life; Nietzsche asserts it. Christianity mainly thinks of the future world; Nietzsche has his feet firmly planted on Mother Earth. Christianity glorifies meekness and humility; Nietzsche glorifies pride and self-assertion. Christianity defends the poor and the weak; Nietzsche contends that the strong alone have a right to live. Christianity blesses the peace-makers; Nietzsche extols the warriors. Christianity is the religion of human suffering; Nietzsche is a worshipper of life and proclaims the joyful science, "die fröhliche Wissenschaft," the "Gaya Scienza."

It is impossible within the limits of a short article to discuss Nietzsche's view of Christianity. We are concerned here not with discussion, but with exposition. At an early opportunity we hope to deal at some length in the columns of EVERYMAN with Nietzsche's criticism of Christianity. For the present, let it be sufficient to say that no theologian would be prepared to accept his interpretation of the Christian religion. The everlasting conflict of spirit against sense and brutal force, which is the essence of Christianity, is hardly conducive to passivity. It is, on the contrary, a consistent discipline in modern heroism. There is not much meekness about the Jesuits or the warrior Popes. Nor is there much melancholy about St. Francis of Assisi or St. Theresa. The only smiling countenance in a hospital is the Sister of Mercy. The only active resisters under the despotism of Henry VIII. were Sir Thomas More and a broken octogenarian priest, Cardinal Fisher.

V.

The same fundamental instinct or principle, the same defiant optimism, the same exultation in the pride of life which makes Nietzsche into an opponent of Christianity, also makes him into an opponent of democracy. The same belief in force, in the will to power, which makes Nietzsche into a pagan also makes him into an aristocrat. For the political expression of Christianity must needs be democracy. We are democrats because we are Christians, because we believe in the essential dignity of man. On the contrary, the political outcome of paganism must needs be despotism and aristocracy. We believe in despotism and aristocracy because we believe in the natural inequality of man, because we believe in force and pride and self-assertion, in the power of the strong to oppress the weak. Nietzsche is against the oppressed and for the oppressor; for the Superman, against humanity. For in Nietzsche's view an aristocracy is the ultimate purpose of life.

But Nietzsche is not an aristocrat, like the ordinary Darwinian. He does not believe in the survival of the fittest like the typical evolutionist. He does not believe that a survival of the fittest will come about mechanically by the mere play of blind forces. Regression is as natural as progression. No one has pointed this out more convincingly than Huxley in his "Evolution and Ethics." The progress of the race is not natural, but artificial, and accidental and precarious. Therefore Nietzsche believes in artificial selection. The Superman is not born, he must be bred. Nietzsche is the spiritual father and forerunner of the Eugenists.

And he is also the spiritual father of the Imperialists and latter-day Militarists. The gospel of the inequality of the individual implies the gospel of the inequality of race. The gospel of Nietzsche has not only been anticipated by Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, but by his much more influential German namesake, Mr. Houston Stuart Chamberlain, the author whose books the Kaiser liberally distributed amongst his generals and advisers. The doctrine of force, the belief in the German people as the salt of the earth, the self-gratification of the modern Teuton, can be traced directly to the influence of Zarathustra, and it is significant that the latest German exponent of Imperialism, General von Bernhardt, should have selected an aphorism of Nietzsche as the quintessence of his political philosophy.

"War and courage have achieved more great things than the love of our neighbour. It is not your sympathy, but your bravery, which has hitherto saved the shipwrecked of existence."

"What is good?' you ask. 'To be braced is good.'"

VI.

Quite apart from any elements of truth contained in Nietzsche's Ethics, the first reason for his popularity is, no doubt, the perfection of his form and style. Nietzsche is one of the supreme masters of language, in a literature which counts very few masters of language, and the beauty of his style is transparent even in the disguise of a foreign translation.

The second reason is that Nietzsche, who imagined that he was fighting against the times, was in reality thinking with the times, and he has met with a ready response, in the dominant instincts of the present age, in the aggressive materialism, in the race for wealth and power. The Supermen and the Super-races of to-day only too cordially accept a philosophy which seems to justify extortion, aggression, and oppression in the name of a supreme moral principle.

The third and most important reason, and the real secret of Nietzsche's influence, is the fine quality of his moral personality. However much we may be repelled by the thinker, we are attracted by the magnetism of the man, by his noble courage, by his splendid integrity, by his love of truth, his hatred of cant. Even though he has himself misunderstood Christianity, he has done a great deal to bring us back to the fundamental ideals of the Christian religion. He has done a great deal to undermine that superficial and "rose-water" view of Christianity current in official and academic Protestant circles. He has done a great deal to convince us that whatever may be the essence of Christianity, it has nothing in common with that silly and pedantic game which, for half a century, has made Eternal Religion depend on the conclusions of "Higher Criticism," and which has made theology and philosophy the handmaidens of archæology and philology.

Nietzsche is a formidable foe of Christianity, but he is a magnanimous foe, who certainly brings us nearer to a comprehension of the inmost meaning of the very doctrines he attacks. And it is quite possible that the Christian champion of the future may incorporate Nietzsche in his apologetics, even as St. Thomas Aquinas incorporated Aristotle, even as Pascal incorporated Montaigne. It was in the fitness of things that Nietzsche should be the descendant of a long line of Protestant ministers. For, indeed, he is the last of the true German Protestants, ever ready to protest and to defy and to challenge. He is the noblest of modern German heretics.

* Nietzsche's "Thus Spake Zarathustra," First Part, 10th Speech.

CONSIDERATIONS TOUCHING OUR FUTURE STATE. PART II. BY MAURICE MAETERLINCK

From his volume, "La Morte" (Fasquelle). By permission of the Author

I.

AS soon as man ventures too far into the regions beyond the tomb, he strikes against strange obstacles and breaks his wings. If we admit that our ego does not remain for ever what it was at the moment of our death, we cannot then conceive that at a given moment it ceases, stops all development and growth, reaches its perfection and fullness, to be no longer aught but a kind of stray, unchangeable, in suspension in eternity, a finite thing in the midst of what will never end. That were indeed the only true and veritable death; and the more terrible in that it would put an end to a life and mind without parallel, by the side of which those that we possess here on earth would not weigh even as much as a drop of water in comparison with the ocean, or a grain of sand against a mountain chain. In a word, either we believe that our evolution will one day cease, which is an incomprehensible end, and an inconceivable kind of death, or we admit that it will have no end, and hence, being infinite, it takes all the characteristics of the Infinite, and must be lost and merged in it. Indeed, this is the ultimate conclusion of theosophy, spiritualism, and all religions by which man, in his supreme state of bliss, is absorbed into God. And this again is an incomprehensible end; but it is at least life. And then, weighing incomprehensible against incomprehensible, after doing everything humanly possible to understand one riddle or another, let us preferably choose the greatest and therefore the most probable, the one which contains all the others, and beyond which there is nothing left. Otherwise questions rise up again at every step, and the answers are always deferred. And questions and answers lead us to the brink of the same inevitable abyss. Since we must arrive at it sooner or later, why not approach it straightway? All that happens to us in the meantime has doubtless its effect upon us, but it does not hold us back, since it is not eternal.

So we are now brought face to face with the mystery of universal consciousness.

II.

Though we are not capable of understanding the working of an Infinite which reflects on itself in order to apprehend itself, and consequently define itself and separate itself from other things, this is no sufficient reason for declaring it an impossibility, for if we rejected all those realities and impossibilities which we do not understand there would be nothing left of what constitutes our life. If this consciousness exists under the form which we conceive, it is clear that we shall have our part and place in it. If anywhere there is consciousness, or some thing replacing consciousness, we shall exist in that consciousness or that thing, since we cannot be elsewhere. And since that consciousness or thing in which we shall exist cannot be in a state of misery—for it is impossible that the Infinite exists only to cause its own misery—

we also shall not be in a state of misery. Lastly, if the Infinite into which we are to be launched has no consciousness of any kind, nor anything to take its place, it must be because consciousness or its possible equivalent is not indispensable to eternal bliss.

III.

This is, roughly, I think, the assurance that may for the moment be given to the soul, anxious in view of the unfathomable space into which death will soon launch it. Accepting this assurance, it may hope for all that it has dreamt of, it will perhaps be less afraid of what it feared. If it prefers to remain in suspense, to admit no one of the hypotheses I have put forward, to the best of my ability and without partiality, it still seems difficult not to welcome at least the great certainty to be found at the bottom of each, namely, that the Infinite wishes us no ill, seeing that if it were to bring everlasting torment to the least among us it would be bringing torment to something it cannot separate from itself, and consequently to the whole of itself.

IV.

I have added nothing to the sum of human knowledge. I have only attempted to separate the possibly true from the certainly false; for, even if one does not know where truth is to be found, one still learns where it is not. Perhaps, moreover, in our search for this undiscoverable truth, our eyes will have grown accustomed, by gazing upon it, to pierce the terror of that last hour. There are, no doubt, many things left that others will say with more force and more brilliance. Yet let us not hope that on this earth anyone will pronounce the word that will put an end to our questionings. On the contrary, it is highly probable that nobody in this world, nor perhaps in the world to come, will discover the great secret of the Universe. And, if we only reflect, it is well that it should be so.

V.

We have not only to resign ourselves to live in the incomprehensible, but to rejoice at the impossibility of getting beyond it. If there were no more unsolvable problems nor unsearchable riddles, the Infinite would not be infinite; and then we should indeed have to curse bitterly that fate which set us in a Universe proportioned to our understanding. The entire existing world would be nothing more than a prison with no outlet, an irreparable evil and blunder. The unknown and the unknowable are, and possibly always will be, necessary to our happiness. In any case, I would not wish for my worst enemy, were his power of thought a thousand times greater and more lofty than mine, that he should be condemned to dwell for ever in a world of which he had surprised one essential secret, and of which, while still a man, he had begun to have some understanding.—*Translated by M. D. Honey.*

MASTERPIECE FOR THE WEEK

"THE CLOISTER AND THE HEARTH," BY CHARLES READE

THE one great epic of that most fascinating period, the Middle Ages, which our language affords, "The Cloister and the Hearth," stands supreme as the most masterly achievement of Charles Reade, a novelist whose claims to greatness, it has always seemed to me, have never been fully recognised. Swinburne, indeed, gave the palm to that remarkable novel, "Griffith Gaunt"; but then Swinburne, like other supreme poets, was but a poor critic (witness his disparagement of Whitman), and there can be no doubt whatever that the mature judgment of posterity will place the masterpiece we have selected this week as towering above all other works from the same hand. Reade wrote many novels; some that were, if truth be told, a little dull and prosy; many that were brilliant, fascinating, astonishingly clever. In one only did he surpass himself and definitely take his place among the immortals. This he achieved with a work that will last as long as our language itself, and will move generations unborn to laughter, to pitying tears, and to that thrill of breathless excitement which no one could rouse like he. Reade, in a word, succeeded in "The Cloister and the Hearth" in performing that supreme miracle of literary production. He gave the world a work that somehow we feel was greater than its author.

It was in the pages of a long defunct journal called *Once a Week*, and under the title of "A Good Fight," that the story first appeared, embellished with some wonderful illustrations from the pencil of Charles Keane. According to the legend, the circulation of *Once a Week* rose 20,000 on its appearance; but differences developed between Reade and the editor, who insisted, among other things, on the usual happy ending, and the author closed the story abruptly, with a pang of suppressed rage that many a lesser serial writer has been made to feel. There was, however, a special reason for Reade's anger, for the story illustrated, though, as we shall see, with a curious difference, the tragedy of his own life, and for that very reason he assented, with the worst grace, to the editorial mandate, which was as foolish from a business as it was impossible from an artistic point of view. Much time elapsed before the novel was developed and perfected into its present form; but, just as the sixteen years that Gray spent over the *Elegy* were more than justified, so, too, was Charles Reade in devoting months and years of his life to a work that in its complete form has not a rival in the whole realm of our literature.

The writing of "The Cloister and the Hearth" imposed a strain on the author that none of his other works required of him, and he vowed that, once finished, he would never again go outside his own age for material. He had taken the Middle Ages, it has been said, not because he loved, but because he knew them best. Probably, however, the one followed on the other. In any case, there is no doubt that he saturated himself, not only in the literature of that elusive and much-misunderstood period, but he did not rest content till he had mastered almost every phase, every bypath of its wonderfully vivid and extraordinarily arresting life. He captured the very spirit of the Middle Ages, and he made those times live for us again. To read "The Cloister and the Hearth" is to turn your back on the twentieth century, with its drabness, its

imperfections, its inefficiency, its mystifying lack of fellowship, which permeates all classes, and to be back in an environment, repulsive indeed, from a thousand points of view, tinged, and more than tinged, with cruelty, lacking things that nine-tenths of us could not do without, but so, as one thinks, in tune with the soul of man, and infinitely resplendent with colour, with the gorgeous pageants of State, with the crowded processions that thronged the roads, with the feasts and the fighting and the triumphs, in all of which the common people shared. With one swift touch does Reade bring them before our eyes. Phillip, Earl of Holland, is entertaining all and sundry in a magnificent style the while he decides in a competition

"for the best specimens of *orfèvrerie* in two kinds, religious and secular: item, for the best paintings in white of egg, oils, and tempera; these to be on panel, silk, or metal, as the artists chose: item, for the best transparent painting on glass: item, for the best illuminating and border-painting on vellum: item, for the fairest writing on vellum. The burgomasters of the several towns were commanded to aid all the poorer competitors by receiving their specimens, and sending them with due care to Rotterdam at the expense of their several burghs."

Gerard, the hero, is a competitor, and when he goes to enter the gate of the courtyard he finds a young girl and her father, whose cousin is within, refused admission.

"I am a competitor, sir," he says.

"What is your name?" and the man eyed him suspiciously.

"Gerard, the son of Elias."

"The janitor inspected the slip of parchment he held in his hand:

"Gerard Eliassoen can enter."

"With my company, these two?"

"Nay, these are not your company: they came before you."

"What matter? They are my friends, and without them I go not in."

"Stay without, then."

"That I will not."

"That we will see."

"We will, and speedily." And with this, Gerard raised a voice of astounding volume and power, and shouted so that the whole street rang:

"HO! PHILIP, EARL OF HOLLAND!"

"Are you mad?" cried the porter.

"HERE IS ONE OF YOUR VARLETS DEFIES YOU."

"Hush, hush!"

"AND WILL NOT LET YOUR GUESTS PASS IN!"

"Hush, murder! The Duke's there. I'm dead," cried the janitor, quaking.

"Then suddenly trying to overpower Gerard's thunder, he shouted with all his lungs:

"OPEN THE GATE, YE KNAVES! WAY THERE FOR GERARD ELIASSOEN AND HIS COMPANY! (The fiends go with him.)"

Here we have the Middle Ages brought before us in a flash in all their simplicity, directness, and strength. Had the incident occurred to-day, of course, Gerard would have been powerless. He would have had to fill up a form, which would have been referred in turn to a sub-committee, who would have reported, say, six months later. But in those days it sufficed, as we have seen, for a man to lift up his voice to gain his just point. Democracy and the ballot-box have altered all that.

There is another magnificent scene, where the two comrades are trapped in a mill, and on guard in the upper apartment against a band of robbers who are

coming on them from below. One they kill, and Gerard, the artist, thus illuminates his face:

"Of the staring eyeballs he made globes of fire; the teeth he left white, for so they were more terrible; but the palate and tongue he tipped with fire, and made one lurid cavern of the red depths the chapfallen jaw revealed; and on the brow he wrote in burning letters 'LA MORT.'"

The corpse they hang up, and it strikes the oncoming band with terror.

At last Gerard reaches Rome, and persuades his comrade to go back to poor Margaret. Denys finds that she is about to be a mother, and that she has had no news of Gerard till he brings her her lover's letter. The story then rapidly develops. I have said that it resembles in some respects the tragedy of Reade's own life, which was that the beautiful and accomplished woman, whom he loved with all his soul, and who lies buried with him, could not become his wife. Gerard's fate was that he could not marry Margaret. While he is away, some of his family convey false news to him—that Margaret is dead. He plunges at once into a sea of dissipation. Recovering from that, he enters a monastery and becomes a monk. This is how he visits his wrath on the family that he has so loved when he learns that he has been deceived. That family are all waiting, as it happens, for Margaret to share their meal with them, when there enters:

"A Dominican friar livid with rage. He was at the table in a moment, threw his tall body over the narrow table, and with two hands hovering over the shrieking heads of Cornelis and Sybrandt (the two brothers who had deceived him), like eagles over a quarry, he cursed them by name, soul and body, in this world and the next. It was an age eloquent in curses; and this curse was so full, so minute, so blighting, blasting, withering, and tremendous, that I am afraid to put all the words on paper. 'Cursed be the lips,' he shrieked, 'which spoke the lie that Margaret was dead; may they rot before the grave and kiss white hot iron in hell thereafter; doubly cursed be the hands that changed those letters, and be they struck off by the hangman's knife and handle hell fire for ever; thrice accursed be the cruel hearts that did conceive that damned lie, to part true love for ever; may they sicken and wither on earth, joyless, loveless, hopeless; and wither to dust before their time; and burn in eternal fire.' He cursed the meat at their mouths, and every atom of their bodies, from their hair to the sole of their feet. Then, turning from the cowering, shuddering pair, he tore a letter out of his bosom and flung it down before his father."

Gerard lives on to forgive the two evil brothers who had altered the letter, and to know his little son, that son who became the great Erasmus; he became himself a great force and a mighty orator in the Church, and saw poor Margaret grow to know something like resignation. Gerard performed the last offices of the Church over her when she died. It is a dreadful story, one of the most poignant that has ever been penned, and in nothing more masterly than that the author makes both hero and heroine live on and achieve, maimed creatures though they are.

But I think the most consummate touch of pathos in the work is the fate that overtakes, not Gerard, but another. The two evil brothers, who ruined his life, always counted on getting the old people's hoard of savings when they died. But the old mother, who had nursed them in their first sleep, tends them in their last, and follows them to the grave. She lives on beyond all her children, to nurse and tend the grandchildren that come after, and, in the exacting daily service that is the lot of woman, she lives to forget much, so that her darling Gerard and his tragic story is as something that has never been.

C. SHERIDAN JONES.

BLUEBELLS

A CARPET of wonderful blue-mauve has been laid in woodland and coppice—a faëry haze that mocks one with a sense of unreality. Everyone must have seen it with a sense of delight and enchantment, for the aerial colour and the dreamy, intoxicating scent of wild hyacinths arrest one like a miracle. We remember once sailing round Carlingford Loch, and at the foot of the Mourne Mountains we saw the distant bluebells as a rich mist. On approaching we witnessed one of the loveliest pictures imaginable by an artist mind—stretches and stretches of bluebells under the tall trees and in the mountain shadows; and, since the green was above the blue, we got a curious impression of a topsy-turvy world, where the sky was down instead of up. At our very feet the bluebells sprang in myriads, and wandered on in countless multitudes, rising and falling with every undulation, lifting suddenly in a bank of mauve mist, and farther away breaking through an undergrowth—a bewitching glimpse of colour, impalpable and entrancing.

Yet our artists and poets have strangely neglected this beauty of the bluebell. It is true that Ruskin praised the garden hyacinth and advised a man to sell his coat to buy one. The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table also proclaimed the blue hyacinth as his favourite flower. But there is one great feature of wild hyacinths which their cultured sisters have lost altogether—a wonderful quality which belongs to no other flower. For bluebells are spoilt by being gathered. Children by the roadside offer us bunched handfuls for a copper, but all their charm has gone. People thus taking the flowers *en masse* (and generally cramming them into a jam-jar) destroy at once the aery impression, and one gets instead a solid and substantial colour from which all enchantment has fled. Placed loosely and carelessly in a tapering vase, one gets the effect of emerald and sapphire in a fountain of gems. But the real ecstasy of bluebells as they grow in the woods is precisely that feeling of hazy unreality, of misty dreams. There is a suggestion of rapid, swirling movement, a mazy motion; it gives one a sense of dancing, of a flower waltz. No other flower, wild or cultivated, possesses this sensation of glamour, of unsubstantiality, of dizzy speed. It is like a fairy ballroom. But to seize and bunch the flowers together is to rob them of this exquisite and luxurious charm.

Whilst watching their dreamy waltzing beneath the forest trees one can imagine he hears the subtle chimes of innumerable peals of bells—sweet, high-pitched polyphonic music, lighter than the thinnest spray and rhythmic with the cadences of the dance.

J. W. MARRIOTT.

SPRING

LAST evening we gathered hawthorn—the first of the year.

It was beautiful to find its delicate, white, clustered masses; while its fragrance floated around on the wings of dreams, so subtle, so alluring.

We found violets, too, pale, divinely tinted, modest little faces hidden deftly among the willow and star-grass, eluding all but the determined seekers.

The winter has been so dark and dreary; the hedges seemed so long in waking to the vibrant touch of Spring. But now it is here—they are all smiling beneath the sun's warmth, and the cuckoo's cry, faint and sweetly persistent, sounds musically across the sandhills, and I love it all so much.

DOPOTHY EYRE.

LISELOTTE: A GERMAN PRINCESS AT THE COURT OF LOUIS XIV.

BY THE EDITOR.

PART II.

I.

With characteristic outspokenness, "Madame" admits that "Monsieur" was sorely disappointed on first meeting her. He expected a plain bride, but the reality exceeded his anticipations. "When I reached St. Germain, I felt as if I had dropped from the sky. I put on as pleasant a face as I possibly could. I saw full well that I did not please My Lord and Master, but there was no witchery in that, considering how ugly I am. So I took the resolution to live with him so amicably that he would get accustomed to my ugliness, and put up with me, which, in fact, is what actually happened."

However, the first years of the marriage were not unhappy. "Monsieur," if not affectionate, was deferential. "Madame" was sensible, and indulged her husband's weaknesses. Both agreed to differ. "Madame" received many a pleasant visit from her friends and relatives in Germany. Both her brother, Charles Louis, and her beloved aunt, Sophia of Hanover, came to Versailles, witnessed Liselotte's growing favour, and basked in her popularity. The birth of three children proved a firm bond between a couple who otherwise had nothing in common.

II.

After about six years of married life, relations became gradually strained. But even then "Madame" found ample compensation in the friendship of the King. Louis found pleasure in the sallies of his sister-in-law. He appreciated her outspokenness, her sound judgment and common sense. He relished her quaint language and her strong German accent. He delighted in taking her out hunting, in making her his confidential adviser. On the other hand, "Madame" felt unbounded admiration for his Majesty. If we are to believe the gossip of the Court, as we find it retailed in the Memoirs of the times, in the "Correspondence" of Mme. de Sévigné, and if we read between the lines of "Madame's" Letters, she very soon got to feel something more than friendship and admiration for Louis. It was the King who had fallen in love with the first Duchess of Orleans: now it was the second Duchess who fell in love with the King. There is at least this advantage in Mme. de Sévigné's version, endorsed as it is by the most recent biographer of Liselotte, Mme. Arvede Barine, that, if we accept her view, it becomes much easier to understand the unbounded hatred which Liselotte came to feel for Mme. de Maintenon. That hatred was not due to any incompatibility of temperament, or to wounded vanity, rather did it originate in female jealousy. The "Widow Scarron," the "Sultana," the "witch," had ousted Liselotte from the affections of King Louis.

III.

After the birth of her daughter, in September, 1676, a complete change took place in the relations of "Madame," both to her husband and to her brother-in-law. "Monsieur" fell more and more under the influence of his minions, and subjected his wife to petty humiliations. The King ceased to pay her attentions. He ceased to take out his sister-in-law for drives to Marly and hunting parties in the forest of Fontainebleau.

Liselotte attributes the change to the intrigues of the minions and of the odious "Sultana." The truth is that the cause of the estrangement lay much deeper than mere personal machinations.

In the first place, there were the racial differences between the French character and the character of Liselotte, which was thoroughly German. Unlike most Germans, who so easily merge their national peculiari-

ties, she refused to be assimilated, to adapt herself to the atmosphere of the Court. She retained her idiosyncrasies. With truly German tactlessness and indiscretion, she criticised every French custom and institution. Imbued with an overweening pride of birth, she insisted on her prerogatives. She was intractable in matters of etiquette. She proclaimed the superiority of the ancient German nobility over the upstart French "Noblesse." She even claimed superiority for German sausages and German sauerkraut over the refinements of the French cuisine. She was merciless in her judgments of the leading personages at Court, and, as her letters were periodically opened by the post and copied in the "Black Cabinet," she made herself, in a very short time, countless enemies.

Nor must we forget the fatal effect produced by her outspokenness in matters of religion. "Madame" was a most liberal Christian, and almost a freethinker. She had remained at heart a Protestant, and her religious heresies gave all the more offence and scandal, because since the King's illness and operation the French Court had become more and more devout and more and more orthodox. Louis was already preparing for the systematic expulsion of the Protestant element.

IV.

Until the end of her life she remained convinced that it was Mme. de Maintenon who was, above all, responsible for her estrangement from the King. Her abhorrence for the Sultana, of the "witch," became a fixed idea and obsession. Every trait of her character, every strong feeling and passion combined to inspire her with an ineradicable repulsion. The reserve and discreet manner of the favourite was abhorrent to her impulsive and outspoken disposition. Her pride of birth despised the upstart governess and the widow of a low-class poet and jester. But above all her jealousy could not forgive Madame de Maintenon for having alienated from her the one man she loved and admired.

When we read to-day the "Correspondence" of Liselotte, we receive the impression that "Madame" had only herself to blame, and that Mme. de Maintenon was more sinned against than sinning. It was natural enough that "Madame" should impute the responsibility of all her grievances to the "Widow Scarron." Mme. de Maintenon was supposed to be omnipotent, and therefore it was almost inevitable that she should be made answerable for everything that happened. No doubt themorganatic wife of Louis could not feel any sympathy for the proud German. It would have been too much to expect of her, that she should requite the implacable hatred of "Madame" with kind offices of friendship. But we have no reason to suppose that Mme. de Maintenon went out of her way to do any disservice to the King's sister-in-law. The hatred was all on one side. Secure in the love of the King, Mme. de Maintenon could afford to despise and ignore the passionate outbursts of her implacable and impotent German enemy.

V.

Humiliated and persecuted by her husband, estranged by the King, Liselotte found little consolation in her children. She might have derived some satisfaction from her only daughter, who was dutiful and affectionate, but at eighteen years of age she was married to the Duke of Lorraine, and was lost to her mother. The tyranny of etiquette made it impossible for the one to visit the other, except on conditions which were unacceptable to the King's Majesty.

Her only son, the famous and infamous Regent-~~that~~ was-to-be, although clever, kind-hearted and respectful,

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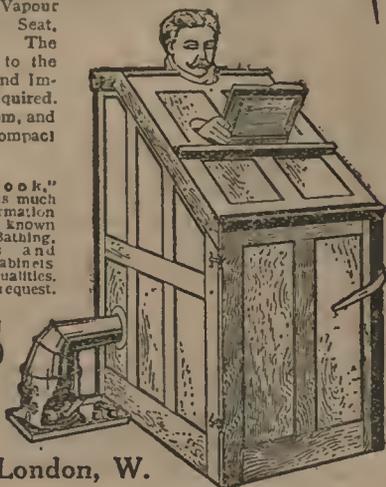
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much, so that
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grew up to be as vicious, in another way, as his depraved father. Before he was twenty the corruption of a perverse Court had tainted him to the marrow. But what grieved her even more than the misconduct of the Duke de Chartres was the misalliance which he was prevailed upon to enter into with Mlle. de Blois. That the great-grandson of a King of England and the grandson of a King of France should agree to marry the bastard daughter of Mme. de Montespan was the crowning humiliation which embittered the remainder of her days.

VI.

In 1699 "Monsieur" suddenly died of apoplexy, after a violent fit of anger with his Royal brother, followed by a too copious dinner. "Monsieur" had always overtaxed his truly Royal stomach, which was as characteristic of the Bourbons as the eagle nose, and he fell a victim to his intemperance. The death of her husband reduced Liselotte more than ever to the mercy of Louis. The King, as always, proved generous. Liselotte retained most of the pensions which had been granted to the Duke of Orleans, and as her income was henceforth at her own disposal, instead of being squandered on her husband's favourites, she was now much better off than in the lifetime of her lord and master.

But it was one of the conditions of the King's favours that "Madame" should make peace with Mme. de Maintenon. The proud German Princess had to humiliate herself before the ex-governess. The vindictive woman had to forget and to forgive. The outspoken and impulsive character had to dissemble and to restrain her outbursts of temper. The scene of reconciliation, which has been graphically described by Saint Simon, took place with a liberal display of goodwill on the part of Mme. de Maintenon, and, on the part of Liselotte, with abundant outbursts of repentance and promises for the future. But the reconciliation proved only superficial and ephemeral. Outward forms were observed, but the hatred was more unrelenting than ever, having gathered strength from the public humiliation.

VII.

One may wonder, with her biographers, why Liselotte, on the death of "Monsieur," did not retire to Germany, or, as had been provided in her marriage contract, why she did not take advantage of the seclusion and peace of a convent, the favourite retreat and refuge of Royal widows in those religious times. But various reasons made her prefer the solitude of Versailles and St. Cloud. Although not a tender mother, it is possible that she did not want to part from her only son. Moreover, to a heretic like Liselotte, the atmosphere of a convent was uncongenial. Nor did she possess the financial means to keep up her position in Germany, and she was too proud to accept a subordinate place in her native country, after having occupied an exalted position in France. And, finally, she hoped for an imminent change which might bring deliverance from the odious tyranny of the "Sultana." So many ladies had possessed in turn the fickle heart of Louis. Why should not a new favourite arise and take the place of the "Widow Scarron"? Or why should she not herself be restored to the Royal friendship? And thus did pride and prejudice, maternal love and human illusion combine to detain her in France, and thus, until the end of her days, she continued to occupy with her dogs her private apartments at Versailles and her palace at St. Cloud.

VIII.

For fifteen years she had to wait for the great King to disappear from a scene which he had filled for seventy-two years, having ruled longer than any sovereign of modern times! When the change did come it was too late. No doubt she breathed more freely when her detested rival returned to St. Cyr, and took up once more her natural vocation as a governess, after having

been for thirty years the uncrowned Queen of France. But Liselotte sincerely regretted the old King. He had been kind to her in her youth, and she had never ceased to love him. Her son had now become Regent of France, and she herself was now the first lady in the realm. And she would have been more than woman if her vanity had not been flattered under the changed circumstances. On the other hand, she less than ever approved of the ways of her family. Her son was addicted to women and gambling. Her granddaughter, the Duchess of Berry, astonished even a corrupt Court with her continuous scandals. Of real political influence Liselotte had none. The Regent, rather than listen to the counsels of his mother, preferred to follow the advice of the infamous Cardinal du Bois, or of the upstart Edinburgh financier and adventurer, John Law, of Lauriston, who, with his Mississippi schemes, eventually ruined half the nobility of Versailles, and turned Paris into a gambling den.

IX.

And even if Liselotte, after her long years of constraint and humiliation, had been disposed to rejoice in her new position, her capacity of enjoyment was rapidly giving way at the approach of age and illness. Her health had been excellent as long as she had been able to take exercise, but during the last years of Louis' reign disfavoured and seclusion, as well as the tyranny of etiquette, had condemned her more and more to a sedentary existence. Her form, which had always been ample, now became every day more massive and unwieldy, and made motion increasingly difficult. Her intellect had lost none of its keenness and activity. Under the freer atmosphere of the Regency, she indulged to the full her natural bent for moralising and speculating. She corresponded with the greatest philosopher of the age, Leibnitz, and with the rising generation of German thinkers. Whilst Louis XIV. had become more and more devout with advancing age and increasing infirmities, Liselotte became more and more a freethinker, and railed more and more against superstition and sacerdotal tyranny. Her undaunted spirit saw the approach of death without terror. Until the end she plied her incisive pen, and continued to entertain her German friends with her interminable epistles. She died at seventy years of age, only preceding her son, the Regent, by one year. She had spent exactly half a century in France. Since she left Heidelberg, in 1672, she had never seen again the smiling hills and vineyards of her native country that she loved so well.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF A NEW SERIES OF COMPETITIONS

It is one of the objects of EVERYMAN, expressed in the sub-title of the paper, to get at the facts of national life. We speak glibly of the classes and the masses, lumping them together as if they were abstract entities; but we know very little of the concrete conditions of life of those classes and those masses. One of the most urgent desiderata of social science is an accurate knowledge of those conditions, with their infinite variations in time and space, according to professions and surroundings.

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| 1. The Civil Servant. | 4. The Male Teacher. |
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| 3. The Foreign Missionary. | 6. The Miner. |

The papers should be descriptive rather than controversial, and we would recommend a division into paragraphs, with a view to inducing orderly sequence. We would also recommend a brief synopsis summing up the main points dealt with. It is desirable that the competitions be written from direct observation. The experience of a miner will be more welcome than a contribution by a politician who once in his life visited a coal-mine.

Entries should be clearly written, and preferably typewritten, should bear the number of the Competition, and should reach the

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THE MAN WITH THE BRAIN OF GOLD

BY ALPHONSE DAUDET

THERE was once a man who had a brain of gold; yes, a brain all of gold. When he came into the world the doctors thought the child would not live, so heavy was his head and so huge his skull. He survived, however, and flourished in the sun like a beautiful olive-tree: only his great head always embarrassed him. And it was pitiable to see him, when walking, knock his head against the furniture.

He often tumbled. One day he fell from the top of a flight of steps and knocked his forehead against one of them, which was of marble, when his cranium clanged like metal.

It was thought that he was dead, but on lifting him up only a slight wound was found, and surrounding it were two or three specks of gold clotted in his fair hair. It was thus that his parents learnt that the child had a golden brain.

The thing was kept secret, the poor little chap himself suspecting nothing. From time to time he would ask why he was not allowed to play with the boys in the street.

"You would be stolen, my beautiful treasure," replied the mother. At that time the little chap was very much afraid of the idea of being stolen; and so, without saying anything, he returned to play by himself, trailing himself sadly from one room to another.

At the early age of eighteen his parents revealed to him the monstrous gift which destiny had bestowed upon him; and as they had brought him up, and nourished him up to that time, they demanded of him a little of his gold.

The youth did not hesitate. In that same hour—how, by what means, the legend does not tell—he extracted from his skull a nugget of gold, a piece as big as a walnut. This he fiercely flung on his mother's lap; then, dazzled by the riches which he carried in his head, befooled by desires, drunk with his power, he quitted the paternal roof, and went away into the world, squandering his treasure.

From the way in which he lived his life, royally, scattering his gold without counting it, one might have thought that his brain was inexhaustible. In reality, it was becoming used up, and in proportion one could see his eyes grow dim and his cheeks become hollow.

At last, one day on the morning after a foolish debauch, the unhappy man found himself alone among the debris of the feast as the lights were waxing pale. It was then that he discovered the enormous inroad he had already made in his treasure. From that day his was a new existence. The man with the golden brain went away to live in retirement by the work of his hands. He became suspicious and fearful as a miser, fleeing temptation, and trying to forget the fatal riches which he no longer wished to touch.

Poor creature! A friend had followed him into solitude, and this friend knew his secret. One night the unfortunate man was awakened out of his sleep by a pain in his head, a frightful pain.

He dressed himself distractedly, and saw, by the rays of the moon, the friend who, in running away, was hiding something under his cloak. One more piece of brain was being filched from him.

Some time after, the man with the brain of gold fell in love. And this time all was lost. He loved from the bottom of his soul a little blonde, who loved him

too, but who also loved ornaments, white plumes, and smart shoes bedecked with dainty bows. In the hands of this darling creature—half-bird, half-doll—his gold pieces stood for all that was pleasurable. She had a thousand caprices, and he could not say no to her. For fear of giving her pain, he hid from her, even to the end, the sad secret of his fortune.

"We are very rich!" she would say.

The poor man would reply, "Ah, yes, very rich!" and he would laugh lovingly at the little blue bird that was innocently pecking at his brain.

Sometimes, however, fear held him, when he resolved to economise. But then the little woman would come running to him and say, "My husband, my very rich husband, buy me something beautiful—and very expensive." And he would buy her something beautiful and very expensive.

This lasted for two years; then one morning the little woman died—no one knew why—like a bird. The treasure was coming to an end. With that which remained to him the widower thought he would provide his beloved with a beautiful funeral. There should be tolling of bells, heavy coaches draped with black, horses adorned with plumes: nothing now appeared to him too costly. What mattered his gold to him now! He gave of it to the Church, to the bearers, to the dealers in artificial flowers. He gave it everywhere without bargaining, so that on leaving the cemetery there remained to him almost nothing of his marvellous brain—in fact, only a few grains clinging to the walls of his skull.

He was seen walking the streets with an abstracted air, his hands before him, stumbling like a drunken man. That evening, when the shops were lighted up, he stopped before a large shop-window, in which a medley of dresses and of finery was displayed in the light, and stayed for a long time looking at a pair of blue satin shoes, trimmed with swan's-down.

"I know someone whom these shoes will please," he smilingly remarked, remembering no longer that the little woman was dead.

He entered for the purpose of buying them. From the back of her shop the shopkeeper heard a bitter cry, and ran forward, but drew back in fear upon seeing a man leaning against the counter, regarding it dolefully, with a stupefied air. He held in one hand the blue shoes bordered with swan's-down, and presented the other, all bloody, but with scrapings of gold clinging to the nails. This is the legend of the man with the brain of gold.

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The Editor of EVERYMAN offers a prize of Two Guineas for the Best Essay on "The Working of the Medical Insurance Act: Criticisms and Suggestions," the essay not to exceed 1,800 words. All entries for this competition should be addressed to the

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and must reach him not later than June 1st. It is recommended that the essays be typewritten.

EVERYMAN'S FRENCH PAGE

By LOUIS ADOLPHE THIERS

La Mort de Napoléon.

ENFIN s'ouvrit cette année 1821, qui devait être pour Napoléon la dernière de sa grande existence. Au commencement de janvier il éprouva une amélioration de quelques jours, mais qui ne se soutint pas. "C'est un répit d'une semaine ou deux, dit-il, après quoi la maladie reprendra son cours."

Il dicta encore à Marchand quelques pages sur César, et ce furent les dernières. A peu près à cette époque on apprit par les journaux la mort de sa sœur Elisa. Il y fut très-sensible. C'était la première personne de sa famille qui mourait depuis qu'il avait l'âge de raison. "Allons, dit-il, elle me montre le chemin; il faut la suivre." Bientôt les symptômes qui s'étaient déjà produits reparurent avec toute leur force. Napoléon avait le teint livide, le regard toujours puissant, mais les yeux caves, les jambes enflées, les extrémités froides, l'estomac d'une susceptibilité telle qu'il rejetait tous les aliments avec accompagnement de matières noirâtres. Le mois de février s'écoula ainsi sans aucune amélioration, et en amenant au contraire des symptômes plus graves. Ne digérant aucun aliment, l'auguste malade s'affaiblissait chaque jour. Une soif ardente commençait à le tourmenter; son pouls si lent s'anima et devenait fébrile. Il aurait voulu de l'air, et il ne pouvait en supporter l'impression. La lumière le fatiguait; il ne quittait plus les deux petites chambres où étaient tendus ses deux lits de campagne, et se faisait transporter de l'un à l'autre. Il ne dictait plus, mais il se faisait lire Homère et les guerres d'Annibal dans Tite-Live, ne pouvant se les faire lire dans Lolybe qu'il n'avait pu se procurer.

Le mois de mars amena un état plus grave encore, et le 17, désirant respirer librement, il se fit mettre en voiture, mais à peine en plein air il faillit s'évanouir, et fut replacé dans le lit où il devait expirer. "Je ne suis plus, dit-il, ce fier Napoléon que le monde à tant vu à cheval. Les monarques qui me persécutent peuvent se rassurer, je leur rendrai bientôt la sécurité." . . . Les fidèles serviteurs de Napoléon ne le quittaient pas. Marchand et Montholon veillaient jour et nuit à son chevet, et il leur en témoignait une extrême gratitude. Le grand maréchal demandant pour sa femme la permission de le visiter: "Je ne suis pas bon à voir, avait-il répondu. Je recevrai madame Bertrand quand je serai mieux. Dites-lui que je la remercie du dévouement qui l'a retenue six années dans ce desert."

Il était ainsi arrivé aux derniers jours d'avril, n'ayant aucune espérance, n'en cherchant aucune, et regardant sa fin comme très-prochaine. Il résolut alors de faire son testament.

Il consacra plusieurs jours à arrêter ces dispositions, puis à les écrire, et s'interrompit à diverses reprises, vaincu par la fatigue et les souffrances. Enfin il en vint à bout, et, fidèle à son esprit d'ordre, il fit rédiger un procès verbal de la remise à ses exécuteurs testamentaires de son testament et de tout ce qu'il possédait, afin qu'aucune contestation ne pût s'élever après sa mort. Il recommanda qu'on observât à ses funérailles les rites du culte catholique, et que sa salle à manger, dans laquelle on lui disait la messe, fût convertie en chapelle ardente. Le docteur Antomarchi, écoutant ces prescriptions adressées à l'abbé Vignale, ne put se défendre d'un sourire. Napoléon trouva que c'était manquer de respect à son autorité, à son génie, à sa mort. "Jeune homme, lui dit-il d'un ton

sévère, vous avez peut-être trop d'esprit pour croire en Dieu: je n'en suis pas là. . . *N'est pas athée qui veut.*" Cette leçon sévère donnée en des termes dignes du grand homme expirant, rempli d'embarras le jeune médecin, qui se confondit en excuses, et fit profession des croyances morales les plus saines.

The Death of Napoleon.

THE year 1821 came at last, that year that was to terminate the wondrous career of Napoleon. At the commencement of January his health improved, but only for a few days. "It is a respite," he said, "of a week or two, and then the disease will resume its course."

He then dictated a few pages touching Cæsar to Marchand; they were the last he wrote. About the same time he saw the death of his sister Eliza announced in the papers. It pained him deeply. She was the first person of his family that had died since he had attained the use of reason. "She has shown me the way," he said; "I must follow." The symptoms of his disease returned now with greater violence than ever. Napoleon's complexion became livid, his glance was expressive of as much power as ever, but his eyes were sunken, his legs swelled, his extremities became cold, and his stomach rejected every species of food, and these ejections were accompanied by a discharge of blackish matter. February brought no other change than an increased intensity of the symptoms. Not being able to digest any food, the august invalid became weaker every day. He was tormented by intense thirst, and his pulse, once so slow, beat with feverish rapidity. He wished for air, though he could not endure it when admitted. The light pained him, and he now never left his rooms, in which were his two camp-beds, being removed occasionally from one to the other. He did not dictate any more, but had Homer read to him, and the account of Hannibal's war in Livy, not having been able to procure Polybius.

His health became still worse in March, and on the 17th, thinking that during a short drive he could breathe more freely, he was put into a carriage; but when brought into the air he very nearly fainted, and was borne back to the bed in which he was to die. "I am no longer," he said, "that proud Napoleon whom the world has so often seen on horseback. The monarchs who persecute me may set their minds at rest; I shall soon remove every cause of fear." Napoleon's faithful servants never left him. Montholon and Marchand remained day and night by his bedside, an attention for which he showed himself profoundly grateful. The great marshal asking permission for his wife to visit him; "I am not fit to be seen," he said; "I shall receive Madame Bertrand when I am better. Tell her that I thank her for the devotion that has kept her for six years in this desert."

Having now reached the last days of April without any renewal of hope, or wishing for it, and considering his end as very near, he determined to make his will.

Napoleon devoted several days to making these arrangements and committing them to writing. His labour suffered frequent interruptions from pain and weariness. All was arranged at length, and, with his usual love of order, he had a legal document drawn up of the transfer of his will, and all that he possessed,

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to his testamentary executors, that there might be no cause of dispute after his death. He desired that the rites of the Catholic faith should be observed at his burial, and that the dining-room in which he was accustomed to hear mass should be converted into a *chappelle ardente*. Dr. Antomarchi could not help smiling as he heard these orders given to the Abbé Vignale. Napoleon considered this as a want of respect to his authority, his genius, and his death. "Young man," he said in a severe tone, "perhaps you are too clever to believe in God; I am not in that position—a man cannot become an atheist merely by wishing it." This severe lesson, spoken in terms worthy of a great man at the point of death, overwhelmed the young doctor with confusion; he made a thousand excuses, and made profession of the most satisfactory moral principles.



CORRESPONDENCE

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Owing to the large number of letters received it is necessary for correspondents to write briefly if their letters are to appear.

ENTERPRISE IN BUSINESS.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Mr. W. A. Finch asks for a "reasoned statement" of the issues between Socialism and the present system as regards business.

Clearly, Socialism has more to do with business than what its name might seem to imply, society.

Well, the answer to Mr. Finch comes in the very number of EVERYMAN in which he puts his request.

The "business principle" of the present time is that of "seeing a net profit when the transaction is completed; not necessarily a profit of increased wealth in all cases, but increased wealth is no doubt a compelling object."

This is in a letter from Mr. S. T. Nicholson.

It is exactly on this point of the need of "seeing a net profit" being the compelling force of enterprise which the Socialists do not or will not admit, and yet fail to show why not, and also entirely fail to provide any efficient substitute for it in their system if they admit its need.

The nearest thing to a substitute I can find in Socialist writings is a dependence upon the natural animal liking for enterprise which exists in human beings. But I should like to ask any Socialists who depend upon this, which of the animals ever continued to have efficient enterprise, or did not degenerate in a few generations, if they had no compulsion and difficulty in providing food for themselves and their families?

The domestic animals form no subject for an answer to this question, for they have compulsions alternative to those necessary to provide food, or, if they have not, they degenerate, as in the case of every spoiled pet dog.

The Socialists have failed so far to show that their system is not degenerate, while the present system of business has not yet been shown to be degenerate.—I am, sir, etc.,

ERNEST LOXLEY.

London, E.C.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—In response to his request for explanations, perhaps a very few words by way of supplement to my recent letter may serve to make my position clear and, at the same time, to mollify Mr. Doody.

Instead of being, as he assumes, "very much con-

cerned about those people who are wavering, as it were, on the brink of Socialism, and who must be saved at any cost," it happens that I have for some time past ranged myself among those who, "though not yet sufficiently informed to reach a decision, are strongly influenced, and, unless speedily shown where lie its sophistries and fallacies, will soon abandon their present state of suspended judgment, throw in their lot with the party of revolution, and do what they can," as Mr. Doody and my young friend, Mr. Greenwood, are already doing—"to make its principles and policy prevail." Hence my appeal, for such it was.

I may be reminded, of course, that already in EVERYMAN, at the hands of such an eminent littérateur as Mr. Belloc, the fundamental misconceptions of the Socialists have been exposed. Now, Mr. Belloc's fine phrase, "the Servile State," and his indignation against the unnatural crime of dispossessing the already dispossessed, and handing over the land to the politicians, might vastly gratify those on the look-out for catch words. But if one proceeds to inquire how far the masses are to-day from the Servile State, or to what extent the ordinary politician meddles with Post Office administration or State Education, it becomes clear that Mr. Belloc has himself erected the windmills against which he tilts.

I therefore still await, and trust that EVERYMAN may yet secure, a clear statement of the case for the opponents of Socialism, for "if serious argument in favour of the capitalist position exists, it certainly is not greatly in evidence."—I am, sir, etc.,

Leeds, May 12th, 1913.

W. A. FINCH.

[This correspondence is now closed.—EDITOR.]

GEORGE BORROW.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—E. Hermann's sketch of Borrow is very interesting, and one or two of the phrases are clear-cut gems, yet it does not appear to me to have placed Borrow in the right light, especially in his relation to Isopel Berners; she, as well as he, realised the inevitability of parting, and wherever she went I should think she was quite capable of taking care of herself.

Rather than counting her love as water spilt upon the ground, I think it showed a strength of character in him far beyond the average man, for if ever a man craved for love and sympathy I should think it was Borrow, but, weighing it up in those dark, wind-swept silences, he realised his position as a nomadic wanderer, yet with forces working within him that would one day cause him to alter the whole routine of his life; and can anyone fancy Isopel Berners settling down into the conventional life of an early Victorian home? Again, E. Hermann says nothing about that wonderful book, "Wild Wales, its People and Language." In it we get not only a fine description of his experiences in Wales, but also an insight to his comparatively happy home-life, so that I think E. Hermann's description is not only inadequate, but tails off very flat; but perhaps he was only allowed a page, and could not give fuller details; if so, I am sorry, and should like to read more about Borrow in your most excellent paper.—I am, sir, etc.,

Norwich, May 5th.

JOHN PACKER.

COBBETT'S "HISTORY OF THE REFORMATION."

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—I was rather amused to read in the appreciation of William Cobbett last week by Mr. F. E. Green, the statement that while two of Cobbett's "live"

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If this means that it is *only* in such places one can get it, Mr. F. E. Green must be unaware of the fact that this work of Cobbett's is in circulation at first-hand by the thousand and tens of thousands; in fact, it is immensely popular, and, I should say, is far more widely known and read than any of his other books. Abbot Gasquet has edited and prefaced an edition (Washbourne's), and the copy I have is among the fifteenth thousand. As for the sixpenny edition (Duffy's), the latest impression bears on its title-page the words 60th thousand.

I am speaking of what I know of its popularity in Catholic circles; naturally, it does not commend itself to "the other side"—for obvious reasons.—I am, sir, etc.,

HENRY GREY GRAHAM.

Motherwell, May 5th.

CONSCRIPTION AND THE WORKERS.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Commenting on the notion that conscription would be "a great levelling force, and indeed the only remedy for the curse of caste," you say in a recent issue: "It would be interesting to trace this levelling influence in countries that have conscription—and more interesting than easy, one imagines." Now, I happen to have made a special study (partly on the spot) of conscription in Australia and New Zealand, and I write to assure you that, although in those countries the system of forced enlistment has taken a far less exacting form than its advocates propose for this country, and applies only to youths under twenty-one, it has during the short time it has been in force caused a great accentuation of class distinctions, and has pressed much more hardly upon the workers than upon the more fortunate classes.

This has been strikingly evident in the case of the senior cadet training in Australia. Youths attending secondary schools, most of whom belong to the upper and middle classes, take their statutory drill in the school cadet corps as part of the curriculum. Working lads, on the other hand, are obliged to go to parade after the close of their day's work, and sometimes to sacrifice time which they would otherwise devote to the care and support of a widowed mother, or other dependent relatives. Others, whose work is partly done in evenings, must lose wages. This unequal treatment, though not designed—it is from the Government's point of view merely a matter of official convenience—is bitterly resented by those who suffer from it, and by workers' organisations.

It might have been expected that a system which a Labour Government had a hand in framing would have been genuinely democratic. Yet we find the Sydney *Worker*, though a supporter of the Government, writing that "the devil of caste distinctions has already got into it"—the "citizen" army—"and the relations of subordination and authority are beginning to manifest themselves in acts of a disgusting tyranny."

Labour organisations in different parts of the Commonwealth have expressed their dissatisfaction with the Act, and at the recent annual conference of the Queensland section of the Australian Workers' Union it was resolved:—

"That this conference emphatically recommends to the Federal Government the immediate alteration of the Federal Defence Act by an amending clause that will absolutely prohibit at any time the employment of the Federal military forces, arms, or accoutrements, against the citizens of the Commonwealth during strikes or internal disturbances.

Furthermore, that unless such amending clause be forthwith enacted, this conference shall use its utmost endeavours to effect a repeal of the Federal Defence Act."

In New Zealand the workers are even more strongly and unitedly against the system. The national conference which lately effected a combination of the two wings of the Labour party unanimously declared that "militarism has always been against the interests of the workers," and therefore demanded the immediate repeal of the Act. The Passive Resisters' Union, which consists of youths who are pledged to resist compulsion to the uttermost, and many of whose members have already been imprisoned for obeying their consciences rather than the law, is almost entirely a working-class organisation. If a youth is fined for refusing to serve, the fine may be recovered by attachment of his wages—a special punitive measure which obviously can only be applied to wage-earners. The Passive Resisters' Union is meeting this trouble by encouraging those so penalised to cease work, and by allowing them strike pay.

In New Zealand also, as in Australia, there is no legislative safeguard against the conscript forces being used in industrial disputes. In both countries the great majority of those punished for non-compliance belong to the working classes, and in both countries it has become evident in different ways that freedom of speech—that great safeguard of the masses against oppression—is seriously menaced by military power.—I am, sir, etc.,

S. V. BRACHER.

Upper Bedford Place, W.C.

IS THE HUMAN BRAIN DEGENERATING?

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—The least that could be expected in an article under the above heading is that some argument in support of the theory advanced would be produced, that this argument would have been supported by evidence of the strongest type, and that the conclusions from the data furnished would have been incontrovertible. The question has, however, been answered in the affirmative, and the evidence is frankly admitted to be non-existent. There has never yet been a true statement that lacked proof of its truth.

The principal premise in the article is that self-preservation causes mental development. There is instanced the primitive man who invents weapons and thus develops an additional brain convolution. If brain power is gained that way, intellectual progress to-day is very rapid. The whole point is how long did primitive man take to do these things; what time elapsed from the moment he sat on a rock to the moment he constructed a chair? Æons or afternoons?

This is the greatest inventive age the world has ever seen, and the difference between this and all former ages in this particular is that inventions of to-day are of the creative and not of the consecutive order. The affirmative argument does not succeed on this ground.

It is also argued that the possession of brain power is evidenced in primeval man in his ability to kill his fellows. The first man who realised it was not necessary to kill to live made a gigantic intellectual stride. Think of it—a reversion of all preconceived thought. Yet it is at this precise moment that the writer sees the first mental retrogression. Presumably a further deterioration of brain power coincided with the enunciation of the Sinaitic law, with the institution of Christianity, with the promulgation of the doctrines of Socialism, with the founding of the first hospital.



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The argument that "there is no struggle for life, no struggle which secures life to the cleverer and denies it to the more foolish," is also unsound, if the primitive view of life as mere existence is abandoned. The savage removed an opponent to the grave; the civilised man removes him to the workhouse or the gutter. In both cases the opposition ceases. (It should be noted that the savage certainly did not kill all his enemies.) The battle is one of brains instead of beef. A further intellectual advance will be made when every child commences life with an equal chance, and when it will be impossible for a tramp and a millionaire to be found, to exist even, in the same world.

Of course, we are told mental deterioration is to be stopped by a process of selection. We are to believe that the union of clever parents will produce clever children. Is this so? The past does not prove it. Can it be that all the clever men of history married very inferior wives? In India the people are divided into castes, intermarriage is unknown; yet one caste is not mentally superior, as it ought to be, to those beneath it. It appears true that certain physical properties can be bred, but that mental qualities are of too elusive a nature to submit to a similar process.

Finally, just as the desire to kill has gone, so the desire that exists to-day to get wealth, or the fuller means of life as most apprehend them at present, will go, and in its place will be the desire to ameliorate for all the conditions of life. Brains will concentrate on this highest work to bring to all people a time when pain and sorrow and sighing shall be unknown.—I am, sir, etc.,

S. W. NICHOLSON.

Baldock.

THE TYPIST.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—It is interesting to find a discussion going on in EVERYMAN on the subject of typing as a profession, for, while there are many people who will take an interest in chain-makers or teachers, they seem hardly to realise that there are such people as typists.

The question has been raised as to whether the typist's work is "mechanical" or not. Without pretending to solve this problem, which appears to need tactful treatment, I should like to put forward a few considerations, based on actual experience.

If we consider all work as divided into two classes: (1) the original, artistic, individual; (2) the mechanical, routine, impersonal, I think we shall be obliged to put typing, like all other office work, into the second category. In any employment that needs an "original" worker—for instance, sick-nursing or teaching—the differences between one personality and another enter into the work, are essential to it. But in a "mechanical" occupation, such as tending a box-making machine or adding up accounts, the work can be passed from one person to another without any bad result. In an office the men who dictate the letters are doing more or less original work; the girls who "take down" the letters and type them out are doing mechanical work.

When the first factory workers tried to persuade the millowners to make their day's work a little less long, they were sometimes met with the answer that the machines needed no rest, and why should the workers? Now, that shows up one of the weaknesses of the industrial revolution, and we typists are a result of that movement, and come under its curse as well as its blessing.

Many employers look upon a typist simply as part of her machine—with a file inside her head. This accounts for the long hours often worked by typists,

and the strain to which we are often subjected by being made to work in a hurry. I think that people who have never worked a typewriter have, as a rule, very little idea of the effort, physical and mental, which is involved in typing letters at full speed all day long.

Personally, I should never encourage a girl to enter this profession, not only on account of the long hours and nervous strain, but because the rate of remuneration is so low. If I may be allowed to quote my own case, I may say that, with a University education, good training, and two languages, I cannot earn more than 35s. a week, and this is considered an extremely handsome salary.

The only remedy for these grievances, as far as I can see, is a kind of Malthusian one. At present the profession is so overcrowded that a Trade Union would not do much good, for employers could always, I believe, get plenty of blackleg labour. The enormous number of typists makes competition for posts very keen and tends to bring down wages. It is possible, of course, that an extension of the Trade Boards Act to typing might give us a minimum wage, which need not mean a uniform rate over the whole profession, but which might do some good. Failing a decrease in numbers or the establishment of a minimum wage, I can only look to the invention of a machine that will type.

This is a subject on which I could write volumes, but this is probably already more than enough.—I am, sir, etc.,
Y. M. A.

THE ABOLITION OF THE WORKING CLASSES.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Mr. Chiozza Money's second article appears a little disappointing after his first able and interesting one. He started with a great problem, which one anticipated he would have solved somewhat differently—that some 25,000,000, the greater part of whom are soft-handed, as he suggestively puts it, leave some 10,000,000 horny hands of toil, or "the working classes," so called. To abolish these last would appear to be a simple sum in proportion. If such a vast number of the soft-handed have been created, why should not the remainder be likewise created by the same process or means? What have been those means that have already brought about such a remarkable result? It seems to come almost under one answer, mechanism. But for this most of those who now have a physically easy time would still be strenuous toilers; the majority of us would still be "the working classes." Mr. Chiozza Money's remedy would be to shorten the working day. This will undoubtedly come about once the wants of the working classes are increased sufficiently, and this, as Buckle, the historian, so illuminatingly put it, can only be brought about by education. It is education which increases human wants, and, still more, it increases also the supply of wants, and so will ultimately abolish the physically "working classes."

One wonders if the ever-increasing soft-handed masses realise these causes that are at work to-day and ever have been since the common cart-wheel was invented, reducing physical labour more and more into intellectual labour, perhaps the hardest of all labour.

One wonders if the working and soft-handed classes realise how physical labour all round would be increased by a sudden cessation of all mechanism.

The commonest want, food that comes to our mouths, came by the plough and the sickle, long antecedent to the knife and fork; but the amount of

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mechanism in use to-day to bring each of us the commonest commodity or the rarest is almost unthinkable. Every increase in such processes will ultimately abolish the so-called "working classes."—I am, sir, etc.,

London, S.W.

T. R. BRIDGWATER.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—I am glad that my articles under the above heading produced so many interesting and valuable letters. It is, of course, impossible for me to reply to all of them, and I will confine myself to the chief point which, as it appears to me, escapes the attention of some of your correspondents. It is this: that so-called "mental" work usually calls for much less mental effort than commonly so-called "manual" work. I do not, of course, refer to the high qualities demanded by some kinds of direction, or by design, or artistry, or engineering in its broadest sense. I refer to the routine work performed by "brain" workers, such as clerks, agents, travellers, traders, etc. A little reflection will show your correspondents that it requires far more brain work (1) to build a good brick wall in English bond than to make entries in a ledger; (2) to make a piece of framed joinery than to sell goods on commission; (3) to do the electric wiring of an ordinary house than to buy goods at wholesale prices and to sell them over the counter at retail prices. Indeed, I might go further, and point out that the "manual" operations I have just named call not only for more mental effort, but for a higher order of mental effort, than the alleged brainworks with which I have contrasted them.

For the rest, may I be permitted to refer your readers who desire to follow up the subject at greater length, to the essay entitled "Work in the Great State," which I contributed to the volume entitled "The Great State," edited by Mr. H. G. Wells?—I am, sir, etc.,

L. G. CHIOZZA MONEY.

PACIFISM AND IMPERIALISM.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Your contributor, Signor Enrico Corradini, in his attempt to prove the necessity of war, makes two groundless assumptions.

1. "All living things," he says, "tend to decay and die, and are kept alive by a force which is constantly renewing them." So far, so good. That renewing force in social organisms he declares to be war; but he does not attempt to prove it, he merely contents himself with giving two illustrations in support of his theory. In fact, he himself furnishes his readers, in the very same paragraph, with a refutation of his unwarranted assumption. "Wars of conquest pour new life into a country, in so far as they drive out those who, in view of this ethical relationship between a country and its people, are usurpers, and establish in their place a productive race." War, then, he admits in these words, does not put new life into a moribund people, but merely drives them out of their land to go elsewhere, and pursue the self-same policy.

2. Signor Corradini also assumes that the aggressors in any war are a live people, that the defenders are "usurpers" of the land in which they live, and that the former, when victorious, after dispossessing their victims of their land, turn that land to productive uses. Is this so? I think not. Take the case of the Norman Conquest of England. William the Conqueror, to achieve his purpose—the conquest of England—devastated the part of the country between York and the Tees. Town and village were burnt; cattle and implements of industry were destroyed. "The famine which followed," says

Green, "is said to have swept off more than a hundred thousand victims." Were the people thus maltreated usurpers of the land in which they lived? Were they driven off that a productive race might take their place? Half a century later," the same writer goes on to say, "the land still lay bare of culture and deserted of men for sixty miles northward of York."

Was the American Civil War of 1861-65 a force to revive any social organism? Did it drive any unproductive people from their land to be replaced by a productive one? Did the Crimean War drive out any "usurpers and establish in their place a productive race?"

Examples like these may be given freely to show that, comparatively speaking, seldom has any war achieved what your contributor believes to be the purpose of war.

War, he also says, is one of the "laws to which human society, nations, and peoples are subject." If he means that we are prone to war, I admit that there is some truth in his statement. But if he means—as I understand him to mean—that we are under the power of war, just as the English nation, for instance, is under the power of its Parliament, then I think that he is quite mistaken. For we are not compelled to wage war any more than we are compelled to assault the first person we meet on going out of the house.

Does Signor Enrico Corradini really believe that Providence, in its superintendence of mankind, decides when and between whom there shall be war? Does he entirely disbelieve in free will? One or two sentences of his article lead us to believe that he does.

—I am, sir, etc.,

WM. ARNOLD HAWKINS.

Staffs.

PAGANISM AND CHRISTIANITY.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—May I be allowed to offer a few remarks on the letter of Mr. A. Hilliard Atteridge in your issue of May 2nd?

In order to point out one of the factors on which the writer considers the superiority of present-day civilisation is based, he says that "the citizens were a small class, whose leisure and opportunities for cultured enjoyment depended on the existence of a large slave population. In the great days of the Athenian State there were probably three slaves to every free citizen." The aim of the writer is evidently to prove that at the present day slavery does not exist, and that every man—and woman—has the opportunity of developing his capacities to the utmost, and, therefore, the actual state of society is intellectually and morally far beyond that of the Greeks.

Now, sir, this asserted condition of freedom does not exist at the present day. It is true that no man is legally the property of another, but, to all intents and purposes, the great majority of members of the community belong, body and soul, to the comparatively few of a privileged class. They work long hours in order to earn their daily bread—in many cases a bare pittance—and when they are no longer fit to do this they are left to a doled-out charity or—to starve. It is bare-faced hypocrisy to maintain that their state is any better than that of the Greek slaves—in many cases it is worse, for the ancient slave was always of a certain value to his master, and it was in the interest of the latter to see that this value did not decrease. What does it matter to the capitalist of the present day whether the value of his hands goes down or not, he can generally get a further supply without much difficulty.

(Continued on page 154.)



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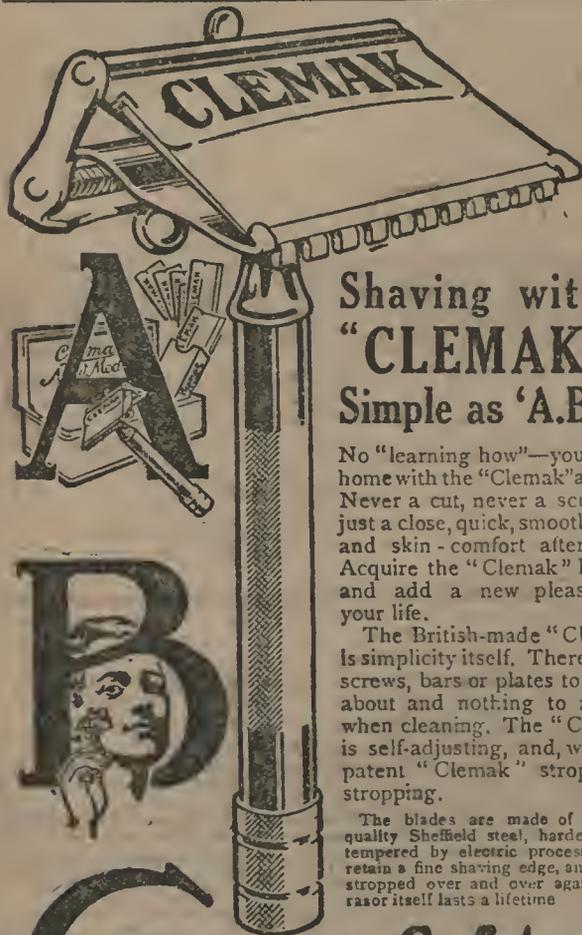
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Mr. Atteridge further goes on to state that the Greeks trusted the defence of their cities to slaves and mercenaries, and attributes to this a share in the downfall of the race. This may possibly be true; but, if it is, then one can only remark that the same fate will overtake England, for to whom is the defence of the country entrusted if not to paid soldiers, which is a euphemistic name for mercenaries. What an outcry is made by the parties representing the so-called moral forces of the nation when the word "conscription"—which, after all, means democratic national defence—is uttered!—I am, sir, etc.,
 C. J. ADAMS.
 Croydon.

[This correspondence is now closed.—EDITOR.]

THE DAPPLED PADDOCK.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—I am pained that your reviewer of my book, "The Quiet Spirit," in your issue of May 2nd, should have been led by what he not incorrectly calls his ignorance into ascribing to me an addiction to "Futurism" (whatever that may be).

Although he says it would be unkind to ask me to explain the word "paddock," I really think it would be an act of kindness to him to do so. "Paddock," in English, means "toad" or "frog."

"For who that's but a queen, fair, sober, wise,
 Would from a *paddock*, from a bat, a gib,
 Such dear discernings hide?"
 —Hamlet, Act III., Scene IV., line 190.

"*Paddock* calls."
 —Macbeth, Act I., Scene I., line 9.

"Here, a little child, I stand,
 Heaving up my either hand,
 Cold as *paddocks* tho' they be."
 —Herrick, "A Child's Grace."

"O thae *paddock* pies!"
 —Bon Gualtier, "The Queen in France."

I give the first few literary examples that occur to me. Every schoolboy, at least north of the Tweed, knows what a "puddock" is.

As it appears that your reviewer, having hit upon the incongruity of a racecourse paddock loping by on the second page of my book, has read no further, and on this somewhat slender acquaintance has proceeded to condemn the whole, I think, in fairness, I may ask you to publish this letter.—I am, sir, etc.,

Glasgow, May 8th, 1913. J. S. MUIRHEAD.

THE USE OF BOOKS TO WORKING MEN.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—I have just read a letter from D. M. T. re article on above subject by J. R. Clynes, M.P., which appeared in your issue of April 18th. How D. M. T. can construe the meaning he does from such an article I cannot imagine.

He asks: "Does Mr. Clynes really think that for a working man, when really tired of work, to sit and secure the delights of a 'Path to Rome' would solace that man for the hours of sweated slavery, his blood pittance of perhaps 12s. a week on which to keep a wife and dozen little ones?" Certainly not! How can the writer think this when Mr. Clynes declares that he "would not have books intended to make men content with evil conditions or submissive to them. The more men read usefully and well the less well they yield . . . to under-payment in the matter of reward for their work."

Again, does D. M. T. suggest that when a "man is really tired *with* work, that such a man has necessarily been a victim of the sweating system? Many a man has been "tired of work," but at the same

time has received adequate remuneration for such work. Also does not D. M. T. let his imagination run riot when he pictures a man and wife with a "dozen little ones"? If such a couple had a dozen children, some of them would be anything but "little."

How does D. M. T. reconcile the sentence in his letter, "that labour unrest would be increased," with the one in Mr. Clynes' article, namely, "Labour unrest would be increased, though better expressed and more scientifically directed if workmen used to greater extent the intellectual levers of Ruskin," etc. I see nothing here to suggest that Mr. Clynes disapproves of labour unrest.

I quite agree with D. M. T. when he says that "the intellectual powers lie low when the body is half clad and half starved," but this is no reason why such powers, small though they be, should not be utilised to the best advantage.

Let D. M. T. read the article again carefully, and he will see that the writer does not for one moment suggest that the reading of books compensate a man for any loss of physical force, but only help to improve and brighten many a life which would otherwise be monotonous, dull, and irksome.—I am, sir, etc.,

E. WAINWRIGHT FFOULKES.

May 3, 1913.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

THE authors of THE DANCING CHILD (Chapman and Hall, 6s.) have followed the popular craze for a heroine of the music-halls. As a rule, the child dances into the notice of the reader to the strains of a piano organ, her performance is witnessed by a passing impresario, who there and then trains her, and launches her on the stream of success, whereon she sails to an ultimate marriage with a member of the aristocracy. The latest novel of this kind opens with a new gambit. Katie, the small person in question, is Irish, and her dances are light and airy as the summer breeze. She is discovered by Mrs. Chapman, an unutterably selfish woman, who, disliking work herself, decides that Katie shall work for her. She has left her husband, disgusted with his poverty, and has taken a situation in Ireland. The characterisation of this woman is distinctly clever. She is introduced to us as a spectator in the gallery of a theatre watching the performance of a child genius who does wonderful things in the dancing line. Then and there she forms a resolution of finding and training a similar genius, and Fortune throws Katie in her way. Utterly alone in the world, the child accepts the fact of Ethel's adoption without question or complaint; the secret of the woman's influence marks a departure from the ordinary conventional novel. Katie is managed through her love for the fairies, Mrs. Chapman inspiring the child with the belief that the "little people" have adopted her as their instrument. There is a strain of fantasy throughout the story that redeems it from the commonplace. The style is fresh and original, and on the whole the authors are to be congratulated on their success.

Agnes and Egerton Castle are notable for distinction of phrase and a quiet reserve of style. CHANCE THE PIPER (Smith, Elder and Co., 6s.) exhibits the characteristics of these authors, and the collection of short stories published under the above title are eminently readable and occasionally subtle. The most dramatic is entitled "Moon's Gibbet." This is a

A Remarkable Letter from an Eminent Anatomist.

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Dear Mr. Cox,—Your lessons, or, rather, the explanation of your ideas as to the training of the power of memory, have given me the most intense pleasure, and I KNOW that you have got down to rockbottom truth in your ideas, and that you have developed the ONE correct plan to which to work for the purpose of memory training. You need have no fear with regard to the correctness of your physiology, which is correct in every detail, and your system is, I am sure, the correct method of thoroughly impinging upon the brain cells and causing them to react in response to the impulses sent to them. You see that you call into play the work of the nerve endings in the cells by force of will in the same manner in which they would be called into play by the senses through the organs of the eyes, ears, and fingers, and the impulse stops in the brain without being sent out again and dissipated in the use of those organs, which is naturally more or less of a drain upon the body.

Your system also compels concentration in three or perhaps more distinct ways, and I have always been of opinion that the reason of all poor memory was the inability to concentrate, and you have been able to explain in a very few words a threefold means of concentration which must be more than threefold more valuable than a single means.

I am quite sure that your system pursued will result in a strengthening of the nerve tissues involved in the act of storing impressions in the brain, and as use develops any tissue, so it will develop brain tissue also.

In each of us is the power of memory. It is only atrophied for want of exercise. It is a physiological law that what is not used begins immediately to atrophy, and we have allowed many of our powers to atrophy by lack of use, particularly the power of storing impressions.

I am quite sure also that your system will be of the very greatest assistance in maintaining and even in restoring the health of the physical tissues.—Yours sincerely, J. J. MAY.

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THE DESTROYING ANGEL (Grant Richards, 6s.) is a lurid novel, centring round a beautiful and tragic adventuress. We have met the type many times before; it is eternal, and we suppose will outlast the most original and individual creations of fiction. The hero, by name Whitaker, discovers the lady in the act of swallowing oxalic acid. He rescues her, in the usual approved fashion, and is obliging enough to marry her that she may suffer no inconvenience from the lack of a duly respectable name. Meanwhile Whitaker has been condemned to death by a doctor. He suffers from those mysterious diseases known only to fictionists, and attains a marvellous cure, which permits him to perform feats of herculean strength. He goes into the wilds in pursuit of his health, and returns to find Mary a famous actress! The end of this amazing book is of a wild and whirling description. Mary, who is playing the leading part in a drama, finds herself faced by a theatrical manager who, desperate with love for her, aims a pistol at her heart. She is rescued by the frantic leap of Whitaker's friend Ember from a box to the stage.

Mrs. Henry de la Pasture is invariably successful in depicting scenes of domestic life. There is a freshness and charm about her work that intrigues the interest, and is restful to the reader of many mediocre novels. In MICHAEL FERRYS (Smith, Elder and Co., 6s.) she has departed from her usual methods. The story is practically a prolonged discussion on religion, and lengthy philosophical arguments impede the action of the drama and block the stage. It is only those fortunate persons with assured incomes and plenty of leisure that are able to devote such a very long time to the dissection of motive, and the analysis of souls. Now and again the author harks back to her earlier manner, and we get a touch of the breezy humour of "Deborah." We are grateful for this relief, but most ardently hope that Mrs. de la Pasture will not again essay a treatise on theology.

The heroine of *RUE AND ROSES* (Heinemann, 5s.) is pre-eminently a Puritan. She has an innate shrinking from the physical side of life, and realises material facts with a shock that for the time seems to paralyse her capacity for discrimination. In an eloquent introduction, Mr. W. L. Courtney describes Anna as "doomed to be the Eternal Virgin, the predestinate Spinster. In a world in which the feminine race largely predominates there are not lovers and husbands enough to go round, and she must remain outside that charmed circle—the leaping flames of love and passion, which seem to embrace all the world except herself." We do not agree with this estimate of the character of the girl with the "strange wonderful smile." Renunciation, we are told, becomes Anna's ideal, and renunciation carried to the point of mutilation is not the ideal of a virgin, but of the Calvinist predestined to a fierce immolation that stings and sears the beholders. The book is interesting and intensely provocative of thought. Miss Angela Langer writes with a charm attenuated but fragrant, and her simplicity of phrasing creates an effect in harmony with the personality of the heroine. Anna is not a success as a sweetheart—that goes without saying—and one feels that the letter from her lover, in which he finally sets her in a world apart, is the only possible solution of the matter. Anna, with her intense capacity for self-deception, her almost morbid powers of introspection, would break the heart of any man. She suffers from anæmia of the emotions, and the fierce virginal flame that Mr. Courtney claims for her could never have burnt in so pallid a spirit. Renunciation is the gospel she preaches, but it is a renunciation of one who has never possessed what she lays down.



Messrs. Murray and Evenden, Ltd., have just published another military novel from the pen of Mr. Stephen Knott, *ONCE ROUND* (6s.). The scene is laid in the Midlands, where the hero's regiment is quartered. Mr. Knott gives a vivid and amusing insight into the lives of the subalterns in His Majesty's Army, both in and out of barracks, and the book contains many entertaining yarns of soldier life. The love story of Toby and Sylvia is rather tangled, but it eventually smoothes itself out and ends happily for everyone concerned, including the various ladies to whom the incorrigible Toby has "engaged" himself provisionally with such commendable courage. We cannot help feeling that Mr. Knott is rather hard on the "self-made" man, and venture to suggest that there are other and more amiable sides to the character of such men than he would lead us to believe, but, apart from this, the book is well deserving of praise. The "ragging" scene is cleverly written, and we can assure the author that we thoroughly sympathise with the "scoundrelly Courtier," and feel that if we had been placed in his position we should have done exactly the same, with the reservation that we should have probably been rather more violent in our treatment of Mullin, the outsider. Mr. Knott prefaces his book with a quotation from the "Knife-grinder"—"Story? Lord bless you! I have none to tell, sir." With this we venture to disagree. Mr. Knott has a story, and he tells it very well.



A story of blackmail and intrigue, melodramatic happenings and sensational incidents, told in a notably restrained style, with touches of real literary excellence. Such is *PATCHWORK COMEDY* (G. P. Putnam Sons, 6s.). Mr. Humfrey Jordan has a gift of characterisation. His sketches of the Carfew Father and Son are admirably executed; we almost believe

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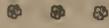
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I could multiply these cases a hundredfold, and not exhaust one half of the remarkable instances of how a P.C.C. training can lift a man up from obscurity and poverty to a good position and a lucrative income.

To the man or woman, then, with the ambition to prosper and the energy to devote a little spare time to preparing themselves for betterment I can indicate no better course of action than to write to the Secretary of the Practical Correspondence College for a copy of "Brains and Ink," an illustrated and thoroughly interesting booklet on the possibilities of the advertising profession and the means which the P.C.C. place at its students' disposal to aid them in qualifying for a well-paid position in that well-paid profession.

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in their existence, and are inclined to regard the scenes of wild and whirling sensation through which they pass as aberrations of these otherwise entirely agreeable gentlemen. We cannot take the plot seriously; the notion that two hard-headed men would strip themselves to the extent portrayed in the novel, in order to appease the ferocious demands of an extortionate blackmailer, does not hold water for a moment. We prefer to look on "Patchwork" as a fantasy, in which the figures play their parts with provocative charm. We wish an author of such attainments would choose a less trite background on which to embroider his fantastic creations.



THE BLACK BEAN (Heath, Cranton and Ouseley, 6s.) is a story of love and racing. The story goes at a quick pace, and carries the reader along. There are certain touches of descriptive that show a quick eye for detail and a capacity for visualising certain scenes and bringing them vividly before the reader. No one ever tires of hearing how the favourite lost the great race, snatched within sight of the winning-post by the dark horse of the hero; and those who like the rush and stir of the racecourse in fiction will find plenty to amuse and interest them in "Thormanby's" last book.



LONDON VOICES (Chapman and Hall, 6s.) recalls the twang of the gramophone rather than the real, right thing. Mr. Keble Howard never comes within a mile of your true Cockney. His men and women are marionettes, who dance—not to the strains of the street organ, but to an electric piano. Clever but never convincing, the reader feels he is the spectator of a peep-show, a peep-show that suggests a play, and has no resemblance to the drama of real life. Eternally mechanical, you have only to test the reality of the street loafers by a walk down Hoxton Street; you will hear many amusing things, swift flashes of humour, brutality of expression, unadulterated vulgarity, but never so much as the faintest echo of what the author calls "London Voices."



Stories of violinists are perennially popular and occasionally suggestive. Miss Ethel Sidgwick has given us a clever study of temperament in SUCCESSION (Sidgwick and Jackson, 6s.). The hero is neither neurotic nor saccharine. He possesses indeed the essential qualities of the healthy human boy, and is by way of hiding his talent rather than burning with desire to exploit it. This is the note the author strikes throughout. Life is the drama; that Antoine is a musical genius is but one of the strands of the plot. And by doing this Miss Sidgwick avoids one of the pitfalls into which the musical novelist is so often betrayed. The red-haired heroine of "Illumination," Harold Frederic's clever book, who plays the soul out of the young clergyman and weaves her spells about him through the witchery of her touch on the piano, is never a human reality. She is a piano-player, and life, we feel, to her—and to the author—is subordinate to the movement of a sonata or the rhythm of a polonaise. The same holds good of Marion Crawford's "Soprano." Brilliant in dialogue and characterisation, the *prima donna* is inevitably the operatic singer, never the woman; and though the atmosphere of the stage and of the concert-room is permissible and desirable in dealing with events and persons purely of the dramatic, the theatric note is always struck. But these things are but the background for the essential human drama of Miss Sidgwick's novel, and the ultimate tragedy which releases the

hero from his martyrdom to music is the culmination of the subtle but unceasing struggle portrayed throughout the book—the struggle as to whether Antoine, the child of many fears and hopes, shall justify his genius and the ambitions of his relatives, and set the world afire with his fame and live the life of a normal individual. M. Lemaure, the grandfather, who manages the boy with such consummate tact, is carefully thought out, with deft touches that make the portrait live. "M. Lemaure, who had hardly noticed Antoine in his distraction, presently caught sight of him, and, with a barely visible sign, brought him to his side. Having him there, he used him to rest a hand upon, and the boy knew, by the hand's weight, he was tired. Once, when Antoine glanced upon something in the dialogue, he caught his eye. The look was one of understanding, though he did not smile. Thereupon, the first ray of reality pierced Antoine's nightmare. He had been longing for weeks for this one person; now he felt that, somewhere in the distance, a grandfather might exist."

Poor child, oppressed by that nightmare! We owe the author a debt of gratitude when, at the last, she lets Antoine break through.



BOOKS RECEIVED

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 Bentley, E. C. "Trent's Last Case." (Nelson, 2s.)
 Cogswell, K. E. "Three Black Stones." (Relfe Bros., 2s.)
 Colum, Padraic. "Oliver Goldsmith." (Herbert and Daniel, 2s. 6d.)
 Cullum, Ridgewell. "The Brooding Wild." (Chapman and Hall, 2s.)
 Fox, S. M. "This Generation." (Fisher Unwin, 2s. 6d.)
 Grantham, F. "Life, Ideals, and Death." (Grant Richards, 2s. 6d.)
 James, J. G. "The Prayer Life." (Rev. F. B. Meyer, 2s. 6d.)
 Parents' Book. (Jack, 3s. 6d.)
 Perrycoste, F. H. "On the Influence of Religion on Truthfulness." (Watts, 4s.)
 Piers Plowman. "Histories" (Junior Books 1 to 5). (Heffer, 2s.)
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 Rubin, Alexandre. "Les Roumains de Macédonie." (Imprimerie Professionnelle Dém. C. Jonesco, 5 fr.)
 Schloesser, H. H. "Trade Unionism." (Methuen, 2s. 6d.)
 Wallace, Alfred Russel. "Social Environment and Social Progress." (Cassell, 3s. 6d.)
 Wallace, Helen. "Morning Glory." (Cassell, 6s.)
 Watson, William. "The Muse in Exile." (Jenkins, 3s. 6d.)
 Whyte, Adam Gowans. "The Religion of the Open Mind." (Watts, 2s. 6d.)

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And so we have lived together, my master and I, like bosom friends.

This morning we were working together when he dropped me, and before he knew it he had trodden on me. So here I am, laid on the shelf, within ten days of my sixteenth birthday. I hope to be at work again soon, for I heard my master say something about fitting me with a new barrel, for my nib is as good as ever.—Yours truly, "3012."

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I see that you have been writing a fine letter about your achievements—now let me have a turn. You can brag about your adventures, but, although I'm only a "man in the street," or, rather, "on the road," I am just as much a 10/6 "Swan" as you are.

For twelve years I have worked. At the office, hard at it the whole day long, only stopping for meals (I, too, need "filling" you know), a slave myself though making things run ever so smoothly for my master. I have done military duty at camp under all sorts of hard conditions, and the more peaceful one of "taking down" sermons at church. I have written much sweet music and things still sweeter in the shape of missives to "his girl" (oh! but I was very nearly sacrificed once when these two dear people embraced at parting—they forgot I was in between).

In a hot boiler house, amidst clouds of steam, I have made records, and then gone out in the snow and made more. In tram, motor-bus, train, and even on a cycle I have done my duty, and not failed on the top of Skiddaw or at the bottom of a coal mine. Not bad for this old nib, is it? And there's life in the old dog yet, I can tell you.

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HISTORY IN THE MAKING

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE delegates of the belligerent Balkan nations are meeting again in London to arrange the preliminaries of peace. Never did an international conference have a more complicated task submitted to it. It will require infinite firmness and ingenuity on the part of the Great Powers, and infinite moderation and self-restraint on the part of the Balkan peoples, to reconcile their conflicting interests and ambitions. Where everything hangs in the balance, it is hopeless to speculate. At the same time, the broad outlines of any reasonable and permanent settlement are fairly obvious. The source of all past and future trouble lies in the racial antagonisms of the Balkan nations. It must therefore be the object of the European concert to establish an equilibrium between the opposing national forces, and to prevent any one Balkan nation from establishing its supremacy over the others. In the interests of future peace, in order to maintain the balance of power within the Balkan Peninsula, and in order to counteract the formidable expansion of the Slav element, it is not desirable that Bulgaria, as was at one time expected, should get the lion's share. Some compensation will have to be given to Roumania, and a very large increase of territory will probably have to be granted to Greece, which ought to become mistress of Salonica. In this way, with the establishment of an autonomous Albania, three non-Slav nationalities, Roumania, Greece, and Albania, will hold in check the three Slav nationalities of Montenegro, Servia and Bulgaria. Unless some such equilibrium be established, the Peace Settlement will be eminently precarious. All the more so because Servian and Montenegrin ambitions will still remain unfulfilled and because Albania is likely for generations to be a smouldering volcano.

The Government have suffered a severe defeat at the Newmarket by-election, the Unionists securing a majority of 851. The defeated candidate, Mr. George Nicholls, speaking to a representative of the *Daily Chronicle*, attributes his defeat mainly to the bad administration of the Insurance Act. "We should have won," said Mr. Nicholls, "had it not been for the way in which the Insurance Act has been administered in Cambridgeshire. This had more to do with my defeat than anything else." Such an admission on the part of a Liberal candidate goes a long way to justify the severe strictures which have been passed on the gross mismanagement in connection with the Insurance Act, and the election ought to be a warning to the Government to put their house in order.

The tide of emigration continues unabated. Thousands every week continue to leave London, Liverpool and Glasgow for Canada and Australia. There is every indication that the year 1913 will beat every record in the recent history of emigration, and that before December 300,000 will have left these shores. And what is even more ominous than the quantity of the emigration is its quality. It is the young men, the enterprising and the energetic, that are leaving. It is the old men, the women and the children that are left behind. Some of the most beautiful districts of Scotland are being depleted. Whole cities, like the old county town of Jedburgh, are left desolate, and houses are crumbling in even in the main streets. In view of the unprecedented nature of the emigration phenomenon at a period of booming trade and of universal prosperity, EVERYMAN will open a discussion which will be started next week by Mr. Chiozza Money, M.P.

It is a sign of the times that the Public Health Congress in Paris was so largely occupied with what is called industrial hygiene—a subject which practically did not exist fifty years ago. One of the most brilliant papers in this section, and one of particular interest to the layman, was read by a young English medico, Dr. Shufflebotham, of Newcastle-under-Lyme. Dr. Shufflebotham has specialised in industrial diseases, and his paper dealt with occupational fatigue, a most important factor in industrial and general efficiency, and one to which present-day psychologists, notably Dr. Münsterberg, have given considerable attention. Dr. Shufflebotham emphasised the fact that public opinion can yet do much to ameliorate the conditions of labour from the health point of view, and pointed out that not only excessive or insufficient heating, but also the less noticed defect of insufficient lighting, was responsible for a large proportion of industrial accidents. He laid special stress upon the utter inadequacy of the common miner's lamp, which, after being used for some time, is reduced to a very low power.

The Yellow Press of America is making the most of the awkward entanglement which the Californian anti-Japanese legislation has created, and its headlines reek of war. Mr. Daniels, Secretary of the Navy, is making valiant efforts to counteract these endless war rumours, and spares no pains in doing so. Thus he explained to a group of correspondents how the fact of a cruiser having been sent for a trial run to San Francisco, in order to test the quality of some Alaskan coal, appeared in the Yellow Press as: "U.S. ship 'Maryland' stripped for action, makes forced speed to San Francisco. Prepare for battle."

IRISH PROTESTANTS AND HOME RULE

BY J. M. HONE

Inauguration of Protestant Campaign

SHORTLY before Christmas last year a meeting was held in the City of London, at which Mr. Stephen Gwynn, Mr. Bernard Shaw, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, and other distinguished men spoke as Irish Protestants in favour of Home Rule. It was the inauguration of a Protestant campaign against the attitude of North-East Ulster. Again, a few weeks ago another meeting for the same purpose took place in Dublin, with Mr. W. B. Yeats as the principal speaker. This movement, if it be watched by the British public, will reveal the fact that the "aristocracy" of Irish Protestantism is Nationalist, at least outside of Trinity College; if one wants to hear the Irish problem discussed with intellectual sincerity one must listen to the Protestant Home Ruler—or, conversely, to the Catholic Unionist (the best speeches against Home Rule made in the recent Parliamentary debates were those of Irish Catholic Unionists). Protestant Home Rulers, therefore, do not pretend that anything like a *conversion en masse* of Irish Protestants to Nationalism is either taking place or likely in the near future to take place. The pronouncements of the Irish Protestant Church bodies, and the attitude of that part of Ulster in which the Protestant colony is concentrated are definite and decided. Irish Protestants in the mass are still Unionist, and "Ulster" is the most significant fact in the Irish situation to-day, because "Ulster" is more determined not to have Home Rule than Nationalist Ireland is determined to have it.

I.

Irish Nationality Established by Irish Protestants

Irish Protestant Home Rulers, however, believe that their co-religionists will not merely evade persecution, but will profit under Home Rule: they do not profess to be altruists. History bears out this view. The great epoch of the Irish Protestants (or Anglo-Irish) was the epoch of Grattan's Parliament. The oratory and architecture which made Dublin famous at the end of the eighteenth century were the achievement of the ancestors of the Irish Unionists, not of the ancestors of the Irish Nationalists.

One may go further and say that the modern "idea" of Irish Nationality was established by Irish Protestants. The Roman Catholic Church favoured the union; the Orangemen were against it. Most of the great Irish leaders in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries were Protestants—Swift, Grattan, Tone, Emmet, Davis, John Mitchell, Isaac Butt, Charles Stewart Parnell. If Mr. Bernard Shaw and Mr. W. B. Yeats may not be described as "Irish leaders," they are the two Irishmen whose names are most widely known outside of these countries.

Were Trinity College Nationalist, one might say that all the intellect of Protestant Ireland was for Home Rule. And into Trinity College patriotism is penetrating. The attempt of the Ulster Unionists to exclude this seat of learning from the provisions of the Home Rule Bill provoked the active opposition of a minority of Fellows and graduates, led by Dr. Mahaffy. Dr. Mahaffy, whom one should have classed with Mr. Shaw and Mr. Yeats as an Irishman with an assured European reputation, is not a Home Ruler; but he believes that Trinity College and Protestantism

have a leading rôle, an Irish rôle, to play in the Ireland of the future.

II.

Home Rule to Benefit Irish Protestantism

But what precisely is meant by Irish Protestantism? Do our Home Rulers use the word in its political and local sense, as connoting the alien race or class that was once described as "Ascendancy"? When they say that Home Rule will benefit Irish Protestantism, do they mean that under Home Rule we shall again see the "English in Ireland" getting a share in government out of proportion to their numbers, if not out of proportion to their wealth and intelligence? It is not necessary to draw this conclusion. Mr. Shaw's idea seems to be (see the Home Rule Preface to "John Bull's Other Island") that the Roman Catholics of Ireland, having got rid of one "foreign domination," that of London, will then (under Home Rule) establish the Protestants in power with a view to the destruction of another "foreign domination," that of Rome. "They (the Irish Protestants) will take an energetic part in the national government, which will be sorely in need of Parliamentary and official forces independent of Rome. They will get not only the Protestant votes, but the votes of Catholics in that spirit of toleration which is everywhere extended to heresies that happen to be politically serviceable to the orthodox." When Ireland is free of London and Rome alike, then the Protestant-Catholic line of cleavage will lose its political, social, and racial characters.

But Mr. Yeats, Mr. Shaw, and their like can scarcely be described as representative Irish Protestants, for Protestant Christianity is still a very living faith in Ireland. "What right have these people to speak for the Protestants? Do they go to Church?" an Ulsterman once naively asked the present writer in argument. There is something in it. One can, however, point to a few clergymen of the Disestablished Church of Ireland who entertain Home Rule opinions, and who, when they say that Home Rule will benefit Protestantism, are thinking (we may assume) chiefly of their Church. There can be no doubt that the Protestant faith would have made more headway among the native Irish if it had not been associated in the Kelt's mind with confiscation and political injustice. But the opportunity was let slip after the days of Bishop Bedell—he who translated the Bible into Irish, and was "keened" at burial by Kelts. "May he rest in peace, the last of the English!" It will scarcely be recovered. Strong Nationalists have often had political occasion to quarrel with the Roman Catholic Church; heresy was rampant among the United Irishmen, the Young Irelanders, and the Fenians; but the Protestant Church has not directly profited. The Roman Catholic in Ireland, as elsewhere, who revolts against "the priest," turns not "Protestant," but agnostic. Mr. George Moore was a solitary exception; when angry at the want of patriotism of the Roman Catholic Bishops, he entered the Protestant Church—but Mr. Moore will only do those things that are inimitable.

III.

Irish Protestants who Approve of Priest's Power

It should be remarked, however, that there are Irish Protestants who deny that the power of the priest is

excessive. We know many Irish Protestants whose strongest objection to Home Rule is precisely that in a self-governed Ireland the political influence of the Roman Catholic Church will vanish. Conservatives first of all, such Protestants hold that the priest is a bulwark against Socialism, and nothing would be more calculated to confirm them in their Unionism than the anti-clerical argument for Home Rule. Nor is it possible to think that the rich manufacturers of Belfast, educated men, believe as fanatically as they pretend in the wickedness of the Pope. It is possible to suspect that they dislike Trade Unionism, and do want to keep their Protestant and Catholic workmen apart. Again, one knows of Irish Protestants—a very few—who approve of the priests' power, but think that Home Rule will strengthen it, and want Home Rule for that reason.

We have no idea what view, if any, the Pope takes of Irish politics to-day. It is, however, an historical fact that the result of the Battle of the Boyne caused rejoicings at the Vatican, and later history, too, displays Rome as hostile to Irish national aspirations. The writer once heard an educated orator tell an Orange audience that he would defend Unionism against any man—"even the Pope, if he came to this marketplace." That orator was trusting in a people's ignorance, appealing to a people's prejudice. What Ireland, south as well as north, most wants is neither Home Rule nor the Union, neither clericalism nor anti-clericalism, nor, again, an artificial union of class, creed and race, but intellectual sincerity; she needs that her leaders of opinion shall cease to use arguments upon others that do not convince themselves. The same criticism applies, no doubt, to Great Britain and to all countries; but one has this belief—or patriotic illusion—that the Irish, like the Latin peoples, will not hate the truth when they are told it.



SOME THOUGHTS ON THE SUFFRAGE QUESTION

By E. H. SHILLITO, B.A.

AT the present time it is difficult for sane, clear-minded people to say whose actions one regards with the greater amazement: those of the suffragists who, by their blind policy and their refusal to face human nature as it is, have thrown away an opportunity of gaining the franchise, which is not likely to recur again at an early date; or those of the statesmen who have allowed the action of a few thousand out of the millions of women in the country to change their views on this important question.

The present position is one of extreme delicacy and danger; what may be the outcome of the collision of these two strong opposing forces it is difficult to say. On the one hand, we have a band of women, a small band certainly, who are willing to sacrifice even life itself, if necessary, to gain the vote. On the other hand are a number of statesmen, who, guided by prejudice, petty irritation, or fear of the unknown, are determined not to be intimidated into surrender. It is an interesting situation, and one wonders what will be the result. The strength of the women lies in the fact that justice and right are on their side. If a democratic government is acknowledged to be the right method of ruling these islands, there is no valid argument for excluding women from the franchise. The tactics of the militants are undoubtedly mistaken; it is manifestly an absurdity for the weaker sex to try to gain anything by physical force, as in this they

are undoubtedly inferior to men. The appeal of women for equal rights with men can only be successful in a state where mere brute strength has ceased to be the criterion of a human being's value. Possibly these militants have done useful work in making women's suffrage a living possibility instead of a mere theoretical subject for students' essays; but no person can deny that recently they have done far more harm than good to their own cause.

Little has been done for the woman's suffrage cause, too, by the members of the peaceful societies who have claimed, without considering the facts of the case, a Government measure. Even in their ardent zeal for an important cause, it would have been well to realise that the franchise has to be granted by a Parliament bound by the conventions and rules of ordinary Parliamentary procedure. A Government divided against itself on any question obviously cannot introduce a measure dealing with that disputed subject.

These errors, however, are technical rather than fundamental, caused by an excess of enthusiasm, which has, for the time being, obscured vision. Such errors have been made over and over again by members of the other sex, and have nothing peculiarly feminine in them. But, as in the case of a lady doctor, mistakes of this kind in a woman are generally taken to be a result of her sex, so manifestly unfair is the judgment on women who enter fields hitherto unexplored by them.

Behind these ladies whose zeal oftentimes outruns discretion, however, is a large and increasing army of educated and working women, who are directly or indirectly working for the vote. This fact, coupled with the justice of the claim, ensures success sooner or later; how long the delay will be, who can say?

With regard to the Government, it is difficult to realise that a body of statesmen could be so influenced by the annoying actions of a number of fanatics as our present M.P.'s have been. In May, 1911, Sir George Kemp's Bill was carried at the Second Reading by a majority of 167; in May, 1913, Dickinson's Bill is defeated by a majority of 47, which statistics mean that 107 statesmen have changed their convictions owing to the action of the militants. Truly a reflection on statesmanship! There may be some truth in the asseveration of the women that not until this year has a Women's Suffrage Bill ever been considered as anything but a little amusement *pour passer le temps*, and that men who voted for a Bill that had no chance of becoming law would not do so for one that was really regarded seriously. For a Liberal Government, too, as a question of practical politics, the point arises whether the addition of women to the voting register, on any basis whatever, would not increase the forces of their opponents. Their hands are also somewhat tied by a Prime Minister who is consistently opposed to the granting of the suffrage to woman, and who has behaved most generously in defiance of his own convictions.

It is surely time, however, that this question should be settled on its own merits, that party and all other prejudice should be put on one side, and the justice of the women's claim considered. And surely to this there can be only one answer. Gamaliel's words to the Sanhedrim at Jerusalem, when the rulers were disturbed by the activity of the early Christians, expressed a truth that all statesmen would be wise to realise. "If this counsel be the work of men, it will be overthrown; but if it be of God, ye will not be able to overthrow them." Justice has always been held to be one of the greatest attributes of the Deity, and, without any irreverence, all claims for justice may be

said to be "of God." Nothing can finally put an end to such demands. Nothing will end the campaign of women for their rights as citizens but the granting of the vote. One only hopes that statesmen will realise this before any irreparable damage has been done—if, indeed, it has not already been done.

Nothing reveals true greatness of character so clearly as the willingness to give in at the right moment. It is the supreme test of a ruler, whether it be the humble master of the schoolroom, the mistress of the home, or the great statesman whose word sways and influences thousands. In weak natures, obstinacy is invariably one of the most marked characteristics, a quality that outwardly resembles, but is really totally different from the tenacity of purpose that defies and overcomes difficulties. One has only to go back to the history of our own country to see how the weakest kings have invariably been the greatest tyrants: how, in spite of all warnings and demands on the part of their subjects, they have insisted on their own way, and have sooner or later brought themselves or the country to disaster. The Stuarts, with all their personal charm and the fascination they had, and still have for many of the English people, failed in this—they did not know when to give in. Relying on their belief in the divine right of kings, they resisted the just claims of the people, and paid the penalty, as all such rulers must. George III., through lack of this insight, lost for us the great colony across the seas: he refused to acknowledge that the claim of the colonists was a right one, and to realise that nothing can pacify the demand for justice except the granting of it. An example of wise statesmanship was shown by the Duke of Wellington in the year 1832, when the Great Reform Bill that enfranchised half a million men was before the country. This Bill had already been thrown out by the House of Lords, a rejection that caused the famous riots of that year. The Duke, who was personally opposed to the Bill, realising that resistance to such demands was futile, wisely left the Upper House, taking with him a number of his followers, so that the Bill was carried. Would that our present statesmen would follow his example!

But beyond the claim for mere justice, the women's demand has a deeper inner significance. Lately, in connection with the discussion on the White Slave Traffic, a searchlight has been thrown on one of the darkest sides of human life. It is to lessen sin, sorrow, and suffering that we ask for the vote. We long for a day when no woman will be obliged to sell herself for gold. Indirectly, the possession of the vote will raise women, socially, economically, and morally, and the men of the country will rise with them. As Sir Edward Grey said in his masterly speech, the indirect influence of the vote is greater than the direct.

The best men, as a rule, set women on a pedestal: the worst consider them as creatures made for their own pleasures. Neither are right.

"Oh, if you ever marry," said Mrs. Falconer to John Gray in "The Choir Invisible," "don't make the mistake of treating the woman as an ideal! Treat her in every way as a human being exactly like yourself! With the same weaknesses, the same struggles, the same temptations!" Every thinking woman would echo that cry. We want to work side by side with men, either as wives in the home, or fellow-workers in the world: not antagonistic, but sympathetic, each sex doing the work the other cannot do.

Let our statesmen beware lest in their short-sighted refusal to grant what is obviously a right they instigate that greatest of all evils, a sex-war!

MR. WHIBLEY'S BIOGRAPHICAL STUDIES*

MR. WHIBLEY is so practised a literary hand that the appearance of his name on the title-page of a volume of essays usually betokens a feast of good things. Nor is there any disappointment in the present instance, for, with one exception, the eight studies which comprise this volume deal with personages of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, a period which the author has made peculiarly his own. We do not know that Mr. Whibley has ever published anything quite so good; certainly he has never excelled these brilliant essays. Accomplished scholarship, grace of style, and wise and withal charitable interpretation of human character are apparent on every page.

By far the longest study is that with which the volume opens. It consists of three essays, which recount the life-story of Sir Thomas Overbury—that pathetic figure "whose haggard ghost still walks in the secret places of the Tower." The first treats of Overbury's rise and fall, the second of his imprisonment and tragic death, and the third of his literary achievement as set forth in his "Characters." It is usual to associate the "Character" as a literary convention, mainly with the name of Samuel Butler, who, as Mr. Whibley points out, made most effective use of it in political controversy. But it is to Overbury that we owe the beginning of the "Character." His work, our author shows, formed a chapter in the history of literature, for it was the first of its kind to be composed in English.

In the sixteenth century no figure was more familiar to the courts and colleges of Europe than the travelling Scot. Mr. Whibley here presents us with masterly portraits of two of the most famous—George Buchanan and James Crichton, better known as the "Admirable." Buchanan's services to humanism and literature are skilfully summed up. We do not remember having seen him compared with Rabelais, but certainly the resemblance which Mr. Whibley establishes is striking. The judgment of Crichton is, in the main, conventional. "He was something of a coxcomb. There is the truth in six words."

Of John Stow, the Elizabethan chronicler, whose "Survey of London" contains much curious antiquarian lore, we have an interesting sketch, which the author winds up by bemoaning the vanishing of much that gave London for centuries an attractive architectural character of its own.

"London is the Paradise of the County Councillor, and if only the financiers are amiable, in fifty years there will be no ancient stone standing on another. Not only will the houses of London disappear before the greed of the speculative builder; the streets themselves will be lost in straight-cut boulevards."

The remaining essays discourse pleasantly regarding Edward Hall, "the eloquent panegyrist of Henry VIII.," John Tiptoft, Earl of Worcester, who seems to have had his counterpart, in later ages, in the "Bloody Mackenzie," the persecutor of the Covenanters, for Tiptoft was an "accomplished scholar, munificent patron of learning, and the Butcher of England"; Margaret, Duchess of Newcastle, who seems to have been a wit and a Blue-stocking born out of due season; and Sir Thomas Browne, the genial author of the "Religio Medici," a work to which, as well as to the author, Mr. Whibley does full justice. Should the book come to a second edition, the curious slip on page 174 ought to be corrected.

* "Essays in Biography." By Charles Whibley. 5s. net. (Constable.)

HISTORIC CITIES OF THE WORLD

I.—PARIS * * * BY THE EDITOR

PART I.

MY DEAR "EVERYMAN,"—The hearty welcome which you have extended to the series of sketches on the "Countries of the World" encourages me to submit to you another series on the "Historic Cities of the World." Such a subject ought to be of even greater educational interest than the previous one. For if it be desirable to extend our knowledge of other nations, so as to widen our horizon and to develop *the European spirit*, what may be called the Catholic and Universal spirit, it is even more important from a practical and moral point of view to develop *the civic spirit*, to foster the love of the city. And this can best be done by showing what the city has accomplished for humanity in the past. It is my firm conviction that the city has done a great deal more than either nation or empire, and that, therefore, to develop the civic spirit is vastly more important than to develop the national or Imperial spirit. Whoever studies the history of Athens and Rome, of Florence and Venice, of Nuremberg and Cologne, of Bruges and Antwerp, of London and Edinburgh, must come to the conclusion that it is mainly the city that has built up civilisation.

We shall start this new series with the world city, Paris. So wonderful have been the developments of democratic travel that Everyman can now afford to go to Paris. To go to Paris is as easy and as cheap as to go to Edinburgh. This Whitsuntide, thousands of Londoners have run across the Channel for the week-end at the total cost of 26s. Everyman has the chance, and Everyman ought to use it. The tragedy of it is that ninety-five per cent. of those who do go to the world city do not even realise the magnificent advantages which are within their reach. For the enormous majority of visitors to Paris it is only a pleasant trip, and nothing more. It is not the educational discipline which it might be and which it ought to be.

And this is not for lack of knowledge of the language, which, however useful, is not essential; it is mainly for total lack of guidance. It is true the tourist has at his disposal hundreds of popular guide-books to Paris. Unfortunately those "guide-books" do not guide him, but misguide him. Nothing could well be more superficial, more artificial, more conventional than the information given by even the best of them. Take Baedeker—probably the most perfect guide-book to Paris, of which an excellent new edition has just appeared (Fisher Unwin, 6s.)—how little does it tell us of the realities of Parisian life, of the conditions under which the French millions work, of their national characteristics. To read Baedeker, or Murray, or Joanne, one would imagine that the British nation are the most artistic nation in the world, the most passionately and the most exclusively devoted to the fine arts. One would imagine that to look at pictures, to visit museums, is the one thing worth living for, and worth going to Paris for. There is no more melancholy sight than to see the herds of tourists driven through the Louvre by a Cook's agent, and looking with pathetic docility at the pictures which Cook or Baedeker tells them to look at. The thousands who are never tired of doing a Catholic cathedral never think of attending a

Catholic service, which alone would reveal to them the meaning of that cathedral. The thousands who are never tired of visiting museums, academies, or salons never think of looking at the scenes of real life which those pictures illustrate.

In giving a survey of the historic cities of the world, we shall therefore only make passing reference to the conventional "sights" described in the conventional guide-books. We shall assume that Everyman is not only interested in the monuments of Paris, but in the men who built the monuments, that he is not only interested in the dead past, but in the living present, that he is not only interested in the gossip or scandal of royalty, but in the lives of suffering humanity. We shall draw Everyman's attention to the inequalities of wealth, to the distribution of population, to the human and social aspects of each district, to the Fair and the Market-place, to the Slum and the Rookery, to the Pawnshop and the Police Court; in short, to the conditions under which the toiling millions earn their precarious existence.

I.

In its relation to France, Paris occupies an altogether unique position. It is the one centre of national life in a sense no other capital is. It absorbs in itself all the national activities in a sense which no other capital does. Suppress Rome, and there still remain Florence, the artistic capital; Milan, the industrial capital; Venice and Genoa, the commercial capitals. Suppress Berlin, and there still remain Leipzig and Cologne and Munich and Düsseldorf. Suppress London, and the shipping and the trade and the industries and the artistic and intellectual activities of the British people still continue in Liverpool and Glasgow, in Manchester and Birmingham, in Oxford and Edinburgh. But destroy Paris, and you strike at the very heart and brain of the French people. For many centuries Paris has concentrated the Government and the industries, the wealth and the art and the intellect of the French people.

Paris is the harmonious synthesis of many contrasts and many contradictions. Paris is the city of the past, and the listless tourist in quest of amusement is haunted at every street corner by the most venerable memories of civilisation. But if Paris is the City of tradition, the City of Emperor Julian and St. Louis, of the Renaissance Monarchy, she is also the City of revolution, the Mecca of Triumphant Democracy. The civic motto of Paris fittingly expresses the political destiny of the capital: "Fluctuat nec mergitur"—"always tossed on tempestuous waves, yet never submerged"!

Paris is supreme in the arts of peace, but it is also the strongest military fortress of the world, and on its capacity to repel the foreign invader depends national security. Paris is the capital of literature and art. But it is also a beehive of industry. It is also the first commercial harbour of France.

Paris is the city of leisure. Whatever a millionaire has earned in the Argentine, or San Francisco, or Siberia, he comes to spend here. But that city of

leisure is also a city of strenuous labour, and the highest of all forms of labour—scientific labour—is better organised here than anywhere else. Paris is a city of pleasure, and, to outward appearance, light-hearted and frivolous, yet it is also intensely earnest, and few capitals evoke so many tragedies. In few cities are men more weighed down under the burden of so many anxious responsibilities.

No city is more characteristically French. She is the exquisite flower and culminating blossom of Latin culture. Yet Paris is also pre-eminently cosmopolitan, and her attractive power represents the mysterious fascination and magnetism of the French genius. Generation after generation travellers have felt with the Roman Emperor Julian, and have sung the praise of his "beloved Lutetia." There are living, even to-day, 600,000 foreigners inside and outside her walls. London and New York may far outnumber her, but Paris remains the city of light and leading. Every event has a wider echo here than in any other capital. Any revolution which originates in Paris is likely to spread in stormy waves to the extreme ends of the world. Every drama enacted on the Parisian stage stands a good chance of becoming a world drama.

In studying so infinitely complex a world as Paris, within the few days which the average tourist has at his disposal, it is no doubt advisable to adopt some method. It may be more pleasant to wander about aimlessly as our fancy leads us; still, for the traveller who wants to make the most of his opportunity, and to whom travel is not merely a relaxation and a luxury, but an education, some systematic plan is certainly advisable. The academic student who still believes that the past has a prior claim on his attention will prefer to explore in their historic sequence the ancient Lutetia, of Cæsar and Julian, the Mediæval, Gothic and scholastic and Ecclesiastical Paris, the Paris of the Renaissance, the Paris of Louis XIV., the Paris of the Revolution and the Empire. On the other hand, the student of present-day conditions will prefer to examine the various social conglomerations which constitute the world city, the city of labour and democracy in the east end, the city of wealth and leisure in the west end, the city of pleasure in the north, the city of knowledge and learning in the south, the city of trade in the centre, and the original historic city of Nôtre Dame and the Saint Chapelle and the Palais in the island of the Cité.

I have often found it extremely useful for didactic purposes to adopt some such sociological divisions. But for our present purpose, in attempting a brief systematic survey of the French capital, it will be more practical to accept the existing administrative districts. Since 1859 Paris, within the boundaries of the old fortifications of 1840, is divided into twenty independent cities (arrondissements) and eighty districts (quartiers), and the succession of those twenty cities forms a spiral twice revolving round its centre. The centre is constituted by the first four arrondissements. The next seven arrondissements form an inner circle. The remaining nine arrondissements form an outer circle, and constitute the eccentric and outlying districts. I believe that, on the whole, the simplest plan for the student is to follow that political spiral. I am quite aware that any purely administrative divisions have something artificial, but, after all, those twenty cities have now had a corporate life for more than half a century, and although they are only known by abstract numbers, they yet constitute living civic units; they possess a moral and political personality.

II.

It will be best to take the first two arrondissements together. They are bounded by the Seine on the south, by the Grands Boulevards on the north, by the Boulevard de Sébastopol on the east, and they are separated by the rue des Petits Champs and the rue Etienne Marcel. In area they are the two smallest divisions of Paris, yet they contain the chief organs of economic life and the majority of the most important "sights" of the capital. There are few spots on earth outside Rome where so much history, so much art, so much beauty, are concentrated in so narrow a space as in the first arrondissement, of which the second arrondissement is only the hinterland. Here are crowded together the Louvre, the Palais de Justice, with the Tuileries, the Place Vendôme, the national theatre (la Comédie Française), the National Library, the Palais Royal, the Post Office, the Exchange, the central market-place of Paris (les Halles), as well as the great stores and the luxurious shops dear to fashion.

Although the most animated quarter of Paris, although throbbing with a feverish life which continues for twenty-two hours in the day, this district is not Parisian; it is not French. It is pre-eminently cosmopolitan. It is the realm of the tourist. It belongs to the alien nomad. Few Parisians reside here. The population is a population of waiters and servants, hotel-keepers and shopkeepers catering for the foreign mob.

Most educated tourists make it a point of duty to visit the Comédie Française—the "House of Molière," the home of the classic drama. I am afraid such a visit is rather a sacrifice to convention than a means of education. An appreciation of Corneille and Racine and Molière requires a very different initiation into the mysteries of the French language from that which is generally received at school. To be quite candid, rather than take the traveller to hear classic comedy or tragedy at the Théâtre Français, I would rather take him to the open-air comedies of the market-place or to the domestic tragedies of the police courts. A visit to the Halles between five and seven in the morning—the Parisian is a much earlier riser than the Londoner—and a visit to the Palais de Justice will teach the tourist more about French character than any number of nights at the "Théâtre." The brightness and excitability and loquacity of the women at the Halles, the atmosphere of sentiment in the Inns of Court, the rhetoric and the passion of the advocates, will reveal in a few hours, better than anything else, the gulf which divides the French temperament, from the British.

(To be continued.)



APPASSIONATA

NIGHT was drawing her silvery stars one by one into the deep blue of the sky, when I went out alone to the wilderness to meet my love.

I had waited so long in the silence, but no awakening call had come to me out of the lonely void until this night.

Far away I wandered towards the voice that was echoing across the parched sands.

Earth trembled at his approach, and a light wind stirred my hair as he came swiftly over the sand.

He was beside me.

Silently I lifted my eyes to his, and in that long, lingering look, memories of strange things—of lives together in the dim past, came before us, and I understood how I had heard him call out of the great solitude.

DOROTHY EYRE.

CANADA AND CANADIAN POLICY

A NATION AND A NAVY * * * BY AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

PART II.

THE election of 1911 was fought mainly on the basis of reciprocity. Already, however, one Naval Bill had passed Parliament. The Laurier navy of three cruisers bought from Great Britain was inaugurated as "a sop to the jingoes"—so said Conservatives. It was intended as a nucleus. It is a nucleus still. The idea was clear enough—a Canadian navy manned and maintained, if not built, by Canadians. It was the intention to extend the idea into an ultimate Canadian navy—built by Canadians.

But reciprocity loomed up and shouldered the Canadian navy aside. The Conservative party flung itself strongly against reciprocity. The alarm of possible annexation to the United States was raised, and it was very effective. The Nationalist party threw in its lot with the Conservatives to defeat, not so much reciprocity as the Canadian navy. There began to be a stampede. The Empire was in some danger. The old flag must be maintained and very much waved. It was the return of the Conservative party to its old love—the Old Flag.

And the old flag won, even without counting the Nationalists and their balance of power. Canada turned down reciprocity on a basis of sentiment, without much regard to the mere matter of trade. Whether wisely or not is for those to determine who understand how far the United States, under the present Democratic Government, is beginning to throw down walls which the United States itself built up.

Meanwhile the Conservative party, opposed more in 1911 to a Canadian navy than it had been in 1909, carried out its promise of 1911 to confer with the Admiralty. The Hon. Mr. Borden and three of his Ministers last June went to England to find out from Mr. Churchill and his colleagues what the Canadian Government might do to begin repaying Great Britain for the safety accorded Canadian trade by the Imperial Navy.

They came back armed with a memorandum. That memorandum was kept carefully *in camera* until the assembling of Parliament in November. Parliament was some weeks old before Mr. Borden chose to divulge what the memorandum was, and to base upon it his Government's draft of the Naval Bill, involving a cash contribution of 35,000,000 dollars to the Admiralty for the purchase of suitable vessels, to be built, manned, and maintained by Great Britain. The memorandum and the Government draft of the Naval Bill both predicated an "emergency."

In the debate on the memorandum Sir Wilfrid Laurier enunciated the view of his party—that there was and is no emergency calling for a cash contribution to the British Navy. It was argued by the Premier and Mr. Foster, Minister of Trade and Commerce, both of whom in 1909 had not been opposed to some form of Canadian navy, that the Admiralty had defined an emergency; or was it more succinctly a need? For a long while in the earlier stages of the Bill the discussion centred about the "emergency." Much national wit was expended by the Liberals to show that an "emergency" which could be relieved by the construction of three "Dreadnoughts" within a period of years, was a new sort of emergency indeed.

The Premier was pressed to declare whether or not this was one or merely the first of regular and permanent contributions to the Imperial navy. He chose to stand by the express wording of the Bill. The Opposition hinted at "Taxation without Representation." An Imperial Council was foreshadowed by some. Others reverted to the "Boston Tea Party." Sir Wilfrid Laurier, in a burst of characteristic and adroit eloquence, declared that if England could be shown to be in danger from two or more of the great Powers, he and his followers would vote as much as four times \$35,000,000 to aid in the defence of the Empire. Hence, Liberals are not anti-Imperialists.

Premier Borden made it clear that he and his Ministers agreed with the Admiralty that "Dreadnoughts" could not be conveniently built in Canada, but that certain subsidiary and auxiliary craft might be. Hence, Conservatives are not anti-Autonomists.

On February 28th the Bill was referred to a Committee of the Whole. After discussion on the cost of certain types of vessels, Clause 1 was voted, and the House adjourned, pending information promised by the Government as to cost. March 3rd the House again went into Committee, and the cost-discussion was resumed. Three hours later Hon. Robert Rogers, Minister of Public Works, raised the objection that the discussion was out of order. The Opposition asked for an adjournment—it was then 2 a.m. This was refused unless Clause 2 should be passed.

And for weeks thereafter, mainly day and night without ceasing, in relays skilfully organised by the Opposition from the rank and file, Clause 2 was discussed. The Government members kept silence. They alleged obstruction; Opposition members were endeavouring to talk out the Bill.

The longer they talked, the more disorganised Parliament became; and the more sharply and vividly the real issue between the parties began to emerge. March 10th the Premier threw a "bombshell," based upon cabled advice from Mr. Churchill, that Canada could not construct war vessels of the type demanded by the Admiralty. From this bombshell the Opposition devised a whole fusillade of bombs, saddling upon the Admiralty the accusation of Canadian incompetency. Parliament began to revert to the old taunt of "Colonialism" and "Downing Street." Much Liberal indignation. Much reassertion by the Conservatives that close attachment to Great Britain carried no allegation of incompetency.

Closure was threatened. But there was in the Parliament of Canada no Closure Bill. The threat of closure still further consolidated the Liberals. They denounced it as tyranny, and the whole attempt of the Conservatives to force the Bill through the House by means of a majority, and without a real mandate from the people, as the work of an oligarchy opposed to the interests of true autonomy.

And so the matter grew. History, not content with repeating itself in party politics, invented new differences of opinions and new arguments over the Empire. And the Naval Bill of 1912 will go down into Canadian history as the most remarkable contribution to the definition of Canada's status within the Empire ever made since the day of Confederation.

RICHARD WAGNER

By J. CUTHBERT HADDEN

It is a hundred years this week since the greatest master of music-drama was born. Richard Wagner is a name now as familiar as that of Beethoven or Mozart, and to some of far more importance. The whirligig of Time brings strange revenges! At this centenary period nothing can well be more curious, or indeed more instructive, than to compare Wagner's position to-day with that to which the vast majority of his contemporaries assigned him. Fifty or sixty years ago he was regarded generally as a musical madman, a mountebank, a crazy iconoclast who had arisen to throw all established art forms and traditions to the winds, to trample under his feet the classical masters of the art.

Caricaturists joined with critics in deriding him and all his works; and, indeed, if Wagner could have been killed by ridicule, his centenary would have been passed by the musical world unheeded. Wagner himself, it has been said, must have been irresistible for the caricaturist. The long head, the prominent nose, the aggressive chin, the odd head-gear, the extravagant trappings of silk and satin, would be enough to make the most difficult caricaturist happy.

Of course, the caricaturists took their cue from the critics, from the musical amateurs, and even from Wagner's brother composers. The views of the latter were well represented by Rossini, who had been tempted to go and hear "Tannhäuser," though he never went to the Opera. "It is too elaborate to be judged after a single hearing," he said; "but so far as I am concerned, I shall not give it a second." Later, when "Lohengrin" appeared, Rossini was found holding the score upside down, trying it that way, he explained, because he could make nothing of it the usual way!

The subject of "Tannhäuser" was found "distressing and harassing"; the music formless and devoid of melody. Prosper Mérimée, the author of "Carmen," did not hesitate to say that he could compose something as good after hearing his cat walk over the piano keyboard. "Lohengrin" was declared to be "the apogee of hideousness; a distracting and altogether distressing noise; a mere blaring of brass." John Hullah called it "an opera without music." To Gustav Engel it seemed like "blubbling baby talk." When Wagner first sought to place "Tristan," it was everywhere declined as "impossible." When it was produced in London, one surprised critic expressed his wonder that the physical resources of the artistes endured the strain. Even as late as 1871, when this splendid work was staged at Mannheim, several citizens of good standing declined to sit at Wagner's table at the banquet which followed; they did not wish to be viewed as belonging to the stricter communion. Tolstoy condemned "The Ring" as bad art, and Max Nordau found it (and Wagner generally) "a bleating echo from the far-away past." Nordau even went so far as to say that the Wagner cult was a symptom of the disordered nerves of France and Germany after the war of 1870!

There is no denying that Wagner the man, as distinct from Wagner the composer, was neither a very estimable nor a very lovable personality. His relations with women were not beyond reproach.

Three women entered largely into and influenced his life: Minna Planer, his first wife; Mathilde Wesendonck, the wife of a friend; and Cosima Liszt, Wagner's second wife. The relations between him and his first wife were quite commonplace, and not at

all in the nature of a "problem." He was a complete Bohemian; she as complete a Philistine.

Wagner disgusted even his admirers by his borrowings. "Money-making," he said once, "is not my business in the world, but *creating*, and to enable me to do *that* undisturbed, the world would really have to care." In plain terms, the world ought to provide him with a handsome subsidy!

There is something rather ignoble in the bare idea; it becomes still more ignoble when considered in the light of Wagner's personal luxuries. He liked domestic comforts, had an artist's fondness for rich colours, harmonious decoration, out-of-the-way furniture, well-bound books and music. He must have rich garments, especially for indoor wear. He always wore silk next his skin, and he paid the most absurd prices to a Viennese dressmaker for dressing-gowns from his own elaborate designs. Even when relentlessly pursued by his creditors he lived as expensively as ever.

The curiously interesting point is that Wagner held all this luxury to be a necessity to him. He knew that his habits were expensive, and he knew also that the world would, to say the least, be unsympathetic in the matter. Hence, in a letter of 1854 to Liszt, he wrote: "How can I expect a Philistine to comprehend the transcendent part of my nature, which in the conditions of my life impelled me to satisfy an immense inner desire by such external means as must to him appear dangerous and certainly unsympathetic? No one knows the needs of people like us." In another letter he says he cannot sleep on straw and drink bad whisky. "I must be coaxed in one way or another if my mind is to accomplish the terribly difficult task of creating a non-existent world."

There is much more of this sort of thing in his correspondence, and it will hardly be denied that there is an unmanly weakness about it. Bach had difficulty in making ends meet, but he bore it uncomplainingly. Mozart was so poor that he had to be buried in a pauper's grave. Yet we have "Don Giovanni" and "Figaro." Schubert, who said pathetically that his music was the product of his genius and his misery, was always in financial straits. Beethoven, too, was perpetually beset by "the eternal pence problem." Chopin deplored that he had to play in public for money. Brahms did not consider it a useless discipline that he had once to accompany the singers at a *café chantant* and play dance music.

There is always this to be said for Wagner, that in his borrowings and his costly personal indulgences he had not so much his own personal ends in view as the "cause" of music-drama with which he had identified himself. From his belief in this cause he never wavered. He looked on his music as part of the world itself, as something outside its creator. This was never more evident than his refusal to transfer the projected festivals at Beyreuth to Berlin, when Beyreuth was likely to fail him for want of funds. At Berlin the undertaking had been guaranteed, and Wagner himself would have been a considerable financial gainer. But he wanted to address the whole of the German public and not a section of it in a large city, and he stuck to Beyreuth as a neutral centre for the whole of Germany. He may have been wrong, but one cannot but respect him for his whole-hearted devotion to his own "cause," and that devotion may be accepted as in itself the keynote of actions which would otherwise be inexcusable and charged with a lack of self-respect.

THE CHURCH UNION QUESTION IN SCOTLAND

By HECTOR MACPHERSON

IN one of his facetious moods, Matthew Arnold remarked that "Presbyterianism is born to separation as the sparks fly upwards." The history of Presbyterianism in the eighteenth century certainly gives point to the remark of Arnold. Thus we find a stern Cameronian leaving his protest against "all sectarian errors, heresies, and blasphemies, particularly against Arianism, Erastianism, Socinianism, Quakerism, Deism, Bourignism, Familism, Scepticism, Arminianism, Lutheranism, Brownism, Baxterism, Anabaptism, Millenniumism, Pelagianism, Campbellianism, and Independency." In the "Heart of Midlothian," Scott makes David Deans declare his independence of all sects. "I will," says David, "be led by the nose by none. I have my name as a Christian from no vessel of clay." In Scotland, ecclesiastical controversies die hard, and for many years the national Church founded at the Reformation was split into fragments. By-and-by tendencies toward union began to manifest themselves. The two main bodies, which had separated from the Establishment on the question of patronage, united. The union of the Frees and U.P.'s further testified to the desire for unity. It should be remarked that the tendency towards union received a check from the Disruption. Here, too, as in the case of the earlier secessions, the cause of separation was not, as Arnold imagined, a love of contention and hair-splitting, but patronage, which, as Macaulay has remarked, was the real cause of our ecclesiastical separations. With the abolition of patronage it was expected that the breach caused in the Auld Kirk would be healed, but old controversies rankle long, and even yet some of the bitterness of the Disruption time remains to keep good men from ecclesiastically seeing eye to eye. For years there has existed in both Churches, the Auld Kirk and the Disruption Church, a desire for reunion, a desire which has been strengthened by the famous "Wee Free" case.

Once again the question of union occupies the foremost place in the minds of Scottish ecclesiastics. The fact that a new generation has grown up comparatively free of the bitter feelings of the past gives to the negotiations of the present a hopeful touch. Still obstacles remain. In both Churches are extremists, whose minds are anchored in the past. In the Auld Kirk are those who still hold fast by what is called the Disestablishment principle, and in the United Free Church those who refuse to surrender the Voluntary principle. At the time of the House of Lords' decision, I unearthed the famous deliverance of Professor Flint, that Establishment is not a principle but an expedient, and since then the deliverance has played a conspicuous part in the controversy. The truth is, the principle upon which the Church of Scotland rests is not Establishment but National Recognition of Religion on the lines of Spiritual Independence. The Parliament of 1567 established the Kirk, but that Act did not make the Kirk subordinate to the State. National religion existed from 1560, and found expression in the various General Assemblies before it was established. The verdict of history is that at the Reformation the Church rested upon the principle of National religion, and its Spiritual Independence was recognised, not created, by the State.

Those, therefore, in the Auld Kirk who cling to Establishment as a matter of principle find no countenance for their views in the ecclesiastical history of

Scotland. A similar remark applies to those who, on the basis of what they call the Voluntary principle, make Disestablishment an essential condition of union. The curious thing is that the founders of the Secession and the Disruption Churches were not opposed to Establishment. Erskine and Chalmers, in regard to the wisdom and necessity of religious establishments, were of the same mind; both left the Church of their fathers, not because it was established, but because the State had encroached upon the spiritual functions of the Church. But for the breach of the Act of Union in the time of Queen Anne, when patronage was passed, there would have been no Secession and no Disruption. Despairing of the abolition of patronage, and breathing more freely in a Church unconnected with the State, United Presbyterians and a section of the Disruption Church reached the view that not only was the State connection injurious to religion, but was essentially wrong. Note the difference between the views of Erskine and Chalmers and their followers. Whereas the early Secession and Disruption leaders only wanted the purification of the Establishment, their latter-day followers demand its abolition. It is not too much to say that had patronage been abolished, or had never been imposed, there would have been no Secession and no Disruption.

In resisting the Erastianism of the Establishment in the old days, the followers of the Erskines did noble work. The cause of freedom, political as well as ecclesiastical, owes much to the United Presbyterians, with their democratic ideals. The Voluntary controversy was aided by the phase of Liberalism, which dominated the public mind in the early nineteenth century. As I have said elsewhere, "It is easy to trace causes which led to agitation against Establishment principles as such. As a reaction against State despotism in the secular sphere, there grew up a system of political philosophy whose fundamental principle was the reduction of State control to a minimum. Beyond securing for the individual protection and freedom to work out his own salvation, the State had no further function. Consequently, it was entirely wrong for the State in any way to support religion, which, as being a matter for the individual, should be left in the sphere of conscience. Accept this philosophy of the State, and the logical outcome is the Disestablishment movement, which naturally became a prominent plank in the Liberal programme."

The proposals of the Established Church Committee go far to remove the taint of Erastianism. Freed from State control, the United Church will be enabled to devote its undivided energies to the grave problems which confront Scotland. Theoretically, large numbers of people favour the Republican form of Government, but they support the Monarchical form, despite its irrational hereditary basis, because it works well. They have no intention of reviving the old Republican agitation. They have no desire, like Charles Lamb's Chinaman, to burn down their house in order to roast their pig. After all, sentiment counts for much in national affairs, and, apart from that, when it is considered that union between the Churches on a basis free from State control would stop the dissipation of religious energy at present caused by our divisions, no patriotic Scot should be found opposing the movement. The old cry of Erastianism has lost its vitality. The danger of the Church is not Erastianism, but Agnosticism. In face of the new enemy, Presbyterians, clerical and lay, would do well to cease their ecclesiastical hair-splitting, and march shoulder to shoulder against the common foe.

MASTERPIECE FOR THE WEEK

“THE IMITATION OF CHRIST” * * BY MONSIGNOR R. H. BENSON

I.

AFTER the Psalms of David, there is probably no book in the whole range of devotional literature which is so widely known, so universally used by persons of the most completely divergent theological views, and so tenderly loved, as Thomas à Kempis's “Imitatio Christi.” The causes of this extraordinary popularity are several. First, it is not controversial. It is, of course, wholly and convincingly Catholic; it was written at a time when practically no form of Christianity other than Catholicism was known in Europe; the Catholic creed and Catholic devotion are taken for granted. One complete section of the book—often omitted, however, in Protestant adaptations—treats of the Holy Eucharist and the doctrines of Sacrifice and Sacrament both learnedly and devoutly; yet the author does not argue greatly concerning these things, still less does he controvert views opposed to those which he himself held. There is, therefore, throughout the book an atmosphere of complete rest and serenity. Secondly, the book treats of the spiritual life in its deepest, and therefore its simplest, realm. Christianity, it has been said, is Christ. It is not, that is to say, primarily a code of laws or observances, though laws and observances are necessary for its setting forth; it is not, fundamentally, a series of dogmas, though dogmas are necessary for the scientific statement of the truths which it, or any religion, contains; it is not essentially a series of devotional acts, though devotional acts are necessary for the expression and continuance of the spirit which underlies them. But Christianity is the Person of Christ, from whom Christian laws take their rise, of whom dogma speaks, and to whom devotion is directed. It is, then, directly to the Person of Christ that Thomas à Kempis leads his readers, setting that Divine Figure before them, certainly as their Saviour and their God, yet supremely as their Model. He is presented there, under the guise of His humanity, as the Perfect Man, by the imitation of whom can, alone, be found that peace which He promises; as the Master who Himself trod the road along which His disciples must follow; as the Teacher of the soul who, in dialogue after dialogue, describes how obstacles must be overcome, how graces must be used, how the experiences of life must be met—how, in short, those supreme relations towards God and man, of which both the law and the Gospel speak, must be transformed by religion after Christ's own pattern and precepts.

II.

The book is sometimes described as a masterpiece of mysticism. This is perfectly true if the word is used in its simplest sense. It scarcely resembles at all the mystical writings of such persons as St. John of the Cross, or St. Teresa; these treat of a way of initiation—of modes of purgation, illumination, and union—founded indeed upon an imitation of Christ, and intended to lead to the same end as that to which Thomas à Kempis aspires, yet ranged under completely different modes and images, and discussing *en route* a number of considerations—experiences, phenomena, introspections, and spiritual conditions—to which our author seldom, if ever, even refers. Such writers as these Spanish mystics present the spiritual life—the one under a parable of a rugged mountain

that must be ascended, set about by precipices, battered by winds, engulfed in darkness, night upon night, with scarcely a glimmer between; the other, as an interior fortress, intricately built and fenced, inhabited by distractions, yet ruled by the Sovereign Lord who awaits the coming of His bride in the chamber He has set aside for Him and her. Such writers as these analyse the inner life of a Christian with marvellous insight and knowledge, yet by the very wealth and variety of their intuitions and illuminations terrify sometimes those simple souls who desire what they, too, desired so fervently. But Thomas à Kempis leads such souls as these rather to a little walled garden in the sunlight—such a garden as even the poorest may possess if he has but the will for it; and there brings the timid, loving soul to the feet of a Brother who is yet a Master, of a Master who yet is God. Certainly he, too, leads the soul to the highest from the lowest; there is not a step on the Way of Sorrows—the Royal Road of the Cross as he names it—which he would have us miss or avoid; there is not the smallest and most minute act of kindness to a neighbour, of mortification towards self, or of love towards God, that has not its lesson in his teaching; yet he deals with souls, not as a guide brings the traveller over the hills of death and storm, or as another may conduct a visitor through halls where the men-at-arms brawl and the dogs bay up to the bride-chamber in the heart of the castle, but rather as a mother, infinitely tender, yet no less resolute, disciplines her children, even while she smiles at them, over their lessons on a summer's day. He presents the soul to Jesus Christ, and Jesus Christ to the soul; and there the two speak together. The Divine Figure is infinitely pathetic, yet almost intolerably strong; the soul is infinitely desirous—(of desiring, if of nothing else)—yet knows herself unbearably weak. He bears upon Himself the marks of His Passion beneath the brightness of His glory; she bears beneath the rags of her unrighteousness and the scars of her sinning the lineaments of a saint in making. Here, then, the two speak together: He urges her to the highest, and shows how this may be attained only by submitting to the lowest; He does not spare her when she needs rebuke, yet never forgets to give her courage even in the midst of pain; and she, acknowledging her unworthiness, not only of glory, but even grace, grasps by the very knowledge of her weakness and the remembrance of her falls that grace which alone can lead to glory.

III.

A third reason for the popularity of the book, amongst even those who do not accept Catholic authority, may be found in its relation to the Bible. Its direct and explicit quotations from that source are comparatively few, yet, in itself, it may be described as being a strong solution of Scripture. It resembles in this respect a mediæval church, which, although it has few actual texts carved or painted upon the walls, yet in wall and window, in carving and fresco and glass, presents, under another form, the essence of the story of God's dealings with men, crowned and consummated in the great Rood above the doors that lead to the high altar. In the case of the “Imitation” it is the mystical, ascetic, and ethical teaching of the Scriptures that is so presented: Upon one page it would seem as if Solomon were once more uttering

proverbs; upon another as if David were singing to his harp; from another the Shepherd of Galilee Himself seems to be reiterating, through the delicate deliberation of the author's style, the deep principles of the Beatitudes, the poignant warnings to those who rejected or misinterpreted Him, and the sublime and moving discourses of the Upper Chamber. Yet above all towers the Figure of the Crucified, drawing all to Himself, uniting into a common system of devotion and spiritual wisdom the utterance of prophet and king and seer and saint, by placing in their centre the keystone of His Cross. That Cross has budded and blossomed indeed into beauty; its arms and head break out into gilding and flowers and angels' heads; yet in its midst, as in the record of Scripture itself, hangs the grim and blood-stained Victim of Calvary.

IV.

Lastly, the book bases its universal appeal upon the extraordinary knowledge which its author shows, not merely of those outward aspects of human nature that are within the reach of the most boisterous of optimists or the most superficial of cynics, but of that inner reality of it—that strange cauldron of motive and negligence, of self-seeking and altruism, of generosity and prudence—in short, of self as contemplated by self, the moment of whose first discovery is the supreme crisis of conscious life. In this book, then, the mind that has passed inwards for the first time, and found itself in a realm where all is strange and bewildering, where at one instant self-sacrifice seems the dominant motive, and, at the next, self-assertion; when the soul, tormented by impulses which she cannot explain, now raised to an ecstasy of self-abnegation, now rolling herself in the gutter, believes herself alone in her experience, wonders afresh at God and man, and, most of all, at herself—in this book she finds a record of all that she has gone through, a prediction of her future, which little by little she verifies, and a promise of a Secret which, if she will but faithfully adhere to it, shall bring her safe out of all her trouble.

V.

It is the extraordinary human knowledge of the book—no less than its divine wisdom—that is the key to its success, and, above all, of its power of reassurance. As when a sick man visiting a doctor, and learning from him, after five minutes' conversation, that his sensations, after all, are not unique; that he is suffering from a perfectly familiar illness, that his symptoms are thus and thus . . . finds, in the very recounting to him by his physician of all his trouble, an amazing strength and encouragement; so, too, when a soul, first conscious of ill-health and egotism, first aware, in fact, of itself through unfamiliar discomfort, turns to the "Imitatio Christi," she finds, in the minuteness with which her own state is described, in the steady and accurate probing to which she is subjected, and the instant response of every nerve, as, one by one, each is touched by a skilled finger, a confidence, and, indeed, an alleviation, she could never have won from a merely unintelligible course of diet or medicine dictated for her obedience.

VI.

The book, therefore, will remain always as a monument of spiritual teaching, for it is not with phases or movements or fashions that it deals, but with the immutable laws of interior humanity. Even if Christianity itself were but a phase, even if Theism were no more than a movement, and immortality but a

pleasant dream; even so, since, at its deepest, the soul is "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever," the "Imitation" could never wholly die, since it displays the constitution of that soul with an accuracy that can never be surpassed. And, from this very accuracy in undeniable facts, it supplies a kind of strong, if slender, apologetic for Christianity, a probability for its truth in matters that are for some minds doubtful, if not unknown. For it is hard to think that a man so clear-sighted as was its author in the verifiable realms of psychology and humanity, so unerring in his knowledge of human frailty and human aspiration, could, after all, be utterly deceived in the remedies he proposes for the one, and the rewards he promises to the other.

VII.

Of the author himself comparatively little is known, beyond the unsurpassable revelation he has made of his own soul. He was a priest and a Religious, at first one of the "Brothers of the Common Life"; his parents lived at Kempen (whence he took his name), near Cologne; later he joined the order of "Canons Regular" at Mount Saint Agnes, near Zwolle, and ultimately was elected prior. He "finished" this book of his in the year 1441 A.D.; but fragments of it are extant nearly twenty years earlier. Other works have also been attributed to his pen, and, especially, a certain series of meditations on the Life of Christ as recorded in the Gospels; but for his authorship of these the evidence is neither so strong, nor so ancient, nor so widespread as is that on which it is believed that he wrote the "Imitation." Translations of his book were freely and rapidly made from the Latin in which it was written into various European tongues.

It is remarkable how entirely absent from this book are all hints of the stirring events in the world at the period in which it was composed. It has all the peace of the cloister, and the serenity of a soul that loves the cloistered life, and makes no account of the superficial world of external event. Yet it is none the less profound—in fact, it is all the more profound for that very reason, since the man who wrote it knew well that it is in the world of spirit that real history is made, that here alone are the conflicts that count, that here alone irremediable disaster and inalienable victory are reached, since the Kingdom of God is within us, and "cometh not with observation."

ANNOUNCEMENT OF A NEW SERIES OF COMPETITIONS

IT is one of the objects of EVERYMAN, expressed in the sub-title of the paper, to get at the facts of national life. We speak glibly of the classes and the masses, lumping them together as if they were abstract entities; but we know very little of the concrete conditions of life of those classes and those masses. One of the most urgent desiderata of social science is an accurate knowledge of those conditions, with their infinite variations in time and space, according to professions and surroundings.

With a view to furthering such knowledge, we offer a prize of Three Guineas each for the best contribution, not exceeding 2,000 words, on any one of the six following subjects:—

- | | |
|----------------------------|----------------------|
| 1. The Civil Servant. | 4. The Male Teacher. |
| 2. The Anglican Clergyman. | 5. The Composer. |
| 3. The Foreign Missionary. | 6. The Miner. |

The papers should be descriptive rather than controversial, and we would recommend a division into paragraphs, with a view to inducing orderly sequence. We would also recommend a brief synopsis summing up the main points dealt with. It is desirable that the competitions be written from direct observation. The experience of a miner will be more welcome than a contribution by a politician who once in his life visited a coal-mine.

Entries should be clearly written, and preferably typewritten, should bear the number of the Competition, and should reach the

COMPETITION EDITOR, "EVERYMAN,"

21, Royal Terrace,

Edinburgh,

by July 1st. Other subjects will be announced later on.

A REPUBLIC OF BOOKS . . . BY ERNEST RHYS

I.

THE average man, the man who does not read anything but newspapers, thinks of books as the sealed packets of an exotic intelligence, which it will not do him much good to open. He knows nothing of the fine salt-reek in the pages of Hakluyt or the heartening strain of the ballad-book:—

"It fell about the Lammas-tide,
When the moor-men win their hay." . . .

But by this neglect he leaves unused his sixth sense that quickens all the others, that can add rooms to his house and a region to his brain. If over-night he has been in Nantucket with the American Farmer, De Crèvecoeur, or walking the Edinburgh Canongate with Sir Walter Scott, he has a fresh vista to his street when he turns out in the morning; and at its end rises the new Pantheon.

II.

In this faith, six or seven years ago we set out to build a city of the New Republic—a Library-in-Being that should have faith in the power of the Book, and keep in view the play of literature upon life. It did not much signify where we began, so long as we took for the beginning a handful of old authors who had stood the racket of time and the changes of fashion, for, once they had been fixed upon, their elective affinities would do the rest. We pitched, as it happened, first on Boswell, since his Doctor Johnson is not only a man, but a whole region of human nature, with London and Fleet Street for a background, and his great biography for a sign. A better inductor to the commonwealth could hardly be desired. He starts up in the book, more alive than most of us who think we live, as on one Monday morning—to be exact, October 4th, 1779—the Doctor was not yet out of bed, but "he sent for me to his bedside," says Boswell; and seemed "as pleased as if he had been in the gaiety of youth, and called out briskly, 'Frank, go and get coffee, and let us *breakfast in splendour!*'" A few days later and a little discussion of the Art of Coaxing a Fire leads to a bit of folk-lore, and then brings Johnson to the word, "Be as wise as you can." This is from the life, and human nature is re-kindled in the page. Another page, and Dr. Johnson recommends to Boswell a Greek Lexicon, a Translation of the first book of the Iliad, and Hesiod. In fact, while he was a great *viveur*, a man who lived for life, and never bookish in the dull way, he loved a cordial writer, said "the chief glory of every people arises from its authors," and waxed eloquent over the life and death of words, "some budding, some falling away."

We did not wish to construct, however, a Dr. Johnson Academy of Letters, nor a Boswell group in the Senate. Our librarious intrigues were politic, but not scientific, and we tried to keep in mind the sort of young man who, in a confidential letter, wrote to say that "his speciality was the universe." So we went on boldly, knitting up antiquity with new time, and adding Athens to London, and Emerson to Lord Verulam, and in our second relay contrived even to make near neighbours of Plato's "Republic" and that most engaging book of wit and wisdom, "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table."

III.

From the last we took a parable—that of the transcendent desire in men for more than meat or

drink. There are books that create this craving; and if biography is good for this, so is fiction. A good novel is an admirable provoker—familiar history itself, it leads to history. We soon had Balzac on the string, opening the great human comedy as he conceived it with his *Peau de Chagrin*, which is the fable of Everyman's strife with death and time; just as Everyman looks for his own plight of memory and age in Rip Van Winkle or in Colonel Newcome. Balzac holds a master-key to the treasury of the republic. What did he say in the confession of faith that opens his encyclopædia of human nature? "I attach to common, everyday facts and acts of mere individual lives, and to their causes and principles, the importance which historians have hitherto ascribed to the events of public national life." He expanded this idea in constructing his history. He wished, in fact, to construct a republic all of his own making. "My work," said he, proudly, "has its geography, as it has its genealogy and its families, its places and things—its heraldry, its nobles and commoners, workmen and peasants, senators and dandies; its army, too—in short, a whole world of its own."

What Balzac tried to do in his single discharge, it ought to be possible to carry out in the wider circles of human interest. So we felt and believed. Pepys's Diary sits in a circle: you do not get far in its pages without being infected by the gossip curiosity. What of the plays he went to?—"Bartholomew's Fair," by Ben Jonson, which he saw more than once; or Beaumont and Fletcher's "Philaster," or Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night."

IV.

Pepys, though living under Charles II., and aware of Nell Gwynn, did very well as a citizen of the literary commonwealth; and it was easy, when the London theatres were in demand, to move from English to Greek drama. Æschylus and Sophocles soon followed, and we found it illuminating to put Ibsen by Euripides. We would have followed Aristophanes with George Bernard Shaw, and Shaw with Synge, but for absurd restrictions of copyright, which are in the present sense feudal, and against which the republican spirit in books mutinies. But we were able to map out other townlots with some completeness. We could have Grote's "Greece," and Finlay's, to eke out our spiritual Athens. We could build around Gibbon's "Rome" with Sismondi's "Italian Republics," and Macchiavelli could have his supplement, and his counterblast, in Mazzini. As the State developed, it became clear that the value of the structural idea on which it was ultimately to rest had not been exaggerated. Our silent republicans had a colony in every quarter of the world, and seemed of themselves to make their own groups and installations, as if to reaffirm Emerson's theory of a new dynamic quality of mind that travelled by day and night, moving in concentric circles. By their law of interfusion, the spirit in great authors found out the congenial spirit in their readers, and the acquisition of truth and reality in any quarter was "so much good to the commonwealth of souls."

V.

Take, for instance, the province of Philosophy—the one portion of the commonalty, which the average man is likely to neglect, who finds something alarming in

the idea of Plato, and something disturbing in the mere notion of a book by René Descartes. Yet who that picks up an account of the life Descartes spent as a soldier in the Low Countries—camp life with a mixture of fighting and high thinking, with a discussion perhaps on military strategies and mathematics, leading on to a question of astronomy and the structure of the stars, and the divine proportions of the human body—but, if he have any zest, will be bound to explore the *Meditations* and the *Discourse on Method* for himself?

In 1619 their author joined the army of Maximilian on the Danube, and there, as he tells us, he passed the greatest day of his life, "being full of enthusiasm, and having discovered the basis of true science." That is a personal revelation to draw the spirit of a Descartes close to those other free spirits, books and men, on whose effect the fortune of the literary state, invisible and spiritual, rests. From Descartes it is an inevitable step that takes one to a volume of Spinoza, or to a Bishop Berkeley who saw the external world as dependent for its very existence upon the ideal. To compare Berkeley's "New Theory of Vision" with the pages in which René Descartes discussed the ideas of corporeal and incorporeal substance and the ideas of place and space is to arrive at a new sensation of the world by which man is environed and the modes by which he is conditioned. There, indeed, is a road well worth the taking; and the map of the country, when you scan it, is simple, with divisions plain to be seen. To go to Rome in Shakespeare's play, or to Paris in "César Biotteau," to take up the Little Flowers of St. Francis, or the Speeches of Abraham Lincoln, was clue enough to its lines—quite sufficient, we believed, to bring any man and every man within the sphere of influence. Once within that gate, he was lost, and saved: the silent republicans had him at their mercy. He must submit to their law, and become wise as Plato, multiple as Shakespeare in spite of himself.



THE RECALL

By MARY BRADFORD WHITING

HIS life had been spent in India—his working life, that is to say. As a subaltern of eighteen he had said good-bye to home and friends, and set sail for the mysterious, exotic land which had summoned so many of his race to her service. A hard life, but a successful one as such lives go. Lean and sinewy in build, with generations of plain living and high thinking in his blood, he had worked unceasingly, winning honour if not honours, and possessing in full measure the answer of a good conscience if he had but little material treasure.

No hated *Sahib*, this, but a leader loved and feared by his men; and thus it came to pass that when his time for retirement came, a neighbouring Rajah, eager for the prestige of his troops, offered him a small fortune if he would undertake their training. But all through those long years of blighting sun and dust-laden wind, the steely-eyed, unemotional Scotsman had had his inward gaze fixed upon a vision, and the car of his soul had caught echoes from a far-off land. Never once, in any day of all that span of years, had the vision been dim to him. He had but to shut out the hard, blue sky, the glitter and the dazzle, the gaudy colouring, and the tropical glamour of the scene around him to be back in his Highland home—in the deep glen clothed with woods, where the bracken grew

up and up above his head, and wild brown streams raced madly over the stones, and the sweet dim fragrance of moss and fern scented all the air on the wide stretch of moorland, carpeted with heather and thyme, and bounded on the far horizon by a shadowy host of dreaming hills. He had but to deafen himself to the harsh creak of the bullock carts, the fierce screams of the parrots, to the chatter and the cries of the motley crowd around him, to hear the rush of the burn, the sigh of the wind in the pines, the call of the grouse and the swirl of blackcock on the wing.

Wealth on the one hand—wealth and perhaps fame; and on the other, a vision and an echo. How could he hesitate? Man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things that he possesseth, nor does any man subsist on bread alone. Another must train the troops, another reap the rich reward. His term of service was ended. He had the right to do as he willed with the remnant of his life, and where his heart was there should his body be also. The bugle from his Highland hills sounded the recall, and, turning his back on the tempting offers made to him, he obeyed its bidding as gladly as though it summoned him to a lovers' tryst.

And what when he returned? Old friends were gone, parents lay sleeping in their graves, the family home had passed into alien hands, the hoot of the motor was heard far up the dim recesses of the glen, and wealthy strangers shot over the moors that his ancestors had owned for centuries. Yet never once did he regret his choice—never once through the short tale of years that remained to him! His whole being was filled with a peace too deep for words. He was part of the soil that he trod. The air and the dew, the charging squadrons of the storm, the low-lying mists, the clear saffron of the dawn, the far-flung splendours of the sunset—all these were woven into his life as they had been woven into the lives of his forefathers. The memory of the East, its glories and its terrors, its pleasures and its pains, had dropped from his mind like a troubled dream. He was made one with his surroundings, and not even Death had the power to wrest him apart from them.

In the burial-ground of his race he lies—deep in the woods where rabbits scuttle through the rustling bracken, where the perching feet of birds rest upon the graves of the sleepers. Stone after stone bears the record of that honoured race: Donald—Malcolm—Fergus—Nigel. All these and many another went out to toil and fight, to serve their country in lands beyond the seas, to uphold the British Raj, to keep the flag flying at lonely posts of Empire. And all these, too, and many another, heard in those distant lands the recall sounded from their Highland hills, and, as children come home at eventide, they came back across the world that they might sleep their last sleep in the arms of their Motherland.

LITERARY COMPETITION

The Editor of EVERYMAN offers a prize of Two Guineas for the Best Essay on "The Working of the Medical Insurance Act: Criticisms and Suggestions," the essay not to exceed 1,800 words. All entries for this competition should be addressed to the

COMPETITION EDITOR,

21, Royal Terrace,

Edinburgh,

and must reach him not later than June 1st. It is recommended that the essays be typewritten.

THE HEALTH WIZARD OF ST. JAMES' STREET

WHY PEOPLE TRAVEL FROM THE ENDS OF THE EARTH TO BE CURED OF THEIR COMPLAINTS BY A REMARKABLE LAYMAN

A CRITICAL EXPLANATION BY DR. ROBERTSON WALLACE, M.B., C.M.,

Author of "The Constitution of Man."

Is it not wonderful that the most consulted and successful health adviser upon all manner of complaints is not a doctor?

There is no use denying the fact that here in London, in the midst of the world's most famous specialists and consultants, there resides a man whose practice extends far beyond that of the most successful medical specialists.

To this health genius—for the results he obtains warrant the title—come seekers after health from India, from Africa, from the United States, from far Australia, just as from Manchester, Brighton, Hampstead, Ealing, or Grosvenor Square. He teaches them the way to cast off the shackles of the long-suffered Dyspepsia, Insomnia, Neurasthenia, Obesity, or to eradicate the results of Malaria or "Indian Liver" contracted by residence in tropical parts, or to overcome whatever the particular weakness may be, in such a manner as is at one and the same time the wonder, the envy, and the admiration of the orthodox medical man.

And yet his method does not encroach upon the field of the doctor, for not a bottle of medicine—not a pillule—does he prescribe; in fact, medical men consult him themselves and send patients to him.

5,000 WONDERFUL CURES IN TWELVE MONTHS.

Eugen Sandow is, indeed, a health wizard.

In one short twelve months more than 5,000 ailing people, the majority of whom have proved the despair of some local practitioner, who have perhaps gone the round of the specialists and passed through various treatments more or less elaborate at home or in some expensive foreign spa, here are these cases, the bêtes noires of the profession, cured by Mr. Sandow.

And what lies behind this success? Why is it that the best informed people go to Sandow and are cured?

To my mind there are two reasons for Mr. Sandow's successful cure of the ailing.

To take the first. Mr. Sandow chooses his patients. You may go to him or write to him, but it does not follow he will accept you for treatment. He accepts only those whom he believes his method will radically cure. It may be in the course of a year he is not compelled to reject many, for his successful cures range through the whole gamut of functional derangements, from the dyspeptic to the neurotic. Thus from the very first the patient who is fortunate enough to be accepted by Mr. Sandow starts off on the health road with the immensely valuable impetus of practically knowing his cure will be accomplished.

MAKING THE BODY HEAL ITSELF.

Mr. Sandow, if it may be so described, has rediscovered the keynote of all therapeutics—the art or science of enabling the body to cure itself.

The knowledge of how to direct natural movements to

Mr. Sandow's great success in overcoming illness and restoring perfect health is at the disposal of all who call upon him at 32, St. James' Street, London, S.W., or who forward the form below.

overcome the stagnation that is illness—that is all that lies behind the hugely successful practice Mr. Sandow has built.

He discovered that the exercise involved in ordinary games, athletics, and sports, whilst excellent for the robust, is more often than not harmful to the out-of-health man or woman, and of no curative value. At the same time, he made a science of curative exercise specially directed in each case to eradication of the causes of specific troubles.

His treatment is sympathetic, adapted to the special requirements of the individual, ideal for the society or professional man or woman, the busy City man and his wife, or for workers of all classes. So gently and yet so permanently effective is his treatment that one cannot withhold the advice to those disappointed with the efficacy of the medicine bottle or other treatment—"Go to Sandow." It is infinitely wiser than self-drugging.

Whether your trouble is indigestion, constipation, kidney or liver disorder, anæmia, insomnia and bad circulation, lack of tone, rheumatism, sciatica, or gout, Mr. Sandow will consider your case, and, wise man, he will accept you for treatment only if he believes your case will be thoroughly benefited.

Those who live in London or who can spare the time for a journey to town naturally call on Mr. Sandow, and interesting and valuable indeed is a few minutes' face-to-face talk over one's condition with this giant of the healing profession, who seems intuitively to grasp one's trouble and know how to point the way to its cure.

His skilful aid, however, is not debarred those who cannot come to him in person, for they may equally well consult him by means of the post, for he has a characteristically thorough organisation for dealing with the hosts of letters on health troubles that reach him from all parts of the world in such a way that each receives careful personal attention.

Mr. Sandow, despite the numbers who wish to consult him, is not an inaccessible specialist. His Institute and his consulting rooms at 32, St. James' Street, London, W., are open at all times for those who wish for health, and, what is more, he makes no charge whatsoever for a first consultation and advice.

There is a series of books which, I understand, he is willing to forward to all who apply for them. Here is a list of these valuable and interesting books:

- "Indigestion."
- "Constipation."
- "Liverishness."
- "Nervous Troubles."
- "Sleeplessness."
- "Spinal Curvature."
- "Rheumatism."
- "Gout."
- "Sciatica."
- "Heart Affections."
- "Corpulence."
- "Under-development."
- "Weak Chest and Lungs."
- "Figure Culture."

Simply fill in the form below and enclose 1d. stamp for return postage.

FILL IN AND FORWARD TO EUGEN SANDOW, 32, St. James' Street, London, S.W.

I enclose 1d. stamp for postage.

Please forward me your book upon
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Name.....
(State whether Mr., Mrs., Miss, Rev. or title.)

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Any further particulars may be given in an accompanying letter.

AGE.....

OCCUPATION.....

MY UNCLE SOSTHÈNE BY

GUY DE MAUPASSANT

I.

My uncle Sosthène was a freethinker, such as many are, a freethinker to the point of foolishness. One is often religious in the same way. The sight of a priest threw him into an inconceivable fury; he would show his fist, cry shame on him, and touch iron behind his back, which indicates a belief, the belief in the evil eye. Now, when it concerns irrational beliefs, it is necessary to keep every one, or to have none at all. I, who am also a freethinker, that is to say, a rebel against all the dogmas that have invented the fear of death, am not angry at the temples, be they Catholic, Apostolic, Roman, Protestant, Russian, Greek, Buddhist, Jewish, or Mussulman. And then, too, I have a way of considering and explaining them. A temple is but homage to the unknown. The more the thought is enlarged, the more the unknown diminishes, the more the temples fall to pieces. But instead of putting censers there, I should place telescopes, and microscopes, and electrical appliances. There!

My uncle and I differed on almost every point. He was a patriot, and I am not, because patriotism is but another religion. It is the germ of warfare.

My uncle was a Freemason. As for me, I denounce the Freemasons as more nonsensical than the old saints. That is my opinion, and I maintain it. If we must have a religion, then the old one would be sufficient for me.

Those fools do nothing but imitate the parsons. They have a triangle for a symbol instead of a cross. They have churches that they call lodges, with a lot of different ceremonies; the Scottish ritual, the French ritual, the Grand-Oriental, a lot of palavers fit to make you split your sides laughing.

Then what is it they wish? To help each other, through tickling the palm of the hand. I do not see harm in it. They have put into practice the Christian injunction: "Help one another." The only difference consists in the tickling. But is it worth while to make such ceremonies, in order to lend a poor devil a hundred sous? The priests, for whom almsgiving and charity are a trade, inscribe at the head of their epistles, three letters: J. M. J. The Freemasons put three at the end of their name. Back to back, comrades.

My uncle answered me: "Honestly, we exalt religion against religion. We make freethought the weapon that will kill clericalism. Freemasonry is the citadel where all the demolishers of the divinities are enrolled."

I replied: "But, my dear uncle" (in my heart I said, "Old fool!"), "that is exactly what I reproach you with. In place of destroying, you organise competition, which but lowers the values, that is all. And, further, if you did not admit any but freethinkers amongst you, I should understand; but you receive everyone. You have the Catholics in a body, even the leaders of the sect. Pius IX. was one of you, before being Pope. If you call a society thus constituted a citadel against clericalism, I find your citadel weak."

Then my uncle, winking his eye, added:

"Our real activity, our most formidable activity, takes place in politics. We undermine the monarchical spirit in a sure and continuous way."

This time I burst out: "Ah! Yes, you are rogues!

If you tell me that Freemasonry is an instrument at elections, I agree with you; that it serves as an implement to secure votes for candidates of all opinions, I should not deny it; that it has no other function than to fool the good people, to form them into regiments, in order to make them go to the ballot-box, as soldiers are sent under fire, I should be of your opinion; that it is useful, even indispensable to all political ambitions, because it changes each of its members into an election agent, I should exclaim: "'Tis as clear as the sun!' But if you pretend to me that it serves to undermine the monarchical spirit, I laugh in your face."

Consider this vast and mysterious democratic association with me for a little, that has had as Grand Master in France, the Prince Napoleon under the Empire; that has for Grand Master in Germany, the Heir Apparent; in Russia, the Czar's brother; in which King Humbert, and the Prince of Wales, and all the crowned heads of the world take part!"

This time my uncle whispered in my ear: "That is true; but all these princes serve our purposes without a doubt."

"But reciprocally, is that not so?"

And I added to myself: "A lot of ninnies!"

II.

But you should have seen my uncle Sosthène give a dinner to a Freemason!

First they met each other, and touched hands, with a mysterious air, quite funny; you could see that they devoted themselves to a series of secret pressures. When I wanted to put my uncle in a rage, I had only to remind him that dogs have also a way, quite Freemasonlike, of recognising each other.

Then my uncle would take his friend into a corner, as if he had some important things to confide in him; then at table, face to face, they had a way of holding themselves, so as to exchange looks, to drink with a glance of the eye, as if to repeat to themselves without ceasing: "We belong to them, eh!"

And to think that there are some millions in the world who amuse themselves with affectations like these! I should rather be a Jesuit yet.

Now there was in our town an old Jesuit, who was my uncle Sosthène's pet aversion. Each time he met him, or, if he only noticed him at a distance, he murmured, "Villain, begone!" Then, taking me by the arm, he would whisper in my ear: "You will see, that scoundrel there will do me an injury some day or other. I feel it."

My uncle spoke truly. And this is how the accident occurred through my fault.

We were nearing Holy Week, when my uncle took a fancy to organise a meat dinner for Good Friday, a regular dinner, with pork sausages and saveloys. I opposed it as much as I could. I said, "I shall eat meat, as I always do on that day, but quite alone, at home. Your celebration is idiotic. Why celebrate? So that you may annoy the people that do not eat meat?"

But my uncle remained firm. He invited three friends to the first restaurant in the town; and, as it was he who paid, I did not refuse to celebrate any longer.

For about four hours we occupied a prominent place in the Café Pénélope, one of the most fre-

quented; and my uncle read out the menu in a loud voice.

We sat down at the table at six o'clock. At ten we were still eating; and we had drunk eighteen bottles of light wine at five, besides four of champagne. Then my uncle proposed what he called the "Archbishop's Round." Six small glasses filled with different liqueurs are placed in a line in front of you; then you must empty them, one after the other, while one of your friends counts up to twenty. It was stupid; but my uncle Sosthène thought that it was "the thing."

At eleven o'clock he was drunk as a lord. He had to be carried off in a cab, and put to bed; and already it could be seen that his celebration was going to turn into a severe attack of indigestion.

III.

As I returned to my lodgings, drunk myself, but with a gay intoxication, a Machiavellian fancy, and one that satisfied all my ideas of scepticism, crossed my mind.

I adjusted my scarf, put on a desperate air, and went and rang like a madman at the old Jesuit's door. He was deaf; he kept me waiting. But as I shook the whole house with my kicks, he at last appeared at his window, in a cotton night-cap, and asked: "What is it that you want?"

I cried: "Quick, quick, my reverend father, open to me; it is a despairing invalid who claims your saintly ministrations!"

The good man put on his trousers at once and came down without his cassock. I told him, in a panting voice, that my uncle, a freethinker, suddenly seized by a terrible indisposition, that seemed to indicate a very grave illness, had been obsessed by a great fear of death, and that he desired to see him, to talk with him, to listen to his counsels, to understand the creeds better, to draw near again to the Church, and, without doubt, to confess himself, then receive the Sacrament, in order to take the dread step, at peace with himself.

And I added, in a critical tone: "He wishes it, anyway. If it does not do him any good, it will certainly not do him any harm."

The old Jesuit, all trembling, bewildered, enraptured, said: "Wait for me a moment, my child, I come." But I continued: "Pardon, my reverend father, but I cannot accompany you; my convictions will not admit it. I even refused to come and seek you; I beg you, therefore, not to admit that you have seen me, but that you were informed of my uncle's illness by a kind of revelation."

The good man agreed to this, and went at a quick pace, to ring at my uncle Sosthène's door. The servant who took care of the invalid soon opened it, and I saw the black cassock disappear into that fortress of freethought.

I hid myself in a neighbouring doorway, in order to await events. Had he been well, my uncle would have knocked the Jesuit on the head, but I knew he was incapable of moving an arm, and, I asked myself with delirious glee, what improbable scene was going to be enacted between those two antagonists? What a contest. What explanations? What astonishment? What confusion? And what would be the end of this extraordinary situation, that the indignation of my uncle would render more tragic still!

I laughed all alone, until I had to hold my sides. I repeated, in a semi-tone, "Ah! a good joke, a good joke!"

It was cold, however, and I could see that the Jesuit was remaining a long time. I said to myself: "They are explaining."

One hour passed, then two, then three. The

reverend father did not come out. What had happened to him? Had my uncle died in a fit on seeing him? Or had he really killed the man in the cassock? Or had they actually eaten each other? This last supposition appeared to me the least probable, my uncle seeming to me at present incapable of absorbing even another gramme of food. The day dawned.

Troubled, and not daring to enter in turn, I remembered that one of my friends lived exactly opposite. I went to his house; I told him of the affair, which astonished and made him laugh, and I lay in ambush at his window.

At nine o'clock, he took my place, and I slept a little. At two o'clock I took his place in turn. We were terribly annoyed.

At six o'clock the Jesuit came out with a peaceful and satisfied appearance, and we saw him depart with an easy step.

IV.

Then, timid and ashamed, I rang at my uncle's door. The servant appeared. I dared not question her, but went upstairs, saying nothing.

My uncle Sosthène, pale, wasted, downcast, the eyes dull, the arms inert, lay in bed. A little image of piety was fixed on the curtain with a pin.

The room smelt strongly of indigestion.

I said: "Well, uncle, so you're in bed? That's not at all good?"

He replied, in a dejected voice: "Oh, my dear child, I have been very ill. I have just escaped death."

"How's that, uncle?"

"I do not know; it is indeed astonishing. But, what is more strange, is that the Jesuit father who has just left, you know the brave man that I could not bear very well, he had a revelation of my condition, and he came to find me out."

I was seized by a terrible desire to laugh.

"Ah! really?"

"Yes, he came. He heard a voice that said unto him, to arise and come, because I was about to die. It is a revelation."

I pretended to sneeze, in order not to burst out laughing. I had the inclination to roll on the ground.

But in a moment I replied, in an indignant tone, in spite of some bursts of mirth: "And you received him, uncle, you? A freethinker? A Freemason? You did not throw him out?"

He appeared confused, and stammered: "Just listen, it was so wonderful, so wonderful, so providential! And then he spoke to me of my father. He knew my father formerly."

"Your father, uncle?"

"Yes, it seems he knew my father."

"But that is not a reason for receiving a Jesuit."

"I know that well, but I was ill! And he took care of me with great devotion the whole night. He was perfection. It is he who has saved me. All these people are a little bit of a doctor."

"Ah! He took care of you the whole night. But you told me that he only left here just now."

"Yes, that is true. As he appeared excellent in my estimation, I kept him to lunch. He ate there, near my bed, on a little table, while I took a cup of tea."

"And . . . did he eat meat?"

My uncle made an angry movement, as if I had just committed a dreadful indiscretion; and he added:

"Don't joke, Gaston, there are many pleasantries that are out of place. The man has on this occasion been more devoted to me than any parent; I require that his convictions be respected."

This time I was astounded. I answered, however: "Very well, uncle, and after lunch what did you do?"

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"We played a game of besique, then he said his
breviary, while I read a little book that he had on him,
that was not badly written at all."

"A holy book, uncle?"

"Yes, and no, or rather no. It is a history of their
missions in Central Africa. It is more a book of
travel and adventure. It is very fine what these men
have done out there."

I began to see that it was turning out badly. I
rose: "Well, adieu, uncle. I see that you are deserting
Freemasonry for religion. You are a renegade."

He was still a little confused, and murmured: "But
religion is a kind of Freemasonry."

I asked: "When does your Jesuit come back?"

My uncle hesitated. "I—I don't know, perhaps
to-morrow—it is not certain."

And I went out, absolutely stunned.

My joke had turned out badly! My uncle is radi-
cally converted. So far, it matters little. Clerical or
Freemason, for me it is six of one and half a dozen of
the other; but the worst is, that he has just made his
will; yes, made his will, and disinherited me, sir, in
favour of the Jesuit father.—*Translated by W. W.
Tunbridge.*



LITERARY NOTES

MESSRS. FUNK AND WAGNALL'S New Standard Dic-
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The one sensational event of the slack publishing
season has doubtless been the publication of Mr.
Arthur Ransome's study of Oscar Wilde at the
popular price of 1s. Originally issued by Mr. Secker,
it was soon withdrawn, and the author thereupon
transferred it to Messrs. Methuen, who decided to
issue it at the price of a popular reprint. Orders for
no less than 10,000 copies were received before publi-
cation, justifying this surprising adventure. This is,
of course, largely a *succès de scandale*. Wilde's tragic
history has gained him more vogue than his inimitable
cleverness ever brought him in the heyday of his
popularity, and the recent revival of a pitiful affair in
the Law Courts has given a fresh fillip to curiosity.

Nevertheless, both the book and subject are of more than sensational interest. It takes us back to a time when literature, from being the arena of the great Victorian titans, had become a paradise of *petits-maitres* who cultivated the exotic and bizarre in word-carving and phrase-turning with the solemn dignity of hierophants. The great Victorians had been oppressively strenuous and solemn, the decadents were no less oppressive and solemn in their assiduous quest of the flippant and the obverse. Yet we owe them a considerable debt. Whatever affections and insincerities were theirs, they sought beauty in language with a passionate and selfish devotion, and their generation needed to be recalled to that worship. With all their sham æstheticism and moral nastinesses, they were the precursors of much that is fine and valid in the literature of to-day.

* * * * *

It was Wilde's proudest boast that he was "a lord of language," and no one can read "De Profundis" without paying homage to his verbal mastery. Yet, as one greater than he—Walter Pater—he wrote English as if it were a dead language. This deadness was common characteristic of the period. One doubts if a craftsmanship so deliberate as that of Pater and Wilde (and one must reluctantly include R. L. S. in this category, however far removed from it he is otherwise) can produce anything but dead loveliness. One need only to contrast the style of Defoe, of Swift, or, to come to modern times, of Balzac in France and Mark Rutherford in England, with the style of Pater or Stevenson to realise the truth of it. Stevenson's style is the garment of his thought—a perfectly wrought garment of creaseless fit, but still only a dead encasement; the style of Balzac and Mark Rutherford is the very flesh of their thought, and it belongs to life even more than to literature.

* * * * *

Complaints of the decline of book-reading are in the air. To go by all accounts, the number of non-fiction readers is steadily decreasing, while the number of fiction readers is becoming increasingly fickle. But while it is no doubt true that the reader—*i.e.*, the non-fiction book-reader—is tending to disappear, books on social questions, both in the way of radical criticism of social conditions and of constructive social betterment, are gaining an ever-growing public. The spirit of social revolt and that of social service have kept pace in rapid growth during the past few years, the tendency being towards the disappearance of a merely negative revolt and the growth of a constructive humanitarian spirit.

* * * * *

With the lengthening of the sunny days, however, the open-air book is displacing the sociological manual. Nature books figure largely in publishers' announcements, and while the would-be naturalist will find any number of interesting and not too technical manuals to guide him in his researches among insects, plants, or whatever else be his choice, the lover of the wind in the trees and the blue wine of the running wave will, in the end, turn from the many charming *plein-air* books of the season back to Borrow and Jefferies and Alexander Smith, and, if he be wise, to Fiona Macleod. The present-day nature book is pleasant enough, and often rich in the harvest of a quiet eye; yet one feels that the modern wanderer does, as a task and as a cult, what Borrow did for the sheer, headlong, natural love of the thing. And that makes all the difference. Moreover, the trail of the specialist is over many of the new nature books. One writer looks for churches,

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another for old inn signs, a third for mosses, when he ought not to be looking for anything but let the soul of all things come to him. Or, what is worse (from the nature lover's point of view), he may look for the sign-manual of the conscienceless and greedy landlord in the thatch and brick of every old wayside cottage—another instance of the invasion of the new social spirit. One welcomes this growing sensitiveness to human pain and wrong, but . . . there's the wind on the heath, brother, and it, too, is one of the inalienable rights of man which cannot be filched from him with impunity.

* * * * *

And talking of Borrow reminds one of the coming celebrations at Norwich, where, on July 5th, the 110th anniversary of his birth will be celebrated. There will be the usual reception and speeches, and a Borrowian touch will be added by the Gypsy and Folk Lore Club, which will hold a week-end camp on Mousehold Heath, immortalised by the potent and sensitive brush of Old Crome. It is intended to raise a permanent memorial to Borrow, Mr. Frank J. Ferrall, of Guilderoy, Yarmouth, acting as treasurer.

* * *

CORRESPONDENCE

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Owing to the large number of letters received it is necessary for correspondents to write briefly if their letters are to appear.

IS THE HUMAN BRAIN DEGENERATING?
To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Most of your correspondents who have criticised Mr. Bland's article on this subject seem to me to have rather missed his point. The basis of his argument was not that struggling for life developed brain in the struggler. Though training and general conditions of life may cultivate talents, these acquired changes cannot be transmitted to the offspring, so have no influence on the evolution of the race.

The factors of evolution are *variation* and *selection*. In every generation of any species there will be variety. Some will be more clever than their parents, some more dull, some will have this ability enhanced or suppressed, some that. Then, since the total number is too large for the available food and other necessities, there is a struggle for existence, in which those fittest for their environment (of which their fellows form a part) will survive, and the less gifted be killed or starved before reaching maturity. Thus, the only ones left to produce the next generation will be those possessed of the most strength or reasoning power. This succeeding generation will also have its variations, but the average will be just a little higher than that of the last, because it has been born from the best of it. Thus, by a weeding out of the less brainy at every generation, intellect is slowly increased in the race. Mr. Bland asks which gardener does the best weeding, Nature or the conditions of to-day? He then explains how the little weeding there is to-day is of a very haphazard kind.

To say that the recent leaps of invention and industry are due to brain evolution is wrong. There is probably no appreciable human evolution for better or worse within the historical period. Our material progress is the result of the accumulated store of *knowledge* and *ideas* to which each generation adds its own fraction; for these things can be passed on to our children by means of words and books and the works of men, though not by the act of giving birth.

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Neither do men of great genius point to racial advance. They are only the few very varied ones of their day, who have placed corner-stones in the edifice of human thought, and so achieved notoriety.

Mr. Bland touches on the other way of weeding out, that of keeping the unfit from reproduction, which, of course, is just as effective as killing them off before they reach adolescence, and a deal more humane. With Nature the most beautiful animals can most easily win mates, so beauty is evolved; and we know that with Man this is also to some extent true. Could not intellect be involved in as painless a way? Eugenists believe it could. At present we could dare no more than the segregation of the feeble-minded; but surely we have sufficient brains to gain the knowledge that will save our brains. It would be sad to let some other kind of animal catch up Man and wrench from him the dominion of the earth. Yet that may happen—millions of years hence.—I am, sir, etc.,
Manchester. BRIAN BRUCE-WALKER.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—One needs only to read the articles and correspondence contributed on this subject thus far to see how utterly confused are the ideas obtaining upon the question of the brain and brain functions. — But before we can judge of brain degeneracy we must be quite clear as to what those attributes of mind are which we connect with brain function, also how brain conditions act, and are in turn acted upon by the mind. We shall not then be found declaring that the brain is degenerating when we only mean that intellectuality of a certain kind is degenerating. Nor shall we talk of the evolution of any particular convolution in any fancied sense when we speak of its ushering in the advent of some great step in the ascent of man, but seek to identify such convolution in something like a palpable way. We should also be spared the rather ludicrous spectacle of one intellectual person using the word "brain" to express his meaning whilst another equally intellectual says "brawn" ought to have been used.

If we ask what is the cause of this confusion, we shall be able to get the true answer from no less an authority than the co-discoverer with Darwin of the Theory of Evolution, Alfred Russel Wallace, and I would, as a humble individual who has given considerable attention to these matters for himself, commend to the notice of your readers one chapter in this author's book, "The Wonderful Century—Its Successes and Its Failures." This chapter is entitled "The Neglect of Phrenology," this neglect being one of the failures to be set over against the extraordinary successes of the last century.

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These are the words of "one who knows," surely.—
I am, sir, etc.,
Margate. F. C. BARRATT.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Mr. H. Bland says that "Progressive evolution is not brought about by some inward impulsion, some mysterious life-force, . . . it is the result of certain external conditions."

Permit me to say that it is *the reciprocity between both the inward and outward life-forces that affects evolution and growth.*

An acorn will not grow if sown in a desert, nor will a stone manifest itself as a tree when embedded in the choicest and richest life-giving loam. Evolution proceeds by means of involution on each plane of our living, and it is the cumulative effect of that which is involved which helps us further forward and capacitates us to take in more.

Where the necessary substance, fertiliser, or exercise is not forthcoming, on whichever plane it may be, evolution on *that* plane stagnates, does not proceed, as is the case with the savage tribes of to-day.

The sharpness and cunning which crude and half-savage conditions of life, together with a low standard of morality, call forth, and which, in a great measure, poverty, arduous toil, and competition foster, is not intellectualism; this quality of mind is bred by other means and requires other conditions, and a culture which first coaxes into life, then smiles upon it and strengthens it, without blasting and bruising it at every stage of its unfoldment.

I think, too, that astrological influences count largely in the development and formation of character, as well as physique, and often counteract and modify both heredity and environment, and, to a certain extent, explain the great difference (mentally, morally, and physically) which often exists between parents and children, and also between brothers and sisters; and I think it is by reason of astrological influences that so many great men have arisen from out the most adverse circumstances to a noble career and life, while those born amid the most helpful conditions have either not risen higher or have fallen lower.

Allow me to remark also that involution is not a process of cramming; the things involved must be assimilated, understood, recognised.

I should say that there are four factors which count in progressive evolution:

1. The individuality of the human-ego itself.
2. Astrological influences.
3. Parental chastity or otherwise pre-natally.
4. The physical *form* which the ego-soul takes on from its physical parents, which may, as far as *this* life is concerned, sometimes be a somewhat ill-fitting garment for *its* particular type of soul.—I am, sir, etc.,

Teignmouth, S. Devon.

F. H.

(This correspondence is now closed.—EDITOR.)

THE PROBLEM OF THE WORKER.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

DEAR SIR,—Your correspondent, Mr. Lethaby, states that a body of workmen have as much right as any other corporation of men to establish a business

and take the profits thereof. Of course they have! Why have they not done it? Instead of this incessant talking and quarrelling with existing conditions, why have not the working men combined, in however small a way, for a start to produce what people want, and divide the whole profits. (They have already done this in a way so far as distribution is concerned.) So long as price is right and the work is good the buyer is satisfied, and would probably prefer to encourage a producing guild of workers.

Oh, some say, they have no capital. Nonsense! The Trade Unions have ample capital for such a departure. It is wonderful how little capital is needed if men are honest and trustworthy.

In the space of a few years I have seen an illiterate man of fifty, who up to that time had never more than 30s. a week wages, build up a large business. True, he was a good and hard worker, which most people are not.

The fact is, both the idea of universal arrangement of work to suit every man and communistic production mean direction and absolute control.

The only real trial of the first took place under a despot in Peru, and to run a community as a business in which all the producers shared they must do so, first, according to the value of their work; or, second, at equal rates, without regard to the value of the work produced by each.

In the present state of human nature an autocratic governing body would be necessary to carry this out.

Whether there is one despot or despotism by a Board matters nothing. The people would have to do what they did not wish to, just as they do now.

A beneficent despotism would, it is always admitted, be the best system.

Outside of that, individualism was a rough and ready way of raising the standard of human achievement; Socialism—even so far as we have it—means taxing the fit for the maintenance of the unfit, and a premium on the propagation of the unfit at the expense of the fit. The effect of Individualism is just the reverse. For twenty-five years Individualism has been discouraged, discipline and obedience have not been taught, manners have been neglected, and immediate material good put forward in place of high ideals and formation of character.

The ignorant voter has controlled the politician only anxious to keep in power, and to do so the politician has to give the ignorant voter what he wants, not what he needs. Free bread and games have never been the means of building up free and strong men.

Freedom of opportunity is all that a strong man asks, whether he is of high or low birth. To be boarded, lodged, and directed by a Government is the refuge of the weakling.—I am, sir, etc.,

C. STANSFIELD HICKS.

Essex, May 13th, 1913.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Re "The Abolition of the Working Classes," your correspondent, W. R. Lethaby, writes of "the right of a body of workmen to establish a business," etc. Of course they have! Let them do it! They have the funds (Trades Union). Let them show the world what can be done.

Many will say it is already done by the co-operators. But do they really compete on level terms with shopkeepers, and can they as manufacturers turn out as good quality cocoa, soap, etc., as the largest manufacturers, who spend tens of thousands on advertising, at an equal price? No, decidedly not!

Can the State give justice to all parties in anything

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they do? Ask the sub-postmasters about the sale of insurance stamps! Ask the Inland Revenue man who dealt with Old Age Pension claims! Ask the Second Division clerks, who know their work better than the First Division University Class!

What I think is necessary is to take away from the State what is already State monopoly.—I am, sir, etc.,
SOUTHAMPTON.

PACIFISM AND IMPERIALISM.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Signor Corradini's article under the above heading is no doubt intentionally provocative, conformably to its function of advocating a doctrine opposed to popular views, but he vitiates the whole of his otherwise interesting argument by his opening sentences, which are a challenge to reason.

He says, "There are three kinds of pacifists," and proceeds to name three types, which most people will recognise at once as impossibilists, neglecting altogether the kind of pacifist which forms the greater proportion of those owning the title.

The first, the plutocracy, he himself actually excludes, on quite sufficient grounds, in the next paragraph.

The second, the Socialists, are such a heterogeneous group—in England at any rate—that it is a gross assumption to lump them together as he does in this connection. The reason he assigns for their opposition to war is too manifestly a partisan sneer to carry much weight in what purports to be a philosophical argument.

With regard to his third type, the idealists, none but the extremely fatuous would regard war as anything but a glorious and all-absorbing duty when the question of resisting unjustified aggression is concerned. When it is a question of overcoming opposition to the enterprise and commercial expansion necessary to the continued existence of a nation, the idealist-pacifist will ever, by the nature of things, be found in a futile minority in that nation.

The great majority of pacifists simply hold that armed warfare is, in itself, an outrageous state of things—not one to be glorified—and that it should only be resorted to in extremities, and when the other manifold resources of civilisation are unavailing to avert disaster.

The glorification of the thing in itself is as senseless as the cult of any other form of violence, say the use of the lash for certain criminal offences.

If we must have the thing, well we must put up with it for the present in default of a better solution of our difficulties, but for heaven's sake don't let us make a god of international hooliganism!—I am, sir, etc.,

W. H. MATTHEWS.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Does not Signor Corradini take things a little too much for granted in his interesting article on "Pacifism and Imperialism"?

He contends that "war is the quickening force of the world," and to prove his point, he refers to the Turco-Italian and Balkan wars, maintaining that districts which under Turkish sovereignty have been unproductive and barren, will become fertile and fruitful under the new régime. Personally, I think it is premature to form an opinion either one way or the other as to this; however, be that as it may, the argument does not seem to me to have very much force as a point in favour of the principle of war, as it was by a mere chance that progress, and not reaction, was

triumphant. Surely it stands to reason that had the Turks conquered, as was at one time anticipated, the Balkan States would have been compelled to take upon themselves the yoke of Ottoman, *laissez-faire* incompetence, and civilisation would have been as adversely affected as by the Allies' victory she has benefited.

No one deploras the results of the Balkan and Turco-Italian conflicts, but these results can scarcely be accepted as a justification of the principle of war.

And how would Signor Corradini support his theory in the case of a war between nations so highly productive and progressive as, say, Great Britain and Germany? Here there is no room for "quickenng," and the result of a war would be industrial and financial chaos, by which the hands of the clock of progress, far from being quickened, would be very considerably set back!—I am, sir, etc.,

Chingford. THEODORE ESMOND.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—I must thank your contributor, Signor Enrico Corradini, and the correspondents on the above subject for stating their several cases so distinctly as to introduce me immediately to the fallacy of each.

My difference with Signor Corradini is a rather fine, but, I think, an important one. He says that war is the renewing force of human society, pouring new life into lazy countries (obviously he is assuming that the man best able to till the soil is the one best able to take it in war), and is therefore desirable. The pacifists say that war is murder and therefore undesirable.

I wish to advance that war is not necessarily a renewing force of human society, that it is nearly always a devastating and destroying force, and that the good soldier is not always a good workman; but that war is in some cases desirable, nevertheless, for quite another reason—that it is an ancient and natural expression of certain forces in a healthy man's heart, that in some cases it is the only possible means for the achievement of an ideal or the exterminating of an injustice, and, therefore, that if, for instance, many men were the slaves of a few tyrants and war were the only way to freedom, then war would be just.

The open sky and the glory of God call every man who has a suffering brother to fight, to die, if that is the only way, for him.—I am, sir, etc.,

Bradford. H. BURROWS.

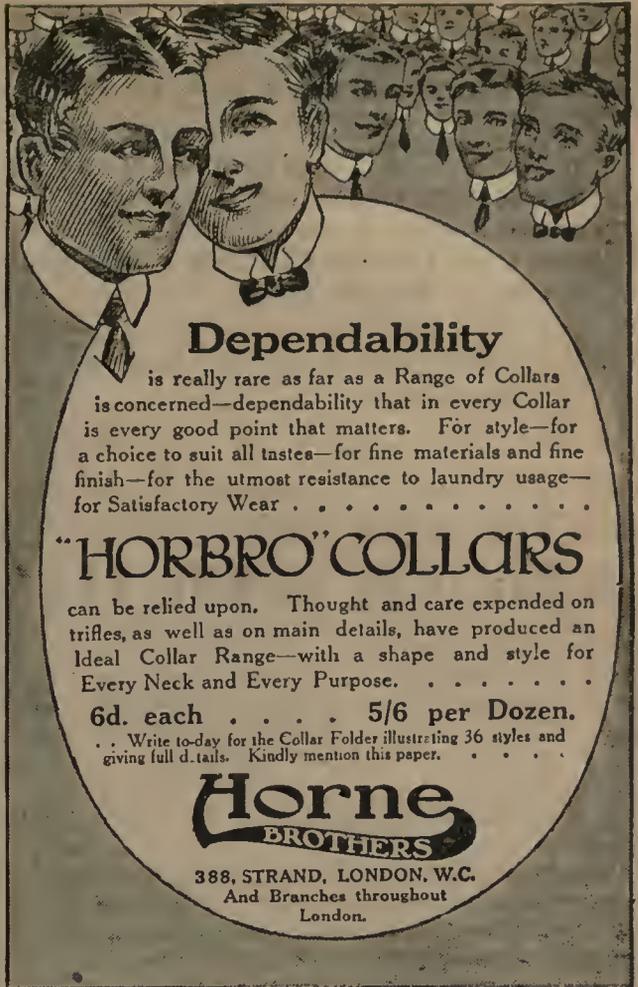
THE LLOYD GEORGE CRUSADE.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Mr. P. W. Wilson suggests that to assess only the land value of our railways for rating purposes "would be to put some millions a year into the pockets of the companies," which he thinks would affect the price to be paid by the State in the event of "nationalisation."

He seems to overlook the fact that the wages bill of the railways generally is smaller by millions of pounds than it ought to be; and that when the cause of this—the exodus of ill-paid labour from the rural districts—has been removed by the rating and taxing of land values, the companies will need a fund upon which to draw for the proper remuneration of those whom they employ.

Again, if we relieve Chatsworth House at the expense of Chatsworth Park, and supplement the



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amount collected out of the much under-assessed land values of Devonshire House, Piccadilly, it would seem that we shall assist, in several ways, the poorer ratepayers in the Chatsworth district.—I am, sir, etc., Kent, May 13th, 1913. F. A. E. WATERFIELD.

THE BIRTH OF A NEW CIVILISATION.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

DEAR SIR,—I have read with considerable interest Rev. Lord William Cecil's article entitled "The Birth of a New Civilisation." May I suggest the modification of the title by the omission of the word "New"? If you will pardon the paradox, China, it seems to me, has existed until recently only in a state of refined barbarism, and such a state of existence, whether considered from the Western or any other standpoint, is always directly opposed to civilisation.

Lord William would infer, I take it, that such horrible rites as those observed by the various tribes in India until a comparatively recent date were the practices of a civilised race (Eastern variety, of course!). I regret that for me such an opinion is quite untenable.

He further asserts that civilisation, having "change" (*i.e.*, "progress") as its ideal, is undesirable, inasmuch as it is apt thereby "to run past efficiency." I have not yet read of a civilisation which ever *approached* true efficiency, far less ran past it.

The superior (or most progressive) civilisation has invariably asserted itself over the inferior (or less progressive) civilisations. Consequently, the aspiration to a standstill civilisation by China, as approved by your able writer, would mean to her, not permanent stability—not even retrogression—but sure disaster.

China, sir, thanks primarily to English mission work, has decided for civilisation in its only true sense, *i.e.*, progress, and is quitting, not entering, the domains of inactivity and indifference.—I am, sir, etc.,

F. W. GIDLEY.

Charing Cross, S.W., May 5th, 1913.

A PROTESTANT PROTEST ON THE ROMANIST BIAS OF "EVERYMAN."

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—I have taken in EVERYMAN since its first number appeared. I have seen from time to time your answer to the charge that your paper has a bias in favour of Roman Catholicism. I have always discredited such suspicions as being both ungenerous and unjust; for some good folk the scent of Romanism is everywhere. Now, however, judging from your own article, "Liselotte," in your last week's issue, I am reluctantly compelled to come to the conclusion that there is something in the surmise, for you take the, as I consider it, unfair opportunity of having a fling at Protestantism and the Reformation. Speaking of the marriage of the father of Liselotte with Louise von Degenfeldt, you say, "Having the supreme control of the Church as well as of the State, he forced his subjects to recognise his bigamous union with Louise von Degenfeldt. The Church Courts accepted the strange situation, even as Luther had sanctioned the bigamous marriage of Philip of Hesse." Now, you must know that there is another side to this question of Luther sanctioning what you term the bigamous marriage of Philip of Hesse. What I complain about is your dragging in Luther's name in this connection with the too obvious purpose of discrediting his character.

Then, again, further on you say, "It was only an application of the old Lutheran principle adopted

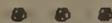
from the beginning of the Reformation—'Cujus regio, illius religio.' Religious allegiance followed political allegiance, and spiritual interests were subordinated to reasons of State."

A more flagrant perversion of the facts of history in regard to the Reformation and the Reformers it would be hard to match. But let that pass. Again, what I complain of is your evident attempt to discredit the Reformation and Protestantism by your own reading of history, and in other equally unfair ways I have noticed in your paper. I, for one, shall be compelled to drop your paper, and to warn my Protestant friends against its unfair controversial tactics.—I am, sir, etc., Wilts, May 10th, 1913. (Rev.) F. DOCKER.



BOOKS OF THE WEEK

THE PIONEERS (Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.). This is an intensely interesting novel, and it has the somewhat unusual merit of retaining the reader's interest and sympathy, in spite of the fact that it is obviously written with a purpose. The scene of the story is laid in Canada, and the author has managed to catch the spirit of the tireless pioneers who are striving to wrench a living from the "Thirsty Land." Dexter Hayden has left home and determined to make for himself a home in the wilderness. He proceeds to build a "soddy," or house, made of cut sods, and here he takes up his abode and makes many valiant but, alas! fruitless fights against stern and relentless nature. Miss Sarah Comstock has depicted her characters with care and understanding, and the unfolding of Dexter's personality as the story progresses is sympathetically portrayed. "A vast, greyish-brown stretch, unbroken, infinite; seared, lashed, buried for ages by merciless sun and wind and snow in turn; left to eternal barrenness by a forgetful God." It is out of this that Dexter determines to hew a green and happy homestead, but everything seems to go against him. His first crop is blown out of the parched earth before it has hardly taken root; his second and third crops are burnt to death by the sun. His house, so hardly built, and the furniture, so lovingly fashioned (even though it be from old boxes and boards)—all this, including his stock, is burnt by a prairie fire. He nearly loses his wife, who is starving herself so that she may add to the pitiful savings which they are contriving to collect for an irrigating plant. The reader will observe that the book is rather a sad one, and though it has not the proverbial happy ending, at any rate things look a little brighter than at the beginning. But, then, the lot of the pioneer can never be an easy one, though it may well be heroic, and that is undoubtedly what Dexter and his wife are—heroic fighters against almost hopeless odds.



THE SOLDIER'S FRIEND, SARAH ROBINSON, with a Foreword by Field-Marshal Earl Roberts, V.C., K.G. (T. Fisher Unwin, 3s. 6d. net). This is a record of the life and works of Miss Sarah Robinson, who for practically the whole of her life has worked amongst soldiers and sailors, striving to imbue them with a high moral and religious standard. The volume is an extremely interesting one, revealing, as it does, the difficulties with which Miss Robinson had to cope in her earlier years, both with the Government and the men, in her endeavours to set up mission halls in and around the garrison towns of Aldershot and Portsmouth. In spite of enormous disadvan-

(Continued on page 188.)

THE ART THAT PAYS.

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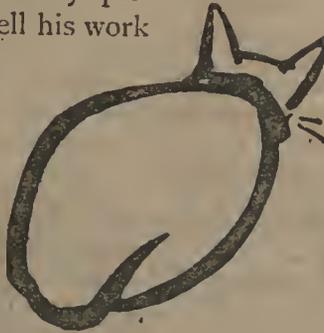
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Dawson and others who matter in the Art world design advertisements not merely because it is more profitable than picture painting, but because they know it's better for our walls and magazines to be covered with designs that are good in line and colour than with advertisements that are bald, crude and vulgar.

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FORMERLY the artist was the rich man's lackey. Only the wealthy could buy pictures, and the poor painter had to sell his work or perish. To-day the artist can snap his fingers at the retired usurer or mill-owner, because there is a new and widening market for his work. Artists can now do better than paint portraits of obese magnates, or "pretty landscapes" in gilded frames to cumber up the stuffy dining-rooms of dull-eyed dukes. They may draw pictures for the people—their fellows in the workaday world.

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tages Miss Robinson has succeeded in the mission she undertook. She is loved by all with whom she has come in contact, and she has undoubtedly had a large share in breaking down the public opinion which for so many years was so dead set against soldiers in their private capacity. The indefatigable energy she showed in the founding of the Soldiers' Institute at Portsmouth is worthy of all praise, and those who are interested in knowing the inner history of its inauguration will welcome this book with avidity. There are many interesting and sometimes diverting anecdotes to be found in this volume, and the following is one of these which it would not be inappropriate to quote:—

"I remember G—, a proud, handsome, big cavalry man, coming in for refreshment. Some talk was going on among a group of men about the Bible. One remarked it was too *dry* to read, when a Christian worker said, 'Why, it is full of good stories; let me read one,' and read the story of the Prodigal Son without comment. G— was vexed, and accused this friend of making up that story just to have a hit at him; but when shown it in the Bible he seemed quite overcome, and said, 'Then I'll give in.'"

Just at this time, when militarism is so much before the public, THE SOLDIER'S FRIEND is particularly apposite, if only because it shows the human side of the soldier of to-day as seen by one who knows him intimately, and who has faithfully and lovingly served him for many years.

Mr. Thomas Holmes's work as a police-court missionary is too well known to need any introduction. He has perhaps a greater knowledge of the problems of the criminal classes than any other man of the present day, and what makes him so valuable an authority is that while his practical capacity for dealing with unpleasant facts remains undoubted, the depth of his charity, his peculiar qualities of self-sacrifice, bring him into close touch with the waifs and strays of humanity. LONDON'S UNDERWORLD (Dent and Sons, 6s.) is the title of his latest book, written with an insight into human nature, a clarity of vision and a sympathy of understanding which render it unique. "The odds and ends of humanity, though plentiful in London's great city, have for many years largely constituted my circle of friends and acquaintances." In that phrase, perhaps, lies something of the secret of Mr. Holmes's power. He is in very truth a friend of these people. They come to him with their troubles, their cares, reveal to him the secret sin or sorrow gnawing at their souls; and to those who have fallen by the wayside, outcast through poverty and the blows of circumstance, his help is never failing. Hear what he has to tell us of some of them. "Here is the paralysed woman of 35 who has for twenty years lain in bed the while her sister has worked incessantly to maintain her! Here is my widow friend who, after working fifteen hours daily for years, was dragged from the Lea. As she sits and listens her hands are making match boxes, and throwing them over her shoulder, one, two, three, four! right, left! they go to the imaginary heaps upon the imaginary beds, while blighted children are crawling upon the floor looking up at me with big eyes. Here is my patient old friend who makes 'white flowers,' although she is eighty years of age, and still keeps at it, though, thank God, she gets the old age pension." One can only read these pages and marvel at the courage of the man who never loses his faith in human nature—ay, even though he has gone down to the depths and witnessed

scenes of shuddering misery such as the prosperous and well fed can never even picture. Throughout the book the same note sounds clear and triumphant. "I have learned that the greatest factors in life are kindly sympathy, brotherly love, a willingness to believe the best of the worst, and to have an infinite faith in the ultimate triumph of good!"

We can only say in conclusion that such a book as this is of priceless value, and should be read by all who value and regard the truth, told with infinite pity and understanding.



The longing of a woman for a child has been the theme of many novels. Miss Clara Viebig handles it with conspicuous power and insight in her latest book, *THE SON OF HIS MOTHER* (John Lane, 6s.). Käte Schlieben has everything that money can bring her, a devoted husband and luxurious house. All these things are hers, but for the lack of the little feet that turn a house into a home, her money and her jewels, her carriages and horses are as dust and ashes. She is ready to barter them all for a baby. As time passes on her husband shares her regret; he finds himself envying the poorest workman, and pictures how different life would be were he to have a son of his own. The woman's nerves break under the strain, and, fearful that some calamity should overtake her, her husband absents himself from business and leaves the little German town where they have lived so long and goes to Switzerland. And then ensues the climax; the husband of a peasant is shot for smuggling, and a short time after his execution his fifth child, a boy, is born. The mother has known hunger and hardship all her life, and she realises how difficult, almost impossible, it will be to find food for the newcomer. The scene between the two women is dramatic. On the one side the peasant instinct, with all the inarticulate resentment of her type, aflame with the injustice of life, yet denied the expression of her feelings; on the other the wealthy wife of the prosperous merchant, perfectly dressed, exquisitely mannered; the finished product of a refining civilisation. And between them is the child, the baby whom Kate longs to have, and from whom the mother cannot find it in her heart to part. Not until the money is counted out before her eyes does the peasant yield, and then, in a sudden outburst of elemental rage, as she sees the strange woman carrying off her child, she lets fly a knife in the hope that it may kill her. The child of their adoption is not a success. It is a case of a son of the wild brought home to the fireside, and eternally fretting for the open spaces of the earth. Wolfgang ultimately discovers that his father and mother are his only by adoption, and fiercely resents the discovery. He dies of what the doctors term heart disease, but what in reality is a vast soul sickness for his own people, his own mother and the mountains that were the cradle of his race. And poor Kate and her respectable husband cannot find it in them to regret his loss.

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MARTHA-BY-THE-DAY (Putnam, 2s.) is a kindly Irish charwoman, who plays the rôle of good fairy to the heroine, by name Claire, a young person with a certain amount of freshness and charm. Martha obtains for her a position as governess, and the accounts of Claire's battles with her young charge, a small scallywag of a boy, are admirably written. Miss Julie M. Lippman writes of children as only one who is on intimate terms with them can write. It would be interesting if this author were to give us a child's book. We should be certain that the small heroine and hero would not belong to the sentimental goody-goody type, nor yet to the modern and inquiring infant phenomena of contemporary fiction. Claire marries the uncle of her charge, and we are not disposed to quarrel with the conventionally happy ending of a simple but quite delightful book.

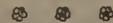


A story of the Bush, of the wild, free life of the open spaces of the earth, LU OF THE RANGES (Heinemann, 6s.) is marked by a dramatic power and force that single it out from the many books written round the Colonies, yet possessing a flavour that marks them as undeniably home grown. The author has the sense of loneliness—the loneliness born of vast solitudes, when the landscape seems invested with an actual personality, and the trees for the moment become laughing demons or stealthy spies, vanguard of a vast host of malign beings. "A veritable child of the Bush, she was inured to heat and cold, to hard work and a spare diet, to an almost incredible isolation. But now loneliness had for the first time become tangible, while appetite had grown to starvation—a creature of giant strides, with huge, tearing hands. Miss Eleanor Mordaunt has the art not only of visualising scenes with such imminent force that the reader feels the shock of reality, but of sensating the emotions she describes, so that in reading of Lu's sufferings one insensibly shudders, and glances round in sudden apprehension at the stealthy silence. The girl's devotion to her brother is not of the ordinary milk and water type of sisterly affection. Lu is as fierce in her love as in her antagonisms, and sometimes the wildness of the spirit caged in her slim little body and tense face finds expression in a mood of almost elemental savagery. The death of the little brother is a mistake. It is bad art to create only to destroy, and Win was too strong a force in Lu's life to have been removed. The girl's relations with Julian Orde, the sudden surrender of the fierce virginity of mind and body she had maintained in the teeth of adverse circumstances, is admirably told, as are the chapters dealing with her subsequent development, and the birth of her child. We could have wished, however, that the author could have found out another way for her social rehabilitation other than through her genius for the dance! Surely a story of the Bush should be immune from the invasion of the dancing mania! This, after all, however, is but a blemish on a finely written book, full of strong situations.

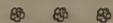


Mr. Maurice Hewlett has left the pleasant country of romance, where dusky woods slope to the high road of adventure, and has strayed into the shadowland of fantasy, where things seen merge into things felt, and the mind usurps the functions of the senses. As ever, his style is matchless; he uses words after the fashion of a swordsman flashing here and there with his weapon, holding his audience enraptured with sleight of fence, as they watched the shimmering light play on his blade, or follow with straining eyes the

sudden declension into darkness. Of the sketches in the present volume, LOVE OF PROSERPINE (Macmillan and Co., 5s)—of which the author says he cannot say whether or no they are true—the most charming is "Harkness's Fancy." The scene in the forest is almost as vivid as the immortal chapter in "Forest Lovers," when Prosper le Gai, waiting for the monk to take vengeance on the evil woman, watches the moon rise behind the trees, until he returns, to resume the fight that ends in his death! Almost, but not quite as vivid. The human element is wanting, the alluring creature of fantasy has none of the rare charm, the glamour of Prosper's child-wife. "A radiant young female thing, fiercely favoured, smiling with a fierce joy, with a set gleam of fierce light in her narrowed eyes. . . . Her hair, loose and fanned out behind her head, was of the colour of natural silk, but diaphanous as well as burnished, so that while the surfaces glittered like spun glass, the depths of it were translucent and showed the fire behind." Monstrous fine writing this, as throughout the volume, but lacking the tang of the forest, the scent of romance, that makes the author's early works so intimate a joy to read.



The issue of Messrs. Williams and Norgate's Home University Library of Modern Knowledge marks an important era in publishing. The volumes are in every case brought right up to date, and the articles are written by men in the front rank of scientific and literary attainments. Many books of reference contain much that is antiquated, and too often the information is beset with technical terms that make it difficult reading for the student. The Home Library presents none of these difficulties, and we confidently recommend it to our readers.



The Pitman centenary is to be celebrated both in London and Bath on May 23rd and 24th. Meetings will be held at Stationers' Hall, and the proceedings will be opened by speeches from well-known journalists and men of letters. In these days of rush and hurry, when letters must be written at express speed or not at all, it is as well to realise the immense debt both the commercial and newspaper world owe to the inventor of shorthand. The centenary of Sir H. Isaac Pitman promises to be a most interesting function.

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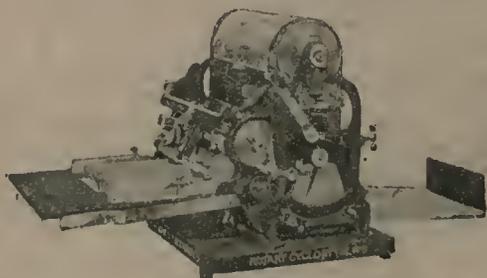
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HISTORY IN THE MAKING

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

IF we were to trust to the big headlines in the daily Press, the outstanding event of the week has been the marriage of the Kaiser's only daughter with the eldest son of the Duke of Cumberland. It is very pleasant, and indeed very romantic, to be told that the bridegroom has found a ducal crown on his dinner-plate; it is even more pleasant to be informed that the marriage marks the end of a long-standing feud between two German dynasties, and if the German people are happy in the glorification of their royalty and in the demonstrations of their loyalty, we heartily sympathise with their rejoicings. But surely at the beginning of the twentieth century it is a little late in the day to attribute such paramount importance to royal marriages. If matrimonial relations between princes could make peace between nations, perpetual peace would henceforth be assured, for in this strange political world of to-day practically all princes are closely related by marriage, and German dynasties occupy two-thirds of the thrones of Europe. With those necessary reservations, and when due allowance is made for the gushing enthusiasms of snobbism and flunkeyism, still there is one feature in the German celebrations which is of most happy augury for the future, namely, the presence of King George and his consort, and the warm welcome extended to both by the German people. This cordial reception is at least an indication that more cordial relations have taken the place of the strained relations which so recently existed between the British and the German people.

Alas! hardly is the peace with Turkey in sight, when Europe is threatened with a new war, between Bulgaria on the one hand and Greece and Servia on the other. The allies, as was to be expected, are

quarrelling over the spoils. Neither Greece nor Servia will concede the lion's share to Bulgaria. Little Montenegro has been forced to surrender Scutari, but Greece will not surrender Salonica, and Servia will not surrender Monastir. As was hinted in these columns last week, there is only one way out of the difficulty, namely, the establishment of a balance of power within the Balkans. But Bulgaria, apparently, will not readily submit to such an equilibrium. The writer of these lines some years ago, in a private audience, complimented a Bulgarian Prime Minister on the prosperity of the country, which reminded him of the prosperity of Belgium. The Bulgarian Prime Minister indignantly protested, and remarked that Bulgaria did not wish to be the *Belgium* of the Balkans, but wanted to be the *Prussia* of the Balkans. Perhaps Europe has quite enough of one military power like Prussia. We do not want a duplicate of the Hohenzollern Monarchy in the south-east of Europe.

What is really the most important event of the week has scarcely been alluded to in the English papers, while it has been extensively discussed in the German papers: we are referring to the outbreak of military riots on the French frontier. We have been repeatedly told that the French people are in favour of the proposed three years' service; but the outbursts of Toul scarcely support that contention. Obviously, neither the French people nor the French army want the three years' service. Whether they are right or wrong, in view of the formidable menace of the new German military law, is another question. But the military riots on the French frontier prove at least two things. In the first place they are a final reply to the German contention that there is a war fever raging in France. And in the second place they are a convincing proof that, rather than submit to the demands of the military party, the French people are as likely to wage war against their own Government as against the Germans. And it may be suggested that if the millions of Germans who profess themselves Socialists and pacifists showed the same spirited temper as the French soldiers at Toul, the chances of international peace would be more assured than they are at present. But even German Socialists are so law-abiding and so docile that they are not disposed to rise even against unjust laws. And German soldiers are so inured to discipline and authority that no Toul incidents are to be feared in the near future.

One of the most significant incidents of the Berlin celebrations is the fact that the Czar had to travel from St. Petersburg in an armoured train, and that the best way which the Kaiser could devise to insure the safety of his guest was to drive him in his own motor car through the streets of Berlin. The incident comes as an unpleasant reminder that everything is not well in the Russian Empire. Russia is just now passing through an unexampled period of prosperity. Her industries are developing at a prodigious rate. Her exchequer is full to overflowing. Her population, which already amounts to 170,000,000, shows an unusual increase of more than 3,000,000. But, alas! it is not political liberty which is taking advantage of this phenomenal prosperity; rather is it political reaction. If the Treasury is filled to overflowing, so are the prisons. Political executions have multiplied tenfold. Will the advisers of the Czar not take warning from recent history? Whoever knows the character of the Russian people also knows that if the lessons of the last civil war are lost on the Russian rulers, a new civil war, more formidable than the first, will put an end, once for all, to the abuses of autocracy.

THE NEW EMIGRATION * * * BY L. G. CHIOZZA MONEY, M.P.

I.—THE COLONIAL ADVERTISING FOR OUR PEOPLE

I.

IN recent years the world has witnessed a remarkable economic and political development in the deliberate organisation of population by "new" countries. Time was when a country in the making either fought shy of immigrants altogether, or at most was content to give a cold welcome to such people as came uninvited to her shores. To-day the ambitious junior States of the world are ill-content with slow development, and they adopt commercial methods in seeking inhabitants for their wide and sparsely peopled territories. The new policy has had a profound effect upon the British Empire and upon the national economy of the United Kingdom, and it is high time that the British people took stock of the position and realised what is going on.

Broadly stated, the situation at this moment is this. *Both Ireland and Scotland are losing by emigration more than they gain by excess of births over deaths. England and Wales are still increasing in population, but emigration is increasing so rapidly that we are threatened with the danger that they will follow the sad example of Ireland and Scotland.*

It is not a matter of bad trade or lack of employment. Twenty or thirty years ago British emigration was often attributable to lean periods of trade. Thus, when in 1879 trade was so bad that nearly eleven per cent. of our Trade Unionists were out of work, emigration rose to 126,000 as compared with 58,000 in 1878, and in the succeeding years a population which had been visited by such bad times freely emigrated. Later on, in the 'nineties, the tide of emigration considerably slackened, and we find that in 1899, which was a year of very good trade, the number of emigrants was only 46,000, a negligible quantity in view of the fact that the excess of births over deaths at that time was over 400,000.

II.

For the years after 1900, however, there is a different tale to tell. Then began the active endeavours of Canada to obtain more people. Very large sums were voted for the purpose, expensive emigration offices were opened in the United Kingdom, and all sorts of temptations offered to British working men to desert the Old World for the New. By 1902 emigration had risen to 102,000, or almost as much as in the bad times of 1879. In 1907, which was a year of very good trade and employment, the number of emigrants rose to 235,000. But let me give the facts in tabular form to make them clearer:

EMIGRATION, 1900-1912.

Year	Emigrants.	Year.	Emigrants.
1900	71,000	1909	140,000
1905	139,000	1910	234,000
1906	195,000	1911	262,000
1907	235,000	1912	268,000
1908	91,000		

Observe that in 1908 there was a great slump in emigration, showing that the new emigration is not caused by bad trade. In 1907, with good trade, there was great emigration; in 1908, with bad trade and an unemployment rate of nearly 9 per cent., emigration fell to 91,000. Note, again, that in the succeeding year, 1909, with trade slightly better, emigration again increased, and that as our trade and prosperity grew in

1910 and 1911 and 1912, emigration increased enormously, reaching in the last year named the extraordinary and unprecedented figure of 268,000.

III.

The fact is that the new emigration is not a flight from bad times, but the deliberate transplanting of people who, weighing the respective advantages of the Mother Country and her Colonies, decide to seek fresh fields and pastures new. People of this mind are best able to go when trade is good, and when they can save some money to help them in their new venture. Thus, the better trade of the last few years, instead of checking emigration, has helped the efforts of the Colonial emigration agents.

In 1913 emigration is still increasing, and as far as we can judge from facts so far ascertainable, it is likely that *we shall export no less than 300,000 people this year.* The population of Scotland will again fall. The population of Ireland will again fall. The population of England and Wales will probably increase by no more than 100,000 people!

The point of view of the British Dominions is easily understood. Their Governments control enormous and rich territories which cry aloud for development. They occupy great areas on our maps, but in point of population they are still very small. Let us remind ourselves of the facts of the case. Here is an approximate estimate of the population of the Empire in 1911:

THE BRITISH EMPIRE'S POPULATION IN 1911.

(1) United Kingdom	45,000,000
(2) Self-Governing Dominions:	(Whites Only)
Canada... ..	6,950,000
Newfoundland... ..	250,000
Australia	4,400,000
New Zealand	950,000
South Africa	1,400,000
	19,000,000
(3) Other British Possessions:	
India	315,000,000
Rest of Empire	35,000,000
	350,000,000
Grand Total	414,000,000

IV.

All the self-governing Dominions together are seen to possess about 19,000,000 of people, and of these only about 14,000,000 are of the white races, British or other. So far, Canada has outstripped the rest in building up a population, and that is because she was the first to lay herself out to attract immigrants. For many years Australia deliberately practised a policy of exclusion, until it dawned upon her people that that policy placed her in a position of great and growing danger. Australia is a great continent containing a mere handful of people—fewer than there are in the London County Council area—and these are very largely concentrated in two great cities, Sydney and Melbourne, which between them contain about 1,000,000 whites out of the total of 4,400,000 in all Australia! The modern Australian sees clearly that if Australia does not come to be populated by whites she will be overrun by Asiatics. This realisation has caused Australia to follow in the footsteps of Canada, and to take special steps to secure from the United

Kingdom a share of her surplus population. The United Kingdom is now honeycombed with agents who advertise the Colonies after the manner of soap or whisky. I have before me, as I write, a beautiful pictorial calendar, headed "Canada: The Most Fertile Country in the World," which tells the reader in large type that he can have 160 acres of Canadian land for nothing, accompanying the offer with such alluring lines as "Free Farms of the Richest and most Productive Soil in the World"; "Free to Every Man, a Fair Chance in Canada's Golden West"; "Canada's front door is wide open to British Agriculturists. Wealth and welcome await those who come." The calendar goes on to offer descriptive literature and maps to any applicant. It gives the names and addresses of five official emigration offices in England, two in Scotland, and two in Ireland. In town and country alike it is difficult to escape this advertising. I have seen it in rural districts at the end of harvest time, and I have noted that Australia has been widely using the provincial hoardings for some really beautiful pictorial advertisements. In a recent official report on emigration, written by a special Commissioner in the United Kingdom, I see Canadian immigration expenditure described as "a National advertising bill," and the claim made that "the Dominion Treasury makes a profit on every immigrant from his arrival in the country." I believe that to be true; *but what of the land which loses what Canada "makes"?*

V.

We must grant that it is a happy thing for the British Empire that its far-flung territories should be peopled. The Empire must be regarded as a trust, and it is impossible to stand in the way of its development, even if we were unwise enough to wish to do so. It must also be granted that when the nation is increasing at the rate of something like 400,000 or 500,000 a year, it can well afford to spare a proportion of its natural increase in order to build up and strengthen the Britains over the Seas. There are, however, other considerations to bear in mind, both national and Imperial, and the time has come when we have very seriously to ask ourselves: has Colonial success in advertising for our people reached a point at which it has become a positive danger to the Mother Country, and therefore to the Empire at large? Our emigrants are not lost to the British Empire, for of the 268,000 who left us in 1912, *as many as 219,000 went to places beneath the British flag.* The issue we have to judge, therefore, is whether the Dominions are being strengthened at the undue expense of the heart of the Empire. It is a question of degree.

(To be continued.)



FROM HEINE

OH, once I dreamed of love's consuming flame,
Of myrtle, mignonette, and beauteous hair,
Of sweetest lips and wild and bitter speech,
Of gloomy songs, each set to gloomy air.

Faded and gone those early dreams long since,
And vanished even my dearest, fondest dream;
Remains to me but what in passion fierce
I poured forth once in many a moving rhyme.

Thou, orphaned song, alone thou didst remain;
Go forth now, too, my long-lost dream to seek,
And shouldst thou find the airy shade again,
A ghostly greeting from its author speak.

S. F. BUTCHART.

INDUSTRIAL SCIENTIFIC
MANAGEMENT

By JOSEPH FELS.

A GOOD many years ago an American mechanic stated publicly that if he could have one-half of all he could save in the management of engineering and other works of which he had knowledge, he would, within twenty years, become the richest man in the world.

Since then another American—Mr. Taylor—has developed the same idea, and has produced a system which he terms "Scientific Management," under which he claims that, by the mere application of certain formulæ and rules, the cost of the production of commodities may be diminished from 30 down to almost vanishing point. This has been achieved by discovering experimentally what may be termed the line of least resistance in the production of each commodity and relentlessly pursuing it.

This system means an enormously greater output per man and per machine. It is merely the application of common sense to the methods of manufacture, and the carrying out of the fundamental principles of economic production.

It is said that the new Science is warmly endorsed by the capitalist employers throughout the United States. On the other hand, organised labour is bitterly opposed to it and regards it as Labour's inveterate enemy. Moreover, it is certain that any attempt to introduce it generally in this country, will arouse the most bitter antagonism of the Trade and Labour Unions throughout Great Britain.

And yet Mr. Taylor claims to be doing a great work for the benefit of society, and believes his system will help to unite Capital and Labour more closely. Why, then, should Labour oppose him? The subject affords a most interesting study, and a useful illustration of the essentially antagonistic elements existing in our present industrial system, which are the root causes of the seemingly eternal conflict between Capital and Labour.

The object of Mr. Taylor's science is to enable an employer to secure a much larger return from each workman and machine than at present. Consequently, the present annual output of each factory will be obtained with fewer hands and at a greatly reduced cost. The general adoption of "Scientific Management" must, therefore, result in a wholesale discharge of operatives in all industries. This is, of course, the logical end of the continued application of Science and Invention to Production, viz., the elimination of the human factor in production. From the standpoint of economic production, Mr. Taylor is eminently right, for the aim of economic production is to achieve the greatest possible result with the least possible expenditure of energy.

I.

But economic production is, after all, but a means to an end. What is this end? Selfish individuals will, perhaps, regard it as the mere making of profits, and, no doubt, under our present economic system, this end is fully attained.

On the other hand, the economist, the statesman and the humanist must take a very different and broader view. Looked at from the standpoint of social well-being, the essential object of production is the maintenance and well-being of all the members of society rather than of the few.

Now it is very certain that this object will not be obtained under present conditions by the new "Science." On the contrary, the existing inequality

in the distribution of wealth would be greatly augmented.

In order to demonstrate this, let us consider the examples given in *The Nation* of August 3rd. According to those, the new Science is to increase the efficiency of Labour as follows:—

- (1) Bricklaying: 120 bricks per man per hour increased to 350 bricks per man per hour.
- (2) Cotton goods manufacture: Increase of output, 100 per cent.
- (3) Handling pig-iron: 12½ tons per man per day increased to 47 tons per man per day.
- (4) Machine factory work: Increase of production from 400 to 1,800 per cent.
- (5) Shovelling: 16 tons per man per day increased to 59.

Now, it is certain that wages will not be increased to anything like the same percentage as the increase in product and profit, otherwise there would be little temptation for employers to adopt the new method. In one example given in *The Nation*, that of "Scientific" shovelling, wages rose from \$1.15 to \$1.88 per day, whilst the cost of production fell from \$00.72 to \$00.33 per ton. But it must be remembered that although the rate of wages is *increased*, the number of employees is greatly diminished, so that the total sums paid weekly in wages are very seriously reduced.

Take bricklaying, for example. Here one man is to lay 350 bricks instead of 120 per hour. This is an increase of efficiency of nearly 300 per cent. On the other hand, wages, according to the example, are not likely to be increased over 60 per cent. If, therefore, the demand for bricklaying under the new system remains on an average what it is, only one-third of the number of bricklayers will be employed, and their wages will only be about 60 per cent. higher. Hence, in this particular industry, the total wages paid under ordinary conditions will be reduced from 40 per cent. to 50 per cent. In other industries the results are even more startling.

II.

It is just here that the inevitable conflict commences. Production is maintained by reason of demand, and demand is maintained by consumption. But consumption diminishes as purchasing power is curtailed, for demand can only be effective when accompanied by purchasing power. Now, the great demand for general commodities comes from the wage-earners in all countries. Hence, when the volume of wages is diminished, demand is necessarily reduced, and we are face to face with one of the most startling paradoxes presented by our economic system. *The tendency of industrial efficiency is, therefore, to reduce, and, ultimately, destroy, the demand for the very things which it is its object to increase.*

"Scientific Management" seems, therefore, to spell ruin and disaster to the wage-earners and to the community at large. It means that unless the demand for all commodities can be greatly increased, two-thirds of the bricklayers, one-half of the cotton operatives, nearly three-fourths of the iron-workers, four-fifths of the machinists, and over 70 per cent. of those engaged in shovelling will be thrown out of employment. But what prospects are there for an increased demand under increased efficiency? Apparently it will mean a greatly decreased demand; this necessitates our inquiring what becomes of the money which the new management is to save by cutting down the number of employees?

A Rockefeller can only eat one meal at a time, and three or four meals per day, even if his digestion permits this. On the other hand, wealth, concentrated in the hands of a few, usually leads to a greater demand for servants and members of the serving class. It

must also be remembered that although the demand for motor cars and similar evidences of wealth will increase, *this by no means implies an increase in the number of persons employed in such industries.* The new science applies with equal force to the production of articles of luxury and ostentation as to cotton and iron goods. It seems clear, therefore, that the immediate application of the higher efficiency system will mean a wholesale discharge of skilled workmen and factory operatives, followed by an increased demand for waiters, servants, chauffeurs, butlers, footmen, and, most probably, doctors and nurses. There will also be a greater demand for members of the theatrical and music-hall professions and professional society entertainers. Evidently Mr. Taylor's new science will be of little value in these professions.

III.

It may be laid down as a principle that the physical, material and moral health of a nation is dependent upon a just distribution of its wealth, and this should be as even and as extensive as possible, consistent with the highest development of each and every member of society. Moreover, under such a system, every man would, by the mere acts of living and consuming (together with his family), create a sufficient demand for commodities as would provide himself with regular employment.

Our present economic system is absolutely opposed to this principle. It produces inequality, and breeds discord, hatred and conflict. It sets class against class. One part of the system is in direct opposition to another part. As previously affirmed, production is dependent upon demand. But demand can only become effective so long as the masses have something to purchase with. And this necessitates their sharing justly in the distribution of the annual produce.

The essay in *The Nation* may be divided into two parts. The first is a description of what is meant by "Scientific Management"; the second consists of a soliloquy on the results. I do not pose as an authority on slave-driving, and therefore would not object to "Scientific Management" if the result is to be greater production with no greater effort; or the same production with less effort. Henry George has put it, "Man tries to satisfy his desires by the least possible exertion." If "Scientific Management" can increase his satisfaction by saving his exertion—so far so good. But the problem will not be solved at this point. If the mass of men are merely to be regarded as wealth-producing machines, to be sifted and sorted so that only the best are to be used, and, when used, to be kept at the highest possible pitch of output, those that are not used being cast upon the scrap-heap, then I hope and believe that the mass of mankind will not stand it. A more equitable distribution of wealth will never be secured by the most scientific management of industry. Nor can we hope to establish a "high form of co-operation" between all concerned in industry such as is hinted at in the concluding paragraph of the article in *The Nation*, so long as the present system of unrestricted and untaxed private ownership of land is allowed to continue. That system is both irrational and immoral, and must finally give way to a true science, which will harmonise with our own science of ethics. That science will enable mankind "to produce incessantly with the least possible amount of labour the greatest possible variety and quantity of wealth," and will automatically distribute it in such a way as "to realise for each member of society the greatest amount of physical, moral, and intellectual well-being, and, for the race, the highest perfection and glory."

HISTORIC CITIES OF THE WORLD

I.—PARIS * * * BY THE EDITOR

PART II.

I.

THE Arrondissement du Temple, or the IIIrd (the Parisian generally drops the substantive, and designates the divisions of the city merely by their number), is one of the most interesting both to the student of history and to the student of social conditions. Its north-eastern extremity was the headquarters of the Knights Templars, once the proudest and richest religious Militia of Christendom, and on the same site stood the prison of the Temple, where Louis XVI. spent the last months of his tragic life. The Centre of the Arrondissement, the Marais (the Marsh), was during the seventeenth century the fashionable quarter, and its narrow streets still contain some of the finest historical houses of the city. It is quite in the fitness of things that the beautiful Hotel Carnavalet, which for twenty years was the home of Madame de Sévigné, should shelter the museum of the history of Paris—a museum, by the way, which ought to rouse the envy of all patriotic Londoners, and the extraordinary popularity of which shows how keenly the Parisians are interested in the annals of their city.

The most beautiful spot of the Marais is the Place des Vosges. For administrative purposes it is just outside the IIIrd Arrondissement, but historically it forms an integral part of it. This dignified square is almost the only part of Paris which has retained the old-world atmosphere. Planned by Henry IV., inaugurated by his widow, Marie de Medicis, it was, under the name of Place Royale, the centre of social life in the golden age of the Monarchy.

The glories of the Marais are gone for ever. The stately mansions are inhabited by the lower middle class and by artisans. Its palaces have become Government offices, like the Palais Soubise, which is now the Government Printing Works. It is a strange social phenomenon, this periodical migration of wealth and fashion from East to West, following the sun in his course. It is strikingly illustrated in the history of Paris. We see the French aristocracy moving in the seventeenth century to the Place Royale, and in the eighteenth from the Place Royale to the Palais Royal; in the early nineteenth from the Palais Royal to the Boulevard St. Germain, and finally deserting in the twentieth century the noble Faubourg for the plutocratic quarters of the Arc de Triomphe.

The Marais has become one of the beehives of Parisian labour, and many of the industries are home industries. If we could visit the humble and overcrowded flats of the IIIrd Arrondissement, we could form some idea of the skill and taste of the metropolitan artisan, which have made the *Articles de Paris* famous all the world over. That skill is the result of a long tradition, and it has been sedulously developed by the fostering care of the State, which has established in this neighbourhood one of the finest industrial museums of the world—Le Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers.

We have seen in a previous paper that there is no poverty in the first arrondissement. There is very little in the second. It makes its first appearance in the third. It has its chosen temple in the *Mont-de-Piété*, or public pawnshop. The tourist ought on no account to avoid a visit to this extraordinary place.

It is true that the conventional guide-books only make a contemptuous reference to it, but to the student of social life I do not know whether there exists any more arresting sight in the metropolis. It is true the *Mont-de-Piété* evokes mainly sad and sordid associations, yet I do not know where there exists a more beneficial institution in the city. Advancing loans at an interest varying between six to seven per cent, it saves hundreds of thousands of all classes from the clutches of the moneylender. I am not familiar with the private pawnshops of the United Kingdom, but I imagine that, if such an establishment were introduced in London, it would not be less serviceable. There seems to be little likelihood of our having a *Mont-de-Piété* on this side of the Channel in the near future. Nations are ever ready to copy their most stupid fashions, but they are often little disposed to adopt what is best in their institutions.

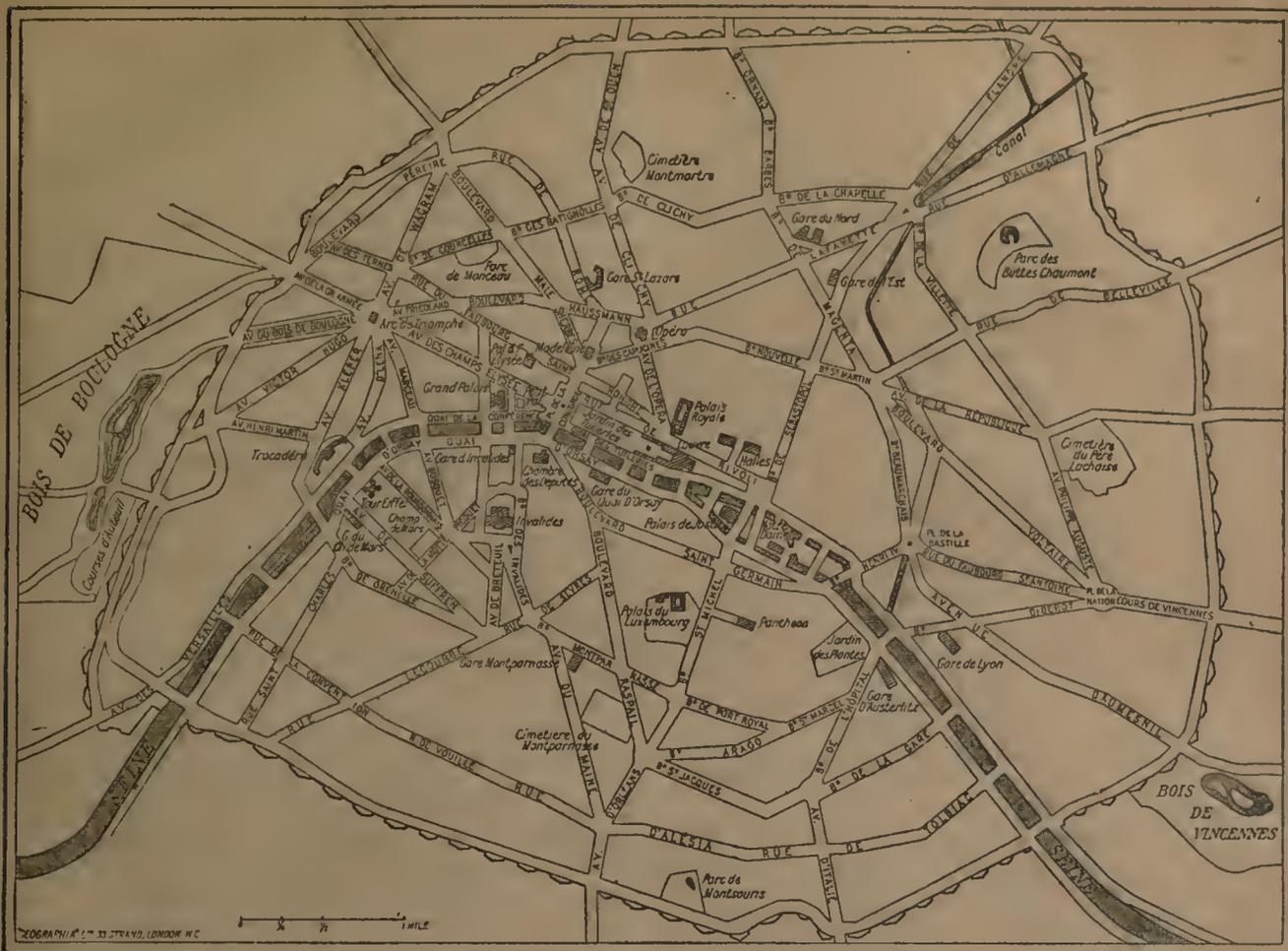
There are some curious aggregates of population in the IIIrd Arrondissement, such as colonies of Polish Jews, mostly cap-makers; or colonies of Belgians, largely cabinet-makers. One-third of the fifty thousand masons of Paris are also concentrated here: a formidable destructive and constructive guild, which once every thirty years demolishes the great city, to build it anew.

II.

I am not sure whether the IVth Arrondissement does not surpass all others in historical interest, for in addition to the venerable Tour de St. Jacques, erected in 1522, in addition to the wonderful library of the Arsenal, it contains two out of the three most important monuments of the capital—Notre Dame and the Hôtel de Ville.

The Hôtel de Ville has been, ever since 1789, the stronghold of democracy. To tell its history would be to tell the political history of the city, from the day when the first Commune was established during the Hundred Years' War by Etienne Marcel, the father of all modern revolutionists, down to the days when the last Commune, in a frenzy of destruction, burned the palace of the people. The Hôtel de Ville is situated in the heart of the Faubourg St. Antoine. Here the Parisians, again and again, have risen in their wrath and erected barricades against their oppressors. From here they started to storm the Bastille—which for generations stood on the eastern extremity, a grim menace to popular liberty. The square in front of the Hôtel de Ville is now one of the most spacious public spaces of the city, and commands an admirable view of the Seine and of the island of the city. It was once the sinister Place de Grève, the scene of public executions. From here Madame de Sévigné witnessed the execution of the Marquise de Brinvilliers, the most successful poisoner of all times.

The Faubourg St. Antoine is an ever-smouldering volcano, and it is not to be wondered at that the Government of the day should consistently try to curtail the political powers of the Municipality. Even under the Third Republic, the people of Paris do not enjoy self-government. And although the Mayor of Paris is not merely the ornamental figure-head which the Lord Mayor of London is, still, the reality of political power is vested in the Prefect of Police and in



the Prefect of the Seine, and the doings of the Municipality are closely watched and constantly checked by the Central Government.

The historical importance of the Hôtel de Ville is only equalled by Notre Dame. As the one building has been identified with the Civic Life of the capital, so the other has been identified with its Religious Life. In the Middle Ages, as every student of Victor Hugo's masterpiece knows, the Cathedral was the heart of the city. It stood as the symbol of the omnipotence of the Catholic Church. For the Catholic Church was actually omnipotent in Paris for many centuries. We are too much inclined to think of Paris as the centre of the old monarchy. As a matter of fact, the kings never quite felt at home in the restless metropolis, and again and again they migrated to Fontainebleau or Saint Germain, to the Châteaux of the Loire or to Versailles, and the last King by right divine only re-entered Paris on a fatal day in October to become the prisoner of the people. On the contrary, the Catholic Church always did feel at home in the capital. Any map of Paris will convince us that the "modern Babylon" once was a holy city; that for ages Paris was pre-eminently a city of churches and abbeys—Abbey of St. Germain, Abbey of St. Victor, Abbey of St. Denis, Abbey of St. Martin; and that even to-day there are probably inside Paris more convents than in any other capital outside Rome or Moscow.

III.

In crossing the Seine and in passing from the IVth to the Vth Arrondissement, we enter the Latin quarter, rising on the slopes of the hill of Sainte Geneviève. After the Ile de la Cité, it is the oldest part of Paris, containing its most important Roman ruins, the remains of Roman baths in the gardens of the Musée

de Cluny and the remains of a Roman amphitheatre in the Rue Monge.

If the quarter to the north of the Grand Boulevards is pre-eminently the city of pleasure, the quarter to the south of the Boulevard St. Germain is pre-eminently the city of learning. It has been so ever since the twelfth century, when Duns Scotus and St. Thomas Aquinas inspired the old Sorbonne. We see everywhere booksellers and educational institutions, cafés, hotels, and lodgings for the twenty thousand students who have gathered here from every part of the world. In the neighbourhood of the schools the many convents round the hospital of Val de Grâce, as well as the Panthéon—once the church of the patron saint of Paris, Sainte Geneviève—are there to remind us that the Latin quarter is still as much a religious as a scholastic city.

The Latin quarter is almost as cosmopolitan as the West End. You will find here colonies of North and South Americans, of Italians and Spaniards, of Roumanians and Servians, of Poles and Russians—those Russian students being mostly Revolutionists, living in dire poverty. There are several thousands of them. A few years ago the French Government appointed a professor of the Russian language in the Sorbonne. The study of Russian obviously did not appeal to the Parisian student, for, with great difficulty, the French professor could only muster a few casual hearers. One day it occurred to him that, instead of giving Russian lectures to French students, he might give French lectures to Russian students. The idea was carried out, and there was such an invasion of Russian barbarians that even the largest auditorium could scarcely hold them.

Germany might dispute the claim of the University of Paris as the first University of the West; but the

Sorbonne is certainly the most democratic and the most hospitable. I wonder how many tourists are aware that they can enter the imposing pile of the Sorbonne, with its miles of corridors and its spacious lecture-rooms, and that they can attend most of the lectures, dropping in at any time and without paying a fee. Paris is probably the one place in Europe where higher education is practically free, and where you can receive gratuitous lessons from teachers of world-wide fame, whether in the fine arts or in the practical sciences or in the Russian or Chinese languages.

In the Vth Arrondissement, for the first time, we come across a phenomenon which is more characteristic of Paris than London, namely, the extraordinary interpenetration of wealth and poverty. You may have just visited a palatial building, and, in turning a corner, you suddenly find yourself in squalid surroundings. For the quarter of schools is also a quarter of slums and rookeries. The student himself, and especially the foreign student, is not generally blessed with the goods of this world, and, like St. Francis, he has taken "Holy Poverty" as his spouse. Plain living and high thinking are nowhere more frequent than in "modern Babylon." You will find in the Latin quarter men of European reputation living in garrets in which a Scottish student would scorn to live. But not only are the student colonies often poor, but they are situated in close proximity to one of the most sordid districts of the metropolis, namely, in the neighbourhood of the "Jardin des Plantes," or Zoological Gardens and Botanical Museum. There are no less than 30,000 two-room lodgings in this part, which is a striking illustration of the contrasts of Parisian life. Nothing more unlike the atmosphere of Oxford could well be imagined than the haunts behind the Panthéon. Yet I must confess that I prefer those squalid surroundings of the Parisian student to the luxurious surroundings of the Oxford student; and I am convinced that it is an invaluable discipline for the young Parisian to be thus acquainted from his earliest years with the distressing problems of modern city life.



THE KINEMATOGRAPH AND THE DRAMA

FROM AN ARTISTIC POINT OF VIEW

By ARTHUR OWEN ORRETT

THE average Englishman is perpetually bubbling over with fatuous tags intended to demonstrate his broad-mindedness. A few years ago a favourite one was, "There's many a play that would do a man more good than a lot of sermons." Now, alas! the theatre has fallen from its high estate, and one frequently hears, "There are lots of plays acted on films that are every bit as good as plays in a regular theatre."

What must be the state of mind of a man who would rather see three or four plays (and a few odds and ends) on a film than a play at a theatre? First, there is the mental confusion which must be caused by the mere number of the plots and stories. Then he must like crude and violent plays, for only great artists can write plays in dumb-show that are not crude and violent, and we know that there is not yet any demand for great artists as scenario-writers for films. The subtle conflict between the poet and the clergyman in "Candida" could not be shown on the film. If the attempt were made, the audience could not but conclude, when Marchbanks eventually stings the other to violence, that the assault was entirely unprovoked.

"Rosmersholm" on the film would be ludicrous. Yeats's "Deirdre" would be undistinguishable from Synge's, and Synge's from "A. E.'s"; all would be equally dull. "Hamlet" would be quite meaningless.

Thirdly, there is the question of the personality of the actor. The film-actor must act extravagantly in order to supply a clue to the plot in his every movement. He must do this, too, in cold blood, before the indifferent eye of the cinematograph operator. Surely never was such a nightmare! An actor sentenced to rehearsal for life, to whom the sweets of applause are eternally denied! In such circumstances, how can acting be other than mechanical? Apart from this, what amount of personality can be shown on a photograph? for the cinematograph is simply the Frankenstein of photography. One need not have a fanatical admiration for present-day actors to assert that a very great many of them have characteristics which the kinema would fail to reveal, and that we should be the poorer thereby. No kinema could portray the tempestuous power of Mrs. Patrick Campbell, or reproduce the facile grace and charm of Miss Marie Tempest.

The man, then, who prefers the kinema to the theatre cares neither for good plays nor for good acting. Obviously, therefore, the drama was crippled by his patronage, which lasted just so long as he had no other entertainment provided for him. Before the days of music-halls and cinematographs he had, of necessity, to be a playgoer, and he kept the drama down to his level. His taste manufactured vulgar acting, timid management, and vapid plays. At last the bubble burst. New avenues of amusement were found for him, and almost simultaneously plays and acting began to improve. Management naturally did not improve. Many provincial theatres practically closed their doors to drama. In fact, the drama may be said no longer to exist in any but the largest of English provincial towns. In London it is different. West-End theatre-going is a cult, and the very provincial who would not bother about seeing a play in his own town will greatly inconvenience himself in order to see the same play performed by "the London Company." London is the last citadel of the vulgarly romantic drama, and not until it falls can the dramatist start with a clean sheet.

When this citadel shall have fallen, the dramatist will be able to write for a public that delights in the dramatic art, and he will not be tempted to write down to a public to whom the theatre is a cult, a habit, a relaxation, an escape from the rain; nor, most important of all, to a public forced to witness a play through sheer lack of an alternative.

This is the way in which the cinematograph is going to help the drama—by weeding out those of its patrons who are a drag on it. The cheery optimists who maintain that the film and the stage-play will advance side by side to better things are—just optimists. The film and the drama are poles apart.

In a protest against elaborate stage-setting in the theatre, Mr. W. B. Yeats insists that each art should concentrate on its own characteristics. When the theatrical producer goes in for realism, he says, he competes with the easel-painter, and the easel-painter can always beat him, because he is practising his own art against a man whose art is something quite different, namely, the production of a picture which will have the effect of reality to a mass of people sitting around a hall. This may be an extreme view, but it is moderation itself compared with the belief that any monstrosity of the photographer's craft can portray human character and destiny with beauty and simplicity, or even with reality.

REV. R. J. CAMPBELL * * * BY E. HERMANN

It is some fifteen years ago now since Sir William Robertson Nicoll discovered in an obscurely situated Congregational church in Brighton a young preacher who had something to say on the mystery of pain—something so vital and noteworthy that Claudius Clear forthwith informed the editor of the *British Weekly* that this intense young gospeller with the early whitened hair and the wistful eye of grey was a man for whom the hour lay waiting. The years passed, the little backway church grew too small to hold the crowds that thronged to hear this Nonconformist Robertson, and the congregation had to migrate to a larger building. Campbell of Brighton had become a word to conjure with, and it did not take any great gift of divination to prophesy that soon Brighton would know him no more. Then the dying eyes of Joseph Parker, ranging far over all the ranks of eloquent and forceful preachers for one who might, perchance, wield the Ulysses-bow that had slipped from his hands unstrung, alighted on R. J. Campbell. Mr. Campbell was called to take Dr. Parker's place during his last long illness, and the increasing crowds that made the City Temple one of the sights of London began to buzz about its doors. When Dr. Parker finally passed into the long silence, there was no doubt in anyone's mind that the great man's successor had been found.

There is a well-known photograph of Mr. Campbell in a severe and hieratic-looking cassock, and apprehensive Puritans, looking at that harmless garment, whisper with bated breath that there was a time when Mr. Campbell had almost become an Anglican. Of Scotch descent, and born a Free Methodist, Mr. Campbell's boyhood was spent among the Presbyterians of the Black North of Ireland. In his later teens, however, he was confirmed as a member of the Church of England, and in 1891 he entered Christ Church, Oxford, with a view to taking Orders. The austere and rarefied piety of Dean Paget captivated his soul, and opened it to High Church influences. It was almost inevitable that a type of saintliness so surrendered and exalted, yet so restrained and urbane, should be a spiritual enchantment to a young soul fresh from a cruder and more turbulent atmosphere, and its influence accounts for much that is best in the Campbell of to-day. But soon a critical reading of Church history revealed to him that, whatever way his religious tastes and affinities pointed to, his convictions were on the side of the despised Nonconformists. The outcome of this was a memorable talk with Bishop Gore, extending over the best part of a day, and a sorrowful but impregnable determination that the dream of taking Anglican Orders must be abandoned. So Campbell turned his back upon the spiritual beauty of the Church of Keble and Paget, and left Oxford to become the pastor of an all but derelict Nonconformist chapel in the Church-proud town of Brighton.

To attain to anything like a just appreciation of Mr. Campbell's genius is one of the most difficult of tasks. On the surface of it, it would seem to be an easy matter to get a true and clear-cut picture of so salient and arresting a figure. In truth, it is exceedingly difficult. To begin with, he stands in a ghost-haunted place. Who that has listened with sensitive ear to the magnificent contrapuntal word-music which made up the oratory of Joseph Parker can escape the tenacious, imperious, obsessive wraith that haunts the City Temple? As one sits waiting for the preacher to begin, another voice takes up the strain—a voice of

soul-shaking quality—whose thunderous pungency summons the blood and whose magic whisper spells rapture. Joseph Parker was a great preacher, not merely by right of a superb and matchless eloquence, but by the diviner right of a vision that saw deep into the dark places of Scripture and into the haunted caverns of the soul, and brought light out of darkness. The rolling music of his words was but the garment of the great creative silence where unspoken things lie warm. While the ghostly echoes of his matchless voice are still launching themselves upon the great spaces his successor begins to speak. Is he a great preacher too? His voice is spare, his delivery unremarkable. He does not enchant, beguile, entrain. It takes some time for the ghostly obsession of a greater than he to lose his grip upon one's mind. It often takes a long time before the genius of this romantic intuitionist breaks upon one's dull senses. But, once it does, there is no doubt as to the preacher's right to stand in so consecrated a place.

There is a second circumstance which makes it difficult to see the naked soul of the preacher. It is the popular identification of Mr. Campbell with the New Theology. No subscriber to cast-iron creeds has ever placed so heavy a millstone about his neck or bound himself with chains so hampering and galling as Mr. Campbell did when he wrote a book which labelled him in the eyes of a half-educated public. It is not merely that Mr. Campbell is far wiser and greater than his book. It is that his true crown does not lie in the realm of the theological discussion at all, but in the empyrean of spiritual intuition. He is not a theologian who happens also to be a preacher. He is a preacher of a certain high, rare, potent type who happens to have written a book upon theology. Dr. Parker laid it down once that every congregation is a séance. So it is, when there is a spiritual clairvoyant in the pulpit.

And, like all preachers of this clairvoyant order, Mr. Campbell cannot be interpreted *in vacuo*. He must always be taken in connection with that great congregation of questing and bewildered souls whose inarticulate cravings he interprets to themselves. In this preacher's voice a thousand dumb mouths find speech, a thousand secrets are revealed. And the unveiling and interpreting is not the cold accomplishment of the expert; it is the piercing insight of the loving heart. He is not a virtuoso in soul-reading; he is an enthusiast in soul-healing. Sympathy is real and vital in him. It is potent and convincing. Terrible is the loneliness of a great city. More terrible the loneliness of a God-haunted soul. Small wonder that the preacher who can walk with his hearers in those weird regions and through the black defiles of sorrow, shame and despair evokes an almost passionate admiration, an almost unreserved devotion.

A cold examination of his preaching may leave one with the Philistine's question, "Tell us wherein thy strength lieth?" Judged by formal canons, there are greater than he. Judged by depth even of psychological insight, it were not difficult to find those who excel him. But for the revealing and compelling power of a fearless and devoted sympathy, for the magic of evoking a spiritual atmosphere, of naturalising the unsewn on the hard stones of city streets, he stands supreme. His spell defies analysis. It owes nothing to oratory and little to dialectic. It is as elusive as the mist and as mysterious as the wind among the reeds.

MASTERPIECE FOR THE WEEK

"ESTHER WATERS," BY GEORGE MOORE

It is surely one of the most interesting ironies of contemporary literature that the novel which, more than any other written in our time, idealises and glorifies the simple beauties and strength of motherhood should have come to us from the pen of a novelist whose genius is generally associated with works answering to the generic description of decadent. Mr. Grant Allen, one recalls, was fond of relating that, out of the many fictional efforts that won for him a wide public, one, and one only, was written to please himself, "The Woman Who Did," a disappointing work, quite the dullest he ever penned. One may be pardoned for imagining that Mr. George Moore was possibly a great deal more moved and interested by the ratiocinations and the tedious psychological analysis of the peccant but brilliant Evelyn Innes than by the sorrows of that untutored daughter of the people, Esther Waters. For our part, however, while Evelyn bores us to extinction, Esther Waters has an arresting, a compelling attraction that no other heroine of modern fiction, not even the immortal Tess, yields over us. Esther is not cast in the heroic mould. That is to say that she is not strikingly handsome, nor resourceful, still less original or clever. But the simple, awful tragedy of her life, a tragedy that thousands upon thousands of women endure, in mute sorrow and silent despair, rouses in her qualities that, for all her limitations, her frailty, her crushed and stunted nature, raise her to a height that leaves us breathless and abashed, marvelling at the great reserves of strength that a "common woman" can command.

The story of Esther Waters is an every-day drama. Esther is a domestic servant. "In grimy lodging-houses she worked from early morning till late at night, scrubbing grates, preparing bacon and eggs, cooking chops, and making beds. She had become one of those London girls to whom rest, not to say pleasure, is unknown, who, if they should sit down for a few moments, hear the mistress's voice, 'Now, Eliza, have you nothing to do that you are sitting there idle?'"

She has a sordid, a brutal home, relieved in part by the love of her mother, but rendered intolerable by an inhuman stepfather, who tells her to "get out" when she cannot find a place. At last she gets a regular situation—one at Woodview Lodge, a great house near Brighton, whose master, Mr. Barfield, a careless, rather dissipated man of the world, keeps a famous racing stable and a huge establishment, and whose wife, known as "The Saint," belongs to the Plymouth Brethren, Esther's own sect, for she is deeply religious, albeit unlettered and untaught. A lifelong friendship is born between the two women. "It was one of Mrs. Barfield's practices to have the women servants for half an hour every Sunday afternoon in the library and instruct them in the life of Christ," and in the new, strange atmosphere of the great house, given over to racing, sport, and a happy, genial profanity, Esther, alone among the servants, delights in the meetings:

"She answered her mistress's questions in sweet light-heartedness of spirit, pleasing her with her knowledge of the Holy Book. But in turn the servants had begun to read verses aloud from the New Testament, and Esther saw that her secret would be torn from her. Sarah had read a verse, and Mrs. Barfield had explained

it, and now Margaret was reading. Esther listened, thinking if she might plead illness and escape from the room; but she could not summon sufficient presence of mind, and while she was still agitated and debating with herself, Mrs. Barfield called to her to continue. She hung down her head, suffocated with shame of the exposure, and when Mrs. Barfield told her again to continue the reading Esther shook her head.

"Can you not read, Esther?" she heard a kind voice saying; and the sound of this voice loosed the feelings long pent up, and the girl, giving way utterly, burst into passionate weeping. She was alone with her suffering, conscious of nothing else, until a kind hand led her from the room, and that hand soothed away the bitterness of the tittering which reached her ears as the door closed. It was hard to persuade her to speak, but even the first words showed that there was more on the girl's heart than could be told in a few minutes. Mrs. Barfield determined to take the matter at once in hand; she dismissed the other servants, and returned to the library with Esther, and in that dim room of little green sofas, bookless shelves and birdcages, the women—mistress and maid—sealed the bond of friendship which was to last for life."

Mrs. Barfield teaches her servant to read and much else; but, alas! there soon comes an end to their friendship. It is a strange environment that the young girl, with her simple tastes and primitive faith, is thrown into, with the little jockey boys, who look so ugly and ill-fed, and who talked, as did all the servants eternally, of odds and races; but she was happy.

"The simplest human sentiments were abiding principles in Esther—love of God, and love of God in the home. But above this Protestantism was human nature; and at this time Esther was, above all else, a young girl. Her twentieth year thrilled within her; she was no longer weary with work, and new, rich blood, filled her veins. She sang at her work, gladdened by the sights and sounds of the yard: the young rooks cawing lustily in the evergreens, the gardener passing to and fro with plants in his hands, the white cats licking themselves in the sun, or running to meet the young ladies who brought them plates of milk."

Thus her life passed—until the man entered. William Latch is the son of the austere old housekeeper, who is "down on" Esther at first, but learns to treat her kindly even when her graceless scamp of a son, who has disgusted her by taking a groom's place at Woodview, repeats to Esther an old story.

"In the evenings when their work was done, Esther and her lover lingered about the farm buildings listening to the rooks, seeing the lights die in the west; and in the summer darkness about nine she tripped by his side when he took the letters to post. The wheat stacks were thatching, and in the rick-yard, in the carpenter's shop, and in the whist of the woods they talked of love and marriage. They lay together in the warm valleys, listening to the tinkling of the sheep bell, and one evening, putting his pipe aside, William threw his arm round her, whispering that she was his wife. The words were delicious in her fainting ears, and her will died in what seemed like irresistible destiny. She could not struggle with him, though she knew that her fate depended upon her resistance, and, swooning away, she awoke in pain, powerless to free herself. . . . Soon after thoughts betook themselves on their painful way, and the stars were shining when he followed her across the downs, beseeching her to listen. But she fled along the grey road, and upstairs to her room."

It is easy to guess the sequel. William does not stay at Woodview, and when the hour of trial comes, poor Esther is turned out, her kind mistress giving her a reference. The child is born in the lying-in hospital, which Esther leaves almost penniless and unfriended,

her mother dead, her family gone to Australia, and with scarcely a soul in London to help her.

The chapters that follow are incomparably the greatest in the book. They tell with wonderful force and convincing realism of poor Esther's desperate straits and still more desperate struggles. Sometimes without a crust, sometimes without a shelter, she fights on for the sake of her child, working hours at the wash-tub, acting as wet nurse to a rich lady's child when her own lies ailing, with her past always cropping up to be flung in her face, but still taking courage to endure. The events, perhaps, are very trite; the narrative has been rehearsed a thousand times by all sorts and conditions of women. But it is a great one all the same. All the cruelties, all the sordidness, all the mean suspicions of our civilisation, are brought out in the telling; but Esther triumphs over them all.

After many vicissitudes, she secures a good place with a considerate mistress, and the child thrives and is well. More, Esther is even engaged to a pious young man, who condescends to overlook her past, when—she meets William! At first she repulses him. Then the old love returns. She listens and relents, accepts his excuses, and a little later they are made man and wife, and ensconced in possession of an old-fashioned public-house down Fulham way. William makes a good husband, for the carelessness of youth has left him, and he really loves Esther, who for the first time in her life tastes real happiness, despite the fact that her life soon brings her in contact with some of the worst results of betting and gambling, which are depicted with extraordinary skill.

The King's Head is a racing "pub," frequented by punters, bookies, jockeys—all the embodiments to Esther of evil and destructive forces. But she has her husband and her boy, and she is happy. Very beautifully indicated is her placid love, which redeems the breezy squalor of the "public." A little later that refuge is lost to them. William has to become a book-maker himself, and shout the odds on the course. Still Esther is happy. Those she loves best in the world are with her, and, like a true woman, that contents her.

But the happiness does not last long. William falls ill, ails for months, then dies, and poor Esther is left again penniless, to provide for her boy as best she can.

She goes back to Woodview, now stripped of its former glory, to live alone with her old mistress, and to help her lad, who has a situation in London—a dull, drab life, and yet made glorious by the fact that it was consecrated to one supreme object—an object brought home to us with irresistible force by the last picture with which the work closes. Esther and Mrs. Barfield are waiting, waiting outside the house for someone they are expecting, waiting for Esther's son:—

"A tall soldier came through the gate. He wore a long red cloak, and a small cap jauntily set on the side of his close-clipped head. Esther uttered a little exclamation, and ran to meet him. He took his mother in his arms, kissed her, and together they walked towards Mrs. Barfield. All was forgotten in the happiness of the moment—the long fight for his life, and the possibility that any moment might declare him to be mere food for powder and shot. She was only conscious that she had accomplished her woman's work—she had brought him up to man's estate; and that was her sufficient reward."

It is on that note that the book closes, and we end it feeling that, in an age which has deafened us with its assertions of every phase of feminine aberration, it has been a great thing to have met, even in fiction, a true woman, faithfully portrayed.

THE FIRST RUNG

By MUNROE CLARK.

THE night before, he got out his new things, gave an extra twist to his home-made trouser-press, and went to bed dreaming of managing directorships and the majestic solitude of the manager's office. He woke early, very early. But he got up straight away, wrestled with the press, and was pleased, on the whole, with the knife-edge crease it had produced.

At breakfast he read the football page with the air of a Sultan, and when his Big Sister stood by his side to serve the bacon he engrossed himself in the "On 'Change" column, oblivious of the wink she passed on to her father.

When it was time to go he took down his soft felt hat—a bowler, he had thought, proclaimed "office-boy" to every casual passer-by—and, with an airy "So-long," shut the door quickly after him in order to get away from the salvo of "Good lucks" which had so much annoyed him when he was taking his exams.

He would not take a car. No, he wasn't going to start that game: so he stepped out, and tried to look as if he had been at it for years, and was quite hopelessly bored. He was annoyed when he found he had arrived a quarter of an hour too early, and was just going off for a stroll when the "cleaner" came along and unlocked the door for him.

"Are you the new young gentleman, then?" asked she, in a motherly tone. This touched him on the raw. Without answering, he looked around him with a critical air, as who should say, "This doesn't seem as decent a hole as my last place." The woman regarded him with a smile, a suggestion of which he just caught.

"Lor' bless yer! the freshness'll soon wear off," she said.

After a morning of humble initiation, he came home with a rush, ate a huge dinner, and ordered two cups of coffee. Over these his mother ventured that he was "launched into the battle of life."

"Oh, cut the sentiment, *please!*" he implored, and just then the Big Sister came in.

"Well, how's things, kid?" she flung at him, whipping out innumerable hatpins.

"His Lordship does not desire his affairs to be discussed," said Mater.

The Big Sister thought a moment.

"Why, of course not, if you will keep sentimentalising," she said, for she knew her mother.

Then Pater ventured that "it was evidently a naval battle," and was promptly sat on.

"Well, anyhow," said Mater, "you've got to work now—a sight harder than you did at school."

He arrived at the office five minutes late. Going to his desk he picked up some papers with an air of nonchalant interest, and looked up at his neighbour.

"Anything fresh?" he asked in a blasé tone.

"Here, take these letters to the post, and get five shillings' worth of penny stamps," said that gentleman with a frown.

And in the evening he called for Someone, and they went to the Pictures. Now, Someone understood, and he didn't mind telling *Her* his inmost thoughts. She could sympathise with him, and didn't seem at all bored at his recital of hopes and prospects.

When he had seen her home he went back to supper. Pater glanced at his watch as he came in, and he sat down at the table, which everybody had already left.

Then he went upstairs to the trouser-press.

G. BERNARD SHAW * * * BY RICHARD CURLE

OF all claims to distinction, perhaps Mr. Shaw would cherish most that of being a middle-class Socialist. For it is this attitude which permeates his work, an aggressive attitude that will not be gainsaid, and will not let you take it for granted. Mr. Shaw has the pugnacity of a prophet who must be telling you home-truths lest worse should follow. He is violently dogmatic against all forms of dogma, or, as he himself puts it, "The golden rule is that there is no golden rule." That is all very well, but what is to prevent one questioning the first golden rule? This is just the sort of pitfall one must beware of in reading Mr. Shaw. He is so keen, able, and pellucid that one is apt to take his assertions as indisputable facts rather than as mere statements of opinion. He is invigorating because he is so reasonable. Not outwardly emotional, he has really a wide sympathy for unhappiness and failure. He is not at all a sentimental English democrat like Mr. Chesterton—he would argue that the main reason why poverty and misery should be abolished is that they are bad for society. He is the logical extremist, but he is too much of the Fabian to carry all his convictions into practice. The result is that he gives one a sense of caution in the midst of his fiery language. He can write "The Revolutionist's Handbook," but he would never dream of being a revolutionary.

This is decidedly a long preliminary to a short discussion of Mr. Shaw's work, but really it is necessary to clear the ground. For Mr. Shaw's plays are almost as much pamphlets as works of art. He has Ibsen's habit of formulating his own theories in the guise of universal problems, but he has not Ibsen's power of high and bitter seriousness. Or, rather, one feels that his seriousness is always being masked under a sardonic mantle, as if he knew that to be openly grave would be the end to deep gravity of purpose. However that may be, his plays do lack the final impressiveness of obvious sincerity. They are too "smart," too breathless in their witticisms. And, for some reason or other, they have a horrible trick of sinking into sheer buffoonery.

I.

The truth is, brilliance is a curse to a literary man—it is the whisper of the devil, the most subtle and irresistible of temptations. These scintillating writers are for ever spoiling their work by mannerism and artificiality. Mr. Shaw, for instance, like Mr. Chesterton, cannot escape from his own riotous personality. He repeats himself in a hundred transparent disguises. His characters do not, by any means, lack every atom of reality as do the characters of Mr. Chesterton, but, on the other hand, they lack a great deal of the reality which they ought properly to have. Take, let us say, Major Barbara ("Major Barbara"), Ann, Tanner, 'Enery Straker ("Man and Superman"), Lady Cicely ("Captain Brassbound's Conversion"), Raina, Bluntschli ("Arms and the Man"), Valentine, the old waiter ("You Never Can Tell"), Charteris ("The Philanderer"), Candida ("Candida"), are they not one and all of them close relations of Mr. Bernard Shaw? Of course they are! That is why they are so sparkling, so unexpected—and that is why they are so unconvincing. There is an elf-like quality in Mr. Shaw's figures, a quality of surprise which is charming and yet enervating. But his technical ability is so pronounced, his skill in dialogue so finished, that he does convey an air of considerable reality. And that

is not all. He has a conception of personality up to a certain point, but it is a conception that generally suggests a problem—one of Mr. Shaw's problems. His people and his plays soon bore one, just as an argument soon bores one. They only live in the light of crises or polemics—they are without the calm force of ordinary and passionate existence.

II.

One of Mr. Shaw's main dislikes is romance—romantic love, and so on. It is hard to say how far this is an inherent distaste for sentiment, and how far it is merely a reasoned fear of the emotions. It is not savage, like the sex-hatred of Schopenhauer or Strindberg; it is mocking. Mr. Shaw despises the vast influence of such fleeting desires, their vast and ill-regulated influence. And yet theoretically distrustful of marriage, he is, practically, in its favour. There comes in his common sense, overriding the ardent dreams of the perfect Socialist. He has grasped human nature sufficiently to realise its usual limits, to realise its slow progress, its ingrained, indestructible instincts. And, in spite of his sneers, he does comprehend the tragic force of love, though he may bewail its futility. The passionate scenes in such plays as "You Never Can Tell" and "Man and Superman" are actually passionate. Suddenly the bantering tone drops, the lovers look at one another with real, burning eyes. It is in scenes like these that Mr. Shaw shows us power, as apart from infinite nimbleness.

III.

This cleverness of his has, naturally, its points, though, on the whole, it strikes one as so misguided. It gives his work ease, variety of situation, a polished atmosphere. The Ireland of "John Bull's Other Island" does appear quite as Irish as the Ireland of Synge's plays; the Bulgaria of "Arms and the Man" does suggest the savage feeling of the Balkans. Mr. Shaw is, indeed, a distinguished and conscious artist, and, if he were only less of a wit and less of a pamphleteer, he would be still more of an artist. For it is not that he impresses his personality on his work (everyone does that), which is so damaging, but that he impresses his idiosyncrasies, his eccentricities, his crotchets. No doubt he has built up his huge and enthusiastic public on them, but, in the end, they will do him immense harm. Already he strikes one as being old-fashioned. He keeps on destroying dead things, of discussing settled issues. The rebellious daughter has had her day; marriage is no longer looked upon as divine in itself. It is quite true that it is probably Mr. Shaw's teaching that has brought about much of this change, but that is not the point here. The point is, that it dates his work, so to speak, and makes it dusty. Moreover, he is still, in each new play, thrashing out the same problems. But we want something else. Stories of true passion are never old because they are always repeating themselves, stories with actual vitality are never old because people don't really alter in most things. But who cares for Peacock's tirades against paper money? And soon all these designing and emancipated females of Mr. Shaw's plays will share a similar fate. They will die from inanition, they will die because no one will be able to understand the hubbub they caused. Thus will Mr. Shaw's glory as a pioneer dim his fame as an artist.

IV.

In criticism Mr. Shaw is often very astute. His connection with the *Saturday Review* as dramatic critic gave him a practical knowledge of the different schools (you can read a selection of his weekly articles in two volumes); his book on Wagner proves that he is a student of music; his book on Ibsen proves that he is a student of literature. And yet his criticism is too clever and concise to be satisfying. It has the dazzle of a piercing light, and some of its hardness. Nevertheless, Mr. Shaw is singularly just. A great many people have fallen foul of him owing to his remarks on Shakespeare, quite misreading what he has said. No one better than Mr. Shaw realises the supreme beauty of Shakespeare's language, and no one is more disgusted at the fulsome praise that has been poured on everything Shakespeare ever wrote. There, once again, Mr. Shaw is helped by his common sense. He will not have Shakespeare paraded as a demi-god. It is a reasonable attitude.

But I must stop. Much remains to be said which has to be left unsaid. For the very mention of Mr. Shaw's name is sufficient to call up a whole range of subjects which it would require a volume to deal with.



WOMAN IN THE FINANCIAL WORLD

By LUCY H. YATES.

"OF honourable women not a few" the City of London may make proud boast. But while she owns a steadily growing army of moderate wage-earners, who fill in the great mesh of industry with a network of fine threads, any of which, if taken individually, may seem of slight value, but which, taken collectively, represent a vast sum total of labour and of money, some few of her women workers stand out above the rest for character and achievement, for singularity of position or boldness of enterprise. And among these none are more noteworthy than the handful that have invaded the financial world, and whose success has amply justified their venture.

I.

By virtue of singularity alone the one woman stockbroker should take premier position among the women of the City. It is perhaps rather strange that while there is nothing in the business of stockbroking that is beyond the ability of any well-educated woman to grasp, and while many women have a distinct liking for finance and figures, there should be still only one name to place under this heading. True, women are excluded from membership of the Stock Exchange simply by reason of sex; yet, by dealing on half-profits through others who are members, it is quite possible to make a very excellent business and income, and the work is agreeable, if responsible.

Twenty-five years ago one woman courageously embarked in an attempt to compete on this veritable Tom Tiddler's ground, with quite a small capital, and she has retired from the field with an excellent reputation and with profits that are by no means despicable, to be succeeded by another woman, who holds her position still without a rival. In the case of Miss Bell, the pioneer, natural aptitude and undoubted capacity made for success in the face of keen competition, while she had the great advantage of an education that in many respects would have been exactly the same had she been of the other sex. In the case of

Mrs. Brooke, her successor, the advantages are a social connection among influential people which ensures her a clientèle to begin with, and the ground already prepared and made ready for her by Miss Bell's industry, not to mention the aid of a secretary, also a woman, whose knowledge of markets and of the whole business of stockbroking and insurance can be equalled by few men.

Mrs. Brooke, speaking of her business at the present time, says, "There is an interesting career in the financial world for women. They have more intuition than men, and, as a rule, are more persuasive and more inclined to put themselves in the place of their client. They are not lacking in caution, and are quite able to make as good bargains. My experience is that women are more disposed to gamble than men, and on that account, as a stockbroker, one needs to be level-headed. Of course, I am greatly handicapped in not being able to work directly with the Stock Exchange, and in having to employ others who are members to act for me." In spite of handicaps, however, Mrs. Brooke admits that she is flourishing, and that her business is increasing apace.

II.

The one woman stockbroker has for near neighbour in the City an almost equally busy lady who is a fully qualified chartered accountant. But accountancy has for years attracted women as a profession, and Miss Harris Smith is by no means alone in her glory. They are rarer in the City, it is true; but when we move out on to the Strand and westwards, we find several who have established themselves, and done so well that they have been able to make a competence and retire to enjoy it. Since they have been admitted to examinations and degrees on the same terms as men, the profession will, in all likelihood, continue to attract girls and women who have the mathematical gift. While waiting for clients, the accountant generally fills in time and adds to her income by taking pupils.

III.

While a few banks employ women in behind-the-scenes work, only one bank exists as yet for the transaction of business among women, managed and staffed entirely by women. This is a branch of Farrow's Bank, established some three or four years ago in New Bridge Street. Its first manager, Miss May Bateman, was much liked, and spoke of her work as being in every way identical with that of the ordinary bank, and her salary as comparing well with that paid to men for the same services.

Her successor, Miss Kate Reilly, had previously held a Government post and been for some twelve years in the counting-house of a newspaper office, where all the cheque transactions passed through her hands. The position in this case requires not only a good knowledge of money dealings of every kind, but a good general all-round knowledge of market movements and investment business, as the manager of a woman's bank is, or so it seems, expected to be able to give advice on matters other than banking pure and simple.

Not so directly concerned with finance or accounts as the women whose names have just been mentioned, but occupying positions unique for influence, are two others—Mrs. Shelley Gulick, who is inspector of agents for the great Commercial Union Assurance Company, and whose services are remunerated precisely as if she were a man, and Miss E. Brodstone, of the Union Cold Storage Company, whose work is, I believe, to a large extent at least, honorary.

EVERYMAN'S FRENCH PAGE

THE DEATH OF NAPOLEON * * * BY LOUIS ADOLPHE THIERS

(Concluded.)

LA fin d'avril était arrivée, et à chaque instant le mal devenait plus menaçant et plus douloureux. Napoléon prenait de temps en temps quelques gouttes d'une eau fraîche qu'on avait trouvée au pied du pic de Diane, dans la position où il aurait voulu que sa demeure fût placée, et il en ressentait un peu de bien. "Je désire, dit-il, être enterré sur les bords de la Seine, si c'est jamais possible, ou à Ajaccio dans l'héritage de ma famille, ou enfin si ma captivité doit durer pour mon cadavre, au pied de la fontaine à laquelle j'ai dû quelque soulagement." On le lui promit avec des larmes, car on ne lui cachait plus un état qu'il voyait si bien. "Vous allez, dit-il à ses amis qui l'entouraient, retourner en Europe. Vous y reviendrez avec le reflet de ma gloire, avec l'honneur d'un noble dévouement. Vous y serez considérés et heureux. Moi je vais rejoindre Kléber, Desaix, Lannes, Masséna, Bessières, Duroc, Ney! . . . Ils viendront à ma rencontre . . . ils ressentiront encore une fois l'ivresse de la gloire humaine." Le 1 mai l'agonie sembla s'annoncer, et les souffrances devinrent presque continuelles. Le 2, le 3, Napoléon parut consumé par fièvre, et en proie à des spasmes violents. Dès que la souffrance lui laissait quelque répit, son esprit se réveillait radieux, et il montrait autant de lucidité que de sérénité. Dans l'un de ces intervalles il dicta, sous le titre de première et seconde réverie, deux notes sur la défense de la France en cas d'invasion. Le 3, le délire commença, et à travers ses paroles entrecoupées on saisit ces mots: "Mon fils . . . l'armée . . . Desaix. . . . On eût dit à une certaine agitation qu'il avait une dernière vision de la bataille de Marengo regagnée par Desaix. Le 4, l'agonie dure sans interruption, et la noble figure du héros parut cruellement tourmentée. Le temps était horrible, car c'était la mauvaise saison de Sainte-Hélène. Des rafales de vent et de pluie déracinèrent quelques-uns des arbres récemment plantés. Enfin le 5 mai on ne douta plus que le dernier jour de cette existence extraordinaire ne fût arrivé. Les officiers anglais placés à l'extérieur recueillaient avec un intérêt respectueux ce que les domestiques leur apprenaient des progrès de l'agonie. Vers la fin du jour la douleur s'affaissant avec la vie, le refroidissement devenant général, la mort sembla s'emparer de sa glorieuse victime. Ce jour-là le temps était redevenu calme et serein. Vers cinq heures quarante-cinq minutes, juste au moment où le soleil se couchait dans des flots de lumière, et où le canon anglais donnait le signal de la retraite, les nombreux témoins qui observaient le mourant s'aperçurent qu'il ne respirait plus, et s'écrièrent qu'il était mort. Ils couvrirent ses mains de baisers respectueux, et Marchand qui avait emporté à Sainte-Hélène le manteau que le Premier Consul portait à Marengo, en revêtit son corps, en ne laissant à découvert que sa noble tête.

Aux convulsions de l'agonie, toujours si pénibles à voir, avait succédé un calme plein de majesté. Cette figure d'une si rare beauté, revenue à la maigreur de sa jeunesse et revêtue du manteau de Marengo, semblait avoir rendu à ceux qui la contemplaient le général Bonaparte dans toute sa gloire.

Le gouverneur, le commissaire français voulurent repaître leurs yeux de ce spectacle, et montrèrent devant cette mort aussi extraordinaire que la vie qu'elle terminait, le respect qu'ils lui devaient.

THE end of April had arrived, and every moment increased his danger and suffering. Napoleon was relieved by occasionally drinking some drops of fresh water brought from the foot of the peak of Diana, the spot where he had wished to have a dwelling erected. "I wish," he said, "if it is possible, that I should be buried on the banks of the Seine, or at Ajaccio, in my family domain, or, should my body be fated to continue a prisoner, at the foot of the fountain whose waters have afforded me some relief." This his friends promised with tears, for they no longer concealed from him a state he so well understood himself. "You will return to Europe," he said to those surrounding him. "You will return bearing with you the reflection of my glory, with the honour of your own fidelity. You will be esteemed and happy. I go to meet Kléber, Desaix, Lannes, Masséna, Bessières, Duroc, Ney! They will come to meet me. They will experience once more the intoxication of human glory." On the 1st May the agony seemed to commence, and he was in constant fever, and suffered from continual spasms. Whenever his sufferings abated, his mind was as radiant as ever, and he spoke with clearness and serenity. During one of these intervals he dictated, under the title of first and second reverie, two notes on the defence of France in case of an invasion. On the 3rd he became delirious, and amid his ravings, these words were distinguishable: "My son! The army! Desaix!" It would seem as though he had a last vision of the battle of Marengo recovered by Desaix. The agony continued during the whole of the 4th, and the noble countenance of the hero was terribly distorted. The weather was terrible; it was the bad season at St. Helena. Sudden gusts of wind tore up some of the planted trees. On the 5th May there was no doubt that the last day of his extraordinary life had dawned. The English officers, assembled outside, listened with respectful interest to the accounts the servants gave of his agony. Towards the decline of the day his life and sufferings decreased together; the cold extending from the extremities became general, and death seemed about to seize his glorious victim. The weather had become calm and serene. About a quarter to six, when the sun was setting in waves of light, and the English cannon gave the signal for retiring, those around the bed perceived that the patient did not breathe, and cried out that he was dead. They covered his hands with kisses, and Marchand, who had brought to St. Helena the cloak the First Consul had worn at Marengo, laid it over his body, leaving only his noble head uncovered.

The convulsions of the death agony, always so painful to witness, were succeeded by a majestic tranquillity of expression. That figure, so wondrously beautiful, now restored to the slenderness of youth, and clad in the mantle of Marengo, seemed to present again to the witnesses of that touching scene General Bonaparte in the meridian of his glory.

The governor and the French envoy wished to feed their eyes on this spectacle, but showed all due respect in presence of a death that was as extraordinary as the life it terminated.

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TUYET * * * BY JULES CLARETIE (of the Académie Française)

The incidents in this charming story took place during the Paris Exhibition of 1889. The Tonkinois, subjects of the French Republic, caused great interest to visitors to their native village in the Exhibition by their strange appearance, their native huts, pagodas, etc.—*Translator's note.*

I.

"So Paris is fine; it pleases you, eh?"

The little boy from Tongking, shaking his head affirmatively, smiled sweetly and knowingly, and showed on his yellow face very white teeth, free from betel-nut; and, repeating what he had just said, "Yes, Paris is fine, very," it seemed to me that fairy visions were passing over his dark and deep-set eyes, like fleeting images in a dark room. What he had seen of Paris was little, however; houses, and more houses; streets, heaps of stones hurriedly observed through the window of a *jacre*; some churches, the gilt cupola of the Invalides, which rose up close to the Tongking village, erected for one summer on the Esplanade. Round this bit of land, where bamboo huts recalled the houses of his native land to him, he also saw the crowd of Parisians incessantly moving, visitors, Cockneys, foreigners—the human tide moving along with a noise like a rolling wave. . . .

It was while buying a dish encrusted with mother-of-pearl at one of these little stalls in the Tongking village that I first saw him. Two people were seated behind the counter; he and a poor, dull-eyed fellow, very thin and sad, with teeth much blackened by the eating of betel-nut, who did not know a word of French and looked at the passing crowd with melancholy visage.

As I was about to pay for the dish, I perceived in a corner a porcelain bowl which seemed curious, and which I took up to examine. . . .

"That is a test cup," the child said, "and it tells a story."

I looked at the little boy, who seemed disposed to chat, and who, in his quaint accent, in which the French "r's" were pronounced with difficulty, the letter "r" not being known in his language, said:

"Oh, yes, sir, it is a legend." This little fellow, who, with eyes on a level with his head under a low-crowned forehead, resembled vaguely those Chinese or Japanese babies that the Japanese curiosity dealers sell, seemed to me as wise as a rabbi when he added:

"The fisherman on this bowl is Lee Mong. Since he was six he had been fishing in the River Qui-Son. While fishing he meditated and had attained to supreme wisdom." (I smiled.) When he was ninety-eight the Emperor asked Lee Mong if, instead of always fishing in the River Qui-Son, he would not help him to govern mankind."

"Men are more difficult to catch than fish," I said. Without answering my remark, he continued:

"Lee Mong, the fisherman, became a great man, and, when 128, he died by drowning with the third Emperor of China."

"Was he drowned by accident?"

"By accident."

"And did he govern mankind well?" The child smiled.

"As to that, sir, I do not know. I have told you what I have been told," and he remained dumb, like a guide who has rattled off his tale.

"How much for the bowl?" I asked.

"Two francs—but," he added, "that is not my business."

And as I tendered him the money, Linh (that was the child's name) said in a tone of pride in refusing

it, and pointing to the dealer crouching in the corner: "He sells these things. I am the interpreter."

What! Interpreter at fourteen years of age? Functionary, and paid by France! Paid to translate to his countrymen the foolish questions of the visitors! This child, the only tie which bound together these poor foreign workmen who had been brought from the other end of the world to amuse an idle crowd curious to have a nearer view of a people dressed in black gowns, with their hair rolled up under woollen turbans! Yes, little Linh had come from afar. He had crossed the ocean and slept for days and nights on a big ship. He had been enrolled almost like a soldier and received eighty francs per month, which he would draw in a lump sum when he returned. . . . His father, the honest silk merchant of Hanoi, had said, "It is good, very good, that our children should travel. Linh will grow learned. He will see the French at home, who are a strong race, stronger than ours . . . and when he comes back he will fill a position in the service of the Resident-General!"

II.

The noise of Paris had at first deafened Linh more than the noise of the ocean, but, little by little, Paris attracted and charmed him, seeming to the child an enormous toy, a paradise of stone. He had been to the top of the pagoda of Angkor in the Exhibition, and from there, as if from the crow's-nest of a ship, he had looked at Paris, so big, with so many steeples, towers, gilt crosses, which sparkled. . . .

Every fortnight since the opening of the Exhibition Linh wrote a long letter to his parents at "Hanoi, on the border of the lake, near the cocotree." He wrote it at night in his cabin, when silence had fallen on the Exhibition grounds and the bugle of the *spahis* had sounded "Lights out"; in the cabin in which, cross-legged, Buddhist priests traced out prayers. He told his mother, father, and sisters about all the beautiful things he had seen in Paris. . . . But, in the succession of marvels that Paris revealed to him, something was lacking to his insatiable curiosity. . . . It was that astonishing, unknown, and fairy-like thing about which he had heard so much, which nobody at Tongking, neither his father nor his father's father, had ever seen: snow, *tuyet*, the white snow which changed trees, fields, houses, and dwelling-places into marble landscapes. The snow! He had often dreamt about it in his little home at Hanoi, and when looking at engravings in French books, at the coloured pictures in Japanese albums, his infantile eyes had remained abstracted before this exquisite whiteness spread over roads and on the mountains. "*Tuyet!*" . . . To see the snow falling was Linh's incessant longing. If one asked him if he was happy in Paris he would say, "Yes, sir; yes, madam;" but if one asked him, "What would you like to see very much?" a lightning glance would shine in his yellow eyes, his laughing lips would droop as if made suddenly sad by an unrealisable dream, and he would timidly reply, "*Tuyet! Tuyet!* To see the snow!"

* * * * *

"Sir," he said to me one day, with his bright smile, and somewhat mockingly, "Do you know, I think I shall see it."

"See what?"

"The snow. Yes. *Tuyet!* I have written to my parents to let me remain in Paris. Either I shall go

to the colonial school in Paris or I shall remain as interpreter in the office of a mercantile agent who has a shop at Hanoi and knows the Resident-General very well. He has promised to speak to the Foreign Minister, to the Secretary of State, and, if my parents are willing" (he had a loving smile on his face at this point), "if they will let me—and they will—I shall see it. I shall see—the snow!"

III.

The Exhibition was nearly over. Those summer months, full of fairy-like enchantments, had gone quickly. The people from Java wrapped themselves in thick woollen cloaks, and no longer walked about with bare feet. The little dancing-girls from Kampong looked, wrapped in their shawls, like adders buried in woollen blankets. The east, the extreme east on the Esplanade, grew a sad, shivering, and a frozen east. And now the cold blasts of November made the draperies of the recently opened pagoda flap. Linh now wore over his black dress a sort of double cloak of green silk, very warm, and, as it rained sometimes, he always went about under an umbrella almost as big as himself, and of which he seemed very proud—an umbrella a hundred times finer than was sold at Hanoi, a French umbrella, with which he would make himself look fine in the rue Jean-Dupuis or the rue du Cuivre.

Oh, no! he was not going back to Tongking yet. He should remain in Paris. . . . His parents had not yet replied to his request to stay, and if the answer did not arrive in Paris before the date of the departure of his companions, he would be obliged to leave Paris with the priests. I learnt three days afterwards that a scheme to give his companions the slip was already at work in Linh's brain, and that one morning, when the roll-call was made of native workmen, priests, and interpreters who were to take train and depart, Linh did not answer to his name. He had gone off in any direction in which his steps led him in Paris. His heart certainly beat; he was a bit afraid to find himself alone, lost in the streets of Paris, among all those unknown people, of whom some in fun called out to him, "Ching! Ching!" He asked himself what was to become of him. Suddenly the idea occurred to him to seek a shelter at the commission agent's who wanted to keep Linh and to take him as a clerk in his business. Yes, that was what he would do. He called a cab.

"Rue des Petites Ecuries, No. 10," he said. M. Lecrosnier, the agent, was much astonished to see the child arrive at his office. He, with sweet *naïveté* and his smiling frankness, told him of his adventure. He had let the others go without him . . . there was not another boat to Hanoi, and nobody would wish him, little Linh, to go all alone. So he remained.

IV.

He went into the commission agent's office, and, at the end of a week, the little yellow-skinned boy from Tongking, as a strange Parisian clerk, was unrecognisable as the boy in the Tongking village. He remained bent over ledgers with green leather backs and red labels. He had divested himself of his Asiatic dress, his long robe, his black turban and white trousers, and he now dressed like everybody else. . . . At times Linh felt a sad longing to see his home again, where his comrades who had but lately left him had now arrived. His sisters wrote to him. Tung, one of these, always asked, "Well, are you happy? Have you seen the snow yet? Can you tell us what it is like when you return?" Linh smiled. No, he had

not seen it. He was in despair. Had he not been told that some winters no snow fell? There was fog, yes, a yellow and depressing fog, which seized one by the throat, like a marsh miasma, but no snow.

"*Tuyet! Tuyet!*"

Perhaps he would not see it. The cold was sharp, however, and, worse, damp and unhealthy. Little Linh slept on the top floor in a well-furnished room, light and bright, which his employer had had arranged for him. At first he was happy and free, being able to think, to dream at his ease, and to sleep in a good French bed. But now at night he felt slight shivers, and it seemed to him as if something like a dry hand pressed upon his neck. He coughed a little and breathed at times with difficulty. Now he shivered, and, next, he was stifled by the heat of his white sheets.

"Are you ill, Linh?" M. Lecrosnier asked him.

"No, sir; oh, no!"

He did not dare to say he was unwell. . . . He feared lest he should be sent to Tongking like a useless cask; yet, perhaps, at the bottom of his heart, a secret wish to leave began to take shape. His master, who heard him cough, was not without his fears. The child was brought down to sleep in the agent's own bedroom. A doctor was called in, who pronounced it bronchitis, which, owing to the bad time of the year, might take a malignant turn. Linh got thin, and grew sad; his frail body was shaken badly by fits of coughing. He kept to his bedroom, and was forbidden to leave it. . . . How long the days seemed to the little sick boy! Certainly Mme. Lecrosnier came from time to time to see and console him and speak to him like a mother. But her visits were short, and reminded him only of that other mother who was far away. Mme. Lecrosnier grew anxious about his health. The bronchitis increased, and all remedies failed. He smiled when told he would soon be better, and said:

"Yes, I know. What I require is my native sunshine!"

He no longer wished to see the snow, but the sun of Asia, which produces big fruit and such beautiful flowers. But still the dream persisted in this soul in a sick body. Growing worse from day to day, he had taken to his bed, and when he had been a whole day in it he said, with his mocking smile, very softly:

"Oh! I shall not see *tuyet*."

Little Linh had guessed right. The doctor grew anxious, wished that spring would come, so that the child might be sent home. . . . But the illness had gone too far; the cough was racking and fever continuous.

"Still," Linh said, always smiling, "if I could but have seen the snow! It must be so beautiful!"

One morning Mme. Lecrosnier bought him a paper-weight on which, in a glass bowl, was shown a cardboard picture painted white and cut out to represent a snowy landscape. The child took the bowl in his burning hands and said:

"It is nice to the skin! 'Tis cold!"

"Reverse it," said Mme. Lecrosnier.

"So!" said Linh.

He then beheld on this landscape light specks, quite white, which moved about the bowl like atoms. In the landscape there was such a little being, a monk, who was quite white, and standing under a pine-tree still green. The pine-tree and the monk were almost hidden by these white flakes, which raced about as if possessed as Linh shook the bowl.

"That," said Mme. Lecrosnier, "is the snow!"

"That? *Tuyet!*" Linh looked, was interested, amused, and delighted. Why did they not give him

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this to take home on the day he had run away so as not to return home? It was really very pretty, all this whiteness, this race between the white flakes and the little man covered with snow, whose black dress reminded him of his priests' dresses. . . . That day and on following days he remained in bed, turning and reversing his glass ball and watching the snow falling. . . .

"Linh is beyond recovery," said the doctor one morning in despair.

"Beyond recovery?" said Mme. Lecrosnier, and it seemed to her as if something was being taken from her that was hers.

V.

Linh, however, pretended he was not ill. He only said he should like to sleep for a long, long time. He was tired. He did not wish to get up or go out. But one morning he uttered a shout of joy, a shout which stopped short in his ulcerated throat. He raised himself on his elbows and pointed with his thin arm to the white roofs and venetian shutters opposite covered with snow. It had fallen in the night, and was still snowing a little, its white flakes flying about in the wind, and sometimes sticking on the sick boy's windows, as if to show itself and say, "Here I am!"

"*Tuyet! Tuyet!*" and he was so happy, saying over and over again the same word. "*Tuyet!*" . . .

All day, while the snow fell, Linh lay in bed with his head turned to the window, his little head in which the yellow tints had grown paler, with eyes wide open and a slow, painful breathing between his dry lips.

"How pretty, how beautiful it is!"

Yet he had a vague feeling of regret and deception, and his thoughts were far away in the land where the bamboo-trees sang at night and where snow was unknown. He saw again, in a confused vision, in a feverish hallucination, the little house at Hanoi and his people seated on mats round a smoking teapot, which also sang like the bamboo-trees; and he heard his mother and sisters talking about him to his father, who did not answer: "When will our Linh come home? Do the French mean to keep him?" And suddenly it seemed to Linh that the bright vision faded, blotted out by a cloud, hidden from sight by the white flakes which flew about like a whirlwind.

Then the thought occurred to Linh that snow was white, like a shroud. . . . A shroud! And, during the drowsiness that falling snow induces, Linh heard distinctly the sound of a hammer on the other side of the street. The packing-case maker went on nailing his boxes, and Linh, without seeing them, guessed what they were, with their inscriptions: "Bahia," "Costa Rica." And he also, like a case left to its fate, would be nailed down in a case of light wood, to carry him away, as he knew the dead were carried in Europe, in a long box. Then a shiver shook his frail body, and fear seized upon him.

"Not that! Not that!" he would cry, and his voice, almost voiceless, could not make itself heard. That noise, the sound of the hammer, and those light cases terrified him. The doctor looked on the scene, and Mme. Lecrosnier stood beside him, very pale.

"Hanoi! Hanoi!" the child muttered in a voice already from the Beyond, from the snowless land to which his soul was winging. "The lake! the cocoa-tree!" Once again he said, "*Tuyet!*" and, seeking in a mechanical way for something near him, his hand met Mme. Lecrosnier's, which was trembling. He took it, pressed it, tried to lift it to his lips; then he let his weary head fall on the white pillow, and, with great tenderness, he seemed to fall asleep, to expire,

saying in a whisper, which a phantom might have heard:

"Mama!"

There was snow on the windows of the cold room next day, and the crystals, sticking to the panes, looked like strange, white, fixed eyes looking at Linh, laid out on his bed, still with a smile on his closed lips; little Linh carried off by a breath, like a flake of snow borne upon the wind, the snow—his waking dream!—
Translated by Frank Weaver.

CORRESPONDENCE

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Owing to the large number of letters received it is necessary for correspondents to write briefly if their letters are to appear.

THE SUFFRAGE QUESTION.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—It is curious that so clear-minded a writer as the author of "Some Thoughts on the Suffrage Question" should open her article in the way she does. In the last sentence of the first paragraph she refers to "those of the statesmen who have allowed the action of a few thousand out of the millions of women in the country to change their views on this important question." There is clearly a confusion of thought here—these statesmen have *not* changed their *views* on the question of women's suffrage—they have merely changed their tactics (or their policy) for the time being. It is surely high time the militants were taught that the Government is not to be coerced into granting them the vote because of their violence and impotency. Even were it obvious that the majority of the women of this country were in favour of the enfranchisement of women, it would still be an egregious act of political folly to surrender to the hysterical band of female firebrands at the present time. Every man knows that, in his dealings with the opposite sex, sooner or later there comes a time when his will has to be enforced, and what obtains in the social relations of the sexes has its analogy in the body corporate today. Whatever the merits of "The Cause," the law and order of the country must be preserved at all costs; otherwise what guarantee can there be for the future that similar methods of rapine and outrage will not be employed to further causes of questionable worthiness?—I am, sir, etc.,
E. P. THOMAS.

Chinley, May 24th, 1913.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Your contributor, Miss (I presume) Shillito, like all other contributors to the Press, decries militancy. How is it that a defence of the militant so rarely appears in the Press? I have been driven to the conclusion that the lack of such defences is the result of deliberate suppression.

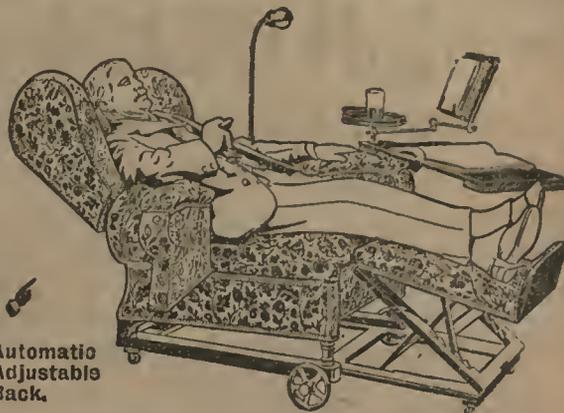
Will you allow me to ask your readers two questions?

Firstly, what has militancy done for the cause of women's suffrage? Seven years ago the question of women's suffrage was merely an interesting one to be discussed at debating societies; it was never mentioned in the Press, and was regarded with amusement in the House of Commons. Now it is in the front rank of political controversy, every newspaper gives the latest news of the movement, and even devotes posters to it, and the discussions on it in the House are carried on in a most serious and sincere manner.

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methods have been used, we must admit that the question has been brought to the forefront by militancy. I believe that militancy has increased the number both of pro's and of anti's, but that the former have increased far more rapidly than the latter.

Secondly, what is militancy?

It is an effect, and to cure an effect the cause must be removed. The cause is a great injustice, and therefore let those of us who cannot see eye to eye with the militants, neglect militancy, and say, "We are today breeding in Britain a type of woman who, for some cause or other, rebels against law and order. Let us remove the cause."—I am, sir, etc.,

South Kensington.

S. F. CAMPBELL.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—I find it impossible to resist the temptation to point out to your readers some of the points on which I consider the writer of "Some Thoughts on the Suffrage Question" in your issue of to-day has come to incorrect conclusions.

It is doubtful whether or not she suggests in her first paragraph that millions of the women in the country are in favour of the suffrage being extended to them; but it is the only hint she makes as to what proportion of the population of this country, male and female, are in favour of women's suffrage.

The weakness of the cause hangs almost entirely on this fact, that it is only supported by a very small minority in all classes, but especially is this so in the working class. I quote the following facts from an edition of the *Manchester Evening News*, which appeared while the last Woman's Suffrage Bill was before Parliament. A postal canvass of men and women voters was taken in March last in two Parliamentary constituencies, *i.e.*, N. St. Pancras (Mr. Dickinson's) and Worcester (Mr. Goulding's):—

	Total Electorate. Men and Women.	Replies.	
		For Woman's Suffrage.	Against.
N. St. Pancras ...	9,524	1,119	3,387
Worcester ...	10,022	1,204	4,070
	Women Electors on Register.		
N. St. Pancras ...	1,172	200	378
Worcester ...	1,622	307	588

It is needless to add comment to these figures, and hardly necessary to point out that those in favour of the extension of the suffrage would be the most likely to reply.

According to these figures, the extension of the suffrage to women is most certainly not a democratic step, nor can any academic argument or justice make it democratic; Mr. Belloc very rightly corrects the war cry to "Votes for Ladies."

To add but one more comment, may I ask, sir, what is this White Slave Traffic of which we hear so much? Is it some new and growing evil for which women hold a quick and certain remedy (which for some reason is not disclosed)? or is it an old crime which all righteous men have hated since and even before the time of David, and which is a source of dread to the fathers of families (who, by the way, have the vote)?

I should like to add many further comments, but, instead, must apologise for taking such liberties with your valuable space, and conclude by pointing out that perhaps the wisdom of Gamaliel has not been lost on certain statesmen who consider that the violence of its own partisans is already overthrowing this work of man.—I am, sir, etc.,

C.

Marple, May 23rd, 1913.

'ANOTHER PROTESTANT PROTEST.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Adverting to the letter written by the Rev. F. Docker, I firmly hold the opinion that throughout you have been as scrupulously fair as is humanly possible. I am a Protestant, and I appreciate the Reformation at its full value. The case Mr. Docker cites is admittedly difficult—he urges one side, and you have stated another, and I am not sure that the matter deserves any further notice. His point is that you are discrediting Luther's character, the Reformation and Protestantism, but I fear he fails to prove his assertion. Let me hint that we cannot afford to be dogmatic, because the *facts* of history are not sufficiently numerous, nor are we adequately acquainted with the human motive or the purpose of God behind them—we need "mehr Licht," and to drop your paper and warn one's friends will not help to bring it.—I am, sir, etc.,

W. D. S.

London, N., May 24th, 1913.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—As a reader from the beginning, I was truly sorry to read the very unwarranted explosion in EVERYMAN of the 23rd inst., by the Rev. F. Docker, on your casual remarks in the excellent articles on "Liselotte" *re* the peculiar matrimonial episodes of the sovereign Electors of Hesse and the Palatinate: you only used the one to illustrate the other, and left the undoubted facts to speak for themselves. Every honest man regrets the complaisance of such a great man as Luther. The times were difficult, and Luther's back was to the wall, and he could not afford to quarrel with an important champion, or, at least, a reliable supporter. The more's the pity. These Electors were decent men, compared with a "Bluebeard" like our Henry VIII., who can only be called a royal ruffian of the worst type, *pace* Mr. Froude!

No doubt the Pope would have willingly helped Henry to get rid of Catherine, but he stood in awe of her nephew, Charles V. His Holiness was in the same tight corner as Luther! If you'd been the partisan, the rev. gentleman hints, or more than hints at, you might have also reminded us of Calvin's ever-to-be regretted and dastardly conduct *re* burning of poor Servetus, and sundry other lapses of the reformers, but you were not on the war-path to expose the reformers or anybody.

Let us not be hard on these poor Electors and their lapses, as the best of us are warped and even cruel when our own sweet inclinations are in question! Witness the deplorable bias of the great and good John Milton, who contended in his strange tract, "Tetrachordon," that he, a private scholar, could, *ipso facto*, divorce his vagrant wife on some-like modern American complaints and trivialities; in a word, to whittle away the law of Moses and the express and emphatic declaration of Christ Himself! All honour to the Church of Rome for still, in this weak and flabby age, resolutely standing up for the solemnity of the marriage tie, unless when concussed by royal power.

Pray go on and prosper with your clever and original EVERYMAN—a real new departure in high-class cheap literature. I hope that the rev. gentleman will think better, and continue a reader, if he wishes, like your humble servant, his views enlarged.—I am, sir, etc.,

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Norham-on-Tweed, May 24th, 1913.

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To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Mr. Docker seems still to cherish the somewhat antiquated idea that in matters of religious controversy it is not historical truth which matters so much as which side you happen to be on. Perhaps the rev. gentleman will be kind enough to tell us upon what ground, as a Christian minister, he regards the marriage of Philip of Hesse as otherwise than bigamous? Or perhaps he will furnish us with proof positive that the principle of the Reformation was anything but that of "Cujus regio, illius religio."

No, sir, I venture to say that in these days it is impossible for any man, of whatever religious creed he be, to boldly adopt a brief *in toto* for whatever leader has ever professed his faith. Truth is of more importance than partisanship, and facts will help a true cause more than any amount of special pleading. EVERYMAN is a real live paper, therefore Mr. Docker must expect that it will treat of these questions not from the standpoint of "what is most convenient from this or that point of view," but from the standpoint of "what is historical fact, so far as ascertained to this date."

I have carefully read this excellent and valuable paper since its first publication, and I have failed to notice the "equally unfair ways" in which Protestantism or anything else is discredited in its columns. Perhaps Mr. Docker will substantiate this accusation if he can.—I am, sir, etc.,

JOHN B. HOWARD.

N. Brixton, S.W., May 24th, 1913.

CANADA AND CANADIAN POLICY.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—In his article on "Canada and Canadian Policy," Mr. Bridle, in his antithetical statement regarding the attitude of the Liberal party in Canada in 1899 and 1913, makes an egregious blunder, surely. He says: "In 1899 the Liberals sent Canadian contingents to the South African war—to crush a people who desired a certain kind of autonomy." That statement might be pardoned in a superficial student, but in a person who seems to speak with the weight of personal contact with Sir Wilfrid Laurier it betokens a wrong reading of fairly recent history. One cannot recount the causes that led up to the Raid, and later to the war, but nothing can be clearer than that both were, in a large measure, due to the blindness of the rulers of the Republic in basing their political existence upon flagrant injustice to the majority of white men in its borders. In its way the Boer Republic was as corrupt as Turkey, and it tried to maintain the country as a closed corporation against those who, by every moral right, ought to have shared in equal privileges, since they contributed the largest amount of its wealth. Readers of the life of Cecil Rhodes (as delineated by Sir Lewis Mitchell, Sir T. E. Fuller, and Phillip Jourdan) will have been struck with the herculean efforts made by the great Englishman to get the Republic to work on common lines with the other South African countries. He did not want to interfere with the internal economy only in so far as it inflicted, by a process of vindictive discrimination, grave disabilities upon the British Colonies and against all white men who were not burghers.

There was no intention to crush a people who believed in autonomy. Before the Raid, Mr. Lionel Phillips, in a speech at the opening of the Chamber of Mines, said, "All we want in this country is purity of administration and an equitable share and voice in its affairs. Nothing is further from my heart than a desire to see an upheaval, which would be disastrous from

every point of view." (Cecil Rhodes. Fuller. p. 192.)

Cecil Rhodes tells us distinctly that "the Republic was not to be overthrown. A conference was to be called, the High Commissioner to be the convener. The independence of the Boers was to be guaranteed in return for redress of grievances" (Life by Sir Lewis Mitchell. Vol. II., p. 144).

Every fair and peaceful method was tried to obtain equal justice; the Raid showed that force (the last appeal even of civilised man) was liable to be resorted to in the event of continued failure, but Kruger refused to read the signs of the times. Against men of political insight, like Joubert and others of like mind, he stood stolid for unyielding and corrupt administration. In this no doubt he was aided and abetted by a European power. For at a speech on the Kaiser's birthday Kruger used these significant words: "I know I may count on the Germans in future. . . . I feel certain that when the time comes for the Republic to wear larger clothes Germany will have done much to bring it about! . . ." At length came the day when the Transvaal appealed to the sword, to the arbitrament of battle. So it was not "to crush a people who desired a certain kind of autonomy" that the Liberals of Canada sent to South Africa their flesh and blood, but for the overthrowing of a corrupt oligarchy who had become blinded to the great principles of justice and equal treatment, and had had the brazen effrontery to invade the land of its suzerain power.

If Mr. Bridle calls the adherence to the violation of all moral bases for a civilised state "a certain kind of autonomy," then his little analogy between 1899 and 1913, when Canadian Liberals, "for the sake of their interpretation of autonomy," resist the Naval Bill, becomes the merest trifling with words and the great principles which those words express. It is certainly unworthy one who poses as a guide in the creation of public opinion.—I am, sir, etc.,

LEWIS DAVIES.

Merthyr Vale, May 19th, 1913.

THE EMIGRATION PHENOMENON.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—In your note, on page 162 of the issue of May 23rd, you strike a pessimistic note ("ominous" is your word), for which I contend there is no justification in the facts, and you lead your readers to false inferences which may be mischievous. They may be mischievous because they lead to the formation of a public opinion which may be mistaken, and therefore unwise in legislative effect. It is true that hundreds of thousands are emigrating to our Colonies. But how otherwise are our Colonies to develop? Would you have the Colonies peopled by foreigners rather than by Britishers? And do not our children who go to develop our Colonies open up new markets for our manufactures and new resources for our succour?

The President of the Local Government Board recently stated that in the last decade the reduction in mortality—the saving of life—in this kingdom had equalised the loss in population sustained by us through emigration. So Old England is not "going to the dogs," apparently, though thousands of its sons and daughters are going to the Colonies.

There are doubtless isolated and antiquated districts, in which enterprise has been non-existent, which are losing their population to the Colonies, but what matters that? In Lancashire and Yorkshire and South Wales particularly—to my knowledge—there is a great dearth in houses suitable for the industrial classes. There are more people than there are houses available. At least this proves that the Old Country

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flourishes. And then look at the Trade Statistics, and the Savings Banks records, and the new Investment returns, and the small margin of unemployment.

There is need for reform in many directions. But do not let us embark upon it on false or mistaken premisses, lest evil result where good was intended. Rather let the people know "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."—I am, sir, etc.,

J. REDMAN ORMEROD.

Liverpool, May 25th, 1913.

THE NEEDS OF THE COUNTRYSIDE.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Your observations on the needs of the countryside as to Church work seem so sympathetic and apposite that I am tempted to a remark or two thereon.

Residence of many years in a large town, with its advantages of organisation, prepares one to a comprehensiveness of outlook and a degree of optimism in these matters.

Changing circumstances, however, leading to residence in the "country," the "truly rural," not twenty miles from the great capital, and this no distasteful prospect, now offer fresh fields of observation. First impressions of the new life were distinctly pleasing and hopeful, to be followed shortly by the firm conviction that things "are not what they seem," either in matters social, religious, or any direction affecting the well-being or better life of the people in this and similar rural situations.

With a population approximating 500 adults, together with the usual accompanying "rising flock," there appears to be room for development, but after a careful and unprejudiced study I am forced to believe that the slumland of modern life, of which so much is heard, offers no more disagreeable prospect than does the existence of these people in their everyday life and surroundings. Possessing, locally, the advantage of a spiritual guide drawn from one of the best families, he having as helpmeet a lady whose position is a powerful factor in the situation, inasmuch that at the moment the public eye is fixed upon her as the creator of models of the most exalted type of devotion, loveliness, and the many other virtues, creations of the ever-prolific idealist, one is led to hope for large things of promise, and what do we find? That those who, possessing opportunity many would give their lives to attain, discard them, having practically no interest or knowledge either of the lives or aims of the "flock," nor are they concerned with its development, physically, morally, and only in very remote sense spiritually.

True, they freely issue all the old-time warnings of the "wrath to come," together with copious exhortations on the whole duty of man, forgetful of the influence of example.

Well indeed may we hear so often of the waning power of the Church, when the way is left so encouragingly open to the full growth of immoral weedlings.

The only distraction offered to these "neglected fledglings," many, I know, with yearnings, sometimes expressed, but oftener, in incomprehensible fear of the powers that be, only whispered, while it need scarcely be mentioned that any daring to move for other provision than is offered is anathema—the only outlet for the expectant energy is the "Village Pub," as usual prolific in number and facility—not a single organised, elevated, or educational influence being known.

We must, of course, except those little ordinations reserved for the righteous of the inner sanctum, which, with a strange perversity of idea, are so demonstrably

insisted upon and observed. I could enlarge, but probably many similar instances are already known. At the same time, it must be admitted that such conditions, all too common, are a disgrace to our "Christian" influences, and, even from the commonest humanitarian standpoint, are indefensible.

Is no improvement possible? Cannot our spiritual pastors and masters believe that much of the present unrest and dissatisfaction is the result of the conclusions that existing methods have been "weighed and found wanting"?

Unless and until the Church realises that only by a faithful following of the examples of their Master ("Ye have made My House a den of thieves") can there be hope for her or her dependants, she will continue to lose her hold, while evil, hydra-headed, is assisted and assured in the failure to carry out her mission. This, I feel assured, will be the conviction of all who review the subject with unprejudiced mind, even though the admission is made with all regret.

Matters may, let us hope will, improve, but it seems as though "the people" would need to work out their own salvation, and then! with what result? or who shall be blamed for the disappearance of the manufactured ideals? "I asked for bread, and ye gave me a stone." Meanwhile, each may make the most of opportunity, and by combining for mutual progress help to lift some of the worst conditions of the social morass.

We have "Leagues" whose name is Legion—Social Purity, Dumb Animal, and others, to cover almost every condition and class. Is it not possible to cultivate a "Social Progress" League, founded, it may be, on time-tried precept, and with a simple object—the betterment of our social environment? There is certainly room, and need. Let us strive to enlist the cooperation of the more exalted, who, seeking fresh fields to conquer, may become interested, and in recollecting that charity begins at home, we may help to improve our "Fatherland," while yet our opportunity remains.

Who will begin the movement? I, for one, would be happy in taking some humble part.—I am, sir, etc.,
"VERBUM SAPIENTI."

NIETZSCHE.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—The article written by Charles Sarolea on Nietzsche and his teaching is in the main true of the man, and a fairly accurate exposition of his philosophy, but is not entirely free of prejudice.

Nietzsche saw with unerring penetration the pregnable point in Christian morality; and he attacked it with all the force of his revolutionary and defiant nature.

He was the scion of a traditionally religious house, and I believe that it is to the eternal loss of Christendom that he chose to become an opponent instead of a reformer of Christian morality.

The core of the Christian religion is "love"; the basis of Nietzscheism is "power." I believe that the first will inevitably become an absorbent of the second to the incalculable strengthening of the influence of Christianity. An ideal Christian morality should not only appeal to the weak but to the strong, to the courageous and the daring, as well as to the meek and humble, to the leaders of the people as to the people in the mass.

Shall we agree to study Nietzsche in the light of our conception of Christian morality, and perhaps we who call ourselves Christians may be called upon to revalue our values.—I am, sir, etc.,

Baldock.

J. HAMILTON.

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A CORRECTION.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

DEAR SIR,—In the "Masterpiece for the Week," viz., "The Cloister and the Hearth," in your issue dated May 16th, your contributor confuses two incidents. He describes as magnificent the scene where the two comrades are trapped in a mill. This should read, "in an inn," or, in the words of the tale, "a roadside auberge." It is much later and some time after Denys has been forcibly pressed into the service of the Bastard of Burgundy that Gerard, as a result of seeking shelter, finds himself trapped in the top floor of a mill with a truckle bed for company, which, fortunately, he does not use, as later he discovers that the bed is linged at the foot, and that, presumably on a bolt being drawn, the head of the bed hangs down a cavity, which extends to the bottom of the building. He escapes, according to the tale, by leaping out of the window, and with the assistance of a straw rope, holding on to one of the arms of the mill when at the highest point of its career and allowing it to carry him until he jumps or rolls off at its lowest point. He has his revenge upon his rascally hosts by setting fire to the mill whilst they have gone upstairs to find out why he did not fall with his psaltery, which fell when the bed was let down.—I am, yours, etc.,

West Hampstead, N.W. HENRY BUSKIN.

"THE CLOISTER AND THE HEARTH."

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—I read with curiosity the article on the above by Mr. Jones to see if he would draw attention to one little piece of anachronism on the part of him who is said to "have captured the very spirit of the Middle Ages."

In chapter xxxii. Denys describes the midnight revel in the monastery. The monks were having a high time of it, staking their very rosaries—"some had played cards with a gorgeous pack where St. Theresa and St. Catherine, etc., bedizened with gold, stood for the four queens." This took place some time between 1461 and 1483. St. Theresa was not born until 1515! To say that Reade captured the spirit of the Middle Ages is a statement demanding greater evidence than is provided by the production of such a misrepresenting book as "The Cloister and the Hearth,"

ANNOUNCEMENT OF A NEW SERIES OF COMPETITIONS

It is one of the objects of EVERYMAN, expressed in the sub-title of the paper, to get at the facts of national life. We speak glibly of the classes and the masses, lumping them together as if they were abstract entities; but we know very little of the concrete conditions of life of those classes and those masses. One of the most urgent desiderata of social science is an accurate knowledge of those conditions, with their infinite variations in time and space, according to professions and surroundings.

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The papers should be descriptive rather than controversial, and we would recommend a division into paragraphs, with a view to inducing orderly sequence. We would also recommend a brief synopsis summing up the main points dealt with. It is desirable that the competitions be written from direct observation. The experience of a miner will be more welcome than a contribution by a politician who once in his life visited a coal-mine.

Entries should be clearly written, and preferably typewritten, should bear the number of the Competition, and should reach the

COMPETITION EDITOR, "EVERYMAN,"
21, Royal Terrace,
Edinburgh,

by July 1st. Other subjects will be announced later on.

whereby he showed himself utterly unqualified by anti-Catholic prejudice to see things as things were seen in the Middle Ages.—I am, sir, etc.,

Helensburgh.

ANGUS MACKINTOSH.

THE BIRTH OF A NEW CIVILISATION.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

DEAR SIR,—The delightful article by the Rev. Lord W. Gascoyne-Cecil contains the statement that "Western civilisation has no respect for authority or antiquity, and thus lacks the element of durability." Another view of Western civilisation, as seen in England, suggests that, because it has so much respect for authority and antiquity, we have been spared the horrors of a "French Revolution," and are still a Conservative people in spite of a succession of Liberal administrations.

It is also suggested that the new civilisation coming via China will "obey the powers that be," and perhaps teach the world what the "Chinese" "squeeze" is. One wonders what the difference is between this particular "squeeze" and the one given by the various vested interests so prolific in England; for instance, the squeeze of the Church, the law, medicine, landowners, the plutocratic hustler, etc. Are these not the powers that be? Ought the democracy to refrain from hugging them in return? Alas! the democratic squeeze is so vulgar.—I am, sir, etc., J. A. SKEET.

Croydon.



BOOKS OF THE WEEK

IT is but seldom in these days of problem novels and sensation stories that we meet with a study of middle age. The modern type has crowded out that of a former generation, and if a woman verging on fifty be introduced, as a rule, it is to play a subsidiary, if not a humorous, part. In VIRGINIA (Heinemann, 6s.) Miss Ellen Glasgow has drawn a charmingly pathetic figure, a woman who has seen the world, her world, change before her eyes, and discovers, with a sense of poignant tragedy, that her children, her friends, and, finally, her husband, have outgrown her, outworn her sympathies, left far behind her understanding. Virginia comes from the Southern States of America, instinct with all the courtesy and gentle breeding typical of the days before the Civil War. She is taught that self-control and self-restraint are the two salient qualities necessary for a perfect gentlewoman, and the fruit of her training is shown at each crisis of her life. She marries Oliver Treadwell, who develops into a popular playwright, and incidentally falls in love with the actress who plays the lead in his comedies. In the interview between the wife and the other woman the author reaches a high level of art. The temptation to make the scene a strong and emotional one was almost overwhelming, but with the delicacy of instinct perceptible in her heroine, Miss Glasgow realises that, though tragic, the situation has in it the qualities of farce. Two women and one man—one of the oldest and most painful tangles in the world. Virginia realises in a flash that she is powerless; her sweet graciousness, the fragrance of her personality, go down before the crude vitality, the vividness of Margaret Oldcastle. She realises the battle is lost before the combat is begun, and quits the arena, leaving her rival in possession of the field. She does not reproach her husband; she even feels for him something of the maternal pity that is inseparable from women of her type. She does not

(Continued on page 220.)

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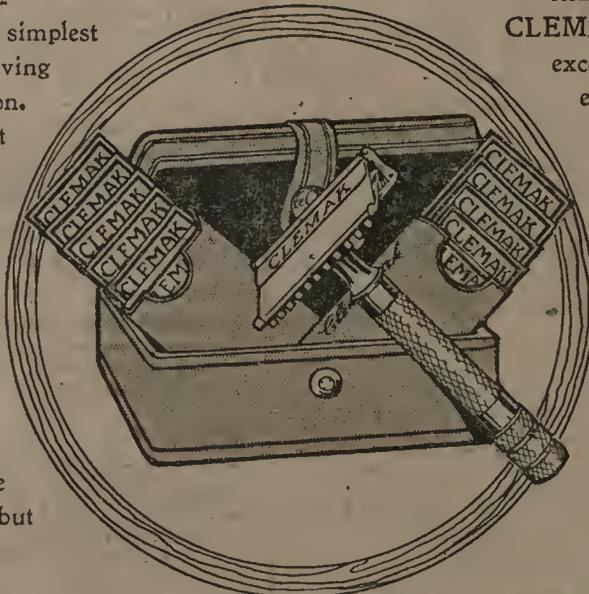
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HISTORY IN THE MAKING

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

AS usual, his Majesty has approved the bestowal of a number of honours on the occasion of his birthday. The Prime Minister's list is widely representative, and contains no sensational features, unless the omission of new peerages may be counted as one. The inclusion of Dr. J. M. Barrie among the list of new baronets is of interest, as being the first instance on record of a dramatist receiving that honour. Dr. Barrie, it will be remembered, declined the knighthood some years ago. Dr. McClure, of Mill Hill, represents Nonconformist higher education. He is not only a head master of the best modern type; he is also an authority on Church music, and has, perhaps, done more than any other single man to raise the quality of the musical part of Nonconformist worship. He deserves to take his place beside Dr. A. W. Ward, of Cambridge, the only other representative of Education upon the list.

There is no doubt that the ending of the war with Turkey is largely owing to Sir Edward Grey's sharp and decisive intervention. But for his energetic action the Conference of the Concert would still be marking—or, rather, wasting—time in fruitless negotiations. A writer in the *Daily Chronicle* calls Sir Edward Grey's action a triumph in conciliation, and gives, *inter alia*, this brief characterisation of an attractive personality: "This was Sir Edward's initial advantage, that he was the spokesman of Great Britain. His second was and is simply that he is himself. By that I mean that his personality, and reputation, and the sort of impression he had created during the past seven and a half years, and the positive achievements of his diplomacy, made Europe turn to him, as the quiet, practical, straightforward, and dependable man is always turned to at a time of crisis. . . . There is about him an atmosphere of sincerity and straightforwardness. It is this atmosphere which has made him among his own countrymen the

most trusted, although the least known man in British public life; and it is this which has inspired in all the Chancelleries of Europe a profound confidence in his integrity of speech and intention."

Mr. Balfour's speech on religious education on the occasion of a crowded meeting in support of the National Society lacked neither acuteness nor vigour. Perhaps the most characteristic passage was the one in which, after having expressed his joy over the growing approximation of all denominations, he went on to assert that this wholesome frame of mind (the desire to emphasise common points rather than differences) no longer took what he called the simple form of saying, "Well, if Christians differ . . . the State has only to make some kind of distillation from the various creeds, get at what is common to all of them, put it in a separate vessel, and say that is what every taxpayer may be asked to contribute to without injuring his conscience." "That," said Mr. Balfour, "is preposterous doctrine. It may have been tolerable in the Middle Ages that there should be a forced contribution for an undivided Church which had, or conceived it had, divine sanction and a history going back far beyond the history of any secular State. But the idea that in the twentieth century you are going to have a forcible levy in order to teach at the public expense something which a department and the Law Courts between them might extract from an Act of Parliament as being the common elements of Christianity is an absurd doctrine." However diametrically opposed one's conception of religious instruction may be to that of the National Society, few thoughtful students of the situation will much longer deny that the only way out of the *impasse* is some form of "Right of Entry" for clergy of all denominations, such as has been worked so successfully in Australia.

A correspondent in the *Pall Mall Gazette* quotes George Meredith's view of the burning question of conscription, as given to an interviewer in 1904, when Meredith said that "the fear of death is the real cause of the English objection to conscription. Men come to me and say their trade would suffer, or they could not spare two years from their apprenticeship. Their real meaning is they are afraid of being called out and getting shot at. So they pay others to do the killing and dying for them. Every manly nation submits to universal service. In the present state of the world it counts among the necessities for safety. But nothing short of an invasion and the capture of London—some great intestinal disturbance—would induce England to think of it seriously. As it is, 80,000 Germans could march through England from end to end. Many would then be ready to die, but the sacrifice would be fruitless." This is the second Meredithian utterance on the subject quoted by supporters of conscription, and might well serve to initiate a "silly season" correspondence on "Are we as a Nation Afraid?" There can be little doubt, however, that fear of death—that inevitable accompaniment of Western civilisation—is a factor in the outcry against conscription.

Is there to be another Poet Laureate? The question was asked with emphasis at the death of Tennyson, when both Mr. Gladstone and Lord Rosebery declined to make an appointment for an office which many judged to be out of consonance with modern conceptions of the dignity of literature, and is, indeed, reminiscent of the days when the man of letters was dependent on his patron.

THE COMING CATASTROPHE IN INDIA BY H. MAYERS HYNDMAN*

It is extremely difficult to induce our countrymen to pay any continuous attention to the affairs of our Indian Empire. This is even more true to-day than it was forty years ago. Nothing short of a famine of quite exceptional horror, or a series of assassinations of more than ordinary significance, can rouse the public here at home to the dangers which permanently threaten our domination in that vast and populous country. Even the recent dynamite attack upon the Viceroy at Delhi has produced very little effect; though, if a similar desperate attempt had been made upon the Czar of Russia by an organised secret society—a potentate who rules over less than half the number of people we directly and indirectly control in Hindostan—it would certainly have been more than a nine days' wonder.

As to "Indian Unrest" in general, which, but a few short years ago, created so great a stir at home, as being quite possibly the forerunner of a serious catastrophe, the fear of that has quite died down, together with the memory of all the significant incidents by which it was accompanied. The King-Emperor and his Royal Consort were well received on their visit, the native princes are effusively loyal, the advance of Russia from the Khanates need no longer be apprehended, and the Budget shows a large surplus. What is even more important, "disloyal" (which anywhere else in the world we should call patriotic) speech and writing have been suppressed, inconvenient critics have been put in gaol, with or without trial, and quite a large number of vigorous opponents have been carefully convinced that silence is more profitable than words. So all is for the best in the best of Empires possible. That is the opinion not only of Anglo-Indian officialdom, with all its very wide ramifications, secret and open, but even of so much of our Press as still remains independent and untrusting.

I.

Britain's Disastrous Influence

Yet the real condition of India at the present moment is not in the least better than it was at the height of the scare. Rather the contrary. Those who imagine that the propaganda against foreign rule has been put an end to, are just as much living in a fool's paradise as the wiseacres at home, who think that young Indian students in England are rendered earnest admirers of our methods by the subsidised shepherding of Mr. Mallet. I happened to be in the chair when Begim Chandra Pal delivered a stirring oration in Caxton Hall, which assuredly left nothing to desire in point of revolutionary fervour or scathing criticism. The hall was crowded with young Indians, who cheered him to the echo. It is said that Mr. Chandra Pal has modified his views somewhat since his return to India. It may be so. But I am quite certain that the real feelings of himself and of the young men who applauded him are in direct opposition to the continuance. Just as I have not the slightest doubt that the whole Mahratta country at bottom sympathises with Bal Gungunder Tilak and the larger portion of Bengal with Sarvarkar.

Why not? British rule in India is unsympathetic and unjust; harsh and tyrannical politically, and ruinous economically. We have done all in our power to crush Indian initiative, to destroy Indian culture, to stunt

* A reply to Mr. Hyndman's article, by Mr. W. S. Lilly, will appear in next week's issue.

Indian agriculture and manufacture, and to drive away the wealth of the peninsula to Great Britain; until Hindostan, directly under our domination, has become the greatest pauper warren ever known throughout history. Instead of recognising, as the great men of the East India Company, with all their faults, were proud to recognise, that Hindostan is a land of fine peoples, of noble races who have led the world in many departments of art, science, law, finance, morals, religion, and industry, and are capable of doing even more in the future than their ancestors did in the past, we, as a nation, since 1857 have looked down upon these, our fellow-subjects, and have treated them, and treat them to-day, as inferior mortals. Until the Bengalis, the mildest and most peaceful race on the planet, were goaded into assassination by our abominable misrule, we spoke of them all as the most contemptible of cowards and meanest of men, forgetful of the service of the Bengal Sepoys in establishing British rule, and their splendid intrepidity at the siege of Bhurtpore and elsewhere.

II.

The Bleeding of India

Worse than this, we have from the first systematically bled India of her wealth. "India must be bled," said the late Lord Salisbury, who, to do him justice, was ready to do his best to staunch the bleeding by the reconstitution of native rule, but was thwarted by the Anglo-Indian bureaucracy in India and the dominant class at home. Bled India has been, and is to-day, by a drain of commercial produce, to pay interest, home charges, remittances, military depôts, etc., in Great Britain, to an extent fully sufficient to account for the frightful impoverishment and great development of plague and the disease of poverty throughout British territory. Foreign rule is always bad for the subjugated people, even when unaccompanied by wholesale economic deductions from the wealth of the conquered. But when, in addition to all the inevitable evils of Europeanisation, a magnificent territory suffers for more than a hundred and fifty years from systematic and deliberate extortion from the poorest of its people—the yearly drain to England exceeds on the average by 50 per cent. the total ruinously collected Land Revenue—then the injury done by such monstrous tyranny is incalculable. And the fact that the bulk of Englishmen may wish to be just to India, and believe that their rule is beneficial to Indians, does not mitigate the evil which they do.

III.

Government by State Capitalists

But Lord Morley told us some six years ago that India is "governed on Socialist principles." No more gross misrepresentation was ever made, even by a bureaucratic Radical. India is governed on the worst possible State capitalist principles. The land, the forests, the mines, the railways, the irrigation works, are all owned and managed by the despotic foreigners in the interest, not of the Indians, but of the Government imposed upon them from without. They have no control whatever over their own resources, and this Government—it is a shame to us Englishmen at home that it should be so—while it starves the people's bodies and grudges every farthing spent on Indian education, thinks nothing of spending some £6,000,000 or £7,000,000 on two new capitals for the grasping foreigners at Delhi and at Dacca. I regard our pre-

sent rule in India as one of the greatest crimes ever committed in all the long history of man's depredations upon man.

But it is pretended that we have seen the error of our ways, and that the policy now being followed in Hindostan means real relief to the oppressed peoples and races who are learning to forget their internecine feuds in common hatred of us. Not a bit of it. The object of the British in India is the same as that of the Austrians fifty and sixty years ago in Italy, to bribe as many capable Indians as they can by posts in the Government itself, and by favoured treatment in other ways to support the system which is ruining their fellow-countrymen. The result, I venture to predict, will be the same in a period of crisis. The Indian officials, like the Indian troops, will quickly side with their own folk when they think there is any hope of success.

IV.

Is there a Remedy?

And the remedy? There is, and can be, no remedy which looks to the perpetuation of the present domination. We have done mischief enough already. It is against the interest, not only of India, but of England, that we should continue our fatal rule. The alternative now is the same as it was when I began writing and speaking upon the question of India more than thirty years ago. Shall we prepare, late in the day as it now is, to retire peacefully from a position that we have neither the right nor the power to maintain, by building up Indian organisations to take our place, as many of the ablest of Anglo-Indians have suggested, from Mountstuart Elphinstone onwards? Or shall we, by foolishly imagining that we can always continue our régime of wrong and rapine, work up deliberately to a crash which will upset a great deal more than British rule in Hindostan?

The decision should lie with the democracy of this island. But that is never consulted. Our masters, whom we pay to be our servants, carefully conceal from us the warnings they receive from all the Provinces of growing disaffection and suspected secret propaganda of revolt. In Indian affairs, as in foreign affairs, the one idea of our "statesmen" of to-day is to deceive the English people to their hurt.



DEM UNBEKANNT EN GOTT

From Nietzsche

Once more, before I farther wend,
And all my glances forward send,
I raise in loneliness my hand
Aloft to thee, to whom I flee,
To whom in heart-felt passion I
Have many an altar set on high,
That to all eternity,
Thy voice again might summon me.

Deeply thereon appears engrained
The one phrase: "To the unknown God."
His own am I, though 'mid the crowd
Of wantons yet I have remained;
I'm His, and yet the chains I feel
That in the combat conquer me,
And still, how'er I try to flee,
Constrain me to His will.

Thee will I know, thou unknown God,
Who deep into my soul hast sown
Thy seed, and through my life hast blown
In storm; Intangible, to me akin,
Thee will I know, and service with Thee win!

S. F. BUTCHART.

THE NEW EMIGRATION

II.—STRIKING AT THE HEART OF THE EMPIRE.

By L. G. CHIOZZA MONEY.

LAST week I showed how, through the bold policy of advertising for our people, the British dominions beyond the seas are robbing us of population, and we saw that, from the British colonial point of view, we cannot be surprised that colonial Governments should endeavour to increase their exceedingly small populations. We have now to consider the matter on the broadest grounds, not only from the point of view of the United Kingdom, but from that of the Empire at large.

I.

First, let us remind ourselves of the course of the birth-rate and the death-rate in the United Kingdom. If we go back to 1885, the British birth-rate was over 31 per 1,000 of the population. If that birth-rate obtained to-day, the present year would see born in the United Kingdom about 1,400,000 people. The birth-rate, however, has fallen to about 23 per 1,000, so that, *instead of expecting 1,400,000 births, we have only to look for about 1,050,000.*

Against the decrease in the birth-rate we have happily to put a fall in the death-rate from about 19 per 1,000 of the population in 1885 to about 14 per 1,000 at the present time. It therefore comes about that through this compensation the excess of births over deaths this year will be very much the same as in 1885, in spite of the fall in the birth-rate. In the following statement the facts for the United Kingdom are carried to 1911, and those for England and Wales to 1912:—

THE "NATURAL INCREASE" OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.

Year.	Births.	Deaths.	Excess of Births over Deaths.
1885	1,136,331	688,065	448,266
1895	1,154,898	735,244	419,654
1900	1,159,922	757,732	402,190
1905	1,163,535	669,638	493,897
1910	1,123,010	630,620	492,390
1911	1,104,986	672,138	432,848
ENGLAND AND WALES ONLY.			
1910	896,962	483,247	413,715
1911	881,241	527,864	353,377
1912	872,767	486,967	385,800

The importance of these vital facts cannot be exaggerated. We see that the fall in the death-rate has so far compensated for the fall in the birth-rate, but a moment's thought will show that that compensation cannot go much further. We ought to be able to bring the death-rate down to 10 per 1,000, or less, and, if we did, we should save an army of lives every year. Unfortunately, however, the birth-rate continues to fall, and it is now only about 23 per 1,000. We have seen in the case of France how the birth-rate of a modern civilisation may fall until the population comes to a standstill without the assistance of emigration.

But, supposing the fall in the birth-rate to go no further, what is likely to happen in the present year? There may be about 1,050,000 births, while the deaths will probably be about 650,000, leaving a natural increase of population of about 400,000.

If, therefore, emigration, as is quite probable, reaches 300,000, our population will increase in the year by only 100,000, or at the rate of 1,000,000 per decade, as

against an increase of nearly 4,000,000 in the decade between the last two censuses.

Having reached this point, it will be seen that it needs but a slight further fall in the birth-rate, accompanied by a slight further increase in the emigration rate, to bring our population to a standstill, and but slight further increases to cause England and Wales to follow the example of Scotland and Ireland and actually lose population.

II.

I know of no series of facts demanding the closer attention of the nation. We are threatened with a blow at the heart of the Empire which would weaken the economy of the United Kingdom, and, by weakening it, strike at the Empire itself.

When we granted old-age pensions to persons aged seventy and upwards in the United Kingdom we were astonished to find that the number of pension claims in Ireland far exceeded our expectations. What was it that we had forgotten? It was simply this—a thing of profound significance in its relation to the problem we are discussing. For many years young Irishmen and Irishmen in their prime had been fleeing from their country to America and elsewhere, leaving behind them the old people. Consequently, when it came to granting old-age pensions, there was found in Ireland an undue and accusing proportion of those eligible for old-age pensions.

We must try to realise that the same thing is happening now in Scotland and in England and in Wales. Few men over forty-five, and scarcely any over fifty-five, are answering to the call of "160 beautiful acres for nothing." It is the young, it is the best, of our working population in town and in country who are week by week crowding the emigrant ships. At this moment the great steamship companies are booked up for months ahead in respect of all their third-class accommodation to Canada. A single day sees 3,000 people fleeing from Scotland! Young men and young women are leaving us for ever in an endless stream. Do we realise what the departure of 300,000 persons in a year means? Three hundred thousand is three-fourths of the population of Sheffield. As I once asked the Sheffield people, what would be said if in a single year Sheffield disappeared from the map of England? But what we are losing this year is more than a Sheffield, for Sheffield consists of old and young, of rich and poor, and all sorts and conditions of men, women, and children. *The yearly army of 300,000 British emigrants in 1913 is not an average lot, but a picked lot—not a chance dip, but a selection of good lives from our towns and villages.*

III.

If the thing goes further, the consequences will be very serious, and the whole body of the nation will feel them. Every social problem will be aggravated. The national production will fall, because there will be fewer to produce, and because those left to produce will be of a reduced average efficiency through the loss of picked men. Although women are emigrating as well as men, the men, of course, are in the great majority, and therefore the feminine surplus, already great, will increase every year, with social effects of the most lamentable character. The rate of sickness experience under the National Insurance Act will rise through the increased average age of the community. The claims for old-age pensions will increase. The cost of these and other increased social charges will have to be borne by a smaller number of people, who will thus feel an ever-growing burden. The power to sustain armaments will decrease, and the naval burden

will be increasingly serious. Indeed, there is no department of the national life and national affairs which will not be profoundly affected.

IV.

All this matters a great deal to the United Kingdom, but it matters no less to the British Empire. The United Kingdom is the necessary head and front of the Empire, and to weaken it is to weaken the Empire at large. The British Dominions, therefore, must think seriously what they are doing before they carry their advertising operations beyond the point at which our population is in danger of reduction. It may be thought by the superficial observer that the Empire cannot suffer if so many people are taken from one part of it and planted out in other parts, but that is a careless view. The British Empire is scattered all over the globe, and to add a few millions to outlying States, and to deduct those millions from the centre, is to weaken the Empire for purposes of defence, for it is very difficult for scattered States to maintain sea power in common, while land forces scattered up and down the Empire are powerless to help each other without the maintenance of common sea power. The integrity of the Empire now depends, and must for long depend, upon the maintenance of central Imperial power in the British Isles. The maintenance of that power is impossible unless the United Kingdom not only keeps its present population, but makes increase. The 100,000 to 150,000 increase of 1913 is not enough; the least figure which is consistent with our proper economic and political progress is 250,000 a year, and I should not quarrel with the man who thought 250,000 too few.

V.

Is there a remedy? Having frankly stated a view which I have not formed lightly, but which has grown in me with ever-increasing conviction for some considerable time past, let me state what I believe to be the remedy.

I believe that the United Kingdom can easily support more than twice its present population at a very much higher standard of comfort than now obtains, and it ought to be quite unnecessary for a man to leave these shores for the uncertain climate of the Western Prairie or Australia. It is true that we have not the wide territories of the great Dominions, but we have a much more important thing from an economic point of view, and that is *cheap* coal in such quantities as they do not possess. The possession of cheap coal means the power to do industrial work very much more economically than it can be done in the colonies. National organisation—national organisation of land, of transport, and of power—can enlarge our industries far beyond their present limits. But something more is wanted, and that is the organisation of social life, the beautification of towns, the erection of beautiful and attractive dwellings for the working classes. *A nation which houses its people in beauty and comfort, and enforces a minimum standard of existence, need not fear that they will easily leave it to enter upon such a tremendous speculation as emigration to the unknown wilderness.*

THE Editor desires to direct special attention to the contents of No. 35 of EVERYMAN. This issue will contain a special portrait of Sir J. M. Barrie, the latest addition to the ranks of literary baronets, with a character sketch written from an intimate point of view, and of vivid interest to the many admirers of the author of "The Little Minister," and "What Every Woman Knows."

HISTORIC CITIES OF THE WORLD

I.—PARIS * * * BY THE EDITOR

PART III.

I.

IN the Sixth Arrondissement we are still in the Latin quarter, in a quarter of colleges and convents, of museums and academics. The Picture Gallery of the Luxembourg, the Fine Arts School, the Medical School and the Mining School, the Palace of the Institute are all concentrated in this part. But whereas the Fifth Arrondissement is mainly tenanted by students, the Sixth is mainly inhabited by teachers and men of letters, by civil servants and priests, and it is probably the composition of its population which gives the district that atmosphere of respectability and dignity and of almost sacerdotal repose which is in such striking contrast with the noise and bustle of the Boulevard St. Michel.

As we are still in the City of Learning, so we are still in the City of the Past. The Sixth is rich in historical monuments and associations. The tourist will visit in succession the church and seminary of St. Sulpice, the nursery of the Parisian clergy, and closely associated with the history of the Gallican Church; the French Academy, identified with three centuries of French literary history; the Palace of the Luxembourg, once the official residence of Bonaparte, first Consul of the Republic, now the Palace of the Senate; and last, not least, the Church of St. Germain des Prés, the oldest church of Paris in Romanesque style. In the neighbourhood, the Rue du Pré aux Clercs, or "clerics' meadow," evokes the many battles fought between the friars of St. Germain and the riotous hordes of mediæval scholars, who, although living in an age of authority, were much less law-abiding, and probably less industrious, than the much-maligned Parisian student of to-day.

The Sixth Arrondissement contains many points of attraction for the cultured tourist. The Jardin du Luxembourg, already glorified in the seventeenth century by Molière, is one of the most exquisite parks of the capital. The arcades of the Odéon, under the national and State-supported theatre of the same name, are one of the favourite haunts of the book-lover. The thrifty student can here at leisure practise the difficult art of reading a book without cutting its pages, and of absorbing its contents without having to pay for it.

There is much less poverty in the Sixth than in the Fifth Arrondissement. There are only a few rookeries round the Mint in the Cour du Dragon—appropriately named, for its inhabitants are in the jaws of the dragon of misery. There lives, in this neighbourhood, quite a tribe of second-hand book-sellers, the tenants of those bookstalls extending for a mile on the parapets of the Seine, which are one of the features of old Paris. Those bookstalls on the quays are a survival of a bygone age, when scholars with short purses could make wonderful bargains, and would pick up rare first editions for a few pence.

Latter-day bibliophiles have ceased to find those wonderful troves, but they are amply compensated in their crude exploration of the quays by the glorious surroundings, by the Palace of the Louvre, overlooking the Seine, by the beautiful vista on both

sides, and especially by the splendour of the river, not defiled, as in London, by the smoke and grime of factories.

II.

Each district of Paris has its particular feature. We found the Fifth a district of great poverty, and the Sixth one of cultured ease; and we shall find the Eighth a centre of international plutocracy. The Seventh has a dignity all its own. It is the geographical centre of the old-world aristocracy, of the Faubourg St. Germain, still surrounded with the halo of pre-revolutionary and imperial days.

Some of the old ducal and princely mansions still remain, but their number diminishes from year to year. This quarter more than others is suffering from the mania of destruction and reconstruction, which is so rapidly pulling down the old Paris. Only a few months ago one of the most interesting relics of old Paris, the Abbaye au Bois, sacred to genius and beauty, to Chateaubriand and Mme. Récamier, and one of the last salons in the history of French literature, was demolished to make way for the new Boulevard Raspail, and to-day only the name of the Rue Récamier is there to remind us of the brilliant society which enjoyed the hospitality and worshipped at the shrine of the adorable Julie.

If the Seventh Arrondissement is reminiscent of the old aristocracy, so it is reminiscent of modern politics. Here are gathered the most important Ministries, including the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, the Foreign Embassies, the Chamber of Deputies, the Legion of Honour, the Invalides, the tomb of Napoleon, the Church of St. Louis—a temple originally erected by the great King, but dedicated by fate to the glory of the great Emperor—the Champ de Mars—the site of the Federation celebrations of 1790, and now the site of the French World Fairs—the Eiffel Tower—which from every point dominates the Metropolis—and finally the palace of the Archbishop of Paris.

The old archiepiscopal residence may have been more appropriately situated near Notre Dame, in the heart of the ancient Cité, but the tenure of its occupants was tragically precarious. Three Archbishops of Paris were murdered within a period of twenty-five years, and when the Communards sacked and burnt the palace and murdered their shepherd, the Government of the day were well advised to transfer the ecclesiastical headquarters out of reach of the Faubourg St. Antoine to the quiet precincts of the Faubourg St. Germain.

III.

The Eighth Arrondissement is the plutocratic quarter—the home of the American millionaire, of the Russian prince, of the Jewish financier. A casual glance at a directory reveals that the majority of names are foreign. It is a district of luxurious mansions, of magnificent avenues, of splendid vistas, the Avenue des Champs Elysées being probably the finest urban prospect in Europe, only rivalled, perhaps, by the view of the Pont Alexandre, the gorgeous bridge which commemorates the Franco-Russian alliance.

The Eighth Arrondissement is also a district of

CHARACTER SKETCH OF GOETHE

NO less than three books on Goethe have been issued in the course of the last few months, and the fact is sufficient evidence that the Cult of the Olympian Jupiter of Weimar, which was first inaugurated eighty years ago by Carlyle, is in no danger of dying out in England. Prof. Hume Brown has given us a penetrating and judicious study of Goethe's youth, such as one had a right to expect from the eminent Scottish historian.* Mr. Joseph McCabe has given us a comprehensive survey of Goethe's life, and an objective and critical appreciation of his personality.† Both are in profound sympathy with their subject, but neither is a blind hero-worshipper. In Mr. McCabe's life we are not only introduced to the scientist who is ever in quest of new worlds to conquer, we are also made acquainted with the pagan Epicure ever engaged in amorous experiments! We are not only introduced to the sublime poet and prophet, we are also introduced to the incurable Egotist, who could only find time to visit his old mother once every ten years, whilst, as boon companion of a petty German Prince, he always found time for his pleasures. We are not only admitted to contemplate the pomp and majesty of his world-wide fame. We are also admitted to the sordid circumstances of Goethe's "home." And our awe and reverence are turned into pity. We pity the miserable husband of a drunken and epileptic wife rescued from the gutter; we pity even more the unhappy father of a degraded son, who inherited all the vices of one parent without inheriting the genius of the other.

I.

The first quality which strikes us in Goethe, and which dazzled his contemporaries, and continues to dazzle posterity, is his universality. He appears to us as one of the most receptive, one of the most encyclopædic intellects of modern times. A scientist and a biologist, a pioneer of the theory of evolution, a physicist and originator of a new theory of colour, a man of affairs, a man of the world and a courtier, a philosopher, a lyrical poet, a tragic, comic, satiric, epic and didactic poet, a novelist and an historian, he has attempted every form of literature, he has touched upon every chord of the human soul.

It is true that, in considering this universality of Goethe, it behoves us to make some qualifications. His human sympathies are by no means as universal as his intellectual sympathies. He has no love for the common people. He has the aloofness of the aristocrat. He has a Nietzschean contempt for the herd. He takes little interest in the religious aspirations of mankind or in the struggles of human freedom. The French Revolution remains to him a sealed book, and his history of the campaign in France is almost ludicrously disappointing.

With regard to what has been called his "intellectual universality," the elements which compose it cannot be reduced to unity and harmony. It would be difficult to co-ordinate them into a higher synthesis, for that *uni*-versality is at the same time *di*-versity and mutability. Goethe is essentially changeable and elusive. In his works we find combined the antipodes of human thought. There is little in common between the poet of Goetz von Berlichingen and Werther on the one hand and the poet of Tasso and Iphigenia on

the other hand. The intellect of Goethe is like a crystal with a thousand facets reflecting all the colours of the rainbow.

And it may well be asked, therefore, whether this encyclopædic diversity can aptly be called universality. Universality must ultimately result in Unity and Harmony, and it is impossible to assert that Goethe's mind ever achieved Unity and Harmony, that it was ever controlled by one dominant thought.

At any rate, whether a defect or a quality, there can be no doubt that this encyclopædic diversity has turned, to the great advantage of his glory. It is precisely because Goethe is an elusive Proteus that all doctrines may equally claim him. Romanticists turn with predilection to the creator of Werther or the first "Faust." Classicists admire the plastic beauty of Tasso and Iphigenia. The cosmopolitan sees in Goethe the *Weltbürger*, the citizen of the world, the incarnation of "die Weltweisheit." The patriot acclaims in him the poet who has sung the myths and legends dear to the German race. The sensuous and voluptuous libertine is enchanted by the eroticism of the "Roman Elegies." The domesticated reader is drawn by that chaste idyll, Herman and Dorothea. The Spinozist and Pantheist are attracted by the general tendencies of his philosophy. The Christian is at liberty to interpret "Faust" in a sense which is favourable to his religion. The Liberal politician can point to the author of Goetz and Egmont. The Conservative and Reactionary can claim all the works of Goethe's maturity, when the poet had become the perfect courtier.

II.

There is a second quality which Goethe possesses in a supreme degree, and by which he is distinguished from his contemporaries, namely, mental sanity and serenity. Most of his fellow-poets reveal some morbid characteristics, are afflicted with some *Weltschmerz*, with some internal spiritual malady. They live in an atmosphere of strife and discord. The marvellous vitality of Goethe has escaped from the contagion. Like his fellow-poets, he passed through the crisis of the "Sturm und Drang." But it seems as if he had only known it in order to give to his experiences a final artistic expression. He communicated the "Wertherian malady" to a whole generation, but he himself emerged triumphant and unscathed. The hurricane which wrecked so many powerful intellects spared his own. After the Italian journey he never ceased by example and precept to recommend harmony and balance, and he became so completely the perfect type of intellectual and artistic sanity that the world has forgotten the Bohemian days of Frankfurt and Leipzig, the merry days of Weimar, the repulsive vulgarity of his drunken mistress and wife, the degradation of his son, and has agreed only to contemplate the Olympian majesty of Weimar. Whether the repose and sanity of Goethe were unmixed virtues, or whether they were partly the result of indifference, of impassivity or selfishness, is another question. Certain it is that there is no other trait in Goethe's personality which has done more to raise him in the esteem of posterity. He has proved to the world that internal discord and distraction and morbid exaltation are not the necessary appanage of genius, and that, on the contrary, the most powerful genius is also the most sane, the most balanced, the most self-possessed, the most harmonious.

* "The Youth of Goethe." By P. Hume Brown. 8s. net. (Murray.)

† "Goethe, the Man and his Character." By Joseph McCabe. 15s. net. (Eveleigh Nash.)

III.

Without going here into the purely formal and artistic qualities of Goethe's works, there is one fact which, perhaps more than any other, impressed itself on the imagination of the world, and that is the realisation of his own personality, the achievement of his own destiny. Of all his poems the rarest and most perfect is the poem of his life. Hitherto no such life had ever been allotted to a favourite of the Muses. He seemed to have received a bountiful abundance of all the gifts of the fairies—superb health, comfort, and wealth, the love of an adoring mother and sister, the loyalty of illustrious friends, the favour of princes, the homage of women, and the admiration of men. To him was opened every province of human activity. He exhausted every form of enjoyment. His life until the end was like the unfolding of a glorious version of a happy dream. At eighty years of age he remained the one surviving giant of the golden age of German literature. In his lifetime he was considered by Europe, as well as by Germany, as the most glorious exemplar of his race, and the city of his adoption had become a pilgrimage attracting worshippers from all parts of Europe. Death was merciful to him. The last act of his life was as beautiful as the others. It was not preceded by the gradual dissolution of his physical and intellectual strength; rather was it like the burning out of a flame. He passed away in an apotheosis, and the last words uttered by the dying poet, "Mehr Licht, mehr Licht"—"More Light, more Light"—have become for all future generations the final expression of his philosophy and the symbol of his personality.



LITERARY NOTES

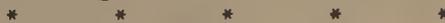
WHERE are the magazines of yesteryear? The announcement that *Harper's*, so long identified with the great house of that name, is to change hands serves to remind us of the many famous monthlies that have drooped and died, to our sorrow, this last decade or so. Where, for instance, is *Longman's Magazine*, in which poor Andrew of the brindled hair discoursed so charmingly "At the Sign of the Ship"? Where is that *Argosy* which sailed once upon a time under Mrs. Henry Wood, to say nothing of that *Temple Bar* which delighted our youth? And now *Harper's* is going—*Harper's* which gave us "Trilby," and some of her clever creator's most fascinating sketches, to say nothing of Mary Wilkins' charming stories or those of Richard Harding Davis. But stay, what is this? We are wrong. It is only *Harper's Weekly* that is leaving the old firm for the capable hands of Mr. Norman Hapgood. The monthly is still with us, so all's well with the world.



Sir J. M. Barrie, the latest baronet of literature, has been this week one of the most interested and constant spectators of the Chesterton-Isaacs trial, and, despite the sweltering heat of the crowded court, has spent several hours listening intently to the rather prolix, if sensational, evidence. Noted trials, by the way, seem to exercise a potent fascination alike over authors and actors, and it is rare that the curtain is rung up on any Old Bailey drama worth hearing that the audience does not include some half dozen of them as spectators. It was a distinguished actor, who, hearing him make one of his great efforts in court, hit off in a phrase a certain peculiarity of Sir Edward Clarke's oratory that had puzzled many ob-

servers. "He speaks like an actor," he said, "with the gesture first, and the word afterwards." A true bill, as those who have watched Sir Edward will agree. * * * * *

The death of Lord Avebury removes from our midst one of the most potent forces for culture that our generation has known. The author of "The Pleasures of Life" had the great satisfaction of interesting in literature more thousands of men and women, to whom books had previously made no appeal, than any other man of his time, and his suggested "Hundred Best Books" opened a fascinating and stimulating discussion, echoes of which still break upon our ears. Lord Avebury's own works achieved huge sales. One is in its two hundred and fifty-ninth thousand, and still going strong. This is nearly the record—nearly, but not quite. We believe that the work with absolutely the largest number of readers on record is one by Dr. James Cantlie, co-author of that fascinating volume "Sun Yat Sen and the Chinese Revolution," and dealing with first aid to the wounded. Next comes "Black Beauty," published by Jarrold's, whose "Mystery of a Hansom Cab" makes a good third.



We note that an esteemed contemporary declares that public opinion demands something more of a Laureate nowadays than the turning out of innocuous verses on special occasions. He must represent, as Wordsworth and Tennyson represented, the high-water mark of the poetry of his age. True, O King; but where does public opinion suggest that we should find such a one? The *Globe* strongly backs Mr. Kipling for the vacancy, and that the author of "Recessional" comes nearer to being a poet and a national poet than any other living writer of verse seems to us incontrovertible. But will he do as Laureate? We fancy ourselves reading a list of questions addressed to our already sufficiently harassed Prime Minister as to whether the Rudyard had been Kipling in his official capacity, or merely as a private person. No; the suggestion, interesting though it be, is likely to remain—a suggestion. But that is no reason why readers of EVERYMAN should not discuss it. * * * * *

The fact that the *Pall Mall Gazette* actually dares to suggest that the Laureateship should be bestowed upon a lady, none other, of course, than Mrs. Meynell, reminds us that we have travelled far indeed from the days when Robert Southey told Charlotte Brontë that a woman had no business to have inky fingers. In fact, whereas it used to be the fashion years ago for women novelists to adopt a male *nom de plume*, so warmly have the public cottoned to the idea of the lady serialist that a mere man journalist told the writer the other day that he thought of adopting a feminine pseudonym, some such high-sounding title as the authors of society romances loved to confer on their heroines years ago, as, for instance, Lady Ermyntrude de Vere or Evangeline Strode. But has it really come to that?



The question of literary pseudonyms is always interesting. Some of the most popular writers of our time have owed not a little to the potency of some happy, if enigmatic, *nom de plume*. We remember, for instance, Mademoiselle Ixe, not to mention "Ouida" or Fiona MacLeod, and whose identity only death revealed. Again, "Max O'Rell" was a happy inspiration, and Mark Twain—but we must not emphasise the obvious.

THE POSITION OF THE ENGLISH AUTHOR BY WALTER M. GALLICHAN

I.—SOCIALLY

SOME years ago I was walking in the country with an author, a younger man than myself, who announced that he was more in sympathy with the traditions, the ideals, and the manners of the upper class than with those of the middle section of the community, including the professional "intellectuals" who write books.

"There's one thing about authorship," he said with conviction; "it is a passport into good society."

My sardonic chuckle somewhat astonished him.

"You don't think so?" he asked.

"Certainly not. 'Society,' using the word in your sense, does not want to know authors *as* authors. 'Society' disapproves of artists of every species. You are thinking of a few literary lions, who are sometimes on view in the drawing-rooms of the high-born and the wealthy. But those lions, my dear fellow, are rarely there because they are literary artists. Outside of literary circles it is no distinction to be a fine writer. The author who is 'received' in English aristocratic and landed gentry company is not often there through his claim as an artist. He is there because he was born in one of those classes, or because he has a seat in Parliament, or because he is rich or socially influential. His art gives him scarcely any prestige in 'society,' nor, indeed, amongst the community at large. We don't like authors and artists merely on account of their artistic achievements. When we accept them it is for other reasons."

I did not convince my friend. Since that conversation he has written many books and gained a recognised place in his profession. Some of his works have been lavishly praised. I do not know what efforts he has made to penetrate the sacred portals of "good society," but I know that he still frequents the symposia of impecunious "intellectuals," and that Mayfair knows him not.

I.

Generally speaking, the author in this country does not yearn for recognition in the social sense. I am not referring to socially ambitious literary tradesmen, tainted with the snobbery of their compatriots, but to authors who take their art seriously, and are without any ambition greater than attaining excellence in their work. Such writers are as aloof from "society" as small shopkeepers. And, unlike the small shopkeeper, they have no desire to enter it. It is well, for the upper ten, the smart set, and the sporting set will have nothing to do with them.

The other day a man of letters, whose wife is a highly distinguished writer, came up to me in a club and hailed me as a prophet.

"Do you remember, some time ago, when I was going down into the country to live, telling me that the 'good families' would not seek our company? Well, you were right. Nobody who was anybody was interested in us. In the same village was a very gifted painter. Some of the 'good families' had never heard of him. When someone revealed his

fame they said, 'If he is famous why does he live in a little cottage?'"

This comment is pregnant. It reveals the common British attitude towards the artistic class. If the writers and the painter in this charming Philistine village had possessed conventional credentials above and beyond their acknowledged power of expressing beautiful things, the doors of county society would have been wide open to them.

II.

I am citing concrete instances to make good my contention that Great Britain, of all civilised countries known to me, cares the least for letters and the arts. Here, then, is another instance. An author, who describes himself as "a minor novelist," called upon me lately and said that he intended to live in France for the future. Now, this novelist has not only won a success of esteem among critics and brother writers; he has also contrived to make a fair income by his novels. But the atmosphere of Philistine dislike in which he finds himself as a novelist in England, impels him to seek a home where the level of intelligence is higher, and where the man who follows an art conscientiously is valued for that alone, whether he is patrician or vulgar, rich or poor.

It was not always so in our country. Unless I am deceived by my reading, there was more general esteem for the makers of art in the days of Johnson, Reynolds, Goldsmith, and Garrick than exists to-day. The new conditions have arisen with the decay of cultured ancient families, the enormous increase of illiterate plutocrats, a growing vulgarity of life and aspiration, and a setting up of commercial standards and valuations. The worth of things in cash is all that counts nowadays. Commerce has enslaved, corrupted, and overwhelmed us. If the artist is a man of property he is considered successful as an author, or a painter, or a musician. This is the absolute criterion. The impecunious poet, or dramatist, or composer, no matter how divine may be his faculty of expression, is ignored socially by his compatriots. Why doesn't he "push," "hustle," and advertise like the rest of the throng who are making piles of money by sharp methods in business?

III.

'And there is lamentably true counsel in the gibe. For it is well known by those who observe, that even the true artists amongst us often remain undiscovered on their merits alone. They must be "boosted," "puffed," "boomed," like a new soap or pill. The public is too unintelligent to discover talent. There must be flamboyant "expert publicity."

Socially, the literary artist has no status. He is almost a pariah. He finds no sympathy and no understanding of his aims and endeavours, except in his own class. And his own class is extremely circumscribed in England. Those who speak his own language are few indeed. Often he is one of the loneliest souls in the community. His books are read by his fellow-writers, by professional reviewers, by publishers'

readers on the watch for potential "sellers" for their firms, and by a scanty following of admirers who have the sense to recognise his gifts. That is all. His guerdon is the satisfaction yielded by sincere work. He is wise if he realises that he will never be regarded by his neighbours as a useful member of the community nor as a man worth knowing.

II.—FINANCIALLY

When we pass to the consideration of the position of the serious author as a paid professional man we unfold a dreary tale of penury. The emotional sufferings of the artist are inevitable. They are always acuter than the pains and sorrows of men and women of less imagination and sensibility. The artist rejoices exceedingly, and derives raptures from things that hardly stir the senses and emotions of his less impressionable fellow-men. But he has to bear more than the normal heritage of spiritual tribulation, and to this are often added the cares of a sterilising poverty. An acquaintance with need may be salutary, even in the case of the most sensitive author, for experience is one of the Muses. But a prolonged conflict with poverty is devastating to an artist. "Indigence is the death of the soul," wrote George Gissing.

I.

A writer constantly beset by the sordid cares of poverty must tend to view life in grey tones. Pecuniary anxiety is quite incompatible with that zest for living that the artist should experience at least in the same degree as he feels grief. The outlook for the young author who respects his art and refuses to prostitute his gifts, is fraught with the menace of actual want. A first book may gain very high critical esteem and be announced as a literary success; yet the writer may receive only a few pounds in royalties for his labour of months. There are recognised novelists whose incomes are barely a hundred pounds a year. They earn about fifty pounds from a novel and produce two books in twelve months. I am not referring to unpopular inferior writers, whose work has a meagre commercial value, but to minor authors of distinction in the artistic sense.

I know an author who has not made more than twenty-five pounds from the total sales of four novels. And yet a leading daily paper, not given to sentimental literary appreciations, acclaimed him some time ago as a novelist of the first rank.

The author who aims at creating literature, instead of turning out literary shoddy, is, financially speaking, often the worst paid man in the community.

II.

Whatever authors may think of their treatment at the hands of publishers, it is a fact that publishers often make the barest profit from a book that has aroused the enthusiasm of critics; and in some instances such volumes show a loss. Testifying from twenty-five years' experience as an author, and from the evidence that I have gained as a literary agent, I can only compare the lot of many conscientious and able-writers with that of the sweated worker in the meanest of industries.

Readers are singularly ill-informed as to the monetary position of accredited authors. Even well-known writers who have won a position, frequently receive not more than three hundred pounds for a

book that has absorbed their chief energy during six or eight months of toil; while many brilliant literary men consider themselves fortunate if they make half that sum. There can be no comparison between these rewards and those of any other professional man of equal ability. It is a fact that many books of merit do not yield one penny piece to the authors. It is also true that much of the finest work is never published at all.

III.

I shall be asked, "What is the cause?" and, "What is the remedy?" The principal cause why many excellent authors never escape from Grub Street is that the average Englishman rarely reads books. Unless he can borrow books he does not read anything but newspapers. A rich man will give splendid hospitality to his friend, an author, and spend the price of a set of his books on wines and cigars; but he rarely buys a single copy of his friend's works. Most people, if they buy a book at all, grudge the expense ruefully, and resolve to be more careful another time. Books are regarded as sheer luxuries by people who expend hundreds of pounds yearly on their wine-cellar.

I have no ready method for inducing my compatriots to acquire a passion for reading worthy books. That is the perennial problem for authors, publishers, and booksellers. I have some theories, that is all.

The hard case of the author is often ascribed to the rapacity of the publisher. Undoubtedly there have been, and still are, publishers who drive grinding bargains with inexperienced writers, but their number is dwindling. The average publisher is a keen business man, "out" to do the best that he can for himself. He is not invariably a shameless exploiter of unwary geniuses. Publishers certainly take risks with untried and young writers, and sometimes they have reason to regret buying the "literary book" that adorns their list with extracts from adulatory reviews.

If a writer sets out to develop his aptitude and give only of his best powers, he must either be prepared to face need for some years at least, or find a wealthy man who will subsidise him till he has a secure position. I am writing seriously. Why should not a rich man derive as much pleasure and excitement from running a young author of real promise as from running a racehorse? The matter could be put on a business basis. Let the speculator claim a percentage of the author's income as soon as he is fairly established as a "seller" at libraries.

In this article I have dealt only with writers of genuine æsthetic merit and high endeavour. It is these who have harrowing tales to recount, and not the purveyors of popular serial tales and meretricious volumes of fiction that sell in tens of thousands.

FROM BALZAC.

WRITERS, officials, the Church from its pulpits, the Press in its columns—all to whom chance has given any kind of influence over the masses—ought to proclaim it again and again: "Hoarding is a social crime."
—*The Member for Arcis.*

We must not expect that different natures should resemble each other in the expression of their feelings, any more than we look for the same fruits from different trees.—*Béatrix.*

SHADOW-GOBLINS*

* * * BY A. C. MASON

PETERKIN stole away from the great lawn where all the guests were enjoying themselves. He did not like gentlemen to pick him up and ladies to lift him on their knees. It was very kind of them, but, deep in his childish brain, he objected, and longed to leave everything for his own friends and playmates, the flowers and the birds. He was a strange little boy, and loved to wander in remote parts of the grounds where everything was wild. He went there now, towards the big pond with the fish in it, and the fir-trees round the banks. Here he would often sit for hours, watching, when the sky was cloudy, the shadow-goblins race over the water, hurrying after something they could never catch. His nurse, when she found out where he went, had frightened him with stories of the shadow-goblins, how they pinched little boys and sometimes smothered them. She hoped by these means to make him afraid of the pond; but instead of fearing it, he grew to love it more than ever, although on very gloomy days, when the water looked black and the shadow-goblins loitered on the surface, he felt that he would like to run as fast as he could indoors again and tell his mother everything. But he never did so. His mother was too clever and always too busy to have his small confidences. Therefore the shadow-goblins remained his secret, to be watched at furtive intervals and be observed in silence save for the questions of the breeze and the songs of birds.

On his way to the pond, a butterfly asked him to follow, and away he ran after it. The butterfly settled on a rose, to refresh itself, and he watched it. His eyes were very wide as the butterfly drank, wings a-quiver, for he was thinking about the story of the angel who was very, very tired and could find nowhere to sleep. At last the angel saw a rose, which alone of all the flowers offered her shelter. She slept, and awakening, wondered how she could repay the rose's kindness.

But here Peterkin could not remember what happened. He still watched the butterfly, and wondered if butterflies and angels were much alike; he could easily imagine the butterfly asleep beneath the petals of a rose. Then, as he looked, the butterfly flattened its wings and fluttered away, alighting on a beautiful pale rose-bud a little further on. Peterkin followed, and all at once he knew that butterflies and angels were each other, for this rose was a moss-rose, and he now remembered the end of the tale. Grateful for the shelter so sweetly offered, the angel gave the rose a coat of moss, so that this kindest and most gracious of all roses should be distinguished from the others.

Peterkin was so excited after remembering this legend, that he looked under several moss-roses very carefully, hoping to find an angel sleeping. He was disappointed, but felt happier when he remembered it was still daylight, and angels would not be sleepy yet. He would wait until it was nearer their bedtime. Soon after this, the butterfly fluttered away again, and lost itself in a bed of pansies.

Peterkin missed the butterfly, but forgot to look for it. There were so many other beautiful things in that wild garden, so much to interest him. The bees! they were having a splendid game, hurrying in and out of the flowers, gathering honey with which to feed their queen. It was kind of them to work so hard for her,

* The author dedicates this story to all those parents and others who try to control and guide children by frightening them.

but he hoped that soon they would have stored enough food, and could then build her a nicer palace than the funny straw one at the other end of the garden. He knew the bees, and the bees knew him. One settled on his hand and walked about, then flew off to a lily and went inside, right up to the top of it. Peterkin tip-toed very softly to the lily, and drew it down until he could peep in and watch the bee crawling round and round. It was all very beautiful, and he wondered if God lived on honey and the angels brought it to Him.

Soon he returned to the roses, because he loved them best. Touching one, so that he could smell its fragrance, a drop of dew rolled out from amidst the blend of petals. At once Peterkin was sympathetic. He knew the rose was crying, and he knew the cause: it was because it had not offered to let the angel sleep beneath its leaves, and it had been sorrowful ever since. He understood perfectly, for, sometimes, when he forgot to be polite or felt cross or tired, he was miserable himself and cried.

A thrush began to sing its prayers somewhere in the trees overhead. Looking up, at last he saw it, perched on the topmost branch. Too happy to move, he waited for the answering prayer. And presently he heard its full, glorious notes throbbing through the air from a distance. He listened for a long time, until, suddenly, as it had started, the thrush above him ceased to pray. Then the bird went to bed, and Peterkin knew that the angels must be going to bed as well. Very quietly he moved back to the moss-roses, and peeped under their leaves. He sought one after the other, hoping for his desire, longing to talk with an angel about Heaven. But he grew tired, and was very disappointed, for he could not find any. Still he persevered, until at length it became more difficult for him to see: the shade beneath the roses was denser, and he knew that even were an angel nestling there, it would be hard to find her.

It was cold. Standing up, Peterkin looked round him, and felt lonely. Dusk was near, and all at once he spied the shadow-goblins creeping over the ground. He had never seen them so large, never before seen them so terrifying, and he was frightened. The garden was still; the song of birds had died with the throstle's hymn, and everything was hushed. He was *very* frightened, and ran as fast as he could to get away from those wicked shadow-goblins, who pinched little boys and sometimes smothered them. Without knowing it he ran towards the pool, stopping breathless when he saw the water. Although there were no ripples, although it looked so dark, yet he was not afraid of it. He only feared the shadow-goblins.

He loved the lake, and knew it would protect him; the lake was his friend. At the edge he knelt down, looking for the silver fish; but instead of the fish, he saw another little boy looking up at him, as if asking him to go and play. He was glad to see him, and wanted to join him very much, because he was frightened and lonely. For a moment he hesitated, but one glance round determined him. Very near, almost within reach, a shadow-goblin crept—silently, stealthily, filling him with dread. He paused no longer, but, looking down into the water, held out his hands to the little boy he still saw there.

Later, rain-drops fell from the fringe of a passing cloud, mingling with the waters of the pool—angels' tears indeed.

"THE CONTINENTAL SUNDAY" * * * BY REV. JAMES ADDERLEY

THIS is a plea for the dispassionate consideration of the Continental Sunday. I think we must confess that, with all our enthusiasm for the British Sunday and our contempt for that of our neighbours', we have not succeeded in doing anything very much better than they in securing one day's rest in seven. And, first, of our own Sunday. Is it not time that we more frankly allowed that the old-fashioned Sabbatarian argument will not hold water? Can these statements be denied? (1) That, historically speaking, the Christian Sunday is not the same thing as the Jewish Sabbath; (2) that our Lord's attitude towards the Sabbath was revolutionary, in the sense that He went against the religious view of His day, which is the view that modern Sabbatarians want to rehabilitate and fasten on to the Christian Sunday; (3) that St. Paul knew nothing of a Christian Sabbath on the first day of the week; (4) that the "first day of the week" was a day of joy and worship, and had no connection with the Sabbath; (5) that even when Constantine, in the fourth century, combined the Mithra Festival and the Christian Lord's Day and decreed a holiday, he did not forbid some work, and therefore was not reconstituting the Sabbath; (6) that the first Reformers were opposed to making Sunday a Sabbath, as savouring of Judaism.

I.

If all this is allowed, we are enabled to start afresh in modern times to make our Sunday useful and health-giving. We can take what we like in the Sabbatarian idea and leave what we do not like, without any sense of disobedience to Divine law. We can get at the spirit without being at pains to attain uniformity in the letter. Catholics can insist on their Mass, Protestants on something else, while Secularists and all can agree in securing a seventh day rest. Peace will never come so long as Christians try to force a law which they think is Divine upon people who either suspect that the law is not Divine, or reject the God whose law it is supposed to be. We all agree that we want a weekly rest. Why should we quarrel over the particular day, and why should we try to coerce our fellows in the name of religion? We do not dream of doing this about any other religious duty, not even about religious duties the sanction for which is undoubted. Why should we choose the one religious practice the sanction for which is extremely doubtful and impose it on others?

I know that it is argued that the Sabbatarian idea of Sunday is the only bit of religion left in many cases, and that it would be perilous to disturb it. But does any good ever come from obscurantism? Have we any right to deceive ignorant people and make sad those whom the Lord has not made sad? This we do if we transfer the restrictions of the Hebrew Sabbath to the Christian Sunday. Of course, it is right to be very tender with old-established prejudices, and, as Robertson of Brighton pointed out long ago, it would be as wrong to ride roughshod over a Scotchman's feelings about Sunday as it would be to do the same over an Italian peasant's Mariolatry. But there is no need to ride roughshod over anybody. We want liberty and common sense. We need to learn from all quarters in this as in everything else.

II.

And this brings me to the Continental Sunday. I am not going to argue for the imposition of the

French Sunday or the German Sunday upon English people, but I do believe that we can learn from them in some directions how to improve our own. In the first place, we should leave off making wholesale condemnations. We should divide the subject of our criticism, and know exactly what it is we are judging at one particular time. For example, to compare the Sunday morning of the Grand Prix with the same morning at St. Paul's Cathedral is no more fair than to compare the Oberammergau Passion play with the Brick Lane bird market. If we compare the churchgoing public of Paris with the churchgoing public of London, I think the balance weighs in favour of the former. If we compare the occupation of the French, German, and Belgian townspeople between church hours with the occupation of the Scottish people at the same time, I should again say that the foreigners have my vote. I once spent a Sunday in France with ordinary middle-class and working people, and it compared very favourably with the many Sundays I have spent under similar circumstances in Birmingham. We all went to Mass in the morning. In a truly Christian way, I was offered the "Pain bénit," though a Protestant. After church, some of the men sat on a committee to deal with sick and poor relief, while the boys went to their club and played games. In the afternoon there was a fête at the neighbouring town, and everybody seemed to be thoroughly happy. No doubt many of them went to Vespers or Benediction in the evening, though I could not stay.

III.

Now, what happens in England under the same conditions? In the morning probably nothing happens, for these kind of people are in bed, if Britons. But, granting that they get up for an "early morning school" or Matins, is their worship as much like what we read of in the Acts as that of my French friends? It is more likely that they go to an evening service only. All the rest of the day is spent in hanging about dull and empty streets. There are no amusements, scarcely any music, no cafés. The only objection to these things is the Sabbatarian objection that some Divine law would be infringed if they were open, and this, as we have seen, is very doubtful. Would it not be much better for all parties if we agreed to drop the religious argument and adopt the purely philanthropic one, that the "Sabbath was made for man"? Let us all combine on the securing of one day's rest in seven for every worker. By this means we are much more likely to secure liberty for the Christian to keep a good Sunday, and, at the same time, we shall not be irritating the Secularists by trying to impose upon them a law which they see no reason for obeying. The Secularists have surely as much right to have their opinions respected as the Mohammedans or the Jews under British rule. We do not interfere with these in India or in London. This does not mean that all Sunday restrictions are to be done away. It means that we should approach the subject as citizens first, sympathising with the prejudices of all parties, and fastening on the points where we all agree, rather than endeavouring to force our own point of view as Christians on the masses who are not so. We must do this quite openly and honestly, not trying to squeeze in a little Christianity mixed up with the,

philanthropy and statecraft, or trying to capture the Secularist by pretending to believe in a seventh day rest for his body, while secretly we want to run him into our Bethels by shutting up all other doors but these. Above all, let us avoid that cant about "charity" which concedes the Sunday cinematograph, provided the proceeds are given to us. This hypocrisy comes from mixing up religion and politics. If it is wrong to have picture shows on Sunday, it is wrong, whatever the financial object. It is not really wrong; but we have not the courage to say so.

Now, if we will treat the subject as citizens, we shall soon find the way clear to benefiting all alike, whether Christians or not. This is the policy of our Continental brethren, and the result is most satisfactory to all parties. They begin by recognising facts. It would be perfectly useless to try to shut up the restaurants or all the places of amusement on Sundays. They therefore devote their energies to reforms in regard to opening other shops or factories. But even here they are not in too much of a hurry, and they insist on the one day a week before attempting to make it necessarily Sunday. At the same time, having regard to the religious people, they do secure time for churchgoing to a very large number of people. This is the important point: it is "churchgoing" they want to protect, and not Sunday idleness. And here, too, the Roman Catholic authorities are sensible in recognising facts. They make arrangements by which those occupied on Sunday mornings can fulfil their religious obligations in the week, or can have them modified during busy seasons. Another thing to be noticed is this. The Sunday closing laws are no more "Sabbatarian" in Protestant countries than in Catholic ones. In fact, there are, so far as I can see, more restrictions in Paris than in Berlin. But in all of these cities there is an elasticity and a common sense that is most refreshing, and, what is best of all, practically succeeds in securing to the hard-worked man more rest than he gets in England. Of course, when I say "rest" in this connection, I do not mean "doing nothing." I take the essence of rest to consist in "change."

IV.

Let me conclude with setting out the chief features of Sunday law in Germany, France, and Belgium, so that my readers can judge for themselves whether, things being what they are in those countries and in ours, the "Continental Sunday," as it is at present, does not suit the modern situation more rationally than the British one. *In France.* By law all factories and shops are closed on Sundays, but the exemptions are many and various. Factories where it is necessary to keep furnaces going, and where the men work in shifts, and in some other cases are exempted. So are all theatres, restaurants, tobacco shops, and places where food and drink are sold. Some places of business are exempt from Sunday closing on certain days, or for a certain time of the day. But for all these (except, I think, the theatres) one day's rest in seven is secured for all employees. The museums and art galleries are closed on Mondays. The national theatres are able to give one day's rest in seven, owing to the fact that they vary their programme every night and work in shifts. It does not seem clear that the scene-shifters and suchlike in places of amusement, or the waiters in cafés are uniformly allowed this one day's rest. But at least it would be agreed that the French law has resulted in the closing of an enormous number of places, and in the one day's rest for an enormous number of persons. A great deal of official inspection is necessary, and a

great deal of vigilance on the part of trade unions, but, on the whole, it seems to work well, and the tendency is to extend the law, so that in time the anomalies and injustices will be minimised.

V.

In Germany. By Imperial law—i.e., all over the Empire. (a) *Shops.* Work is forbidden on Christmas Day, Easter Day. On other Sundays no more than five hours' work is allowed, except where there is other local State regulation. The maximum five hours must not coincide with the hours of Divine service. (b) *Factories, mills, etc.* Ordinary workers must not be employed during Sunday. Twenty-four hours must be completely free from work. Exceptions are made for men watching furnaces, etc., and there is further protection for juveniles. (c) *Exemptions.* Hotels, restaurants, railways, trams, theatres, dispensaries are exempted, but labourers employed in these are given a free day during the week. Local laws in some States go further than the Imperial law, and further restrictions are in contemplation by Imperial law, reducing the hours from five to three in shops.

I am told that there is unquestionably very much less Sunday labour in Berlin than there used to be. Of course, in this Protestant city, the theatres are open as in Paris. In fact, whereas the opera is closed in Paris, it is open in Berlin.

VI.

In Belgium. (1) Sunday is the normal day of rest. Six days' labour only is the rule. (This does not apply to domestic servants, members of a family who work for their parents, and certain trades, such as water transit, fishing, etc.) (2) The exceptions are many and various—e.g., urgent cases, where work must be finished at once, eatables and perishable goods, caretakers, etc. (3) Workmen can be employed thirteen days in fourteen, or six and a half days in seven in certain trades, such as hotels, tobacco, flowers, chemists, baths, newspapers, carriages, light and water supply, transport. The one day's rest in fourteen, or the two half-day's, need not necessarily be on Sundays. The half-holiday must be before or after 1 p.m., and work on that day must not exceed five hours. The rest-day is enforced by a strict system of fines, varying from 20 francs to 5,000 for repeated offences, involving a very elaborate system of inspection.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF A NEW SERIES OF COMPETITIONS

It is one of the objects of EVERYMAN, expressed in the sub-title of the paper, to get at the facts of national life. We speak glibly of the classes and the masses, lumping them together as if they were abstract entities; but we know very little of the concrete conditions of life of those classes and those masses. One of the most urgent desiderata of social science is an accurate knowledge of those conditions, with their infinite variations in time and space, according to professions and surroundings.

With a view to furthering such knowledge, we offer a prize of Three Guineas each for the best contribution, not exceeding 2,000 words, on any one of the six following subjects:—

- | | |
|----------------------------|----------------------|
| 1. The Civil Servant. | 4. The Male Teacher. |
| 2. The Anglican Clergyman. | 5. The Composer. |
| 3. The Foreign Missionary. | 6. The Miner. |

The papers should be descriptive rather than controversial, and we would recommend a division into paragraphs, with a view to inducing orderly sequence. We would also recommend a brief synopsis summing up the main points dealt with. It is desirable that the competitions be written from direct observation. The experience of a miner will be more welcome than a contribution by a politician who once in his life visited a coal-mine.

Entries should be clearly written, and preferably typewritten, should bear the number of the Competition, and should reach the

COMPETITION EDITOR, "EVERYMAN,"
21, Royal Terrace,
Edinburgh,

by July 1st. Other subjects will be announced later on.

“EVERYMAN” CONTINENTAL TOURS

Instant Success of our Unique Holiday Announcement.

A GRATIFYING RESPONSE.

We are particularly gratified at the great response to the Unique Holiday Plans which we unfolded to our readers last week. From all parts of the United Kingdom applications have come for the EVERYMAN Tours Book; indeed, the response has been so widespread that there is the clearest indication that the EVERYMAN Tours fulfil a real and long-felt want.

A UNIQUE HOLIDAY.

It is because we have struck a new note in foreign travel that we are confidently expecting large and successful parties at the various holiday centres which have been selected for our Tours this summer. From the time the party leaves London until the visitors bid each other “good-bye,” all are looked after by a cultured and experienced conductor, and everything possible is done for the comfort and enjoyment of each member of the party. All that is most interesting and delightful in the places visited is shown. The whole conception and atmosphere of the Tour is friendly, refined and congenial—a combination which will secure for our readers the maximum amount of pleasure which a holiday can provide.

PICTURESQUE SCENERY AND MEDIÆVAL CITIES.

Wherever our readers travel—whether amidst beautiful mountain or river scenery, or in the fascinating educative environment of mediæval cities—they will have nothing but the happiest experiences, and the happiest of memories will remain after the holiday has passed. The mediæval cities of Flanders, redolent with artistic and historic associations, alternating with the picturesque valleys of the Ardennes, the quaint, old-world towns of Holland, the ancient streets of Rouen, and the bright, sparkling boulevards of Paris, are some of the places which our readers will visit. In Switzerland four of the loveliest centres have been chosen for our Tours—the beautiful lakeside towns of Lucerne and Territet, and the mountain villages of Grindelwald and Chamonix, the one at the foot of the towering Wetterhorn and the other nestling beneath the mighty Mont Blanc range.

NORMANDY AND PARIS.

One of the Tours which is especially attracting our readers is the fortnight’s Tour to Rouen and Paris, the alternation of the mediæval city, with its magnificent Gothic buildings and its historic associations, and the picturesque scenery of the Seine, with the gay,

brilliant atmosphere of Paris, being exceptionally delightful and interesting.

ROUEN, THE CRADLE OF THE ENGLISH RACE.

Here in Rouen is the beginning of English history. The foundations of the Empire came from the ancient capital of Normandy, and days of sight-seeing, wandering along quaint, old-world streets, visiting the majestic Cathedral, the beautiful Gothic churches of St. Ouen and St. Maclou, the places where William the Conqueror died and where the gentle Maid of Orleans was cruelly put to death, are pleasantly followed by drives and steamer excursions in the Valley of the Seine to such delightful spots as Bonsecours, Caudebec (beloved of artists), Les Andelys and the famed Château Gaillard, and St. Adrien, with its picturesque church cut into the solid rock.

“Everyman, I will go with thee, And be thy guide. In thy most need to go by thy side.”

PARIS.

And then to Paris! Paris, the gay, brilliant, beautiful centre of modern civilisation! Paris, the city of a thousand lights, of merry laughter, of bewildering, cosmopolitan crowds.

The week in the bright city passes all too soon—days of sight-seeing, mornings in the busy streets, afternoons in the Bois de Boulogne or at St. Cloud or at Versailles, evenings on the Boulevards spent in watching the eyer-passing, laughing throng.

THE RECKONING.

The whole of this fortnight’s Tour, crammed with fresh interest and delight from beginning to end, costs, inclusive of travelling, hotels (three meals being provided each day), all excursions, and the services of the conductor, the astonishingly low sum of 8½ guineas, and another 8s. 6d. provides all gratuities and conveyance of luggage between stations and hotels for the fortnight.

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EVERYMAN'S FRENCH PAGE

MIRABEAU

IL était né gentilhomme, d'une famille antique, réfugiée et établie en Provence, mais originaire d'Italie. La souche était toscane. Cette famille était de celles que Florence avait rejetées de son sein dans les orages de sa liberté, et dont le Dante reproche en vers si âpres l'exil et la persécution à sa patrie. Le sang de Machiavel et le génie remuant des républiques italiennes se retrouvaient dans tous les individus de cette race. Les proportions de leurs âmes sont au-dessus de leur destinée. Vices, passions, vertus, tout y est hors de ligne. Les femmes y sont angéliques ou perverses, les hommes sublimes ou dépravés, la langue même y est accentuée et grandiose comme les caractères. Il y a dans leurs correspondances les plus familières la coloration et la vibration des langues héroïques de l'Italie.

L'éducation de Mirabeau fut rude et froide comme la main de son père, qu'on appelait *l'ami des hommes*, mais que son esprit inquiet et sa vanité égoïste rendirent le persécuteur de sa femme et le tyran de ses enfants. Pour toute vertu, on ne lui enseigna que l'honneur.

Entré de bonne heure au service, il ne prit des mœurs militaires que le goût du libertinage et du jeu. La main de son père l'atteignait partout, non pour le relever, mais pour l'écraser davantage sous les conséquences de ses fautes. Sa jeunesse se passe dans les prisons d'Etat, ses passions s'y enveniment dans la solitude, son génie s'y aiguise contre les fers de ses cachots, son âme y perd la pudeur, qui survit rarement à l'infamie de ces châtiments précoces.

Retiré de prison, pour tenter, de l'aveu de son père, un mariage difficile avec mademoiselle de Marignan, riche héritière d'une des grandes maisons de Provence, il s'exerce, comme un lutteur, aux ruses et aux audaces de la politique sur ce petit théâtre d'Aix. Astuce, séduction, bravoure, il déploie toutes les ressources de sa nature pour réussir : il réussit ; mais à peine est-il marié que de nouvelles persécutions le poursuivent, et que le château-fort de Pontarlier se referme sur lui.

Un amour que les "Lettres à Sophie" ont rendu immortel lui en ouvre les portes. Il enlève madame de Monnier à son vieil époux. Les amants heureux quelques mois se réfugient en Hollande. On les atteint, on les sépare, on les enferme, l'une au couvent, l'autre au donjon de Vincennes. L'amour, qui, comme le feu dans les veines de la terre, se découvre toujours dans quelque repli de la destinée des grands hommes, allume en un seul et ardent foyer toutes les passions de Mirabeau. Dans la vengeance, c'est l'amour outragé qu'il satisfait ; dans la liberté, c'est l'amour qu'il rejoint et qu'il délivre ; dans l'étude, c'est encore l'amour qu'il illustre. Entré obscur dans son cachot, il en sort écrivain, orateur, homme d'Etat, mais pervers, prêt à tout, même à se vendre, pour acheter de la fortune et de la célébrité. Le drame de la vie est conçu dans sa tête ; il ne lui faut plus qu'une scène, et le temps la lui prépare. Dans l'intervalle du peu d'années qui s'écoule pour lui entre sa sortie du donjon de Vincennes et la tribune de l'Assemblée nationale, il entasse des travaux polémiques qui auraient lassé tout autre homme, et qui le tiennent seulement en haleine.

MIRABEAU

HE was born a nobleman and of ancient lineage, refugee and established in Provence, but of Italian origin: the progenitors were Tuscan. The family was one of those whom Florence had cast from her bosom in the stormy excesses of her liberty, and for which Dante reproaches his country in such bitter strains for her exiles and persecutions. The blood of Machiavelli and the restless genius of the Italian republics were found in all the individuals of this race. The proportions of their souls exceed their destiny: vices, passions, virtues are all in excess. The women are angelic or perverse, the men sublime or depraved, and their language is as emphatic and lofty as their aspirations. There is in their most familiar correspondence the colour and tone of the heroic tongues of Italy.

Mirabeau's education was as rough and frigid as the hand of his father, who was styled the *friend of man*, but whose restless spirit and selfish vanity rendered him the persecutor of his wife and the tyrant of his family. The only virtue he was taught was honour. Entering the army at an early age, he acquired nothing of military habits except a love of licentiousness and gambling. The hand of his father was felt everywhere, not to aid him in rising, but to crush him still lower under the consequences of his errors: his youth was passed in State prisons; his passions, becoming envenomed by solitude, and his intellect being rendered more acute by contact with the irons of his dungeon, his mind lost that modesty which rarely survives the infamy of such precocious punishments.

Released from gaol, in order, with his father's consent, to attempt to form a marriage, beset with difficulties, with Mademoiselle de Marignan, a rich heiress of one of the greatest families of Provence, he gets accustomed, as a wrestler, to all the stratagems and daring schemes of politics on the small stage of Aix. Cunning, seduction, courage, he used every resource of his nature to succeed, and he succeeded; but he was hardly married before fresh persecutions beset him, and the stronghold of Pontarlier closed its gates on him. A passion, which his "Lettres à Sophie" has rendered immortal, opened its gates and freed him. He carried off Madame de Monnier from her aged husband. The lovers, happy for some months, took refuge in Holland; they were seized there, separated and shut up, the one in a convent and the other in the dungeon of Vincennes. Love, which, like fire in the veins of the earth, is always detected in some crevice of a great man's destiny, lighted up in a single and ardent blaze all Mirabeau's passions. In his vengeance it was outraged love that he appeased; in liberty, it was love which he sought and liberated; in study, it was love which he illustrated. Entering his cell obscure, he quitted it a writer, an orator, a statesman, but perverted—ripe for anything, even to sell himself, in order to buy fortune and celebrity. The drama of life was conceived in his head; he wanted but the stage, and that time was preparing for him. During the few short years which elapsed for him between his leaving the keep of Vincennes and the tribune of the National Assembly he employed himself with polemic labours which would have weighed down another man, but which only kept him active.

MASTERPIECE FOR THE WEEK

GALT'S "ANNALS OF THE PARISH" * * * BY HECTOR MACPHERSON

AN Edinburgh reviewer, writing on Galt's masterpiece on its appearance, said: "Before the novelist of the north had conjured away our sympathies from inexorable fathers, wilful daughters, waiting maids, ensigns, rope ladders, and post-chaises; ruined the market for sentiment, shrieks, and swoons; sent into abeyance the whole class of Strephons and Philhisses, the Lydias and Edwins, and made obsolete even the Lovelaces and Grandisons—what chance of escaping derision would have been the man's who should have proposed to work up into a novel such raw and crude materials as the everyday incidents of a remote Scottish parish?" The reviewer goes on to say that Galt owes allegiance to Scott, and that the "Annals of the Parish" would not have been written had the Waverley Novels not appeared. That Scott provoked a reaction against the spasmodic, sentimental, and melodramatic novel of the eighteenth century is admitted, but it is quite a mistake to say that he was the founder of the realistic school to which Galt undoubtedly belonged. So far from Galt being an imitator of Scott, the "Annals of the Parish" was written and offered to Constable three years before the appearance of the Waverley Novels. The manuscript was rejected on the ground that Scottish novels would not succeed.

It is not difficult to understand the decision of Constable, as at that time Scottish literature was not much in demand. A publisher of wide experience, he was in a position to gauge the public taste in the matter of novel-reading. The Union, beneficial to Scotland in many ways, had a detrimental effect upon native literature. England set the fashion. Leading Scotsmen like Hume, Adam Smith, and Robertson, ashamed of their native language and conscious of the backwardness of their country in all that pertained to culture, shook themselves free of the least suspicion of provincialism. To be citizens of the great world of letters was of greater value than to be patriotic Scots. In the eyes of Hume the common people were the "vulgar": their sayings and doings were of no account to the cultured cosmopolitans who from Edinburgh dominated literary Scotland. As Lord Rosebery has remarked, "from the time of the Union of the Crowns, and still more from the legislative Union, Scotland had lapsed into obscurity. She had, indeed, her Robertsons and her Humes writing history to general admiration, but no trace of Scottish authorship was discernible in their works; indeed, every flavour of national idiom was carefully excluded." The revival of the national spirit in literature we owe to Burns and Scott, the one in poetry, the other in fiction. After the appearance of the Waverley Novels no publisher could say that tales dealing with Scottish life could not succeed. The change in the public taste justified Galt in publishing the "Annals of the Parish," which has long since taken its place as a Scottish classic.

Galt owed nothing to Scott. True, Scott, like Galt, is very much at home in dealing with Scottish humble life, but the dominant note of the Waverley Novels is Romanticism. The realistic touches are subordinated to the general design, which is national, not provincial, historic, not domestic. Master of what he himself calls the "bow-wow" style, Scott had no taste for the microscopic methods of Galt. In dealing with

the commonplace side of life, another novelist, Susan Ferricr, had achieved a reputation for character drawing, but her sphere of observation and treatment was confined to the higher middle classes, especially the vulgar section. With great satirical power and fine command of humour and insight she has left pictures of Scottish middle-class society in the early nineteenth century life-like in their realism.

Galt struck quite another and distinctive note in Scottish fiction. In his autobiographical sketch he outlines the ideas which were in his mind when he began the "Annals of the Parish." He says: "When very young I wished to write a book that would be for Scotland what the "Vicar of Wakefield" is for England, and early began to observe and to conjecture in what respects the minister of a rural parish differed from the general inhabitants of the country." As an artistic creation Mr. Micah Balwhidder may well be placed alongside of Dr. Primrose. Apart from Galt's success in his portrait of the parish minister, he deserves commendation for his courage in giving a life-like delineation of an evangelistic pastor. In his time, when Moderatism was in fashion, it was considered the correct thing to caricature the evangelical type of clergymen. There is no plot in the novel; yet so delightfully drawn is the character of the worthy divine, with his quaint simplicity, his simple piety, his innocent self-importance and kindness of heart, that he endears himself to the reader, whose interest in his fifty years of faithful service is maintained to the end. Lord Jeffrey, in his review of the "Annals of the Parish," notes a feature of the book which greatly explains its fascination—what has been aptly called the "juxtaposition of the pathetic and the humorous, the tragic and the commonplace, which we meet with frequently in the world." As Jeffrey puts it, "The natural and tranquil manner in which he (Mr. Balwhidder) puts down great things by the side of little, and considers as exactly on the same level the bursting of the parish mill-dam and the commencement of the American troubles—the victory of Admiral Rodney and the donation of £50 to the kirk session—illustrates in a very pleasing way that law of intellectual as well as of physical optics by which small things at hand appear uniformly greater than larger ones at a distance."

The charm of the "Annals of the Parish" lies in the inimitable way in which Galt has blended the delineation of Mr. Balwhidder's pathos, humour, and simplicity. As illustrative of this take the picture of a parish rake who had been over a love affair, and who, after long service in the army, was found in Chelsea Hospital: "And who should this old man be but the very identical Rab Rickerton that was act and part in Meg Clark's disowned bairn, but had turned out a good soldier, and so in his old days was indoor pensioner and very comfortable; and he said that he had spent his youth in the devil's service and his manhood in the king's, but his old age was given to that of his Maker, which I was blythe and thankful to hear, and he inquired about many a one in the parish, the blooming and the green of his time, but they were all dead and buried; and he had a contrite and penitent spirit, and read his Bible every day, delighting most in the Book of Joshua, the Chronicles, and the Kings."

'As a master of pathos, Galt is seen to advantage in his description of Mrs. Malcolm, the widow of a Clyde shipmaster, who was lost at sea: "She was a genty body, calm and methodical. From morning to night she sat at her wheel, spinning the finest lint, which suited well with her pale hands. She never changed her widow's weeds, and she was aye as if she had just been ta'en out of a bandbox. The tear was often in her e'e when the bairns were at school; but when they came home her spirit was lighted up with gladness, although, poor woman, she had many a time very little to give them."

Apart from its fictional interest, the novel has great value as mirroring the social and economic conditions of the time. It pictures life in the reign of George the Third, when Scotland was in transition from the purely rural to the manufacturing and commercial stage. Into the quaint rural parish came the disturbing and distracting influences of new methods and new ideals; and the charm of the novel largely consists in tracing the effects of the new régime upon the minds of the simple-minded pastor and parishioners. The curious thing is that Galt never meant his book to be received as a novel. He meant it to be, as he himself says, "a kind of treatise on the history of society in the West of Scotland during the reign of George the Third," but he goes on to remark that "the public consider it as a novel, and it is of no use to think of altering the impression with which it has been received." A treatise on social conditions it certainly is, so minute and accurate that, as has been well said, it might almost be printed as an appendix to the old Statistical account of the parishes of Scotland drawn up by the ministers; but the marvellous way in which Galt has subordinated dry economic details to the human element makes his novel a study in psychology as well as sociology. The rise of industrialism, with its influences upon the habits of the people, is described with masterly touches, and while revealing the sordid side of village life indulges in none of the forbidding details of the pessimistic school. Sir George Douglas describes Galt as the forerunner of the realistic movement in Scottish fiction, and rightly remarks that "The Provost" and "The Annals" might almost belong to the age of Tourguenieff and Mr. Henry James. Between them, Scott and Galt have given Scottish life and character a lasting place in fiction. What the one did for the Highlands, the other did for the Lowlands. Galt is the novelist of the commercial, professional, and industrial classes, while Scott represents the feudal class, with its peasantry racy of the soil.

It is remarkable that Galt has had no successor. Certainly the time is ripe for the appearance of a candidate for his mantle. We are in the midst of the industrial revolution, the beginning of which in Galt's day had a marked effect upon Scottish village life. Never was there ampler material for a successful Scottish novel on the lines of the "Annals of the Parish." 'As I have said in my "Intellectual Development of Scotland": "The complexity of modern life, the feverish struggle for existence and success, the thirst for pleasure, the disintegration of religious beliefs, the smug respectability of the middle classes, the Socialistic aspirations of the working classes, the awful contrast between riches and poverty—these things which characterise the Scotland of to-day afford ample scope for a Scottish novelist who has the courage, not to pander to the sentimental side of his countrymen, but to paint a true picture of the time." The hour awaits the novelist who, after the style of Galt, will epitomise the social and industrial history of the Scotland of to-day as revealed in the beliefs, hopes, and fears of the common people.

QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S CRIPPLES

TO THE RICH

A Plea for more Country Homes like that founded by
Sir William Treloar at Alton

CHILDREN dear, who run and play,
(Ah, we watch!) for us the way
Seems so long; will you to-day
Think perhaps of how we too
Should so love to race like you?
Can our dream at last come true—
Country home, all peace within it,
Sweet flowers round it, birds about it,
All for us?—Oh, who'll begin it?—
Is it true?—Or must we stay
Here, where streets are close and grey,
Shut in London town, without it?

Even the great Lord Mayor can't quite
Build it *all*; or, if he might,
Thinks perhaps 'twould not be right,
Since we're all kin, here on earth,
Not to let you, born for mirth,
Share the claim, that's yours from birth
Of your sisters and your brothers.
Oft we wish, who have no money,
Each of us could help the others;
But our pain seems all we're worth—
Pain and hunger, dust and dearth—
Life is not all bread and honey!

You have your own tasks to do?—
You are sometimes hurt?—We knew
That before; but if we grew
Straight and strong, we shouldn't mind
Half so much when life's unkind.
We are crippled, left behind,
In the life you share together.
Trees of apples, birds that eat them,
Bees that buzz among the heather,
Streams that thro' the meadows wind—
These in books alone we find:
In the *country* you may *meet* them!

We are glad that you have seen
Lakes of blue and meadows green,
Where the daisies laugh between;
But, if you are kind to-day,
Folk who cannot walk, yet may
Lie among the wild flowers gay,
Watch the streamlet kiss the flowers,
Where to silver thread it narrows,
Rest in honeysuckle bowers—
Children dear, oh, can it mean
You'll obey God's thought, that's been
Mindful of the fallen sparrows?

He who counts poor feathered things,
Hurt and lamed in legs or wings,
That the tempest earthward flings,—
He who took the whole world's pain
Deep into His heart again,
Bears it still, and not in vain—
He perhaps in tenderest fashion
To your loving hearts hath spoken
With that voice of His compassion,
"More than *many* sparrows, please,
Count these crippled children, these
Birds whose joy-wings are not broken!"

—ANNIE MATHESON.

CORRESPONDENCE

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Owing to the large number of letters received it is necessary for correspondents to write briefly if their letters are to appear.

RICHARD WAGNER THE MAN.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—In the course of an article on Richard Wagner in your issue of May 23rd, Mr. Cuthbert Hadden writes: "There is no denying that Wagner the man, as distinct from Wagner the composer, was neither a very estimable nor a very lovable personality. His relations with women were not beyond reproach"; which has much the same spirit of meanness about it that was intended by the critics and caricaturists of the middle of last century mentioned by Mr. Hadden in the first part of the article.

It is remarkable that with such books as Glasnapp's "Life" and the "Richard Wagner—Mathilda Wesendonck" correspondence before the public, writers still insist on Wagner's immorality; which is, in short, what Mr. Hadden does.

The Wesendonck letters *alone*, once and for all time, show the world with unmistakable clearness Wagner the man. Ashton Ellis, who translated the letters some eight years ago, very beautifully and sympathetically, in the introductory, speaking of Frau Wesendonck, says: "No one admitted to the honour of Frau Wesendonck's society during the last twenty years of her life—and here I speak from personal experience, however slight—could for a moment believe her to have ever been the heroine of what the baser sort imply when they speak of a 'Tristan and Isolde romance.'"

"This placid, sweet Madonna, the perfect emblem of a pearl, not opal, her eyes still dreaming of Nirvana—no! emphatically no! *she* could not have been swayed by carnal passion. And these letters, in bulk and in detail, most flatly contradict that implication; nay, more—they prove the justice of my old contention, not mine alone, that the second act of Wagner's drama excludes all possibility of *his* Tristan, *his* Isolde, being victims to a coarse desire. In these letters all is pure and spiritual, a Dante and a Beatrice: so *must* it have been in their intercourse. For my own impression of their recipient—whom I first met in the sad year at Bayreuth, when the master was no more—it was that of the silver moon reflecting a sun that has set long since. Not a word ever fell from her lips of such a love as is revealed here; but every accent of her voice, the gathering moisture in her eye, spelt worship, and from her it was I earliest learnt a truth which added years have simply verified: that in Richard Wagner we have more than a great—a profoundly good man."

May I further trespass on your space with a very few words from this wonderful woman herself? In a letter to Ashton Ellis, she writes: "The tie that bound him to Mathilde Wesendonck, whom he then called his 'Muse,' was of so high, pure, noble, and ideal a nature that, alas! it will only be valued by those that in their own noble *chests* find the same elevation and selfishness of mind."—I am, sir, etc.,

LEONARD SPALDING.

London, S.W., May 27th, 1913.

OSCAR WILDE—A REMONSTRANCE.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Pray grant me leave to enter a caveat against a statement made by the writer of your "Literary Notes" in EVERYMAN of May 23rd last, for the benefit

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of those of your readers who are, as yet, unfamiliar with the work of the late Oscar Wilde. Your reviewer therein declares that both Wilde and Walter Pater (not to mention R. L. Stevenson) "wrote English as if it were a dead language," and that their craftsmanship produced nothing but a "dead loveliness." Does he really mean this?

Leaving Pater's "Renaissance" Essays to take care of themselves, surely no modern prose-writer of genius ever wrote more vivid, bracing, and living English than did the brilliant but ill-starred "lord of language," who was Sebastian Melmoth. From "Ravenna" to the famous "Ballad," every line Wilde wrote was, at any rate, intensely "alive" and stimulating. A "lifeless" author could never have achieved the extraordinary success which Wilde's work has achieved, and more than ever enjoys at this moment, all over the Continent of Europe. In Germany, France, and Russia this is particularly so. The fact that his temporary brain-storms made him a pariah is "nothing against his prose," and if your reviewer will but turn once more to the essay on "The Decay of Lying," or "The Happy Prince" and other fairy tales, to "The Soul of Man," or "The Importance of Being Earnest," he will surely make the *amende honorable* to the literary genius of one whose work, after a twenty years' test, can no longer be claimed a *succès de scandale*, and whose prose is being proved not so much "dead" as undying.—I am, sir, etc.,

R. N. GREEN-ARMYTAGE.

Weston-super-Mare, May 28th, 1913.

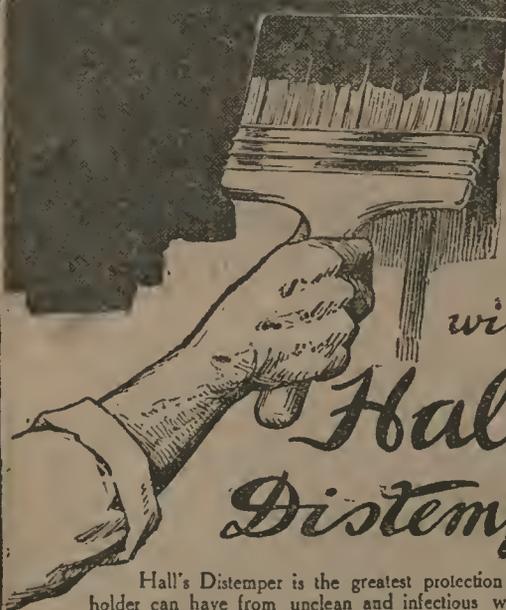
IRISH PROTESTANTS AND HOME RULE.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Your contributor, Mr. J. M. Hone, in his article on "Irish Protestants and Home Rule," says it is a "fact that the 'aristocracy' of Irish Protestantism is Nationalist, at least outside of Trinity College." Again, "Were Trinity College Nationalist, one might say that all the intellect of Protestant Ireland was for Home Rule."

I am afraid these statements are made for English consumption, for every Irishman, down to the pauper in the workhouse, knows that nine out of every ten educated Irishmen are Unionists. The whole force and basis of Home Rule rests on the ignorant and uneducated voters. I may explain here that by "educated" I mean those who are in the habit of reading and thinking for themselves, and by "uneducated" those who are not. Messrs. Gwynn, Shaw, Moore, Yeats, etc., are not forces in the matter at all. We, the Unionists, look on them as clever cranks, and they are merely tools in the hands of the real Nationalists. Home Rule was but the pious aspiration of a few enthusiasts till it was married to the land question by Davitt, much against Parnell's desire. When the farmer, the real source of power, through the ballot-box, found that his rent was reduced and that Home Rule promised him a further and greater reduction, he became an enthusiastic Home Ruler. Ireland returned eighty Home Rulers, and is now within measurable distance of Home Rule. This is the real genesis of Home Rule, and every practical man in Ireland knows it. To put the matter in another way. If the uneducated voters were struck off the registers, in all Ireland, from Cork to Antrim, not one single Nationalist member would have a chance of re-election. Mr. Hone thinks that Trinity College is the enemy, but I assert that, if "Trinity" was also struck off the registers, there would still remain an enormous majority for the Union. I am sorry that I cannot sign my real name,

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as, in the event of Home Rule, it might expose me to unpleasant consequences. I have already suffered for my opinions.—I am, sir, etc.,

AN IRISH READER OF "EVERYMAN."

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Mr. Hone's article on Irish Protestants contains some statements calculated to stagger humanity, or at least Irish opinion.

(1) That the aristocracy of Irish Protestantism is Nationalist, at least outside Trinity College.

(2) Were Trinity College Nationalist, one might say all the intellect of Protestant Ireland was for Home Rule.

(3) Bernard Shaw and W. B. Yeats are the two Irishmen most widely known outside these countries.

As a non-Catholic Home Ruler I, and many commonplace persons like myself, might be pleased to think, on Mr. Hone's authority, that we belong to the aristocracy of Irish Protestantism, or, that if we had Trinity College (where there are many differences of opinion among fellows and students) that we should constitute the intellect of Protestant Ireland. Bernard Shaw and W. B. Yeats the most widely known Irishmen outside these countries! Possibly in the literary, dramatic, and artistic worlds—a small and select fraction of the masses vitally interested in social and political movements; but I, for one, and many others who have taken a lifelong interest in Irish politics, don't know whether they are Home Rulers or not. I hope they are.

Now that Home Rule is in the ascendant there are many Home Rulers who were never heard of as such before, and there has always been a class who call themselves Home Rulers, but whose Home Rule consists in criticising and carping at the only party who have done and are doing efficient political spadework, in belittling the workers, damning them with faint praise, and voting we know not how.

Is it not a fallacy to judge the merits or demerits of political and social reforms by claiming that intellect and education are on this or that side? Common sense is not the exclusive possession of the so-called educated classes, and on such vital questions as Tariff Reform there is no unanimity among those who have had a university education. I live in a district where the Catholic population is to the Protestant as 5 to 2. Measured by house value, exclusive of labourers' houses, the wealth of the Protestants is five times that of the Catholics. The Protestants and a very few Catholics are anti-Home Rulers. Their politics are not a question of religion, but of economic and social circumstances.

The well-to-do have all they want—good houses, ample or sufficient incomes. The poorer class want better wages, better houses, better schools, libraries, baths, wash-houses, open spaces, and all the advantages that it is in the power of local authorities to give them, and they want them at the expense of the richer class, if possible.

Froude, describing one of his hosts, said "he was a Tory of the Tories, a man with whom the destinies had dealt kindly, in whose eyes, therefore, all existing arrangements were as they should be, and those who wished to meddle with them were enemies of the human race."

So it is here, largely through Ireland, and England also.

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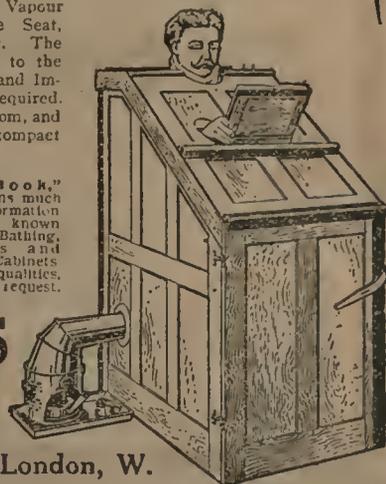
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Dublin, May 25th, 1913.

AN IRISHMAN.

A DUTCH PROTEST.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—I have been a regular reader of EVERYMAN since it was first published. I was not a little surprised and shocked to read "The Protestant Protest on the Romanist Bias of EVERYMAN," by your correspondent, Mr. F. Docker. I have always admired the fair and impartial way in which EVERYMAN has opened its columns to so many eminent authors and thinkers. I, for one, should be heartily sorry if EVERYMAN were going to follow the advice of Mr. F. Docker, especially as there are in Holland besides myself many readers who like to remain "au courant" of contemporary English literature by means of a high-class English periodical, unbiassed by party spirit or bigotry.—I am, sir, etc.,

Maastricht (Holland). MAURICE ENDEPOLS.

SOME THOUGHTS ON THE SUFFRAGE QUESTION.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—I have lived my youth in the country and my early manhood in the town, in a busy commercial and industrial centre and in the university. In all my experiences the women's movement towards the vote is based on the activities of three types of woman. I say "type"—there are individual exceptions! In the first place, there is the militant; in the second place, there is the university woman, who revels in academic discussion; and, in the last place, there is the high society woman who has nothing to do. Your correspondent rather wildly prophesies, "Let our statesmen beware lest . . . they instigate a sex-war." In the event of these words being realised, these three types will strike, for it will be a long time ere the leaders of the movement can break up the millions—aye, the millions of happy families—who care nothing about the vote. You must be lords of life and limb before you can ruthlessly break up families, for that, I presume, would be the sordid aim of a sex-war.

The loss of these three types would be a blessing to men and women, and the sooner they volunteer and go to the front and see the ruthless impossibility of this ridiculous threat, the better.

The woman who can breed men can fight. But she will never join in a sex-war. The woman of the countryside, having bred our best men in business and politics and in all the various aspects of our life, will not be there. The wife of the miner, of the mill-hand, and of the sailor will not be there, and without these a sex-war would be ridiculous. Statesmanship is quite as discerning as it ever was, and that is a blessing.—I am, sir, etc.,

D. T. JONES.

Cardiganshire, May 26th, 1913.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Mr. (or is it Miss?) Shillito gives a reader the impression that all worth considering is the suffrage question as it is interpreted by the "small band of women willing to sacrifice even life itself to gain the vote." He (assuming it is Mr. Shillito) overrates

enormously the importance to the community of those women who vainly imagine that Englishmen, as a whole, are likely to be influenced by mysterious antics. The suffrage question, as it is understood by myself and thousands of others, is not at present one of sex at all. For more years than one likes to think a battle has been going on to educate people's minds against a deeply rooted superstition, viz., that property, *per se*, gives its possessor a greater right to legislate than that of a fellow-citizen, possibly more intelligent, whose property is intangible. That battle has gone on and is going on, and universal manhood suffrage without property and residential qualification is still a long way off. When this anomaly has been rectified it will be quite time enough to raise the sex question of voting. The importing of this bone of contention has had the effect (as was probably intended) of drawing off people's minds from the issue as to whether humanity or property was to be first considered in legislative action. Hence, apart from any other reason, it is well that our present Parliament have shelved this premature, much-advertised, much-overrated measure.

I have had the privilege of being associated in its early days with a great movement for the protection of women and girls, and in that connection met many devoted, public-spirited women, whose very presence seemed to lift to a higher plane the thoughts and deeds of those amongst whom they worked. Among many, many of these women, whom I have known to work devotedly and unobtrusively for their own sex and for humanity at large, I cannot recollect one who ever expressed a desire for tub-thumping and attitudinising in public halls or police courts. But the good work done by these women and their example is far beyond what the so-called minds of many "militants" are capable of imagining. With a fairly open mind seeking enlightenment, I went in the autumn to a "militants'" meeting, addressed by Mrs. Brailsford and Miss Annie Kenney. Of eloquence there was plenty, and real oratory a good deal, but of logical argument, reason, historical accuracy not a jot, and I came away feeling that the good sense of the millions of women in England would cause this fungus growth to wither away even as mushrooms die off after a forced growth. One word more. Mr. (or Miss) Shillito gives a mock heroic warning to our statesmen lest they instigate that greatest of all evils, a sex-war. Let Mr. (or Miss) Shillito look to it that this militancy (*sic*), which has already done so much to weaken the chivalrous regard and innate reverence which every right-thinking man feels towards a potential wife and mother is not replaced by a sex feeling, unbridled and uncurbed.

Public opinion in England has been purified during the last twenty-five years by the continual efforts of numbers of devoted women, in whom militancy excites only disgust and aversion. But a lax administration of existing laws, as applied to the protection of women and girls, would be a fatal price to pay for the doubtful blessing of a vote given by a neurotic woman for a noisy, sexless legislator.—I am, sir, etc.,

Edinburgh,

HENRY WEAVER.

THE KINEMATOGRAPH AND THE DRAMA.
To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Your correspondent's criticism of the film actor is, to say the least, unjust. To anybody who has followed at all closely the progress of the kinematograph industry it is apparent that, among other things, the quality of the acting in film plays has im-

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proved, until now it is, in some cases, well nigh perfect, and in all cases well up to the level of "good." It may interest Mr. Orrett to know that it is the aim of every film actor to avoid just that very extravagant and mechanical acting which he deprecates, and that it is the aim of the modern picture playwright to devise scenes which depend for their effective interpretation more upon subtle and expressive acting than upon elaborate and ludicrous gesticulation.

Both the playwright and the actor have, it may safely be said, to a great extent realised their ideals. For months past the acting of some of the American companies in particular has been superlatively good: as a matter of fact, most of the "stars" in these companies are actors and actresses who were formerly well known on the legitimate stage. In England, too (where the level of the acting has slowly but steadily risen until now it promises to equal, if not to surpass, that of the foreign companies), there have been instances of leading actors performing for the kinema.

Mr. Orrett surely does not think that men like, say, Mr. Forbes-Robertson are going to indulge in "extravagant and mechanical acting"? Mr. Forbes-Robertson, or, to take another instance, Sir Herbert Tree, would consent to act for the kinematograph only if they were convinced that by so doing they would be doing nothing derogatory to their art.

Mr. Orrett's statement that "there is not yet any demand for great artists as scenario-writers for films" is entirely wrong. There is a demand; film-producing companies realise that they must supply the best they can procure; and, mainly as an inducement to eminent writers who have not as yet considered scenario-writing to be a sufficiently lucrative employment, the "Cines" Company of Rome are offering a prize of £1,000 for the best scenario in a forthcoming competition.

As regards the artistic side of film-producing, I might mention that the world-famous R.A., Sir Hubert von Herkomer, has entered the business. Films produced under his supervision are to be seen in the near future.

Again, Mr. Orrett's statement that the kinematograph is helping the drama by weeding out the patrons that are a drag upon it is really an insult to the great mass of the public which frequents picture palaces. Seeing that the kinematograph is steadily bettering the tone of its pictures, and, consequently, the taste of its audience, it is much more likely to help the drama by creating a public which will be more able to appreciate a good play than it was before the coming of the kinematograph.—I am, sir, etc.,

London, W., May 30th, 1913. S. L. JACOBS.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—From an artistic point of view, the popular kinematograph entertainment can only be regarded with abhorrence. The wonder is that so little has been said against this form of amusement compared with the disproportionate amount of praise which has been bestowed on it.

Can any person of taste overlook the blemishes which mar the pictures shown at the majority of picture palaces? Can anyone fail to see their crudity? How is it possible to produce anything but broad effects by the medium of portrayed movement alone, when even that passing craze, the wordless play, needs copious interpretation by a synopsis of the plot? The much-vaunted "Sumurun" is mechanical and dull compared with Mr. Barrie's little gem, "The Twelve-Pound Look." Yet "Sumurun" would not lose much

by reproduction on the kinema, but a motion-picture of "The Twelve-Pound Look" would be impossible.

The screen admits only of stereotyped methods of expressing emotions, which must be exaggerated to be noticed. Shades of feeling are impracticable, and that test of the true actor—vocal expression of controlled emotion—is alike unknown to the screen and the wordless play.

It is a pity that the popular inartistic productions should find such a huge public, but as your contributor rightly points out, there is compensation in the help they afford in lifting the stage out of the depths of melodrama (whose main support was the kinema patron) by purging the modern theatre audience of the undesirable element that has retarded the production of plays of real artistic merit.

We should not, however, class the kinema with the music-hall. The humour of a screen-play is infinitely below the humour of scores of music-hall turns, which in many cases rises to the level of pure wit, and even of clever satire. The music-hall is far above the average kinema, both in comedy and in tragedy, and is often the home of good, satisfying music.

It may be too much to hope that the sensational and inane picture-play will die a speedy death (it is too remunerative to be allowed to do so); but its worthlessness may be emphasised, and children may be discouraged from supporting any but the best, and this, at least, would be a progressive move.—I am, sir, etc.,

JOHN CARLTON.

Hornsey, N., May 31st, 1913.

GEORGE BORROW.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—I have read with keen interest E. Hermann's admirable character sketch of George Borrow, which appeared in a recent issue. He does well to place so much importance on the irresistible charm of Borrow's style, which, for directness and limpid clearness, is not altogether unlike Mark Rutherford's.

But I should like to draw attention to one point barely touched upon by your contributor, and that is Borrow's intercourse with gypsies and his unique knowledge of their language. I wonder how many intelligent readers of EVERYMAN know that a language—not a dialect of, nor in any wise connected with English or Gaelic—flourishes, unheard of, in our midst. My curiosity being aroused when reading "Lavengro," I ventured to question a member of one of those nomadic tribes who roam about in the "ultima thule of civilisation," as Samuel Smiles calls Caithness, concerning this gypsy language, of which, hitherto, I had never heard. By dint of diplomacy and perseverance I elicited from him about a hundred words (which I noted down, phonetically), and I was agreeably surprised to find that some of these were also used in "Lavengro" with precisely the same meaning. Regarding the origin and the mode of acquiring this language, all that I managed to draw out was that it came from Egypt long ago, and that it was a "gift" left to gypsies.

I doubt not but that the brilliantly versatile Editor of EVERYMAN or some interested reader can shed light on this extremely fascinating philological question.—I am, sir, etc.,

D. B. G.

Caithness.

CONSCRIPTION AND THE WORKERS.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—In a previous number of your paper I notice that Mr. Bracher, in his letter on "Conscription and the Workers," quotes a resolution which was passed at

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the recent annual conference of the Queensland section of the Australian Workers' Union. This resolution recommended the alteration of the Federal Defence Act by an amending clause prohibiting the use of the Federal military forces during strikes or internal disturbances.

In this connection, may I be allowed to point out that the National Service League, which is working for compulsory military training in this country, advocates that such training should be carried out for and in the Territorial Force, and that the regulations regarding that Force lay down that it shall not be used as a military body in aid of the civil power in the preservation of peace?—I am, sir, etc.,

A. KEENE (Colonel).

THEOLOGY AND IDEALISM*

THERE are indications of a renewal of friendship between Theology and Idealism. In the 'eighties of last century, when the voice of Science, in pronouncing on ultimate questions, was much more confident than it is to-day, the theologian, under stress of weather, so to speak, was glad to seek the shelter of Hegelianism. That shelter seemed a safe and roomy place, where all the interests he cared for were secure. Then came what Professor W. P. Paterson has called the "Ritschlian revision," answering to a certain feeling of uneasiness that was springing up in the theologian's mind. The Hegelian interpretation of Christianity yielded results that were imposing enough from some points of view, but which seemed surprisingly meagre when looked at in the light of religious experience. Theology came to distrust what might be called the Aeroplane Apologetic, and, at the call of Ritschlianism, Pragmatism, and allied movements, sought the high-road of fact, history and the moral certainties. After attempting to mount up with wings as eagles, it became her ambition to walk without fainting.

But on the dustiest highway the sunlight falls. Theology cannot live without the vision of the heights; it must at least lift up its eyes to the hills. One hears, therefore, to-day of the "revival of mysticism," of Theology finding its way to the school of Eucken, and listening to his clear call to men to disengage themselves from the details of living, and to yield to the sway and uplift of the spiritual life, while, in "Foundations," the most recent Oxford manifesto on Theology, Mr. Moberly, in his chapter on "God and the Absolute," declares that Theology has most to learn from Idealism. It is his conviction that James and Bergson are "moving on by-paths," and that it is the great idealist thinkers who are "on the highway of philosophic progress." "It is with the type of philosophy known as 'Absolutism' that the theologian has really to reckon." If Mr. Moberly had had the opportunity of consulting Mr. Bosanquet's second series of Gifford Lectures before writing these words, they might have been even more emphatic. His indebtedness to the first series is amply acknowledged.

If Theology, then, is realising afresh the significance of Idealism, no one has contributed more to this than Mr. Bosanquet. The volume under notice may be truly described as the most serious effort yet made by Idealism to face the problems of the religious life. And this may be said without forgetting for a moment the work of Green and Edward Caird, or, it may be added, the debt that Mr. Bosanquet owes to these thinkers.

* "The Value and Destiny of the Individual." The Gifford Lectures. Delivered in Edinburgh University. By B. Bosanquet, LL.D., D.C.L. (London: Macmillan and Co. 1913.)

Candour is one of the most engaging features of Mr. Bosanquet's work. He has been round all the schools. He is not afraid to lay bare the processes of his own thinking, to share his scruples, hesitations and hopes as well as his conclusions. The very titles of the divisions and chapters indicate the spirit in which the work is undertaken. "The Moulding of Souls," "The Miracle of the Will," "The Hazards and Hardships of Finite Selfhood," "The Security and Stability of Finite Selfhood," "The Gates of the Future," are titles that show more than the author's literary aptitude, they reveal his serious purpose. That purpose is to outline a view of the universe that shall do justice to the religious consciousness. Religion for Mr. Bosanquet is no side-issue. It is life's prime concern. It holds the secret of man's worth and destiny. And it is open to thought, because logic is no mere exercise in dialectics, but the very spirit of life itself, the impulse under which the self comes to its own, and comes to feel at home in the universe. Mr. Bosanquet watches the history of the self from the moment when, in some way inexplicable, it announces its presence as a spiritual fact, to the moment when, in the midst of its struggles in the "world of claims and counter-claims," it finds emancipation in religion, and, with that emancipation, learns the secret of love and humility. It comes to itself and its own in a "world of spiritual membership," the features of which are described by Mr. Bosanquet in terms that are curiously and significantly reminiscent of St. Paul. It certainly is more suggestive of the Pauline world of grace than of any other. It cannot be said, of course, that the old difficulties that attend Idealism, from the point of view of Theology, are absent from Mr. Bosanquet's volume. He has his school's ancient grudge against Theism. To Christian Theism, even at its highest, Idealism has all along felt itself unable, on intellectual grounds, to give assent. It is here that the final adjustment must be made between Theology and Idealism, for Theology has "no wings to fly from God," even in the direction of the absolute. In his effort to make the doctrine of the absolute attractive to the religious consciousness, Mr. Bosanquet will be held by many to have failed. Few will question the sincerity and power of the effort, or deny the author's extraordinary sensitiveness to the present religious situation.



BOOKS OF THE WEEK

A GARDEN OF SPICES (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.) is written with a simplicity and freshness reminiscent of the country about which Mr. Keith Fraser tells us. Only an intimate lover of gardens could have written this book of sweet memories. There is a close knowledge of the charm of every flower; one realises that the author recognises in them distinct qualities, almost, one had said, personalities. "Roses and stocks are blooming all around me. Sweet peas are fluttering like butterflies in the breeze, stately Madonna lilies stand sentinels by the gate. In the evening, when the tide is low, and the bees have ceased their humming, and the moon shines in a silver pathway over the sea, I still lie here, in an atmosphere heavy with the fragrance of night-scented stocks, and evening primroses opening their pale chalices to the moonbeams. It is a garden of sweet scents." Against this background of spicy odours a simple story is enacted. The characterisation is excellent, and the author is to be commended on the names he bestows on the principals in this dainty idyll. Elspeth exactly suggests

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the personality of its heroine, and Janet the nurse-housekeeper is hit off in a phrase. She is a dragon! One realises all that can be said when Mr. Fraser tells us that "in her pocket she carried a pair of leathern tawse, and she believed in no spoiling of the child by sparing of the rod."

Once again we are introduced to a dancing girl. Miss Kate Horn, however, modifies the conventional type, and COLUMBINE AT THE FAIR (Stanley Paul and Co., 6s.) feels no joy in the twinkling of her pretty feet. Effie is a morbid soul, and that the author should have placed her on the stage and made no allowance for the healthy effect on morbidity by that rough-and-ready criticism that appertains to the theatre seems to us to be a glaring defect in characterisation. The heroine is a Puritan of a virulent type. And by Puritan we mean that she feels that in accepting the simple joys of life she countenances hidden evils. And that all the time she dances she hears the voices of the underworld calling her, and that when in pure ecstasy of art she performs a particularly graceful dance, she is, in effect, offering oblations to the god Pan. She meets with quite a nice man, by name Andrew Granate. He wishes to make her his wife, and after she has accepted his proposal, desires to kiss her. She rushes from him and from the theatre, apparently, also, from the god Pan, and takes a situation as mother's help. The conclusion of the story is banal. Effie rescues a small child from fire, is very much disfigured by the burns, and marries a blind man, who cannot see her marred appearance. She feels utter and complete satisfaction, however, inasmuch as she has lost all power to dance—a priggish and most unconvincing suggestion.

Madame Marie Von Vorst has a distinct faculty for visualisation scenes, and with a few deft touches she brings a living picture before the eyes of her readers. In THE BROKEN BELL (Messrs. Constable, 5s. net) she conjures up delightful scenes which captivate the fancy and stand out like a cameo, perfect in every line. The scene of the novel is laid in Italy, and we cannot resist quoting from the description of a little village in the Apennines: "Pieve seemed deserted, but full of sweet sounds, for she heard the doves coo from under the roof and the lowing of the cattle, and the bleating of the lambs as they came flocking down the street, their sharp feet pattering on the stones. The dust rose in a cloud as the shepherd girls trotted behind their flocks, their wooden shoes striking the stones with the tiny feet of the sheep and the softer footsteps of the cattle. Maria had left her carriage, and from the steps of the inn looked down on the herds. Behind her, into a large clean kitchen, the door was open." The author does not overcrowd her story with unnecessary characters, with the result that the reader is able to appreciate to the full the individuality of each. Maria Sant Alcione is the wife of an Italian count, whose constant amours are a source of trouble to her. She finally decides, after the death of their child, to go on a pilgrimage into the mountains, and there she meets the Marchese Della Gandara. How she is tempted and how she overcomes that temptation it would be a pity to reveal. Suffice it to say the book is charming and well worth reading, in spite of the fact that the end is weak and inconclusive.

THE HOUSE OF SANDS (Martin Secker, 6s.) is concerned with the doings of certain people in the reign

(Continued on page 254.)

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of Charles II. There is a lovely lady who is ardently worshipped by a noble youth, Captain Charteris, whose footsteps are dogged by the most unforeseen and unhappy circumstances. The Laird of Sands is a mysterious person, who has, for some reason best known to the King, been banished from the Court, and who follows the highly lucrative calling of smuggling wine from France, and fills in his spare moments making love to the heroine and estranging her from her lover, altogether an amiable, if somewhat mistaken, individual. Mr. L. M. Watt does not forget to bring in an intrigue concerned with Monmouth—what historical novel of that period would be complete without this, whether authenticated or not? The dialogue is somewhat faulty, and it strikes us that it is not quite true to the period, lapsing occasionally into absolute Cockney, when not in Scotch of the broadest character. The characters are not portrayed with any degree of originality, and the story itself is of a rather hackneyed type. Nevertheless, the reader will probably find he can while away a pleasant enough hour with the book during the summer holidays, if he does not desire to be burdened with deep reading. * * *

It is a difficult task to write a book about the human boy that shall at once be credible and entertaining. Many are the authors who have tried, but few indeed are those who have come within measurable distance of success. Mr. Ascott Hope, in *HALF AND HALF TRAGEDY* (A. and C. Black, 6s.), has given us a number of quite readable stories, mostly about boys, in and out of school; but his creations lack the divine fire that transforms the mere literary puppet into a living, breathing reality. We are never cheated into the belief that Mr. Hope's heroes are the real, right thing. They speak with an exactitude of language foreign to the schoolboy, and have a regard for phrasing that is almost priggish. We are all ready to yield to the fascination of a good school story—witness the evergreen popularity of "Tom Brown," though even in that classic one is tempted at times to grow impatient with the sickly saintliness of Arthur, and Tom never quite recaptures the first flush of popularity extended to him when, as an outcast with Martin, the madman, and his *fidus Achates*, East, he kept the authorities at bay. One feels there is a subtle falling off when he becomes progressively virtuous, and at the end of the book he has grown almost out of knowledge. It is this fault we find with the young heroes of Mr. Hope's volume. They are prone to preach, and are more than a little priggish. If the author would draw more from life, and rely less on the finished product of his imagination, he should give us a more tangible presentment of that curious, savage, entertaining creature—the British schoolboy. * * *

Among John Lane's new books we have a notable novel entitled *THE GOVERNOR* (6s.). The author, Karin Michaëlis Stangeland, has been fortunate enough to find a translator able to express in virile English the stinging precision of his phrase. There is a force, almost a savagery in the language, that hits out with the emphasis of a blow. The appeal is direct, the style barbaric, the whole effect is impressive—almost breathless. It is rare indeed to find a book so distinctive, so immediately effective. Take this paragraph, following on the initial statement that Van Ruyter, known as "Van Devil," lord of Seven Isles, went out into the morning: "He did not follow the level and trodden paths, but preferred the secret ways, where he might chance upon something that had

been hidden, forgotten, or left unnoticed. He liked to creep along the bottoms of ditches, or in the shadow of thorn-hedges, and between the high boundary-dykes of the fields, so that he might come upon his workpeople from the rear.

"And then they tasted his dog-whip.

"It was said that the cord was always sticky with blood, so furiously did he apply it."

There lies in those few paragraphs an entire series of pictures. The author has more effectively limned the man than if he wrote page upon page of analysis of motive, dissection of thought. One can hear the crack of the whip, perceive the brutal figure stalking his prey. The story, written of primitive man and primitive woman, is notable throughout for this quality of hard hitting. The scenes sketched are forceful, at times almost ghastly in their descriptions of elemental passion, written with a pen dipped, one feels, in blood and tears, yet instinct with such power that from the first word to the last one needs must read.

* * *

There is very much that is pathetic and something at least of power in *UNPOSTED LETTERS* (Mills and Boon, 6s.). We learn, in the preface signed "Bertram," that the author, a journalist, died suddenly, leaving to his friend the task of going through his papers and publishing anything worth preserving. Whether or no this be a device of anonymity, after the fashion of "The Englishwoman's Love Letters," we do not know, but if so, the suggestion is well sustained, and some portion of the letters are well worth reading. The author is a consumptive, and for that reason, and in the full knowledge of the suffering his decision entails, decides to part for ever from the woman he loves, and whom he had thought to make his wife, the mother of his children. The woman marries, and suggests they shall be friends. The author sees such a course would be impossible. "Sequels," as somebody observed, "are a mistake in life as well as in literature," and he, or she, who meets an old love "after long years of grief and pain" is apt to feel that memories infinitely precious have been desecrated, old ideals mishandled. The book as a whole lacks humour, and for that reason one more than suspects the ingenious anonymity suggested.

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HISTORY IN THE MAKING

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

AFTER a long period of slackness, holiday-making and general lassitude, Parliament is fronting the real tasks of the Session, only a fortnight before midsummer. Everything points to a certain inevitable disquietude and nervousness. There seems to be a general fear of disorganisation—a fear which was realised by the recent adjournment of the debate on the Finance Bill. With the Home Rule Bill in immediate question again, the extraordinary lethargy of the earlier part of the Session has given place to strenuous vigilance, of which the despatch of an urgent whip to the Irish Nationalist members is a symptom. Men of all parties will be keenly interested in the fortunes of the Government under a variety of depressing circumstances. The recent by-elections, the unpopularity of the Insurance Act with a large section of the people, the postponement of the land campaign, and the prolonging of what the *Westminster Gazette* calls "the Marconi atmosphere," are all significant factors in the present political situation, and it will need all the virility and verve of the Government to weather this cape of storms. On the subject of the termination or otherwise of the Marconi enquiry Liberal organs are divided. While the *Westminster Gazette* urges a speedy closure of this "campaign of personalities," the *Nation* pleads that Sir Albert Spicer's draft report be not "cut and amended out of all recognition" by Liberal members, lest the whole business should "assume the air of a party 'hush-up' which would make matters very awkward for everybody concerned. This danger ought to be avoided at all costs."

A writer in the *Spectator* says some shrewd and pertinent things regarding the present panic caused by the tide of colonial emigration. While admitting the serious depletion of Scotland, he points out that a

very different condition applies to England, where we have an enormous increase in the urban populations. Whatever is true of Scotland, in England and Wales emigration has not yet overtaken the natural increase in the population. Taking London as a typical example, this writer points out that the population of Greater London has increased by close upon a million within ten years, and that it is still growing. Thus, in the week ending May 17th there were 2,347 births in Greater London, as against 1,596 deaths. This means that in spite of the alleged declining birth-rate, there is an excess of 750 births over deaths in Greater London alone, and the same is true of nearly all the large towns. It comes to this, therefore, that instead of fearing emigration, the question we have to face in England is how to deal with the tremendous growth of our urban population. The population of England and Wales has been increasing by leaps and bounds since the beginning of the nineteenth century, and the increase has never been greater than during the first decade of the twentieth century. The moral is, don't worry about emigration. There is land awaiting our people in Canada and Australia, and it is important that these dominions should be peopled by Britishers. By all means try and solve the problem of getting people to return to the untilled acres of England, but the fact remains that if every one of these acres were under cultivation by as many people as it could support, we should still fail to overtake the present growth of our urban population.

In view of the menace of an increasing White Slave Traffic, Chicago's experiment of a "Morals Court" will be followed with keen interest by humanitarians and social reformers all over the world. This court is to deal with "all cases that have to do with violations of the city ordinances regarding the social evil," and its special object is "to deal mercifully and helpfully with girls gone wrong." Its methods are to be "as scientific and humane as the average police-court methods are clumsy and brutal"; women are to be spared as far as possible the shame of public exposure, and women probation officers and physicians are attached to the court. American journals are loud in their commendation of this venture which, if it prove even a moderate success, will be the pioneer of similar movements all over the world. One paper, however, the *New World*, a Catholic newspaper, published in Chicago, is more than doubtful of the soundness of this experiment, and its strictures are worth quoting:

"It is all very well to say that the court is intended to 'give every one a chance'; to afford those who have fallen from the path of virtue another opportunity with a change in life, but this is scarcely to be obtained by blazoning to the world the names and the sins of the fallen or degraded, with pictures of the court flanked by sanctimonious individuals performing the work of moral regeneration. According to one of the printed accounts, a young girl who had been before the court for wayward conduct was 'sentenced' to be sent home, but the victim of the moral-court proceedings replied that the publicity given her case by the activities of the sociologist reformers, the proceedings of the court and the newspapers, made it impossible for her ever to enter her home again or rejoin the family. Is not this a case of the cure being worse than the disease? Are we not entering upon an era of too many public nostrums, too many quack 'reform' doctrinaires, too much smug notoriety-seeking and high-falutin in the administration of the law?"

These criticisms might be applied with advantage to that section of our community that believes in dealing with all social problems through the agency of inspectors retained to visit the homes of the poor and report upon them.

ENGLAND AND INDIA

A REPLY TO MR. HYNDMAN * * * BY W. S. LILLY

PART I.

I.

I HAVE just been reading Mr. Hyndman's paper, "The Coming Catastrophe in India," and, with the permission of the Editor of EVERYMAN, I should like to make a few remarks upon it. My object is to point out what is true and what is not true in Mr. Hyndman's statements. And my qualification for doing so is that I spent in India some of the best years of my life, in circumstances peculiarly favourable for studying all round—so to speak—the questions on which Mr. Hyndman touches; and that since I left the country, I have constantly kept myself in touch with the problems, legislative, administrative, and political, which have arisen there.

In Defence of the British Raj.

But before I proceed to the task to which I have set myself, I must take leave to deprecate the style in which Mr. Hyndman writes. He is too trenchant, nay, too vituperative, for fair discussion: too disdainful of facts, too wedded to theories; he is, in a word, too *doctrinaire*. Thus, he assures us that "the opinion concerning India, not only of Anglo-Indian officialdom, but even of such of the Press as still remains independent and untrusting"—this last word appears to be a contribution of Mr. Hyndman's to the English tongue—"is that all is for the best in the best of Empires possible." I have a considerable acquaintance among Indian officials, and I cannot call to mind one who holds that view, or anything like it, nor do I remember to have seen it expressed in any journal. Again, he tells us that India "for more than a hundred and fifty years has suffered from systematic and deliberate extortion from the poorest of its people." This language, if applied to the claims sometimes made by Mogul Emperors and by the more powerful of the Hindu dynasties, upon the industry of their subjects, might, perhaps, be defended. It is utterly indefensible regarding the taxation levied by the British Raj, which, according to the accepted theory, is the lord paramount or overlord of the soil. There is neither extortion nor anything even distantly resembling it. More than a hundred years ago the assessment was fixed permanently upon certain tracts of land. It is fixed periodically on the rest of British India, and, speaking generally, it represents half the letting value of the ground. It is absurd to speak of this as extortion. You might as well call it burglary. Once more, Mr. Hyndman avers that "India is governed on the worst State capitalist principles." I confess I do not know what "the worst State capitalist principles" are. But, as a matter of fact, the British Raj—with drawbacks of which I shall speak later on—has laboured persistently and successfully to promote the material prosperity of India. It is to England that India owes the greatest irrigation works the world has ever seen; and Sir William Lee Warner is well warranted when he writes in the *Citizen of India*, "There is no direction in which British enterprise and capital are not pushing their way in order to extend the manufactures of India, and thus to open up to its vast population new trades and industries." Lastly, Mr. Hyndman tells us that he regards our present rule in India as "one of the greatest crimes ever committed in all the long history of man's predations upon man." One really

rub's one's eyes as one reads this, and asks whether Mr. Hyndman has ever studied the annals of India. Certain it is that, for well nigh a thousand years prior to its conquest by the British, India was a perpetual battlefield. The eventual triumph of British arms brought to the country such unbroken peace as it had not known since the days immediately before the invasion of Alexander. And, with whatever ill success, here and there, it has been the constant aim of the British Raj to diffuse throughout the country the blessings of peace. The tranquillity and order and material prosperity which we have introduced into a country where we found chronic war and wrong and robbery endemic are a most just title to empire. We are the rulers of India by the right divine that we rule it best. But of this I shall have to speak later on.

The Curse of Free Trade

So much must suffice in correction of some of the things which Mr. Hyndman has said *in excessu suo*. I suppose he could not help saying them. His way of writing is always excessive. And that is a pity, for such absurd exaggerations as those which I have just noticed detract from the weight justly due to the more valuable portion of his article—the portion where he complains that, for political purposes, that is to say, for the ends and exigencies of our party system, Indian interests have been sacrificed to British. He asserts that "we have done all in our power to crush India's initiative, to destroy Indian culture, to stunt Indian agriculture and manufactures, and to drive away the wealth of the peninsula to Great Britain." Now, this indictment, though vitiated by Mr. Hyndman's habitual excess, contains a lamentable amount of truth. The arts and industries of India have suffered from the British connection, because its rulers have been more concerned with vote-mongering at home than with the interests of our great dependency. Within the memory of men still living, weaving was a prosperous occupation in India, and millions lived by it. That industry has been destroyed by the deluging of the country with cheap—or, rather, low-priced—and worthless Manchester goods made by machinery, and by the refusal of protection to the Indian weavers. The iron industry of the country has similarly suffered for the same reason. Indian cutlery, padlocks, swords, nails, and hooks are superseded by the far inferior work imported from England, duty free. The muslin of Dacca, the pottery of Sind, the silk brocade of Ahmedabad—splendid achievements of industrial art—have almost disappeared from the same cause. The curse of Free Trade, which lies so heavy on England, extends to India also. Again, there can be no question that Mr. Hyndman is right in calling attention to the impoverishment of India by the withdrawal of one-third of the net revenue "to pay interest, home charges, remittances, military depôts, etc., in Great Britain." It cannot be denied that this is a steady drain on the resources of the country. But it must be remembered that a large portion of it is necessitated to meet the interest on money invested by Englishmen in Indian railways guaranteed by Government, some of which are run at a loss. There have, however, been quite indefensible charges on the revenues of India. Such

—to give a flagrant instance—was the debiting to that country of a part of the cost of the Abyssinian war of 1867. The true principle, which ought to be unswervingly followed, has been well expressed by Sir Henry Brackenbury:—

“The foreign policy of India is directed entirely by Her Majesty's Government, and it is the part of British policy, generally, to secure Great Britain's rule over her Empire. If we desire to maintain British rule in India only for India's sake, then I think it would be fair to make India pay, to the uttermost farthing, everything that it could be shown was due to Britain's rule over India. But I cannot but feel that England's interest, or Britain's interest, in keeping India under British rule is enormous. India affords employment to thousands of Britons; India employs millions of English capital; and Indian commerce has been of immense value to Great Britain. Therefore, it seems to me that India, being held by Great Britain, not only for India's sake, but for Great Britain's sake, the latter should pay a share of the expenditure for this purpose.”

India for the Indians

And now let us consider the remedy which Mr. Hyndman advocates for the evils, real and imaginary, which he deplures. It is that we English should “retire peacefully from a position which we have neither the right nor power to maintain,” and should abandon India to the Indians. People who write in this way may truly be said to darken counsel by words without knowledge. They appear to suppose that “the Indians” are a homogeneous people, like the English or the French. As I have written elsewhere:—

“India for the Indians. What Indians? The word—which, by the way, is English, and has no Hindu equivalent—is in the highest degree vague. India is a vast tract of country—we may almost call it a continent. It is inhabited by well-nigh three hundred millions of people, speaking five hundred and thirty-nine different languages or dialects. Of these, nearly sixty millions are Mohammedans, on the whole a homogeneous community. The rest comprises various nationalities very widely differing in race, in religion, in customs, in traditions, in manners, in aspirations. They are united by no national feeling—how should such a feeling exist between Pathans and Tamulians, Sikhs and Burmese, Rajputs and Mahrattas? They care for nothing, as a rule, outside of their own family or caste. The great majority of them are Pagans—I use the word in no offensive sense, and for want of a better—of one kind or another. Some three millions—that appears to be the outside estimate—are Christians of sorts. And there are not quite a hundred thousand Parsis. To talk of the inhabitants of India as a nation is the greatest of absurdities. The various classes of the population have nothing in common, except, as in the case of Hindus and Mohammedans, hatred against one another. This is, of course, the natural, the inevitable, outcome of the history of India. The present of that country, as of all countries, is made and moulded of things past.”

Such are the people of India. Does the cry of “India for the Indians,” which Mr. Hyndman endorses, mean that the government of that country should be relinquished by the English and scrambled for by these jarring elements of the population? Of course it does not mean that. What it really does mean I will consider in a further article.

Competition on the Life and Work of the Woman Teacher

Owing to the very large response to our suggestion for this competition we have not yet been able to publish the result. An unusually large number of excellent papers have been received, and the process of selection has taken longer than anticipated. We hope, however, to publish the result before the end of the month.

HISTORIC CITIES OF THE WORLD

I.—PARIS . . . BY THE EDITOR

PART IV.*

I.

WE have examined in our three previous articles the nine central districts of Paris. The eleven remaining ones are the eccentric districts. As we are getting away from the centre of civilisation, poverty is gradually encroaching. It may be said that amongst those eleven districts, which occupy three-fourths of the area of Paris, only two are well-to-do, the Sixteenth Arrondissement and the west end of the Seventeenth. The Sixteenth includes the pleasant suburbs of Passy and Auteuil, between the Seine and the Bois du Boulogne, and contains no poverty spots. In the Seventeenth we have another instance of that interpenetration of wealth and poverty which we have observed elsewhere. Its western extremity is a quarter of luxurious mansions; the eastern quarter, or the Batignolles, contains such horrible slums as the Cité du Nord, in the Rue Boulay.

II.

Paris is not only the first harbour of France; she is also the most important industrial centre. Every one of the eccentric districts contains some important local industry: engineering and publishing works in the south-west; cabinet-making in the Faubourg St. Antoine; tanneries in the south-east. And, as one would expect in a three millioned-souled metropolis, every one of those industries is subject to cycles of prosperity and depression, to constant fluctuations of high and low wages. And those fluctuations necessarily mean casual labour and unemployment, and casual labour and unemployment necessarily mean destitution.

III.

Poverty, no doubt, does not assume in Paris the gigantic proportions which it does assume in London. It is not ubiquitous. It is not beyond redemption. You feel that it is partly accidental, and that charity and social effort might cope with it, and in no other city is charity so ingenious, so unremitting, so strenuous. There are hundreds of hospitals and homes and shelters and asylums and refuges. Still, the amount of poverty in Paris remains appalling. And the contrast between the Elysium in the Eighth Arrondissement and the Inferno of the Thirteenth and Twentieth districts is a disgrace to modern civilisation.

All the poor quarters of Paris present some common features: the café concert, the dancing hall, the brothel, the rookery, which, by some curious perversion of language, is called a Cité: the Cité Doré, Cité Jeanne d'Arc—a noble name for a most infamous slum! The horse-flesh butchers are a frequent appendage of poverty, and their presence is a safe indication of the state of destitution. The great horse-flesh market of Villejuif, in the Thirteenth, is also one of the most degrading parts of the Capital.

But the most infallible index to poverty is the quantity of dram-shops in any given neighbourhood. They have multiplied in recent years in alarming proportions, and it is even more difficult to check their growth in Paris than in London. For the mar-

* See our map of the arrondissements and population of Paris in No. 34.

chand de vin is the supreme electioneering agent, and is an even more formidable political power than the British publican. The licensed trade in drink has been a curse in Great Britain; Free Trade in drink has been no less a curse in France. It has transformed one of the most temperate nations in Europe into one of the most intemperate.

IV.

But although some common features are to be found in all the poor districts, it would be a mistake to suppose that a drab monotony is a characteristic of Parisian poverty. On the contrary, to the penetrating observer of social conditions, there is much greater variety in the poor quarters than in the wealthy. For it is a universal law of human nature that our capacity of diversifying our sufferings is much greater than our capacity of diversifying our enjoyments.

The quality and character of the prevailing poverty in each district are determined by the nature of the employment, and by the conditions of the neighbourhood. The neighbourhood of military barracks, like the Ecole Militaire, or of a great hospital, like the Salpêtrière and Sainte Anne, the banks of canals, like the Canal de la Villette, the low banks of the Seine, which are inundated each winter, as they are at Grenelle and Javel, the proximity of the large goods stations, of the slaughter-houses of La Villette, all have their special population. Again, the human groupings are totally different, according as the industries are skilled or unskilled, uplifting or demoralising, sedentary or nomadic. The metallurgists, the engineers, and the printers in the south-west of Paris are an *élite* of labourers, very different from the butchers of La Villette and the horseflesh dealers of the Porte d'Ivry, from the navvies and dockers of the Halle des Vins, and from the rag-pickers and tinkers of the Thirteenth Arrondissement.

V.

There are many plague-spots in the eccentric districts known to every social worker. There are slums in the neighbourhood of the Hôpital St. Louis (Tenth); there are some in the Charonne quarter (Eleventh); there are some in the Plaisance (Fourteenth). There are many rookeries in the Ile aux Singes at Javel (Fifteenth), in the Cité du Nord (Seventeenth), and in Montmartre, about the Rue Ordener (Eighteenth), and in Belleville (Nineteenth).

But of all the poverty-stricken areas of Paris, by far the worst are the Thirteenth and the Twentieth. Few tourists who visit the Thirteenth would suspect that those fine avenues, those hills and valleys, are the abode of sordid destitution and revolting vice. In the neighbourhood of the Place d'Italie, so called from the Italian models who inhabit this district, vice still presents some redeemable features, but in the horseflesh market of Villejuif, in the neighbourhood of the Rue Jeanne d'Arc, one meets some of the worst ruffians of the metropolis. And as for the Twentieth Arrondissement, it is as bad as the Thirteenth, and it is less picturesque and less interesting. There is nothing more melancholy and depressing in the whole of Paris than the miles of squalid streets which traverse this district from north to south. If the western extremity of the Twentieth, the cemetery of Père Lachaise, may be called the City of the Dead, the eastern part may well be called the City of Crime. For crime has its special and select haunts in the metropolis. And it has spread in recent years with appalling rapidity, partly owing to the cowardice and sentimentalism of the Parisian juries, partly owing to

the curse of drink, partly owing to the diffusion of that dangerous detective literature which glorifies the burglar and the murderer into a hero. And crime is more gregarious in Paris than elsewhere. It is also more endemic and epidemic. There are scores of streets which have a sinister reputation, which are well known to the police, where the criminal is comparatively immune as long as he does not emerge from his lair to strike terror into the world city.

VI.

If the Thirteenth and Twentieth Arrondissements are the most degraded of the poorer districts of Paris, the Eighteenth, or Montmartre, is by far the most interesting, the most varied. It is also the only one which may be said to have a history, for the "Mount of Mars" or the "Mount of Martyrs"—both etymologies may be accepted—is one of the most ancient parts of Paris, and already in the days of the Romans the hill of Montmartre was a strategic point of vantage. To-day the Mount of Martyrs has become one of the chosen centres of the Bohemian and of the pleasure seeker, a centre of music-halls, a gathering place of artists and men of letters, especially of those who have been failures. And, like so many other parts of Paris, Montmartre is a City of Contrasts. It is the City of the Unfortunate Female and of the "Moulin Rouge," but it is also the City of the "Sacré Cœur." Surely it is not one of the least perplexing ironies of recent French history that this licentious and libertine Republic of Bohemia should have been selected as the site of one of the most impressive Basilicas of Christendom. From the heights of Montmartre the "Sacré Cœur" seems to look down, in apparent impotence, yet sublimely defiant, on the City of Unbelief and Vice and Pleasure, as if the Roman Catholic Church were determined to render visible to all the world that duality which is one of the most striking characteristics of Paris, and as if she wanted to demonstrate that, in her view, Modern Babylon ought still to be considered as the religious Metropolis of the West.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF A NEW SERIES OF COMPETITIONS

It is one of the objects of EVERYMAN, expressed in the sub-title of the paper, to get at the facts of national life. We speak glibly of the classes and the masses, lumping them together as if they were abstract entities; but we know very little of the concrete conditions of life of those classes and those masses. One of the most urgent desiderata of social science is an accurate knowledge of those conditions, with their infinite variations in time and space, according to professions and surroundings.

With a view to furthering such knowledge, we offer a prize of Three Guineas each for the best contribution, not exceeding 2,000 words, on any one of the six following subjects:—

- | | |
|----------------------------|----------------------|
| 1. The Civil Servant. | 4. The Male Teacher. |
| 2. The Anglican Clergyman. | 5. The Compositor. |
| 3. The Foreign Missionary. | 6. The Miner. |

The papers should be descriptive rather than controversial, and we would recommend a division into paragraphs, with a view to inducing orderly sequence. We would also recommend a brief synopsis summing up the main points dealt with. It is desirable that the competitions be written from direct observation. The experience of a miner will be more welcome than a contribution by a politician who once in his life visited a coal-mine.

Entries should be clearly written, and preferably typewritten, should bear the number of the Competition, and should reach the

COMPETITION EDITOR, "EVERYMAN,"
21, Royal Terrace,
Edinburgh,

by July 1st. Other subjects will be announced later on

MARIE ANTOINETTE BEFORE THE REVOLUTION

* * *

BY CHARLES SAROLEA

MR. FRANCIS BICKLEY and Lady Younghusband have added two more volumes to the vast accumulated literature on Marie Antoinette.* The French Queen has inspired many a masterpiece, but no one would accord that distinction to these latest biographies. Of Mr. Bickley's little book, the less said the better. As for Lady Younghusband's book, it is uncritical, and makes no attempt to sift the evidence. It is clumsily composed, and makes no pretence of being a coherent narrative. Yet, with all its shortcomings, the volume is full of interesting matter, and the critic almost feels a pang of remorse for having to judge harshly a distinguished author who gives him the welcome opportunity of considering once more the strange and tragic fortunes of the most ill-fated of sovereigns.

I.

Marie Antoinette is not only a fascinating subject, she is also a perplexing historical problem. It seems almost impossible to reconcile the character which was given her in her lifetime with the portrait which has been drawn of her after her death. Whilst she ruled she was the best-hated woman of France: hated by the Court, hated by the upper classes, hated by the bourgeoisie, hated by the common people. She was made mainly responsible for most of the evils which befell a distracted country. Her martyrdom was sufficient to transform those almost universal feelings of hatred into almost equally unanimous feelings of sympathy, love, and admiration. She seems to have cast an incantation over every one of her historians. Carlyle becomes almost as rhetorical as Burke. Goncourt, most realistic and most cynical of French novelists, becomes a sentimental idealist as soon as he attempts to portray his heroine. M. de Nolhac, although he sees all her faults, condones them all. Mr. Hilaire Belloc is one of the few recent historians who has escaped the spell of the martyred Queen. He emphasises her failings, her frivolity, her pride, her selfishness, her indiscretion. But even he refuses to pronounce a verdict, even he pleads the extenuating circumstances of an inexorable destiny. And the "leitmotiv" of Belloc's striking monograph is simply this: Marie Antoinette's life was a succession of mysterious coincidences which fatally led her on to her doom.

II.

Born on All Souls' Day, 1755, on the day of the destruction of Lisbon, one of the great catastrophes of history, brought up strictly at the Court of Vienna by a stern mother, the Austrian princess was destined, almost from the cradle, for the most illustrious throne of Christendom. Her marriage was to seal for ever the alliance between France and Austria. It is true that the Habsburg dynasty had been for centuries the enemy of the Bourbon dynasty, but there had arisen since Louis XIV. another hereditary enemy far more odious and far more formidable than Austria, namely, England; England which had humiliated French armies in every part of the world; England which, by the treaty of Paris, had robbed France of her fairest dominions. It was against England that the new

alliance was directed. Marie Antoinette arrived in France at fourteen years of age, and was received with universal acclamation. But her very first entrance into Paris was the occasion of a ghastly tragedy. On the Place Louis XV., which was one day to become the Place de la Révolution, and where twenty-three years after the Queen was to ascend the scaffold, one hundred and thirty-two people were trampled to death, and twelve hundred were wounded.

When those tragic festivities came to an end, the child Marie Antoinette found herself transported without transition or preparation in a hotbed of corruption and intrigue. The grandfather of her husband, the sinister old voluptuary, Louis XV., took advantage of the nuptial celebrations to introduce to the Court the latest and most scandalous addition to his harem. The prostitute Du Barry was presented and given a place of honour, and when the innocent Austrian child inquired which was the high Court office to which the strange lady had been appointed, the answer was that her office was to "amuse" his Majesty.

The young girl soon learned the odious truth, and both her pride and her innocence revolted. She refused to recognise Madame Du Barry, and henceforth the whole cabal of the new favourite was up in arms against her. Morally, we must sympathise with the young Princess, but politically her behaviour was an irretrievable blunder. The enmity of the young mistress of the old King was to be the first link in the chain of fatality.

III.

The second link in the chain of fatality was the political wisdom of an imperious mother forcing itself on the loyalty and filial piety of her daughter.

For four years Marie Antoinette remained the Princess Royal of France, and both before her accession to the throne and after, she received the constant advice of Maria Theresa. The Austrian Empress sent to Paris the ablest of her diplomats, Count Mercy Argenteau, both as her own confidential agent and as counsellor to her daughter. Mercy Argenteau's correspondence with the mother and the daughter remains to this day the most important historical source and the most valuable human document for the biographer of Marie Antoinette. In any other circumstances the counsels of so capable a mother and of so trustworthy and so acute an adviser would have been an invaluable benefit, but, under the peculiar conditions in which Marie Antoinette was placed at the Court of France, those counsels proved to be one of the causes of her ruin. For the one idea of Maria Theresa was to promote the Austrian policy, which was soon found to be entirely disastrous, and which, as years went by, became more and more odious. What proved even more fatal, to further her purpose Maria Theresa persistently induced her daughter to enter the political arena, for which, by temperament, she was absolutely unfitted.

IV.

In 1774, at nineteen years of age, Marie Antoinette was crowned, or, to be more accurate, she ascended the throne. According to the strange anti-feminist French theory, a French Queen could not be crowned or "consecrated." The King alone was anointed

* "Marie Antoinette." By Francis Bickley. 5s. net. (London: T. N. Foulis.)

* "Marie Antoinette: Her Early Youth." By Lady Younghusband. 10s. 6d. (Macmillan).

with the sacred oil. The King alone was ruler by the grace of God, and the Queen was only his consort.

The whole French nation was eagerly expecting an heir to continue the most august and most ancient dynasty of Europe. The young Queen herself was yearning for the child which was to satisfy her maternal instinct, and which was to consolidate her position in her adoptive country and bring to her the affections of the French people. It was soon discovered that Louis XVI. could not make her a mother.

Even the most superficial study of Marie Antoinette's character proves that this circumstance was largely responsible for her subsequent conduct. If from the first Marie Antoinette could have had children, she would probably have become an excellent mother, she would have revealed the domestic virtues characteristic of her race, and she would certainly have avoided the follies which disgraced her early years. As it was, not being absorbed by her maternal duties, and seeking an outlet for her superabundant vitality, she plunged into a vortex of amusements, disregarding every convention and etiquette, flirting with her brother-in-law, Count d'Artois, a notorious debauchee, appearing in the disguise of a domino at promiscuous dances, holding up her husband as a butt to public ridicule, and assisting to discredit the monarchy by her reckless behaviour. Fate would not allow her to become a mother. She became instead a Queen of Fashion, a Queen of the Ballroom, a Queen of Cards, and, in the words of her own brother, Emperor Joseph II., she transformed the palace of Versailles into a gambling den.

V.

It was soon discovered that the intervention of science might remove the impediment which prevented Louis XVI. from having children. He submitted to an operation, and on December 19th, 1778, Marie Antoinette had her first child. At once she decided to reform her ways. It was observed that the frivolous, vain, reckless pleasure-seeker had become an exemplary mother. But, alas! reform had come too late. The Queen had irretrievably alienated the sympathies of all classes of the population. Moreover, the reform did not last.

All the old failings of her character soon reappeared on the surface. She became more extravagant than ever. In spite of the desperate state of the national finances, she induced her husband to buy for her the palace of Saint Cloud. She extended the Trianon. She prided herself more than ever on being the queen of fashion, the arbiter of elegance, and in starting the most ridiculous vagaries in dress. She paid a thousand francs for a feather. The expenditure for her wardrobe increased from 120,000 francs in 1776 to 252,000 francs in 1785.

She played parts with incredible unconsciousness in a revolutionary comedy, like "The Mariage de Figaro," which aimed at undermining the Old Régime. Worst of all, she espoused more indiscreetly than ever the interests of Austrian policy, and she caused millions of French money to be sent as an indemnity to the Austrian capital.

About 1785 her unpopularity had reached a climax. A sensational and scandalous trial, probably the most important political trial of all European modern history, was to bring that unpopularity to a final test. The Diamond Necklace Case was to be the last link in the chain of fatality, before the final catastrophe of the French Revolution.

VI.

For more than a hundred years publicists and historians all over Europe have been busy devising a solution of the diamond necklace mystery, and trying to disentangle the conflicting mass of evidence. Recent investigations have illumined most of its dark places. Divested of minor side issues, the Diamond Necklace Case to-day appears very simple, as simple as a classical drama in which all the unities are observed, and where we have mainly to deal with the elemental passions of man.

The dramatis personæ are an adventuress and a jeweller, a cardinal and a queen. The adventuress, the Countess de la Motte, is the prime mover in the plot, and she engineers the whole intrigue with diabolical cleverness. The Jew Boehmer, the Cardinal de Rohan, and Marie Antoinette are but tools in her hands. The plot can be summed up in a few lines. On the one hand, the Hebrew jeweller wants to sell a diamond necklace of priceless value. On the other hand, the adventuress wants to appropriate the wonderful prize. It is obvious that, left to her own devices, the Countess de la Motte could never have got possession of the necklace. She could only secure it through the influence of Cardinal de Rohan, who alone could inspire sufficient confidence in the jeweller, and induce him to part with his treasure. She therefore persuaded the Cardinal that Marie Antoinette eagerly wanted the necklace, that she dared not buy it openly for fear of public opinion, that she would be grateful if the Cardinal were discreetly to negotiate the purchase, and that this would be the best means of recovering the good graces of the Queen.

The plot succeeds, the Cardinal falls an easy prey, and buys the necklace on behalf of the Queen. The necklace is transferred to Countess de la Motte, and disposed of in London by her accomplice. The theft is discovered, and the jeweller, pressing for payment, reveals that an adventuress, surrounded by a band of malefactors, has used the name, impersonated the character, and forged the handwriting of the Queen of France. Louis XVI., in an evil hour, and in an impulse of righteous indignation, decides to avenge the honour of the Queen and the majesty of the throne. The Cardinal is arrested and is brought to trial before the High Court of Parliament. The whole nation takes sides, but it takes sides against Marie Antoinette. The Parliament uses an unique opportunity of humiliating the monarchy. The Church is determined to defend the privileges of the ecclesiastical order. The higher nobility consider it their duty to defend one of their own class. The trial lasts three hundred days, and for three hundred days the Court, the Church, the nobility are dragged in the mud. The adventuress is condemned, but her credulous victim is acquitted. The acquittal of the Cardinal is the condemnation of the Queen.

It has been well said that the diamond necklace trial sounded the knell of the old monarchy, that it was the beginning of the French Revolution. And it is now easy to see, in the light of later events, that when the catastrophe did come, Marie Antoinette was bound to be the first victim. The very weakness of her husband and her strength of will were to be turned against her. As it was obvious to all that Louis XVI. was but an instrument in her hands, she alone was to be held accountable for all the calamities which befell the monarchy and the nation, she alone was to be made responsible for the opposition to the Revolution, and the armed intervention of Europe.

SIR J. M. BARRIE, BART. * * BY E. HERMANN

I.

A CASUAL onlooker who, like most onlookers, saw least of the game, watched Sir J. M. Barrie take his LL.D. degree, and came back to his friends with a fearfully and wonderfully made report. He described the great writer correctly enough as a very small, slight, frail-looking man with a very large head, sad eyes, and the general expression and demeanour of one who had resigned himself to a chronic state of convalescence. Having laid this fairly sound foundation, he went on to say that it was quite clear and patent to all who had eyes in their head that J. M. Barrie lived in a state of perpetual boredom, that the mere act of existing was a fag to him, that he honestly believed he would die if he ventured upon anything resembling conversation, and that he had an air of passing through the world as a fastidious young lady might pick her way over a muddy crossing. Above all else, J. M. Barrie was lackadaisical: no single word fitted him better than that.

Now, as a matter of fact, no word of any kind could be more wildly inappropriate than just that word *lackadaisical*. The first look at the still and weary face might suggest some degree of indifference to life: a second look will invariably convince him who can be convinced that a very strenuous and keen-edged spirit lives behind those quiet, brooding eyes. The impression is that of a man whose inner life is vigorous and profound, glorious with adventure, and brilliant with a thousand reverberating lights of the imagination. One has a sense of a strong, resolute soul, of passionate interests and of piercing vision. Those mournful eyes take a keen hold of what they see. They have seen much and forgotten nothing. One admits that he takes things very quietly, says little, and appears to care even less; but that is how men who live in his deep-going fashion take all but the biggest things of life.

II.

J. M. Barrie is, one imagines, good company. A man who can smoke without addressing you or even looking at you for hours together is fine company for many moods, and the author of "A Window in Thrums" is a grand man to be silent with. But that means that when he talks it's the kind of simple but significant talk that is quite unquotable and yet clings to the memory; and those who have known him as a talker bear that out. I maintain that he is, above all things, a man to see a cricket match with,—but I withdraw that assertion, for he who goes to a cricket match with J. M. will, unless he be dead of soul indeed, see very little of the game and very much of J. M. Barrie. I once was close to him in a particularly interesting match. He had come by train with the rest of the crowd, toiled up from the station with them, the most inconspicuous figure in that dusty multitude—lain down on the grass, and lost himself in the game. I watched him all unbeknown to himself. He did not smoke, he did not address a single remark to his companion, to the best of my knowledge. He betrayed no excitement, though the game was unusually exciting, and stolid men were yelling themselves hoarse. He simply lay and watched, with the soul of a true cricket-lover in his eyes; lay motionless, yet thrilled to the quick. I watched the play of that still face, and when the match was over I could give no rational account of it. I had been dimly aware of chaps in flannels running about—that was all. J. M. Barrie used

to be an excellent player in his time, and, in spite of his absorbed silence at this particular match, one fancies cricket is one of the few things that would loosen his tongue, and that on such occasions his talk would be uncommonly good.

III.

J. M. Barrie was born at Kirriemuir in 1860. His mother was an Ogilvy, steeped in "Auld Licht" traditions, and it was from her lips he first heard the tales and chronicles that were the stuff his "kailyard" books were made of. From Kirriemuir he went for his later education to the Dumfries Academy, and in Dumfries he often saw Thomas Carlyle, whose sister, Mrs. Aitken, was living in the town. Indeed, one is not likely to go far wrong in saying that Carlyle was the one abiding memory of Dumfries for him. Like most boys destined to become "literary gents," he did not greatly distinguish himself in class. His bent soon showed itself, however, and he contributed accounts of school cricket matches to local papers, and even ventured upon a letter signed "Paterfamilias," in which he advocated longer holidays for schoolboys. At eighteen he went up to Edinburgh University, where he came under the spell of David Masson and Alexander Campbell Fraser. Of the former he wrote in "An Edinburgh Eleven": "There are men who are good to think of, and as a rule we know them only by their books, and something of our pride in life would go with their fall. To have one such professor at a time is the most a University can hope of human nature." "An Edinburgh Eleven" is one of the books that are good to read, because it is wrought out of a joyous appreciation of happy days. Uneventful days they were, as most happy times must needs be uneventful. "Happy are the people that have no history."

IV.

While at the 'Varsity Barrie had written nothing, if one excepts a certain amount of reviewing for the *Courant*, now defunct, and at the time edited by a townsman of his, Mr. W. R. Lawson. After graduating M.A. in 1882, he waited on, gathering material for a book upon the Elizabethan satirists, until he happened upon an advertisement for a leader-writer at a salary of three guineas a week. The paper in question was the *Nottingham Journal*, and eventually he accepted the appointment, and put in three humdrum, hard-working years at Nottingham. He was given a free hand as to choice of subject, and wrote not only leaders, but all manner of articles, grave and gay, finding all the excitement and recreation he needed in the variety of his work. In 1884 an article of his was accepted by Mr. Greenwood for the *St. James's Gazette*, and in the following year Barrie left Nottingham and came up to London. Between that time and 1887 he wrote a good deal, but remained anonymous and unknown until 1887, when Sir (then Dr.) W. Robertson Nicoll induced him to write a series of sketches for the *British Weekly*. These appeared over the name of "Gavin Ogilvy," and created a great deal of attention. Very soon the author's real name became public property, and Barrie had his foot firmly on the ladder of fame. "Better Dead," a satire on London life, was published in the same year, and 1888 saw "Auld Licht Idylls," which the first publisher to whom it was submitted rejected, on the ground that it would never be a success. It proved an immediate and a steadily increasing success; but it

was with "A Window in Thrums," published in the following year, that Barrie finally "arrived." Staid and sober judges praised it in the most superlative terms. Jaded novel-readers devoured it, and many a man who sat down, at first describing it as "quaint" and "so Scotch, don't you know," finished it with a sense of having, in the midst of the sordid disillusionments of modern life, touched once again the ivory gates and golden. The author became one of the literary personalities of London, and was widely paragraphed, in proportion as his steadfast reticence gave the paragraphist's imagination free play. Restrained, self-contained, disconcertingly taciturn, he stimulated the curiosity of the literary lion-hunters, who pretended to be delighted with his gift for silence, and to find evidences of genius in his complete conventionality of manner and speech.

V.

We say, with good reason, that we have become tired of the "kailyard" school of Scottish fiction. But if Barrie were once again to take us back to Thrums, who would not delight to go with him? For the reader with a soul, "A Window in Thrums" will always remain one of those books which one re-reads every year or so, and about which one feels inclined to say less from year to year. It takes one into a simple, kindly, humorous, human world of Scottish country folk—a world full of little narrownesses, obstinacies, prejudices, feuds, and foibles, but a world in which fame, money, self-gratification, and the thousand other idols of the market-place count for nothing, or little, and in which conscience, truth, faithfulness, friendship, love, and God count for everything. The folk that come and go about Jess's window may be limited in their outlook and obtuse in some of their perceptions, but they know pain when they see it; they are at home in the deep place where sin and forgiveness meet; above all, they are sensitive to the Unseen. And in this book they are convincingly alive, and we feel their impact upon us. And there comes upon one the silence that is bred of first-hand contact with the deep sanctities of life.

VI.

Already in the "kailyard" books there emerges a hint of that inborn sense of dramatic values which made Barrie such a consummate playwright in after days. This dramatic sense is to me the only blot upon even the "Window in Thrums." One feels at certain points—not often, but here and there—that the author has got outside of his characters and is stage-managing them. There is yet another flaw—a latent trend towards deliberate exploitation of sentiment—which breaks the enchantment of immediacy. "My God!" says one of his characters in a fit of self-analysis. "I could write an article on my mother's coffin." It was with a strange stab of pain that the true lovers of J. M. Barrie hailed his "Margaret Ogilvy," a book whose many beauties cannot compensate for its betrayal of some of the most sacred, *tacenda* of life. Yet one's prejudice—is it merely a prejudice?—against the breaking of reticence cannot blind one to the force of certain unforgettable passages in that revealing book—passages which have no exact parallel in recent literature. Here is the most poignant and haunting of them:—

"My sister, who was then passing out of her teens, came to me with a very anxious face, and wringing her hands, and she told me to go ben to my mother and say to her that she still had another boy. I went ben excitedly, but the room was dark, and when I heard the door shut and no sound come from the bed, I was afraid and I stood still. I suppose I was breathing hard, or

perhaps I was crying; for after a time I heard a listless voice that had never been listless before say, 'Is that you?' I think it hurt me, for I made no answer, and then the voice said more anxiously, 'Is that you?' again. I thought it was the dead boy she was speaking to, and I said in a little lonely voice, 'No, it's no him; it's just me.' Then I heard a cry and my mother turned in her bed, and though it was dark I knew she was holding out her arms."

VII.

Sir J. M. Barrie's first dramatic venture in conjunction with Mr. Marriott Watson—a heavy romantic drama introducing historical personages—was foredoomed to failure. Only a few weeks later, however, he succeeded moderately with the skit, "Ibsen's Ghost," and not long after "Walker, London," took the play-going public by storm. "The Professor's Love Story" maintained the success, and would have been still better had the element of farce been omitted—a spasmodic inclination towards farce is one of Barrie's few dramatic vices. The announcement of "The Little Minister" filled competent judges with apprehension. Nothing is easier than to turn a good novel into a bad play, and dramatisations of novels are proverbially unsuccessful. "The Little Minister" was a brilliant exception, however. With inerrant instinct the story was altered to suit dramatic requirements, and the result was a live play in which every character told and every phrase was an integral part of the whole. The minor characters were delightfully individualised—Barrie is a miniaturist *par excellence*—without overshadowing the leading figures, and the whole was a masterpiece of technical craftsmanship.

VIII.

But Sir J. M. Barrie will remain to most of us the creator of Peter Pan. Which of us has ever felt quite the same since Peter Pan came floating in at our window and took us to the Never-Never land, which we had dreamt of all our lives, but never hoped to reach? We thought we had outgrown pirates (idiotic delusion!), but when we were introduced to the pirates of "Peter Pan" we knew we hadn't grown into them yet. We may toil all day long at some horribly useless and uninteresting occupation in the city, but every now and then of an evening we go with Peter, and are taught fairy philosophy, and pluck handfuls of moonshine, and are at home among the leaping fish and nesting birds. We have somehow slipped through the stile of time and into the magic mind of childhood, and all because J. M. Barrie wouldn't, or couldn't, grow up. Strange to say, his shyness makes him awkward with children. Yet there is a likely tale of how he once broke through his reserve and found his way into the hearts of a couple of boys, and how, after a while, he asked them what they meant to be when they were men, and they told him, adding, "And what do *you* mean to be?" Who was it said that R. L. S. wrote as a man for boys, and Barrie writes as a boy for men? True enough it is. Stevenson may have been a cheerier soul than Barrie will ever be, yet to the latter belongs the enviable happiness of *not* being able to sing a dirge to "the lad that is gone." He must have had his soberings and disillusionments. What man who first saw life through a window in Thrums could come up to London, and to Fleet Street, without suffering sharp and bitter disillusionments? Yet somehow—one likes to think it was Thrums and Margaret Ogilvy that did it—he remained the eternal boy who gave us Peter Pan. But not a few of us remember Thrums, and wish him back there long before the gloaming that brings all things home.

EVERYMAN'S FRENCH PAGE

MAXIMILIEN ROBESPIERRE.

DANS l'ombre encore, et derrière les chefs de l'Assemblée nationale, un homme, presque inconnu, commençait à se mouvoir, agité d'une pensée inquiète qui semblait lui interdire le silence et le repos; il tentait en toute occasion la parole, et s'attaquait indifféremment à tous les orateurs, même à Mirabeau. Humilié par les sarcasmes, étouffé par les murmures, désavoué par tous les partis, disparaissant entre les grands athlètes qui fixaient l'attention publique, il était sans cesse vaincu, jamais lassé. On eût dit qu'un génie intime et prophétique lui révélait d'avance la vanité de tous ces talents, la toute-puissance de la volonté et de la patience, et qu'une voix entendue de lui seul lui disait dans l'âme, "Ces hommes qui te méprisent t'appartiennent; tous les détours de cette Révolution qui ne veut pas te voir viendront aboutir à toi, car tu t'es placé sur sa route comme l'inévitable excès auquel aboutit toute impulsion!" Cet homme, c'était Robespierre.

Il y a des abîmes qu'on n'ose pas sonder et des caractères qu'on ne veut pas approfondir, de peur d'y trouver trop de ténèbres et trop d'horreur; mais l'histoire, qui a l'œil impassible du temps, ne doit pas s'arrêter à ces terreurs, elle doit comprendre ce qu'elle se charge de raconter.

Maximilien Robespierre était né à Arras d'une famille pauvre, honnête et respectée; son père, mort en Allemagne, était d'origine anglaise. Cela explique ce qu'il y avait de puritain dans cette nature. L'évêque d'Arras avait fait les frais de son éducation. Le jeune Maximilien s'était distingué, au sortir du collège, par une vie studieuse et par des mœurs austères. Les lettres et le barreau partageaient son temps. La philosophie de Jean-Jacques Rousseau avait pénétré profondément son intelligence; cette philosophie, en tombant dans une volonté active, n'était pas restée une lettre morte; elle était devenue en lui un dogme, une foi, un fanatisme. Dans l'âme forte d'un sectaire toute conviction devient secte. Robespierre était le Luther de la politique; il couvait dans l'obscurité la pensée confuse de la rénovation du monde social et du monde religieux, comme un rêve qui obsédait inutilement sa jeunesse, quand la Révolution vint lui offrir ce que la destinée offre toujours à ceux qui épient sa marche, l'occasion. Il la saisit. Il fut nommé député du tiers aux états-généraux. Seul peut-être de tous ces hommes qui ouvraient à Versailles la première scène de ce drame immense, il entrevoyait le dénouement. Comme l'âme humaine, dont les philosophes ignorent le siège dans le corps humain, la pensée de tout un peuple repose quelquefois dans l'individu le plus ignoré d'une vaste foule. Il ne faut mépriser personne. Robespierre n'avait rien, ni dans la naissance, ni dans le génie, ni dans l'extérieur, qui le désignât à l'attention des hommes. Aucun éclat n'était sorti de lui, son pâle talent n'avait rayonné que dans le barreau ou dans les académies de sa province; quelques discours verbeux, remplis d'une philosophie sans muscles et presque pastorale, quelques poésies froides et affectées avaient inutilement affiché son nom dans l'insignifiance des recueils littéraires du temps; il était plus qu'inconnu, il était médiocre et dédaigné. Ses traits n'avaient rien de ce qui fait arrêter le regard quand il flotte sur une grande assemblée; rien n'était écrit en caractères physiques sur cette puissance tout intérieure: il était le dernier mot de la Révolution, mais personne ne pouvait le lire.

MAXIMILIEN ROBESPIERRE.

STILL in the shade, and behind the leaders of the National Assembly, a man almost unknown began to move, agitated by uneasy thoughts, which seemed to forbid him to be silent and quiet; he spoke on all occasions, and attacked all speakers indifferently, including Mirabeau himself. Humiliated by sarcasm, silenced by murmurs, disowned by all parties, lost amongst the eminent champions who fixed public attention, he was incessantly beaten, but never dispirited. It would seem as if an inward and prophetic genius revealed to him the vanity of all talent, and the omnipotence of a firm will and unwearied patience, and that a voice said to him, "These men who despise thee are thine; stages of this Revolution which now will not deign to look upon thee will eventually terminate in thee, for thou hast placed thyself in the way like the inevitable excess, in which all impulse ends." That man was Robespierre.

There are abysses that we dare not sound, and characters we desire not to fathom, for fear of finding in them too many shadows and too much horror; but history, which has the unflinching eye of time, must not be chilled by these terrors; she must understand whilst she undertakes to recount.

Maximilien Robespierre was born at Arras, of a poor but honest and respectable family; his father, who died in Germany, was of English origin. This may explain the shade of Puritanism in his character. The Bishop of Arras defrayed the cost of his education. On leaving college young Maximilien distinguished himself by a studious life and austere manners. Literature and the Bar divided his time. The philosophy of Jean Jacques Rousseau penetrated deeply into his mind; that philosophy, falling upon an active imagination, did not remain a dead letter; it became in him a dogma, a faith, a fanaticism. In the strong mind of a sectarian all conviction produces a sect. Robespierre was the Luther of politics, and in obscurity he brooded over the confused thoughts of a renovation of the social world and the religious world as a dream which unavailingly beset his youth, when the Revolution came to offer him what destiny always offers to those who watch her progress, opportunity. He seized it. He was named deputy of the third estate in the States-General. Alone, perhaps, among all these men who opened at Versailles the first scene of this vast drama, he foresaw the termination; like the soul, whose seat in the human frame philosophers have failed to discover, the thought of an entire people sometimes concentrates itself in the individual the least known in a vast crowd. We should despise no man. Robespierre had nothing—neither birth, nor genius, nor appearance—which drew men's attention to him. There was nothing conspicuous about him; his limited talent had only shone at the Bar or in provincial academies; a few verbose harangues, filled with a tame and almost rustic philosophy, some fragments of cold and affected poetry, had vainly displayed his name in the insignificance of the literary productions of the day: he was more than unknown, he was mediocre and contemned. There was no sign in visible characters of this power which was all within; he was the last word of the Revolution, but no one could read it.

MASTERPIECE FOR THE WEEK

GEORGE ELIOT'S "ADAM BEDE"*

It has been said that the genius of George Eliot found most complete expression in "Middlemarch," and that, as a whole, the level of its achievement is better sustained than in any of her other works must be conceded. The variety of types, the swift characterisation, the unerring psychology of the men and women who throng its pages, is unequalled throughout her novels. There is, however, in "Adam Bede" a simplicity, an intimate and appealing charm, that brings the story home to us more closely than the more brilliant novel. No one has portrayed village life, village gossip, more convincingly than George Eliot. She belongs to that school of romance that, not content with the psychology of one type, the dissection of motive, the analysis of cause and effect, includes within its scope a number and variety of men and women each with their own drama, their own ambitions and disappointments.

Hetty Sorrel stands as the type for young femininity, as yet unversed in womanly wiles, vain with a child's vanity, greedy of pleasure, but greedy also to win the good opinions of her fellows, and for that reason possessed of an attraction that, taken in conjunction with her beauty, wins her the suffrages of the many readers who have followed her story, and whose hearts have ached for her pitiful fate.

Arthur is a conventional study, with little moral fibre, and more than his share of masculine vanity. He only once rises to a certain height of strength, where he fights Adam in the wood, after the latter has discovered his entanglement with Hetty. Here, again, George Eliot is supremely right. Arthur is an everyday sort of person, with a certain loveliness about him, an apparent sympathy, a surface good nature that makes him shrink from giving pain to others or inflicting it on himself. Dislike of unpleasant things is the secret of his undoing: he dreaded hurting Hetty and himself in the inevitable explanation that must have followed on the announcement that he regarded the "incident as closed," and in characteristic fashion slipped off in secret to Ireland—beyond the reach of poor Hetty and her woe. And as inevitably happens to the man who shirks facts through fear of pain—either to himself or others—the result was the infliction of tenfold greater agony on those he desired to spare.

Mrs. Poyser, with her caustic wit and genial contempt for the male sex, is one of the most perfect studies of the author. Her stinging criticism of the man who, like the cock, thought the sun got up to hear him crow, is unequalled for pungency of humour, and her general attitude to the men folk of the farm is a perpetual joy. She is an excellent foil to Adam's mother, a woman of the Gummidge type, who is never so liappy as when she is miserable.

But, clever as are the portraits of the village folk, they may serve to focus the interest in the frail figure of the heroine. Almost alone among women novelists, George Eliot paints a girl who, innocent and virginal, yields to the attraction of sex; Hetty, without question or hesitation, confides herself to the hands of Arthur, the local squire, and the suggestion of overwhelming love or passion is not urged in her behalf. Accustomed to an admiration seasoned only by Mrs. Poyser's caustic comments, it is small wonder that she thinks

herself a fitting mate for the first man of a different social caste with whom she comes in contact. Adam Bede, the village carpenter, has worshipped her from a child, seasoning his devotion with a certain grave criticism of her kittenish delight in her own grace. He is a fine type of a race now rapidly passing into extinction. The peasant in the days of which George Eliot writes was not faced with the problems that confront the dweller in our villages to-day. But, making full allowance for his admirable qualities, one understands just how he failed to capture Hetty's heart. It was not entirely the fact that Arthur was a gentleman that outweighed Adam in her eyes. There was a lack of spontaneity in the village carpenter. He had none of the exuberance of youth, was prone to look upon Hetty's sudden and unexpected moods of joy and ecstasies of delight in simple things as a symptom of a dislike for graver matters that might develop into an attitude of light-mindedness!

Take this picture of the poor, pretty little girl, who, fearful of being discovered in the act of admiring her fresh young beauty, carefully locks the door before she permits herself the delight of dressing up, a delight common to all young things, and harmless, as is all healthy human vanity.

"She was going to let down her hair and make herself look like that picture of a lady in Miss Lydia Donnithorne's dressing-room. It was soon done, and the dark, hyacinthine curves fell on her neck. It was not heavy, massive, merely rippling hair, but soft and silken, running at every opportunity into delicate rings; . . . even the old mottled glass couldn't help sending back a lovely image, none the less lovely because Hetty's stays were not of white satin—such as, I feel sure, heroines must generally wear—but of a dark greenish cotton texture."

There was a special reason that night why Hetty found an added pleasure in her beauty. Arthur Donnithorne had met her for the first time since she emerged from childhood, and the admiration that his eyes had expressed at their meeting had grown into a stronger feeling, until, yielding to the irresistible witchery of her womanhood, he had lost his head and passionately kissed her.

"Hetty looked at herself to-night with quite a different sensation from what she had ever felt before; there was an invisible spectator, whose eye rested on her like morning on the flowers. His soft voice was saying over and over again those pretty things she had heard in the woods; his arms round her, and the delicate rose-scent of his hair was with her still; . . . the vainest woman is never thoroughly conscious of her own beauty till she is loved by the man who sets her own passion vibrating in return."

To this pretty creature sunning herself like a bird in the radiance of her charms comes Dinah, the good woman of the piece. I often wonder whether George Eliot realised how painfully unprepossessing this young woman appears. It has always seemed to me that she lavished on the woman Methodist preacher a vain wealth of care in endeavouring to imbue her with that passionate instinct for religious devotion that before now has moved men to perform miracles. But not even the genius of George Eliot could, I think, make Dinah a living and pulsating being. She appears as a priggish, cold-blooded abstraction, pour-

* Everyman's Library, 1s. net.

ing on Hetty's warm vitality a cold stream of platitudes that must, one feels, have turned the young girl's heart to stone.

The contrast between the two women is one that I do not think the author realised. Dinah at the best commands respect; Hetty captures our love, and through all her weakness and her folly, her childish caprice and ingratitude, the love remains.

Never has the poignancy of a situation, tragic as any in the history of human nature, been more graphically portrayed. Hetty is faced with the knowledge that she is about to have a child. Arthur, with the easy repentance of his type, has decided it would be better and fairer to the girl if he saw no more of her. He departs to Ireland ignorant of the fact, and the girl, who has grown to regard him as the one thing in life, finds herself left desolate and afraid. Impossible to confide in her aunt. Mrs. Poyser, most inimitable of women, would have handled her in stringent fashion; to Adam, her lifelong worshipper, she dare not turn, and Dinah has never succeeded in gaining her confidence. With the stubborn resolution of all weak, hunted things, Hetty leaves her home. It has been urged that so frail a thing as she could never have borne the burden of her secret, that she must have confided in someone more capable of endurance than herself; but in this George Eliot seems to me to have shown marvellous insight into feminine psychology. Weak things are always secretive, and the capacity for silence shown by a young girl left without resource and literally with her back to the wall has more than once been exemplified in the annals of our courts. She was so sure of Adam's love that she might have been excused had she turned to him for consolation, and that she resisted the temptation must be counted to her favour in the welter of suffering that followed.

In an exquisite description of Adam and Hetty in the fruit gardens, George Eliot gives us a passage keyed to an emotional intensity that stirs one to the keenest remembrance. The author is a magician that opens the doors of memory and revivifies emotions long hidden, experiences almost extinct.

"He could glance at her continually as she bent over the fruit, while the level evening sunbeams stole through the thick apple-tree boughs, and rested on her round cheek and neck as if they, too, were in love with her. It was to Adam the time that a man can least forget in after life—the time when he believes that the first woman he has ever loved betrays by a slight something—a word, a tone, a glance, the quivering of an eye or an eyelid—that she is at least beginning to love him in return."

Adam never forgot that hour. One feels that in his after life, when Dinah, fulfilling the secret hopes of her soul, had married him, the vision of Hetty standing in the sunshine, while the green boughs waved above her head, framing the rose-flushed, exquisite face, must at times have blotted out the white-capped head of his wife, and that the swift smile of his love must have emphasised "the mud-grey eyes" of the Methodist preacher.

Hetty's wanderings, the desolation which engulfed her, the madness of despair that shut out the acuteness of her physical sufferings, is painted in colours that can never fade. Hunted from place to place, conscious of curious eyes that noted the difference in the poor slender figure, incapable of framing a credible story that would account for her condition, Hetty gives birth to a child. The extremity of her suffering, without help or human aid, blots out all moral consciousness, and, unable to combat with the blows of Fate, she smothers the little creature in

a wood. The author treats the situation in simple, frank fashion. She does not portray a heroine of rare fidelity of soul or nobility of character, who, unsuspecting and trustful, is betrayed and abandoned. Hetty has no great qualities of mind, no marked generosity of impulse. She is a type one meets and recognises every day; a type that in favourable circumstances would develop into a satisfactory mother and complacent wife, but who in the crisis of her fate is not strong enough to suffer. It is the humanness of the story that grips the reader; a weak girl with all the forces of the world, *her* world, arrayed against her, not a helping hand held out, Hetty's pilgrimage might well be the tale of many another as young, as helpless as she, to whom in the day of their darkest anguish the heavens were as brass, and the whole world an ache and a reproach.

One wishes George Eliot, in the prison scene between Dinah and Hetty, after the latter is arrested, had sunk the instinct of the preacher to capture a lost soul, in the compassion of one woman for another in her blackest hour. Hetty breaks down, and in broken language confesses the truth, and describes how she hid the baby in a hole under a nut tree and covered it with grass and chips; but that the mother instinct that had been so cruelly tortured led her back. "I knew the way to the place, . . . the place against the nut tree; and I could hear it cry at every step. . . . I thought it was alive. . . . I don't know whether I was frightened or glad. . . . I don't know what I felt. I only know I was in the wood and heard the cry. I don't know what I felt till I saw the baby was gone; . . . my heart went like a stone: I couldn't wish or try for anything; it seemed like I should stay there for ever, and nothing 'ud ever change. But they came and took me away."

It has always seemed to me that with Hetty's confession the story ends. The poor little butterfly, hopelessly broken on life's wheel, brings the curtain down upon the tragedy with her shuddering appeal. All that follows—the melodrama of the trial, Arthur's frantic and inartistic arrival with a reprieve, Hetty's transportation and ultimate death—seems to me vague and unreal. The most poignant note is struck in the poor child's broken plea:

"Dinah, do you think God will take away that cry and the place in the wood? . . ."

So real, so vivid is the tragic figure that one re-echoes the prayer, with tears in the eyes, and a break at the heart.

MARGARET HAMILTON.

THE TEN MOST POPULAR ARTICLES IN "EVERYMAN"

WE propose opening a Referendum upon the ten most popular articles which have appeared in the first twenty-six numbers of EVERYMAN. Readers are invited to send in a list of the ten articles which have been of the greatest interest to them, placing them in what they regard as their order of merit, and we offer two prizes of £2 and £1 respectively for the two lists corresponding most closely to the ten articles receiving the largest number of votes from our readers. Lists, marked "EVERYMAN Referendum," should reach the Competition Editor, 21, Royal Terrace, Edinburgh, by July 1st.

Vol. I. of EVERYMAN, handsomely bound in cloth, price 3s. 6d., carriage paid 4s., will be forwarded on application to the EVERYMAN Publishing Department, Aldine House, Bedford Street, W.C. Cases for binding can also be obtained at 1s. 6d. each, post free 1s. 8d.

THE INNER LIGHT * * * BY DARRELL FIGGIS

I.

The Renaissance of Mysticism

IT is not easy to realise how far we have moved, in the spiritual attitude towards Life, during a matter of two or three decades. It is the proud trick of every age to imagine that the future will date from its peculiar way of thinking; and probably there have been few periods when this attitude was more assured than in the latter half of the nineteenth century. Any attempt to take what may permissibly be called an immaterial view of this substantial globe and its affairs was to meet a scorn that was as withering as it proposed to be final. The gesture with which the spiritual inclinations of men were dismissed was a very authoritative affair. The Art of the period (Art being essentially a religious impulse—or, rather, the divination and ordering of certain things from which religions derive themselves) became stuffy in consequence; and Science, masking a living earth in set terms, took what appeared to be a permanent ascendancy. And yet what a difference has come about in a few years! Science has itself dropped its masks and set terms, admitting them to be unreal. Physicists have surrendered the central mask of matter, and shown us an amazing world of appearances at the meeting-place of driving forces. The very mathematicians have begun to frame a conceptual fourth dimension, with the chemist to aid him as he watches the strange behaviour of left-handed and right-handed crystals. And so everywhere a change has come (or, one may say, is slowly coming); and philosophers like Bergson, Eucken, and James (in a bewilderingly direct way) are concerning themselves with a world beyond appearances, for the discovery of which our best guide is within us.

It is her place in this general movement that makes Miss Evelyn Underhill's two books so important. "The Mystic Way," that has just been published (Dent, 12s. 6d. net), is in the way of a personal thesis, following upon her monumental book on "Mysticism" (Methuen, 15s. net), published two years ago. Both are scholarly rather than adventurous; but the last lives for the sake of its thesis, whereas the first is an indispensable handbook to its subject. The very fault of "The Mystic Way" is the very virtue of "Mysticism," for a book that sets out to take within its survey the whole field of mysticism, in each of its stages and in all of its forms, has clearly to be dependent on the results of extensive reading. Beginning at the very outset of all such inquiries, what she justly calls "The Point of Departure," "Mysticism" covers the whole of the relations of its subject with the intellectual and emotional activities of man, and then proceeds to outline the progress of the secret path along which the mystic must develop.

II.

Mysticism versus Magic

"Mysticism" is thus the only book of its kind in English, and there is no chapter in its nearly six hundred pages that is not full of suggestion and help. Especially good, and as salutary as good, is the chapter on "Mysticism and Magic." It will seem strange to say that a chapter is good that yet misses the essence of a very essential question; but the fact is that Miss Underhill, despite what will seem to many a misapprehension, is on the lines of a just severance between the by-products and true growth of spiritual progress. It is told of the Sûfist mystic,

Jelalu' d' Din Rumi, that one of his pupils came to him despondently, saying that he had endured much spiritual discipline, but that his servant maid, though she had endured no such discipline, had come into the possession of such psychic gifts as he had never been able to exercise. Jelalu' d' Din Rumi's reply went at once to the centre of the whole question. He said that spiritual progress was not necessarily accompanied by psychic gifts; and that psychic gifts were often indeed a great hindrance to spiritual progress, inasmuch as they caused their possessor to be pre-occupied with themselves. There is a deep, assured wisdom in that attitude. It neglects neither side. Miss Underhill, too, admits the virtue of much that she falsely includes under the name of Magic. That the world beyond worlds, towards which, and under the light of which, spiritual development tends, which is, in fact, the goal and lawgiver of mystical progress, should, under certain circumstances, called out by certain symbols and powers, be induced to demonstrate itself to the physical senses, is not so very odd a proposition if the reality of that world includes and embraces the false show of this. And that is the basis of Magic. Yet Miss Underhill's attitude is a wise one for many reasons. First, because, though the severe course of spiritual progress allows of little deception, magic is full of the possibilities of fraud. Secondly, because magical properties, even when most assured of faith, are almost as irrelevant to the true soul-thrift as the so-called facts of the materialist. They are both in the outer courts of the temple of the throbbing universe. And in her attitude towards this, the pivot of much in mysticism, one may catch the colour of her attitude towards the whole field. It is impossible to mention in the space of one article the scope of so justly encyclopædic a book. It is enough to say that it is the outstanding indispensable book to the student who is at the same time profoundly concerned with his place in the drift and destiny of things.

III.

The Mystic Way

Out of "Mysticism" "The Mystic Way" grows like a selected plant out of a bed that could sustain many plants of differing colour and shape. It is, in fact, an individual book: a declaration of personal faith. Its faults are its limitations. In certain parts of the book she leans, very much to our surprise, on just that magical explanation of difficult things that she seemed to hold in such just disapprobation in her earlier book. The whole of her chapter on "The Johannine Mystic" is marked by that. In other parts she neglects altogether the juster portions of that Magic, such as the strange manifestations of Earth that men living close to reality so often experience, and which are a very part of spiritual development. A thinker whom in her earlier book she classes among the "Magicians," Rudolf Steiner, could have afforded her some very striking helps to the teaching of Christ had she been willing to accept the non-systematic approach towards that teaching. And her attitude here is the less easy to be understood because the whole theme of "The Mystic Way" is that Christ did not come to establish a system but to expound a way of living, to open out the true secret spiritual path: with the obvious corollary that His followers are they who exemplify that beauty and discipline of experience, and most assuredly not they who give

their adherence to any kind or manner of system, organisation, or creed.

IV.

Christ, the Mystic

It is not, to be true, a strikingly new thing to say, though it certainly is a strikingly necessary thing to say. The force of her remarkable book is in the exposition of the life of Christ in the light of that fact. She shows how Christ passed along each step of that mystic way, from the awakening, through purgation, illumination, the dark night of the soul, to the life of union and completeness. There are some parts of that exposition that make fascinating reading because they throw a broad ray of light over much that was hid. There are other parts, such as her account of the events of the crucifixion, that are puzzling because of her seeming evasion of the full force, one way or another, of central difficulties to material science.

In spite of these natural disagreements, her exposition is a striking one; and it is most striking when she comes to the spiritual development of Paul, where each of the steps are seen to be reproduced in the order in which they were experienced by Christ Himself. And so, as she proceeds with her account of the spiritual experiences in the chief examples of Christian beauty of life, the same order of progress is seen to be faithfully reproduced. It makes a fascinating study; and it will prove not less than fascinating to those who do not agree with the severe line that Miss Underhill decrees for that order of progress, or her strange preoccupation with intellectual processes—in spite of her expressed distrust of the findings of the intellect.



THE SURPLUSAGE OF WOMEN

DEAR SIR,—Mr. Chiozza Money, in his articles on "The New Emigration," informs us that the "feminine surplusage, already great, will increase every year, with social effects of the most lamentable character."

Surely this problem of the surplusage of women deserves more than a passing reference, for there are few problems which raise more formidable issues. By a wonderful and mysterious provision of Nature, the sexes are nearly equally balanced in numbers. That providential balance has been once or twice upset in the past through protracted wars like the Crusades, or like the Napoleonic and revolutionary wars. To-day it is being completely upset in the British Isles through wholesale emigration, with the result that there will soon be nearly a million more women than men.

The consequences are manifold, and nearly all of them are disastrous.

(1) Marriage was already very difficult owing to the insecurity of industrial conditions, owing to the increasing pressure of life in large towns, and owing to the increasing reluctance of the younger generation to undertake parental responsibility. Those difficulties will be enormously increased, and marriage will become even more of a trade than it was in the past. (See Miss Cicely Hamilton's book, "Marriage as a Trade," 1s.)

(2) As there are not enough men to go round, women will be increasingly induced, and, indeed, compelled, to marry inferior men, and the quality of the race will be accordingly reduced.

(3) Hundreds of thousands of women, being unable to establish a home, will be more and more driven into the industrial market in competition with men. This

is seen in almost every profession, but especially in such professions as those of teachers, clerks, stenographers. This competition is not only disastrous to women, it is perhaps even more disastrous to men, for celibate women, having fewer wants, having a lower standard of life, and also being partly able to depend for their support on their parents, must inevitably reduce wages, and must almost invariably tend to play the demoralising part of "blacklegs" in the industrial market. The invasion of this army of women workers is, therefore, nothing short of a social calamity, and a few years of female rivalry must undo the work of generations of trade-union efforts.

(4) Women, being unable to fulfil their natural destiny, are becoming more and more highly strung, unbalanced, and neurotic. Many of the methods of the present militant suffragists are the result of a new form of hysteria, which itself is the result of the surplusage of women. To consider suffragism mainly as a political question is to take an entirely superficial view of the facts. Suffragism and militancy are essentially the outcome of industrial phenomena, as has been very eloquently stated by Mrs. Baillie Reynolds, in a recent letter to the *Daily Mail*. They are primarily the outcome of the new conditions created by the competition of women in the industrial market. There is no militancy in France, although the position of women in France is admittedly better than in this country.

(5) Owing to the disastrous scarcity of males, and the consequent difficulty of marriage, women are compelled to multiply their opportunities, and to create them where they do not exist. The phenomenon described by Mr. Bernard Shaw in "Man and Superman" is becoming more and more general. It is not the male who is chasing the female, it is the female who is chasing the male. This is delicate ground, but there can be no doubt that the present artificial relations of the sexes are dangerous to public morality. —I am, sir, etc.,

A. D.



"EVERYMAN" TOURS.

THE success of these tours, arranged with a special regard for the taste and convenience of the readers of EVERYMAN, is bringing each day so many applications, that before long certain of the tours will be fully booked up, to the inevitable disappointment of those who have not decided in time to take advantage of the opportunities afforded for a pleasant holiday in congenial companionship. The scope and variety of the itineraries should afford every reader an opportunity for selecting the special country or place they most desire to visit. Switzerland, France, Belgium, and Holland afford a wide margin of choice, and the places mapped out for each tour are those likely to appeal to people of cultured taste rather than to the bustling tourist eager to see as much as possible for his money. Show me a man or woman who likes my favourite books, said a writer, my favourite pictures, my favourite paper, and you will show me a congenial companion, who, given opportunity, may become a friend. The readers of EVERYMAN will welcome this opportunity of meeting those who share their tastes and enthusiasms. Each party will be accompanied, not by an automatic conductor, but by a guide at once cultured and sympathetic, who will take a personal interest in each individual in his charge. Full information will be given on application to Tours Department, EVERYMAN, Aldine House, Bedford Street, London.

THE CURE OF CONSUMPTION.

DR. EDWIN W. ALABONE'S TREATMENT.

A short time ago we brought before our readers' notice the remarkable results that had been obtained by the adoption of Dr. Alabone's inhalation treatment for the Cure of Consumption and Asthma. Since then, innumerable testimonials have come to hand rendering it an established fact that the curability of these diseases is not only possible, but that under the "Alabone Treatment" a very large majority of cases perfectly recover, and remain well. The statistics are certainly of a most encouraging nature, for, taking the results of the treatment in a hundred cases, many of which were in the last stage of the disease, and had been given up by well-known specialists as absolutely hopeless, we find that at least from thirty to forty cases recover—a truly remarkable average.

When we return to the results achieved by the open-air treatment we are faced with bitter disappointment. Certainly a large number of Consumptives are sent away from Sanatoria as cured, but on enquiry it is found that the disease recurs in a shorter or longer interval, whilst those who get worse are sent home to die. The statistics of these institutions are therefore perfectly misleading, as has been pointed out by no less an authority than Carl Pearson, of the London University. He naturally uses strong language in his criticisms—in fact, stated that one book written by two well-known specialists should be withdrawn from circulation, which was done. It is, therefore, little wonder that the public and the profession consider this no cure for Consumption.

Now, to make a statement is one thing, to prove such a statement true is quite another; let us, therefore, turn to the proofs of the inadequacy of Sanatoria to cure Consumption, and then to the proofs of the efficacy of the Alabone treatment.

A medical man, himself cured by Dr. Alabone, speaking of the methods adopted in Sanatoria, writes: "So many cases of the so-called open-air cure, in which patients have only returned home worse than they left, have come under my notice that I am annoyed anyone can be found to place confidence in such treatment."

Another physician, in writing to express his gratitude for recovery from phthisis under Dr. Alabone's specific treatment, says that he is at a loss to find words to express his feelings in returning thanks for the great benefit he has received from Dr. Alabone's treatment. He is now completely cured, but in his letter he is careful to point out that at the time he commenced the treatment he was in a most serious condition, his lungs being extensively diseased.

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 has been stated by some people that Dr. Alabone, seeing he so strongly condemns the open-air cure measures for treating phthisis, does not approve of consumptives being exposed to the open air. In all fairness to Dr. Alabone we hasten to say that such statements are untrue, and we again draw attention to the fact that this eminent specialist was the first person

(many years before the advent of Sanatoria) to advocate the abolition of the old custom of confining persons afflicted with consumption in overheated and almost air-tight rooms, which practice, as any of our readers would easily understand, was absolutely dangerous to the sufferers. At the same time, Dr. Alabone pointed out the advisability of consumptives being out of doors *whenever the weather was favourable*, recommending lined hammocks. In inclement weather he suggested that patients should remain indoors with windows open, but all possibilities of draught being precluded. The above-mentioned facts explain away entirely any suggestions as to Dr. Alabone disapproving of fresh air for persons suffering from tuberculosis.

It is not at all surprising that Dr. Alabone should condemn the measures employed in our Sanatoria. In those institutions the patients are exposed to all conditions of weather—damp, fog, snow, and other unsuitable conditions. We think that every right-minded person will agree that such practices are unwarrantable, and constitute a real danger to the lives of the patients.

From the very considerable amount of evidence before us, we therefore fully and unhesitatingly endorse the wish expressed in a letter which has been received from a physician who enjoys a wide practice. What he writes in regard to the "Alabone Treatment" for consumption, and which is very much to the point, is as follows: "I trust the time is not far distant when Dr. Edwin W. Alabone's discovery will be unanimously adopted by our profession. Such a procedure would be a boon to many sufferers who now look forward to a lingering death."

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.

We recommend our readers to obtain a copy of Dr. Alabone's work, entitled "The Cure of Consumption, Chronic Bronchitis, Asthma, and Catarrh." This work has had an enormous sale. The following works are also of special interest to those personally concerned in the curative treatment of this disease—they can be obtained from the author, Lynton House, Highbury Quadrant, London, N.—"Testimonials of Patients, with Comments on the Open-Air Treatment," price 1s.; "Infamous Conduct," price 6d.; "How the Cure of Consumption is Suppressed," price 1s.; and "Facts Regarding the Open-Air Treatment," price 1s., by Edwin W. Alabone, M.D., Phil. D.Sc., ex-M.R.C.S., Eng., F.R.M.S., etc.

We would mention, and it will undoubtedly be valuable information to some of our readers, that the "Alabone" system of treatment for Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh, can be carried out at patients' own homes, Dr. Alabone having recently invented a smaller machine which is quite portable.

RAVAGEAU



BY ANDRÉ THEURIET

IT was in the days when I was a keen sportsman that I made friends with Michel Tringuesse, the shepherd of the Vivey waste. This grey, rolling moorland stretches its stony barrenness from the last villages of the mountain of Langres to the first rise of the forest-clad slopes of Burgundy. Here and there an old bush of blackthorn or a wild pear-tree breaks the everlasting bareness, and serves as a guide-post to the traveller who ventures to make a short cut across the waste. No road crosses it: each man must pick his path for himself; and it needs long habit, or a special instinct, not to get lost. At set of sun this desert tract does not lack a wild beauty of its own; round its horizon dim, far-off forests weave their violet fringes; stunted junipers cast long dark bars of shadow across its empurpled undulations; and just as the sun disappears, all the colours melt into a velvet grey of a mysterious softness that belongs to the land of dreams. But in winter the face of the waste land grows cruel, the north wind raves unceasingly over the frost-bitten herbage, the bushes are stiff with rime, and from the bare and naked woods the evening silence is broken by the long-drawn howl of the wolf.

Tringuesse, the shepherd, was king of the Vivey waste. At all times of the year I met him there in his bell-shaped felt hat, wrapping his brown woollen cloak around his lean frame as he drove his flock to some problematical pasturage. Fifty years of hardship had left him small claims to beauty, with his frowning brows, his small, foxy eyes, sharp, thin nose, and straggling red beard; but his long watches on the waste had not only made him an observer of nature, but had given his mind a philosophical and analytical turn. He was familiar with the many medicinal herbs that the forest produces, and he could use them to cure animals, and sometimes even men, with the result that the peasants round held him for a magician. He was ready to make a joke of this accusation, and did so on his own initiative while I was smoking a pipe with him.

"A magician, indeed!" he exclaimed, jeeringly; "well, I'm a bit more of one than they are, for they are more stupid than my sheep there. When they are in need they just come cringing and whining to me; as soon as I have put them right they treat me as a wicked sorcerer, and for twopence they would burn me alive as in the old days. Doesn't it strike you, monsieur, that animals often have more feeling and less vice than men? To my mind, if there is a heaven, some brutes have a better right to be in paradise than lots of Christians. Look you here, for ten years I had a dog by the name of Ravageau, who was my mate and companion, and had more sense and more feeling than the best man going. He was a Great Dane crossed with a French Mastiff, as big as a young donkey, as active as a squirrel, and as strong as a bull. His stiff, iron-grey hair was like a fleece, his big head tapered to a fine muzzle with terrible jaws, and his reddish-yellow eyes shone like coals of fire. He could break a wolf's back with one shake, as if it were a rabbit's. And for all that, he was quiet, nothing of the savage about him; he just looked at the sheep, and they did what he wanted.

"That dog and I were chums. You just think of it; for ten years we never were out of each other's sight. We slept side by side, we ate the same bread, and finished up always with a bit of a talk together. We understood each other right well: he knew the meaning of my words

and signs, while, what with long practice and attention, I had learned his dog-language; for these animals, monsieur, talk just like us. They have their way of expressing their ideas and their wishes, their sorrows and their joys, by barks, sung, you might almost call it, sharply or softly, short or long drawn out, according to the feeling in their hearts or the idea running in their heads.

"Well, the years went slipping along like the beads on a rosary, and Ravageau began to get old. In our trade, where we sleep on the hard ground, and have to stand the rough changes of the seasons, and to be constantly on the watch, one grows old faster. So, as Ravageau was getting on, I thought to get me a young dog who might serve an apprenticeship under him, and become a help to him, and finally replace him when the old chap came to the end of his tether. I had at the time a shepherd boy who kept the flock with me. One day he brought me a four months' old Spaniel pup, sharp and intelligent, who promised to turn out a useful dog. We christened him Roussillon, because of his reddish-brown coat, and I introduced him to Ravageau. My word! the meeting was none too friendly. At first, the Great Dane looked askance at this stranger coming to poke his nose into his business. He walked round him, showing his teeth, with a low growl, and snuffed at him suspiciously. It seemed, however, that the result of the examination was in favour of the little spaniel, for after a minute or two Ravageau arched his back, with his legs gathered under him, looked playfully at Roussillon, and, with a gay bounce and a short bark, invited him to have a game of play. The puppy, being at the right age to love play, and to make friends quickly, accepted with joy.

"By the end of the day they were on the best of terms, and Ravageau cuddled Roussillon up to him, and licked his young companion most lovingly. By the next day he had frankly adopted him, and the apprenticeship began. When the flock scattered out too much, and part of it seemed to want to work off into the woods, Ravageau gave his pupil a knowing look, with his head turned in the direction of the sheep, and let out a warning bark at them. The untrained spaniel did not understand, so the old dog ran by himself after the stragglers, turned them, and brought them back in two shakes; and then, when the flock was moving along properly again, he came back triumphantly to his little friend, and gave two or three bow-wow-wows, as if telling him: 'There, that's how it's done!'

"Roussillon's education took time, for he was both young, a loiterer, and very inattentive. Ravageau did not weary of it. He would patiently begin all over again, and took no end of trouble to teach his apprentice the tricks of the trade. He never lost his temper, but, on the contrary, seemed all the fonder of his comrade. 'Tis the way of the world: those who give most trouble are the best loved, and women lavish caresses on the children who have been the hardest to rear. Ravageau's affection for Roussillon was truly delightful to watch. He never touched his mess till the spaniel had finished. At night, in the fold, he stretched himself on the straw, and, with a little whine, invited his protégé to come and shelter between his paws; and he did not go to sleep till the little one, cuddled up warm against his body, was snoring peacefully.

"Three months rolled away thus, and we were in

mid-October. The leaves turned red, the nights grew cold; but we were still keeping the sheep up on the waste, waiting for the first frosts before coming down to the fields and wintering at the village. One night, as the shepherd boy and I were sleeping side by side in our shepherd's cot on wheels, with Ravageau and Roussillon under it, I was roughly wakened by the furious baying of the Great Dane. 'Decanille!' cried I to the boy, who was rubbing his eyes, 'that means something out of the common.' I caught up my crook, and we sprang out. The sky was clear with myriads of stars, and the last of an old moon was sinking towards the woods. The sheep were bunched together, trembling and bleating in a distressful manner, while Ravageau and Roussillon, walking stiffly on their toes, were growling, each louder than the other.

"They smell the wolf," I whispered to the boy; 'you stay here in the fold and keep your eye open while I go and see what's up outside.'

"I took both dogs and went cautiously outside the fence. Suddenly, by a gleam of light from the sinking moon, I caught a glimpse of the marauders who were the cause of all this fuss, and I plastered myself against the fence corner. Wolves they were, a pair of them. Silent, with long, stealthy steps, snuffing the wind, they made for the fold, their eyes shining like glow-worms in the darkness.

"I cast a glance at Ravageau; he was nobly sheltering the spaniel between his great legs, and only waited for the signal from me to attack. Already I could hear the breath of the two wolves coming close. 'Seek 'em, Ravageau!' With one bound the dog sprang upon one of the robbers, while I made play on the other with my crook. He caught the wolf by the middle of the back and threw him, and those great jaws of his did grand work, for the wolf howled like a soul in torment. Ah, the brave Ravageau! He took the accursed beast by the throat and choked him dead. The wolf hadn't time to let out another squeak; up went his toes, and it was all over with him. The other wolf had bolted like a coward. 'Good riddance,' thought I, and was turning to go in again when I saw Ravageau, evidently in distress, snuffing to right and left with plaintive whines, and I understood at once that he was looking for Roussillon, who, in the scrimmage, had been quite forgotten.

"Roussillon, hey, Roussillon!" But I whistled for him in vain. The spaniel was gone, nor had the boy seen anything of him.

"Oh, well," said I, 'he'll turn up to-morrow. Let's go back to bed,' and we went to sleep again. But next day, when we rose in the early day to let out the sheep, lo! someone else was missing. Ravageau didn't answer when I called him. During the night he had jumped the fence and gone off to look for his little friend.

"All day long we looked for him in vain, and we were growing terribly anxious, when towards sunset we heard a woeful howl from the side of the Charbonnière woods.

"That's he," cried I. 'Stay you here; I'm off to see . . . ' and I ran straight to the thicket whence at intervals issued distressful howls, like the cries of a woman in travail. Guided by the noise, I made my way through the brambles to an old charcoal-burning place, and there, monsieur, what do you think I saw? Ravageau sitting on his haunches, his bristles up, his eyes showing the whites, his head turned to the sky, and howling like a mad thing. On the trampled earth, almost under his feet, were broken bones and blood, scraps of red-brown hair, the remains of a mangled carcass, and that was all that was left of

Roussillon. Poor little dog! Whilst Ravageau was busy with the one wolf he had been carried off by the other robber, who had torn him to pieces and made mincemeat of him. Ravageau's misery was heart-breaking. It was no use my calling him away. He refused to leave the spot, and I found the only way to bring him along was to gather up the bones in my cloak. Then he followed me like a lamb, with drooping head, his tail between his legs, moaning and snuffing sadly at the bundle which contained the remains of the unhappy Roussillon.

"A week later we moved down to Vivey for the winter. But the spaniel's death had been a bad blow to Ravageau. He grew uneasy, cross, and quarrelsome, and he could not stand the sight of the village curs. One day he bit one of them which happened to be owned by the mayor's wife. The mayor was furious, declared that our great dog had gone mad, and ordered him to be destroyed.

"The forester put a couple of bullets into his head, and that was the end of the brave Ravageau, whose murderers did but hasten his reunion with his little dear friend Roussillon in the paradise of dogs."—*Translated by R. B. Townshend.*



PROVERBS

(Selected)

'A ROBIN REDBREAST in a cage
Puts all heaven in a rage.

A horse misused upon the road
Calls to heaven for human blood;
Every wolf's and lion's howl
Raises from hell a human soul;
Each outcry of the hunted hare
A fibre from the brain doth tear;
A skylark wounded on the wing
Doth make a cherub cease to sing.

He who shall hurt the little wren
Shall never be beloved by men;
He who the ox to wrath has moved
Shall never be by woman loved;
He who torments the chafer's sprite
Weaves a bower in endless night.

The caterpillar on the leaf
Repeats to thee thy mother's grief;
The wild deer wandering here and there
Keep the human soul from care;
Every tear from every eye
Becomes a babe in eternity.

He who mocks the infant's faith
Shall be mocked in age and death;
He who shall teach the child to doubt
The rotting grave shall ne'er get out;
He who respects the infant's faith
Triumphs over hell and death;
The babe is more than swaddling bands
Throughout all these human lands;
Tools were made and born were hands,
Every farmer understands.

We are led to believe a lie
When we see *with* not *through* the eye.

WILLIAM BLAKE.



Swift

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THE SCHOOLS AND THE CHILDREN

By P. W. WILSON.

LORD HALDANE, with his henchman, Mr. Pease, is the Minister who is chiefly responsible for inspiring the new Education Policy, but the Treasury, which means Mr. Lloyd George, comes in, because in politics education equals money. There was a Teacher who said that it was a bad bargain to gain the whole world and lose one's soul; schools and colleges are, or should be, gardens for the ripening of the soul; how much are we prepared to pay?

In 1901-2 the public expenditure on education was:

	From Taxes.	From Rates.	Total.
England and Wales...	£9,869,000	£6,485,000	£16,354,000
Scotland	1,359,000	1,053,000	2,412,000
Ireland	1,374,000	(Negligible)	1,374,000
	£12,602,000	£7,538,000	£20,140,000

The estimated expenditure to-day is:

	From Taxes.	From Rates.	Total.
England and Wales...	£14,700,000	£15,000,000	£29,700,000
Scotland	2,500,000	1,600,000	4,100,000
Ireland	2,000,000	(Negligible)	2,000,000
	£19,200,000	£16,600,000	£35,800,000

Under-educated Ireland

Our first comment must be upon the under-education of Ireland. While the school rates for England have more than doubled and the Scottish rate has increased by over 50 per cent., Ireland does not yet rate herself at all for education. Bureaucracy at Dublin Castle, wedded to frank denominationalism in the schools themselves, is responsible for this result, and education must be the first test of statesmanship for a Dublin Parliament. It may mean a conflict with the ratepayer. It may also mean a struggle with the hierarchy.

Turning back to England, the next thing that we notice is that the finance of education raises the whole tangled problem of Exchequer contributions to local authorities. It is certainly Mr. Lloyd George's intention to clear up this muddle, and the first difficulty is the Navy. In 1909, the Admiralty received about forty-four millions, but Mr. McKenna, who was then First Lord, estimated that in two years this figure would be reduced to forty millions. Instead of this reduction, we have seen, under Mr. Churchill, a rise of naval expenditure to forty-five and a half millions, and this has meant that while, owing to good trade, there is just enough money for the social programme as defined in 1909, rating reform, which must be eased by grants, has had to wait. This is the meaning of Lord Haldane's plea for schools as well as ships—a remarkable plea from an Imperialist.

Lord Haldane's Educational Diocese

Again, if Lord Haldane is right in wishing to group the schools in a kind of secular diocese, with a university as cathedral, we are at once confronted by the problem of rating areas. Greater Birmingham, Greater London, a united Manchester and Salford, the consolidated Potteries—all these actual or proposed revisions of boundaries have a meaning for the schools as well as for the trams, the idea being that the training college as we have known it should be merged in or superseded by the provincial university. These noteworthy proposals may imply a greater measure of departmental control over universities. Already we see Parliament urging the Board of Education to intervene in the squabbles of Bristol University—this by right of the public grant which that

university receives. And there is the more formidable case of Oxford, which has challenged public opinion by refusing divinity degrees to Nonconformists. How far departmental supervision of universities is good or bad time alone will show.

We come now to the schools. The rescue of the agricultural labourer from feudal servitude must clearly be accompanied by the capture of the village school from clerical control. It is not so much the fabric that matters. School buildings have been, on the whole, greatly improved. The real mischief is the appointment and dismissal of the village teacher by the village clergyman, acting through the managers. This has become simply a piece of petty patronage, wholly divorced from the realities of religion, faith, or morals. Appointment of teachers by the local education authority is the first essential of reform.

There is a close relation between the school and unemployment. We are all agreed that the age of attendance should be raised to a firm fourteen. Most of us consider that for some years afterwards there should be evening schools for young persons earning wages. By this means it is hoped that they may be directed into useful and continuous trades, so diminishing the fluctuations of employment.

The Inclined Plane

It is at this point that we arrive at what Lord Crewe has called the inclined plane. If it be a fact that the governing classes, as hitherto understood, have been weighed in the balances and found wanting, if the men of Eton and Harrow and Winchester can no longer expect to dominate the Imperial structure, then it follows that the public services, the Army, the Navy, the Churches, the friendly societies, and the great industrial corporations, the teaching profession itself, must be recruited from a new aristocracy, selected from the average boy and girl, and, when selected, trained to its proper function. Mr. Cockerton, duly interpreting the law, confined elementary schools to elementary work. The unity of education must now be recognised. The boy or girl who remains in the ranks of the manual workers must at least have a schooling that is complete in itself. The lad o' pairs must have the chance of proceeding further—to the secondary school, which must become definitely an integral wing of the national system. And so, on to the universities.

The Financial Problem

The Budget now stands at 195 millions. It is quite a mistake to imagine that this immense sum is raised entirely by taxation. Thirty millions comes from the postal services. And, reckoning terminable loans, ten millions go to reducing debt. Still, it is hardly a case for imposing new burdens. An Education Bill is to be introduced this Session, but it is to be held over. There is the difficulty of the Irish vote, which is denominational. There is the more permanent difficulty of the Lancashire vote. But much the most serious perplexity is money. Mr. Lloyd George has to-day the advantage of a trade boom which is fabulous in magnitude and duration. What will happen when the lean years come? Can he so arrange his financial reorganisation as to leave a margin and an increasing margin for endowing the mind of the nation?

Events compel me to add a postscript. My article on the minimum wage for labourers may have seemed extravagant. Since it appeared, a Bill for this end has been drafted by the Conservative Social Reformers; Labour also has a measure on the anvil; and Mr. Lloyd George has invited all parties to cooperate on this basis.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE PROBLEM OF THE CRIPPLED CHILD.

SIR,—I read with deep interest the touching verses of Miss Matheson, in the last issue of EVERYMAN, appealing on behalf of the Crippled Children who have no means extended to them to become cured of their terrible affliction.

If the future generation is to be bettered, if the British Empire is to point with pride to her sturdy manhood and her shapely womanhood, we must turn our eyes from the horizon and look at objects close around us. Look upon the thousands of Crippled Children—the tuberculous and pain-stricken youngsters in whose joints the exterminating bacilli are nourished and kept alive, in whose little brains all the sunshine of childhood is replaced by the bitter darkness that would assail a tortured old man whose cup of life had been drained to its dregs.

In this direction lies one of the most important fields for the Eugenist and the humanitarian—a field parching for the rain of charity—such a charity that every donor of even one small drop is ennobled by the nobility of the cause he assists.

You do not have to go out of your way to find this field. You can help incalculably without moving from the chair in which you are seated—help the one Institution in the kingdom wherein such cases are exclusively dealt with—the Cripples' Hospital and College at Alton, Hampshire.

Since the opening of this Institution no less than six hundred and fifty children suffering from tuberculous disease of the bones and joints have been discharged cured, and able to take their places in the child life of the community. This work could be greatly extended if there were more accommodation for the Nursing Staff, and it is for this reason that it has been decided to build a Nurses' Home, the necessity for which has become imperative.

So large is the list of applicants that little sufferers are at present waiting six months for admission, and their chances of recovery are being thereby seriously jeopardised.

The forty cots now vacant could be at once filled, and many more young lives saved, if additional nurses could be engaged, and accommodation provided for them.

Her Majesty Queen Alexandra, who graciously takes a keen interest in the welfare of the Institution, has generously headed the list of subscribers to the Nurses' Home with a contribution of £100. In these circumstances I would earnestly plead for your readers' help towards establishing the Nurses' Home.

The urgent importance of this home will be readily seen from the following facts detailing the work carried on:

1. Over 650 cripple children suffering from tuberculous disease of the bones have been cured at the Alton Hospital since its foundation, the average of cures being 94.2 per cent., a figure that is not approached by any institution in the world dealing with this painful and deforming disease.
2. Sixty crippled lads in the college are being taught a trade to make themselves self-supporting.
3. The children and lads receive religious instruction according to the faith of their parents.
4. Extreme poverty is no bar to admission.
5. It is the most economically managed special hospital in the United Kingdom.
6. The work has the full sympathy and approval of the medical profession, and is supervised by a medical board of eighteen gentlemen of great experience in connection with the treatment of crippled children.
7. The great London and provincial hospitals are unable to cope with this disease, as the curative treatment is a lengthy process, and they are therefore generally treated as out-patients, with consequently unsatisfactory results.

The Hospital and College are truly national Institutions. In addition to the large number received from London, statistics show that 305 children and lads have up to the present time been received into the Hospital and College from other parts of the United Kingdom.

Will you help us to help these crippled children? Will your readers personally interest themselves to the extent of ensuring the health and happiness of one crippled child?

Bis dat qui cito dat: therefore please send quickly.
W. P. TRELOAR.

—PLEASE FILL IN AND FORWARD—
to Sir WILLIAM TRELOAR, Bart., 61, Moorgate Street, London, E.C.

I enclose £ s. d. as a contribution towards the urgent and important work of the ALTON CRIPPLES' HOSPITAL. Please acknowledge.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

E.M. 13/6/13.

CORRESPONDENCE

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Owing to the large number of letters received it is necessary for correspondents to write briefly if their letters are to appear.

PRIVATE USURY AND THE PUBLIC PAWNSHOP.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—I was much interested in your description of the Paris "Mont-de-Piété," or public pawnshop. It is obviously one of the most beneficial social institutions of the French Republic. Founded in Paris before the French Revolution, the Mont-de-Piété has been adopted by every big city, and, as you say, "it has saved tens of thousands of all classes, but especially of the poorer classes, from the clutches of the moneylender."

The institution has been adopted by most Continental countries. Why, then, should it not be adopted in Great Britain? Could no reader of EVERYMAN tell us whether it has ever been tried? And if not, why should some enterprising municipality not venture on so interesting a social experiment? Or would anybody be prepared to say that the evils of private usury are less in our great cities than they are in a thrifty country like France?—I am, sir, etc.,

A FRENCHMAN.

MR. HYNDMAN'S DELUSION.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—I agree with the view expressed by Mr. Hyndman, in your issue of the 6th instant, that the unrest in India has far from died down. Reasonable exception may, however, be taken to his contention that what is regarded by the Indian authorities as disloyal speech and writing would be called patriotic anywhere else in the world. I would ask him the question I put five years ago to a lecturer in London who deprecated the stringent press laws in India—what alternative is a responsible Government to follow? Should there be no laws or regulations to control the public press, or are they to exist merely to be ignored? If such a policy of "let alone" were pursued for six months, the lawless sections of the press would foment the present unrest and further embarrass the task of government in India.

To say, as Mr. Hyndman has said, that British rule in India is unjust, is simply not true. It is a fact of history that British rule has given India a system of justice she never enjoyed before, and it "holds the scales even" between the conflicting elements of the Indian population. Mr. Hyndman has forgotten that, above everything else, India is a complex polity, and does not know its own mind. Until, therefore, it realises a national consciousness, British rule in its present form is the only rule possible in India, and is best calculated to further Indian interests. I submit that no public good is served by indulging in such an hysterical diatribe as this: "I regard our present rule in India as one of the greatest crimes ever committed." It is easy to destroy, difficult to construct; and the political fabric which Mr. Hyndman raises in the concluding part of his article—viz., that the English should "retire peacefully" from India—would not commend itself to her true well-wishers. With all their faults, we want the English to be at the helm of affairs in India. For it is their very presence in our midst that guarantees the best conditions of progress for those heterogeneous sections of the community who make up the people of India. Leader after leader has come forward before the Public Services

Commission to express the opinion that the essentially British character of the administration must be preserved.

Mr. Hyndman is anxious to do the late Lord Salisbury justice. Then why does he repeatedly quote those four solitary words—"India must be bled"—from a document which, as Sir John Rees observes in "Modern India," was a wise and humane minute? Reading Mr. Hyndman's letter, one might imagine that India was going backward, instead of moving forward, under the British rule. That is the burden of his lay. But the facts rule him out of court. India is an agricultural country, and a monumental work has been done in recent years to ameliorate the condition of the peasantry. The methods of collecting land revenue have been made more elastic. The administration of famine relief has been placed on a scientific basis. A great system of irrigation has been inaugurated, bearing witness to the practical genius of Europe. The establishment of co-operative credit societies has met with an unexpected measure of success. A world of achievement waits upon the future efforts of the Indian reformer. But one cannot desire the wheels of progress to move with accelerated speed, and at the same time destroy the very machinery by which alone that speed is rendered possible. It is to be feared that, in relation to India, Mr. Hyndman is a modern Diogenes; but it is not in his "tub" that the salvation of India is to be found.—I am, sir, etc.,

P. C. TARAPORE.

London, N.W., June 9th, 1913.

CONSCRIPTION AND THE WORKERS.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—If fear of death is a factor in the outcry against conscription (as you suggest), it is because the military death has specially repulsive features, and because, so long as we avoid conscription, it is not inevitable, as other deaths are. But why should the exercise of one's choice be called "fear"? Personally, I do not suppose that people fear this death nearly so much as the prospect of being crippled for life or "bossed" for life. It is wiser to fear beforehand than lament afterwards.

As a matter of fact, the middle classes have nothing to gain by conscription, while the common people have everything to lose. If the people understand their best interests, the cowardice is entirely on the part of those who submit to conscription. If they do not, they stand to be fleeced by those who do, and conscription is an attempt of this sort. Surely the best policy for a nation is to be honest and just and brave, but the conscriptionist movement is neither.—I am, sir, etc.,

GEO. ED. WYMER.

Ilford, Essex, June 6th, 1913.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Following upon the letter in which I showed that the compulsorily enlisted soldiers of Australia and New Zealand are legally liable to be called out in the event of industrial disturbances, Colonel Keene writes in your issue of June 6th to say that the proposal of the National Service League in this country is that compulsory training "should be carried out for and in the Territorial Force," and he adds that "the regulations regarding that Force lay down that it shall not be used as a military body in aid of the civil power in the preservation of peace."

I shall be grateful if you will let me mention the very simple and, one would have thought, obvious

(Continued on page 273.)

HOLIDAYS ABROAD

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BRUGES. LA GROSSE HORLOGE AND THE TOWN BELFRY.

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Ghent is visited on the Tuesday, and an enjoyable day spent in this famous old city. St. Bavo's, the Cathedral, is one of the most richly adorned churches in Belgium. It contains twelve monumental tombs of bishops by the best sculptors of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, eight enormous candelabra, rich stalls in mahogany, magnificent marble altars, and numerous masterpieces of Flemish paintings, including that gem by Hubert and Jan Van Eyck, "Adoration of the Lamb," the noblest work of the old Flemish school. It is impossible here to mention all that is to be seen at Ghent, but EVERYMAN tourists will see all the best that can be seen in the time at their disposal.

Wednesday is devoted to Brussels, the capital of Belgium. The Grande Place—to see which is alone worth a visit to Belgium—is a magnificent square surrounded by some of the finest buildings in Europe. The Palais de Justice is a huge building at the

extremity of the Rue de la Régence, and is the most magnificent and colossal building in Europe. It took seventeen years to build, cost two million pounds, and covers 6½ acres.

Antwerp is visited on the Thursday. The principal places of interest are the Place Verte, in which is a statue of Rubens, and the Cathedral, which is one of the finest Gothic buildings in Europe; the Eglise St. Paul, with some superb paintings by Rubens and Van Dyck; the Eglise St. Jacques, a museum of art treasures; the Zoological Garden, etc., etc.

On the Saturday EVERYMAN party start for Namur, the Gateway of the Ardennes. Namur is at the confluence of the Meuse and Sambre. After lunch a beautiful steamer trip (3½ hours) up the Meuse to Dinant, where Sunday is spent. Dinant is charmingly built along one of the banks of the Meuse at the foot of an enormous rock, on the top of which is a fort reached by 408 steps cut out of the rock. A most delightful, quiet day is spent in this beautiful spot.

Monday is devoted to a steamer trip up the Meuse to Hastiere.

On Tuesday Rochefort and the wonderful Grotto of Han-sur-Lesse is visited, and the next day is given up to drives through the glorious Valleys of the Meuse and Lesse, whilst on Thursday excursions to Falaën and the Castle of Montaigle are the order of the day. Friday finds the party at gay Ostend, and Saturday in London; home again, after one of the most delightful holidays possible to imagine.

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fact that the National Service League has no power to make promises on behalf of the present or any future Government. A compulsorily enlisted force that could not be used to put down strikes would be a new thing in history. Even the Swiss army, which the National Service League sometimes holds up as a shining example, is no exception. When Mr. John Ward, M.P., was in Switzerland, the trade union representatives gave him a list of thirteen strikes in which the "citizen army" had used their guns on their fellow-workers, many of whom were wounded and eight were killed. In some cases the soldiers, until called on by the authorities, were themselves strikers.

Further, if the advocates of compulsion were allowed to realise their ideals, the regular or expeditionary army would be liable to be called away *in toto* on Continental service, and the Territorial Force would, therefore, have to be made available for use in the event of internal disturbances. This would be all the more necessary because such disturbances would be more frequent and troublesome under conscription than they are in our present condition of comparative freedom. Anarchism, Nihilism, and Syndicalism are the products of repression and compulsion. Moderate views, friendly feelings, and peaceful industry are the natural outcome of the liberty which we inherited from our fathers and still have to maintain and improve.

I am tempted to ask your indulgence for some comment on your editorial opinion that the modern fear of death is "a factor in the outcry against conscription," but I will content myself with pointing out, firstly, that the demand for conscription, coming, as it mainly does, from those who would not be compelled to fight, is largely inspired by fear of death or of pecuniary loss; and, secondly, that when conscription is established, and all the cowards are in the army, there will always be men and lads who, rather than comply, will face death itself or punishments accounted worse than death.—I am, sir, etc.,

London, June 7th, 1913.

S. V. BRACHER.

THE NEEDS OF THE COUNTRYSIDE.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Might I suggest that the organisation your correspondent, "Verbum Sapiente," is looking for already exists in the form of the Brotherhood movement? The Brotherhood movement is a religious and social one. Its aims include the study of social science and the promotion of social service. It is a non-sectarian and non-party organisation. Although up to the present the social service side has been somewhat latent, the movement appears to be waking up to a sense of its responsibilities and realising the immense influence it may exert on the side of real social service. I venture to think that in this great movement your correspondent will find reflected his highest and noblest ideals in the direction of true Christianity and social service.

Allow me to take this opportunity of thanking you for your most excellent paper, and to wish it every success.—I am, sir, etc.,

ERNEST BAIRSTOW.

Halifax, June 3rd, 1913.

THE NEW EMIGRATION.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Is Mr. Chiozza Money aware that he understates his case in regard to the alarming fall in the natural increase of population, *i.e.*, excess of births over deaths? For while the fall in the birth-rate is real, that in the death-rate is illusory. The death-rate

is invariable, and amounts to exactly 100 per cent. A fall in the (illusory and so called) death-rate only shows an increase in life-duration, and this, again, does not mean a beneficial influence on the birth-rate, since longevity does not mean an increase of productiveness, which is confined to a certain life period. To get, therefore, at the exact fall in the natural increase of population, no account should be taken of the falling death-rate, which is a fictitious factor. The case is shocking enough as Mr. Chiozza Money paints it; in reality it is a good deal worse.

But what is the use? Nobody knows better than Mr. Chiozza Money that there is no salvation for West and Mid European civilisation except in a complete and revolutionary change in our conceptions and laws of property. If the West and Mid European countries have not the courage to institute this change, and that soon, the enormously growing Slav power will conquer them. Napoleon foresaw this. This Slav element, in its turn, when enfeebled by over-civilisation, will fall to the Mongol element. That is the natural East to West trend of the whole of recorded history.

Germany and Austria are wide awake to the Slav danger; they are even now taking active measures and contemplating others, stronger ones. I can assure you, speaking from personal knowledge, that the great thinkers among the German-speaking peoples are looking fearfully into the future, and that the strong men of the Slavs count upon Mid and West European falling birth-rate and emigration as their powerful auxiliaries.—I am, sir, etc.,

Shanklin, June 6th, 1913. P. W. VON HERBERT.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—There must be a great number of your readers who agree heartily with Mr. Chiozza Money as to the gravity of this question. Surely, however, many of them will feel that he takes a very narrow and circumscribed view of the problem with which the nation is faced when he points to the industrial advantage we possess in cheap coal, and leaves it to be inferred that the remedy may be found mainly because of this advantage and the minimum standard of existence, coupled with better housing, which he suggests will follow.

He appears to lose sight of the fact that freedom attracts the best men more than even comfort and a minimum standard of existence, which may often be the maximum as well, and also that to depend almost entirely on our industrial capacity, which inevitably means town dwellers, instead of also upon a strong and virile agricultural class, is to court a continuance of all that is most harmful to the national welfare.

Has it ever occurred to him that our industrial classes are not free, because they have no alternative to working for wages? For the only possible alternative they can have except emigration is that they should be able to grow their own food, and thus work for themselves and their families, and it is this alternative which is barred to them in most cases. But we are told, on the authority of Professor Long, that there are millions of acres of land in this country waiting to be cultivated, so that, if the conditions prevailing in the homeland were right, it would be a long time before our people would be forced "to enter upon such a tremendous speculation as emigration to the unknown wilderness" because they desired freedom and had no alternative to working for wages, which maybe were unobtainable.

Our commanding position in the industrial world is all to the good, but it must surely be recognised by

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people of all parties that the supreme question of the moment is how to establish and maintain a proper equilibrium between industry and agriculture in this country.—We are, sir, etc.,

CHAS. F. LAMBLE.

MARK B. F. MAJOR.

Redemption of Labour League,
7, Queen Street Place, E.C., June 9th, 1913.

"TRAFFIC IN WOMEN."

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Your correspondent "C." asks, "What is this White Slave Traffic of which we hear so much? Is it some new and growing evil for which women hold a quick and certain remedy . . . or is it an old crime which all righteous men have hated since, and even before, the time of David, and which is a source of dread to fathers of families, who, by the way, have the vote?"

This gentleman's questions answer themselves; but I may perhaps be allowed to put the dots on the "i's." This "old crime" has indeed been practised all down the ages at the expense of women, and the record of David himself, even in extreme old age, is singularly unclean; yet he passes still for a "righteous man." The traffic to-day exists mainly for the benefit of "married men of past forty"—I quote from an authority—who are, presumably, "fathers of families" as well as husbands of deceived wives. That they have votes, and have not used them in any way for the real protection of women and girls from this horror, but rather the contrary, is surely an argument for, rather than against, giving women themselves the power to try what can be done. When I add that girls have still to be supplied to the cantonments in India, and that the trade has in the last fifty years become organised and syndicated, showing a profit of six millions sterling per annum in the United States alone, and that there is no law to touch the consumer, the frequenter, the person who supplies the demand and the profits, I think the case can stand and an action will lie against the men of our and of every other race—the most damning indictment ever framed in all the sad history of women.—I am, sir, etc.,

C. NINA BOYLE,

Head of Political and Militant Department,
Women's Freedom League.

Adelphi, Strand, May 31st, 1913.

P.S.—May I add that it seems strange that the "war-cry" (not ours, but the one "anti" men like to assume is ours) "votes for ladies" should annoy these gentlemen, seeing that their own democratic evolution began with "votes for gentlemen"? C. N. B.

GOETHE AND THE COMMON PEOPLE.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—In the course of his really admirable remarks upon Goethe, your contributor makes a statement which, unamplified as it is, is calculated to do an injury to the character which he so ably sketches. I refer to the sentence wherein it is said that "he (Goethe) has no love for the common people. He has the aloofness of the aristocrat. He . . . takes little interest . . . in the struggles of human freedom." Now, in "The Sorrows of Werter" (a work wherein, I imagine, the deepest and most *personal* feelings of Goethe are to be found) occurs the following passage, which I beg leave to quote without comment: "The common people here, particularly the little children, already know and love me; yet when I first began to talk to them, they doubted my sincerity, and behaved rather

rudely. I was not, however, too proud to court their favour, and soon verified an observation I had often made: that characters of high rank are too apt to keep their inferiors at a distance, as if their approaches could possibly diminish their dignity. But what arrogance, what *ignorance*, does that NOBLE gentleman evince, who can condescend at times to be affable with a commoner, and at other times neglect and despise him! This life will not admit of equality; but surely that man who thinks he derives consequence and respect from keeping others at a distance is as base-minded as the coward who shuns the enemy for fear of an attack. One day that I visited the fountain, I perceived a young woman on the lowest step, with her pail beside her, anxiously waiting for the assistance of one of her companions to place it on her head. Immediately I accosted her: 'Give me leave, my dear, to help it on.' She blushed, and modestly replied, 'Oh, no, sir.' But I waived all ceremony, and helped her to lift the pail. She thanked me with a smile, and I was amply rewarded with the pleasure I received."—I am, sir, etc.,

W. A. DICKINS.

Harringay Park, London, N., June 7th, 1913.

THE INFLUENCE OF NIETZSCHE.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

DEAR SIR,—I have read with great interest Dr. Sarolea's article on "Nietzsche" in a recent number of EVERYMAN. In some respects I quite agree with the writer. He has done what all should do—said the best he could!

My first acquaintance with Nietzschean literature took place several years ago. I purchased and read his book, "Beyond Good and Evil," but I was terribly disappointed with it. Perhaps I expected too much. Certainly I did not find what I had expected. As a philosophical work, it is the huskiest that ever came into my hands. True, here and there I found a few grains of rare wisdom, but they were very few.

I do not, as many others have done, "begin with extolling him as a prophet or abusing him as a lunatic." He was neither the one nor the other. In a sentence, he was the embodiment of egotism, the most egotistical of egotists. This is his outstanding fault, and one reason, perhaps the chief, of his not finding a ready public. Throughout his works this feature is ever uppermost: Nietzsche alone is right; all the rest of the world is wrong!

When Dr. Sarolea speaks of him as the "most powerful force in Continental literature," he surely cannot be serious. Nietzsche never was and never will be that. To-day the two most powerful forces on the Continent are Eucken and Bergson, and since the days of Hegel and Kant there has been no force to equal these.

One thing against Nietzsche is his venomous, ultra-prejudiced attitude towards Christianity. Like his contemporary, Haeckel, he will not even allow the Christian doctrine a fair hearing. Englishmen ever delight in being generous towards their foes. Where Christianity is concerned Nietzsche is most ungenerous. "One should not go into churches," he says, "if one wishes to breathe *pure* air." The italicised "*pure*" is evidence sufficient respecting the attitude of his mind on this subject.

His contradictions, too, which are very numerous, depreciate the value of his work as a philosophy. This, however, is a common failing of prejudice and egotism.

The gospel of Nietzsche is retrogressive, and would tend towards lapsing back into barbarism if literally



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adhered to. 'As Dr. Sarolea says, it is "the gospel of the inequality of race"—a gospel of militarism and quasi-pseudo-imperialism. He was the champion of the strong and the rich, the enemy of the weak and the poor.

As regards his literary style, one cannot find fault with that. It is as near perfection as that of most philosophical writers. When Dr. Sarolea designates him "one of the supreme masters of language," he only does him bare justice. What little popularity Nietzsche does enjoy is entirely owing to the beauty and purity of his literary style, and not to his philosophical system, if, indeed, one can give it that flattering designation.

One or two good points he most certainly has. He is a most intense hater of cant. For this one cannot help but admire him, however much one may be in disagreement with his beliefs. He is courageous, even to the verge of folly. He exposes with an intense hatred that pedantic, ignorant, incongruous, and vapid tomfoolery, that used to be called "the Christian Religion," but which is as far from Christianity as hell from heaven; and for this one cannot help but admire him.

Nietzsche, however, will never be a great force in English thought. He is too inconsistent, too cryptic, too individualistic for the *thinking* Anglo-Saxon mind. He may have readers, although one rarely meets them (I never yet met one); but they will read and forget. His influence will last no longer in this country than the dew lasts when once it is subjected to the fierce rays of the sun.—I am, sir, etc.,

CHAS. H. BETTS.

Authors' Club, London, S.W.,
May 20th, 1913.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

DEAR SIR,—Dr. Charles Sarolea, in the course of a highly interesting and instructive article, states that the gospel of Nietzsche was anticipated by Mr. Houston Stuart Chamberlain, whom he refers to as the German namesake of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. My sole acquaintance with Mr. Chamberlain's work is through the English translation of his "Foundations of the Nineteenth Century," with Lord Redesdale's introductory essay. I am, therefore, neither competent nor anxious to determine the proportion of English and German factors in Mr. Chamberlain's personality. But it does seem desirable that the comprehensiveness of the Teutonism he exalts should be noted. Under some such term as German he would include Dante as freely as Barbarossa, William the Conqueror as Kaiser William, Anglo-Saxon as Knickerbocker.

And still more desirable would it appear, when dealing with any apparent similarity between the conclusions of Chamberlain and the views of the self-styled anti-Christ, Nietzsche, to recollect the former's passionate avowal of attachment to the Christ. It would be foolish, of course, to ask that in an article on Nietzsche, Dr. Sarolea should attempt to do full justice to Mr. Chamberlain. Yet an author who declares, "Whoever will follow Christ requires, above all, courage, courage in its purest form, that inner courage which is steeled and hardened anew every day, which proves itself not merely in the intoxicating clash of battle, but in bearing and enduring, and in the silent, soundless struggle of every hour in the individual heart," must be convicted of flagrant inconsistency before he can be fathered with the gospel of Nietzsche.

Further, whereas "in Nietzsche's view an aristocrat

cracy is the ultimate purpose of life," if I have read Mr. Chamberlain aright, in his view an aristocratic race has been, and will continue to be, an instrument in the perfecting of life, a means to an end. Such a view, I take it, is not antagonistic to that democracy so truly said to be the political expression of Christianity, of our belief in the essential dignity of man.

May I conclude with one word of gratitude for Dr. Sarolea's very valuable final section, in which the service rendered to Christianity by Nietzsche is made clear?—I am, sir, etc.,
W. A. FINCH.

Birstall, Leeds, May 19th, 1913.

OSCAR WILDE—A REMONSTRANCE.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—In connection with the point raised by Mr. Armitage it may be worth recording Oscar Wilde's own opinion of his prose, as expressed to me when I visited him in prison. "My prose," he said, "which, with the exception of Walter Pater's, is the finest in the English language."

Strange to say, this was just after he had told me that in prison he had discovered a beautiful thing called humility.—I am, sir, etc.,
Birmingham.

JAMES ADDERLEY.



BOOKS OF THE WEEK

THE CALL OF THE PAST (Sands and Co., 6s.) deals with Wales. But though the country forms a picturesque background, the author does not take us beneath the surface of things. The pages of the story bristle with Cymric names, but of the soul of the people we learn nothing, though their prejudices and curious inability to fight in the open are emphasised over and over again. It was George Meredith who said that the Welshman never forgets that to this very hour a son of Cymri hears the legions of Llewellyn marching down the hills, and feels within him stir the old antagonism against the Sassenach. It is Meredith also who points out that this persistence of memory renders the Welshman inoperative in action; he is content with past triumphs, or, rather, with the legends of victory that have come down the ages, and the pride engendered by these warlike tales and exploits make him indifferent to the conditions of to-day. In effect, the Welsh are a secret people; they will never come out into the open; their military tactics are akin to their political propaganda, for ever they fall back and back again, luring the enemy on, only to disappear before the onslaught, disdaining an open fight, and finding refuge in the policy of perpetual deferment. These characteristics are notably present in Florens Roch's romance. The veil is never lifted, and the true opinions of Gwenllian, her ambitions and her hopes, we do not learn. There is the same curious lack of conviction in the description of Gwenllian's attitude towards the pagan beliefs that still linger in the hills of Wales. The heroine, we are told, has occasional glimpses of a former existence, wherein the Druidical religion played a prominent part; but whether she desires to see the best of that mystic cult incorporated in the religion of Nonconformity as practised in Wales to-day, or whether she desires utterly to stamp the survival out, we are not told. Once, and once only, does the author give us a vivid picture of the Welsh as they truly are, and that is in the account of the meeting at the local chapel. Here the author shows us the real

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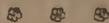
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right thing. The congregation, swayed by the speaker's eloquence in favour of a national ideal, rock themselves to and fro, uttering those strange cries in a minor key, which, once heard, can never be forgotten. But for this fugitive glimpse Mr. Roch does not reveal to us the Welshman as he is. A true story of the Cymri has yet to be written, though, remembering that the Welsh are indubitably the Secret People, one doubts if that day will ever come.



The story of a lodging-house with various types of inmates—the shabby genteel, the hopelessly impecunious, the Bohemian, and the respectable—should make a vivid narrative. We have seen what can be done with such material by Israel Zangwill in his inimitable study of a modern Marchioness, but the qualities that go to the portrayal of "Merely Mary Ann," and the shifting population that drifted in and out the house where Launcelot lived, are lacking in the author of *THE TRANSFORMATION OF TIMOTHY* (Mills and Boon, 6s.). Mr. Thomas Cobb writes with a certain geniality, but his reflections are somewhat trite, his criticisms commonplace. Timothy, the journalist, does not convince us, either in the period when, slipshod of dress, careless of manner, he drifts in and out the story in an aimless fashion, or when, transformed into a well-groomed, immaculately dressed young man about town, he captures the heart of Althea, the heroine. Mrs. Brown, who lodges in the house of Althea's mother, is perhaps the best attempt at portraiture. Mrs. Wimpernis, banished to a nursing home, there to undergo an operation, leaves the conduct of the establishment to her daughter; Althea, much distressed, accepts the offer of Mrs. Brown's assistance. The good lady explains that life has left her with little but trivial items of interest. She is starving for interest and occupation. "As soon as I have done breakfast I look forward to dinner, and when dinner is over I think of tea. After tea is the worst of all, except when I lie awake listening to the clock striking at night." She pleads to be allowed to superintend the cooking of the major's chop, and declares her soul will find satisfaction in the adjustments of the window curtains. Althea gracefully gives way, and the story ends to the satisfaction of the lodgers and the marriage of Timothy with the girl he loves.



Mr. Hubert Bland is always stimulative and occasionally controversial. He is, however, inevitably delightful when he writes about women. In the days gone by a profane journalist of our acquaintance declared he always knew whether or no "Hubert" of the *Sunday Chronicle* were in love, as the criticisms in his articles relating to the other sex always reflected his mood. *OLIVIA'S LATCHKEY* (T. Werner Laurie, 6s.) is "Hubert" at his best. He has an unerring faculty for the important things that women leave unsaid, and knows the exact value of a gesture! The volume contains the correspondence of Mr. Stephen Yorke, a man about town, with Miss Olivia Brent, aged twenty-three, without encumbrances and possessed of a small independent income. Olivia is an orphan, and has passed a considerable portion of her life under the protection of her aunt in the choking atmosphere of a household restricted in ideas and terribly frightened of anything out of the common. She is fired with the ambition to break away and come to London, and asks her friend whether it is possible for her to live unliaperoned in a small flat, or if she is compelled to go into a boarding-house. It is hardly necessary to state that she takes a flat and gathers

about her such of her friends as she knows in London. These friends Stephen Yorke criticises. "It is as well to begin as we mean to go on," he writes, "as a certain sort of people say when they know they are going to be disagreeable; and if we are to be friends we must each have the right to tell each other what we each of us think of each other's friends. That right is fundamental and elementary. . . . Friends may not tell each other what (I mean all, of course) they think of each other. No friendship would stand that strain. I doubt if one could be friends even with oneself if in some of one's introspective moods or mumps one spoke out aloud or wrote down the opinion one has of oneself." Mr. Bland goes on to say that the utterance of a thought is the real birth of it. A thought unspoken is an unborn baby thought. He tells us truly that two people may live together comfortably enough, each thinking some lamentable thing of the other, but that no great harm ensues so long as neither speaks out. With unerring discrimination he suggests that if one of them be a woman she nearly always does speak out, and there is an end. The point of view of the man in contrast with that of a young woman is admirably and subtly given. The portraits and impressions contained in the volume are provocative and delightful. *OLIVIA'S LATCHKEY* is a book the modern woman should not neglect. It is at once a justification and an apology for her existence.



BARRY AND A SINNER (Smith, Elder and Co., 6s.) is written in leisurely style, pricked with occasional touches of humour. Mr. John Barnett tells the story in the first person, and has chosen for the narrator a conventional and somewhat unconvincing type. Gilly Leviter is the ordinary weak-willed, semi-philosophical, moral vagrant. He atones for his general ineffectiveness by risking his life for the woman he loves, and the fashion he affects for demonstration of the fact that he possesses backbone is to plunge into a burning house, and rescue his beloved from the devouring flames. It is part of Gilly's ineffectiveness that the object of his devotion dies in his arms, and he is left hopelessly disfigured, and permanently impaired from an active existence with only the remembrance of her smile to comfort him. Barry, his *fidus Achates*, belongs to a type as conventional as the backboneless Gilly. He is a big Irishman, brimming over with health and spirits, and with the national capacity for falling in love. On the whole he is preferable to his friend, though the latter inevitably suffers from the fact that he is made the central figure of a drama which in itself is not strong enough to excuse the weak part played by the chief actor in the performance. The author, we think, has made a mistake in using the first person; it is inevitably a test of literary ability that few can pass. There can be only two reasons for using this form: the story must either be of such vivid and compelling interest that the narrator is of secondary importance, or that narrator must be so subtly sketched that the reader accepts without question his version of affairs, and endorses his criticisms of the characters that appear with him in the incidents portrayed. The finest example of the second method is Thackeray's "Henry Esmond," one of the masterpieces of English literature.

We do not suggest that the author could hope to come within measurable distance of this work, but it is desirable that a novelist should set before him the most notable achievements in the particular mode he uses, and, before Mr. Barnett again uses the first

(Continued on page 285.)

[SECOND ANNOUNCEMENT.]

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Remember that it is your duty to see to it that the things you have are the best you can get through the careful expenditure of your talents.

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ELIZABETH STEWART.

person in a novel we advise him to study the works written in this style by the masters of our language.



SONS AND LOVERS (Duckworth, 6s.) is written with meticulous care and an eye for detail worthy of high praise. Mr. D. H. Lawrence has taken for his theme the contrasted outlook on life of two generations—showing first the intimate, domestic life of the mother, and the birth and growing up of her sons, and the subsequent conflict which ensues between her and the girl who would lay claim to the heart of her favourite, Paul. There is a pathos about the following interview between mother and son, when they are discussing Miriam, which is very human. She has been upbraiding Paul for neglecting her for the girl, and asks what he can see in her, and what they find to talk about, and he replies:

"Why—painting—and books. *You* don't care about Herbert Spencer."

"No," was the sad reply. "And you won't at my age."

"Well, but I do now—and Miriam does——"

"And how do you know that I shouldn't? Do you ever try me?"

"But you don't, mother; you know you don't care whether a picture's decorative or not; you don't care what manner it is in."

"How do you know I don't care? Do you ever try me? Do you ever talk to me about these things to try?"

"But it's not that that matters to you, mother; you know it's not."

"What is it then—what is it then, that matters to me?" she flashed. He knitted his brows with pain.

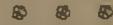
"You're old, mother, and we're young."

The characters are well and sympathetically drawn, and the plot of the story is consistently worked out. The scene is laid in a colliery town in the Midlands, and the life of the colliers is vividly sketched. Mr. Lawrence writes convincingly, and impresses his readers with the conviction that he knows thoroughly the people he writes about. Altogether the book is one which should appeal to a large number of readers, for it is full of human interest, and rings true throughout.



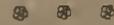
UNPATH'D WATERS (John Lane, 6s.). This is a book of strikingly original short stories by Mr. Frank Harris. The first, "The Miracle of the Stigmata," is concerned with the later life of a "man called Joshua, a carpenter and smith," who came from Cæsarea. Though we are not told in so many words, the man Joshua is obviously Jesus Christ. Mr. Harris shows a daring spirit in dealing with the matter in the way he has. In "The King of the Jews" we are given an account of how one Simon carried the Cross to Calvary, and the story loses nothing of its pathos from the fact that it is told by the lips of Simon himself. "An English Saint" is perhaps one of the best of the stories. It shows with a certain amount of cruelty how a naturally weak and unintellectual man is moulded by the hands of a woman, and how he passes through all the temptations of this wicked world until, in the words of the Archbishop who presides at his inauguration as a Bishop, "perhaps he's as near a saint as we're likely to see." And that Bishop was a "stout, healthy, thrusting prelate and a man of the world, with a good-natured contempt for Gerald." The other stories are all well

worth reading, one in particular, "The Ring," which discloses the methods by which auctions are conducted, and is certainly startling, if not sensational. Mr. Harris has left his best story to the end, and he is perhaps wise in doing so, knowing that his readers will lay down the book with a strong feeling of pleasurable sorrow, slightly tinged with wonder. "The Magic Glasses" is the title of this story, and it is written with a delicacy of touch and a genuine feeling of romance.



EMAUX ET CAMEES, by Théophile Gautier, (6s.); CONFESSIONS, by J. J. Rousseau (2 vols., 6s. each); SOUS L'OEIL DES BARBARES by Barrès, are now added to the "Maitres de Livre," published by Georges Crès et Cie, 3 bis, Place de la Sorbonne, Paris.

These new editions of Théophile Gautier's and Barrès' masterpieces, and of Rousseau's unexpurgated "Confessions," are the latest additions to a now famous series of French classics. That series, "Les Maitres de Livre," edited by M. van Bever, and published by Georges Crès, 3 bis, Place de la Sorbonne, Paris, is one of the most interesting ventures in recent French publishing. Being perfect examples of the French printer's craft, the volumes aim at providing an *Edition de Luxe* of representative classics at moderate prices. The venture has been an extraordinary success. All the previous volumes went out of print in a few months and some of the older volumes have now considerably increased in value—the second-hand copies having risen from 6s. to £2.



A CORRECTION.—We are asked to state that Miss Julie M. Lippman's book, MARTHA-BY-THE-DAY, which was reviewed in our issue of May 23rd, is published by Mr. Grant Richards, and not by Messrs. Putnams, as inadvertently stated; also that the price is 2s. 6d., and not 2s.

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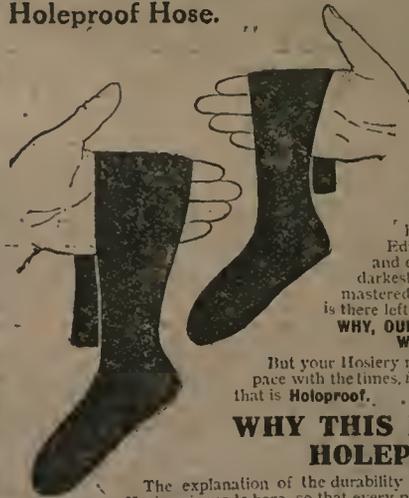
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TRY THEM FOR TWO MONTHS.

Then, if within that time a hole should appear, send them back to us at once with ticket, and we will present you with new hose without extra cost.

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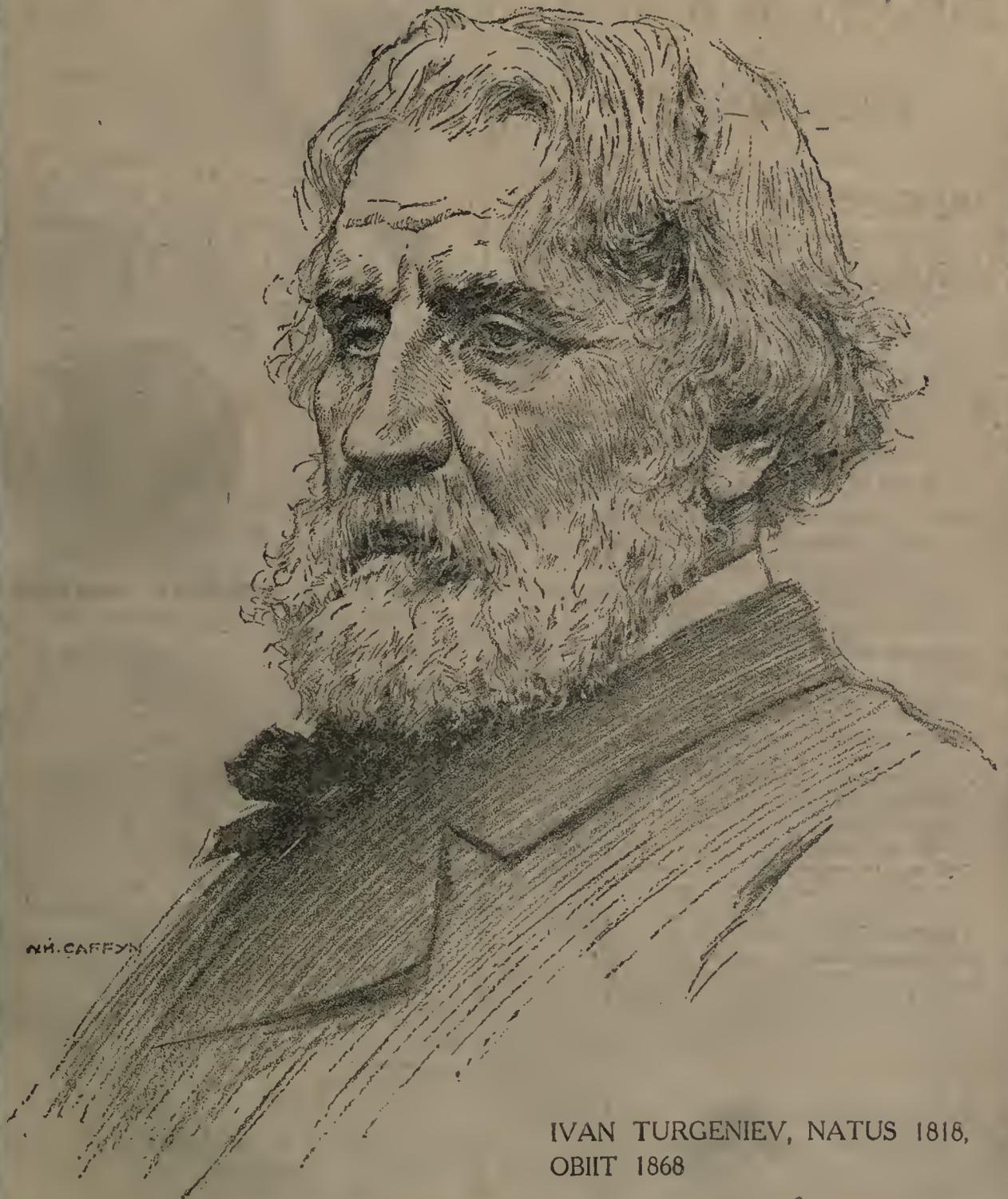
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IVAN TURGENIEV, NATUS 1818,
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For Character Sketch, see page 296.

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HISTORY IN THE MAKING

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE events of the past week, interesting as they have proved to be, have been quite overshadowed by the three conflicting reports which, after many months of labour, have issued from the Marconi Committee, and seldom, if ever, have the authors of State papers found their conclusions canvassed and discussed with the same avidity and interest as has been awarded to Sir Albert Spicer and his colleagues. Probably no official document on record has excited the same heated controversy as that in which the Committee have summarised their several views of Ministerial dealings in American Marconis. Those conclusions were to be the subject of the most important debate that Parliament has known for many a long day. Doubtless the fact that the Committee have been throughout sharply divided, and that the majority are dissenting from the findings of the chairman, Sir Albert Spicer, has added to the widespread attention occasioned by the report—an attention all the more remarkable as it followed close upon the heels of an obvious decline in public regard for the investigation proceeding at Westminster. It is clear, however, that behind the weariness induced by the prolongation of that inquiry there existed a large amount of restiveness as to the conduct of the Ministers concerned. This has found expression in several quarters—notably at Leicester, where, despite the union between Liberalism and Labour, a third candidate is now threatened.

So far as the actual matters discussed at St. Stephen's are concerned, the most important event has been the collapse of the Liberal "cave" against the Welsh Disestablishment Bill, Mr. Gladstone having definitely withdrawn, on behalf of the Liberal Churchmen in the House, further opposition to that measure. At the same time, it is noticeable that there is to be no relaxation of the official hostility to the Bill, and Mr. Bonar Law's speech against it is, by common consent, one of his most successful Parliamentary efforts.

The agitation regarding the alleged laxity which governs the University of Bristol in granting scholastic degrees still continues, and it is certain that in times of less political trouble and complexity than the present the complaints which are being urged against the Governors of that institution would be the subject of drastic Parliamentary inquiry. It is urged that many of the honours bestowed by the University have been conferred without any regard to the scholarship of the recipients, who in some cases have proved to be merely successful men of business, without any pretensions whatever to literary or scientific attainments. Obviously, this is a matter of grave importance, not only as regards the University of Bristol itself, but as affecting the nation as a whole. While it is most desirable that there should be other seats of learning than the ancient Universities, whose management could place them more in touch with modern conditions, it is on every ground deplorable that the new Universities should be discredited, rightly or wrongly, by the sort of charges that are being brought against those who, as at Bristol, are responsible for the conduct of a new and, it is to be hoped, a great institution. An authoritative inquiry, and an unbiased report are on these grounds most desirable.

It is not a little significant, as it is also, perhaps, a trifle ironical, that the same week which witnessed the opening of Sir Edward Carson's campaign against Home Rule saw also the seizure of five separate consignments of arms, intended—so it is whispered—to equip Ulster for resisting impending legislative enactments. While Sir Edward is appealing to the conscience and intellect of the electorate, his fellow-countrymen of the north-east corner are evidently intent on "keeping their powder dry." Quite seriously, however, the seizure of these arms is an event whose importance has yet to be grasped. What would our fathers have thought of arms, not wooden rifles, being found in large parcels, consigned, nobody knows precisely by whom or to whom? No effort whatever has yet been made to trace the responsibility either for the despatch or the receipt of these munitions of war, and that surely is the most perplexing feature in what, properly viewed, is a most disquieting business.

By far the most marked trial that has taken place in England for many a long year came to a dramatic conclusion on Tuesday, when Mr. Justice Phillimore sentenced the Suffragette leaders to lengthy terms of imprisonment in the third division, adding in language remarkable for its emphasis, the unusual declaration that, "if the Home Secretary consults me, I shall take upon myself the responsibility of saying that, at any rate, the ringleaders of you should not be released upon any consideration." This virtually means that the W.S.P.U. will, hunger-strike or no hunger-strike, be without the active aid of its leaders for some time to come. Thus the trial marks a very important stage in the history of the militant agitation. Will the authorities accept the responsibility suggested by the judge, and face the probable consequences of a continued hunger strike by the leaders of the movement, or will they yield to other considerations and once again call the "Cat and Mouse Bill" to their aid, and thus extricate themselves from a difficult position? On the other hand, if the authorities remain firm and refuse to release the prisoners under any circumstances, will there be sufficient resilience and resource on the part of the rank and file to continue the perilous and exacting policy that these leaders have initiated, or will the prosecution be justified by the virtual collapse of the agitation? Time will tell.

THE CURSE OF USURY

SHALL WE ABOLISH THE PAWNBROKER? BY OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER

THE vivid and interesting account of municipal pawnbroking in Paris, which recently appeared in EVERYMAN, has led to the suggestion that the adoption of such a system here at home would prove an expedient of great value in fighting that curse of usury which still presses heavily upon tens of thousands of our countrymen. I have been at pains to ascertain, partly by first-hand inquiry and partly by a careful examination of the facts, how far the proposal is practicable.

First, let me say that there can be no question whatever as to the almost tragic importance that the subject possesses for the poor. The pawnshop is the workman's bank. We must dismiss utterly from our minds the idea that only the thriftless and the idle have recourse to it. The system of borrowing money on pledged goods is considerably older than banking, almost as ancient as banks, and is to-day carried on throughout Great Britain on a scale that is simply stupendous. Figures, we know, can be made to prove anything, but those involved in the aggregate pawn-ing transactions of the United Kingdom are literally staggering. It has been estimated that the pledges amount to

Ten per Cent. of the Population a Year, that is, to 400,000,000 annually. The average value of the pledges is about 4s., and this means that the loans paid out every year across the counter of pawnbroking establishments reach something like the gigantic total of £20,000,000. This estimate is not exaggerated. As long ago as 1870 a Select Committee of the House of Commons learnt that in Liverpool alone 9,088,000 pledges were taken annually, and that 6,960,000 were made out in Glasgow, the money lent in that city amounting to over one million sterling. In the face of these figures it is idle to pretend that the pawnbroker is a man who depends for his trade upon one section of the community. The fact is, of course, that, more than any other tradesman, he has relations with representatives of every social stratum, and one of the most remarkable features of his business is that, while in one department a poor woman may be pledging her blankets to get food, in another a woman of the Smart Set may be leaving her diamonds for money to meet her losses at bridge. The same pawnbroker acts for both just as he acts for the doctor who has to part, under temporary stress, with his instruments, for the soldier who must pawn his medal, for the artist who leaves his canvas, for the navy whose Sunday best is "put away," so that he can travel to a distant spot where work waits him. Clearly, therefore, the laws determining the conditions under which pawnbroking is carried on are of

Profound Interest in all Classes.

What are those conditions? Determined by the Act of 1870—which passed only in the teeth of the very strongest protests from so good a Conservative as the late Lord Salisbury—they placed the pawnbroker in such a position that he is to-day able to exact interest applied to which the words "harsh and unconscionable" are mild expressions. The Act rendered obligatory the charge of ½d. for the ticket handed to the pawner, which on articles under 2s. doubled in some cases the interest charged; and if we take that sum as the unit, as did the framers of the measure, we are soon face to face with charges and

profits that almost take one's breath away. According to the Act,

"the pawnbroker is entitled to charge for this ticket one halfpenny; for profit on each two shillings or part of two shillings lent . . . for not more than one calendar month, one halfpenny; and so on at the same rate per calendar month. . ."

But, be it noted, a large majority of pledges are redeemed within a week, and on these the profit and charges

Work out at 216½ per Cent. per Annum, while, if we take loans under 2s., which are not uncommon in poor districts, we get the following rates of interest:—

Loan.	Period.	Per Cent. per Annum
2s. 0d.	Three days	505½
1s. 6d.	Three days	676
1s. 0d.	One week	400
1s. 0d.	Three days	1,014

In an age that has resounded with denunciations of "unearned increment" it is almost amazing that figures like these have failed to attract attention. But the shibboleth has been accepted that the pawnshop is only for the depraved and the vicious, and practically little attention has been given to the matter.

Turn for a moment from the operation of the system here, and consider some of the alternatives that are in force upon the Continent. Let it be said at once that, so far as the rate of interest charged is concerned, they contrast most favourably with our own. In Madrid, so it is stated, 6 per cent. is charged at the municipal pawnshops, in Brussels 7, and in Berlin 12. It is, however, Paris that affords us perhaps the most interesting example, in the famous Mont de Piété, that survival of the old religious bank which existed to fight usury. Started afresh after the Revolution in 1801,

It has Proved within Limits an Astonishing Success.

The story of the Mont de Piété reads like a romance. First, the profits go to the State and to charity—to the Public Aid Department and to the hospitals of Paris, which one year benefited to the tune of £14,000. Then its arrangements are, in many respects, admirable. Its storage facilities are excellent. For instance, it disinfects all the feather-bed mattresses and blankets, etc., that are brought to it. Above all, the rate of interest charged is trifling, compared with the profits earned by our pawnbrokers, and it encourages by all means in its power the redemption of the goods on which it advances money. Again, as it advances money only on very conservative estimates, and to the value, as a rule, of two-thirds of the article pawned, there is generally a large surplus to go to the pawner when the pledge is sold.

This point is one of cardinal importance. The gravest defect of our arrangements here in England is that the pawnbroker sits beside the friendly auctioneer and contrives to buy back the articles he puts up for sale on low terms, so that the unfortunate pawner is deprived of the surplus over and above the pawnbroker's profit to which the law says he is entitled.

So far, contrasting the two systems,

The Advantage is Immeasurably with the French,

and the question, of course, arises whether we should not advocate the replacement of the present defective

system by municipal pawnbroking, on the lines of the Mont de Piété. Reluctantly, but none the less emphatically, I say No! For the facts leave no doubt in my mind that, so far as poor, or, at all events, the poorest, are concerned, the Mont de Piété, placed in London, and in full working order, would leave their needs absolutely untouched.

To commence with, the Mont de Piété makes no advance under 2s. 6d., and the large majority of pledges, as we have seen, are for even smaller amounts. Go to a London pawnbroker's any Saturday afternoon or evening, and you may see the mother of a struggling household taking out the tablecloth that the family may eat their Sunday dinner in decency, or the child's best boots, or her husband's jacket and vest. Probably they will be pawned again on the following Tuesday, and the money—the 2s. or 1s. 6d. she receives—will be spent in coal or tea, even, it may be, in bread. Under the Parisian system, unless she had more valuable articles, she could not get even those necessities at times. It may be said, "There is no reason why we should follow the French system in this particular. If the L.C.C. ran municipal pawnshops, they could lend out any amount, however trifling." But my investigations into the matter lead me to the belief that they could not do anything of the sort. For the fact is that in accepting pledges of small value the pawnbroker runs so considerable a risk that he can only make the business pay by charging rates of interest that no public authority would dare to inflict, and in that fact we get the explanation of the apparently rapacious profits that, as I have shown, the law permits the pawnbroker to make. I had very conclusive testimony on this head from one of the most experienced pawnbrokers in the whole of London, who gives out

No less than 38,000 pledges per annum.

According to this gentleman, half at least of the pawnbroker's profits go in "out of times." A man brings in a coat, and is lent 8s. on it. It is not redeemed, and being under 10s. cannot be sold at auction, so is taken into stock and finally sold for 5s. On that transaction the pawnbroker receives no interest whatever, and loses nearly half the principal advanced. The fact is that advancing money on goods of poor quality is speculative to a degree, and can only be made to pay if high interest is charged. Take that away, and the pawnbroker will cease to deal in half-crowns, or even in half-sovereigns, and the small, the infinitely small margin of credit that the poor enjoy will disappear.

Again, the Mont de Piété insists on pawners being kept waiting for two or three days after they have redeemed their goods, and anyone pledging goods over and above ten francs must produce evidence of identification. One gets a vision of the irate and harassed English housewife confronted with these regulations. It is Saturday afternoon, and John and she have planned an outing for Sunday. She has called for her man's best suit, and has brought the money—only to learn that it cannot be restored to her until Tuesday. What would the good lady say?

No; the wholesale substitution of the French system for our own would drive the poor to have recourse to unlicensed pawnbrokers, who already flourish in sufficiently large numbers, and it would do nothing, therefore, to lift the curse of usury off their lives.

That does not mean, however, that we should rest content with our present deplorable arrangements, and I propose to indicate next week the practical steps that we must take to secure reform.

HOW THE POOR LIVE

A WHARF LABOURER'S STORY

By THOMAS HOLMES

I.

It was Christmas morning, 1912! The rain was descending, and Bethnal Green was receiving a much-needed cleansing. As no children and few adults were abroad, the homes of the poor must have been inconveniently crowded, for the public-houses were closed.

I was quickly at my destination, and found myself in the presence of the woman whose pitiful story had drawn me from my home.

She was about fifty-nine years of age, and had just returned from the hospital; they had refused to operate upon her for cancer, her case being considered hopeless.

After comforting her as far as possible, I asked her to give me some particulars of her life.

"I am a trouser machinist," she said. "I was married when I was twenty years of age; my husband was a fish porter in Billingsgate. Sometimes he earned good money, sometimes very little; when he was not earning he was spending, for the public-house was too handy while he was waiting for jobs. I had again to take to my trade before I had been married six months, so I got a machine, which enabled me to earn 12s. or 14s. a week. The more I earned, the more he spent, and ultimately I had to keep the home and the four children by my own earnings.

"I had a hard life for twenty years, but when he died and I was left alone I had more peace and fewer worries.

"I kept my four children without any help from the parish, and I have been the tenant of this house ever since my husband died; the rent is 13s., and there are six rooms in it.

"I let the three top rooms to my married daughter for 6s. 6d. a week; she has seven children; they are all upstairs now. Can't you hear them?"

"An old man and his wife have my little back room, and they pay me 2s. 3d. a week. That leaves me 4s. 3d. to pay. I have this one front room downstairs for my bed and living-room, and a small kitchen, in which I keep my machine and do my work, for the Inspector will not allow me to machine trousers in a bedroom.

"I managed pretty well till nine months ago, when my cancer began. I have had to pawn many things since my earnings fell off, and I do not suppose I shall ever work my machine again; but I must not sell it," she added very decisively.

"But," I said, "surely your daughter helps you! What is your son-in-law?"

"Help me! Help me! They would if they could right enough, but they can't. Many's the time I have helped them; but now I can't help them any more."

"What is his work?" I again asked.

"He is a carman at a river wharf," she said. "A good husband and father, a steady man, who brings home his wages every week. He is upstairs now, mending the children's boots, for they can't go out in this rain."

"Call him down. Tell him I should like to talk to him."

She rose, and went to the foot of the stairs and called out: "Andrew! will you come down for a minute?"

II.

Andrew had no coat on, and his shirt sleeves were rolled up; he had evidently been at work. After wishing him a "Merry Christmas," and asking him to join me in a smoke, I told him that I would like some particulars of his life and work.

"Well," he said, "there is not much to tell that's worth telling; one week is the same as another; it's all work and bed! I have got two days' holiday now, so I'm mending all the boots; but we shall have a bit of a change this week-end, for I shall lose two days' pay, and we shall have to go short of something. But we have to do that every holiday. What else do you want to know?"

"Tell me, what wages do you earn, what time do you leave in the morning, and what time do you get home in the evening?"

"Very often," he said, "I have to be at the wharf by four o'clock. Sometimes I am told to be there at five o'clock, six o'clock, and sometimes I am not sent out with my team till eight o'clock or nine o'clock. It is the uncertainty that makes the worry, for should I be a few minutes late some other man takes out my team, and I am grassed for the day. But that does not happen often, for I am good at getting up in the morning, and if I should not wake early my wife would rouse me. I don't think she sleeps much after three o'clock. The time I get home depends upon the time I start out with my team. Sometimes I get home about five o'clock, sometimes at seven o'clock, and sometimes not till midnight. My wages come to 30s. a week for twelve hours' work a day. If I work more than twelve hours in one day I get overtime money; but I don't get much, for the manager contrives to prevent it, for then I have time and a quarter. I could do with a good bit of overtime, for we have nothing to spare when we have paid our way."

"Now, go up to your boot-mending and the children, and ask your wife if she will kindly come down."

As Andrew went up the narrow stairs, he evidently saw his wife standing at their room door, for I heard him say, "Liza, he wants to see you now." So Liza came down. I was going to wish her a "Merry Christmas," but one look was sufficient to deter me, for her face told of worry, suffering, and, I am afraid, fasting. I could understand why she was so wakeful at three o'clock in the morning. A more pathetic-looking woman I had never seen. So I pressed a Christmas-box, which made her smile wearily.

So the three of us sat, the mother dying of cancer on the one side, and the ill-nourished mother of seven children on the other, and we talked of her life, her husband, her children, and the expenditure of the money, and the future!

"Yes!" she said, "Andrew is a good husband; he never drinks or beats me, and he always brings his full money home. Whatever we should do if he did not I cannot tell! We have seven children, and the eldest is a girl of seventeen, who earns seven shillings a week; but she has to walk all the way to the City Road and back, for she cannot afford to ride. I allow her twopence every day for food, and she takes some bread and margarine with her; but she wears out a lot of boots. She is not very strong. She often gets very wet, and the doctor says she is anæmic. But she is a good girl, and has just been confirmed.

"This is my eldest boy, fourteen years of age. You see what a big strong lad he is. He eats all that we can put before him; but he has no mind at all. They will not have him at school because he cannot learn.

He could not learn his letters. He cannot help in the house, or mind the children, for he steals their food from them. He cannot do the least errand for me. But he is never ill, and almost lives out of doors. He is not mischievous. What we shall do with him I can't imagine!"

"Tell me now," I said, "how you manage to keep house, and how you spend your money."

"I will tell you as nearly as I can, but I cannot remember everything. Every Saturday my husband brings home 30s. I give him 5s. back again, that is 8d. per day for his dinner and tea, and 1s. to buy a bit of tobacco and to pay his club money.

"I pay 6s. 6d. rent; 1s. for coal, sometimes more; gas costs another 1s.; we are all insured, for which I pay 1s.; we have two quartern loaves every day, so bread comes to 6s. 5d. in the week; we have half a pound of margarine every day, and that amounts up to 1s. 9d.; I have two tins of condensed milk in the week, so the milk costs us 7d. per week; our Sunday joint and vegetables come to 2s. 8d.; I have one pound of tea at 1s. 4d.; three pounds of sugar at 2½d.; and two pounds of rice at 2d. Sometimes I buy a pennyworth of jam for my daughter's supper, for it helps the bread and margarine down. I always try to get a bit of fish for my husband's supper, for he must have something when he comes home. I usually get fresh herrings, for they are cheap."

III.

I looked at the half-starved woman and wondered. I thought of the children coming in from school, of the wolfish lad who "eats all that could be put before him," and then I said, "What do you and the children have for dinner?"

"Sometimes boiled rice with sugar on it; sometimes I buy three-quarters of a pound of beef sausages."

"What do you pay for the sausages?"

"Threepence," she said. "They are fourpence a pound."

"Does your big boy come into dinner when you have sausages?"

"Oh, yes, he always comes in to meals."

"Then there is not much left?"

"Oh, no! Why, he could eat the lot!"

"How many of you dine upon that three-quarters of a pound of sausages?"

"Five children and myself; but I do not give any to the youngest child."

"I am afraid there is not much left for you after the children have been served."

"Not much, sir; but then, you see, I have done growing."

"Yes, but you have not done working. You do the washing and ironing for the family, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes; soap costs me 5d. a week."

"Wait a bit," I said, "you are spending more than your income; you have nothing left for clothing, boots, towels, and house requisites. However do you get them?"

"There is my daughter's seven shillings, but most of that has to be spent on her, for she must go tidy to work. Then I earn a shilling sometimes on my machine when the children are gone to bed. I am often weary and tired of it all. I have a hard life; but what's the use of complaining? There's plenty worse off, for Andrew does have regular work, and he is a good husband."

So I left them! Andrew mending his children's boots, his weary-faced wife at her endless tasks, the widowed mother nursing her cancer, and the soulless boy ready to eat everything put before him!

INDIA FOR THE INDIANS?

A REPLY TO MR. HYNDMAN * * * BY W. S. LILLY

PART II.

A Misleading Shibboleth

THE cry of "India for the Indians" has been raised by an extremely small fraction of the inhabitants of that portion of the country which is directly under our rule. The dwellers in British India number over two hundred millions, and may be described, with more accuracy than is usual in such generalisations, as "a dense population of husbandmen." Only a twentieth part of them live in towns, most of which are overgrown villages. Of cities there are very few. The vast majority are in a state of abject poverty, as their ancestors have been from time immemorial. Their houses are small huts with only one windowless room. The walls consist of coarse straw mats fastened to a framework of bamboo or reeds, or of alternate rows of straw and reeds plastered with mud. Their method of cultivation is of the simplest. For example, their ploughing has been described, not unjustly, as "scratching the ground with a crooked stick." All their energies are confined to the problem of sustaining life. All their interests are bounded by the village community in which they dwell. It appears from official returns that only eight and a half millions of them can, in any degree, read and write their own vernaculars. "India for the Indians" obviously does not and cannot mean India for these masses who have no political aspirations whatever, who have never so much as heard of representative government, and who are no more fitted for it than children in a nursery.

The Unspeakable Babu

What, then, does the cry of "India for the Indians" really mean? It means India for the people who raise the cry: the originators and fomentors of political agitation in that country, who really have no more right to speak for the people of India than the three tailors of Tooley Street had to speak for the people of England. In the whole of India there are 625,000 literates in English, and of these some 100,000 constitute the Babu class. And what they represent is their own caste: the most aristocratic in the world. So far from representing a popular movement in India, as they have tried—and tried successfully—to persuade English demagogues, they are the most unpopular class in Hindustan. But they are dreaded as much as they are disliked, their English education (so called) investing them with much prestige. Their underlying aspiration is to be rid of the impartial supervision of British officials, who prevent their tyrannising over the lower castes and classes. For, as the *Times* pointed out in a leading article not long ago, "it is to these officials that the toilers and tillers owe, too frequently in the teeth of violent opposition from the Hindu politicians, every measure which has been hitherto passed to promote the interests of agriculture and to abate the rapacity of the usurer and the landgrabber." Everyone who has any direct and personal knowledge of India knows that this is a true account of the Babus. But it may not be amiss to supplement it by the description given

of them by M. Maindron, who is one of the most considerable authorities on Hindustan:—

"A Babu! What friend of India can hear the name without trembling with anger? . . . The Babus are a *canaille* which the feebleness of a humanitarian administration forms in the schools of the great centres of India. Pretended anarchists (anarchistes de façade) and shameful traditionalists, repudiating the civilisation of their own country for the nonce, in the hope of rendering it permanent after the cataclysms which they invoke, these Babus are the partisans of 'India for the Indians.' They have made use of British teaching to learn the means of ruining their educators. And pending the expulsion of the English, they live on the administration of England. They copy the English clubs, they ape English customs. They become writers, journalists, and clerks (ronds-de-cuir), for nothing manly in the Englishman attracts them. They dread English sports, from which their effeminacy and cowardice keep them aloof. Like Panurge, whom they resemble in more than one point, they have a natural fear of hard knocks. Their weapon is the pen: a weapon poisoned by delation, duplicity, calumny, and intrigue."

Shall We Evacuate India?

Such are the Indians who want India for themselves. But if Mr. Hyndman thinks they will get it, he is very much mistaken. In the first place, the British people, obeying, as Alexis de Toqueville has well said, "an instinct which is not only heroic but true, and a real motive of conservation," will assuredly keep India at any cost. And, secondly, in the incredible, the impossible event of a British evacuation of that country, assuredly the government of it would not fall into the hands of the Babus. If anything is certain, it is that the haughty Moslems, the chivalrous and truth-loving Rajputs, the warlike Sikhs, even the Eurasians and the native Christians, would disdain the ignominious yoke of the babbling Babu. There is a striking passage in Baron von Hübnér's most interesting book, "A travers l'Empire Britannique," which is worth quoting in this connection. He relates that a well-known Brahmin in Benares, a man in high position, and not an enthusiastic admirer of the British Raj, said to him in the course of conversation, "Do you know what would happen if the English should leave India? Suppose we went down into our parks and opened the cages of our wild beasts: in a few minutes they would have devoured us and one another, except the tiger, who would survive; that tiger will be Mohammedan." I do not doubt the truth of this forecast. The sixty millions of Mohammedans are dynamically the most considerable of the jarring elements of the population of British India. They are a homogeneous people, closely united by their religion. They have the traditions of a warlike race for long centuries established in the seat of power, and they are quite capable of again holding their own in it. Does Mr. Hyndman or do the spurious humanitarians who encourage Indian sedition, with its vapid tall talk and cowardly murders, suppose that the substitution of a

Mohammedan for a British Raj would be for the advantage of the people of Hindustan?

Pseudo-Representative Government

Again, it must not be forgotten that the native princes, who rule directly over two-thirds of India, view Babudom with the greatest disfavour, and would suppress in their own dominions with the utmost rigour any attempt to foment the unrest and disaffection which it creates. One of the most considerable of them—the Nizam—wrote, not long ago, to the Viceroy, "Sedition should be localised and rooted out mercilessly." Of course, that is easier said than done, because for the sedition which thwarts and cripples the work of the British Raj in India we are ourselves largely responsible. It is the outcome of a foolish policy which we have pursued in India for the better part of a century. Sir Evelyn Wood, a high authority, in his very striking book, "The Revolt in Hindustan," tells us that, in his opinion, one of the causes of the great Mutiny was "the well-meant but mistaken attempt to govern in accordance with systems prevailing in the United Kingdom, millions of Asiatics, as numerous as the people of Europe, and of as many different religions." *Hoc fonte derivata clades*. This is the real source of the troubles which have come upon us in the Indian Empire. They are of our own making. Since the days when Lord—then Mr.—Macaulay was a member of the Government of India, a main endeavour of its rulers has been to Anglicise it. The not very virile intelligence of the Governor-General under whom he served—Lord William Bentinck—was won over by his facile rhetoric, as the declaration in the famous Proclamation of March 7th, 1835, showed: "The great object of the British Government ought to be the promotion of European literature and science among the natives of India." In pursuance of this "great object" the British Government has inflicted numberless woes upon the country. It has attempted to introduce political institutions of a representative character, for which the people are quite unfit, as I have before observed, and which are utterly distasteful to them. Some thousand municipalities have been created throughout India, and I know not how many local and district boards. The representative character of these bodies is the emptiest of pretences. The people whom they are supposed to represent know and care nothing about them. The astute Hindus who get themselves elected, and who are largely vakils, that is, lawyers, represent nothing but their own personal interests, and their desire to gratify those interests by such means as their official position offers. One of the wisest men who ever had a seat in the Viceroy's Council foretold this result. "It would be a matter of surprise to me," Sir Henry Maine said, "that municipal institutions should flourish at all in India; it would be still more wonderful that they should, in any case, be based upon a system of popular representation." "Such institutions," he added, "have had in Europe an almost unbroken career of two thousand years, and in India it is proposed to *create* them!" The pretence at representative government which we find in Hindustan is not only a folly, it is also a fraud.

The Farce of Education

The same must be said of what we are pleased to call the "higher education" which we have given to

the people of India, and of which such proud boasting is made, from time to time. In the first place, it is not *education* at all. The object of education is the formation of character. "I call therefore a complete and generous education," says Milton, "that which fits a man to perform justly, skilfully, and magnanimously all the offices, both public and private, of peace and war." But the "higher education" which we have given to the young Indian does nothing of the kind. It is an attempt—in Mill's graphic words—"to force English ideas down his throat"—ideas which are foreign from his mentality, and which it is extremely difficult for him to assimilate. It empties him of his traditional and ancestral beliefs, and gives him nothing wherewith to replace them. The young Hindu who has passed through a Government College leaves it, as a rule, utterly sceptical and discontented, wholly void of settled principles, religious or ethical. The net result of his year of study—in most cases it would be truer to say cramming—has really been to denationalise him. I call such "education," as I have called the bastard local self-government in India, a fraud and a folly. It is a most egregious folly. Sir George Birdwood, who knows India as few men know it, has expressed his opinion that "the so-called 'unrest' in Bengal has a reality in the legitimate discontent of the Anglicised rising generation all over India." He adds, "Our system of education has made their gods, and their splendid literature, and their immemorial industrial arts, all lost treasures to them; and we have unfitted them for any employment in their own country, while we have no adequate employment to offer them in this country; and we deserve any revenge they may be moved to have on us for the spiritual and material ruin we have brought on them." Babudom, then, is an evil of our own creation. It is the outcome of our insensate attempt to Anglicise India. What the Babu is we have made him. And, I am sorry to say, I see no sign of any cessation of the process which has produced him.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF A NEW SERIES OF COMPETITIONS

IT is one of the objects of EVERYMAN, expressed in the sub-title of the paper, to get at the facts of national life. We speak glibly of the classes and the masses, lumping them together as if they were abstract entities; but we know very little of the concrete conditions of life of those classes and those masses. One of the most urgent desiderata of social science is an accurate knowledge of those conditions, with their infinite variations in time and space, according to professions and surroundings.

With a view to furthering such knowledge, we offer a prize of Three Guineas each for the best contribution, not exceeding 2,000 words, on any one of the six following subjects:—

- | | |
|----------------------------|----------------------|
| 1. The Civil Servant. | 4. The Male Teacher. |
| 2. The Anglican Clergyman. | 5. The Compositor. |
| 3. The Foreign Missionary. | 6. The Miner. |

The papers should be descriptive rather than controversial, and we would recommend a division into paragraphs, with a view to inducing orderly sequence. We would also recommend a brief synopsis summing up the main points dealt with. It is desirable that the competitions be written from direct observation. The experience of a miner will be more welcome than a contribution by a politician who once in his life visited a coal-mine.

Entries should be clearly written, and preferably typewritten, should bear the number of the Competition, and should reach the

COMPETITION EDITOR, "EVERYMAN,"

21, Royal Terrace,

Edinburgh,

by July 1st. Other subjects will be announced later on.

IVAN TURGENIEV * * * BY CHARLES SAROLEA

I.

RUSSIAN literature is the finest of all heroic literatures. No other has raised to a higher level the dignity of a novelist. The Russian novelist is at the same time a man of thought and a man of action. He has a cure of souls; he is an apostle. The Russian novel of the nineteenth century, like the French novel of the eighteenth, has been the chief and almost the only instrument of political and social freedom. The novel in Russia takes the place of the newspaper, the pulpit, and the platform, for under an autocratic Government the Press is gagged, the Church has sold her birth-right for a mess of pottage, and the Duma is of recent growth.

Nothing is more sad or more tragic, more monotonous, and at the same time more touching and more glorious, than the life-story of Russian novelists. Nearly all these lives resemble one another. What a lamentable list of martyrs! Radischef, one of the first who dared to expose the horrors of serfdom, exiled to Siberia by Catherine the Great and forced into committing suicide! Pouchkine and Lermontoff killed in a duel! Griboiedoff assassinated! Bielinski, the greatest of critics, Solovioff, the greatest of philosophers, and Tchekhof, the most celebrated of novelists, carried off prematurely by a pitiless climate! Herzen, Saltikoff, Tchernitchevski, and Kropotkine condemned to exile! Dostoevski, sentenced to the mines—*damnatus ad metalla*—and spending the best of his years in the "House of the Dead." Plescheeff, Pisareff, Maxime Gorki, put in prison! All suspected, hunted, and condemned under a hostile Government to a life of sickness and misery.

On this list of martyrs, in this struggle for freedom of thought and of conscience, Turgeniev occupies, in spite of some adverse criticism, a place of honour. He also knew what prison life meant. He was exiled to his distant property. He was placed under police vigilance, and if he suffered less than others from the harshness of those in power it is because he put the frontier between himself and the police. Far from his country, he continued to fight the good fight.

II.

Born in 1818, that is ten years before Tolstoy, in the Province of Orel, in old Russia, and on the borders of that black soil which is the granary of Europe, Turgeniev belonged to the illustrious liberal and liberating generation of the 'forties. Attaining his intellectual majority when the despotic power of Nicholas I. was at its height, he bore the marks of that terrible régime, and the misery of serfdom branded itself indelibly upon his soul. Descended from the country aristocracy, and bred of long lines of noblemen, he was the last witness of feudal customs, and became the acknowledged chronicler of a society now for ever abolished. A sad childhood was his, whose memory served to darken his whole life. His father was a rake. His mother, a strange, despotic woman, who lorded it over an estate of 5,000 souls, quarrelled with him, and never forgave him for losing caste by becoming an author, when he might have achieved a brilliant military career in the Tchin. He received a double education—*à la France*, at the hands of indifferent preceptors and dancing masters, and *à la Tartare*, that is, at the point of the lash. At eighteen he was glad to escape from the maternal home, with its atmosphere of violence and servility, and to make his way first to Moscow for a season of pleasure, then to St. Petersburg to taste the comparative liberty of

student life. These were the darkest days of political despotism, and the temptation to breathe the air of freer lands was very strong. At twenty Turgeniev left Russia, and spent three years at the University of Berlin. After Muscovite despotism the despotism of Prussia seemed a deliverance.

This first absence of three years determined his future life. On his return to Russia he could no longer breathe his native air. At twenty-nine years of age, in 1847, he returned to a wandering life, and left his country for good, returning to it only for a few weeks each year in order to settle his business affairs. And if at first the love of his native land seized upon the exile and brought him back for a time to Spasshohle, the tyrannical reign of Nicholas did its best to kill these regrets. In 1852, the day after the publication of the "Sportsman's Sketches," he received in prison, as does every *âme bien née* in Russia, his baptism of liberty. His crime was the discreet praise he had given to Gogol and his "Dead Souls," just as Lermontoff had been punished for praising Pouchkine. It was a warning. From henceforth Turgeniev was cured of his nostalgia. He became more and more "westernised." For years he wandered across Europe in the pursuit of his artistic ideal, and in the train of Madame Viardot, the famous prima donna and sister of Malibran, to whom he was united by a friendship which death alone was to end. He resided alternately in Germany and France, and built himself a villa at Baden-Baden. He, the Scythian and the Tartar, became a type of the uprooted absentee landlord. Far from Russia, he understood her no more, and was no more understood by her, and he lived to be misprized and disowned by the coming generation of his compatriots.

After 1870 he left Germany, and settled permanently in Paris, and France was grateful to the stranger who preferred the hospitality of the Conquered to that of the Conqueror. An intimate friend of Flaubert, who had organised in his honour the famous dinners at Magny, of which Edmond de Goncourt became the chronicler (see the Diary of the Goncourts), translated by Mérimée, extolled by About and George Sand, by Taine and Renan, recognised as a master by Zola and Daudet, Turgeniev became almost a French classic, and the first on the lists of the new realistic and naturalistic school. In spite of such adulation and affection, exile was not good for him. His popularity in France, besides being a little artificial, could never reconcile him to his unpopularity at home, and he carried in his heart till death the wound struck by his alienated and ungrateful country. His mental sufferings, his irregular life had prematurely undermined his vigorous constitution. Turgeniev died in 1868, after years of excruciating suffering caused by cancer of the spinal cord. By a strange irony of fate, he who lived as a disregarded exile returned after death to his native country, and Russia, who had disowned him, gave to his dead body the honours she had refused to his genius.

III.

It is important for an understanding of Turgeniev to trace the main currents of his tortured existence, to remember at what date and under what influences each of his books came into being, and, above all, to recall the successive environments in which his lot was cast: Old Russia, the Black Soil, Serfdom, German Universities, the Russian Colony of Baden, the cosmopolitan society of Paris. For Tur-

geniev was a chronicler. He could only describe with microscopic minuteness what he had seen, and make the scenes he had actually passed through live again. If he had had the magnifying imagination of a Balzac or of a Dickens, he would have transformed actuality; if he had had the historical imagination of Walter Scott, he would have taken refuge in "the past"; if he had had the reforming and Christian temperament of Tolstoy, his books would have been speeches and discussions. But Turgeniev had none of these. On the one hand he had scarcely any creative faculty; on the other hand, he was entirely detached from all positive Christianity. He was a complete Nihilist in religion, and even in politics he disclaimed any didactic intention. Possessing to a supreme degree the genius of observation and of psychological analysis, he contented himself with reproducing the reality which surrounded him, and the society and personalities which he knew. This surrounding reality, this society, and these personalities he saw thus through an artistic temperament, which received its profoundest impressions from its environment. To understand this temperament of his, his moral physiognomy, his jarring discords, his eccentricities, his contrasts, one must transport oneself to the Russia of former days.

Tradition has it that Turgeniev was a fatherly and patriarchal "grand old man," six feet in height, with white hair and a flowing beard, the soul of a child in the body of a giant, full of kindness and good nature, ingenuousness, and simplicity. In reality, no one was less ingenuous than Turgeniev, as Daudet and Zola learnt to their sorrow. The simplicity of the Slav, indeed, is very often mingled with the duplicity of the Byzantine.

Turgeniev is full of contradictions and fundamentally obscure; and these contradictions explain the contradictory judgments of which he has been the subject, especially in Russia, on the part of the Slavophiles, as well as the "Zapadniki." He is at once a mystic and a mystifier, an enthusiast and a sceptic, keen on revolution, and yet without illusions concerning revolutionaries ("Fathers and Children"); gentle and violent; a believer in ideas, and yet knowing all the time that these ideas will be dissipated in "Smoke." ("Smoke.")

Very intelligent, very yielding, and very feeble, he was always influenced by his surroundings. Very young and very old, at once barbaric and refined, he is the product of a civilisation which, one might say, was putrescent before it was ripe. When it was the fashion to be Byronic, and to assume a romantic pose, Turgeniev startled Herzen and Tolstoy by his dandified affectation as he sported an eyeglass in the Perspective Nevski. When he was in Germany he was a Gallophobe. When he was in Paris he was a Gallophile; yet he did not hesitate to write some very bitter criticisms on the country of his adoption to his friends in Russia.

In fine, his was a nature wavering and complex, a character profoundly sympathetic, but undecided and vacillating, a luminous intelligence, but lacking focus. His virtues really belonged to him; his faults he owed to his education, and to the demoralising conditions of his exiled and uprooted existence.

And as these conditions explained in a great measure the personality of the novelist, they also explained the physiognomy of his characters, the atmosphere of his work. That atmosphere is depressing, and the physiognomy of the "heroes" is still more so. These heroes have nothing heroic about them. They are nearly all without energy, or they waste what energy they have in words, or in evanescent accessions of

violence. They descant incessantly upon the Russian genius, its destiny, and its superiority over the European genius; but they submit to all the indignities of the present moment. Nearly all are "Useless Men." (See "The Diary of a Useless Man.") They go from one extreme to another, not having their centre of gravity within themselves. They ask from love both the joys and the sufferings of life, but in that very love they reveal the same want of character, of stability and consistence.

Sometimes they sacrifice to a caprice the woman they love; sometimes they commit suicide when crossed in love, without any resource against temptation or misfortune. This paralysis of the will, this "aboulie"—no one has described and diagnosed it with a surer penetration than Turgeniev, because he himself was so profoundly affected by it, and because it is the constitutional malady of the Russian soul. How can one escape being "aboulique" like *Roudine* in a country where the will of one individual can break everything and substitute itself for everything? How can one help being fantastic like *Irène* in a country where despotism and caprice reign? How can one avoid violence and Nihilism like that of *Bazaroff* under a régime where nothing can be obtained by reason and persuasion, and where one must be either a victim or a despot?

IV.

As a writer, Turgéniev is without a rival. He is the purest of stylists, the first classical prose writer of his country. Like Pouchkine, he had the most intimate knowledge and mastery of the resources and the riches of the Russian tongue. I remember once, when I was in the Crimea, and wishing to learn the Russian language, I asked Maxime Gorki what would be the best method to follow. Gorki, the least artistic, the least westernised of writers, sent me first of all to Turgeniev. It is a fact that foreigners begin their study of Russian by reading Turgeniev. It is he who initiates them into the secrets of the most complex, the most finely graded, the most varied and most subtle of modern languages—perhaps of all languages the sole heir to the genius of the Greek tongue.

But Turgeniev is still more; he is a master of European literature. He has neither the inspiration of Gogol, nor the epic grandeur or the prophetic breath of Tolstoy, nor the profound tragedy of Dostoievski, nor the democratic sentiment of Gorki and Tchekhof. His horizon is as limited and monotonous as the horizon of the steppes. He works with certain ever-recurring types of lovers, proprietors, peasants, intellectuals, and revolutionaries. If his talent remains personal and original, if he has not (whatever may be said against him) copied from his predecessors, he is for ever copying himself. But in this limited world, which is his own, Turgeniev is without a rival. The best judges in all countries—Mérimée, Taine, and Hennequin in France; Brandes in Denmark; Henry James in America; Galsworthy in England,—have recognised, in spite of the obscuring medium of translation, the mastery of his art. He has colour, meaning, order, composition. He has moderation and proportion. He knows how to sum up a situation in a few lines, how to draw a character with a few strokes. He has none of the tedious speeches which make Dostoievski, and sometimes Tolstoy, so difficult to read. He excels in telling a story. He probably inspired Maupassant, and there is no doubt that Tchekhof owed much to him.

As an artist Turgeniev seems to have profited by all his experiences, even by the harshness of the Censorship; and the failings of mankind ministered

to his art no less than its virtues. Narrowly watched by Censors, he was forced into those reticences and reserves, and into that veiled delicacy of allusion which heightens artistic effect. Being a pessimist, he had no illusions about his characters, but maintained throughout a Shakespearean objectivity towards them. Had he been more optimistic and idealistic, and more of a reformer, he would have interposed his own reflections between his characters and the reader, using them, too, as vehicles of his own favourite doctrine. But being a fatalist, he believed in the immutability of his characters, and made them all act according to the strict logic of their temperaments.

It should be added that, though Turgeniev contemplates the "Human Comedy" with the disillusioned smile of the sceptic, his smile is often mixed with tears, and his scepticism never excludes tenderness, emotion, and sympathy. So far from excluding goodness and indulgence, his fatalism rather implies them; for to him to understand all is to pardon all. One pre-eminently Christian virtue has survived the shipwreck of his Christianity—the virtue of resignation, and he has kept the best part of Christian piety, which is pity. Like all great Russian writers, he has, amid the loss of many beliefs, retained the religion of human suffering.



LITERARY NOTES

THE two great events of the spring publishing season have been the Definitive Edition of the Works of Francis Thompson, published in three attractive and beautifully printed volumes by Messrs. Burns and Oates, and the Collected Poems of Mrs. Alice Meynell, issued by the same firm a few weeks ago, and already in its third large edition. We hope to notice both these significant literary phenomena at greater length in the near future. Meanwhile, what calls for comment is the fact that poetry of the highest and least immediately appealing type is finding an increasing public. Nothing could be further from the popular exploitation of sentiment and exaggeration of impressionism than Mrs. Meynell's pure and austere Muse, yet her reticent and elusive verse has attained a success which present-day imitators of Mr. Kipling do not even trust themselves to dream of. Of Francis Thompson one would like to say much. His magnificent and fastidious work has been little short of a redemptive force in the history of modern poetry. A comparison with Crashaw has been pressed until it became glaringly untrue, yet for sheer religious ecstasy and depth of "perception" (in Coventry Patmore's sense of the word) there have only been two poets in the whole of our literature—Crashaw and Thompson. All who came between them fell short of the highest potency of the terms. Of all things written on Thompson, a verse, a short poem, evoked by his line, "Remember me, poor thief of song," and published, if I mistake not, anonymously, clings to the memory:—

"Remember me, poor thief of song";
Ah, yes, dear brother, while the world remains,
If any of our age
Stood on the Angels' side,
Is it not thou?

Forgiven now is every wrong;
The mystery of all thy mortal pains
Is over. In thy page,
Almost heatified,
And on thy brow

Is delved the undefiled, the quenchless dream,
And through thy grandiose auriferous rhyme
There runs a shining seam
That shames the brazen penury of our time."

One has long taken the overwhelming preponderance of fiction in our present-day literary output for granted, but it was never quite so forcibly brought home to the mind than in looking over the enlarged edition of Dr. Baker's Guide to the Best Fiction in English, just issued by Messrs. Routledge. This literary guide-book contains not only the names of 7,000 works of fiction, ranging from the Anglo-Saxon version of Apollonius to the latest Post-Wellsian production, but a short note on each, giving the theme, date, and other bibliographical information, and including a brief characterisation of the style of the book. It should save many a librarian's time and temper, though one doubts if the class of reader who expects a detailed description of every ephemeral novel from his librarian will ever be induced to consult such a work of reference. The work is very thoroughly and competently done, the novels of living writers occupying 127 pages. Over 130 pages treat of translations of foreign novels, including Japanese, modern Greek and Bulgarian, Bosnian and Yiddish works, the three last being represented by one translation each.

* * * * *

It is pleasant to note that Messrs. Macmillan's new Shilling Theological Library, the first twelve volumes of which are expected next month, will include not only time-honoured theological classics, but modern works of such freshness, verve, and grip as Mr. Wm. Temple's "The Faith and Modern Thought," Mr. Bernard Lucas's "The Faith of a Christian," and the brilliant and thoughtful anonymous book, "Pro Christo et Ecclesia."

* * * * *

The American *Bookman*, always pre-eminently readable, reminds us, in a bright article with illustrations, that Mr. G. K. Chesterton once upon a time did valiantly as illustrator of one of his own books, the now almost forgotten "Greybeards at Play," with the sub-title, "Literature and Art for Old Gentlemen." To judge by the specimens given, G. K. C. has done us all a grave wrong in allowing his pencil to remain idle since then. His illustrations really illustrate with an effect even more startling than the Mr. Kipling's "Just So" pictures. To be convinced of this the sceptic need only look at the picture of the philosopher in tune with all nature, illustrating his touching assertion that

"The aged pig will often wear
That sad sweet smile of mine."

* * * * *

Of books other than fiction the summer season shows the usual dearth. Among the few notable publications one might mention "Ireland under the Commonwealth," published by the University of Manchester Publications Committee. This work, which runs to two volumes, incorporates the documents upon which the late J. P. Prendergast based his well-known account of the Cromwellian settlement in Ireland, and which are the only authoritative sources for a study of this period. They are edited, with notes and historical introduction, by Mr. Robert Dunlop, and will help to further an adequate understanding of the whole Irish question, past and present.

* * * * *

Mr. A. J. Whyte's new annotated edition of Scordello is not the only indication of a persistent interest in Browning. Miss Mayne, the author of a remarkably interesting and original biography of Byron, is engaged upon a book on the female characters of Browning, to be published in the autumn by Messrs. Chatto and Windus.

THE NATIONAL THEATRE MOVEMENT

BY WILLIAM ARCHER

THOUGH far from hopeless, the position of the National Theatre enterprise, disclosed at the recent Mansion House meeting, is equally far from satisfactory. Very soon after the movement was definitely set on foot, in 1908, the Committee was able to announce that an anonymous donor, now known to be Sir Carl Meyer, had started the subscription with a munificent gift of £70,000. This was not only encouraging in itself, but particularly satisfactory, inasmuch as the interest on this substantial sum furnished the Committee with ample means for carrying on its campaign. Everything, then, looked smiling. It seemed incredible that other men of wealth and culture should not be moved to emulate Sir Carl Meyer's generosity; and when once the quarter of a million required for the site and the building was secured, it was confidently believed that a wide popular subscription would furnish the endowment-fund for a worthy Shakespeare Memorial National Theatre, to be opened in 1916, with celebrations appropriate to the tercentenary of the poet's death.

Five years have passed, and though strenuous efforts have been made, and something, no doubt, has been accomplished, the one outstanding fact is that not a single man of means has come forward with a donation in any way comparable to that of Sir Carl Meyer. It seems to me, I own, that this is not only discouraging from the point of view of the particular enterprise in question, but thoroughly discreditable to what may be called our intellectual patriotism. One is sick of reiterating the obvious and shameful fact that the England of Shakespeare is the one great European country which accords no national recognition to the art which Shakespeare's genius placed in the forefront of her national glories. One is tired of pointing out that only some half-dozen of his plays can really be said to hold the stage at all, and that a foreigner may live for months in the city which gave birth to this glorious literature without a single opportunity of seeing a single specimen of it on the stage. These melancholy paradoxes are accepted as tedious truisms by persons who could, almost with one stroke of the pen, relieve their country of so grave a reproach and inferiority. Down to 1908, there was some excuse for inertia, for there existed no definite scheme and mechanism for the establishment of a National Theatre. That difficulty has now been removed. The mechanism, the organisation, is there; all that is wanted is the money—the price of something like 200 motor-cars—one-tenth part of the cost of a single battleship. But no one, or two, or three men can be found to provide this indispensable part of our national equipment.

Does the fault lie with the Executive Committee? Being myself one of its members, I could not, if I would, criticise it; but if I felt that it was in any way to blame, I would resign to-morrow and say so. It is perhaps rather too large and not very homogeneous; but several of its members have worked for the cause with untiring energy and devotion; and I have the less scruple in saying this, as I have myself been too much away from England of late years to take much part in its proceedings. No serious share of the blame, I am sure, lies at the door of the Committee. They have simply been "up against" a dead wall of unintelligent apathy on the part of those who ought to

have competed for the honour of ranking as Founders of the National Theatre.

Is there anything to be said in excuse for the shyness of the millionaire? Yes, there is this to be said, that he may well have been bewildered and put off by the running-fire of foolish, and ungenerous, and carping, and paralysing criticism to which the project is constantly subjected at the hands of malicious foes and officious friends. We are told, in the first place, that the national theatres of the Continent are mere incubuses on living art. This is absolutely untrue. They are not outpost theatres, and it is not desirable that they should be. Here or there, one of them may be allowed to stagnate and lose its vitality; but in the main they admirably perform their function of cultivating the classical drama of the country, and bearing constant testimony to the dignity and civic importance of dramatic art. Again, it is said that we are beginning at the wrong end; that we do not want a monumental building to start with; that we have neither the plays nor the actors to put into it; that we ought to begin with a repertory theatre on a small scale, and perhaps work up to the great National Theatre of our dreams. All these allegations have been considered and disposed of again and again by those who have seriously studied the question. We *do* want a noble building, not only to testify to our pride in Shakespeare and his art, but to be its own advertisement, and proclaim to all the world that here the drama is no mere article of commerce, but a great art cultivated for its own sake. To say that, apart from the classical drama, we have no plays worthy of such a theatre, shows a ludicrous blindness to the most palpable literary phenomenon of the period—the rise of a vigorous living drama. To say that we lack actors is an ignorant libel: talent abounds on every hand, and the practical training of two or three seasons would (under competent management) give us a company that need not fear comparison with that of any National Theatre in Europe. As for the suggestion of starting "in a small way," can we find encouragement in the history of Lord Howard de Walden's experiment at the Haymarket, where the effort to create a repertory theatre broke down before it was even initiated? Everyone who has studied the matter knows that, under metropolitan conditions, the thing must be done on a large scale, or it cannot be done at all. Finally, the failure of the so-called Millionaires' Theatre in New York is often alleged as a discouragement, though the reason was obvious from the outset—namely, that the building was designed for an opera-house rather than for a theatre. Mr. Granville Barker, in my hearing, warned the founders, a year before it opened, that it could not succeed; but they were too deeply committed to take his warning.

Is there no one in this enormously wealthy England of ours who is fascinated by the opportunity of showing the millionaires of New York that England is abreast of them in liberality, and ahead of them in practical sense? Is there no one who realises that £150,000 could not possibly be employed in a more beneficent and at the same time sportsmanslike fashion than in endowing the metropolis of the Empire with a permanent and worthy home for the art in which England once excelled all the world, and might, but for adverse economic conditions, again take the lead?

EVERYMAN'S GERMAN PAGE

ICH GROLLE NICHT

Ich grolle nicht, und wenn das Herz auch bricht,
Ewig verlornes Lieb! ich grolle nicht.
Wie du auch strahlst in Diamantenpracht,
Es sällt kein Strahl in deines Herzens Nacht.

Das weiss ich längst. Ich sah dich ja im Traum,
Und sah die Nacht in deines Herzens Raum,
Und sah die Schlang', die dir am Herzen frisst,
Ich sah, mein Lieb, wie sehr du elend bist.

Ja, du bist elend, und ich grolle nicht:—
Mein Lieb, wir sollen beide elend sein,
Bis uns der Tod das kranke Herze bricht,
Mein Lieb, wir sollen beide elend sein.

Unsichtbar zuckt auch Schmerz um deinen Mund,
Verborgne Thräne trübt des Auges Schein,
Der stolze Busen begt geheime Wund',—
Mein Lieb, wir sollen beide elend sein.

NIETZSCHE: APHOR. 40

"Die Fröhliche Wissenschaft"

SOLDATEN und Führer haben immer noch ein viel höheres Verhalten zu einander als Arbeiter und Arbeitgeber. Einstweilen wenigstens steht alle militärisch begründete Kultur noch hoch über aller sogenannten industriellen Kultur: letztere in ihrer jetzigen Gestalt ist überhaupt die gemeinste Daseinsform, die es bisher gegeben hat. Hier wirkt einfach das Gesetz der Not: man will leben und muss sich verkaufen, aber man verachtet den, der diese Not ausnützt und sich den Arbeiter kauft. Es ist seltsam, dass die Unterwerfung unter mächtige, furchterregende, ja schreckliche Personen, unter Tyrannen und Heerführer, bei weitem nicht so peinlich empfunden wird als diese Unterwerfung unter bekannte und uninteressante Personen, wie es alle Grössen der Industrie sind: in dem Arbeitgeber sieht der Arbeiter gewöhnlich nur einen listigen, ausaugenden, auf alle Not spekulierenden Hund von Menschen, dessen Name, Gestalt, Sitte und Ruf ihm ganz gleichgültig sind. Den Fabrikanten und Gross-Unternehmern des Handels fehlten bisher wahrscheinlich allzusehr alle jene Formen und Abzeichen der höheren Rasse, welche erst die Personen interessant werden lassen; hätten sie die Vornehmheit des Geburts-Adels im Blick und in der Gebärde, so gäbe es vielleicht keinen Sozialismus der Massen. Denn diese sind im Grunde bereit zur Skeaverei jeder Art, vorausgesetzt, dass der Höhere über ihnen sich beständig als höher, als zum Befehlen geboren legitimiert—durch die vornehme Form! Der gemeinste Mann fühlt, dass die Vornehmheit nicht zu improvisieren ist, und dass er in ihr die Frucht langer Zeiten zu ehren hat,—aber die Abwesenheit der höheren Form und die berüchtigte Fabrikanten-Vulgarität mit roten, feisten Händen bringen ihn auf den Gedanken, dass nur Zufall und Glück hier den Einen über den Anderen erhoben habe: wohlan, so schliesst er bei sich, versuchen *wir* einmal den Zufall und das Glück! Werfen *wir* einmal die Würfel!—und der Sozialismus beginnt.

ICH GROLLE NICHT

From Heine

I BEAR no grudge, though shattered is my heart,
O love for ever lost, no grudge I bear;
Even though thou shin'st in diamond splendour bright,
No ray of joy lights up thy heart's dark night.

I've known it long. I saw in dreaming sleep
Thy soul o'ercome with darkening sorrow deep,
And saw the serpent gnawing at thy heart,
I saw, my love, how steeped in pain thou art.

Yea, thou art wretched, and I hate thee not:
Beloved, misery must be our fate!
Till death brings to a close our sorrowing lot,
My loved one, misery must be our fate.

Around thy mouth quivers an unseen pain,
A hidden tear bedims thine eye's bright light;
Thy proud breast cherishes a secret wound;
Love, thou must share the darkness of my night.

S. F. BUTCHART.

NIETZSCHE: APHOR. 40

"The Joyful Wisdom"

SOLDIERS and their leaders have always a much higher mode of comportment toward one another than workmen and their employers. At present at least all militarily established civilisation still stands high above all so-called industrial civilisation; the latter, in its present form, is in general the meanest mode of existence that has ever been. It is simply the law of necessity that operates here: people want to live, and have to sell themselves; but they despise him who exploits their necessity, and *purchases* the workman. It is curious that the subjection to powerful, fear-inspiring, and even dreadful individuals, to tyrants and leaders of armies, is not at all felt so painfully as the subjection to such undistinguished and uninteresting persons as the captains of industry; in the employer the workman usually sees merely a crafty, blood-sucking dog of a man, speculating on every necessity, whose name, form, character, and reputation are altogether indifferent to him. It is probable that the manufacturers and great magnates of commerce have hitherto lacked too much all those forms and attributes of a *superior race* which alone make persons interesting; if they had had the nobility of the nobly born in their looks and bearing, there would perhaps have been no socialism in the masses of the people. For these are really ready for *slavery* of every kind, provided that the superior class above them constantly shows itself legitimately superior, and *born* to command—by its noble presence! The commonest man feels that nobility is not to be improvised, and that it is his part to honour it as the fruit of protracted race-culture; but the absence of superior presence, and the notorious vulgarity of manufacturers, with red, fat hands, brings up the thought to him that it is only chance and fortune that has here elevated the one above the other; well, then—so he reasons with himself—let *us* in our turn tempt chance and fortune! Let us in our turn throw the dice—and socialism commences.

MASTERPIECE FOR THE WEEK

FANNY BURNEY'S "EVELINA" * * * BY ANNA BRANSON

I.

IN the *London Chronicle* for January 27-9, 1778, Mr. Thomas Lowndes, of 77, Fleet Street, advertised as on sale at his place of business "Evelina: or, A Young Lady's Entrance into the World," in three volumes, 12mo, price 7s. 6d. sewed, and 9s. bound. There was no author's name printed on the title-page, and soon all literary London was agog with curiosity. Who could have written it? Richardson, Fielding, Smollett, Sterne, and Goldsmith were dead; Walpole's "Castle of Otranto" and Johnson's "Rasselas" were as far removed from "Evelina" as "Evelina" from the

"Plot, and elopement, passion, rape, and rapture"

with which the circulating libraries had perverted public taste. Burke sat up all night to finish it; Sir Joshua Reynolds could not paint for interest in Evelina's career, and said he would give fifty pounds to know the name of the author (Mr. Lowndes had paid only twenty for the copyright!); and Dr. Johnson, in the pride of his dictatorship, declared that there were passages in it which might do honour to Richardson, and that it was better than Fielding. When Fanny Burney, who had created Evelina in her own image, read this verdict in the garden at Chesington, she exultantly "danced a jig to Mr. Crisp, without any preparation, music, or explanation,—to his no small amazement, and diversion." So she told Sir Walter Scott forty-eight years afterwards.

II.

Few readers, save those with a decided *flair* for literary origins, now read Richardson and Fielding with keen interest; but the charm of "Evelina" is almost as potent as in the days when it was first published, because, as Mrs. Thrale said, "There's human life in 'Evelina.' It's writ by some one that knows *the top and the bottom, the highest and the lowest* of mankind." Dr. Johnson called Miss Burney a little character-monger, and the epithet describes her genius wonderfully. In delineating the foibles of her creations she used description sparingly; she let them speak for themselves. It has been objected that they always speak in character; that Mr. Villars is always saying, "God bless you, my child," Mr. Smith always deferring smugly to the ladies, Mmc. Duval eternally vulgar, Lord Orville usually too good to be true. It was this very accenting of salient characteristics in conversation that led Sheridan to beg her for a comedy, which he promised to accept and present, "unsight, unseen, and make her a bow and my best thanks into the bargain."

III.

Most readers of "Evelina" will agree with Dr. Johnson that Mr. Smith, whom American slang would dub "a cheap sport," is the best piece of portraiture in the book; Dr. Johnson went further. "Harry Fielding never drew so good a character," he said to Mrs. Thrale. "Such a fine varnish of low politeness!—such a struggle to appear a gentleman! Madam, there is no character better drawn anywhere—in any book, or by any author!"

It was Mr. Smith who Polly Branghton assured "Evelina" was "quite like one of the quality, and dresses as fine, and goes to balls and dances, and everything quite in taste." It was Mr. Smith who, when the Miss

Branghtons borrowed his room over their father's shop for a tea-party, said to Evelina:

"Why, Ma'am, the truth is, Miss Bidy and Miss Polly take no care of anything, else, I'm sure, they should always be welcome to my room; for I am never so happy as in obliging the ladies,—that's my character, Ma'am; but really, the last time they had it, everything was made so greasy and so nasty, that, upon my word, to a man who wishes to have things a little genteel, it was quite cruel.

"Now as to you, Ma'am, it's quite another thing; for I should not mind if everything I had was spoilt, for the sake of having the pleasure to oblige you; and I assure you, Ma'am, it makes me quite happy, that I have a room good enough to receive you."

IV.

There are the hopeless family bickerings of the Branghtons, Evelina's vulgar cousins, done to the very life.

"Don't you think, Miss, it's very dull sitting upstairs here? we'd better go down *to shop*, and then we shall see the people go by."

"Lord, Poll," said the brother, "you're always wanting to be staring and gaping; and I'm sure you needn't be so fond of showing yourself, for you're ugly enough to frighten a horse."

"Ugly, indeed! I wonder which is best, you or me. But, I tell you what, Tom, you've no need to give yourself such airs, for if you do, I'll tell Miss of you know what——"

"Indeed," cried I, "I do not desire to hear any secrets."

"Oh, but I'm resolved I'll tell you, because Tom's so very spiteful. You must know, Miss, 't'other night——"

"Poll," cried the brother, "if you tell of that, Miss shall know all about your meeting young Brown—you know when!—So I'll be quits with you, one way or another."

V.

No less true to the life of the day and to exasperated human nature of all days is the conversation in Mrs. Beaumont's drawing-room at Bristol Hot Wells. Lady Louisa Larpent, a languishing, lackadaisical creature, addresses Lord Merton.

"I a'n't half well; it's quite horrid to have such weak nerves. . . . I'm a sad weak creature,—don't you think I am, My Lord?"

"O by no means," answered he; "your Ladyship is merely delicate,—and devil take me if ever I had the least passion for an Amazon!"

"I have the honour to be quite of your Lordship's opinion," said Mr. Lovel, looking maliciously at Mrs. Selwyn, "for I have an insuperable aversion to strength, either of body or mind, in a female."

"Faith, and so have I," said Mr. Coverley; "for egad, I'd as soon see woman chop wood as hear her chop logic."

"So would every man in his senses," said Lord Merton; "for a woman wants nothing to recommend her but beauty and good nature; in everything else she is either impertinent or unnatural. For my part, deuce take me if I ever want to hear a word of sense from a woman as long as I live!"

"It has always been agreed," said Mrs. Selwyn,

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looking round her with the utmost contempt, "that no man ought to be connected with a woman whose understanding is superior to his own. Now I very much fear, that to accommodate all this good company, according to such a rule, would be utterly impracticable, unless we should choose subjects from Swift's hospital of idiots."

VI.

Least plausible of all the characters in the book is Captain Mirvan, of the Royal Navy. His profanity, Evelina declares, is more than she can transcribe; his horseplay and rudeness are more than her readers can believe. Various naval officers whom Miss Burney met at Bath in the year following "Evelina's" success complained that she had been unjust to their profession, but she defended herself stoutly. "The more I see of sea-captains," she wrote, "the less reason I have to be ashamed of Captain Mirvan; for they have all so irresistible a propensity to wanton mischief,—to roasting beaux, and detesting old women, that I quite rejoice I showed the book to no one ere printed, lest I should have been prevailed upon to soften his character."

The heroics of Sir John Belmont, when he at last is brought face to face with his neglected daughter, are much overdone to our modern taste. From his "Lift up thy head,—if my sight has not blasted thee,—lift up thy head, thou image of my long-lost Caroline!" he goes in a crescendo of remorse to "Adieu, my child;—be not angry,—I cannot stay with thee,—oh Evelina! thy countenance is a dagger to my heart!" and he leaves the reader a little ashamed of having witnessed such an unrestrained exhibition of stagey distress.

VII.

"Evelina" ends, of course, in the happy-ever-after style flattered by countless imitators. It is truly a relief, after Lord Orville has tactlessly turned up on every one of the numerous occasions when Evelina is surrounded by the noisy Branghtons, or just escaping from Sir Clement Willoughby's arms, or going to a rendezvous with the melancholy Scot, Mr. Macartney, to have him finally fall on his knees, and in due course of time receive the joint blessings of Mr. Villars, Sir John Belmont, and Mrs. Selwyn.

"To draw characters from nature, though not from life, and to mark the manners of the times, is the attempted plan of the following letters," Fanny Burney wrote in the preface to "Evelina." The continuing appeal of this her first novel is proof that she succeeded in her attempt. More than that, she made the novel respectable, after it had deteriorated from its promising beginnings into filth and folly unspeakable; and by virtue of her sex and her success, she vanquished the silly convention that it was "unbecoming a female" (how the eighteenth century loved that word!) to write novels, so making the path smooth for Maria Edgeworth, Jane Austen, Charlotte Brontë, and the many other women who have been mighty with the pen.

Competition on the Life and Work of the Woman Teacher

Owing to the very large response to our suggestion for this competition we have not yet been able to publish the result. An unusually large number of excellent papers have been received, and the process of selection has taken longer than anticipated. We hope, however, to publish the result before the end of the month.

FOREST MUSIC

By J. W. MARRIOTT

THE subdued light of a forest at mid-day reminds one of a cathedral—a great green cathedral with Gothic arches and fantastic tracery; but in the hour before dusk these associations with sacred architecture are more impressive still, and one has an impulse to doff the hat or to speak in whispers. The spilt sunlight lies in great splashes on the mossy floors; the tree-trunks become pillars of wrought gold; the sunset glows in crimson and orange through the foliage, producing the effect of stained-glass windows. Above all there is a pervading sense that the whole temple is thrillingly alive and breathing a hallowed joy. Every leaf is listening, every rafter is conscious and expectant, every column is dumb with sentient awe. The trees of the field may clap their hands; but the forest is no place for applause. It is a sanctuary for reverence and revelation and a cloistered calm.

The very music of the forest is cathedral music. We do not mean the birds' songs. Every phase of Nature has its distinctive music. Spring is a Serenade and Autumn a Nocturne; the morning light is a Sonata, tranquil and changeful; there are Pastorales in the rich meadow grass, and Barcarolles in the river's placid motion towards the sea. Every bank of flowers is a fairy chorus and every silver birch an Ariel-song. An avenue of chestnuts is a Galop. . . . In the infinite orchestra of Nature we may hear gay Gavottes, Intermezzos, Fantasias, the whole blending in one gigantic Fugue, whose diapason is the thunder of the seas. There is music everywhere—lyric, idyllic, epic—entering the gates of sight as well as of sound. For do not painters speak of their "harmonies"? Were not Turner's visions aptly described as "colour-symphonies"? Has not Whistler painted nocturnes in silver and grey? An ingenious musician has recently attempted to interpret his themes in colour; why should we not transpose natural colours into music? The mystic does it incessantly and inevitably, while an experience from "The Dream of Gerontius" is more remarkable still:—

"I cannot of that music rightly say
Whether I hear, or touch, or taste the tones."

And why not "see" them too? But the reverse is equally possible, and one perceives a burst of light like a burst of song. A pear-tree bursts into blossom as a lark bursts into rapturous carolling at dawn. A garden breaks into flowers as a nation breaks into hurrahs of victory. For him who converts sight into music, the mountains and hills break forth into singing; and there is a great poetic image of the mountains dancing like rams and the little hills skipping like lambs.

The sun becomes prodigal in autumn, and goes into a far country to spend his substance; but he returns in spring, and the land is filled with music and dancing. . . .

But the forest music suggests the organ and a sacred choir. Its joy is holy; its anthem swells and rolls like a tide along its aisles; it inspires peace and benediction. That is why every tree is harkening so tensely: and he that hath ears to hear will understand.

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UNCLE LÉCHAUDEL * * * BY ANDRÉ THEURIET

I.

"What!" said my friend Jacques, "haven't I ever told you of my uncle Léchaudel's adventure? It's worth its weight in gold, seeing that it cost me a legacy of two hundred thousand francs.

"My uncle Mélasippe Léchaudel, of Rupt-aux-Nonnains, in Lorraine, set up as a druggist in Juvigny-en-Barrois. At fifty, having made his fortune, he sold his business and retired to a comfortable house, in the upper part of the town, with a courtyard in front tapestried with aristolochia and a good fruit garden behind, where he lived at his ease with his housekeeper Catherine. My uncle was a perfect type of the successful country tradesman, equally stingy and conceited, stuck-up, self-satisfied, and solemn. On the pretext that he had sold medicinal herbs for twenty years, he boasted himself an expert in botany and got himself elected a member of the Juvigny Scientific Society, before which he read thrilling papers on such subjects as the firebacks of the old houses of Barrois; his colleagues in return used sometimes to send him as a delegate to the annual meeting of learned societies at the Sorbonne, and this gave him the chance of a cheap ticket to Paris and me the pleasure of his visit. As I was generally understood to be his heir, I felt bound to look after him, and of course gave him board and lodging for the fortnight of his stay.

"These visits were not exactly a joy. Mélasippe Léchaudel tyrannically abused his position as an uncle with a will to make. No sooner had he got his boots off and washed his hands than he took possession of my favourite armchair, borrowed my slippers, drank my best cognac, unbuttoned his waistcoat, and said with a sigh of content:

"Ah, that makes me feel better. . . . Now then, Jacques, I'm going to read you my last communication on a sixteenth century fireback discovered in the old château of Tronville. . . ."

"And there I had to sit mum and listen to a minute disquisition on the thickness of the fireback, the quality of the iron, the name of the founder, and the date when it was cast.

"But this was nothing to the fatigue-duty of taking him walks along the streets. Though he had seen Paris but four times in twenty years, Uncle Léchaudel flattered himself that he knew everything by instinct and could explain everything. His addled brain was stuffed full of crazy notions. With the countryman's hostile contempt for the capital, my egregious uncle combined the firm conviction that no one could possibly take him for a provincial. He was determined to pass for a thorough Parisian, and when he went out by himself he would rather have cut out his tongue than ask his way. On the other hand, the indifference of the people he met in the street was unendurable; he considered it almost an insult, as if it were intended for a personal slight to his position and his title as the delegate of the Scientific Society. Accordingly, when he went for a walk, his affectation was to speak very loud, so as to attract the passers' attention. People turned round for a moment to look at the pompous gesticulation of this tall, gaunt person who wore a country doctor's hat and a long overcoat made in the style of twenty years ago; and then, with an understanding smile, they went on their way. As for him nothing could ever disconcert him, and he
 away. He disparaged what-

ever he saw with the malicious humour characteristic of the small townsman, and his universal standard of comparison was the use and custom of his own obscure nook. Raising his voice at every step he would exclaim sententiously in the drawling whine of the Lorrainer, 'At Juvigny we should not permit such things! . . . The Juvigny authorities know their duty better than that. . . . At Juvigny the level of public morality is higher.' I only waited for the moment when he would declare that the sun at Juvigny rose earlier than in Paris, and I wished the devil would fly away with this lunatic uncle whom I was compelled to pilot along the boulevards.

II.

"The last time I had the pleasure of seeing him was the year of the Universal Exhibition, 1889. It was in June that he quartered himself on me, still in the same old broad-brimmed hat and magisterial overcoat.

"'You perceive,' said he, with a contemptuous sneer playing about the corners of his mouth, 'that I, too, have become one of the gaping sheep of Panurge, and, taking advantage of an excursion train, I have come up for a look at this great international fair which you people call the Universal Exhibition. I knew before I started that I shouldn't find anything new, nor anything up to my intellectual level, but it gives me the pleasure of a fortnight of your company.'

"It was a pleasure I could have done without; but I tried to look as happy as I could, and I conscientiously set to work to fulfil my duties of hospitality. For a whole week I trotted my uncle round the Champ de Mars and the Esplanade des Invalides. Rain or shine, there we were every afternoon. I did the honours of the Centennial Exhibition, of the Street in Cairo, of the Machinery Department, and of the Japanese Village. He was never tired and never surprised; every single thing he saw was rubbish, and he was eternally finding fault. At the Eiffel Tower he merely grumbled, 'Well, I thought it was higher than that.' He complained that the illuminated fountains did not go on playing long enough; he called them a 'fair do,' and was disposed to blame me for it. No eating-house, neither grill-room nor Roman restaurant, could please him. But he allowed me to foot the bill, and contented himself with adding up the items and explaining that at Juvigny we could have got the same fare for half the money. After which he carefully folded up the receipt and stowed it away in his sheepskin pocket-book, probably to dazzle his colleagues of the Scientific Society with the details of his Parisian extravagances.

"By the end of the week I was knocked up. To get a respite I invented an engagement to dinner and made my excuses for leaving him to himself for one evening.

"'Don't let that trouble you,' he answered. 'I don't at all mind for once being on my own and poking round where I please. I'm big enough to take care of myself; I know Paris as well as I know my own pocket, and after looking at the museums and churches, I'll dine in style at a restaurant.'

"We parted at the corner of the embankment, and I was much relieved to see his country doctor's hat and long overcoat dwindling in the distance. The sky was threatening, but off I went to dine by myself at Bellevue, and though it came on to drizzle I found the country lovely, such a joy was it to have my ears

free at last from the pompous snuffle and the irritating snarls of the ex-druggist-shopkeeper.

"I came home at eleven, to find Mélasippe Léchaudel already sound asleep. I took very good care not to waken him, and retired peacefully to my bed.

"Next day, however, I felt some remorse at having deserted my uncle, and knocked at his door. I found him in his shirt-sleeves carefully brushing his overcoat, with a clouded face, and looking thoroughly sulky and cross.

"'Well, uncle,' said I cheerfully, 'what sort of an evening did you have?'

"His answer was somewhat evasive: 'Oh, like any other evening in Paris . . . pretty so-so.'

"But the frown on his forehead remained there, and no smile came to those sulky lips of his. I scented some vexatious mischance.

"'You had a good dinner at any rate?'

"'A good dinner!' he cried furiously. 'No, confound it! I was robbed by bandits. Ah, and it's all your fault, too; why couldn't you be at the pains to send me to at least a moderately honest robber?'

"Hereupon, by insidious questionings, I succeeded in inducing his mortified vanity to reveal his misadventure.

"After he left me he went to the Louvre, and when the galleries closed at five he betook himself to Saint-Germain-l'Auxerrois and Saint-Roch, both of them places where you don't have to pay. Coming out of the second church he found it was raining, and being a man careful of 'his duds' he took refuge in the arcades of the Palais Royal, where he proposed to dine. In the days when he used to buy his drugs in the Rue des Lombards, his wholesale merchant had taken him to Tavernier's, and he had a clear recollection of this restaurant, where, for 2 fr. 50 c., they offered you your choice of three dishes, besides soup, dessert, and a half-bottle of wine. So towards six o'clock, feeling hungry, he set out to find the restaurant of his youth; but he hunted the arcades in vain; Tavernier had vanished. He told himself that possibly his memory deceived him, and, with his silly conceit of never asking information, he ventured to cross the thoroughfare and continued his researches along the Rue Vivienne. But no restaurant at fixed prices could he see there. It was raining; his coat and hat were getting wet; he hastened his steps, thinking to explore the Rue Richelieu, got lost, and finally emerged on the boulevard, fairly knocked up and in a violent perspiration, cursing the rain and still on the look-out for a cheap dinner. He saw plenty of cafés with brightly lit windows, but he shrank from them as from fire, having been told that that was where you got skinned. However, the evening was drawing in, the rain wouldn't stop, his tummy cried 'famine,' his legs were tottering, and, to crown all, the prospect of spoiling coat and hat wrung his heart. At this moment, through the plate-glass front of a grand café, all lit up, he saw tables laid and comfortable chairs, while a delicious odour of cookery assailed his nostrils. Confused and exhausted, he pushed the door open, entered like a desperate man, and found himself in the Café Riche.

III.

"The instant he had taken his seat waiters hurried to serve him. A majestic head waiter offered him the carte. 'Would monsieur prefer a bisque soup or consommé à la reine? For an entrée, if I may advise, I should say Venetian sole. . . .'

"'Right you are,' stuttered Léchaudel, overpowered. 'Trot out your consommé and your sole.'

"The wine waiter came to his rescue, insinuating, 'Which is monsieur's wine? A Burgundy or Bordeaux?'

"'Burgundy,' was the impatient answer.

"'Fleury? Chambertin? Corton?' went on the other.

"'Oh, anything you like.'

"When he had done justice to the soup and the sole and tossed off a glass of wine his brain grew clearer; he recovered his wits, and therewith his prudent economy. He looked round him, studying the luxurious surroundings, the well-to-do appearance of the guests, the smartness of the waiters, and he comprehended that he certainly was not in a restaurant at fixed prices. Anxiety spoilt his appetite, and he trembled for his purse.

"'Ah, but,' he went on with angry pride, 'I had taken good care to keep the carte, and when that daddylonglegs of a waiter returned to the charge I shut him up by asking for the dessert. He brought me a basket of strawberries, which I was almost too worried to touch, I was in such a stew to get out of that den; and then I asked for the bill. Guess what it ran into? Twenty-seven francs, nephew mine. The wine alone was charged eight francs. . . . Simple robbery. . . . I went out testifying aloud. It was pouring outside, and I had to take a cab. There you are! That's my evening out!' And he added bitterly, 'It's your negligence I have to thank for my misfortunes.'

"I saw plainly that what was hurting him was his twenty-seven-franc dinner, and set my wits to work to pacify him. 'I am so very sorry about it, uncle; but to-night we'll make amends. I'll take you to dine at an English tavern. . . .'

"'Never again,' he shouted. 'No more robbery for me, thank you! My trunk is packed and I'm off to Juvigny. Call me a cab!'

"And for all my entreaties off to Juvigny he went. I never saw him again. He died the year after, carried off by a fever epidemic. I went to pay him the last offices at Juvigny, and was present when the will was read. Not a stiver for me, dear boy! Uncle Léchaudel had a grudge against me for that Café Riche dinner, and he left every penny to his housekeeper."—*Translated by R. B. Townshend.*

THE TEN MOST POPULAR ARTICLES IN "EVERYMAN"

WE propose opening a Referendum upon the ten most popular articles which have appeared in the first twenty-six numbers of EVERYMAN. Readers are invited to send in a list of the ten articles which have been of the greatest interest to them, placing them in what they regard as their order of merit, and we offer two prizes of £2 and £1 respectively for the two lists corresponding most closely to the ten articles receiving the largest number of votes from our readers. Lists, marked "EVERYMAN Referendum," should reach the Competition Editor, 21, Royal Terrace, Edinburgh, by July 1st.

Vol. I. of EVERYMAN, handsomely bound in cloth, price 3s. 6d., carriage paid 4s., will be forwarded on application to the EVERYMAN Publishing Department, Aldine House, Bedford Street, W.C. Cases for binding can also be obtained at 1s. 6d. each, post free 1s. 8d.

CORRESPONDENCE

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Owing to the large number of letters received it is necessary for correspondents to write briefly if their letters are to appear.

INDUSTRIAL SCIENTIFIC MANAGEMENT.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—The article on "Industrial Scientific Management" by Joseph Fels in your May 30th issue of EVERYMAN states a case against this system which is open to some criticism, so may I offer the following points for your consideration?

The system, properly carried out, means a reduced cost of production and a correspondingly increased profit. There is no getting away from the fact that this condition of affairs will lead to more extensive advertising on the part of the manufacturer, resulting in keener competition and larger selling staffs, also reduced selling prices.

When machinery was first introduced into the manufacture of goods there was a great outcry, but are we any worse off now than we were before? To my mind we are much better placed. To-day most of the things we purchase are "standardised" and turned out by the thousand, with the result that we buy a much cheaper article and are more sure of the quality, etc.

The so-called "reduction" in labour is nothing more or less than a redistribution of labour, and in the present case would mean grading the better-class men into better-class positions. Where it is found possible to reduce the production cost of any article manufactured by a number of firms there is a two-fold redistribution, in both money and men. The first is reduced selling price, resulting in cheaper living, and the second increased "marketing" facilities, resulting in an increased staff. Mr. Fels will doubtless admit that the class of men employed in the selling staff usually commands a higher average wage than the man employed in the works.—I am, sir, etc.,

Hull.

ARTHUR L. BURKE.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—May I be allowed in your columns to enunciate a few corollaries that would ensue upon the adoption of scientific management of industry, and which would possibly modify the results deduced by Mr. Joseph Fels as following upon the introduction of the same in your issue of May 30th?

As an inevitable consequent to the production of the commodities of life with minimum effort would be the transvaluation of the social *raison d'être* of man; the employer's view, under the new system, would remain the same, viz., that his employee is simply a wealth-producer. On the other hand, the employee's view of himself as a wealth-producer would lose its force, as wealth is produced more easily for, but little weight is paid to, a thing that is easily obtained. Man's views would be shunted off from things of the body to those of the mind and soul. This change, in its turn, would react upon the relative values of "waiters, servants, chauffeurs, butlers," etc., in the social machine.

Further, would not industrial scientific management herald the adoption of universal co-partnership? If wealth is to be produced more easily, for whom has it to be so? For the few or for the many? Common sense or moral right will decide.

Industrial scientific management is an economic idea, but the latter may draw in its train ideas that are not economic in their nature, so closely is our pre-

sent economic system woven into the warp and woof of all our life.

May I thank Mr. Joseph Fels for an article that stimulates thought?—I am, sir, etc.,

J. LISTER HENDERSON, B.A.

West Hartlepool, June 8th, 1913.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Mr. Joseph Fels, in his recent article under the above title, has apparently neglected the fact that real wealth is the result of useful production, coupled with natural resources, the distribution of money only affecting real wealth in so much as it affects useful production. Mr. Fels is, no doubt, perfectly right in laying down the principle that the physical, material, and moral health of a nation is dependent upon a just distribution of its wealth, but the way to arrive at the just distribution is not necessarily by making three men continue to do work which may be done equally well by one.

If, by the adoption of a more scientific method, one man can be made to do, without increased exertion, the work of, say, three, then the remaining two are free to turn their hands to useful production of some other kind.

It is easier to theorise or to apply any principle in a simple case than it is to apply the same principle under the complex economic and social conditions of the present day, and any sudden development or application of a new method may cause a temporary disorganisation, with resulting hardships to a great many. A man trained as a specialist naturally finds a difficulty in taking up any other occupation, but man is a brainy animal, and has constantly adapted himself to altered conditions.

Even at the present time practically the whole civilised world is calling out for a further development of the areas of food supply.

From the above remarks one might draw the conclusion that scientific methods and machinery can, in the long run, produce nothing but good; but, apart from temporary disorganisation, there is the evil which Mr. Fels mentions, viz., the increased inequality in the distribution of money.

This is a real evil to the community from another point of view besides that which Mr. Fels takes, since, though the capitalist may or may not work himself, his money enables him to employ, directly and indirectly, numbers of men who are, as a result, working idle, and are contributing nothing of actual value to the community.

There is another cause, however, of retardation of production, probably much greater than the wrongly spent money of the rich; that is, the disinclination frequent amongst workers of all classes, especially among organised workers, to give the best that is in them.

That this should be so is but natural, especially with the present feeling of antagonism between labour and capital, since the benefit appears to go to the employer, and the worker does not realise that he is under any obligation to the State.

The only sound method of procedure by which to treat both the cases of the employer and the worker so as to obtain a lasting remedy is the intellectual and moral development of the whole race from top to bottom, which would make Socialism possible—and unnecessary.

To return to the original point. If Mr. Fels's ideas on saving of labour had been applied a hundred or

two years ago we might have been practically without machinery to-day.

In any case, in an enlightened community the tendency is to further, not to retard, the development of scientific methods; and, when all is said and done, Mr. Taylor's industrial scientific management will probably not produce results by any means as startling as he anticipates.—I am, sir, etc.,

Ballykilbeg, Co. Down. WILLIAM JOHNSTON.

THE NEW EMIGRATION.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Does not Mr. Chiozza Money in his forecast of the future leave out one most important factor, viz., the continually increasing displacement of human labour by machinery? So far from there being too few workers to carry on our industrial activities, the truth is that every year labour is being discarded in a hundred trades. If the supply is falling, the demand is falling still more. Are unemployed men with half-starved families a source of strength to the nation? If anyone thinks so, let him consider the state of things, say, in West Ham to-day. Bad as unemployment in such areas is, it would be much worse if there were no emigration. But, says Mr. Money, national organisation can enlarge our industries. Obviously, it can, but not all in a moment. The process is very slow. The presence of unemployment shows this, and for some of the evil of unemployment emigration offers a quick and effective remedy. Better that some of our workers should go to new Englands across the sea than that they should perish in the old, which, for the time being, has no use for them.—I am, sir, etc.,

Poplar, E., June 9th, 1913. W. G. MARTLEY.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Mr. Money's articles on "The New Emigration" are opportune, and do not exaggerate the danger. The loss of so many wealth-producers and the prospective burden of the less fit and the old-age pensioners are not the only evils.

With the decrease of our wealth-producers there is an increase of non-producers in Government and other officials, whose work, however necessary, does not produce wealth, while it further burdens the over-taxed producers who remain.

Mr. Money thinks the emigration due to the Canadian Government's advertising of cheap land, and this might be neutralised by beautifying our homes and making life here more attractive.

There is, no doubt, something in this, but not enough either to explain the cause or to effect the cure of "The New Emigration."

The cause of emigration and of the social disaffection generally will, I think, be found in our violation of the primary laws of communal life.

PROTECTION AND CULTIVATION.

It is the lack of security to guarantee possession that prevents primitive man from cultivating to produce capital. Until a community of protection is formed on some contract or covenant basis, men do not labour, and so do not progress.

As I read the Book of Genesis, Adam was not the first man, but the first working man. He began to work only after he had entered a protected garden provided for the purpose of labour.

Observation and necessity alike prove protection to be the absolute condition of human labour, just as labour is proved to be the absolute condition of social

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"He is most often compared with Crashaw, Herbert and others of their group. But if he is of the school of Donne, he is also of the school of Shakespeare; he is the disciple of Milton, the familiar of Pope and Dryden, in sympathy with the Lake poets, a companion spirit with Shelley and Keats. Withal, Thompson has the original authentic note of the great singer. . . . In these books we have, then, the publication of a great poet's life-work." —*Daily Telegraph*.

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and civilised life. In the early stages of communal life, as J. S. Mill has observed, labour is divided into two classes—the one productive, the other protective—and this division should obtain during the whole course of civil life.

From the beginning producing workers have provided not only for the protective workers, but for those who are either too young or too old to provide for themselves; and they are still the universal providers, but we no longer protect them.

Britain has for sixty-five years denied her wealth-producers their contract protection, but during that period she has compelled them to do labour that only protected men have any right to do.

Instead of the protecting care given to their productive workers by other civilised people, the British workers receive only cruel neglect. "Protect labour" is the law of civilisation, but "Neglect labour" is the law of Great Britain. Although this policy of neglect is primitive, being identical with the methods of savage men, it is dignified with such titles as "Scientific Political Economy" and "Laissez Faire."

A gardener lazy enough to adopt the free trade policy of *laissez faire* would see his finest blooms degenerate back to the weeds from which they were cultivated, and his grapes become wild grapes.

Were the State to abolish family protection, and in its place establish *laissez faire*, an immoral trade would soon become prosperous and profitable. Some might attempt to justify by certain phrases used in justification of free trade in imports.

Is the abolition of trade protection moral? Certainly not. It outrages the contract of mutual protection on which civil society is founded.

If Britain wishes to prevent emigration, let her do as other nations have done, suppress the aboriginal system of *laissez faire* and establish again the covenant of protection.—I am, sir, etc.,

R. GUNN.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—It does not seem to occur to Mr. Chiozza Money that the fall in the death-rate is due entirely to the fall in the birth-rate. The vital statistics of all civilised nations show that where the birth-rate falls the death-rate also falls, and what matters to a nation is not the birth-rate, but the survival-rate. The only four countries (Bulgaria, Ceylon, Japan, and Ontario) which show a rise in the birth-rate show a corresponding rise in the death-rate. To put the fall in the death-rate down to sanitation, medical science and progress generally shows a complete misapprehension of the facts—first, because before 1876, after which the birth-rate began to fall, there were very great improvements in sanitation, etc., but the death-rate did not fall; and, second, in the four countries, with rising birth-rates, sanitation has, at least, not gone back, yet the death-rate has also risen. The problem is really a biological one. Man shares with all other animals the tendency to reproduce more rapidly than the food supply, and all his wonderful inventions have never enabled him to make the food supply catch up the increase in the population, except occasionally for short periods. The development of agricultural machinery, the opening up of new countries, the breaking up of fresh land, all take time, and during that time population grows just as fast as the food supply. That it never grows faster is self-evident—the people who are under-fed simply die off.

The birth-rate may be (and is) more rapid than the

increase in the food supply, but the survival-rate must keep within its limits. Mr. Money deplores the emigration-rate, and there are few who would not agree that it is a source of weakness to the Mother-country; but how else does he propose to develop new land to supply the additional food which is essential without a fall in the birth-rate or a rise in the death-rate? The emigration-rate is caused by the growth of the population. Again, how many years does he expect our coal and iron supply to last? Granting, for the sake of argument, that national organisation of land, of transport, and of power might enable the United Kingdom to "easily support more than twice its present population," how soon would it be possible to get such organisation into working order, and what is to be done when the population has doubled? It is easy to say that poverty, overcrowding, and unemployment are due to maldistribution of the national wealth, but it must not be forgotten that the food supply is the first necessity of a people, and that the present system of society has been evolved through the struggle for food. Those who desire a different system must recognise that the first step towards the success of any form of Socialism must be the elimination of the crude struggle for existence, and that this can only take place through the limitation of births. When our death-rate goes down to 10 per 1,000, and our average unemployment rate goes down to something less than that of our best times, it will be time to talk of the benefits of a higher birth-rate.—I am, sir, etc.,

E. ROBERTA REES.

London, S.E.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Mr. Chiozza Money very rightly says that "we ought to be able to bring the death-rate down to 10 per 1,000, or less," for 10 per 1,000 is the mortality-rate of a well-fed community, and may, for the present, be considered the normal. As the birth-rate falls, *i.e.*, as parental prudence extends downwards, we are steadily approaching this normal. Indeed, we shall reach it by 1921, unless "the new emigration," which takes away such a large proportion of our effectives and so much capital, is, to some extent, neutralising the good effects of the falling birth-rate. But Mr. Money is alarmed at the thought of the birth-rate going on and on declining and the present rate of emigration continuing. As they will be automatically checked in due season by rising wages and improving conditions generally, his anxiety hardly seems justified.—I am, sir, etc.,

B. DUNLOP, M.B.

Alexandra Court, S.W., June 10th, 1913.

WOMAN IN THE FINANCIAL WORLD.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—In your issue of May 30th is contained, under the article "Woman in the Financial World," a glaring misstatement to the effect that "there is in the City a lady who is a fully qualified chartered accountant." The Institute of Chartered Accountants in England and Wales, rightly or wrongly, has not admitted women to its examinations, although proposals to do so have from time to time been made; a search for a woman's name in its register of members would prove fruitless. Perhaps your contributor is thinking of some other of the numerous associations of accountants which of late years have come into existence, and many of which, I believe, receive women as members.—I am, sir, etc.,

REGINALD H. S. COBBITT,

Brockley, S.E.

Chartered Accountant.

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—RUSKIN.

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TERRITET.

This little gem clustering around the Lake of Geneva is justly the pride of the Swiss Riviera. Nothing can surpass it in beauty, with the blue waters of the lake in front and the towering Rochers-de-Naye at the back. Byron, it will be remembered, lived for some time near Montreux, and he ever extolled its beauties; of Territet he said that it was "more beautiful than a dream."

Montreux-Territet is unrivalled as a centre for beautiful walks. The Castle of Chillon, immortalised by Byron, stands picturesquely on the edge of the Lake. During the twelfth and thirteenth centuries it was the residence of the Counts of Savoy, and as long ago as 820 the Castle was used as a prison for Wala, the cousin of Charlemagne. Its real claim to notoriety, however, is its association with Bonivard, who was incarcerated here until liberty came with the triumph of the Bernese, when they became masters of the Pays de Vaud in 1536.

CHAMONIX.

Nearest to Mont Blanc, the monarch of the Alps, Chamonix has a charm and fascination above any other of the Alpine villages in the higher altitudes.

From early morning, when the great granite mountain is lighted up by the brilliant rays of the rising sun, in the full blaze of the summer noon, when the eternal snows on the summit of the mountain remain placid and undisturbed, in the evening, when the glow of the twilight suffuses the mountain peaks with a crimson hue, and at night, when the two streets of the village stretch like a cross of light in the darkness of the Valley, Chamonix is a place apart with a fascination peculiarly its own.

Nowhere amongst the Alps is the air crisper or more exhilarating than in Chamonix; to breathe the pure health-

giving air is to drink in new life and strength, and the jaded, toil-worn worker quickly recovers his lost vitality and energy. No one feels tired or "out-of-sorts" in Chamonix; the only regret is that one cannot live there always.

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EXCURSION TO THE ROCHERS-DE-NAYE.—One of the most magnificent views of Switzerland is to be obtained from the summit, including the Bernese Oberland.

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EXCURSION TO THE MER DE GLACE.—The finest Excursion in the Valley of Chamonix.

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Unless immediate application is made, we cannot guarantee a place in this tour, although at the time of going to press there are a few vacancies.

Similar tours are arranged for July 18th, August 1st and 15th.

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IRISH PROTESTANTS AND HOME RULE.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—I think the rather extraordinary letter from "An Irish Reader of EVERYMAN," which appears in your issue for June 6th, merits a reply, in order to give your readers an opportunity of hearing the other side.

Your correspondent makes some quotations from Mr. J. M. Hone's article, and, as a result, proceeds to lay down some startling propositions of a general nature.

I beg to join issue with him on these propositions, namely, "Every Irishman, down to the pauper in the workhouse, knows that nine out of every ten educated Irishmen are Unionists"; "The whole force and basis of Home Rule rests on the ignorant and uneducated voters." Where has your "Irish Reader" been for the past few years that he does not know that the Home Rule movement has been supported, and is being supported, by the leading professional and commercial men, both in Dublin and throughout the country—with the exception, perhaps, of Belfast and the North of Ireland, where these classes are mainly Protestant and Trinity College graduates. Perhaps your "Irish Reader" is not aware that it was only a generation or so ago that Catholics were permitted to enter any of the professions in Ireland? If your "Irish Reader" will look at the newspaper reports of various Home Rule demonstrations, he will find the names of leading Catholic professional men given as being present as supporters.

I also deny his assertion that if the uneducated voters were struck off the list, not a single Nationalist member would have a chance of re-election. The present Irish Party comprises three King's Counsel, seven or eight barristers, and as many solicitors. Are all these uneducated and unthinking men who are not in the habit of reading for themselves?

I will give your "Irish Reader" some facts to read over and think out for himself.

Ireland's government costs ten millions, roughly, at the present moment. Up to some years ago, it was only seven millions. If "Irish Reader" compares these figures with the figures giving the cost of government of countries like Belgium and Holland, he will learn something. If he compares the figures given as the total cost of government of Norway and Sweden during the time that these countries formed a united kingdom, maintaining its own Army and Navy, paying a Civil Service and keeping its Royal Household, he will find that it cost more to govern Ireland annually than it did to govern Norway and Sweden. A still more forcible comparison of the gross extravagance prevailing in the government of Ireland is afforded by taking the following facts and figures:—

Scotland, although somewhat smaller, I believe, in area, than Ireland, has a larger population than Ireland. The number of Government officials assessed for income-tax in Scotland in 1908-9 was 938; in Ireland, 4,560. The salaries in Scotland were £315,000; in Ireland, £1,435,000. These figures appear in the Report of the Inland Revenue Commissioners for 1908, and speak for themselves.

For every £3 spent by Ireland on law and justice Scotland spends £1, although the volume of crime is greater in Scotland. The Law Courts in Ireland cost £368,714; in Scotland, £202,608. The Irish Prisons Board, with only 2,500 convicts, costs £107,000 per annum; the Scottish Prisons Board, with 2,900 convicts, costs £87,000. In Ireland the police force costs nearly £1,500,000; in Scotland, £500,000. In fact, in Ireland, while the population has been decreasing,

the cost of government has been increasing. Examination of the statistics will prove this fact.

Mention of the cost of administration of law and justice reminds me incidentally that there are offices in connection with this charge in Ireland in which a large number of nominated appointments are made, and in these offices nobody but a Protestant need apply. And this in a country where the total non-Catholic population is barely a fourth of the entire!

Is it any wonder that the narrow-minded minority in Ireland, who for nigh a century have enjoyed all the fruits of office and exercised all the patronage, are now shrieking in open defiance of the law, and threatening rebellion (save the mark!)? And these be the forces of "law and order" in Ireland!

In reply to the last paragraph of your "Irish Reader's" letter, I would state that it is very easy to make an insinuation of the kind contained therein. Let him come into the open and justify his statement. There are no more kindly hearted, tolerant, or fair-minded people than the Irish people south of the Boyne, and as I lived for some years in the North, I know what I am writing from personal experience. The first and most lasting impression made on my mind at sight of the first Orange procession I had ever seen was that, viewed as a whole, I had never seen such a large body of men comprising such a limited number of intelligent-looking beings.

With regard to "Irishman's" letter, I am inclined to agree with him when he suggests that it is a fallacy to judge the merits or otherwise of political and social reforms by claiming that intellect and education are on one or the other side; but on the question of the measurement of opinion by means of the comparative wealth of Protestants and Catholics, I would differ from him strongly. There are excellent historical authorities accounting for the fact that the Protestants in Ireland are, as a rule, wealthy. He is, I am sure, mindful of the continuous Plantations, and the determined efforts by successive rulers to wipe out the Catholics in Ireland, and I feel assured that he will not argue that the present position is one arising from a normal state of things in the past.

Apologising for trespassing at such length,—I am, sir, etc., GALWEGIAN.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—“An Irish Reader of EVERYMAN” says:—

1. Every Irishman, down to the pauper in the workhouse, knows that nine out of every ten educated Irishmen are Unionists.

2. That the whole force and basis of Home Rule rests on the ignorant and uneducated voters of the farming class.

3. And he defines the educated as those who read and think for themselves.

Taking his definition of education first, I would suggest that, besides merely reading and thinking for himself, a man's education is surely expressed in the delicacy of his feelings, and your correspondent's unnecessary and contemptuous dragging in of "the pauper in the workhouse" speaks volumes on that score. I trust his nine out of ten "educated" Irishmen possess finer sensibilities.

It appears logical to the "educated" mind of your correspondent that eminent Protestants who are not Unionists are of necessity cranks.

Were Mr. Bonar Law to come into power, whose votes would put him there—those of the "educated" or of those others? Or does your correspondent's education tell him that the average British voter is

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.....

"educated" and the Irish the reverse? I should very much like to have his ideas on the British Constitution.

Only for the land there would be no "Home Rule" question! Agrarian legislation is proceeding swimmingly, yet Derry falls into the Home Rule ranks.

The "educated" nine-tenths existing in the imagination of your correspondent will find their level in a decade or two of Home Rule. Their last appeal is to passion and prejudice; as for the ignorant farmer, he only knows that his race has been all but extirpated under English rule, that his sons and daughters—the flower of his flock—still flee in thousands, whilst a narrow and bigoted ascendancy still monopolise every-thing worth having.

Your correspondent fears to divulge his name. He knows, and accordingly abuses, the magnanimity of the ignorant Irish Catholic.—I am, sir, etc.,

A MERE CATHOLIC NATIONALIST.

Cork, June 9th, 1913.

THE POSITION OF THE ENGLISH AUTHOR.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

DEAR SIR,—The most interesting article under this heading in last week's EVERYMAN most distinctly proves, I think, the truth of the theory which I have heard expressed before, that no one, unless he or she have private means, should take up literature as a profession. I am excepting, of course, those engaged in regular journalism. Writing, like painting, seems to me to be more suited to times of leisure than to times of pressure, and if all authors had work of quite a different character to do to provide them with bread and butter, and only wrote in their spare time, it might have a salutary effect all round.

The author himself would benefit, in that he would not suffer from drought, of which we hear so many complain. His work would enable him to bring to his writings a larger and more varied experience of life, consequently infusing them with a greater freshness and vivacity. Thus would the general public benefit, and also—though there would, perhaps, be a slight decrease in the number of books published—a greater number of new writers would be able to make a name.

"Every dog has his day," and every author should be content to have his little day—and can be, as long as he has not all his eggs in one basket. We cannot all be Scotts or Dickenses; but all who have the talent can add their little quota to the literature of their day.

Socially speaking, I should say that a business man who can write is more noticed by any "set" in society than the professional writer who can do no business.

As you say, "authors do not yearn" for it. It is enough for them that they want to write, and to get those thoughts that will keep hammering at their brains out on paper. If they are the source of a guinea or two in their pockets, well and good; if not, and they have other and more remunerative irons in the fire, they have no need to care.—I am, sir, etc.,

Cardiff. S. H. E. L.

MADemoisELLE IXE.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

DEAR SIR,—In reading a paragraph in your delightful paper last night, I noticed that "Mademoiselle Ixe" was mentioned as a pseudonym. Wasn't it the title of a book—the first of the Pseudonym Library—by "Lanoë Falconer"?—I am, sir, etc.,

Detmark Hill.

F. M. C.

THE TRAIL OF THE TOPICAL

It is inevitably a temptation to an author with a facile pen to make a bid for immediate popularity with a novel centred on a burning question of the day. Sometimes the attempt at ephemeral success crystallises into a permanent triumph, as in the case of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which, written to depict the horrors of slavery, and to enlist recruits in the campaign for its abolition, remains to this day an indelible record of the power of genius stirred by emotion. Wilkie Collins, flaming with indignation at the injustice of the marriage law, which seemed to him deliberately designed to frustrate human effort, wrote "No Name," and incidentally created Captain Wragge, designed to live with the immortal Micawber, Dick Swiveller, and the inimitable Marchioness.

Other examples come to mind, taken from the ranks of minor novelists, like James Payn and Anthony Trollope. China was a burning question at the date "By Proxy" was published, but interest and significance is still attached to the clever and workmanlike narrative. To take a topic of the day for the motive of a novel, as we have seen, does not preclude its permanence in literature, given the driving power of enthusiasm, indignation, and strong moral force.

Sincere emotion leaves its impress apart from literary skill or craftsmanship. Indeed, it has a power so strong that it possesses a language almost of its own—hall-marked and unmistakable, so that the letters of the illiterate, written under the stress of passion, either of grief, remorse, or love, suddenly break into sheer eloquence. But when the topical novel is devoid of this driving power, when the personality of the writer leaves no impress on the page, it drops lifeless to the ground, to be swept up with the literary windfalls of the previous season. The writing may be clever, the characterisation convincing, to no profit. The success of the topical tale is dependent on its enthusiasm, even as the novel with a purpose is dependent on the skill with which the author keeps the purpose hidden.

The attention and discussion aroused by the White Slave Bill produced a plentiful crop of novels, and it is a notable fact, and serves to bear out the contention, that of these novels not one has attained anything more than an ephemeral success. The latest addition to the crop is furnished by Nora Vynne.

SO IT IS WITH THE DAMSEL (Stanley Paul and Co., 6s.) is written with a certain skill, and in style is not unpleasing; but, like the rest of the literary harvesting from this particular sensation, there is a lack of moral force—the driving power is lacking. The story is written for the moment, and contains nothing permanent or significant. The heroine, after the fashion beloved of serialists, falls into the hands of the "traffickers," and in the process displays an infantile imbecility that, in any other setting, an author of the capacity of Miss Vynne would not credit her heroine with possessing. She is "shipped abroad," following once more the established precedent of the "scare," and, having awakened the interest of her readers and sharpened the imagination as to the terrors awaiting the unhappy victim, the author permits her to escape from the house where she is confined, and to break through the net her captors have spread for her enmeshing. Had the author contented herself with the development of the love romance which runs through the volume, and in refreshing contrast to the distasteful theme with which the book is chiefly concerned, she might have achieved a certain distinction. She possesses qualities of imagination that, given fair play, might bear good fruit.

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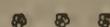
But the trail of the "topical" is spread over her pages from first to last. She is uninspired by genuine, if mistaken, indignation on behalf of young girls entrapped by benevolent-looking old ladies; and, indeed, it is difficult to imagine anyone possessed of a modicum of the critical faculty being stirred by the legends and fables that obscure the issues underlying the White Slave Scare. Mrs. Billington-Greig, in an able article in the *English Review*, points out how baseless a fabrication the traffic has proved itself to be. Other women writers—notably Mrs. Nesbit-Bland—have dissected the stories clustering round the scare piecemeal, and proved them utterly unworthy of belief, and incapable of substantiation. It has been left for novelists to turn the scare to advantage; but in seeking for something new in human nature the author to-day too often loses sight of that which is everlasting, and, to achieve a quick popularity, often barter the chances of achieving a permanent success.

J. K. P.



BOOKS OF THE WEEK

MR. ROBERT W. CHAMBERS is invariably charming in his studies of femininity. His latest novel, *JAPONETTE* (Appletons, 6s.), deals with two sisters Silvette and Diana—Japonette of the story. There is a restraint and delicacy about the author's style that enables him to deal with situations that the ordinary modern writer cannot handle. He treats those problems that arise out of the attraction of sex with a strength and at the same time a restraint that is admirably effective. There has been a fashion in these later days to present a type of woman who finds no satisfaction or consolation in the affection and comradeship of one of her own sex. The intimate friendship existing between the two sisters is convincingly portrayed; their mutual sympathy and understanding, their knowledge of when to speak and when to be silent, the courage that each finds in the other make the history of their struggles and ultimate achievement a rare and exquisite thing. The author is not quite so successful in his portrayal of young men. There is always a suggestion of sketchiness in his heroes, the woman is invariably the dominant factor of the piece; but in his studies of the middle-aged man he is triumphant. We all know the charming man of the world, whose ideals are undimmed, whose chivalry remains untarnished; he has been exploited by many generations of novelists. Mr. Chambers has given us a new variety, a less showy but more truthful type. Rivett the elder, in his attachment and fidelity for the two sisters, is one of the best things in the book, and his quiet humour and fundamental honesty are never shown to greater effect than in his scene of Colonel Curmew. The latter is a faithful but unpleasant portrait of the man who wilfully misunderstands unconventional but ingenuous young women. He confronts Diana with a distinctly insulting proposal, and finds himself promptly knocked down by Rivett, who arrives at the psychological moment and teaches Curmew a lesson he does not easily forget. Finally the sisters marry prosperously and well. Diana is mated to the hero Jim, who persistently worships her, in spite of a continued course of discouragement to which she treats him for his own good. Mr. Chambers has written at his best throughout a dainty romance.



Derek Vane has just issued *A PARADISE OF FOOLS* (Everett and Co., 6s.). This story obtained the prize

of £250 from a newspaper in Chicago, and the fact that it earned this distinction prepares us very obviously for highly spiced and sensational fare. It is, indeed, an epic of crime, hairbreadth escapes, murderous happenings, and love of the melodramatic variety. We have no quarrel with the melodramatic—some of the most successful stories in the world may fairly be said to come under this heading; but the author has not grasped the significance of the fact that a superstructure of sensation should grow out of the foundation of a plot so constructed as to admit the inclusion of many and exciting incidents. There is little or no plot in the novel, and the incidents therein depicted have little relation one to the other. The style is crude and at times slipshod. We recall with regret certain fugitive sketches and short stories that we have previously read by Derek Vane, and we wish that this author would return to the quieter paths and less sensational avenues of her previous literary efforts.



THE DISTANT DRUM is a story of marriage in New York. The author writes with a power, incision, and a certain elemental humour that marks out the book from the ordinary novel dealing with matrimonial tangles. The gist of the story lies in the facilities offered by American laws for getting rid of an undesirable husband. Yvonne, wife to Bunny Thorne—the names are irresistibly Yankee—grows tired of him, and desires a little change and variety. She invites the man with whom she has commenced the first chapters of an intrigue home; Bunny not unnaturally objects to her entertaining this type of visitor, and ejects him. Yvonne, under the influence of veronal, sues her husband for attempted murder, and gives such a garbled account of the circumstances that Bunny is committed for trial. He resolutely refuses to say a word in his defence, such defence being inevitably a reflection on his wife, and entailing the confession of her intrigues and her drugging habits. The scene in court is well written, and the excitement worked up with skill, and the reader is left with the conviction that Bunny will be sent to the Tombs and Yvonne escape, after the traditional fashion of the beautiful adventuress, from the consequences of her intrigues and baseless fabrications. Bunny, however, is set free, and the fashion of his rescue from the very teeth of conviction is the one blot on a cleverly contrived and well-sustained effort. The ruse adopted is a very old one, and does not deceive the reader for a moment. We refrain from giving the mystery away, as up to that point the story is eminently readable, and is told with vigour and capacity.



Mr. John Harvey, adopting a well-worn tradition, has launched MY FATHER'S SON (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.) with a prefatory statement that the MS. of the novel came into his hands from the supposed writer. The book is a series of somewhat morbid introspections. William Penn is a flabby person, always thinking of himself, taking his moral temperature, plumbing the shallows of his emotions, and suffering agonies of mind when the lead strikes the bottom. He is a puny creature about whom to write so long a book. The style is lame, and drags wearisomely, and the hero's opinion of himself will largely be endorsed by those who read about him. "I do not know what I am; I am one of those uneasy persons who must for ever be tormented by doubt of himself." The first thing a man must do to create a really virile interest or feeling in other people is to forget himself, or, if he cannot do that, he must at least

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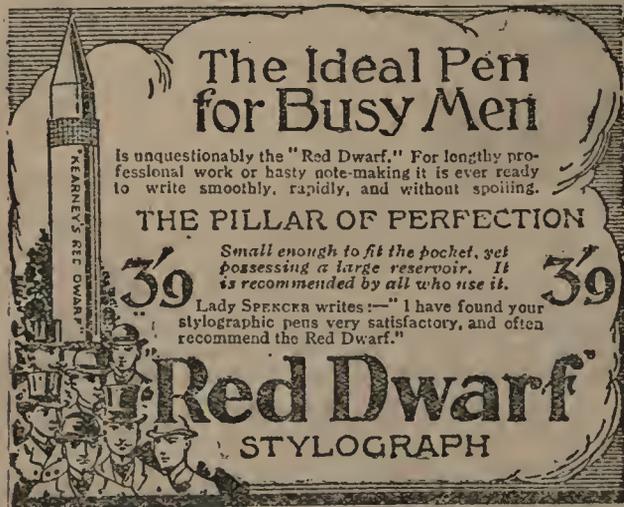
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successfully conceal the fact that he remembers. To talk about oneself in such a fashion as to amuse and intrigue one's hearers needs an artist in words, if not in humour. These attributes the hero does not possess, and Mr. Harvey has been unable to persuade us that he does.

• • •

THE OUTLAW (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.) goes with a swing. Mr. David Hennessey writes graphically of the bush. He portrays men and things with strength and, at the same time, a reticence that brings home to the reader the fact that "out yonder" a man's chief asset is character. There is no room for him if he cannot think for himself, if he has not the courage to decide when and how he shall overthrow tradition and act on his own initiative, even though his course flies in the face of the conventional code. The author's outlaws impress one with a reality not always found in the more picturesque variety prevalent in the monthly magazines. His women are simple, elementary creatures, with none of the subtlety or the coquetry of the city type. There is, indeed, an atmosphere of freshness and simplicity about the story that lifts it far above the ordinary yarn of the colonies. There is a breadth of outlook and a capacity for understanding the temptations that come to a man in the lonely places of the earth not often found in fiction. We congratulate the author on his achievement, and shall look with interest for his next venture.

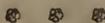
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TEMPORARY INSANITY, by Miss E. G. Lewis (Murray and Evenden, 6s.), is written in a distinctly amateurish way, and though the theme of the book is not without originality, the author rather overdoes it in the way in which she makes her heroine subjected to shocks, which cause her memory to come and go. The result is bewildering—not only to the heroine, one might say, but also to the reader. The book opens well, and the earlier chapters show a promise which is unfortunately not fulfilled in the later part of the book. Barbara is the wife of a clerk who drinks, and upon the simultaneous discovery of this fact and of the love which her husband's friend, Basil Ingraham, bears for her, she cuts her husband's throat with a razor, and then tries to poison herself. She does not die, but the shock is so great that her memory utterly forsakes her, and upon recovery she knows nothing of the tragedy. A verdict of "Suicide during temporary insanity" is returned by the coroner, and Barbara goes to live in the country with her children, totally ignorant of the tragedy in which she has played so large a part. Basil is the only person who knows what has happened, and he saw the whole thing through a window. He subsequently goes abroad as a Volunteer in the Boer War. Barbara, in what amounts to her new personality, develops a literary capacity, and writes books which attract a large amount of attention, including that of her lover, who is ignorant of the identity of the writer. The books deal with the question of temporary insanity, and in the form of essays discuss the vexed question of whether a person who in a moment of passion commits a criminal act should be punished, or whether he should rather not be treated as if he had been suffering from a disease, and was not responsible. In the end Barbara marries Basil, and she certainly deserves to achieve the happiness which is eventually hers—for the unfortunate lady is so constantly being knocked about the head, and her mind is so frequently being changed—one week she remembers the tragedy, and the other she forgets, her literary ability being likewise subject to similar quick changes—that in more senses than one

she may be regarded as a heroine—rather let us say heroic, in that she survives these extraordinary vicissitudes. The author certainly does not seem to be overburdened with any sense of the seriousness of Barbara's crime, and gives one the idea that these things are of such everyday occurrence in even the best regulated families, that really they are not of importance. The suggestion is not reassuring.



THE SIN OF EVE, by Miss May Edginton (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.). This is distinctly up-to-date and very good reading. Ellen Flamartin is the daughter of a parson who emigrates to Canada for the reason that he found a country living in England insufficient for his needs—he being a man of large ideas, and, in the words of his Bishop, "a firebrand." His daughter inherits her father's unconventionality, together with a tremendous desire to reform the world, to which end she comes to London and joins the Militant Suffragettes. Miss Edginton has very cleverly depicted the struggle which goes on in the mind of Ellen, who, while despising what she is so fond of calling the "inessentials of life," finds it rather difficult to get away from them, especially as she is a strikingly pretty girl and has many admirers. Her chief sin is indeed that of Eve—curiosity—and it lands her in many tight corners. She is a lovable girl, and a very human one; her character is one of which the author should be proud, for she has managed to portray a modern woman with a mania for Work (with a capital W) who does not bore either her readers or herself. We are glad to say that in the end Ellen finds that after all is said and done a woman is only half a woman who does not enter the Kingdom of Love.



The output of Mr. Max Pemberton is a large one. There are moments when those who have followed his literary career wish he had lessened the quantity of his words and concentrated more closely on the quality. Certain of his books are eminently readable; he has a quick eye for surface characterisation, and possesses the faculty of weaving a story that shall include the latest items of topical interest. Thus his tale of an aviator, one of the latest novels he has produced, was pleasant, even inspiring, to read, and with that, so with other and earlier efforts. But only in one of his many volumes has he achieved certain effects, common to writers of a certain high level, that is rarely found in the popular authors of to-day. "The Lodestar" contained the germ of a great book. There were scenes of London life in its pages painted with a skill and insight that came as a surprise. The characterisation was clever, and at times subtle, and suggested a capacity for creative art notably absent from other volumes bearing his name. The book in our judgment did not sustain the promise of its early chapters; but it contained enough of originality and power to justify the hope that one day Mr. Pemberton would forsake the easy road of popularity for the narrow path that leads to artistic achievement. There has been no sequel to the promise of "The Lodestar." LEILA AND HER LOVER (Ward, Lock and Co., 6s.) is eminently readable. Brightly, even frothily written, it skims over the surface of things, and is eminently suited for the pauses in the band at a fashionable seaside resort. Max Pemberton is always in evidence on the front at a popular watering-place, and we do not grudge him his vogue, if that vogue contents him. But, remembering certain touches in "The Lodestar," we could wish that his easy triumph would leave him unsatisfied, his popularity find him desirous of achieving more lasting things. There are so many writers

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one can read in the pauses of the band. There are few who show the power even faintly suggested in "The Lodestar."

Messrs. Sampson Low have published a tale of the great Boer War, MAJOR GREVILLE, V.C. (6s.). The author, G. Munnik, is a Senator of the present Transvaal Parliament, and his story, written without pretensions to literary style, contains some pregnant suggestions and crude criticisms. Those chapters dealing with specific engagements of the war are written with a restraint that must inevitably ensue on the lapse of time and the amelioration of racial antagonism. The fact that the hero of the story is an English officer enables the author to deal tactfully with Boer triumphs and British reverses, and what his descriptives lack in emotional power and effectiveness they make up in calmness of judgment and serenity of outlook that shows the man who takes long views. That the war was made not by the people of two nations, but by their Governments, is emphasised, and the respect engendered by the soldiers on either side for the bravery of their enemies is convincingly pointed out. The author touches only with reticence on the horrors of the battlefield, and certain passages gain rather than lose by this treatment. We quote the following as an example of Mr. Munnik's style:—

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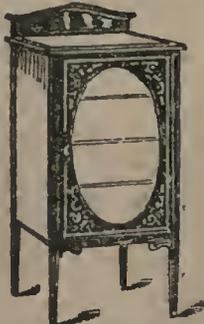
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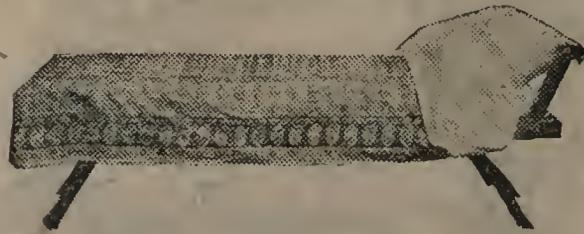
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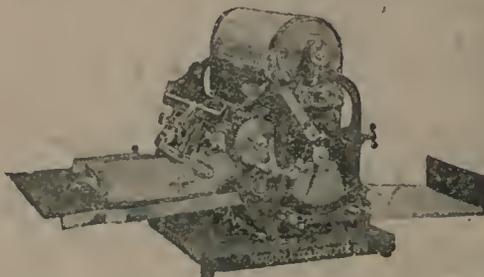
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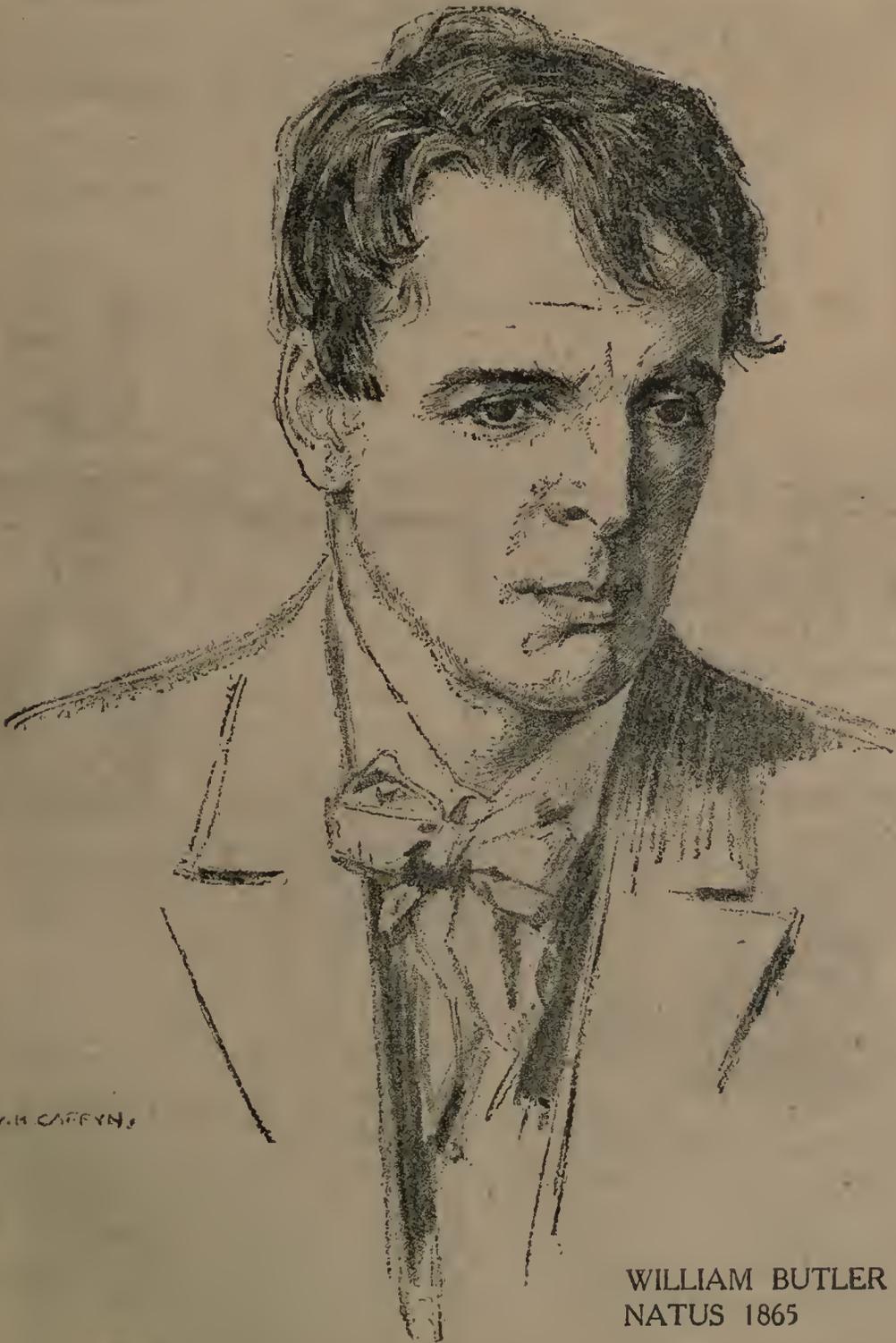
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WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS,
NATUS 1865

For Character Sketch, see page 328.

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HISTORY IN THE MAKING

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

SELDOM has any State function excited such enthusiasm as stirred the pulse of the Empire when, as the *Daily Mail* happily puts it, New France and Young England grasped hands in the persons of M. Poincaré and the Prince of Wales. In London the President has won golden opinions by a certain blitheness of bearing and a simple but genial dignity—qualities that, even in this age of sensationalism, appeal to the Britisher. It would be difficult to exaggerate the importance of the visit, and while prophecy remains the most gratuitous form of error, it is not too much to hope that a new chapter of even closer friendship and warmer relations has been opened between the two great Democratic nations in Europe. As Rudyard Kipling says in his fine poem in the *Morning Post*:—

"From each other's throat we wrenched, valour's last reward,

That extorted word of praise gasped 'twixt lunge and guard.

In each other's cup we poured mingled blood and tears,
Brutal joys, unmeasured hopes, intolerable fears,
All that soiled or salted life for a thousand years.
Proved beyond the need of proof, matched in every clime,
O companion, we have lived greatly through all time!
Yoked in knowledge and remorse now we come to rest,
Laughing at old villainies that Time has turned to jest;
Pardoning old necessity no pardon can efface—
That undying sin we shared in Rouen market-place."

It is not certain whether the most astonishing event which has occurred in England for many a long day is not the release this week of the Suffragette leaders. Thirty years ago Mr. Gladstone uttered his memorable warning anent Irish revolt to the effect "that the re-

sources of civilisation are not yet exhausted." To-day the Suffragettes can boast that they have "made hay" of those resources. They have, in fact, reduced law to a farce. Whether one condemns or approves them and their methods, that is the one great staggering fact which confronts us. For observe the sequence of events. Not two weeks ago Mr. Justice Phillimore, in sentencing the prisoners, said, "I shall take upon myself the responsibility of saying"—to the Home Secretary—"that, at any rate, the ringleaders of you shall not be released upon any consideration." Since then six out of the seven prisoners have been released, and the other may be liberated at any moment! The law, in a word, is impotent, and its solemnity becomes ludicrous. We have only to recall the gravity of the charge on which the prisoners were convicted to realise that their release marks something like an epoch, and is the greatest triumph that the militants have yet achieved.

Mr. Lloyd George has timed his grant to medical research admirably. Probably never were his political fortunes at a lower ebb than during the week preceding that in which he conciliated his own side by his apology for a certain investment, and, having disarmed his opponents by that apology, propitiated many of them and many of his medical critics by the grant in question; but it is doubtful whether his Insurance Amendment Bill will have the same soothing effect on the country at large. "The last thing to be civilised by man is woman," said George Meredith. The last persons to be reconciled to insurance are the insured.

One of the quaintest tragi-comedies of modern politics is surely that now being enacted by Mr. Joynson-Hicks, M.P., who is proceeding on a tour, which may be triumphal or the reverse, throughout England looking for aeroplanes. Provided that he finds 125 specimens of the new arm, he will apologise to Colonel Seely, whom he has taxed with saying the thing that is not. Provided he does not find them, he will—but there is no saying what he will do. And so from hangar to hangar he goes, from aerodrome to aerodrome, with witnesses and a note-book. If by chance he hears one buzzing in the air above, his car gives chase, and tense is the anxiety to discover whether or not the monoplane has been counted by him before. It is all very ridiculous, no doubt. But let us remember this: behind it there lies a problem of fearful seriousness that we simply cannot afford to ignore. The next war will be won from the air, and unfortunately it is our plans, not our aeroplanes, that are in the air.

Once again the world has heard with a shrug of polite incredulity the twin announcements that the interminable *affaire Marconi* is at an end, and that the long-delayed Liberal land campaign is really and truly about to begin. I say twin announcements because one always follows the other at a brief interval, and both, alas! belie the hopes of their parents. Somehow the curtain is never rung down on the realistic modern drama of wireless finance, and so, of course, it never gets rung up on the pastoral play, a revised version of "The Deserted Village," that Mr. George is so anxious to present. Will history again repeat itself? Perhaps—but with a difference! This time it is hinted that Mr. Asquith himself will take the lead, and it is whispered also, as we are unfeignedly sorry to say, that behind Mr. George's retirement into the country during the week of the French President's visit lies a tragedy of shattered health that will keep the Chancellor in his tent for many a long day to come.

FREEDOM IN RUSSIA BY

DR. PERCY DEARMER

WE hear of Russia when catastrophes occur. At other times, while the English papers give us the daily gossip of Paris, Berlin, and Vienna, we are content to live in ignorance about the vast Empire which is to exercise so potent an influence upon Asia—and upon that peninsula of the Asiatic continent which we call Europe. We are content, I have said; but whether we are content or not with our ignorance, we have to bear it; and when we seek enlightenment from Russian friends, we are likely to get statements so contradictory that our confusion is but increased. If we seek information from the Russian newspapers, we may fare even worse, for the Russian Press is not free. Perhaps the most we can do is to attempt, with the modesty which the circumstances require, to record the impression made upon a sympathetic Englishman by the present position of Russia.

Two Views of Russia

The Russian revolutionary exile—still more the Pole or Jew who has left the Russian Empire for our own country—will tell us heartrending tales of persecution and cruelty, and all he tells us may be confined strictly to verifiable facts. The ordinary Russian will talk more about the social life of his country and less about its politics; he will ignore the revolutionaries almost as completely as we ignore the group of anarchists who still machinate in London. If we mention the scandals of the Secret Police, he will probably agree with us that it is time this exceptional force came to an end. If we mention the treatment of political prisoners or the cruel repression of the Poles, he may shrug his shoulders and ask us whether we should like the administration of our own country judged in Russia by the testimony of militant suffragettes. If we complain of some act of tyranny on the part of an official, he will remind us how distant from headquarters most Russian provinces are, and how easy it is for one bad man to ignore instructions, even to defer for years the carrying out of new laws, and generally to play the tyrant.

"Nichavo"

The need of social reform he will probably not deny, nor the hardships of the poor, which are borne with such singular patience and courage; but he will urge that the Russian Government is at work upon these things, that it is far ahead of England in the national ownership of railways, mines, and forests, that while our Government wastes the time of Parliament in exploiting political dissensions, in discussing the government of Ireland or the disestablishment of the Welsh Church, his Government is working out the problems of social reform. He may very likely add that the Nihilism of the past has brought about the present condition of things, and that Russia is still paying the price of the murder of Alexander II., who had done so much for the liberation of the people, and had actually sent to the *Official Messenger* the announcement that the elective bodies of the Empire would be asked to send deputies to the Council of State—on March 13th, 1881, the very day of his assassination. What wonder, he will say, that an era of repression has followed, that revolutionaries are harried, that during the month of April last twenty-seven newspapers were fined and nineteen confiscated and prosecuted? They go on just the same! It is all

part of the game. *Nichavo!* And how can an Englishman object to the principle of censorship when he endures a censorship of the drama which would be inconceivable in Russia. "Monna Vanna" is acted in St. Petersburg; it may not be acted in London.

To this the Englishman would probably reply that his "ordinary" friend takes a slack and casual view of things; that this very Russian fault is really responsible for the present evils, which are largely due to a dilatory and corrupt bureaucracy. Also that his friend does not appreciate the value of liberty; he is prepared to do things *for* the people, but not for them to be done *by* the people, and consequently they are badly done, as the Japanese war showed with painful vividness.

The Russian revolutionary would be furious at the "ordinary" point of view, and angry with the Englishman for not dealing more severely with it. And no wonder, for he has suffered, and he knows. The record has been black indeed.

The Trail of Islam

I think the only excuse—or rather, explanation—is that Russia is a younger nation than France or England. She did not begin to emerge from heathenism till well on in the ninth century; her first Christian Prince, Vladimir, was baptised in A.D. 980, whereas Columba came to Britain in 563, and Æthelbert was baptised by Augustine in 597. There is thus a difference of three centuries between us; and the partial suppression of Christianity during the two centuries of the Tartar domination of Russia (1240-1480) must also be taken into account, as well as her isolation from the older civilisation of Greece by that other Moslem invasion which had submerged the ancient empire of Byzantium while the Tartars still ruled over Russia. The geographical isolation of Russia from the West was, of course, in the nature of things (though it was enormously intensified by the Tartar domination); but it would not have affected her progress if she had had the fellowship of civilisation in Asia Minor and Greece and among the races to the north of Greece and of the Black Sea.

Islam again! We cannot, indeed, understand European history or the position of Europe to-day while we continue to forget the effects of the Moslem invasions. I have in former articles described some of these effects upon the core of our great Mediterranean civilisation. I am glad here to draw the reader's attention to the fact that Russia was for more than two centuries under Mohammedan rule; and there are still other problems to be considered—that of the Moors in Spain, for instance. Here we have only to point out that Russia, like Spain, has had her history broken by a long interval of alien rule, while her conversion to Christian civilisation was about six or seven hundred years later than that of Spain. Now, it seems to me indisputable that one result of Christianity upon a nation is the gradual growth in liberty, and that the Christian nations have brought constitutional and democratic government into the world. The process, like all processes, is gradual, but it is very sure; and when a Church so far forgets its religion as to support the principle of autocracy, it is overturned by the very nation which had learnt from it the infinite value of the humblest human being. Therefore I am not surprised that Russia, which is abreast of us in so many things,

is still behind in this principle of democratic freedom. What wonder that cruelties and oppressions are still practised in Russia which were taken for granted in the England of Henry VIII.?

The Dawn of Day

But England, under the heel of that autocrat three centuries and a half ago, was on the eve of a great outburst of liberty. I believe the same is true of Russia to-day. Our revolutionary Russian friends are sometimes pessimistic, but Slavs are naturally pessimistic. When we look back upon the history of Russia since Napoleon retreated from Moscow, we cannot be blind to the fact of a great and wonderful change. Russia has indeed moved far more rapidly even than the West, because she had more leeway to make up. She has not yet attained to free Parliamentary Government; but neither had England under the military dictatorship of Cromwell—which yet we look back upon as a stage in the march of freedom. Russia is still in the bitter pangs of a new birth, but they are birth-pangs, and not the pains of death. The Duma has been crippled, but it exists; and as I write it has just condemned the Government by a large majority for illegally prolonging the exceptional laws of repression. The English Parliament has also been crippled more than once; but it went on, as the Duma will go on. And in spite of those Russian friends who believe that the *entente* with England has strengthened the bureaucracy, I am convinced that in the end the British friendship will prove a strong force in aid of Russian freedom.



IN PHÆACIA

HAD I that haze of streaming blue,
That sea below, the summer faced,
I'd work and weave a dress for you,
And kneel to clasp it round your waist,
'And broider with those burning bright
Threads of the Sun across the sea,
'And bind it with the silver light
That wavers in the olive tree.

Had I the gold that like a river
Pours through our garden, eve by eve,
Our garden that goes on for ever,
Out of the world, as we believe;—
Had I that glory on the vine,
That splendour soft on tower and town,
I would be forging that sunshine,
'And you should wear a golden crown.

Through the great pinewood I have been,
An hour before the lustre dies,
Nor such a colour have yet seen
As the forest in your eyes,
The misty forest down whose deep
'And twilight paths I love to stroll,
To meadows quieter than sleep,
'And pools more secret than the soul.

Could I but steal that awful throne,
'Ablaze with dreams and songs and stars,
Where sits night, a man of stone,
On the frozen mountain spars,
I'd break his arms, for he is old,
'And set my lady there to rule,
Gowned with silver, crowned with gold,
'And in her eyes the woodland pool.

JAMES ELROY FLECKER.

THE CURSE OF USURY.

SHALL WE ABOLISH THE PAWNBROKER?

BY OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER

PART II.

To find the true method of deliverance from the pawnbroker, we must initiate a system that, while it frees the poor from his excessive charges and appalling rates of interest, yet retains that elasticity and ubiquity which marks his method of conducting business. For such a system we must look, not to Paris and the Monte de Piété, but to America, where the Provident Loan Societies have achieved an astounding, though little known success.

The Monte de Piété has justified itself only because of its monopoly. In France, the pawnbroker is not suffered to exist. Here, his name is legion. Suppose we adopt the suggestion, now strongly urged by certain social reformers, and vest his privileges in the State;

We Abolish at One Stroke some 20,000 Flourishing Tradesmen

Their business would be gone. Their stock and goodwill rendered valueless. Their capital become a debt they could never repay. Their individual experience of men and things, touching their business, rendered useless. Inevitably they would *have* to be compensated. Almost inevitably the details would be adjusted generously and in their favour. The first effect of the proposed reform would be to pay untold millions to buy out men who are battering on the poor.

Even so, I may be told, it might prove profitable. It is claimed that the fortunes made by pawnbrokers are so stupendous that, after compensation has been awarded, the State could still "make good" on the proposition. But this is doubtful. First of all, if the pawnbroker reaps a rich harvest from the poor, he does so only by charging excessive interest, which under the new plan is impossible. We should have, in fact, to buy "Uncle" out on one schedule of profits, and then conduct the business according to another and a much lower schedule.

That Way Disaster Lies

Then, again, pawnbroking depends enormously on the individual knowledge of customers—their positions in life, their prospects, and plans. Hence it is almost an heredity business passing from father to son, who can discern almost instinctively the value both of the goods pawned and of the customer's promise to redeem them.

But if the State "went buzzing into this new business" it would find these things out only at the cost of bitter experience!

"Ah, but," it may be said, "the State need not abolish the monopoly. All that is necessary is for some of the more progressive municipalities to undertake the business in competition with existing agencies. If they succeed, the rest will follow."

But is that possible? The rates that the pawnbroker is allowed to charge have been fixed by Parliament, and even Parliament will be slow to give a municipality powers to render its own enactments waste paper. Having given pawnbrokers a monopoly of their business at certain fixed rates, it could not abolish that monopoly and sanction lower rates without stultifying itself.

For these reasons, so it seems to me,

We must Abandon the Idea of Municipal Pawnbroking

The provident loan societies of the United States rose, like the present agitation, directly out of the feeling against the exactions of the pawnbroker, but in their scheme the reformers relied not upon the State so much as on the efforts of private individuals, who, given sound management, were prepared to risk their money in order to defeat an evil that had become notorious. The original title of the pioneer society was that of the "Pawners' Bank" of Boston, a name changed afterwards to the Collateral Loan Company. The government was in the hands of seven directors, five chosen by the stockholders, one appointed by the Governor of the Commonwealth, and one by the Mayor of the city. The capital was provided by public-spirited citizens, eager to redeem the poor from the usurers battenng on them. They subscribed some £70,000, which they agreed to lend "on all goods and chattels . . . discriminating in favour of small loans to the indigent," at the rate of 1½ per cent. per month. The society, in fact, carried on the business of pawnbroking on strictly business lines, but contenting itself with a moderate profit. Its success was soon apparent: first, in a considerable reduction in the rates of interest charged by the pawnbrokers of the city, and, later on, by a host of imitators, until finally

The System of which it was the Exemplar

spread through every State of the Union, exercising a most salutary check on the exactions of the pawnbroker. In nearly every case these provident loan societies have proved successful. The rate of interest charged is often, as in the case of the Working Men's Loan Association of Boston, as low as 1 per cent. per month, and the dividend, in the case of the Collateral Loan Company, was not to exceed 8 per cent., the surplus going to the benefit of the poor. In some instances these provident loan societies were started without expectation of any dividend at all, as in the case of the New York Loan Company, who, nevertheless, paid a 6 per cent. dividend on capital and carried 4,309.94 dollars to reserve, although "several of the pawnbrokers found it necessary to reduce their rates of interest." Later, many of these societies, notably that of Buffalo, commenced to lend money on bills of sale on furniture, charging, instead of 10 and 15 per cent. per month, only 5, and still managing to pay a handsome dividend. Did space permit, I could give interesting figures of the work of these provident loan societies in Baltimore, Worcester, Providence, R.I., Chicago, and other cities. At Boston the Working Men's Loan Association paid a dividend of 2 per cent., followed by one of 4, and since then 6 per cent. dividends have been

Constantly Paid and a Regular Surplus Secured,

while the average loan has decreased considerably. In a word, these societies have proved conclusively that it is quite possible to conduct pawnbroking on commercial lines without charging excessive interest.

Here, it seems to me, is our road to deliverance. Why should we not repeat in England the experiment which has been so strikingly successful on the "other side"? If we wait for the State we may grow old before action is taken. But it should be easily possible to organise and capitalise such a society as I have described, to obtain for it the most influential support and thoroughly capable management without any

undue delay. It could be started at once—on a small scale, if need be, and could expand as it achieved success. It could keep clearly in view the needs of the poor, adjusting itself to existing conditions, and, with the experience gained, entering on fresh fields of activity. Doubtless its beginnings would be diminutive, but we are told to Despise not the day of small things. Planned aright, and conducted in the true spirit, it could achieve for the poor of our great cities benefits as great as Father Raifessen won by his credit banks for the peasants of Austria. There are plenty of men and women who would lend their names, their money, and their services to such an effort. Who will initiate it?



THE BACK ROAD

THE gravel crunched, and a boy, moving slowly along, passed the janitor's house, and stood for the first time in the Back Road. His eyes grew moist, and he sniffled softly to himself as he strove to hold back the eager tears. He felt somehow the charm of the green hills and the tall trees, and, so comforted, he wandered on between the leafy giants.

That night in the dormitory he overheard a conversation of absorbing interest—three boys discussing the deeds actual and potential of the captain. The voices sank to thin sibilants, growing thinner and fainter in the new boy's ears as he floated away into the land of dreams. The captain was there, but changed. He raced express trains, he sprang backwards across the river, he felled the rector with his right, the janitor with his left, and, not so improbable, he butted Farmer Heeltap's bull to the scathe of the latter.



The end of school life had come, and the boy's last day wore to evening. The roar of the river rose louder with the falling shadows, and a huge orange moon swung slowly up from the Saline Hills. The boy and the girl were seated beneath the kindly tree that bore their initials cunningly entwined. She was silent, his own lips were sealed; but he drew closer to her, and drew her closer to himself. Her eyes flashed softly in the golden moonlight, a shining mist whirled around him, and in that enchanted haze he kissed her with the ineffable tenderness and self-forgetfulness of youth.



October, with a shrill wind driving a thin rain before it. The gravel crunched, and a man bronzed and bearded passed the janitor's house, and stood in the Back Road. He turned mechanically to the left, and stopped before a mighty tree. High up he saw what had once been a cunning device of interwoven letters, but the swelling bark had writhed and sundered them.

He fumbled with his stick and moved uneasily with his feet, and his mouth twitched at the corners. A vociferous band of schoolboys strolling past fell silent for a moment to gaze curiously at the stranger. The stranger glanced at them in his turn, murmured a few half-audible words, and turned away. One of the boys declared he had heard something about "all gone," and "familiar faces," but the others laughed, and told him to shut up.

And the stranger walked dully onward, the black current of his thought running through dead rainbow hopes. And before and behind stretched the black ribbon of the road between gay ridges of withered leaves.

D. H. L.

A COUNTRYMAN IN LONDON

THE LIFE OF A BRICKLAYER'S LABOURER * * BY THOMAS HOLMES

A Working Man's Budget

"YES, I am sometimes sick of it, for, after all, I do not live, I only exist." "But," I said, "you are healthy and young, you have a bright face, a clear skin, and you appear—to be the embodiment of muscular strength. You have regular work, a decent home, a good wife, and your four children look particularly happy."

"Yes," he said, "I have very good health; for three years I have not lost a day, excepting the usual holidays. I would not have lost those days if I were not compelled, for I am not paid when I do not work." He was silent for a time whilst both of us thoughtfully smoked our cigars, and then: "Yes, I have a good wife—no working man has a better—and our children are healthy; they have got healthy appetites, too. But I ought not to complain about my life, for I would not like to change places with her, for how she manages to keep things straight I cannot imagine. I know that I am hard pressed every week-end, for on Friday night, when I return home from work, I find myself possessed of just four pennies to pay the rail fare to my work the next day. I never have more, and I cannot do with less, for though I live in Tottenham, my work lies all over the shop. I never ask them for a sub. What's the use? I should have to pay it back, so every Saturday I take my wages home, and we divide it. I give my wife 25s., and keep 5s for myself. What do I do with it? Well, it is easy to spend 5s. in a week. First, there's 2s. for my rail fare, 9d. for the Manchester Unity of Oddfellows and 3d. for the Labourers' Union, 6d. for tobacco, and that is the only luxury I allow myself. With the remainder I buy my own clothes and boots, for though only a labourer I must have good boots to keep my feet dry, and I must be decently clad, and, mind you, there is a great deal of wear and tear upon the clothing of a bricklayer's labourer, so, come what will, I must save at least one shilling every week for clothing; if I did not, I soon should get down at heel and ragged, and no employer likes to see his men in that condition.

"If there is a workman's collection because a mate is ill or has lost his wife, and I give threepence, half my tobacco is gone; if I give sixpence, why, then I am a total abstainer from tobacco for the whole week. I cannot do a kind action or give away a copper without being penalised, and it is this that makes the life of an honest working man so difficult and maddening; he can never feel that he has a single penny that he can spend without fear.

"See how I am often placed. I start from home at five o'clock every morning, taking with me breakfast and dinner that my wife has prepared. I get my breakfast at half-past eight, and I am ready for it, I tell you; my dinner at half-past twelve, and there's nothing left, you can guess. Sometimes I am delayed at work, and do not get home till 8.30 for supper and bed.

"Please remember that I am a big man, that I have been hard at work in the open air, and also that between 12.30 midday and 8.30 at night I am never able to treat myself to a cup of coffee and a bite of bread and cheese.

Twenty Years without a Holiday

"Of course, I often feel hungry, but I must not yield; if I did, things would soon go wrong, so I have

to deny myself, and run my life to a settled order, always having before me the fear of being out of work or of illness. It is a pretty tight fit, is my life. Why, I have never had one day's holiday on my own since I have been in London, and that is twenty years; neither do I expect one for another fifteen years. Perhaps when the children are grown up I may get one."

"Well, now, let us talk about your wife's house-keeping. How does she spend her 25s. weekly?"

"My wife is as careful as I am, and a great deal better manager; but we have confidence in each other, and we know, both of us, how the money goes. She is not a Londoner; she came from a little place near Cambridge. I was born in the Isle of Ely. We never buy anything on credit; we never trouble the pawnbroker; we never pay into any coal, boot, drapery, or any other money club; we prefer to manage our own affairs and spend our own money."

"Well, all those things are what you don't do. Tell me what you really do." "It won't take me long to do that. First, we have a little house to ourselves, and that takes 8s. out of the 25s., for we cannot live in a piggery. Bread costs us 5s., meat of all kinds another 5s.; that leaves 7s. for every other purpose, including coals, boots, clothing, household necessaries. I can't tell you how my wife manages to get boots for the children; but I know that every night I have a mending job on, for my eldest boy is eleven, and fancies himself at football. But I know this, that every morning there is a meat pie ready for my dinner, and some cold meat and a bottle of tea for my breakfast. Bacon we dare not think of buying; it is too dear.

"We never buy fresh milk but once a week—on Sundays, when we have a rice pudding for the children. We have two tins of condensed skimmed milk every week. Fancy country people buying condensed milk! We pay fourpence—that is, a penny each—for the children's life assurance. When we are wanting new towels or other useful articles, we have to buy them one at a time when we have saved money for them. My wife has at last bought a new hearthrug. I cannot say how long she has been saving up for it, but, at any rate, it is paid for."

"But," I said, "you sometimes work overtime, for which you are paid extra." "Very true," he said; "but sometimes I have to lose odd hours because of the rain. I am paid 6½d. per hour, and time and a quarter for overtime. I calculate that my overtime just about makes up for my loss of time; and that is how I calculate my wages at 30s. weekly. But my overtime does not make up for the time that I lose at the regular holidays."

Why Men Leave the Country

"Why ever did you leave the country?" was my next question.

"What else could I do? I was a big, strong chap. I saw my father working for 12s. a week, and some married men were not earning that much. My father's house was not big enough or good enough, so when I was about nineteen I went to York to work as a labourer on the main sewer which was being made. I got 5½d. per hour. I shall never forget receiving my first week's wages, for I received my first golden sovereign, with some odd silver beside. I thought that I was a made man. When that job was finished I went with the contractor to other jobs in different

towns, till at length I got to London, and then I left navvying and became a builder's labourer, for I was tired of a roving life. I always manage to keep my work with a firm so long as they have got anything to do, so I have been fortunate in that respect."

"But you have been out of work sometimes?"

"That I have, and well I know it, for I got up at three every morning, and set out on a heart-breaking search. It was not so bad when I was single, for I had saved some money; but it is a different matter when you have a wife and family and no reserve fund. I can tell you that I never want to undergo the experience again. Yet the fear of it is always with me, and I cannot get it out of my mind; perhaps I should be the happier if I could. I have walked and walked till I was sometimes dead beat, although I am good value for any employer's money. What a good many fellows do who are often out of work I cannot imagine. I am sure that I should go mad or do something desperate." Then he added, "I would like to be the Duke of Westminster just for one month," and for the first time during our interview he laughed.

"Would you like to go back to the country?" I asked him.

He replied, "I would. But if I did I should have to come back to London. I could not be content with the wages. There would be no decent home for us to live in; there would be no openings for my children. No, I must not go back unless things are greatly altered."

One other thing I ascertained from him, though he looked a bit angry when I asked him. I felt there was some pride in his voice when he said, "No, sir, my wife does not go out to work or take in any either; she has enough to do looking after the children, the home, and myself. I want her life to be easier, not harder."



ROLLING DOWN TO RIO *

"THE SEA AND THE JUNGLE" is a vivid and, we are extremely willing to believe, veracious account of a voyage to Brazil and up the Amazon. The author names no names, except that of the ship in which he sailed, the *Capella*, and that is no doubt a *nom de guerre*, and he has not much to say of the purpose of the voyage, at least as far as the principals, from a navigating point of view, are concerned. His own object in making the voyage he makes abundantly clear; he wants to get away from London, the Poor Law, the "8.35" from Suburbia to town—"it is always the 8.35"—and from the daily papers with their everlasting cries of "wolf," prophecies of instant ruin or revolution, and announcements that "the young prince did stop to look in at a toy-shop window in Regent Street the previous afternoon." Such meditations, indulged in during his daily progress in the "8.35," nearly drive him to arrest that progress by the employment of the communication cord.

He seizes, then, the opportunity offered him by a sea-faring friend, master, not of the *Don* or the *Magdalena*, but of the *Capella*, of the same tramp fraternity, and embarks on his adventurous journey. The voyage is not strictly one of exploration, but its course leads the *Capella* where no ocean-going ship has ever been before, and an incidental expedition takes the author through what was probably an absolutely unknown region.

Mr. Tomlinson's attitude towards the sea may almost be called amatory. He recurs more than once

* "The Sea and the Jungle." By H. M. Tomlinson. 7s. 6d. net. (Duckworth and Co.)

to its seductions and its disillusionments. He tells the story of a small boy, who, on first being taken down to the beach of a well-known watering-place, inquired of his father, "And where is the sea?" He himself speaks of the ocean as "It, the nameless thing, new-born with each dawn, but as old as the night," and concludes that it is "at its best at London, near midnight, when you are within the arms of a capacious chair, before a glowing fire, selecting phases of the voyage you will never make." Nevertheless, when a moment of kindness comes to compensate for days of coldness or cruelty, Mr. Tomlinson is ready with his praises. There is a passage we long to quote, of a time when "the gates of glory were somewhere ajar," but it is too long. There is a passage about an enormous wave that broke right on the top of the vessel. But they should be read. We have not yet said it, but we believe that this is one of the very best sea-books that ever was written. It is also one of the best "Inland Voyages." The phrase suggests Stevenson, but we think he would have been suggested, anyhow; there is the same dramatic feeling before the manifestations of tropical nature. Mr. Tomlinson tells us admirably what he saw and what he felt; we are almost equally grateful for his abstentions. When on the brink of attempting to anticipate questions about Brazilian national character, he says: "The wise and ribald part of me woke. . . . I stopped. For what do I know of the Brazilian character? Very little. Is there such a thing?" He is a little tempted to reduce it to the standard of a customs officer, who looked noble and picturesque, but appropriated the author's field-glasses to his own private uses. Failing the Brazilian men and women, Mr. Tomlinson describes the Brazilian forest and its denizens as they have never been described before. And the Amazon!—"a broad river flowing smooth and bright out of indefinite distance between dark forests to the wooded islands below; and by the islands suddenly accelerated and divided, in a slight descent, pouring to a lower level in taut floods as smooth, noiseless, and polished as mercury." Very lovingly does Mr. Tomlinson dwell on the animals he encountered—the insects, birds, and fishes—the semi-domestic or captive creatures that were within observation on board the *Capella*. The cockatoo that behaved "like a disrupted and angry rainbow" and the rebellious heifer that reflected his own ideas on society amused him most. The insects of an aggressive or ignoble kind must have loomed as large on the mind of the navigators as they did on that of the invaders of Russia in 1812.

The accounts of various incidents and episodes, some of a historical nature, such as the attempt to bridge South America by a railway connecting Bolivia with the Amazon basin, are of peculiar interest. There are some good stories, too, told by chance acquaintances. We should imagine that Mr. Tomlinson is talking sound psychology when he says that the settlers in the lost and deadly regions of the Amazon regard laughter as "their only prophylactic." The author himself believes in laughter, but on less desperate grounds; his humour is delightful and continual. "Some men will touch their crowns to Carnegie in heaven." Mr. Tomlinson's views are as decided and violent as his humour is cheerful. He anathematizes self-restraint, and pleads, or rather shouts, for "more rollicking self-indulgence and a ruddy and bright-eyed insistence on the means to it." A man "who valued being alive more than his chance of old age"—that should make a fine epitaph—it will be Mr. Tomlinson's, by right of authorship, at any rate.

W. B. YEATS: A CHARACTER SKETCH

By J. M. HONE

MR. YEATS, the Irish propagandist, and Mr. Yeats, the Irish poet, are the same personage; but in the one capacity, that of propagandist, Mr. Yeats is chiefly famous in Ireland; in the other, that of poet, he is chiefly famous in Great Britain and abroad. The most remarkable thing one can say about Mr. Yeats is that he is, at the same time, a man of action and the most purely *poetical* of poets; which perhaps explains why Mr. Yeats, the most authentic voice in the English language to-day, has not displaced Tom Moore in the popular affections of Ireland. Poets to-day want to pronounce on current controversies, to deliver messages in verse on the affairs of their "day and generation," rather than on the affairs of all time. But few poets—few modern poets—have been men of action. Now, Mr. Yeats, on the other hand, has never composed propagandist poetry. He can point to a fine record of patriotic Irish work, and yet he can assert that he never wrote a line of deliberately patriotic verse. No one ever thought more deeply of, and for, literature, or was so jealous of its purity. Therefore no author of our time has so strictly avoided the platform and the pulpit tone. He quotes St. Thomas à Kempis: "The Holy Spirit has delivered me from a multitude of opinions." "Art," he says, "has no purpose but the praise of life." Life is more important than the cause. Addressing his dead companions, the poets of the 'nineties, he cries out:—

"I have kept my faith, though faith was tried,
To that rock-born, rock-wandering foot,
And the world's altered since you died,
And I am in no good repute.
With the loud host before the sea,
That think sword strokes were better meant
Than lovers' music—let that be,
So that the wandering foot's content."

I.

Of the little band of devoted poets who met round the "Cheshire Cheese" during the closing years of the last century, W. B. Yeats is now almost the sole survivor. Davidson committed suicide. Dowson died of consumption at the age of thirty. Lionel Johnson had a tragical and mysterious end. The minor figures perished as miserably. "'Twas wine, or woman, or some curse," says Mr. Yeats in reminiscent mood. But he remembers that his old companions

"Never made a poorer song
That they might have a heavier purse."

Luckier than the rest, Mr. Yeats was an Irishman, and could seek his dissipation in politics. And when the worst is said of patriotism, it will be allowed that it need have no ill-effects upon the health. Mr. Yeats is now a middle-aged man who has published a Collected Edition and established an Irish national theatre, an Irishman who dares to say what he thinks and encounter public disfavour: he may yet be Professor of English Literature at Trinity College, Dublin.

II.

Mr. Yeats was born in Ireland, and is, by extraction, a member of the "Protestant garrison," like Shaw and Wilde and Synge. But his appearance suggests to those who believe in race that there must be in his composition a Celtic, if not a pre-Aryan strain. When one learns that he is addicted to astrology, the suspicion is strengthened. His black eyes, raven hair, and look of an artist *pur sang* do not constitute

a typical Irish type; but Mr. Yeats may say with a fellow-countryman, Lord Morris, that no one, drunk or sober, ever took him for an Englishman. George Moore, in his amusing book of Irish reminiscences, "Ave," tells of how an old French gentleman, probably a student of Gobineau, on hearing that Mr. Yeats practised magic, had the old problem of the poet revealed to him in a flash. "A Finnish ancestor," he muttered; "some Finnish ancestor a thousand years ago!" Yeats was brought up in Sligo, that is to say, in the heart of Irish Ireland, and the tender and spiritual quality of his earlier work, his preoccupation with Irish legend, and his delight in the folk imagination were derived from this experience. When he went to London as a young man he fell in with Henley, who soon afterwards declared that there were only two living poets, and that the "other" was Yeats. The "Wanderings of Oisín" and the "Ballads and Poems" contain the most beautiful of modern lyrics. Mr. Yeats's next books, the "Secret Rose" and the "Wind Among the Reeds," were written in a more elaborate style. One forgave, for the sake of a haunting music, a tendency to court the cryptic; but Mr. Yeats was now in danger of being imprisoned within a system that he had built for himself, partly out of Blake's prophetic writings and partly out of the theories of the symbolists. About this time certain persons in Ireland pressed Mr. Yeats into the service of the Irish dramatic movement, and henceforward he used most of his energies in writing the plays and in establishing the policy of a national theatre in Dublin.

III.

It was thus that Mr. Yeats became a figure in the national life of Ireland, one of the ablest and most pugnacious of Irish controversialists (which is saying a great deal) and the most eloquent of Irish orators. In his early life he had been associated with the extreme wing of the Nationalist party. Now he came into collision with this party. He had not renounced the political opinions of his youth. But the party which claimed him as a member wished that the Irish theatre should be the instrument of their propaganda. Mr. Yeats refused, and pleaded the liberty of art. He was criticised by all sides of Irish opinion. Some people wanted the theatre to attack the English; some people wanted it to attack the priests; others wished to be sure that it would not seem to do either the one or the other! The quarrel came to a head with the appearance of a new dramatist in Dublin, J. M. Synge, whose comedies of Irish life provoked an organised hostility among the Nationalists which only Mr. Yeats's strength of character and courage could encounter. It is as an educator as well as a poet that Mr. Yeats should be remembered by Irish posterity. Synge's plays were held to be inexpedient; it was said they would damage the Irish cause. The outcry against them was typical of the false standards of value in criticism that then obtained in Ireland. Mr. Yeats taught that the first of virtues was sincerity, and that the man who could be bullied into patriotism by his neighbours was worthless to his nation.

IV.

Devoted readers of Mr. Yeats's books have cursed the day when he was persuaded to undertake theatre business in Ireland. It seems to them a sacrilege that

so rare a being as a poet should spend his time at propaganda. Others add that Mr. Yeats's genius is essentially lyrical, and that his plays are better suited to the study than to the footlights. Mr. Yeats has himself indicted a temperament which spurs to action:—

"All things can tempt me from the craft of verse:
One time it was a woman's face, or worse,
The seeming woes of my fool-driven land;
Now nothing but comes readier to the hand
Than this accustomed toil."

The delicate and sensitive quality of Mr. Yeats's style, the ethereal substance of his earlier and best-known verse, belie the man whose career shows, at all events, how false is the vulgar modern idea that poets, outside of their trade, are foolish and incapable folk. It is only as the critic of his own writings that Mr. Yeats becomes the prey of doubt and loses his power of swift decision. At the age of thirty-five he is said to have declared that he could happily spend the remainder of his life rewriting and revising. Some of his plays will be found in half a dozen versions. He has an itch for reconstruction and experiment, and this, not less than the demands made upon his time by the Irish dramatic movement, gives cause for discontent to his admirers, so long must they await the new poem or the new play.

* * *

LITERARY NOTES

Lovers of Mark Rutherford will look forward with keen anticipation to a study of the great writer by Sir William Robertson Nicoll. Sir William is an authority on Mark Rutherford. One could think of no one whose knowledge of the subject is more thorough or whose sympathy with it is more intimate and penetrative than the editor of the *British Weekly*. The best things ever written on Mark Rutherford appeared in that journal, some of them over the well-known signature of "Claudius Clear," and a book by the writer of these acute and profound pieces of literary criticism is worth waiting for.

* * * * *

Messrs. Maunsel and Co., the Irish publishers, to whom lovers of true poetry owe so much, have in preparation an important biographical work, "A Dictionary of Irish Artists," by Walter G. Strickland, of the National Gallery of Ireland. The dictionary will include not only notices of every Irish painter, sculptor, and engraver of any note who has worked in Ireland, but of all artists of Irish birth whose work has been done in England and elsewhere. It will be in two volumes, limited to one thousand sets, and may be expected on September 1st. Numerous portraits of artists will illustrate the text.

* * * * *

Ethel Carnie, the factory-girl poetess, has once more left the mill to devote herself to literature. Born of cotton-weaving parents in the Blackburn district, she was connected with factory life from the beginning, and her first-hand acquaintance with the actual routine of a mill-girl's existence ought to lend considerable interest to a serial story of mill life which she is contributing to the *Christian Commonwealth*. Her most notable achievement so far has been her volume of poems, "Songs of a Factory Girl." Miss Carnie wrote verse from early childhood. Starting her mill life at the age of eleven as a half-timer, she passed through the successive stages of "reacher," "winder," and "warper," and beguiled the hated working hours by expressing her thoughts rhythmically.

Of her book of poems, published before she was twenty-one, 500 copies sold within a month, and soon she left the mill to become associated with the now defunct *Woman Worker* (which had then just passed into the hands of the editor of the *Clarion*), the *Tribune*, and other papers. On the death of the *Woman Worker*, however, she returned to the mill, and worked at her old occupation until eighteen months ago. All who know her modest, sincere, and in the truest sense cultured rhymes will follow her future career with considerable interest.

* * * * *

It is rumoured that Mr. G. K. Chesterton is considering the possibility of dramatising one of his most successful stories in the Father Brown series. The result should be intensely interesting. G. K.'s epigrammatic style would lend itself to dramatic dialogue with considerable effect, and his sense of humour would permeate the plot. Whether or no his situations would be feasible or possible is not so conclusive. One point at least would not be in his favour. He has never yet succeeded in creating a woman in any of his stories. The nearest likeness to the reality was the acidulated lady in "Man Alive," but it is characteristic of him that he never, if it can possibly be avoided, introduces a female character at all.

* * *

"EVERYMAN" TOURS.

ARRANGEMENTS have now been completed for a week's holiday in Paris, where our readers will have an opportunity of realising for themselves the attractions of the city so graphically described by the Editor in his recent articles. The worry and fret of travelling, the catching of trains, the looking for rooms, the inevitable disappointments connected with hotel accommodation are annoyances that, though small in themselves, are liable to destroy all comfort and enjoyment. These petty details are spared to those who join EVERYMAN Tours. The fundamental principle of the system is that the traveller should journey with the greatest possible comfort and the minimum of worry. Congenial companionship on the drives and excursions in connection with the Paris week are ensured by the fact that the members of the touring party will find a common bond of interest in their paper. The list will shortly be complete, and in order to secure a vacancy application should be made at once to the Tours Department, EVERYMAN, Aldine House, Bedford Street, W.C.

THE TEN MOST POPULAR ARTICLES IN "EVERYMAN"

WE propose opening a Referendum upon the ten most popular articles which have appeared in the first twenty-six numbers of EVERYMAN. Readers are invited to send in a list of the ten articles which have been of the greatest interest to them, placing them in what they regard as their order of merit, and we offer two prizes of £2 and £1 respectively for the two lists corresponding most closely to the ten articles receiving the largest number of votes from our readers. Lists, marked "EVERYMAN Referendum," should reach the Competition Editor, 21, Royal Terrace, Edinburgh, by July 1st.

Vol. I. of EVERYMAN, handsomely bound in cloth, price 3s. 6d., carriage paid 4s., will be forwarded on application to the EVERYMAN Publishing Department, Aldine House, Bedford Street, W.C. Cases for binding can also be obtained at 1s. 6d. each, post free 1s. 3d.

LETTERS TO LIVING AUTHORS

II.—TO WILLIAM WYMARK JACOBS * * BY LEWIS MELVILLE

SIR,—During the sixteen years you were in the Civil Service you were, no doubt, a credit to your department and of considerable value to your country. Yet, in the last year of the past century, you were so wise as to retire, having, I assume, come to the conclusion, probably after a hard struggle with your modesty, that, while it was within the bounds of possibility there might be another who could adequately discharge your official duties, there was certainly no one else who could write the stories that had even then already made you famous. No one will deny that the conclusion at which you arrived was correct, and every-one to-day is grateful that, having arrived at that conclusion, you acted upon it. The gifts the gods bestowed upon you were not intended for decent burial in a Government office.

When you first began to write I do not know, nor can I say when your earliest stories appeared. I see, however, that the first edition of your first book, "Many Cargoes," saw the light in 1896—I am particular to say the first edition, because a publisher's note circulates the information that "Many Cargoes" is now in its thirty-second edition. In succeeding years you have issued twelve more books, and you have utilised some hours of your leisure in writing a play, "The Beauty and the Barge," which brought you into repute as a dramatist. It is not given to all writers to win success in two branches of letters. Your output, then, is considerable for one who is in the prime of life. It is considerable, though not enormous. For instance, a friend of mine, with whom you (as I happen to know) have a bowing acquaintance, who turns out biographies by the score, could beat your books, in the scale, by about a stone and a half. But a baker's dozen of volumes of stories as the result of sixteen years' labour is what anyone may be proud of, and when, sir, the stories have the freshness, originality, the quaint, quiet humour with which you invest your literary work, it is an output of which not only the author must be proud, but with which his readers are delighted.

I have heard it said by critics, whose creative work would not give them the right to fill your inkstands, that you are not versatile, and that you confine yourself to one small niche, a certain aspect of nautical life. Yet, without turning to your books, I can recall the dramatic "Jerry Bundler," the comic "Monkey's Paw," and, above all, "Three at Table." "Three at Table" is, in my humble opinion, which I venture to obtrude upon you, the best story you have ever written, as it is perhaps one of the simplest. When the proud father of the lad who got disfigured at a fire gives the toast, "The health of the children my son saved!" I experience the same feeling of choking as when I first read it sixteen years ago. It is, however, certainly true that your theme is, more often than not, the bargee and the captain and crew of coasting vessels, and of this you have made yourself a master. When Anthony Trollope was asked at what period of his life he had lived so long in a cathedral city as to have become so intimately acquainted with the ways of a close, he replied that, as a matter of fact, he had never resided for any length of time in any cathedral city except the metropolis, and he was not well acquainted with any clergyman. Whether you write from knowledge or from instinct, I have not the remotest conception; but I am sure that the truth of

your character-drawing has never, by any person competent to judge, been called into question.

What is so wonderful, however, is not that you should draw a sailor, but that you should be able to draw so many sailors, and that they should all be as true to life as they are different in every way other than following the same calling. And what you have done for the sailor you have done for his womenfolk, for his wife, his daughter, and his sweetheart. You show us the man on board, you show us him in his home, you show us him in his retirement, you show us him happy and sad, successful and in failure.

If I may venture to introduce the personal note, I shall say that you belong to the true school of novelists. You regard it as your business to show us life as you see it, and men and women as they appear to you; not to present your readers with your views on economic subjects or the sex problem. No one has succeeded in extracting from you, at least not in public, your opinions on Home-rule, horse-racing, or drink. The best that the adroitest of honorary secretaries of literary clubs can do is once in a way to lure you into the chair, and even then your speech is most incommendably brief. You have no axe to grind, philosophic, philanthropic, or political—or, if you have, you do not grind it in your novels. You are content to give pleasure to your few millions of readers. You give them an extensive portrait gallery and a vast number of amusing tales; and you let them partake of your subtle humour, of your sense of the ludicrous, and of your carefully veiled feeling for romance. Arguing from your books, I venture to assert that you have a love for innocence, a respect for kindness and generosity, a profound admiration for bravery, and a keen sympathy with those who have gone under in the struggle. These qualities underlie the writings with which we are all so familiar. If, sir, I do not dwell especially on your humour, it is only because it is universally recognised and appreciated.

I am, Sir,

Yours faithfully,

LEWIS MELVILLE.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF OUR SERIES OF COMPETITIONS

IT is one of the objects of EVERYMAN, expressed in the sub-title of the paper, to get at the facts of national life. We speak glibly of the classes and the masses, lumping them together as if they were abstract entities; but we know very little of the concrete conditions of life of those classes and those masses. One of the most urgent desiderata of social science is an accurate knowledge of those conditions, with their infinite variations in time and space, according to professions and surroundings.

With a view to furthering such knowledge, we offer a prize of Three Guineas each for the best contribution, not exceeding 2,000 words, on any one of the six following subjects:—

- | | |
|----------------------------|----------------------|
| 1. The Civil Servant. | 4. The Male Teacher. |
| 2. The Anglican Clergyman. | 5. The Composer. |
| 3. The Foreign Missionary. | 6. The Miner. |

The papers should be descriptive rather than controversial, and we would recommend a division into paragraphs, with a view to inducing orderly sequence. We would also recommend a brief synopsis summing up the main points dealt with. It is desirable that the competitions be written from direct observation. The experience of a miner will be more welcome than a contribution by a politician who once in his life visited a coal-mine.

Entries should be clearly written, and preferably typewritten, should bear the number of the Competition, and should reach the

COMPETITION EDITOR, "EVERYMAN,"

21, Royal Terrace,
Edinburgh,

by July 1st. Other subjects will be announced later on.

MASTERPIECE FOR THE WEEK

WILLIAM CANTON'S "A CHILD'S BOOK OF SAINTS" * * BY E. HERMANN

I.

WHEN this beautiful book first made its appearance, wisecracks were found to say that, had it not been for its two predecessors, "W. V.: Her Book," and "The Invisible Playmate"—two gems of child literature which set their author among the small group of writers whom we deem it almost an insult to praise, because we love them—its title would inevitably have doomed it to failure. "What modern child (or grown up, for that matter)," they asked, "wants to read about Saints?" Where the name does not conjure up a stained-glass sort of person, it is redolent of the pineapple rum with which the red-nosed Mr. Stiggins reinforced his mortal frame. The critics were wrong. So long as little St. Francis is known and loved of men, so long human souls reach out a wistful left hand to the beauty of holiness, though the sturdy right may grip the excitement of sin; so long the golden legend will draw and lure their hearts. The modern child may laugh at fairy tales and refuse to be interested in anything less substantial than real motor-cars and guns which actually shoot people. The modern adult may be inebriated with the rhythm of passing things, preoccupied with materialities, all but dead to the whisper of the soul. Yet, taking humanity, whether young or old, at large, it has an irrepressible craving for the spiritual, just in proportion as it is still natural and not dehumanised by surrender to that phantom world where "things sit in the saddle and ride mankind." After all, there is nothing so unchangeable as the changeful heart of man.

II.

Thus it came about that "A Child's Book of Saints" captured and held a large and growing public. That "W. V." was in some measure responsible for its initial success need not be denied. But the charm of the new volume was such as to blaze its own trail into the very heart of that "Holy Assembly" of readers who still know how to wonder and to dream.

Eighteen legends are retold in this book—told with a charm so spontaneous and unconscious that it seems to have invented itself, and with a loving insight which has recaptured the lost secret of mediæval sainthood—that wondrous blend of meekness and majesty, romance and grim realism, passion and renunciation, self-expression and self-surrender, courage and shrinking, adventure and seclusion, and all those baffling contradictions which make the histories of the Saints, rightly read, more thrilling than any tale that ever entered into the imagination of man. Arid rationalists may smile pityingly, obstinate materialists may snort their angry disapproval, but so long as human nature remains the time will never come when the tale of St. Francis will no longer be told, when eyes shall no longer moisten at the sorrowful longing of Waldo, when hearts shall not quicken at the perils of the Seven Years' Seekers, when the clamour of the 'Ancient Gods Pursuing shall not trouble, when the great Love of Prior Oswald shall not be as a light and a fragrance to the soul, and when the piping of Kenach's blackbird will cease to enchant. It is not a question of creed or Churchmanship. All who have a fine taste for spiritual adventure, who delight in the wisdom that reneweth herself in beauty, who are in love with Love and have found the treasure of the humble—all children, that is, whether by nature or by the Second Birth, will understand and prize these stories of the Saints.

III.

Mr. Canton is a master of style, and of that larger thing which we must call verbal evocation, for want of a better word. He can conjure up the very spirit and atmosphere of those old-gold Ages of Faith in which his Saints moved, and he does so in exquisite words. A crowd of examples come to the mind. There is the description of "the first glimmer of dawn, when all wild creatures are tame, and the earth most lovely to look upon," and of Prior Oswald's great Cross, with "the face of our Lord crucified turned to the west, and His arms opened wide to the sea and the passing ships," so that "beneath the flying sails, far away, the mariners and fisher folk could see the cross in the sky, . . . and so the name of Christ was known in strange waters and in distant havens." Or, for a blood-stirring tale, what could be more "in the spirit" of mediæval religious warfare than the telling of how "the long line of thanes, slumbering in wild caves and dark ways of his soul," awoke in Rheinfried, and how "with a mighty drive of his fist he struck the man-at-arms between the eyes, so that he fell like a stone." Passages of rare and haunting flavour abound throughout the book, which is not so unlike that high stone Cross which Rheinfried saw, round whose bare stem a vine folded beauteous tendrils, with birds and small wild creatures nestling among the leaves.

IV.

There is only one way of doing anything like justice to such a book—the way of quotation. And here an embarrassment of riches paralyses one's power of choice. But take a chance gem quarried out of the Gaelic tale of Kenach's Little Woman:—

"What bird is this that sings so sweet before day in the bitter cold?" said the Abbot. 'Surely no bird at all, but an Angel from heaven waking us from the death of sleep.'

"It is the blackbird, Domine Abbas," said the young monk. 'Often they sing thus in February, however cold it may be.'

"O soul, O Diarmait, is it not wonderful that the senseless small creatures should praise God so sweetly in the dark? . . . Gladly could I have listened to that singing, even till to-morrow was a day; and yet it was but the singing of a little earth wrapped in a handful of feathers. O soul, tell me what it must be to listen to the singing of an Angel, a portion of heaven wrapped in the glory of God's love!'

"Now after days of clear and benign weather a shrill wind broke out from beneath the North Star, and brought with it snow and sleet and piercing cold. . . . Harsh cold and sleeplessness were their lot in the cave, and as he shivered, the Abbot bethought him of the blackbird in her nest, and of the wet flakes driving in between the leaves of the ivy and stinging her brown wings and patient bosom. And lifting his head from his pillow of stone, he prayed the Lord of the elements to have the bird in His gentle care, saying, 'How excellent is Thy loving-kindness, O God! therefore the children of men put their trust under the shadow of Thy wing.'

One would dearly like to go on to the end of Kenach's story, and then to complete the impression by quoting from one of the warlike and adventurous tales, but space does not permit. One thing must be added. These stories were first told and then written down for the delectation of the unforgettable "W. V." And the only way to get the full, deep core out of this "Child's Book of Saints" is to read them to a child in the green depth of some sun-chequered woodland, or in the magic glow of a quiet fireside.

EVERYMAN'S FRENCH PAGE

BY HONORÉ DE BALZAC

LE SECRET DE LA SAGESSE

JE vais vous révéler en peu de mots un grand mystère de la vie humaine. L'homme s'épuise par deux actes instinctivement accomplis qui tarissent les sources de son existence. Deux verbes expriment toutes les formes que prennent ces deux causes de mort : VOULOIR et POUVOIR. Entre ces deux termes de l'action humaine, il est une autre formule dont s'emparent les sages, et je lui dois le bonheur et ma longévité. *Vouloir* nous brûle, et *pouvoir* nous détruit ; mais SAVOIR laisse notre faible organisation dans un perpétuel état de calme. Ainsi le désir ou le vouloir est mort en moi, tué par la pensée ; le mouvement ou le pouvoir s'est résolu par le jeu naturel de mes organes. En deux mots, j'ai placé ma vie, non dans le cœur qui se brise, non dans les sens qui s'émoussent, mais dans le cerveau qui ne s'use pas et qui survit à tout. Rien d'excessif n'a froissé ni mon âme ni mon corps. Cependant j'ai vu le monde entier. J'ai appris tous les langues humains, et j'ai vécu sous tous les régimes. Ma seule ambition a été de voir. Voir n'est-ce pas savoir ? . . . Oh ! savoir, jeune homme, n'est-ce pas jouir intuitivement ? n'est-ce pas découvrir la substance même du fait et s'en emparer essentiellement ? Que reste-t-il d'une possession matérielle ? Une idée. Jugez alors combien doit être belle la vie d'un homme qui, pouvant empreindre toutes les réalités dans sa pensée, transporte en son âme les sources du bonheur, en extrait mille voluptés idéales dépouillées des souillures terrestres. Ce que les hommes appellent chagrins, amours, ambitions, revers, tristesse est, pour moi, des idées que je change en rêveries ; au lieu de les sentir, je les exprime, je les traduis : au lieu de leur laisser dévorer ma vie, je les dramatise, je les développe ; je m'en amuse comme de romans que je lirais par une vision intérieure. N'ayant jamais lassé mes organes, je jouis encore d'une santé robuste. Mon âme ayant hérité de toute la force dont je n'abusais pas, cette tête est encore mieux meublée que ne le sont mes magasins. Là, dit-il en se frappant le front, là sont les vrais millions. Je passe des journées délicieuses en jetant un regard intelligent dans le passé ; j'évoque des pays entiers, des sites, des vues de l'océan, des figures historiquement belles ! Comment préférer tous les désastres de vos volontés trompées à la faculté sublime de faire comparaître en soi l'univers, au plaisir immense de se mouvoir sans être garrotté par les liens du temps ni par les entraves de l'espace, au plaisir de tout embrasser, de tout voir, de se pencher sur le bord du monde pour interroger les autres sphères, pour écouter Dieu ? Ceci, dit-il d'une voix éclatante en montrant la peau de chagrin, est le *pouvoir* et le *vouloir* réunis. Là sont vos idées sociales, vos désirs excessifs, vos intempérances, vos joies qui tuent, vos douleurs qui font trop vivre ; car le mal n'est peut-être qu'un violent plaisir. Qui pourrait déterminer le point où la volupté devient un mal, et celui où le mal est encore la volupté ? Les plus vives lumières du monde idéal ne caressent-elles pas la vue, tandis que les plus douces ténèbres du monde physique la blessent toujours ? Le mot de sagesse ne vient-il pas de savoir ? et qu'est-ce que la folie, sinon l'excès d'un vouloir ou d'un pouvoir ?

THE SECRET OF WISDOM

I WILL tell you in a few words the great secret of human life. By two instinctive processes man exhausts the springs of life within him. Two verbs cover all the forms which these two causes of death may take—To Will and To have your Will. Between these two limits of human activity the wise have discovered an intermediate formula, to which I owe my good fortune and long life. To Will consumes us, and To have our Will destroys us, but To Know steeps our feeble organisms in perpetual calm. In me Thought has destroyed Will, so that Power is relegated to the ordinary functions of my organism. In a word, I have set my life not in the heart, which can be broken, nor in the senses, that are too susceptible, but in the brain, that cannot waste away and survives everything else. Moderation has kept mind and body unruffled. Yet I have seen the whole world, I have learned all languages, and lived in accordance with every régime. My one ambition has been to see. Is not Sight in a manner Insight ? And to have knowledge or insight, is not that to have instinctive possession, to be able to discover the very substance of fact, and to unite its essence to our essence ? Of any material possession, what remains but an idea ? Think, then, how glorious must be the life of a man who can stamp all realities upon his thought, place the springs of happiness within himself, and draw thence uncounted pleasures in ideals unsoiled by earthly stains. Troubles, loves, ambitions, losses, and sorrows, as men call them, are for me ideas, which I transmute into waking dreams ; I express and transpose instead of feeling them ; instead of permitting them to prey upon my life, I dramatise and expand them ; I divert myself with them, as if they were romances which I could read by the power of vision within me. As I have never overtaxed my constitution, I still enjoy robust health ; and as my mind is endowed with all the force that I have not wasted, this head of mine is even better furnished than my stores. "The true millions lie here," he said, striking his forehead. "I spend delicious days in communings with the past ; I summon before me whole countries, places, expanses of sea, the fair faces of history. What are all the disasters that wait on your erratic whims, compared with the magnificent power of conjuring up the whole world within your soul, compared with the immeasurable joys of movement, unstrangled by the cords of time, unlogged by the fetters of space ; the joys of beholding all things, of comprehending all things, of leaning over the parapet of the world to question the other spheres, to hearken to the voice of God ? There," he burst out vehemently, "there are To Will and To have your Will, both together"—he pointed to the bit of shagreen—"there are your social ideas, your immoderate desires, your excesses, your pleasures that end in death, your sorrows that quicken the pace of life, for pain is perhaps but a violent pleasure. Who could determine the point where pleasure becomes pain, where pain is still a pleasure ? Is not the utmost brightness of the ideal world soothing to us, while the lightest shadows of the physical world annoy ? Is not knowledge the secret of wisdom ? And what is folly but a riotous expenditure of Will or Power ?"

SAMUEL AUGUSTUS BARNETT

AN APPRECIATION * * By P. W. WILSON

I.

THOSE of us who enjoyed some intimacy with Canon Barnett felt that he stood alone among our friends, and was in his way the greatest of them all. Others were bent upon ambitions or success, on social reforms or various causes. He had his interests also, but his real pursuit was wisdom. He set himself deliberately to acquire anew the art of life, that one art which the rest of us neglect. Hence his methodical habits, his neatness of person, his promptitude in answering letters, his prudence in money matters, his sedulous cultivation of friendships. Hence, too, his deliberate contempt for preferment, his avoidance of asceticism, his keen humour, and his belief in travel. He was not a theologian, nor even a scholar of the front rank, but he had a Puritan's belief in God, and argued with amazing coolness and courage from God to the affairs of man. He did not lack affection, but was totally devoid of sentiment, which he detected on the instant with unerring insight, and as quickly condemned. What he tried to define for himself and others was personal duty, over which problem he pondered intensely, becoming in the end, not exactly a pessimist, but certainly a prophet of warning—an utter foe to complacency. By duty, he did not mean giving a copper to a crossing sweeper, but something much more exacting. He believed in each one of us taking up one case and seeing it through at whatever cost. He distrusted the good that is meant for thousands, all at once.

He had, of course, the immense advantage of private means. This meant that he could hold his own in Whitehall as well as in Whitechapel, and spare time for Oxford. He held that the poor should visit the universities, and that the universities should visit the poor. Out of that idea arose Toynbee Hall in a district inhabited at that time less by Jews than by Christian criminals, if the term be permitted. As the alien population gathered around the settlement, it was remarkable how all nationalities trusted this man of duty, who did not dogmatise on formulas, but—with his colleagues—gave his best, and left it there. For it was the best always at which he aimed. If lecturers were wanted, no one less than Alfred Milner or Professor Gardiner would do. If it be music, the programme must be severely classical, and the performance adequate. So with Art, as exhibited at the gallery in the Whitechapel Road. The temporary collections were on the average the best in London. Strange to say, he was colour blind, and had himself no taste for music, but by intellectual reasoning he proved to himself what value these things had for others.

II.

At Toynbee Hall, his men worked the whole district. No charity, was their motto, and in no parish was there less pauperism. The rule might seem at times a little hard, but it won the respect of the poor, and to increase the sum-total of respect, especially self-respect, was Canon Barnett's underlying method. He was very particular always to practise exactly what he preached (not that he did much preaching, save when he could not avoid it). He disapproved of costly funerals for others, and left particular instructions that his was not to be at the Abbey, but in his old church at St. Jude's, with his old curates to conduct the service.

III.

Of course, he did not undervalue ability. In that respect his discernment was as clear as the discernment of Jowett of Balliol. He ceaselessly endeavoured to get his men on to newspapers, into Parliament, and among the departments of State. He made it his business to know influential people, so as to divert their mental and pecuniary gifts into what he considered to be the most practically useful channels. He raised large sums of money, because everybody knew that it would be well expended, and this reputation for benevolent frugality was unquestionably the asset which enabled his wife, Mrs. Barnett—a woman in her way as remarkable as he was as a man—to achieve one of the greatest pieces of town planning in the world. I was one of the first to hear about the Hampstead Garden Suburb. The Barnetts' "cottage" on the Heath overlooked an immense tract of valuable building land belonging to Eton College. The dread of unsightly rows of workmen's dwellings inspired Mrs. Barnett to undertake the colossal task of raising enough money to save the foreground for an extension of Hampstead Heath. Frankly, I forget what exactly was the sum so collected, but it was somewhere about £50,000. This preliminary having been accomplished, the Barnetts set about acquiring a much larger tract of land for model building. With the help of friends, like Mr. Alfred Lyttelton and Sir Robert Hunter, they formed a trust, and to-day there are, I suppose, many thousands of people housed under conditions which represent the high-water mark of health and beauty. The same kind of thing has been done by great firms like Cadbury's and Lever's; and Letchworth—not a suburb, but a city on its own, with factories complete—was in being. But it is, I think, admitted that the Hampstead Garden Suburb represents a notable advance in such social efforts. Pilgrims from all over the world visit the place—the latest being the Empress Dowager of Russia, with Queen Alexandra. Canon Barnett himself was the first to attribute the housing achievement to his wife—a colleague of Octavia Hill—for he possessed to the full, what is not always the case in such marriages, the readiness to acknowledge, and indeed assist, his wife's incessant initiative. Jealousy was not in his nature, and least of all would she have been its subject.

IV.

If I were asked what was his greatest quality, I think I should suggest his wonderful detachment. A man who has founded a settlement in Whitechapel may be pardoned for feeling a parent's pride over his offspring. It was enough for Canon Barnett that what he did was good in its day. He never forgot even for an instant that the needs of men are changing, and that institutions may lose their usefulness. I must not be understood to imply any such reflection on Toynbee Hall—quite the reverse—but this selfless practice of examining achievements, including his own—of trying all things by severest tests—made him at once a singularly refreshing talker and profoundly formidable critic. He belonged to what is called the broad school, but he did not concern himself greatly with *minutiæ* of scholastic inquiry, still less with *minutiæ* of ritual, being content to reverence all that demanded it. High Churchmen did not always love him, nor did Nonconformists fully appreciate his

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social sense; and I must in candour record that he was not always impressed by the long prayer and the still longer sermon of the Free Churches. He was not at his best in the pulpit, an ordeal that requires voice and physique as well as thought and brains. It was, perhaps, for this reason that his aphorisms, which, if collected, would make a classic, have not up to the present been accounted as permanent literature. In the usual sense he was not an essayist, but he was a man of many sayings, indicative of a searching vision—short, yet pregnant of great truth—summing up a nation or a century in a daring and yet considered generalisation. He never wrote his reminiscences—at least, I think not—which is a great loss, for he knew all manner of statesmen and their secrets, and at many turning points of progress his counsel assisted the trembling balance.



FROM LONDON TO PARIS

A NATIONAL HIGHWAY

By G. ALEXANDER

THE recent articles in the *Times* on the defects of the Dover-Calais service to Paris, and the correspondence voicing the dissatisfaction of the public, would seem to suggest wider considerations than those which explicitly came to the front. There were two heads of complaint against the existing state of things, and, allowing for a certain amount of picturesque exaggeration, both seem to be abundantly justified.

Speed, or rather the lack of speed, is the first thing brought against the South-Eastern and Chatham Company, and to a lesser degree against the Nord Company of France. No one wants a reckless and dangerous rush, regardless of caution and safety. But, even so, is there not room for doubt whether we are at present getting the maximum of speed consistent with security? The best on the English side is 1 hour 35 minutes for 76½ miles, while the other seven trains to and from Dover, and the four to and from Folkestone, do not come up to this by several minutes; and even this best is not only inferior to the Cornish express, and to most of the North-Western expresses, but falls well behind the Great Eastern train to Harwich for the Hook of Holland, which is marked at 1 hour 22 minutes for 68¾ miles. The curve at Tonbridge and the great amount of suburban traffic are, of course, well known, but other lines also have their obstacles, and the Continental traffic by Dover and Folkestone is such an important item that it would seem to justify both altering the line at Tonbridge Junction, and holding up any other traffic that might be in the way. Probably, however, if we are to have greater speed we ought to have more modern and heavier types of engines and coaches.

As to the other gravamen, viz., the discomforts inflicted on the passengers, many of the remedies suggested would appear to be feasible enough, if only a little pains were taken to secure better arrangements. The examination of the luggage by the Custom House officers "en route," shelters at the landing-places, dining-cars, a train of Pullman cars instead of miscellaneous coaches of various ages and designs, are surely all within the bounds of possibility. But here we are faced with the question of capital expenditure, and with the fact that the South-Eastern and Chatham Company is not a wealthy one, and hence naturally inclined to make the profits of a practical monopoly counterbalance poor returns elsewhere.

And this brings us to our main point. Is not the South-Eastern and Chatham Company an exceptionally good case for Government ownership? Here we have the chief high road between England and the Continent in the hands of a corporation which is, apparently, unable to make the most out of it for the public, and can hardly be forced to do so without hardship and special pressure. What is the value of the whole concern? This, of course, is ground that is hardly safe, except to an expert financier, so we will not venture far.

The following facts are, however, at anyone's disposal: The nominal capital of the South-Eastern stands at about £33,000,000, and that of the London Chatham and Dover at about £30,000,000. But the price of the different kinds of stock is so much below par that it would seem scarcely rash to think it could all be acquired by the State for not so much over £30,000,000. And the net profits are over £2,000,000 a year. Very likely the State would not make that amount of profit out of it, but at all events it could make quite an adequate profit to pay the interest on the capital outlay.

In any case it would be a striking and favourably placed experiment in State railways, and would be quite worth watching for a period before the country were to embark upon, or even consider, the vast and perhaps impracticable task of taking over the British railways as a whole, with their £1,300,000,000 of nominal capital.

But we are very far from thinking that this exhausts the case in favour of the nationalisation of the South-Eastern and Chatham. Is there not a strategic aspect of the question as well? Lord Kitchener and other scientific Generals know well the important part that railways play in the modern campaign. Now, it so happens that this line is more closely in touch with our military stations than any other. Dover, Shorncliffe, Canterbury, Chatham, Woolwich and Aldershot are all situated at different points on this system, and in all these cases, except the last, it is the only line that runs to the place.

Perhaps it would be no inconsiderable advantage to have the line connecting all these places, as well as others of some military importance, in the hands of the Government. Besides, improvements would then be made for military reasons which would never be justified for financial reasons—for example, better arrangements for Woolwich, a loop-line east and west at Redhill, and similar things. And with regard to the conveyance of troops, it is quite possible that the saving of expense would be a considerable amount.

Railway affairs are not usually thought to lie in the region of sentiment. Still, there is no doubt that it is far from flattering to national feeling that the first acquaintance of a foreign visitor with English railways, sometimes vaunted as the best in the world, should be under the conditions which obtain at present at Dover or Folkestone, where an exceptional amount of trouble and inconvenience has to be faced in order to get into an exceptionally uncomfortable and out-of-date train. When we are proud of our railways, we have in mind, perhaps, the go-ahead dash of the Great Western, or the machine-like regularity and smoothness of the North-Western. Why can we not have equally good trains on the chief high road to the Continent?

OUR readers will note that in last week's issue of EVERYMAN, No. 36, by a typographical error the date of Turgenev's death was given as 1868, instead of 1883.

A TYPEWRITER FOR THE HOME AND TRAVELLER.



The New Aluminium 'Blick,' showing its leather case.

A WEEK'S FREE TRIAL AT YOUR OWN HOME.

TRY to think of a bright, strong, and compact little machine weighing but 5 lbs., and you may be able to form an idea of the new and wonderful aluminium 'Blick' Typewriter, which is carried in its handsome leather case, with compartments for stationery by many when travelling.

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An illustrated booklet (No. 10) will be sent post free on application to the 'Blick' Co., Ltd., 9 & 10, Cheapside, London, E.C., or to the West-end Branch, 369, Oxford Street, London.

MATEO FALCONE * * * BY PROSPER MÉRIMÉE

PART I.

I.

On leaving Porto-Vecchio, and going towards the north-west, towards the interior of the island, you see the land rising rather suddenly, and after three hours' walking through winding paths, obstructed by great masses of rock, and sometimes intersected by ravines, you find yourself on the border of a very extensive "bush." The bush is the country of the Corsican shepherds and whoever is at variance with the law. You must know that the Corsican husbandman, in order to save himself the trouble of manuring his field, sets fire to a certain stretch of wood; so much the worse if the flames spread farther than is necessary; come what may, he is sure of having a good harvest, by sowing on this ground fertilised by the ashes of the trees that it contains. The ears picked off, the straw is left, as it would give trouble to reap it; the roots that have remained in the ground without being consumed grow up in the following spring, and these very thick sprouts in a few years reach a height of seven or eight feet. It is this kind of tangled undergrowth that is called the "bush." It is formed of different kinds of trees and shrubs, mixed and confused as it pleases God. It is only with an axe in the hand that a man can open up a passage there, and some of the bush is so thick, and so dense, that the wild sheep themselves cannot penetrate into it.

If you have killed a man, go into the bush of Porto-Vecchio, and you will live there in safety, with a good gun, some powder and shot; and do not forget a brown cloak provided with a hood, that will serve as a coverlet and a mattress. The shepherds will give you milk and cheese and some chestnuts, and you have nothing to fear from the law or the relatives of the deceased, except if you need to go down to the town to replenish your ammunition.

Mateo Falcone, when I was in Corsica in 18—, had his house half a league from the bush. He was a man, for the country, rather well off, living like a noble—that is to say, without doing anything—from the produce of his flocks that the shepherds, kind of nomads, led here and there to feed among the mountains. When I saw him, two years after the occurrence that I am just going to relate, he seemed to me to be fifty years of age at the most. Imagine to yourself a man, small but sturdy, with crisp hair, black as jet, an aquiline nose, thin lips, big fiery eyes, and a complexion of a dark brown colour. His skill as a shot was considered extraordinary, even in his own country, where there are so many good marksmen. For example, Mateo would never have shot at a wild sheep with buck-shot; but at a hundred paces he would bring it down with a ball in the head or the shoulder, as he chose. At night he used his weapons as cleverly as during the day, and this feat of skill told of him will perhaps appear incredible to those who have not travelled in Corsica. At eighty paces a lighted candle was placed behind a transparent paper the size of a plate. He took aim, then the candle was extinguished, and, at the end of a minute, in the most complete darkness, he fired, and pierced the transparency three times out of four. With such superior attainments, Mateo Falcone gained a great reputation. He was said to be as good a friend as he was a dangerous enemy; besides being obliging and given to charity, he lived in peace with everyone in the neighbourhood of Porto-Vecchio. But it is told of him at Corte, where he had taken a wife, that he had

rid himself very forcibly of a rival who was considered as formidable in warfare as in love; at least, Mateo was credited with a certain gunshot that had surprised this rival as he was shaving himself in front of a little looking-glass hung at his window. The trouble dying down, Mateo got married. His wife, Giuseppa, had at first presented him with three girls (which annoyed him), and at length with a son, that he named Fortunato. He was the hope of the family, the inheritor of the name. The daughters were well married; their father could count, in case of need, on the poniards and the muskets of his sons-in-law. The son was only ten years old, but he already promised to be of a pleasing disposition.

II.

One day in autumn Mateo went out early with his wife in order to visit one of his flocks in a glade in the bush. Little Fortunato wished to accompany him, but the glade was too distant; besides, it was necessary that someone remained in order to watch the house. His father, therefore, refused. We shall see if he had not cause to repent of it.

He had been away for some hours, and little Fortunato was stretched peacefully in the sun, gazing at the blue mountains, and thinking that on the next Sunday he would be going to have dinner with his uncle, the corporal, when he was suddenly interrupted in his meditations by the sound of a firearm. He rose and turned towards the side of the plain from which the noise came. Other gunshots succeeded it, fired at irregular intervals, and always approaching nearer and nearer. At last, on the path that led from the plain to Mateo's house, a man appeared, dressed in a peaked cap such as the mountaineers wear, bearded, covered with rags, and dragging himself with difficulty, leaning on his musket. He had just received a shot in the thigh.

The man was a bandit, who, having set out at night to go and fetch some powder from the town, had, on the way, fallen into an ambush of the Corsican dragoons. After a vigorous defence, he had succeeded in making his escape, closely pursued, and firing from rock to rock. He was but little in advance of the soldiers, and his wound put him out of condition to reach the bush before being overtaken.

He approached Fortunato, and said to him:

"You are Mateo Falcone's son?"

"Yes."

"I am Gianetto Sanpiere. I am pursued by the Yellow Collars. Hide me, for I am not able to go farther."

"And what will my father say if I hide you without his permission?"

"He will say that you have done well."

"Who knows?"

"Hide me quickly; they are coming."

"Wait until my father has returned."

"What, wait? Curse it! They will be here in five minutes. Come, hide me, or I'll kill you!"

Fortunato answered him with the greatest coolness:

"Your gun is not loaded, and there are no more cartridges in your bandolier."

"I have my stiletto."

"But can you run as quickly as I?"

He jumped up, and put himself out of reach.

"You are not the son of Mateo Falcone! You will, then, allow me to be captured in front of your house?"

The child appeared touched.

"What will you give me if I hide you?" said he, drawing near.

The bandit searched in a leathern pouch that hung at his belt, and drew from it a five-franc piece, that he had doubtless reserved in order to buy powder. Fortunato smiled at the sight of the piece of silver; he took it, and said to Gianetto:

"Fear nothing!"

He soon made a big hole in a pile of hay lying near the house. Gianetto cowered down in it, and the child covered him in such a way as would allow him air for breathing, without, however, arousing suspicion that the hay concealed a man. He bethought himself, moreover, of a native craftiness rather ingenious. He went and took the cat and its kittens, and placed them on the pile of hay, in order to make believe that it had not been disturbed for some time. Then, noticing some traces of blood on the path, near the house, he covered them carefully with dust, and, that done, he lay down again in the sun with the greatest calmness.

Some minutes afterwards, six men in a brown uniform with a yellow collar, and commanded by an adjutant, were before Mateo's door. This adjutant was a relation of some kind of Falcone (you know that in Corsica they observe the degrees of relationship much more than elsewhere). He was called Tiodoro Gamba, and was an active man, much dreaded by the bandits, of whom he had already tracked several.

III.

"Good-day, little cousin," said he to Fortunato, on coming up: "how you have grown! Did you see a man pass just now?"

"Oh! I am not yet so big as you, cousin!" replied the child, with a simple look.

"That will come. But did you not see a man pass, tell me?"

"If I have seen a man pass?"

"Yes, a man with a peaked cap of black velvet and a vest embroidered with red and yellow?"

"A man with a peaked cap and a vest embroidered with red and yellow?"

"Yes, answer quickly, and don't repeat my questions."

"This morning M. le curé passed in front of our door on his horse Picro. He asked me how papa was, and I told him. . . ."

"Ah! You little rogue; you are playing the knave! Tell me quickly which way Gianetto went, for it is he that we are searching for; and I am certain he took this path."

"Who knows?"

"Who knows? I know that you saw him."

"Can you see who passes when you are asleep?"

"You were not sleeping, you rascal; the shots must have wakened you!"

"You think, then, cousin, that your guns make such a noise? My father's musket makes a deal more."

"The devil confound you, you cursed scapegrace! I am sure that you have seen Gianetto. Perhaps even hid him. Come, comrades, enter the house and see if our man is not there. He was only going on one foot, and he has too much sense, the rascal, to try and reach the bush while limping. Besides, the traces of blood stop here."

"And what will papa say if he knows that you have entered his house while he was away?"

"Rascal!" said the adjutant, taking him by the ear, "do you know that it only remains for me to make you change your tune? Perhaps if I were to give you

twenty strokes with the flat of my sword you would speak then."

And Fortunato still sneered.

"My father is Mateo Falcone!" said he with emphasis.

"You know well, little rogue, that I can carry you off to Corte or to Bastia? I will make you sleep in a dungeon, on straw, with irons on your feet, and I will have you guillotined, if you don't tell me where Gianetto Sanpiero is."

The child burst out laughing at this ridiculous threat. He repeated:

"My father is Mateo Falcone."

"Adjutant," said one of the dragoons quite low, "do not let us fall out with Mateo."

IV.

Gamba appeared distinctly embarrassed. He spoke in a low tone with his soldiers, who had already searched the house. This was not a big job, for a Corsican's cabin consists only of one square room. The furniture is made up of a table, the beds, some boxes, and the utensils of the chase or the household. Meanwhile, Fortunato caressed his cat, and appeared to enjoy maliciously the confusion of the dragoons and his cousin.

A soldier approached the pile of hay. He saw the cat there, and carelessly gave a thrust with his bayonet into the hay, shrugging his shoulders the while, as if he felt that his precaution were foolish. Nothing moved; and the face of the child did not betray the slightest emotion.

The adjutant and his troop began to swear; already they were looking seriously at the side of the plain, as if disposed to return the way they had come, when their chief, convinced that threats would not produce any effect on the son of Falcone, wished to make a last effort, and to try the power of flattery and presents.

"Little cousin," said he, "you seem a wide-awake fellow! You will go far. But you're playing a dirty trick on me; and if I were not afraid of making trouble with my cousin Mateo I should carry you off with me."

"Bah!"

"But when my cousin will have returned, and I tell him of the affair, for your punishment for having lied, he will give you the whip till the blood comes."

"We'll see!"

"You will see. . . . But stop, . . . be a good boy, and I'll give you something."

"I say, cousin, I'll give you some advice, and it is this: if you delay longer, Gianetto will be in the bush; and then it will take a cleverer man than you to go and search for him."

The adjutant drew a silver watch, worth about ten crowns, from his pocket; and, noticing that little Fortunato's eyes sparkled on seeing it, he said to him, while holding the watch suspended at the end of its steel chain:

"You rogue! You should indeed have a watch like this one hung round your neck, and you could walk through the streets of Porto-Vecchio as proud as a peacock; and the people would ask you: 'What time is it?' and you would say to them: 'Just look at my watch.'"

"When I'm big, my uncle, the corporal, will give me a watch."

"Yes, but your uncle's son has one already . . . and of a truth it is not so fine as this one here. . . . But, then, he is younger than you."

The child sighed.

"Very well; do you want this watch, little cousin?"

Fortunato, looking longingly at the watch with the corner of his eye, resembled a cat that has been offered a whole fowl. As she feels that she is being made a fool of, she does not dare to put out her paw, and from time to time she turns away her eyes in order not to be liable to succumb to the temptation; but she licks her chops every moment, and seems to say to her owner, "My, but your joke is cruel!"

However, Adjutant Gamba seemed to offer his watch in good faith. Fortunato did not put out his hand, but he said to him with a sad smile:

"Why do you make a fool of me?"

"By God! I'm not making a fool of you. Only tell me where Gianetto is and the watch is yours."

A smile of incredulity escaped Fortunato, and, fixing his black eyes on those of the adjutant, he endeavoured to read there the faith that he must have in his words.

"What? I'll lose my epaulette," cried the adjutant, "if I do not give you the watch on this condition! My comrades are witnesses, and I cannot go back on my word."

While speaking thus he always brought the watch nearer, until it almost touched the pale cheek of the child. The latter's face showed clearly the struggle that was going on in his heart between covetousness and the respect due to hospitality. His naked bosom swelled with emotion, and it seemed almost to choke him. Meantime, the watch was swinging, turning, and sometimes knocking against the front of his nose. "At last, little by little, his right hand rose towards the watch; the tips of his fingers touched it, and it rested entirely in his hand, without, however, the adjutant letting go the end of the chain . . . the face was azure . . . the case newly polished . . . in the sun it seemed all on fire. . . The temptation was too great.

Fortunato also raised his left hand and indicated with his thumb, over his shoulder, the pile of hay on which he was resting. The adjutant understood at once. He let go the end of the chain; Fortunato felt himself the sole possessor of the watch. He rose with the agility of a deer and removed ten paces from the pile of hay, that the dragoons began to throw down at once.

It was not long before the hay was seen to move, and a bleeding man, poniard in hand, came out; but when he tried to lift his foot his wound benumbed it and would not permit him to remain standing. He fell. The adjutant threw himself on him and snatched away his stiletto. They at once bound him securely, in spite of his resistance.

Gianetto, lying on the ground, and tied like a fagot, turned his head towards Fortunato.

"Son of . . . !" said he to him, with as much contempt as of anger.

The child threw him the piece of silver that he had received, feeling that he had ceased to merit it; but the outlaw had no appearance of paying attention to this move. He said to the adjutant with the greatest coolness:

"My dear Gamba, I cannot walk; you will be obliged to carry me to the town."

"Just a little ago you ran quicker than a buck," retorted his cruel conqueror. "But be easy, I am so pleased to have caught you that I could carry you a league on my back without being fatigued. For the rest, my friend, we are going to make you a litter with branches and your cloak; and at Crespoli farm we shall find some horses."

"Good," said the prisoner, "put a little straw into your litter also, so that I may be more comfortable."

(To be continued.)

CORRESPONDENCE

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Owing to the large number of letters received it is necessary for correspondents to write briefly if their letters are to appear.

THE CONTINENTAL SUNDAY.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Two leading errors heavily discount the article on "The Continental Sunday" in your issue of June 6th. (1) That it is possible for the individual to have a true day of rest independently of the community of which he is a member. (2) That promiscuous rest days are or can be any substitute for the Sabbath as observed by nations with appreciable religious vitality.

Those whose work entails alternate day and night duty tell us how practically impossible it is to get any true rest in the day-time, when the general whirl and bustle of life is going on all around them. It is only because the observance of Sunday as a day of rest is general, that it is a day of rest at all in any available sense. The calm, all-pervading peace of the Holy-day, due to the suspension of the rush and humdrum of ordinary work-a-day business life, is not only necessary to the health of the human soul, but to that of mind and body also. Those who can think of it only as a day of exemption from business duties, to be spent in mere frivolous recreation and physical enjoyment, do not know what Sunday is, and are to be commiserated on their conscious deficiency. Sunday, properly understood, is related to a special department of human consciousness—the moral and higher spiritual emotions, the neglect, disregard and consequent atrophy of which is dehumanising, and most disastrous in its effects upon human nature in all its relations, including physical health. To those deficient in religious consciousness the observance of religious rites may appear meaningless ceremonial, as art appears so to the inartistic, but the deficiency is in themselves. Thus, John Henry Newman was right in saying that atheists are less than ordinary normal men.

Although Christ said, "The Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath," in regard to doing any good required of us upon it, He recognised it as the spiritual day, for various passages show that He resorted to the temple on it.

"Six days I work, and eat, and sleep,
An automatic grind;
Emancipation Sunday brings
To body, soul, and mind."

So wrote a toiler in a prize competition some years ago.

"The rush of life is to be diligent in business; the hush of life is to be fervent in spirit," said the late Marianne Farningham.—I am, sir, etc.,

Bristol.

MAURICE L. JOHNSON.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—It is very refreshing to meet in print a cleric who, whilst maintaining the dignity of his calling, is sufficiently imbued with the growing democratic spirit of the age as to be actually broad-minded. I do not use the word "broad-minded" in its hackneyed sense, but rather as an expression of surprise that, for the ninety-and-nine Sabbatarian priests, the one just man has discovered himself. The Rev. Father Adderley needs no trumpet to proclaim his whereabouts, because he has out-heralded the herald in the bold

(Continued on page 340.)

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Send no money

Here is a unique opportunity for every smoker to experiment with twenty cigars and find—at no cost to himself—just the cigar which suits his palate and his purse.

This deliberate choice of the right cigar at the right price after the most careful selection is a far better method than the old extravagant way of

carelessly buying single cigars. The casual way is an expensive way since the smoker is often tempted to pay a higher price than he originally intended when he entered the shop, because he does not see anything he fancies at his own figure.

Smokers, therefore, will eagerly seize this splendid opportunity of finding "just the right cigar."

How to get the Cabinet

Send no money. Just apply on your headed note-paper (or enclose your visiting card), together with the Re-

quest form, and the Cabinet will be sent to you at once, post paid.

If, after smoking all the twenty cigars it contains, you decide to purchase a box of 100 (even if only at 15/- per 100), no charge whatever is made for the 10/- Cabinet of Samples.

On the other hand, if you should not wish to purchase 100 of these cigars, then you have to send 6/6 only for the 10/- worth of samples.

In other words, we will share the cost of the experiment with you.

So you see you get something either way.

You get 10/- worth free if you order 100 cigars.

You get 3/6 worth free if you only keep the 20 samples.

Please understand there is no obligation to purchase 100—you do just-as-you-please.

The expense entailed in the distribution is naturally so great that we must adhere strictly to the "one-man-one-cabinet" rule, and anyone who wishes for a second cabinet must pay the full price of 10/-.

A Cabinet of Pleasure

Martins "Cabinet of Samples" contains 20 cigars of all sizes, all shapes, all flavours, and all

prices. You are, therefore, sure to find a cigar that is just *your* idea of what a good cigar should be.

There is the Regal Ideales, over half a foot long. There is the famous Upmann at 75/- per 100 and the Regal (Royales), at 100/- per 100, the kind of cigar that is smoked by Ambassadors or Cabinet Ministers at the Savoy or the Ritz.

But few men can afford to smoke such magnificent tobacco all day and every day, and so the Cabinet includes little after-breakfast cigars—the Porto Santo at 15/- per 100 and the Chez Nous at 18/- per 100, which can be smoked in the Tube or in the train on the way to the office.

You are the Judge

If you like a cigar—it's a good cigar. If you don't like it—it's a bad cigar. There is no getting away from that fact, no matter what any expert may say.

This sample box contains twenty cigars of different shapes, different sizes, different flavours and different prices; therefore you are sure to find in this box a cigar that is just *your* idea of what a good cigar should be.

And that is our reason for making you this generous offer.

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I have pinned my card or letter-heading to this request form, and filled in my name and address.

Name

Address

Date

145

Martins have 120,000 satisfied customers in Great Britain alone.

utterance of his views. A sacerdotalist who so far forgets his sacerdotalism as to be rational.

The very words "Continental Sunday" (or "Continental" anything else) seem to quite upset the recognised English canons of good taste, and to send a thrill of horror through the denizens of this island. Our ultra-traditional breasts rise with indignation at any attempt to bring about a more satisfactory state of things, or to tamper in any way with the prescriptions of our forefathers.

One wonders how long this hypocritical, smug self-righteousness is to continue, because the average Englishman cares no more for the observance of Sunday than the "heathen Chinee," but as an institution for enabling him to wear his best clothes it is admirable, and therefore deserves commendation.

Mind you, I do not cavil at those who sincerely regard Sunday as their opportunity of getting nearer to spiritual things, but I have nothing but contempt for that section of the community who defend the day as a means of promulgating their "gospel" of Sabbatarianism, and very often Sabbatarianism gone mad.

In interestedly discussing Father Adderley's article with a friend, he comes to the following conclusion, which now adorns my copy of EVERYMAN, and which I quote for its terse straightforwardness of opinion: "If people want to go to church on Sunday, let them go; but, at the same time, if other people want to enjoy themselves, let them have the facilities and opportunities for doing so. If every person is guaranteed one day's rest in the seven, it does not make any difference whether it be Sunday or any other day so long as he gets it."

I wonder how many there be who concur?—I am, sir, etc., A. LEO. PEACOCK.

New Brighton,

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

DEAR SIR,—For six years I was a 'bus and tram conductor, and so know just what it means to have to work on Sundays. I wish that the Rev. James Adderley, who wrote the article "The Continental Sunday," in your issue of the 6th inst., had a like experience. He would have learned that no other day in the week can make up to a man of religious inclinations the loss of Sunday.

He says, "We all agree that we want a weekly rest. Why should we quarrel over the particular day, and why should we try to coerce our fellows in the name of religion?" May I reply, "Why should I or others be coerced, in the name of rationalism, into working to provide enjoyment or amusement for other people on the day which, in spite of the Rev. James Adderley, I believe to be set apart by God as a day of rest?"

Let the writer of the article be as rational and as broad-minded as he likes; but not at the expense of my conscience or labour, please.—I am, sir, etc.,

EX TRAM CONDUCTOR.

Chatham, June 16th, 1913.

THE SUFFRAGE QUESTION.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Your correspondent, E. P. Thomas, speaks as if Cabinet ministers and ordinary M.P.'s had some kind of right to withhold just legislation, in order to punish a few people of whom they disapprove. How can this be? These gentlemen are the paid servants of the State, and receive wages for making laws, just as a carpenter is paid for making a door or a dressmaker for making a frock. Neither the carpenter nor the dressmaker can morally take the money and refuse to do the work. Nor can M.P.'s do so in honour either,

nor is it necessary. The State is surely amply provided with means of keeping ordinary people to their duty—armies of policemen, judges, magistrates, courts of law, prisons—and if this apparatus fails, new laws can be passed, and soldiers in the last extremity called out to enforce them. What more can be wanted? Surely the House of Commons may well confine itself to its own obligations. Mr. Thomas talks of members not being coerced. But the fact that they are taking money coerces them. Honesty coerces them, honour coerces them.—I am, sir, etc., L. E. TURQUAND.

Anckerley, S.E.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Your four anti-Suffrage correspondents have given us a very miscellaneous set of arguments on their side as against one militant. May I try to equalise the balance?

In the first place, the writer of your original article is surely under a misapprehension when she considers that the militants are trying to demonstrate that women are not inferior to men in physical force. Of course, men are superior in this respect; elephants beat them both. It is precisely for this reason that the militants are demonstrating, with complete success, that physical force is, in this matter, worse than useless. They have forced the Government to this final appeal, the only ground of admitted superiority that they have left; and they have shown, in the most practical manner possible, that, where a just cause is concerned, coercion and persecution only further it.

This brings me to a sentence, at the end of Mr. Thomas's delightful letter, in which he sees no guarantees that "similar methods . . . will not be employed to further causes of questionable worthiness." Let me assure him that he will have to go far before he will find another cause whose advocates are prepared to undergo the tortures that the militants have undergone; and if he does find such a cause I hardly think its worthiness will be questionable. But suppose there were such an admittedly bad case, there would be no question of forcible feeding; the prisoners would be simply allowed to die. After all, Gamaliel's advice is, as Miss Shillito says, the best in this affair.

Mr. Thomas's other two points are typically Victorian. There is, first of all, this horrible conception of a complete divorce between a man's views and his actions, or "tactics," as Mr. Thomas calls them. I am afraid that many members never had the views they professed on this question, but if they had, my simple nature demands that they should have stuck up for them.

Then, again, there is this picture of the stern, strong man "enforcing his will," a picture which I regret to say always makes me laugh. And yet it is no laughing matter when one realises the uncomfortable truth that it is generally the woman who, by a careful study of the art of playing on man's sex instincts, has done most of the "enforcing." It was her only way.

With regard to the other letters, lack of space prevents me from doing more than recommend to Mr. Jones' attention the fact that the Labour Party is solid for the vote. I utterly disagree that we could well do without our University women, or even without the militants.—I am, sir, etc.,

Sutton,

J. A. FROME WILKINSON.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Your correspondent, Mr. E. P. Thomas, writes: "Everyman knows that, in his dealings with the opposite sex, sooner or later there comes a time

(Continued on page 342.)

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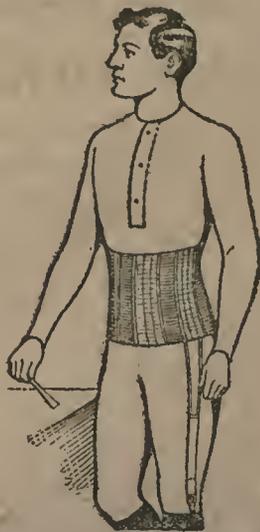
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when his will has to be enforced." May I, as a member of the stronger sex, repudiate this assumed knowledge. Let us hope "Everyman" himself knows better.

Let all men understand that they must judge the case on its merits alone; and that the will of woman is as likely to be right as the will of man.—I am, sir, etc.,
Cambridge.
G. L. BROWN.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Your correspondent, D. T. Jones, is evidently suffering from extreme youth when he speaks of his experiences of the women's movement. I am surprised he exhibits such ignorance of the rank and file of the workers in the movement, and if he would only take the trouble to read the daily papers, he would see there are no *three* particular types of women, but that all classes of women are in the work, from the women who sweat their lives out in the brick-making industry of the Black Country, at 7s. 6d. per week, to the Lady Constance Lyttelton.

The women of the countryside are in the movement, the wife of the mill-hand and the miner are there, and gradually the women, who, from the safety of comfortable homes, have been indifferent to this great question of the franchise for women, are awaking to the fact of their responsibility in the matter, and they are *inquiring* the reason *why* the militants suffer the hellish tortures to which they have been consigned during the past year or two.

Mr. D. T. Jones would do well to *study* the question from the woman's standpoint. His last statement, concerning "Statesmanship," is *too good* to be meddled with.

Wishing you every success with EVERYMAN.—I am, sir, etc.,
Manchester.
JOHN PACKER.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—I should like to say a few words in reply to the letter, written by "C." in your issue of May 30th. He says that the movement to grant women the suffrage "is only supported by a very small minority." Now the figures he quotes show that on the percentages of those who voted for and against there is a difference of only 25 per cent. Further, he says "it is hardly necessary to say that those in favour of the extension of the suffrage would be most likely to reply." But surely those sincerely against are just as likely to assert their views as those in favour.

With regard to his point about militancy, I think Mr. Campbell's letter in the same issue, where he points out that before militancy the whole question was disregarded, is sufficient.—I am, sir, etc.,

Upper Tooting Park, S.W.

C. J. L. B.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—With your permission I will quote a passage from Monsignor Benson's "Dawn of All," which is, to put it briefly, a forecast of what the world will be like sixty years hence, when, according to him, it will have become Christian in practice as well as in theory:—

"It was the enfranchisement of women that turned the tide once and for all."

"Do you mean that all women have the vote?"

"They are under the same conditions as men. There's a severe educational test now, of course. Not more than about one in seventy adults ever get the vote at all. But the result is that we're governed by educated persons."

I agree with Monsignor Benson that what we really want is that the franchise shall be thrown open to all classes and both sexes equally, for it is absurd to talk



Swift

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of democratic government that leaves half the nation totally unrepresented. But from the many that are called let the (comparatively) few be chosen. At present those who are to make the laws that we all have to obey are selected mainly by the uneducated and the half-educated. I do not agree that the educational test should be severe, for that would be unfair to the working classes, who have little leisure for study, and yet many of them are better acquainted with the social, industrial, and economic conditions of their class than mere rhetoricians. The severer test might be left for those who aspire to become candidates. I should like to ask our universal providers whether they would be willing to run their business on the lines on which the business of the nation is conducted, *e.g.*, to let their managerial staff be elected by the rank and file of the employees, quite irrespectively of any fitness for the post. When a vacancy occurs in the said staff, do they institute a sort of "General Post," the ironmongery manager being sent to the lace department, and so on, which seems to be the method adopted when changes in the Cabinet are necessary. Would they consent to dispense altogether with female assistance, every department being run by men only? If not, why not, since those methods are thought good enough for the business of the nation? Are men really satisfied with their so-called representative system? Mr. Jones says: "Statesmanship is quite as discerning as it ever was," so I can only suppose they must be.

Personally, I think it matters very little whether a measure for woman suffrage or a measure demanding an educational test for electors and candidates is brought in first, as either would necessarily be followed by the other as a natural consequence; but whichever it is, "if 'twere well done when 'tis done, 'twere well it were done quickly," for the present situation is intolerable.—I am, sir, etc.,

ONE OF THE UNREPRESENTED.

Tulsa Hill, S.W.

OSCAR WILDE.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Surely no one who knew Oscar Wilde will think of judging him by the same judgment we try other men by? What would be absurd self-opinion in an ordinary man was not so in him, because to speak so was his peculiar manner, and as such was recognised by all who knew him. I am not saying that this was an admirable trait in his character, for it certainly was not so, but Oscar Wilde is not to be measured by ordinary men's measure. He was as far above the generality of his fellows in many things as his prose was above that of the greater part of his contemporary writers. I do not think it was pride which led him to speak so of it. He was perfectly convinced, as most of his admirers were, that it *was* the best after Walter Pater's, and so he merely said so. I never heard that he claimed any intellectual gifts which he did not possess. The fact is that he gloried in them, and made no secret of it. After all, why should he? If a man can write anything comparable with the "Ballad of Reading Gaol," I cannot see why he should not be proud, in a literary sense, of it.—I am, sir, etc.,

FREDERICK T. HIBGAME.

Norwich, June 15th, 1913.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Please let me produce some figures to uphold your correspondent's statement in your issue of June 6th as to Oscar Wilde's popularity in Russia.

I have had the great honour of translating Wilde's

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works into Russian, and can state that his books were among the best selling fiction in this country. Some of Oscar Wilde's masterpieces, such as "The Picture of Dorian Grey," "De Profundis," "Salome," published in popular editions at 10 kopecks (2½d.) each, have had a circulation (in the last four to five years) from eighty to one hundred thousand each, and are still selling briskly. Wilde's comedies are constantly on the repertory of the Moscow and St. Petersburg Imperial State Theatres, not counting the innumerable provincial stages.

I can assure you that you will not find one educated person in Russia who has not read Wilde's works. I have received in the last seven to eight years hundreds of letters from quite unknown people all over Russia, with the expression of the strongest and sincerest admiration for one of "the greatest writers of the world."

I must frankly acknowledge that nearly all the letters of my correspondents, ranking from all classes of Russian life, contain many bitter comments on the treatment Wilde received in the hands of his countrymen.—I am, sir, etc.,

MICHAEL LYKIARDOPULOS,
Secretary of the "Moscow Art Theatre."

Moscow.

GEORGE BORROW.

To the Editor of *EVERYMAN*.

SIR,—As he affirms himself to be a beginner in the subject, perhaps "D. B. G.," who writes in your issue of the 6th inst., will allow me to comment upon his letter.

(1) It has long been known to serious students of Romani that Borrow's knowledge of that language was not so thorough nor so unique as he himself liked to fancy. See, *inter alia*, F. H. Groome's Introduction to "Lavengro," 1901.

(2) The nomads of Caithness, as of the other counties of Scotland, are not pure-blooded gypsies, or even *posh-rats*, but tinkers, and their language is not Romani, but Cant. The sources of this speech are Romani, Shelta, Gaelic, Old English Cant, and local dialect words. I have gathered together from all the sources known to me (varying in date from 1819 to 1912, and in locality from Northumberland to Orkney) a list of over eight hundred words, and the proportion of Romani is about one-fourth. If "D. G. B." does not intend to publish his list himself, I should be deeply indebted to him if he would allow me to incorporate it in my glossary, which is to be published, with what Borrow would call "notes critical and philological," in the *Journal of the Gypsy Lore Society*.—I am, sir, etc.,
Orkney.
ALEX. RUSSELL, M.A.

To the Editor of *EVERYMAN*.

SIR,—Your correspondent "D. B. G." may be interested to learn that the gypsy tongue does not "flourish unheard of in our midst." On the contrary, the existence of the gypsy language is a matter of common knowledge.

"D. B. G." should read Borrow's "Romano Larelil" (Murray, 1s.), which gives a vocabulary of Romany used amongst the gypsies of this country in Borrow's time, together with many interesting notes on the manners and customs and the origin of this singular people. In this book will be found probably all the words recorded by "D. B. G." in his intercourse with the gypsies of Caithness. Leland's book, which is generally considered to be more scientific, and Burton's notes on the gypsies in his "The Jew, the Gypsy, and El Islam," will also interest "D. B. G."

In Borrow's time the vocabulary of the Romany in this country consisted of about 1,400 words, and, true to his prophecy of the decline of gypsyism in this country, this number has decreased until at the present time few gypsies are familiar with their own tongue.

On the Continent the gypsy vocabulary is more extensive, and has been studied scientifically, and although Borrow's work is out of date, it still remains unique from the fact that its author was the first "gorgio" to study and reduce to writing the gypsy language, and to indicate its affinity with Sanskrit and suggest the Indian origin of the gypsies.

The word "gypsy" is a corruption of "Egyptian," by which name the Romany called themselves when they invaded this country in the fifteenth century. The artful story of their expulsion from Egypt was believed, and they were protected by the best families (which accounts for the names of Boswell, Lovel, Stanley, etc., common amongst them) until the reports of certain Romany practices were noised abroad, when severe laws were enacted against them and persecution became common.

The "Gypsy Lore Society" (what better memorial could Borrow wish?) was formed for the study and protection of gypsies, and your correspondent will find much that will interest him in the society's publications and aims.

In conclusion, may one venture to ask that the versatile Editor of EVERYMAN will command Mr. Hermann to write an article on the peculiar influence of the gypsies upon Borrow?—I am, sir, etc., W. S. London.

TRAFFIC IN WOMEN.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Your correspondent "C. N. B." seems to assume that if women had votes the White Slave Traffic would instantly, or at any rate soon, vanish, and quite overlooks the point of the letter to which she replies, which pointed out that, with all their talk, the women have no method to suggest of making it vanish. One very important point nearly always overlooked in such discussions is the fact that the whole business is as much the will of the women concerned as the men, as is shown by the results of efforts to lift them from that life to a higher one which would involve harder work. Let me quote from Nelson's "Life of General Booth" of the work of the Salvation Army: "Upon professional vice it has, indeed, little influence. An eloquent little table in one of its latest reports confirms Mr. Charles Booth's judgment of the hopelessness of that particular problem. The table runs:—Number of girls spoken with on streets, 3,706; sent to Salvation Army Homes, 18." Presumably all these were offered a chance of honourable life and work, and, if they would not take it, is it likely that if they and the rest had votes they would use them to abolish or make harder their own means of livelihood, which they choose not to abandon when the chance is given?

No doubt it is terribly true that many girls, through lack of proper instruction, are entrapped, and then in fear go off from those who should help them, but their number is probably not greater than the young men whom they in turn entice, and some of whom, in their turn, become those to entrap others. And who is most to blame? We must admit that there are evil men, and women, in the world, and in one sense the blame is theirs; but to simply blame them won't improve them. In another sense those mothers who don't properly educate their daughters and exercise proper guardianship over them until they reach an age of responsibility, and who cause their daughters to so

AN APPEAL TO EVERYMAN

THE PROBLEM OF THE CRIPPLED CHILD.

The recent letter from Sir William Treloar in our columns, following upon Miss Matheson's appealing verses, must have brought the problem of the crippled child before our readers, in a newer and stronger light than ever before.

Pathetic indeed is the thought of so many little ones deprived of all the beauty and nobility of life, representing so great a contrast to the picture of a sound and healthy nation that idealists have brought before us, and the fact that there is a hospital in this country where over ninety per cent. of cases are cured, should make such an institution the objective of the helpful in no half-hearted manner.

This Institution, the Cripples' Hospital and College, at Alton, Hampshire, represents, perhaps, the sole effective bulwark against the ravages of tuberculosis of the bones and joints—one of the most dreadful and painful diseases which could possibly attack a little child.

We learn that since the opening of this Institution, no fewer than six hundred and fifty children suffering from osseous tuberculous disease have been discharged cured, and as healthy and strong as any child one could wish to see.

This work is going on every day, but this is not directly the most effective way of assisting in the cause of the children. The plain fact is that there is—as Sir William Treloar pointed out—a list of waiting applicants so large that some of the little sufferers have to await admission for so long a time that their chances of recovery are very seriously jeopardised.

This distressing state of affairs can only be remedied by effecting an increase in the nursing staff, and this is impossible until proper accommodation can be found for them.

Sir William Treloar says, our readers will recollect:

"The forty cots now vacant could be at once filled, and many more young lives saved, if additional nurses could be engaged and accommodated.

"Her Majesty Queen Alexandra, who graciously takes a keen interest in the welfare of the Institution, has generously headed the list of subscribers to the Nurses' Home with a contribution of £100. In these circumstances, I would earnestly plead for your readers' help towards establishing the Nurses' Home."

An appeal such as this cannot be lost upon EVERYMAN readers, who are assured that their contributions will be used economically and well in the furtherance of so great a cause, especially as the great London and provincial hospitals, owing to the length of time occupied in effecting a cure, have to treat such cases as outpatients, with consequently unsatisfactory results.

Sir William Treloar will be very thankful to acknowledge contributions, however small, from EVERYMAN readers, who are earnestly asked to send what they can.

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regard them that in trouble they will flee from those to whom they should turn, are as much to blame.

Votes and laws may defend the weak, and man-made laws are now severe for the purpose of preventing evil men from taking advantage of mothers' neglect of duty in such matters; but it is almost impossible to prevent people doing anything which is the wish of both persons so long as they don't interfere with anyone else. The only way that will be successful is the religious method. Educate the people to high ideals. Give the young men and maidens a noble conception of life, especially of the ideal principles of marriage, and the beauty of home life, and the respective duties of each sex in relation to the home, and they will be safe. Then, by enlarging the number of those who hold such ideals, the whole world will be saved in time. This is work that can be best advanced by the influence of women. It is a hundred times more potent than making laws, which can never go much ahead of public opinion, and so every effort that women withdraw from that to devote to politics is 99 per cent. wasted energy.—I am, sir, etc.,

A. B. C.

To the Editor of *EVERYMAN*.

SIR,—Miss Nina Boyle urges us to give woman the vote, so that she can "try what can be done," presumably to end white slavery. Man, she thinks, has grievously failed in this respect. But what about woman? Her record is every bit as black as man's, although her sin may be of omission instead of commission. Miss Boyle's remedy is apparently the "law." You cannot make people moral by Act of Parliament. But you can accomplish much by example, by suasion, and moral force. It is just this which woman makes no serious attempt to use. She cannot now plead ignorance of facts which are well known. As a Suffragist she does not want to. Such facts are useful to her (she imagines) as a lever for obtaining the vote. When she has the vote she will compel man to live a different life. Till then she will still continue her customary treatment of the "white slave" and the "consumer." The one may still look in vain for the real helping hand from the real sister, still have no better alternative than the Rescue laundry. The other, woman will still receive as an honoured guest, as a fit companion for her growing girls and boys, a fit husband for her grown-up daughters—for herself!

If all the energies which militant Suffragists dissipate on property-wrecking, if the vital force they squander on hunger-striking were used in a great and sane campaign against the White Slave Traffic—against the consumer and for the white slave—they would earn the undying gratitude of every decent-minded man and woman in the country. More than this. Honourable men of every shade of political opinion would say, "If this is what woman can do—has done—shall we not welcome her to our counsels, take advantage of her assistance in making and administering laws for the benefit of our race?"

Is it not worth her while to try this saner method of conversion?—I am, sir, etc.,

A. ERNEST WHITING.

Suffolk, June 17th, 1913.

THE SURPLUSAGE OF WOMEN.

To the Editor of *EVERYMAN*.

SIR,—In an article on "The Surplusage of Women" "A. D." seems to overlook one important and real factor causing this surplus of women. It is not only on account of there being too few men to go round,

due to all causes whatsoever, that women enter the field of labour, claiming equal work with men, and take active part in public movements. Many of them do work, splendid work we could ill dispense with, far better than men, and work which can only be done by those who are able to devote their whole lives to it.

But the real reason why fewer women marry is that the women of to-day almost everywhere have far higher ideals as regards love and marriage, and, being able to work, prefer to live on what they earn by honest toil than marry unworthily for the sake of a homestead. Women have more courage and spirit now than to sit idle doing nothing, waiting for a love they perhaps may never find, leading useless lives when there is so much beautiful work to be done, for when woman's share in life is fully recognised and its true worth acclaimed, then will Love come into his own, and shall we cease to claim that labour which is not our province.—I am, sir, etc.,

ELLIE KUMMER.

THE DECLINING BIRTH-RATE.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—I am quite perplexed by Mr. P. W. von Herbert's statement, that "while the fall in the birth-rate is real, that in the death-rate is illusory." Can Mr. Chiozza Money and the Registrar-General and the Medical Officers of Health all be wrong in their observation that the death-rate is really falling? And how explain the fact that, as you say on p. 258, "the population of England and Wales has been increasing by leaps and bounds since the beginning of the nineteenth century, and the increase has never been greater than during the first decade of the twentieth century"? Mr. von Herbert's answer would seem to be the lugubrious one that the "fall in the (illusory and so-called) death-rate only shows an increase in life duration"! What are we, your happy and hopeful readers, striving for but "an increase in life duration"? So may the birth-rate go on falling until the poor, as well as the rich, are able to enjoy "an increase in life duration."—I am, sir, etc.,

June 15th, 1913.

"ABER."



PEOPLE AND PUPPETS

THE author of "Queed" has issued a new novel. His previous book was so notable a production that the occasion of a fresh work excites interest to a marked extent. Mr. Sidney Harrison showed such force and power in his first achievement that one anxiously awaited the second fruits of his talent. *V. V.'S EYES* (Constable, 6s.) does not bear out the brilliance of the author's promise. A clever book, instinct with subtlety of style and marked capacity for characterisation, it lacks the directness and the dramatic reality of "Queed."

The hero is in effect a Christ-like character, untouched by human frailty, unflawed by human passion or desire, and though we admire the skill with which the author handles his puppet, the fact remains that the lame slum doctor on whom Mr. Harrison has lavished so much care and skill remains a puppet to the end of the chapter. *V. V.*, the nickname bestowed on the hero by his devoted patients, those dwellers in the slums for whom he sacrifices his life, is a man with a mission. He does not preach in words; he makes converts by the force of example, and brings people of divers temperaments and opinions to his point of view by being "better" than they. He is in effect a modern Nemesis, who exhibits to the untruthful and unthink-

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ing the pitiable effects of their mistakes and misdeeds. In this capacity he appears to the heroine, Carlisle Heth, a beautiful, high-spirited young woman, who asks nothing better than to make a brilliant marriage. She and her mother have made plans for the enslavement of Hugo Canning, an aristocratic and wealthy young man. He is the typical hero of romance, and, remembering the author's rare talent for creation, one grudges the elaboration spent on the development of this walking gentleman.

Carlisle has a summer flirtation with a youth name Jack Dalhousie. She brushes him aside when Hugo appears, and Jack, in a passion of jealous resentment, demands an explanation. He swims out to the boat where she is exhibiting her grace and skill for the benefit of Hugo, who is momentarily expected on the scene. She treats him with indifference and contempt, and he jumps overboard, upsetting the boat in his rage. He swims to shore unconscious she is in the water, and learns with horror what he has done. He had been drinking, and was not responsible for what had happened.

Rumour brands him as a coward, and he is cut generally by society. V. V. appears to Carlisle, and implores her to tell the truth of the matter. She refuses, not once or twice, but three times in succession, until at last the force of circumstance compels her. Jack commits suicide, and in a passion of regret she clears his memory, and incidentally loses her lover, Hugo Canning. That the book is well written goes without saying. Mr. Harrison has an incision of style, and a pungency of phrasing that make him notable. Where it not that he has furnished us with a standard whereby to measure his achievements, we should have unstinted praise for his new novel, but "Queed" restrains us. The minor characters of the story are drawn with vividity and humour. Mrs. Heth, the woman whose eyes and brow seemed spirituelle, until a glance at her powerful chin and firm, closed mouth obliterated the adjective, is the most successful type of the modern woman who applies to matrimonial schemes the same vigour and capacity she uses with such effect in the money market. Carlisle herself, complex and exotic, wearies a little with her childish moods and fancies, her perpetual straining after "the best." The little daughter of the slums, who dances in and out of V. V.'s life, is a triumphant vindication of Mr. Harrison's skill. She is alive from the first moment we meet her, dressed in her fantastic scarlet skirt, till we leave her with regret in the chamber where the slum doctor lies dead.

For the end of V. V. is inevitably tragic. He loses his life in saving a poor old negro woman in an accident at the Heth factory, owned by Carlisle's father, who cannot afford to rebuild his works and lavish money on his expensive daughter at one and the same time. Carlisle, at the finish, surrenders to the dominance of V. V.—the dominance that lies in his eyes, the eyes that look you through and through.

It is in the closing scene that the author regains in some measure that sweeping eloquence that stirred one so profoundly in his first book. He fills his canvas with a conflicting crowd of human emotions, then throws the light on a single figure and sets a phrase as signpost for the whole.

"Her eyes went once over the dingy street, the memorable scene. Thought shook her in poignant pictures. . . . Herself one day prostrated by calamity . . . not one heart that had taken her sorrow as its own. And beside that picture, this: a great company, men and women, old and young, silent beneath a window: and somewhere among them the

sounds of persistent weeping. . . . She turned her veiled face towards Pond, and spoke indistinctly.

"All these . . . are they all . . . his friends?"

"There sprang a light into the Director's hawk eyes, changing his whole look wonderfully.

"They're his mother," he said, "and his brothers and his sisters."

And with that swift and daring piece of imagery Mr. Harrison once more comes into his kingdom.

J. K. P.



BOOKS OF THE WEEK

Is murder under certain circumstances legitimate? Briefly, that is the subject of Mr. R. O. Prowse's latest novel, **JAMES HURD** (Heinemann, 6s.). The book is certainly an exceedingly clever piece of psychology, and gives one furiously to think. James Hurd and his wife Evelyn have a charming little boy, Warrie, who meets with an accident when he is only five years, and the injuries he receives result in his health becoming permanently undermined, and his brain affected. For two years they watch him, hoping against hope that he will recover, but from all sources they learn he can never again become normal, though he may live to grow up, and be a misery to himself and to all those who love him. The question is, would it not be more merciful for death to come? After many heart searchings, James Hurd comes to the conclusion that it is his duty to release his child, and he makes up his mind to do so. The author shows a very keen perception of the limitations of a man's courage when he makes Hurd tell his friend that he kept putting off and putting off the journey to London to fetch the drug, because he could not face the horror of such a journey knowing what he was going for—the deed itself had not such terrors for him as this journey. In the ultimate Hurd is saved the pain of the actual deed, though he is virtually guilty. The boy falls over a cliff, and his father watches him go without putting out the hand which would have saved his life. Evelyn, who has had the same beliefs as her husband regarding the taking of the little life, though she does not reproach her husband in so many words, finds it very hard to forgive, her love for her husband and for her child fighting with her love of life. The book is a fine piece of work, and ends on exactly the right note, in telling how the boy, as he was before the accident, always lives in the memory of his parents—the terrible two years of grief and pain becoming gradually quite effaced. For is it not perfectly true that one only remembers the best and the happiest of those loved ones who are departed from our midst? The ethics of the matter are not as admirable as the style. Life is the one thing that no man has the right to take from another—under any conceivable circumstance. In warfare the unit becomes merged in the whole; they are not men, but armies fighting. But to kill, in order to relieve pain or end suffering, is to commit the unforgivable sin against humanity.



THE SENTENCE OF SILENCE (Howard Latimer, 6s.) falls far short of the power and force of the author's previous novel, "The Daughters of Ishmael," one of the most arresting novels published in recent years. The case presented in Mr. Kauffman's latest book does not afford the scope for such a powerful indictment. The theme indeed is one that does not lend itself to dramatic treatment. The reticence still practised in the upbringing of children in regard to matters

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of sex is to be deplored, and undoubtedly tends to give a certain morbid bias to the child's mind. But to erect a tragedy, for the moral wreckage of Daniel is practically a tragedy, on the fact that a boy is told that babies are found under gooseberry bushes, is to strain the issue to vanishing point. Dan's parents carry reticence to an extent rarely met with in these days. The Puritan atmosphere of America as shown by Mr. Kauffman must be characterised as stifling. The lady who referred to the "limbs" of her piano, legs being an immodest word, is still abroad in the land, and the victim of this environment of ignorance and morbidity finds her very difficult to reckon with. He meets with a series of sordid adventures, at times unnecessarily so; he emerges from these experiences to fall in love with Judith, the child of a neighbour, whom he had known as a boy, and to whom he had been attracted in his early youth. Judith has also suffered at the hands of parental reticence, and has passed through adventures of a varied description. She has bought her knowledge in the same hard school as the man she marries, and, as might be expected, he fiercely resents it, for, as the author shows, to the end of time, or until the reconstruction of society, there will be one moral code for the man and another for the woman. The tragic injustice of it all is expressed in a pregnant phrase.

"At 10 o'clock that evening, in their hotel room in Boston, Dan was facing his wife with horror in his white lips and hatred in his voice. 'What have you been?' he was demanding. 'Tell me the truth. By God, don't you dare to lie to me. What have you been?'"

"And Judith, his wife, his mate, was looking up at him with puzzled wonderment and fear. 'I thought you knew,' she was saying; 'I told you. I thought you understood. What have I been? Nothing that you've not been. What right have you to ask?'"

A good title is the first essential for a popular novel. Mr. Victor Bridges has made a good selection in *THE MAN FROM NOWHERE* (Mills and Boon, 6s.). The hero drifts into the story in a fashion that intrigues the interest and opens up a whole avenue of possibilities. Improbabilities there are of course—we expect them in a novel of this type—but the hero is a pleasing and plausible person, and we pardon the marvellous things that come to pass, because the author has grasped a fact too often overlooked by the modern fictionist. He has learnt that the reader desires to be amused, and that so long as he is not bored by platitudes or wearied by an unending change of sensational incidents will readily forgive the long arm of coincidence for occasionally overstretching its reach. There are times when Mr. Bridges achieves a pictorial success. He throws the figure of Jack Burton against a background of adventure, and though highly coloured the scene serves to throw out the hero's strong points. Mercia, the heroine, is a lovable girl, and, what is more important, a very human one. Jack's adventures take him in many and strange places, notably South America, where he encounters desperate scoundrels whom he gets rid of with dispatch. The book is written in a bright, taking style, and deserves full measure of success.

Mr. J. C. Squire is one of the most successful of modern parodists. He has, indeed, passed that most difficult test of all, wherein the parodist achieves something that in the matter of style might be credited to the original author whom he satirises. *STEPS TO PARNASSUS* (Howard Latimer, Ltd., 3s. 6d. net) in-

cludes some of the best work this brilliant young writer has done. His dramatic sketches are inimitable, and the most successful is the skit on Maeterlinck, entitled "Pelissier and Mariane." The dialogue has caught the spirit of what the author calls the Higher Drama, and the dialogue reminds one irresistibly of the great mystic at his best. Lovers of Maeterlinck will recognise the master's manner, but while Mr. Squire appeals irresistibly to the sense of humour, there is in him nothing of spite or of the caustic spirit that is found in more sardonic critics. We quote the following as the most admirable of the author's many examples. Pelissier: "Yes, I think we have lost our way. . . . I dreamt last night that I was walking, walking amid the meshes of an enormous net of bushes and plants which sucked and throttled me so that I could hardly breathe, . . . and you, you were there too, Mariane. I could hear you somewhere making little cries, the cries I have often heard you make when you have found some wounded thing; some bird, perhaps, that the cruel cat has been tormenting."

This and the parody of John Masefield are the most characteristic selections. Brilliant and versatile, the book will appeal to all those who appreciate the gift of satire, rarest of all among literary men of to-day.

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HISTORY IN THE MAKING

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

PEACE has not endured long in the Balkans, and the real value of that much-belauded diplomacy, whose triumph was so loudly proclaimed, is now apparent. The Allies, as a cynic remarked, could be relied on not to fight only so long as they were united in fighting a common foe, and Abdul the Damned must smile sardonically as he reads that his warnings to Europe are fulfilled, and that now, when the restraining hand of the Unspeakable Turk is removed, the Allies are at each other's throats. It is impossible, we fear, to take a rosy view of the present situation, complicated as it is by the grave danger that Roumania may decide to take a hand in the desperate game. As for the idea that the combatants can be brought to reason by refusing them supplies of money, little reliance can be based on this slender hope. Money is very necessary to a country at war; but before now nations have dispensed with it—and won; and when the enemy is as insolvent and as desperate as oneself, money talks, like reason, only in whispers. The truth is, that in the Balkans new and young nations are carving out their destinies, and they will have to learn respect for each other—even at the cost of war.

Readers of EVERYMAN will be interested to learn that our Special Commissioner's articles on the excessive interest charged under our present pawn-broking system formed the basis of a question which Dr. Leach, M.P., addressed on Monday last to the Home Secretary, whom he urged should appoint a Select Committee of inquiry to investigate the evils we have described. Mr. McKenna invited Dr. Leach to produce the evidence on which the articles were based. This is being done, and it is hoped that, as a result, an official inquiry will take place. It may have memorable results.

The death of M. Rochefort removes, not only one of the most picturesque and *bizarre* figures that our modern world has known, but one of the most powerful journalists who ever lived. Rochefort was a force in France when our fathers were young men, and his pen shook the power of the third Napoleon years ago, as, half a century later, it shook the Republic itself. M. Poincaré was a President after his own heart, but, as one remembers with a pang, the old warhorse was too enfeebled to join in the fray for him. Rochefort had, doubtless, many faults of temper and a certain hectic narrowness of vision; but he was a consummate journalist, a great patriot, and, like Heine, "a faithful warrior in the emancipation war of humanity." R.I.P.

Mr. Lloyd George's Insurance Amendment Act has not aroused any delirious enthusiasm. Mr. Kingsley Wood, an admitted authority, opines that it is but the precursor of countless other measures, and that, in fact, an amending Bill will, for many years to come, be an annual Parliamentary event. Without adopting this gloomy prophecy, it cannot be said that the measure even faintly approaches finality, or that it begins to meet the growing and serious criticisms of the friendly societies in a matter that vitally concerns them. Perhaps, however, it is hoped that these may be forgotten in the excitement of the coming Land Campaign, which it is now positively stated will open this autumn.

The decision which Mr. Justice Darling this week delivered in the action brought by Mr. Holmes Dallimore against the Musicians' Union marks a new and most important era in the endless chapter of labour litigation, the last phase of which was the Trades Disputes Act. Since then the confident and comfortable belief obtained in labour circles that under no circumstances could a Trade Union be sued for its torts. Alas! the finding of the jury disposes of that happy fiction. They found that as no "trade dispute" was in progress, the Act did not apply, and that the trade unionists sued were liable under the law of the land. Unless we are mistaken, the Dallimore decision is likely to play as vigorous a part in the near future as did the famous Taff Vale case, the *cause célèbre* that brought the Labour party into being. If it stands on appeal, Parliament will certainly be asked to set it aside. Meanwhile rumour has it that the Government are postponing for this session their Bill to amend the Osborne judgment. It looks as if the Labour party were going to be so busy that they would really *have* to agree among themselves.

The Leicester election has had the result of delighting everybody. The Liberal papers proclaim the result as "splendid" because their candidate was returned. The Tories are equally happy because his majority was reduced, and the Labour party are content because their option over the second seat remains intact. The memorable telegram despatched to the Labourites on the eve of the poll has roused a heated controversy and occasioned many speeches. Mr. Ramsay Macdonald has been heckled, and Mr. Keir Hardie, one of the veterans of the Labour party, has been asked to give an explanation of the telegram he did not send. The excitement has now abated, however, and unless an occasion arises favourable to its resurrection, we may consider the incident closed. The only people who might conceivably complain are the electors, who find themselves represented by a gentleman returned by a minority of votes.

WHY NOT FIFTY-TWO BANK HOLIDAYS?

THE ETHICAL AND MATERIAL BENEFIT OF A FIVE DAYS' WORKING WEEK

By HENRY WRIGHT

I.

THE Law, whether we like it or not, is stepping in more and more to regulate our lives. There is a definite reason for it. We cannot protect ourselves from each other! Combines of brain are more than a match for combines of physique. The pen is mightier than the sword. The combines of brain in a commercial age can and do make helpless the rest of the community.

Somewhere down about the middle of the Victorian age this fact was discovered. And somehow, as there was abroad a spirit of righteousness among statesmen, as a whole, there came to be passed Factory Acts and labour protection Acts of all kinds. Whole armies of inquisitive officials were appointed to look after the weaker brethren, and see that the new kind of feudal lords and clever "supermen" of the commercial age did not actually destroy prematurely the "hands" superior brain and education had put into their power. Of course, such an intrusion on the "devil-take-the-hindmost" methods of society may weaken it, but still, if we are really now going to try to live up to the Sermon on the Mount, we must take the consequences, whatever they may be!

II.

But, naturally, such an intrusion upon the doctrine of *laissez faire* did cause much dissatisfaction. It seemed a shocking thing to many in those Victorian days that a man could not do what he liked with his own—his own being the "hands" which came to him and articulately asked—*yes, asked*—for employment. If, as in the old feudal or African slave times, he had captured his "hands," and held them by *force majeure*, that would have been a different matter, and all society would now rise against the wrong and barbarity of it. But the "hands" came to him, and begged and prayed for work; from the child of ten or twelve up to the old creature of seventy, they tumbled over each other, and *heaped* themselves upon the employer. Naturally, as a result, they asked less and less in wages, leisure, and good air to work in. Naturally, also, the employer accepted the lowest bids. Nay, was he not doing the pleaders for his work a good turn? Otherwise they would have starved or gone to the workhouse, to be a burthen on the rest of the community. But somehow, in spite of this really philanthropic attitude of the Man with the Brain, in providing food for the otherwise starving, each Government, Conservative and Liberal, began to step in more and more between master and man. The reign of factory inspectors began. And it has gone on from bad to worse for the "weakest to the wall" state of society! Children are prevented from earning their living! Men and women are not allowed to work in buildings sanitary inspectors have not certified as free from foul air. So, as I have said, things went on from bad to worse, or from good to better, until the climax came when even hours of labour were restricted! And there is some talk now of a minimum wage for even these restricted hours! Well, we must accept our age as we find it. Short of revolution, of which I see no signs, which shall restore to us the good old days of the Manchester school, we must submit to our Governmental system—almost

equally subversive of entire freedom of the individual in this respect, whichever party is in power. We must cut our coat according to our cloth—that is, cut our hours of labour to our laws. Now the climax seemed to have come with the last half-holiday Act. But has it? I doubt it! What about a whole holiday Act? A weekly Bank Holiday Act! Have you reflected how near to it we have been brought? Suppose the working hours on the legal half-holiday day are from 8 to 1—that is, five hours. And there are five whole working days of eight to nine hours (feeding times included). *Now it only needs an hour longer on each of those working days to make up the time required to clear off the five hours and leave a whole day vacant. And no less work done in a seven days' week!*

III.

I don't know how the voting would go if it were put to all workers as to whether they would rather work an hour extra on five days a week if in exchange they had, as a result, clear from Friday night until Monday morning for their very own. But I am inclined to think the entire vote would go in favour of this change. It would mean liberty, glorious liberty, for nearly one-third of every worker's time—two days and three nights of every week he could call his soul his own. A Bank Holiday every week of his life! And, if he was paid by time or piecework, no less wages for himself and no less work for his employer. The ramifications of business are so enormous it would take up too much space to unravel how each trade and undertaking would be affected. But you have two hard-pan facts to go upon. First, that *no less actual work would be done* if you conceded the one hour a day extra on the five working days; second, the visible fact that somehow on four occasions at least of the year all the world manages to get its business done in a five days' working week. If the industrial world can do it four times a year, can it not do it fifty-two times, especially with the guarantee that in the seven days' week no less work shall be done? It is marvellous how society adapts itself to changes. Everything is impossible till it is tried. And then, when it is tried, and the country is expected to go to the dogs as a consequence, it is found the income tax payments rise, the death-rate falls, and we wonder how people could have lived with no cinemas, railways, tubes, Cook's excursions, and half-holidays!

Now, this matter of the death-rate would, I think, be seriously affected by the five-day week, and I am sanguine enough to think even the income tax would grow healthier and fatter. Opponents will say, up would go the death-rate, because no workman could stand a Bank Holiday every week! Of course he would drink himself into the grave. Now that is just one of the slanders inflicted on the working man by what may be called the Bank Holiday fringe of working men—the one or two per cent. who, at the end of the day, intoxicated as much, mind, by unusual fresh air and an unused sense of liberty as by beer, make Bank Holiday night hideous. So, my friends of the leisured classes, might you do the same if you were only let out of imprisoned circumstances four times a year instead of every day of your lives.

IV.

But even that excitable fringe is going down yearly. Police courts again and again report that "there were no Bank Holiday charges," or that they were "unusually small." And as the too-much-fresh-air-all-at-once-plus-beer drawbacks diminish, the fresh-air-pure-and-unadulterated benefit increases. I think no one who has been inside a large business concern, or a small one either, can have failed to be struck with the benefit in physique the Bank Holiday brings. Even the one day seems to have perceptibly added to the strength and spirits. Monday after Sunday is a bad working day for the majority. But with a two days' holiday coming together, the fatigue is got over on the first day, and the next is the day of solidifying the recuperation of the faculties. So that Bank Tuesday finds bright looks and good tempers, while Monday often finds dullness and bad tempers. The rest begun has not been completed, and leaves the animal morose!

Brain workers, of course, are a law unto themselves, and most of these important labourers do their work on a five days' week. The City, the heart of the commercial world, is left on Saturdays largely to the "fetch-and-carry" part of its denizens. It is deserted by an ever-increasing percentage of those who make the City what it is. They will be found at home or abroad, as the case may be, but not at the office. They may be using their brains, but it is to the tune of golf-balls or to the soft splash of the waves of the sea. At any rate, they are getting in fresh energy from air, earth, and sky, because they know the five working days will benefit.

Now, if the important work of the world can be done under a five days' régime, why should not the unimportant?—especially as these parental-tyrannical Government days we live under have brought the thing within sight. It is too bad of this stern father to leave matters at a stage just short of doing a tremendous benefit—that is, just short of giving us all a Bank Holiday every week in exchange for a paltry extra hour's work on our five working days!

V.

When you come to think of it, it is really surprising that when at this fell work of curtailing the liberty of the subject Governments did not see how much more satisfying to the majority a whole holiday would have been. And I think it would have stopped an enormous lot of grumbling on the part of the victims! One of the little items of Bank Holiday benefits, I have noticed, is that many of the released working men are really rather glad to get back to work after two whole days' leisure, especially those who have no hobbies or no allotments of their own to cultivate. They have had time to recognise there is some interest in work, after all. Partly from habit and partly from liking, they renew work with *zest*. Ah, that *zest*! If employers only knew what it means, and how it will turn the eight hours' day into a sixteen hours' day *in results*, they would have "bottles" of it laid in for their workmen's use, even if it were the price of champagne! Some firms, I notice, have, indeed, set up a "bar," with bottles labelled "profit-sharing," as a *zest tonic*!

The five-day week should cure the strike habit, too, which is growing to such appalling proportions. With three nights and two days their very, very own, the intelligent working men, who lead strikes for shorter hours as much as for higher wages, would have a share of the liberty and fresh air of their masters in which to exercise for their own ends that superior education which makes them kick at eternal brainless hand-

work. Instead of drinking and lazing away their free Saturdays and Sundays or Mondays, they would employ them in some change of occupation which, on Mr. Gladstone's authority, is the best of all rests. At any rate, they would have time to look round and think and be their own masters for nearly one-third of their time. That should cure them of the sensation of perpetual slaving, which is at the root of modern strikes!

Out of this class of emancipated intelligence you might even get wonderful results. Out of these leisure hours whole new processes of human progress might be evolved. Darwins, Kelvins, Stephensons, Edisons, might be multiplied *ad lib.* There is no end to the things the intelligent working man might do to help the world's progress if you gave him not only a day's rest, but a day's work that suited his own special bent. It would lead to the Individualisation of the whole community if you gave it time to think. Those who do think would have time to recoup their physical powers and exercise their mental powers, even if only doing beast of burthen work five days a week.

Of course, newspapers would fall in with the five-day week! And that would be a further help to Individualisation. For two days people would be thrown back on their own brains. That should help to evolve original and new ideas, of which we are told there is such a lack in these times—both in business and in literature.

VI.

But what about the milkman?—to use him as an example of the humble but needful work that must go on seven days a week. Well, to begin with, he wouldn't be any worse off than on his present four Bank Holidays, and all the people who drink his milk would be forty-eight days better off. Undoubtedly we have got over bigger stumbling-blocks in social progress than providing the milkman with a five-days' working week. Shall we call the milkman an intermittent worker? There are many trades which have intermittent workers. Very often a shopkeeper has to sit an hour without a customer, or a cabby without a fare, or a barrister without a brief. It is true, they are on the rack and rank—that is, they are waiting for business. Still, they do not reach the stage of exhaustion, unless by way of worry, which is often inevitable in six days' continuous work. They have not steady manual or brain work. They rather belong to the leisured class, who do a bit of work when so disposed. I don't envy either the slack barrister, cabby, or shopkeeper; but if you could take the worry element away, they certainly have "a sort of" leisure millionaires might envy.

But the tendency of modern life is more and more to bring work into masses, and it is this tendency to concentrate and produce in quantity which has brought about all that interference with personal liberty that has given us half-holiday and factory Acts. When we all lived in our own homes and grew our own food and made our own clothes and were our own masters, we were in the position of the none-too-busy-but-just-enough-to-keep-occupied class.

But that is all over now, and we live by the social lump, and we are beginning to find out that by the social lump we must be cured of social evils. I cannot help thinking, if we have found regulation of hours of labour good for six days, that if we now SWUNG ROUND, and *left five days to look after themselves, as to hours of labour, and turned our attention to the possibility of giving everyone two glorious free days*, we should have a vastly brighter, stronger, healthier community.

COUNTRIES OF THE WORLD

PERSIA ❁ ❁ BY J. M. HONE

I.

THE configuration and climate of Persia lend themselves to simple and rapid exposition. Persia is a tableland, 2,000 to 5,000 feet above sea level, and in area about a million square miles, the main features of which are long ranges and detached mountains. The east side only is all plain. Of Persian lakes the most important are Urumiah in the north-west, Bakh-tegan in the south centre, and Seistan in the east, all of them salt and wanting in outlets. Of Persian rivers, the Karun, which joins the Shatt-el-Arab, at the head of the Persian Gulf, in Mohammerah, is alone navigable. The more fertile parts of the interior, west and south-west of the great Iranian plateau, are watered by snow streams, which establish irrigation channels, and finally lose themselves in the desert sand. Persian rose-gardens seem to be largely a poetic licence; but the climate of the tableland is favourable, cold and bright in winter, temperate in the intermediate seasons, and the main centres of population, being usually situated in the vicinity of hills, are protected from excessive heat in summer. Persia has five neighbours—Russia and Turkey on the west, Turkestan, Afghanistan, and Baluchistan on the east.

II.

Ethnologically described, Persia is a chaos of races, and eludes definition. Ancient Iran ended with the Parthians. The new era began with the Sassanides; Semitic influence then became preponderant. Henceforth Persia was, as Gobineau says, an Oriental empire, in the moral sense of this expression. To-day broad division is made between the Turks, Arabs, and Kurds as alien varieties, on the one hand, and the Persians proper on the other. The population of the country is roughly estimated at 7,000,000. Arabs, Turks, and Kurds number about half this total. These elements are largely nomadic, yet they have strangely influenced the course of Persian history. The present Kajar dynasty is Turkish, and, though now in its decline, once showed itself to be possessed to a considerable degree of the gift for government. The older elements, who claim the Iranian tradition, but have probably been largely Mongolised and Semitised, reveal different characteristics according as they inhabit plain or mountain. Thus, the Bakhtiari, who have lately dominated the Persian situation, boast of courage, physique, and a high sense of honour, if not of administrative power; but this and the other mountain tribes of the south-west are nearer to the Arab than to the regular Persian type. The genuine Persian, sometimes called Farsi, is a town dweller, an artist, a sceptic, a lover of pleasure, a courtier, a man of subtle intellect but unreliable will. Quick to grasp European ideas, it was he who projected the recent revolution; but he lacked the practical capacity and industry, and perhaps the political integrity, to "make good."

III.

The traveller from Europe to Persia *via* Russia and the Caspian enters the Shah's Empire at the port of Enzeli. The shore is moist, rich, and unhealthy, famous for the production of silk, with jungles in which wild beasts abound. The chain of the Elburz descends rapidly towards the "lake at the world's edge," in the midst of magnificent forests. The

traveller crosses the Elburz, gains the tableland, and discerns the domes of the Persian capital. Teheran, with its 200,000 inhabitants, stands upon a stony plain, with one of the greatest of Asian mountains, Demavend, the highest peak of the Elburz range, 18,600 feet, in close proximity. From Teheran to Ispahan is 400 miles across desert, a carriage journey of five days. Ispahan was once the capital of Iran, is still a great religious centre, and has a population of 100,000. Shiraz, capital of the province of Fars, is the next stage; from Shiraz the traveller descends gradually through the gorgeous scenery of the *Kotals* into the Persian Gulf, the shore of which is, in contrast to that of the Caspian, dry, stony, and devoid of cultivation. The line of this itinerary, the one usually chosen by sightseers from Europe and India, represents one of the main arteries of Persian life, and connects the two chief outlets of foreign trade, the Caspian or Russian, the Gulf or British. But it does not touch Tabriz, the capital of the province of Azerbaidjan, which is situated 400 miles north-west of Teheran, nor the interesting district around Lake Urumiah, nor the Kurdish country near Tabriz. Meshed, the holy city, capital of the province of Khorassan, a stone's-throw from Turkestan; Kermanshah and Hamadan, in the west centre; the fertile Karun valley, and Mohammerah, at the head of the Persian Gulf, important in connection with the projected extension of the Baghdad railway—all these must also be the goals of separate expeditions from the Persian capital.

IV.

The scenery of Persia is often monotonous; yet, if we want proof of the fascination of the country, we find it in the abundance of the literature of Persian travel and its high level of excellence. Ruins, sculptured rocks, mosques, and tombs preserve the memory of the Acheminides and the Sassanides, of Tamerlane and Darius. Nor is the Shah's empire without contemporary culture. Manners and learning survive, in spite of miserable political conditions, with the influences that formed the spirit of the race. The heroes of Firdousi still act upon the popular imagination. Reverence is paid to-day to Sadi and to Hafiz. The *mollahs* retain their subtle theological sense. Social life and customs preserve their distinction.

V.

It is only lately that Persia has become an acute problem for the European diplomatist. But for a hundred years and more Great Britain has regarded supremacy in the Persian Gulf as a corner-stone of her foreign policy, and, since Napoleon dreamed his dreams, has realised that Persia might be used by the other Powers as a stepping-stone to India. Persia was an absolute monarchy. But with a court of Kajar princes, who paid the Shah for the privilege of being the satraps and tax collectors of the provinces, there was really no organisation of government in the country. Teheran was the scene of an obscure diplomatic rivalry between Great Britain and Russia. Yet Persia escaped internal revolution and foreign conquest. She had wily foreign ministers in her Shahs, who knew how to play off Muscovite against Britisher, and the rich, even though they acquired their wealth most unscrupulously, had habits of

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generosity and tolerance which, with the fatalism of the people, made the situation seem tolerable enough. The Kajars had, moreover, to reckon with the Church—with the *mollahs*, *seyyids*, and *montjeheds*, who had complete power in religious matters, and could even enter the domain of civil affairs with authority. Here, indeed, we face the salient feature of Persian life, the most significant factor in Persian history—religion. Shiism, the persecuted form of Mohammedanism, political in origin, as it may be traced to a dispute over the Prophet's successor, made its home on the plateau of Iran. It has given the Shah's subjects a common memory and a common tradition. Without it there were no Persian nation to-day, for the Iranians of the ancient world failed after the Arab conquest to assimilate the new ethnical elements, and Persia had, therefore, passed into history but for the cohesive agency of the martyr faith. To-day, with the exception of about 125,000 Jews and Armenians, the whole population—Arab of Arabistan, Turk of Azerbaidjan, Iranian of Ispahan—is Shiite. We must also thank Shiism for the fact that, alone amongst Mohammedan nations, Persia continues to contribute to the spiritual heritage of the world. Shiism permits the practice of reading into the Koran any meaning that may be chosen. Thus it has served as a vessel for all the religious ideas of Persian genius—Dualism, Gnosticism, Manicheism. Thus it reflects the teachings of Indian philosophy.

VI.

The advance of Germany into Asia Minor, the Anglo-Russian *entente*, and internal revolution are the three main considerations from which one forecasts the future of Iran. Contact with Europe and the influence of the more enlightened *mollahs* produced the crisis which forced the Shah Muzaffer-ed-din to open a Parliament in Teheran. His son, Mohammed Ali, attempting to regain absolute power, lost the throne in 1909 under circumstances that are still fresh in the public memory. But the victorious Constitutionalists failed to achieve the regeneration of their country. Disorder continued to spread. Russian troops entered Azerbaidjan, and are to-day in occupation of a great part of Northern Persia. The Mejliss, or Parliament, has been dissolved. The Regent for the little boy Shah resides in Paris. The Exchequer is empty, and the State non-existent. The tribes of the centre and south act upon their own sweet will. British prestige declines. Cabinets meet at Teheran, break, and are re-formed; at most they are but the instruments of the Russian legation.

VII.

Persian Nationalists claim, with a good appearance of truth, that the Constitution was not given a fair chance. They assert that Russia, proving false both to spirit and letter of the Anglo-Russian agreement, intrigued against the Mejliss, and thus deliberately created the pretexts upon which her

armies have entered Azerbaidjan. They maintain that Great Britain, submitting to the apparent exigencies of the European situation, permitted Russia to compass the destruction of Persian independence. It is difficult to see the end. Russia is in no hurry to "conquer" Iran. But she takes every opportunity of extending the limits of her occupation, and of consolidating her power in the north, and it is too late for Great Britain to protest except at the risk of the *entente*. Sir Edward Grey is equally reluctant to accept the other alternative—a British occupation in the south, where our sphere of influence, as defined by the Anglo-Russian agreement, lies—although the disordered condition of these parts occasions considerable loss to British trade. Such a step would tend towards the establishment of an Anglo-Russian protectorate in Persia and coterminous frontiers. Things drift. A Blue Book on Persian affairs has just been published. So puzzling is the situation depicted therein that even Imperialists are preaching a counsel of despair, and advocate the absolute abandonment of British interests in the south of Persia.

VIII.

But events will march when the foreign capitalists and financiers have matured their plans for the industrial exploitation of Iran. Persia stagnates for want of railways, and in the building of railways lies her chief hope of prosperity. Inland trade has hitherto been carried on caravan tracks or on the few roads which British and Russian enterprise has provided. At present almost half the population of Persia is nomadic, and the growth of an industrial middle class needs encouragement. But the Persian Government has not the money wherewith to encourage vast undertakings, and the rich grandees will not invest in a scheme which must finally direct itself against the corrupt conditions, now prevailing, on which they thrive. The *Concessionaires* are, therefore, foreigners. Various projects are being considered. Of these, an Indo-European railway is the most sensational—a complete overland route from Paris through Persia and Baluchistan to Delhi. Objections are lodged against the proposal from the strategical standpoint of Great Britain. It would finally, it is said, involve the occupation of Khorassan by Russia, and menace British dominion in India. Apart from this project, a Russian company has already surveyed a line from Yulfa to Tabriz, the country to be served being within the limits of the present Russian police control. A British company has a two years' option to build a railway from Mohammerah, at the head of the Persian Gulf, to Khoramabad, the idea being an eventual junction in Hamadan with the Russian railway, extended *via* Kasvin, and a branch line from Kasvin to the capital. Finally, the Potsdam Agreement of 1910 between Germany and Russia provides for the construction of a railway from Teheran to Khanikin, on the Turkish frontier, *via* Hamadan, with Khanikin as a terminus of the Baghdad line. It is likely that the various interests concerned in these schemes will bring their influence to bear upon the British and Russian Governments for a settlement of the Persian question upon stable lines.

THE WOMAN TEACHER

THE results of the competition for the best article on "The Woman Teacher" will, we hope, very shortly be issued. The number of contributions has proved very large, and extreme pressure of business has prevented us completing the final selections.

THE CASE FOR THE MISSIONARY

By DR. PERCY DEARMER

I.

THE most vital and fruitful movements of an age are sometimes little noticed by the world at large till that age is past. It may be that future generations will look back upon the present century and hold it remarkable for having achieved the Christianisation of the world. This may seem strange to those who judge the direction of the tide by the surface-currents of politics and "events of the day." The newspapers refer but little to foreign missions, the average man often still has impressions of quaintness in connection with the missionary (who, in the days of our youth, was supposed to go about with a white choker, top-hat, black gloves, and large umbrella), and ignorance about the work is profound except among those who are definitely enthusiastic on the subject. Yet students of missionary statistics tell us that Christianity is spreading in Asia as rapidly as it did in Europe during the first centuries of our era.

If this be so, the fact is fraught with immense consequences, not only for the non-Christian races, but for Christendom itself, since an Asiatic Christianity would react enormously upon the religion of Europe. And certainly, whatever may be the future rate of conversions, Asia has now definitely come within the orbit of Christendom; no more will it be said of her that

"She let the legions thunder past,
Then plunged in thought again."

The "unchanging East" is changeless no longer. Whether she accepts that which is best in us or not, she is taking over our inventions and our methods, and even our horrid clothes.

II.

This fact alone has changed the aspect of missionary work, and has rendered obsolete the "Why-can't-you-let-them-alone?" argument of those Europeans who dislike foreign missions. It used to be said that we ought to leave the non-Christian races in the undisturbed enjoyment of their ancestral creeds and ideas. This was at best an obscurantist argument; for if we ought to refrain from bringing new facts before an Asiatic, we ought by the same reasoning to refrain from bringing new facts before anybody, and we ought to abolish our schools and have "Everyman's Encyclopædia" burnt by the common hangman. There was really a good deal of half-acknowledged contempt in the argument—his own religion was good enough for the Asiatic, it kept him in his place, and why should we unsettle him by disturbing his ancestral ideas? Now, those who believe that all men are equal in God's sight cannot share that contempt: for them nothing is too good for the Asiatic, nothing that God has given for the enlightenment of mankind. They cannot but take the missionary position; for to them their Christianity is the most precious thing they possess, and therefore they are bound by the first principles of altruism to offer it to others. How can they offer their inventions, their methods of government and education, and not offer also that religion which has been the soul of Western progress?

But, whatever else may happen, the non-Christian races are not going on in the undisturbed enjoyment of their ancestral ideas. If the missionary did not

upset them, the statesman and the scientist, the merchant and the soldier would. Asia would in any case borrow those detestable instruments of slaughter which are the result of our advance in science, and which would make a hell of the world, did we not *know* that their use is wrong because our religion is against the very principle of war, and did we not try our best to keep the peace. The obscurantist argument of leaving the rest of the world alone has become obsolete in our own time.

III.

What, then, ought we to do? Ought we to tell Asia (for instance) about Herbert Spencer and not about Christ? There are some people living in Christendom who dislike the religion which is as the very air they breathe, and to which they owe whatever is best in them. Such people are apt to select the faults of Christian nations and the virtues of other peoples, and then to proclaim the inferiority of the civilisation to which they belong. Naturally, they are angered at the very thought of foreign missions; but the plain facts are against them, and we may leave them to the growth of a wider judgment. There remain, however, a large number of men who retain a prejudice against missionaries which has not any such definite basis. There used to be much justification for the prejudice. Missionary enthusiasts were often narrow and ignorant, provincial in their ideas, and unlovely in their dogmas. The name of Exeter Hall used to be applied (doubtless unjustly) to this type of sincere but uncultivated religion. Some obscure centres used to send out half-educated men, whom no bishop would have accepted for ordination in an English diocese, to preach their crude ideas among cultivated Indians or Chinese. In fact, men were not seldom admitted to foreign work who were considered not up to the standard of work at home. The temptation was great to a young man who found himself something of a hero in his own church or chapel, and, with little discipline or education, was promoted to be a "missionary to the heathen." He often did extremely well, and English travellers have told me that men of this type generally lead most self-sacrificing and useful lives. Still, they were met on the great steamships, and often did not create a favourable impression, and they discounted for many minds the example of the many real saints and scholars who go out to be missionaries.

IV.

But that inferior type is disappearing, and with it the imperfect mentality which used to be common. The Churches are now sending of their best, and the heroic men and women who, by the thousand, have given up everything to serve their fellow-men are the typical missionaries of to-day. Moreover, the missionary point of view has greatly changed. Those who wish to know how much it has changed can judge for themselves by reading the new "International Review of Missions" (Oxford University Press), or the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel's magazine, *The East and the West*, which is already ten years old. The missionary world of to-day is as wise, as fair, as statesmanlike as any other great department of human thought and activity. There is no crudeness now about the chief missionary organs, and no fanaticism; but there is the spirit of an intense faith and enthusiasm. And no one who knows the student world will deny that this missionary enthusiasm has caught the younger generation as it never did before.

V.

And what is the missionary principle in its simplest

and least controversial form? It is this. There came into the world a Man called Jesus Christ. Apart from all theological questions, it is agreed by all intelligent non-Christians that His character was one of peculiar holiness and beauty; that He has had an extraordinary power in winning the devotion of mankind; that He claimed to enlighten and bless mankind; and that the nations who have followed Him have been enlightened already in a remarkable degree. This being so, it is clearly to the interest of all other nations that they should know about this wonderful Man who has made so deep a mark on human history: they ought in their own interests to know, and they have a right to hear, and to judge for themselves. And we who have behind us centuries of the Christian experience have no right to keep it back, but have a duty to tell them.



THE AVERAGE MAN.

THERE are few authors of to-day who attempt to visualise the man in the street, who try with any degree of success to estimate his weaknesses, appraise his strength, prove his ambitions and the secret desires of his heart. Monsignor Benson, in *THE AVERAGE MAN* (Hutchinson, 6s.), has achieved a triumph. He casts his story in a commonplace setting, and the men and women of whom he writes are the type one meets in the train, the tube, going home or to the office. We are accustomed to associate the genius of this author with tales of the supernatural, and those who read with a thrill of horror the great scene in "The Necromancers" will be arrested by the skill with which the psychology of Percy is developed. For the novel is in effect a drama of the emotions. The play is enacted in the heart of the average young man of the piece. Percy, swept by every wind that blows, goes with Reggie to a service in a Catholic Church, and, under the eloquence of Father Hilary, is filled with a conviction of sin, and received into the Catholic Church. The progress of Percy on the road of self-illusion and indulgence is admirably sketched. His parents come into a fortune, he is translated into a country house, with wealthy friends and agreeable surroundings, where he takes the colour of his surroundings, responds to the latest influences, and as easily drifts from Catholicism as he drifted into it. We all of us know Percy—who has not met him, liked him, and ultimately despised him? Unfairly, we admit, for of the many who swim with the tide, how few there are with strength to stand against it?

Side by side with the egotistical weakling, swayed by each emotional breeze, the author has painted for us a man who belongs to "the clumsy, slow, sensitive, obstinate type, whose sense of duty is their sole motive." Mr. Main had been a curate in the Church of England, and at the cost of all earthly advancement, he had joined the Romish Church—simply because he thought it was right!

"This kind of man simply was not looking for sympathy; he took his burden as an obvious and inevitable thing; he must just struggle with it, and, if he felt, he did not expect to be sympathised with. . . . Father Hilary had seen, only this afternoon, a horse fall in Church Street under a heavy load, and lie there, with patient, uncomplaining eyes. He remembered this now."

And this faithful, wonderful picture of a man's soul stays with us long after the image of Percy has passed away. For, after all, surely it is Mr. Main who is the average man, as Monsignor Benson has discovered him.

J. K. P.

GEORGE ELIOT * * * BY C. SHERIDAN JONES

I.

THERE used to be a delightful legend extant in literary London a generation or so ago of a certain ever-superior and didactic philosopher, a man of middle age and of a growing reputation that, later, was to spread through Europe. He was laying down the law very emphatically upon the subject of woman's suffrage. Suddenly he was challenged by a young lady member of the party.

Now, the philosopher was a "putter-down," a man of encyclopædic knowledge and of terrible exactness; a thrill of sympathetic horror ran through the assembled savants when the young lady entered the lists against him. But she answered him point by point, giving case after case, until the perplexed sage, who was a bad loser, beat a hasty—perhaps a rather undignified—retreat, greatly to the delight of the friends he had so often tossed and gored and trampled on. The name of that philosopher was Herbert Spencer, and the lady was George Eliot.

II.

The incident was followed by a closer acquaintance between the two antagonists, and Spencer, in his softer, not to say more human, moments, thought of himself as a possible suitor for her hand. It is dreadful to think what might have happened had Spencer persisted in his suit—dreadful, that is, for George Eliot. The bickerings, the quarrels, the humiliations that would have followed on life with that impossible man—how the modern biographer would have gloated on the feast spread before him! But it would have had its consolations for us, for, while George Eliot had much of the serene detachment, the almost inhuman impassivity that characterised the author of "Justice," she had, in a greater degree than any other woman novelist, that divine gift of humour which he so lacked. What a picture she would have drawn of the philosopher shouldering his way along the platform at Paddington, so intent on preserving his latest MS. that he had attached it by string to the middle of his body (the said MS., of course, was being dragged along the platform to the annoyance of the tripping passengers), insisting on travelling in a hammock slung across the compartment so that he did not feel the vibration, and with the porters and officials only reconciled to these idiosyncrasies by the vociferated fiction of his companions that the elderly eccentric was Earl Spencer.

III.

The scene and the man seems almost to have happened for George Eliot to describe, for, as I have always thought, it is in her humour, so quiet, so deadly, so restrained, and withal so pitying and so genial, that the greatest of all our women writers is at her best. Other novelists, when they depict the foibles of mankind, make us forgive them. George Eliot makes us love her characters for their very limitations. We love Hetty Sorrel for her very childish vanity and weakness. We love Maggie Tulliver for the very qualities that undo her. Even poor muddle-headed Mr. Brooke, whose speech on the hustings one can never forget, we think of with kindly emotion. A very different novelist, Samuel Warren, it may be remembered, placed one of his characters, Tittlebat Titmouse, in exactly the same dilemma as the unfortunate candidate. The crowd pelted him. They only laughed at Mr. Brooke. That, it seems to me, is the cardinal difference between George Eliot and other writers. If it is true that to understand is to forgive,

then her humour taught us the greatest lesson man can learn.

IV.

No doubt it is the fact that this humour of hers lit up the somewhat sombre recesses of an austere nature, reared amid even gloomy surroundings, that makes it so distinctly precious. Robert Evans, her father, who was agent to Colonel Newdigate, was a Tory of a school that has long passed away. "I was accustomed," says his daughter, "to hear him utter the word 'Government' in a tone that charged it with awe, and made it part of my effective religion, in contrast with the word 'rebel,' which seemed to carry the stamp of evil in its syllables." But a "rebel" George Eliot grew up, notwithstanding. Her mother, she tells us, had a "considerable dash of the Mrs. Poyser vein in her": that mother whose family stood for the Dodsons, with those four wonderful aunts, in the "Mill on the Floss."

It was in the pages of the *Westminster Review*, then famous as the organ of the philosophic Radicals, that George Eliot first broke ice as a literary force. Here she met Spencer, and Spencer introduced her to George Henry Lewes, whom it is interesting to note that she describes as a sort of "miniature Mirabeau" on his first appearance. There have been few unions more romantic in the whole history of letters than that between the young literary aspirant and the middle-aged, careworn, but still brilliant writer, whose sorrows appealed to the young authoress perhaps as much as his genius. It is of her union with Lewes that George Eliot wrote to the old and estranged friends of her austere youth: "From the majority of persons, of course, we never looked for anything but condemnation. We are leading no life of self-indulgence, except indeed that, being happy in each other, we find everything easy. We are working hard to fulfil every responsibility that lies upon us. Levity and pride would not be a sufficient basis for that." Thus George Eliot in her own defence; and it remains to be said only that, when she met him, Lewes' own home had been broken up in sorrow for over two years.

V.

Much has been said in criticism of Lewes' influence on George Eliot's work from an artistic point of view. But this much is certain: that to the day of his death her work drew strength and colour from the society of the man to whom she was devoted. Her days were passed in extraordinary and unflagging industry, and she was assiduous in close and faithful studies, not only of science and philosophy, but of art, music, and literature. George Henry Lewes died on November 28th, 1878, and the entry in George Eliot's diary runs: "Here I and sorrow sit." She read no letters: she touched no work, but remained "a bruised creature, shrinking from the tenderest touch." At length the loneliness of her life was broken. An affection, deep and sincere, sprang up between her and the Rev. W. J. Cross, whom she married, and once again she tasted what she called to her sister-in-law "a wonderful renewal of my life, . . . through your brother's great gift of love to me." Alas! that renewal of life was to last but a little while. In December, 1880, George Eliot joined the "choir invisible," and the greatest woman writer of our language, one of the greatest of the Victorians, passed away on the midnight of Christmas Eve, after a record of achievement unsurpassed in the whole of literature.

PERSONALITY IN LITERATURE * * * BY DANIEL CORKERY

I.

WHEN we see the work of a new writer proclaimed as rich with personality, what are we to expect? Something as violent in its gesture as it is crude in its thought? Something all force, all energy—a figure whose every muscle is tense, swollen, whose hand is raised to strike?

If this class of work be personal what are we to say of classic work? Take Matthew Arnold's poems as a sample of latter-day classic work: could any body of poetry be more instinct with personality? Reject "The Forsaken Mermaid," which I can never think of as Arnold's, and all that remains is full of the poet—is Matthew Arnold himself, and at his best—not petulant, not meanly combative, as in so many of the essays where he is out to score points, but noble if pensive, high-minded if not calm, tolerant if assured. And his poems live.

Such personality as is in them is not to be carried off by violence, not to be achieved by the hysterical. For personality is a far land, won to only by hardy pilgrims. It is style!

II.

To say as much is to come home to the old phrase—the style is the man. Yet surely this is a phrase about which we might think a little more often; we need to realise it anew. But it is at once objected: What is style? It is travelling in a circle to repeat: style is personality. Putting the same statement in another form might, however, bring out more clearly its relation to this discussion: there can be no personality where there is no style. Now, there are styles and styles—surely! But to all styles there is one common denominator—that is discipline. Orpen, Sargent, Lavery, are all three brilliant painters—strong in styles not academic. To all three styles one quality is common—the freedom that comes of discipline. That freedom—may we say that effective freedom?—is the characteristic of all good art work. How different it is with the "strong" "personal" writers! Their boast seems to be the absence of style! If it please you, they achieve, not art, but life! Life, as our finite eyes observe it, is formless, chaotic; so is their work. In this is its greatness!

But Life achieves here and there a perfect flower—a face, a deed, an ideal; and their work does not. That face of beauty, that deed, that ideal—they arise not without travail. Ideal, deed, face—they are not *fleurs du mal*. An infinity of restraint has preceded their advent. So that if our strong personal writers will not learn of the great ones that have gone before, let them learn of life itself, with which they boast such intimacy.

III.

I have said their work does not achieve a fine flower—not even one. Take Masefield. No one denies his merits. But his apologists—they are hard put to find a passage worthy of quotation. Indeed, his muse goes in rags—not because he deals with what

we speak of as low life, but because the artist has not disciplined himself. And these rags become doubly noticeable when a would-be friend plucks a stanza from "The Widow" or "The Dauber" and sets it on a pedestal. Here is a couplet from his poem, "Biography":—

"When the rent chapel on the brae at Slains
Shone with a doorway opening beyond brains."

Opening beyond brains! There is the absence of style. What is this art work? Surely this is 'prentice work. And all over Masefield is the like clumsiness of the 'prentice hand. Lacking style, then, as assuredly almost all Masefield's work does, it cannot have in it the abiding charm of personality. What! no personal element in this very outspoken poetry? Little or none. For in reading it what "person" comes to our vision? One who will set down the "truth" and shame the devil; one who in his haste to do so allows himself to write of ruined gateways opening beyond brains; one who sets "truth" down so "strongly" before us that none but the most facile reflections rise to his lips (and it is well, for if any other arose he must feel like rewriting his whole output—which would be no small job!). This, then, is the Masefield that arises into vision as we read his work.

But this personality is common to almost every realist who ever wrote! It is not, indeed, the personality of the great realists—Flaubert and Maupassant; but it is the common personality of all the lesser realists—the "splashing" realists. Personality, however, must be unique; it cannot be common to two writers—let alone a whole school. Therefore the conclusion is that the work of this poet lacks personality. Before Masefield achieves great work he must humbly step down and learn that second thoughts are best. The 'prentice boy came to Blake saying, "I wish to be bound," or words like these. "Do you work in fear and trembling?" said the master. "Indeed I do," said the lad. Then the master made room at his bench for him. But who works nowadays in fear and trembling?

IV.

The fact is that your "strong" "personal" writer is a simple soul. He thrusts greatness—this is, personality—upon himself. He goes cross-gartered like Malvolio. Cuts as fine a figure in his own eyes. "I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings and cross-gartered, even with the swiftness of putting on." But Time qualifies the strangeness and reduces the stoutness: the writer of "Barrack-Room Ballads" lives to write "Puck of Pook's Hill," and Masefield may yet be kind enough and wise enough to give us a small book of lyrics as finished as Mr. Yeats's.

Style is the test of personality. It is a mark to be shot at. If a writer cannot make his narrative vivid except by throwing restraint to the winds, nor real except by means of photography, then the root of the matter is not in him.

G. K. CHESTERTON * * * BY RICHARD CURLE

I.

To write critically on Mr. Chesterton is one of the hardest of things. It is perfectly obvious that he has a remarkable literary gift and that much that he produces is extremely able and suggestive, and yet the inevitable end to reading him is a kind of weariness akin to despair. For, in the long run, there is hardly anyone who gives one a stronger impression of being fundamentally wrong-headed. To put it plainly, his philosophy of life is the philosophy of a humane, just, and kind-hearted democrat, but when he comes to apply his philosophy in detail, he is as likely as not to announce something as truly democratic, which to everyone else in the world (save, perhaps, Mr. Belloc), would appear exactly the reverse. That type of thinker is always dangerous. Mr. Chesterton is really one enormous contradiction—you never know where to have him. He hates moderns, but he, himself, would have been impossible in any other age; he loathes oppression, but he believes in dogmatic religion; he abhors cruelty, but he loves the Middle Ages; he is a passionate advocate of freedom, but he thinks such a thing as facilities for divorce an obnoxious form of slavery.

II.

But, indeed, in almost everything he writes there lurks the germ of a contradiction, just as there lurk these interminable, sparkling, and barren paradoxes. The fact is, Mr. Chesterton is one of the most brilliant literary men of his time, and one of the most curiously futile. What can be said of a man who thinks misquotation a kind of merit and who puts paradox above all other forms of truth? It has sometimes been asked whether it would be possible for Mr. Chesterton, by giving up journalism and by taking infinite pains, to produce a really fine, a really monumental book. But anyone who asks such a question has entirely misunderstood the whole point of view of our author. For Mr. Chesterton would probably consider that such a course savoured of decadency. For him journalism is the greatest and the sanest of the arts—or, rather, it is above all arts. For the very word "art" appals him—he immediately has horrible visions of green women drinking absinthe, of debauchees in flowered dressing-gowns discussing art for art's sake, and such like atrocities.

III.

Even in his own writing it looks almost as if Mr. Chesterton were purposely slipshod. And yet, through it all, how easy it is to see that he has an amazing power of language, a graphic and poetic power, far too rare to be wasted constantly on such trivialities. But if Mr. Chesterton were to read this last sentence he would at once observe that the trivial things were, of course, the only important ones . . . it's impossible to catch him out! And then his ideas (when he can keep off polemics), how whimsical they are, how fantastic, how original, and how excessively funny! For, after all, he is a supreme humorist. Some of the little essays that he contributes to *The Daily News* are exquisitely and joyously amusing. For Mr. Chesterton is one of those happy writers who are not malicious in a general way. He has, indeed, dislikes which are apt to vitiate his geniality, but, as a rule, he is astonishingly good-natured. When you expect him to be angry, he comes up smiling, though, occasionally, when no one is on the watch for trouble, he will blaze out at some unfortunate millionaire or piece of Government legislation.

Is it impossible even to write of Mr. Chesterton without the hint of a paradox? There seems to be one in what has just been said; and here is another. In spite of the marked personality and egoism of his work, it is, nevertheless, free from vanity. Mr. Chesterton is essentially modest—violent, if you like, opinionated, dogmatic, but, still, modest. One feels convinced that he would be just as willing to argue with a bootblack as with a Cambridge professor, and much more willing to argue with a bootblack than with a peer; and, moreover, one feels that he would really at heart not look upon himself as better intellectually than the bootblack. And yet one has just this doubt: suppose the bootblack were an Imperialist, a Tariff Reformer, an admirer of Mr. Chamberlain, a Christian Scientist, a hater of Dickens, a scoffer, and a despiser of inns, what would Mr. Chesterton think then? One can only say that he would certainly prefer a bootblack with such opinions to a duke with them.

IV.

These likes and dislikes of Mr. Chesterton are, truly, one of the strangest things about him—not in themselves, but in the fierceness with which he holds them. His fondness for beer and cabmen, his hatred of empire-builders and stylists, is a species of intellectual passion. In the white heat of his love or scorn he carries his passion beyond reason, beyond comprehension. And thus, like all extremists, he is for ever spoiling his own case. It is to be regretted, because his case is often the case of the poor and the down-trodden. For Mr. Chesterton has something in him of the understanding and compassion of Dostoevsky and Walt Whitman, although he has not by any means their universality. For on various subjects he does seem to see red, and when you see red you lose pity. It is, for instance, doubtful whether Mr. Chesterton could realise that there is anything human in Mr. Rockefeller, an Expert, a Johannesburg Jew, or a Post-Impressionist. And, like so many men, it is the smaller things, apparently, which chiefly rouse his fury. He can tolerate atheism, but he cannot tolerate the Feeble-Minded Bill; he can forgive a murderer but he cannot forgive a eugenicist.

V.

Mr. Chesterton, as everyone knows, is a voluminous writer. He has at least twenty-three books to his credit—fiction, poetry, criticism, essays, social studies. Perhaps the most impressive is his little book on G. F. Watts, perhaps the least impressive his latest novel, "Manalive." But one and all are steeped through and through with G. K. Chesterton, saturated with him, flooded with him. There is no getting away from that overwhelming subject, whatever may be the ostensible one. Not only the heroes of his novels, but all the characters of his novels, are either G. K. C. or G. K. C.'s pet aversions in concrete form. And thus throughout.

But, though his personality is so invariably evident, it does not follow that his ideas are all his own. To speak frankly, so many of them resemble the ideas of Mr. Belloc, that either Mr. Chesterton has influenced Mr. Belloc, or Mr. Belloc has influenced Mr. Chesterton. And, as Mr. Belloc's prejudices are even stronger than those of Mr. Chesterton, it looks as if Mr. Belloc's influence had been the mastering one. It is not apparent that this fanatical son of the Catholic Church, this disbeliever in Congo agitations or in the inno-

cence of Dreyfus or Ferrer, would be an ideal mentor, but certainly he seems to have been a successful one.

VI.

But to finish. Mr. Chesterton, in his books, has shown us what he is—a man of wide kindliness, of versatility, of genuine eccentricity mixed with common sense, and of distinguished originality, and yet a man, who, like Meredith and like Shaw, is too clever, too perverse, ever to reach the highest rank in literature. But the last word remains with Mr. Chesterton—even if he could reach that rank he wouldn't!



LITERARY NOTES

THE forthcoming LETTERS FROM A PUBLISHER TO A SON ought to prove excellent reading. The author, presumably a penitent Barabbas, promises in his synopsis to go fully into the methods of dealing with unhappy men of letters. We may hope to have some interesting revelations, especially as the book is to be issued first to publishers and authors only. It was Rider Haggard who described a firm of publishers who kept an army of tame authors in a series of hutches, only letting them out to eat an occasional cabbage leaf, in the shape of a small cheque, and to this day the tradition lingers. We quote a delightful extract from the synopsis of warning and advice to those about to submit a new work:—"No books to have 'reform' in their titles." "No satires on Party Government." "No symbolical or allegorical writings." Up to the present the anonymity of the author of the "Letters" has been preserved, though there are rumours which point to one gentleman in particular who has lately attained success in the publishing world. When the revelation comes it will cause some slight sensation.



The Memorial to George Gissing has occasioned some heart-burning and many arguments. Of the many sensitive geniuses who have shrunk from the criticism of their fellows, none perhaps was more exquisitely sensitive than the author of "New Grub Street." He never attained in life his full meed of recognition, and there is something discordant in the suggestion that the memorial should take the form of a gift to an institution, even when that institution is so closely associated with the author as was Owens College. Men of his type inevitably court a certain reticence, and if the money subscribed could have gone to the help of authors struggling as Gissing struggled in the early days, it would seem a more fitting tribute to the man who understood, as perhaps no one else has ever understood, the pain and disappointment inseparable from literary achievements. It has also been suggested that the money would be more appropriately expended in educating George Gissing's son than in educating other people.



Mr. Arnold Bennett is already engaged on a sequel to "Hilda Lessways," and Messrs. Methuen announce the publication of another novel by the same author, called THE REGENT, also a sequel, in this case to "The Card." It has been said that sequels are a mistake in life as in literature, and we feel that Mr. Bennett is endangering his reputation as a novelist by so continually resurrecting characters that have already been disposed of.

According to this author, quite the most ridiculously easy thing in the world to write is a play. There is more weariness, Mr. Bennett declares, in the writing of one novel than of ten plays, and the fictionist lavishes a wealth of descriptive power and detail in creating a situation that the playwright sums up in the two words: "Enter heroine." This may or may not be the case. What is certain is that the dramatist reaps by far the richer harvest. To get even a paltry £1,000 for a novel is quite a coup for a novelist, even a novelist of merit. But the author of a third-rate play may receive that sum ten times over, in royalties, and yet have "more to come." "The Silver King," it is said, still brings Mr. Henry Arthur Jones a handsome income, and Mr. Bernard Shaw, once told the writer that his first play brought him more of the good red gold than all his pamphlets, brochures, and books put together. Moreover, even if a play be a failure, and run only for a few weeks, its earnings amount to a figure that compares favourably with the royalties on a novel that has sold moderately well. Indeed, these days a novelist, other than the "best sellers," does not make a princely income. Emphatically, the play's the thing!



There will in a little time "be wigs on the green," or whatever may in Scotland correspond to that fine Irish figure, for hands are about to be laid on the horns of very sacred altars. Robert Burns and Walter Scott are the altars in question. Burns's claims to be, in any sense, a national poet are about to be examined by one who holds that not only did he not improve the songs of the people, but did, in many respects, spoil them. The contention, we understand, is that what pass as Burns's finest poems are, in many cases, degradations of fine songs current in the North-East of Scotland, and eminently in that part called the Mearns, from which part of Scotland Burns's father came. Mr. Henderson has been, to a certain extent, over the ground about to be more thoroughly traversed; he made considerable use of the MS. collection made by Herd, an Edinburgh lawyer's clerk and a Mearns man.



Scott will be examined not so much from a literary as from a biographical point of view. The story of his rise to the position of a Border laird, his relations to Archibald Constable, the Ballantynes, the Duke of Buccleugh, will be reviewed, and, above all, his conduct at the time of the calamities that came upon him with the failure of Hurst Robinson. Letters from and to Lady Louisa Stuart will be cited, and it will appear that Scott, so far from buckling to the work of undoing with his right hand the harm that that right hand had wrought, had to be coerced to do his plain duty in the matter of fulfilling binding engagements.



It is understood that Mr. Cecil Chesterton is relaxing his mind after the strain of his recent trial at the Old Bailey by completing a book which will be virtually a history of the party system (which he and Mr. Belloc assailed in their joint volume) during the nineteenth century, and will be called THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS. Its publication was, we are informed, arranged for by Messrs. Constable some time back, and it would have appeared this spring but that more exciting incidents in the author's career have delayed his publication. If Mr. Chesterton is going to deal with politicians of the past (who are protected by no law of libel) as he is in the habit of dealing with those of to-day, the volume should prove very lively.

MASTERPIECE FOR THE WEEK

JANE AUSTEN'S "PRIDE AND PREJUDICE" ❁ ❁ ❁ BY W. R. THOMSON

It is worth noting that "Pride and Prejudice" was written in one century and published in another. Like Shakespeare's being of large discourse, it looks before and after. It is an eighteenth-century book that bids farewell to the eighteenth century and faces the new time. If one may dare to think of Jane Austen as joining in "Auld Lang Syne" at a festive gathering of the immortals, then her left hand would be extended to Fielding and her right to Thackeray. And between these jovial gentlemen the lady, while thoroughly enjoying the proceedings, would be quite composed and entirely herself. And if Meredith were seen immediately beyond Thackeray, that would also be fitting. For is not Lady Catherine de Bourgh the great-aunt of Sir Willoughby Patterne?

"The party then gathered round the fire to hear Lady Catherine determine what weather they were to have on the morrow." No one can fail to detect the family likeness.

I.

"Pride and Prejudice," lying quietly in its drawer awaiting the hour of recognition, is a symbol of its author. There is no hurry in Jane Austen's world. People converse at breakfast and afterwards walk in the shrubbery. Later, they order out the carriage. Romance has not yet "brought up the nine-fifteen." Jane Austen wrote when Europe was in turmoil; but no echo of the din disturbs her readers. The stream of John Bull's life moves sluggishly on; the roar of the French rapids is unheard. Jane Austen will not raise her voice to attract attention. If one wishes to hear what she has to say, one must seek her out, and, after formal presentation, enter into converse with this lady of the olden time who is also so modern. And, in the stillness of the Steventon rectory garden, one will be impressed by the exquisiteness of her clear-cut talk, her delicate satire, her sense of the human comedy. Meredith tells us that as the Comic Muse sat beside Vernon Whitford and his wife she was "grave and sisterly"; but, taking a glance at the others, she "compressed her lips." Jane Austen's lips were often compressed as she took a glance at Mrs. Bennet or Miss Bingley, at Lady Catherine or Mr. Collins, as she restored Mrs. Bennet to "her usual querulous serenity," or watched Lady Catherine parting with Elizabeth. "I take no leave of you, Miss Bennet. I send no compliments to your mother. You deserve no such attention. I am seriously displeased."

II.

Goldwin Smith placed Mr. Collins and Lady Catherine among the "minor characters" of "Pride and Prejudice." But there will always be readers who regard them as the hero and heroine of the piece. They reveal Jane Austen's most characteristic gift. Mr. Saintsbury is nearer the mark when he says that Mr. Collins is not a merely farcical character, but belongs to "the highest and most Shakespearian comedy." Nor was Mr. Saintsbury the first to mention Shakespeare in speaking of Miss Austen. Macaulay had written: "Among the writers who, in the point which we have noticed, have approached nearest to the manner of the great master, we have no hesitation in placing Jane Austen, a woman of whom England is justly proud. She has given us a multitude of characters, all, in a certain sense, commonplace, all such as we meet every day. Yet they are all as per-

fectly discriminated from each other as if they were the most eccentric of human beings. There are, for example, four clergymen, none of whom we should be surprised to find in any parsonage in the kingdom, Mr. Edward Ferrars, Mr. Henry Tilney, Mr. Edward Bertram, and Mr. Elton." And he goes on to remark that they were all liberally educated, they were all young, and they were all in love. But it is very much more to the point to remember that Mr. Collins was in love, that he made his "declaration in form," and that, while making it, he said, "Nothing now remains for me but to assure you in the most animated language of the violence of my affection." No one wants specially to meet any of the four clergymen mentioned by Macaulay. But who does not wish to meet Mr. Collins, and to be conducted by him round that garden at Hunsford, "to work in which was one of his most respectable pleasures," or to see him when the phaeton from Rosings comes to the parsonage door? Nor must we omit the unforgettable glimpse of Sir William Lucas in the background, "in earnest contemplation of the greatness before him, and constantly bowing when Miss de Bourgh looked that way." Mr. Collins is sheer joy from start to finish—the one man in the world worthy of Lady Catherine's patronage. Hand him over to Dickens and he becomes a Chadband. But on Jane Austen's page he is kept within the limits, her art imposed, a more credible figure than Chadband and quite as laughable. The creation of Mr. Collins, Lady Catherine, and, one may add, Mr. Bennet separated Jane Austen from the romanticists of her time. Satire is the foe of sentimentalism. There are no mysteries, no dark corners in Jane Austen's world. "I am not romantic," said Charlotte Lucas on the eve of her marriage to Mr. Collins, "I never was. I ask only a comfortable home." A little romance would have lightened Charlotte's burden. In the haze of romance Mr. Collins might have seemed a great ecclesiastic. But in Miss Austen's world the mists fly before the sunshine. She is the first of our nineteenth-century realists.

III.

Jane Austen was proud of her heroine, Elizabeth Bennet, and we must share her feeling. It is usual to say that Elizabeth represents "Prejudice." No doubt; but surely that is the least one can say of her. She is far more than the symbol of an abstraction. She has sprightliness, arch humour, courage and genuine tenderness of heart. Indeed, as a real human being she is the foe of the abstract, and humanises Darcy, who, for a time, is little more than the symbol of "Pride." While he is in that perilous condition, he is sometimes a bore, and sometimes an ass; Elizabeth succeeds in the long run in making him tolerable. Her wit played round and pierced his solemnities, and finally love transformed him from a landed proprietor into a man. "'I wonder,' said Elizabeth, 'who first discovered the efficacy of poetry in driving away love.' 'I have been used to consider poetry as the food of love,' said Darcy. 'Of a fine, stout, healthy, love it may,' replied Elizabeth. 'Everything nourishes what is strong already. But if it be only a slight, thin sort of inclination, I am convinced that one good sonnet will starve it entirely away.'" That was precisely the kind of bright, sane talk that Darcy needed.

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IV.

There is no scenery in "Pride and Prejudice"; only human nature. We go from Longbourne to Meryton, but get no hint of the appearance of the village, save that it has a street and a milliner's shop. We pass from Hampshire to Hertfordshire, and no touch of colour enlivens the journey. The projected excursion to the Lake Country would, we feel, have yielded nothing of Wordsworth quality. No wind blows across Jane Austen's world, piling the clouds into mountain ranges, or unveiling lakes of gold in the evening sky. When we remember what the southwest wind and the sunset meant, say, to Meredith, we realise the new spirit that came into literature as the century progressed. Perhaps Miss Austen distrusted the tendency to enthuse over the terrors and beauties of nature. "What are men to rocks and mountains?" cried Elizabeth, when the Lake Country journey was mooted. But Miss Austen preferred men and women to rocks and mountains. The travellers went to Derbyshire instead, but Derbyshire is as Hertfordshire. "It is not the object of this work to give a description of Derbyshire, nor of any of the remarkable places through which their route lay. . . . They are sufficiently well known." The utmost that Miss Austen will tell us of springtime is that "every day was adding to the verdure of the early trees." The conclusion, of course, from all this is not that Jane Austen cared nothing for nature, but that she knew by a sure instinct where her strength lay. "No, I must keep to my own style, and go on in my own way," she said once when asked to write an historical romance, adding, "I may never succeed again in that, I am convinced I should totally fail in any other." One wonders if she were conscious how gloriously she had succeeded in her own way.

V.

Talking of a well-known authoress once to a friend, Charles Lamb said, "If she belonged to me I would lock her up and feed her on bread and water till she left off writing poetry." He went on, "A female poet, a female author of any kind, ranks below an actress, I think." Had Lamb read "Pride and Prejudice," published seven years before? Is it possible that he knew Mr. Collins without delighting in him? But Scott wrote: "Read again, for the third time at least, 'Pride and Prejudice.' That young lady has a talent . . . the most wonderful I ever met with. The big bow-wow strain I can do myself, but the exquisite touch . . . is denied me." Everybody knows how splendidly generous Scott could be. In speaking as he did of Jane Austen he was also just.

"EVERYMAN"

ON July 15th and 16th at 3 p.m., and on the 17th at 8.30 p.m., at Crosby Hall, Embankment, Chelsea, will be given a performance of "Everyman," an old morality play, in aid of the Homes for Aged and Infirm Deaf and Dumb Men, at Wennington House, Rainham, Sussex. It is necessary if the institution is to be saved that a sum of £1,000 should be raised before Christmas, and, bearing in mind the fine work this charity is doing, it is hoped that the readers of this paper will do their best to assist by taking tickets for a performance that is at once arresting and unique. The prices range from 5s. to 10s. 6d. on the 15th, 10s. 6d. to £1 on the 16th, and 2s. 6d. to 10s. 6d. at the evening performance of Wednesday, the 17th inst. Tickets may be obtained from the Secretary, Crosby Hall, 3, More's Gardens, Chelsea.

THE RE-BIRTH OF THE DANCE

By HERMAN SCHEFFAUER

THE dance, too long degraded to a mere social amusement, promises once more to become an art, a spiritual rite, a symbolical ceremony, full of strange significance and hope for man. Out of the Oriental sensuality, the frivolous prettiness, the meaningless struttings and vulgar caperings of society and the stage, wonderful figures have arisen, gifted with beauty and inspiration. Nymphs from Greek vases spring to life before our eyes; the pale forms of pre-Raphaelite virgins sway like spirits to beautiful rhythms; gods and heroes leap like magnificent panthers to stately and inspiring measures.

This new passion, which is the oldest that an industrial civilisation ever smothered in the heart of mankind, has sprung to its most vigorous life in two lands that lie as the poles apart—in Russia and in California. From the sunny Golden State come dancers like Isadora Duncan, who first enraptured Europe, and brought the classic dance to such perfection that savants were inspired to write rapturous books. Out of St. Petersburg, dancing like flames against the black, tragic background of their land, came Pavlova, Mordkin, and the marvellous boy Nijhinsky. It is especially these men-dancers who may be said to be the heralds of a new freedom, a new spontaneity, a new joy in life. They have come to teach men that the individual dance is not a thing for women and children alone, nor a mere function for displaying dress or agility. The dance is once more to be a feast for the heart and soul as well as for the eyes, a tribute to beauty, an interpretation of life. With their light and graceful feet these dancers of a new era inscribe on the earth a message of joy.

England, growing wiser, and beginning to lay aside her Puritan restraint and mournful conventions, is—somewhat pathetically!—teaching her young folk the morrice-dances which were tripped when England was really “merrie.” In the slums of New York the little children—Jewish, Roumanian, Russian, Hungarian—dance the folk-dances of their parents. But the American plods in the market-place at desk or counter, or rushes along the highways of life in motors of the utmost horse or man-power. Neither in body nor in spirit has he caught the rhythmic of the true dance, its grace, grandezza, its high and really holy purpose. He must, as Heine declares, be taught to worship with his legs. Nations that cannot dance in spirit have lost the youth of their youth. Youth ought to dance before the generations of humanity like David before the hosts of Israel. Age ought to turn in priestly rounds about the altars of life. For the dance need not mean butterfly madness, nor only joy and abandon. As an exposition of the soul of a people, of their relationship to nature, as a proof that their lives beat time with the pulse of Eternity, it possesses a deep solemnity and spiritual meaning. Even the Tango swings true to the rhythm of the blood.

Perhaps this truth is working upon the souls of the people who sit in the theatres at night gazing with something like æsthetic rapture upon these new disciples of the dance. Perhaps that glorious and happy restlessness of the limbs may allay much restlessness of the nerves. But it is only necessary that our hearts learn to dance in the nobler sense. Then strange sounds will be heard in the halls of Life. It will be Life herself applauding us with her hands.

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EVERYMAN'S FRENCH PAGE

JEAN VALJEAN *

JEAN VALJEAN était d'une pauvre famille de paysans de la Brie. Dans son enfance il n'avait pas appris à lire. Quand il eut l'âge d'homme, il était émondeur à Faveroles. Sa mère s'appelait Jeanne Mathieu; son père s'appelait Jean Valjean ou Vlajean, sobriquet probablement, et contraction de *Viola Jean*.

Jean Valjean était d'un caractère pensif sans être triste, ce qui est le propre des natures affectueuses. Somme toute, pourtant, c'était quelque chose d'assez endormi et d'assez insignifiant, en apparence du moins, que Jean Valjean. Il avait perdu en très bas âge son père et sa mère. Son père, émondeur comme lui, s'était tué en tombant d'un arbre. Il n'était resté à Jean Valjean qu'une sœur plus âgée que lui, veuve, avec sept enfants, filles et garçons. Cette sœur avait élevé Jean Valjean, et tant qu'elle eut son mari elle logea et nourrit son jeune frère. Le mari mourut. L'aîné des sept enfants avait huit ans, le dernier un an. Jean Valjean venait d'atteindre, lui, sa vingt-cinquième année. Il remplaça le père, et soutint à son tour sa sœur qui l'avait élevé. Cela se fit simplement, comme un devoir, même avec quelque chose de bourru de la part de Jean Valjean. Sa jeunesse se dépensait ainsi dans un travail rude et mal payé.

Le soir il rentrait fatigué et mangeait sa soupe sans dire un mot. Sa sœur, mère Jeanne, pendant qu'il mangeait, lui prenait souvent dans son écuelle le meilleur de son repas, le morceau de viande, la tranche de lard, le cœur de chou, pour le donner à quelqu'un de ses enfants; lui, mangeant toujours, penché sur la table, presque la tête dans sa soupe, ses longs cheveux tombant autour de son écuelle et cachant ses yeux, avait l'air de ne rien voir et laissait faire.

Il gagnait dans la saison de l'émondage vingt-quatre sous par jour, puis il se louait comme moissonneur, comme manoeuvre, comme garçon de ferme bouvier, comme homme de peine. Il faisait ce qu'il pouvait. Sa sœur travaillait de son côté, mais que faire avec sept petits enfants? C'était un triste groupe que la misère enveloppa et étreignit peu à peu. Il arriva qu'un hiver fut rude. Jean n'eut pas d'ouvrage. La famille n'eut pas de pain. Pas de pain—à la lettre—et sept enfants.

Un dimanche soir, Maubert Isabeau, boulanger sur la place de l'église, à Faveroles, se disposait à se coucher, lorsqu'il entendit un coup violent dans la devanture grillée et vitrée de sa boutique. Il arriva à temps pour voir un bras passé à travers un trou fait d'un coup de poing dans la grillée et dans la vitre. Le bras saisit un pain et l'emporta. Isabeau sortit en hâte; le voleur s'enfuyait à toutes jambes; Isabeau courut après lui et l'arrêta. Le voleur avait jeté le pain, mais il avait encore le bras ensanglanté. C'était Jean Valjean. Ceci se passait en 1795, Jean Valjean fut traduit devant les tribunaux du temps "pour vol avec effraction la nuit dans une maison habitée." Il avait un fusil dont il se servait mieux que tireur au monde, il était quelque peu braconnier; ce qui lui nuisit. Jean Valjean fut déclaré coupable. Les termes du code étaient formels. Il y a dans notre civilisation des heures redoutables; ce sont les moments où la pénalité prononce un naufrage. Quelle minute funèbre que celle où la société s'éloigne et consomme l'irréparable abandon d'un être pensant! Jean Valjean fut condamné à cinq ans de galères.

* "Les Misérables," de Victor Hugo.

JEAN VALJEAN *

JEAN VALJEAN belonged to a poor peasant family of La Brie. In his childhood he had not been taught to read, and when he was of man's age he was a pruner at Faveroles. His mother's name was Jeanne Mathieu; his father's Jean Valjean or Vlajean—probably a nickname and a contraction of *Voilà Jean*. Jean Valjean possessed a pensive but not melancholy character, which is peculiar to affectionate natures; but altogether he was a dull, insignificant fellow—at least apparently. He had lost father and mother when still very young. His father, a pruner, like himself, was killed by a fall from a tree. All that was left Jean Valjean was a sister older than himself, a widow with seven children, boys and girls. This sister brought Jean Valjean up, and so long as her husband was alive she supported her brother. When the husband died the oldest of the seven children was eight years of age; the youngest, one; while Jean Valjean had just reached his twenty-fifth year. He took the place of the father, and in his turn supported the sister who had reared him. This was done simply, as a duty, and even rather roughly, by Jean Valjean; and his youth was thus expended in hard and ill-paid toil.

At night he came home tired, and ate his soup without saying a word. His sister, Mother Jeanne, while he was eating, often took out of his porringer the best part of his meal—the piece of meat, the slice of bacon, of the heart of the cabbage—to give to one of her children; he, still eating, bent over the table, with his head almost in his soup, and, his long hair falling around his porringer and hiding his eyes, pretended not to see it, and let her do as she pleased.

He earned in the pruning season eighteen sous a day, and, besides, hired himself out as reaper, labourer, neatherd, and odd man. He did what he could. His sister worked too, but what could she do with seven little children? It was a sad group, which wretchedness gradually enveloped and choked. A hard winter came, Jean had no work, and the family had no bread. No bread—literally none—and seven children.

One Sunday evening Maubert Isabeau, the baker in the church square at Faveroles, was just going to bed when he heard a violent blow on the grated and glazed front of his shop. He ran out in time to see an arm passed through a hole made by a fist in the gratings and window-pane; a hand seized a loaf and carried it off. Isabeau rushed to the door; the thief ran away at his hardest, but the baker caught him and stopped him. The thief had thrown away the loaf, but his arm was still bleeding; it was Jean Valjean.

This took place in 1795. Jean Valjean was brought before the courts, charged "with burglary, committed with violence, at night, in an inhabited house." He had a gun, was a splendid shot, and a bit of a poacher, and this injured him.

Jean Valjean was found guilty, and the terms of the code were explicit. There are in our civilisation formidable moments; they are those in which penal justice decrees a shipwreck. What a mournful minute is that in which society withdraws and consummates the irreparable abandonment of a thinking being! Jean Valjean was sentenced to five years at the galleys.

* Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables."

MATEO FALCONE * * * BY PROSPER MÉRIMÉE

PART II.

While the dragoons busied themselves, some in making a kind of stretcher with some branches from a chestnut tree, the others in dressing Gianetto's wound, Mateo Falcone and his wife appeared all at once at the turn of the path that led to the bush. The woman moved along laboriously, bent beneath the burden of an enormous sack of chestnuts, while her husband, with a dignified air, only carried a musket in his hand and another in his bandolier; for it is unworthy of a man to carry any other burden than his arms.

At the sight of the soldiers, Mateo's first thought was that they had come to arrest him. But why this idea? Had Mateo, then, had some differences with the law? No. He enjoyed a good reputation. He was, as they say, "in specially good repute"; but he was a Corsican and a mountaineer, and there are few Corsican mountaineers who, in searching their memories well, but find some peccadillo, such as shooting, stiletto thrusts, and other bagatelles. Mateo, more than any other, had a clear conscience, as for more than ten years he had not directed a gun against any man; but, all the same, he was careful, and he put himself in a position to make a good defence, if it should be necessary.

"Wife," said he to Giuseppa, "put down your sack and hold yourself in readiness."

She obeyed at once. He gave her the musket that he had in his bandolier, as it might have hampered him. He loaded the one that he had in his hand, and advanced slowly towards the house, going along the trees that bordered on the road, and ready, at the slightest hostile demonstration, to throw himself behind the biggest trunk, from which he would be able to fire from cover. His wife walked at his heels, carrying his reserve musket and his cartridge-box. The work of a good housewife, in case of a struggle, is to load her husband's firearms.

On the other hand, the adjutant was much troubled to see Mateo advance thus, with careful steps, the musket in front and his finger on the trigger.

"If by chance," thought he, "Mateo should turn out to be a relation of Gianetto, or if he were his friend, and should wish to defend him, the charge of both muskets will reach us in double quick time, just as sure as a letter in the post, and if he were to aim at me, notwithstanding the relationship! . . ."

In this perplexity he played a very courageous part: this was to advance alone towards Mateo, in order to tell him of the affair, approaching him like an old acquaintance; but the short space that separated him from Mateo appeared terribly long.

"Hallo, my old friend!" cried he; "how are you, old chap? It's me, I am Gamba, your cousin."

Mateo, without answering a word, had stopped, and as the other spoke he slowly raised the barrel of his musket, so that it was directed towards the sky at the moment the adjutant joined him.

"Good-day, brother," said the adjutant, holding out his hand. "It is indeed a long time since I have seen you."

"Good-day, brother."

"I came over in order to say good-day to you in passing, and also to my cousin Pepa. We have made a long journey to-day; but we must not complain of fatigue, for we have made a famous capture. We have just seized Gianetto Sanpiero."

"God be praised!" cried Giuseppa. "He stole a milch goat from us last week."

The words gladdened Gamba.

"Poor devil!" said Mateo, "he was hungry."

"The scamp defended himself like a lion," continued the adjutant, a little mortified; "he killed one of my troopers, and, not content with that, he broke Corporal Chardon's arm; but that is no great harm, he is only a Frenchman. . . . After that, he was so well hidden that the devil himself would not have been able to discover him. But for my little cousin Fortunato, I should never have been able to find him."

"Fortunato!" cried Mateo.

"Fortunato!" repeated Giuseppa.

"Yes, Gianetto was hidden beneath that pile of hay yonder; but my little cousin showed me the trick. Accordingly, I shall tell his uncle, the corporal, so that he may send him a nice present for his trouble. And his name and yours will be in the report that I shall send to the attorney-general."

"Curse it!" said Mateo, quite low.

They had joined the detachment. Gianetto was already laid on his litter and ready to leave. When he saw Mateo in the company of Gamba he smiled a peculiar smile; then, turning towards the door of the house, he spat on the threshold, saying:

"The house of a traitor!"

It would only have been a man that had made up his mind to die that would have dared to pronounce the word traitor with reference to Falcone. A good stiletto thrust, that would not need to have been repeated, would immediately have paid for the insult. However, Mateo made no other movement than that of carrying his hand to his forehead, like a dejected man.

Fortunato had entered the house on seeing his father arrive. He soon reappeared with a bowl of milk that he offered, with downcast eyes, to Gianetto.

"Get out!" cried the outlaw to him, in a terrible voice.

Then, turning towards one of the dragoons:

"Comrade, give me a drink," said he.

The soldier took his flask in his hands, and the bandit drank the water that was given him by a man with whom he had just exchanged shots. Then he asked that they would fix his hands in such a way that they would be crossed on his breast, instead of having them tied behind his back.

"I like," said he, "to lie comfortably."

They hastened to satisfy him; then the adjutant gave the signal for departure, bade good-bye to Mateo, who did not reply, and descended with rapid steps towards the plain.

Nearly ten minutes elapsed before Mateo opened his mouth. The child looked with an anxious eye, sometimes at his mother, sometimes at his father, who was leaning on his musket, and regarding him with an expression of suppressed anger.

"You begin well!" said Mateo at last, in a calm voice, but terrible to those who knew the man.

"My father!" cried the child, coming forward, the tears in his eyes, as if to throw himself on his knees.

But Mateo cried to him:

"Away from me!"

And the child stopped and sobbed motionless several paces from his father.

Giuseppa approached. She had just noticed the

watch-chain, the end of which came out from Fortunato's shirt.

"Who gave you that watch?" she asked in a severe tone.

"My cousin, the adjutant."

Falcone seized the watch, and, throwing it forcibly against a stone, broke it in a thousand pieces.

"Woman," said he, "is this child mine?"

Giuseppa's brown cheeks became brick-red.

"What do you say, Mateo? And do you know whom you're speaking to?"

"Very well, the child is the first of his race that has committed treason."

Fortunato's sobs and hiccoughs were redoubled, and Falcone kept his lynx eyes fixed on him continually. At last he struck the ground with the butt-end of his musket, then he threw it over his shoulder, and again took the road for the bush, calling on Fortunato to follow him. The child obeyed.

Giuseppa ran after Mateo and seized his arm.

"He's your son," said she to him, in a trembling voice, and riveted her black eyes on those of her husband, as if to read what was passing in his heart.

"Leave me," replied Mateo: "I am his father."

Giuseppa embraced her son, and entered the cabin weeping. She threw herself on her knees before an image of the Virgin, and prayed fervently. Meantime, Falcone marched some two hundred paces along the path, and stopped at a little ravine, into which he descended. He sounded the ground with the butt-end of his musket, and found it soft and easy to dig. The spot appeared to him to be suitable for his purpose.

"Fortunato, go in front of that big stone."

The child did as he was commanded, then knelt down:

"Say your prayers."

"My father, my father! Do not kill me!"

"Say your prayers!" replied Mateo in a terrible voice.

The child, stammering and sobbing through it all, repeated the *Pater* and the *Credo*. His father in a strong voice responded *Amen!* at the end of each prayer.

"Are these all the prayers that you know?"

"My father, I also know the *Ave Maria* and the litany that my aunt taught me."

"It is rather long, but no matter."

The child finished the litany in a voice scarcely audible.

"Are you finished?"

"Oh! My father, pardon! Forgive me! I will never do it again! I shall ask my cousin the corporal ever so much to pardon Gianetto!"

He was still speaking; Mateo had cocked his gun and taken aim at him, saying:

"May God pardon you!"

The child made a despairing effort to rise and clasp his father's knees; but he had not time for this. Mateo fired, and Fortunato fell dead at once.

Mateo, without casting a glance at the body, returned by the path towards his house to fetch a spade in order to bury his son. He had scarcely gone a few steps when he met Giuseppa, who was running, alarmed at the sound of firing.

"What have you done?" she cried.

"Justice."

"Where is he?"

"In the ravine. I am going to bury him. He died a Christian; I shall have a mass celebrated for him. I would like you to tell my son-in-law, Tiodoro Bianchi, to come and live with us."—*Translated by W. W. Tunbridge.*

CORRESPONDENCE

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Owing to the large number of letters received it is necessary for correspondents to write briefly if their letters are to appear.

"RAINGLESS" WHEAT.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—In "Notes of the Week," in your issue of April 25th, you predict "a diversion of, at any rate part of, the present stream of emigrants to South Africa," owing to the sensational results achieved by Dr. Macdonald, the Government expert, and his staff in growing wheat in the dry belt of the Transvaal, on which not a drop of rain had fallen from seed time to harvest.

Dr. Macdonald and his staff have done splendid work in South Africa, and have opened the eyes of the people to the wonderful possibilities of the country. But a settler needs more than possibilities. Possibilities are of no use to him without land on which to turn them into actualities, and where is he to get land in South Africa at a figure which will give him as good a return on the cash he invests as he will be able to get in Western Canada or Australia? All the land in the healthy parts of the Union has long since been taken up, and we cannot further encroach on the native territories without grave injustice. Lord Milner bought land all over the country for closer settlements, ten or twelve years ago, but, owing to the high price which had to be given for the land, his closer settlements tell the same dismal story as the small-holders' allotments in England.

I live near the White River Settlement, started at great expense to the British taxpayer just after the war, and there is not a single settler left there now, and the irrigation canal, buildings, etc., are all falling to pieces; and the other settlements can tell much the same tale.

The average size of the farms in the Union, according to Dr. Macdonald, is 5,000 acres, and in a majority of cases the finest crop the farmer grows is the beard on his own chin.

The Transvaal Consolidated Lands Company own 3,333,000 acres in the Transvaal—nearly a twentieth of the whole country. Mr. W. McCallum, presiding at the annual meeting of the Transvaal Landowners' Association in Johannesburg last month, said: "This gradual increase in white settlement, slight though it is, coupled with the eradication of pests, better means of communication, etc., is having an effect on the price of land which is gradually improving, and I think we may safely look forward to that improvement being maintained."

Exactly! Each settler Dr. Macdonald persuades to come out here will help on with the improvement. He will put up the price of land a bit against the next one, and the more the merrier—for the land companies; and unless we follow the lead of the other colonies and tax land values, the future of the white races in South Africa—well, there isn't any.

At present more people are leaving the Union than are coming into it, and even the Dutch are emigrating; but the taxation of land values and a gradual separation of the whites and blacks are questions which are at present exciting a great deal of attention out here, and if we can only manage to carry them through we will then see a turn in the tide, and the blood and wealth so freely spent to win this grand

(Continued on page 372.)

HOLIDAY TRAVEL.

"NOT THE AIMLESS WANDERING THAT YIELDS EXCITEMENT, CONFUSION OF IDEAS AND PHYSICAL EXHAUSTION, BUT THE CAREFULLY PLANNED, LEISURELY, DIGNIFIED TOUR THAT PROVIDES REST, RECREATION, INSPIRATION, CULTURE."

"EVERYMAN" HOLIDAYS.



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AND BE THY GUIDE, IN THY MOST
NEED TO GO BY THY SIDE.



THE success that has attended the EVERYMAN Continental Holiday Tours, arranged in conjunction with a Private Touring Company, is a striking tribute to the confidence that the readers have in their journal. The first parties are now enjoying all the advantages offered by EVERYMAN TOURS. Some of our readers have gone to Lucerne and Grindelwald, some to Rouen and Paris, others to beautiful Bruges, and to Flanders and the Ardennes. And we know that their holidays will be all that a holiday should be, for all that is humanly possible to make them so has been done.

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A really splendid conducted holiday has been arranged in quaint, picturesque Holland. Parties leave Victoria Station on July 25th and August 15th.

THE CHARM OF HOLLAND.

No country is more suitable for a short holiday than Holland; it is a small country; it is said that the whole of it can be seen from the top of a high tower, and the tourist has the satisfaction of knowing that he can see most of the country during his stay.

AS GOOD AS VENICE!

Holland is, moreover, a country unique, and offers that entire change only to be obtained in a strange land among strange people. Holland is unlike any other country. Thackeray talks of a week spent in Holland revelling amid its quaint attractions. There was the journey by rail "through the vast green flats, speckled by cows and bounded by a gay frontier of wind-mills"; the Hague is "the prettiest little brick city, with the pleasantest park to ride in, the neatest, comfortable people walking about, the canals not unsweet, and busy and picturesque with old-world life;" and Amsterdam is "as good as Venice, with a superadded humour and grotesqueness which gives the sightseer the most singular zest and pleasure."

THE DUTCH FOLK.

The strangeness of Holland is most refreshing. Everywhere are to be seen windmills and canals; cattle are grazing in the rich pastures, many of them "dressed" in a queer kind of jacket; the rows of trees planted along the dykes look like the toy-trees out of a Noah's Ark; the peasants are dressed in quaint costumes, and wear extraordinary head-dresses, the *hoofdijzer*, a gold and silver helmet, looking like a second skull. Here and there are to be seen the Storks, treated with much respect by the kindly Dutch folk.

THE ZUYDER ZEE.

The greatest interest of all circles around the quaint villages on the shores of the Zuyder Zee. Leaving Amsterdam, a short boat journey brings the visitor into a veritable Land of Comic Opera. At Volendam, and again at Marken, the picturesque costumes of the villagers and their quaint environment are the delight of artists and photographers.

EXCURSIONS.

Many excursions have been arranged, including visits to Amsterdam, steamer trip to Zaandam, the "Village of Wind-

mills," all-day steamer trips round the Dead Cities of the Zuyder Zee, to Volendam, the Island of Marken, trip to Haarlem, visit to the Groote Kerk, a day at the Hague, visit to Delft, etc., etc.

INCLUSIVE COST.

The cost, including all hotels (three meals a day) and travelling expenses (second class throughout), admission fees, etc., drives in Amsterdam and the Hague, steamer trips to the Isle of Marken and the "Dead Cities of the Zuyder Zee," and to Dordrecht, trips to Haarlem, Delft, and Scheveningen, and services of conductor, is only £5 19s. Inclusive fee to cover all gratuities and portage of luggage, 4s. 6d.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Many parties are now complete, and others are being rapidly filled up. To avoid disappointment it is advisable to provisionally book your place AT ONCE.

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Thus, then, the traveller is supplied with a chart for his journey, and knows just how much it will cost him, and carries nothing but a case with his name on, which is his identification to Hotels, and, of course, his Railway Tickets.

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It is nothing less than the discovery of a wonderfully simple yet scientific method for restoring tired, old eyes to their once-youthful, clear-seeing power, and curing weak eyesight.

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The answer in practically every case is "Yes."

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Natural easy position when reading or writing.

out the instructions I give, which are so simple that a child could understand, yet so effective as to be of benefit, no matter how bad the sight may be."

Mr. Levison particularly invites those who wear glasses to write to or call upon him for his advice, and especially writers and students who find their sight overstrained by reason of their occupation.

He makes no charge for this advice, whether to callers or to postal inquirers.

Most successful has the new discovery proved for:—

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| 1. Failing or Weakening Sight. | 6. Watery Eyes. |
| 2. Short Sight. | 7. Discharging Eyes. |
| 3. Old Sight and Blurring. | 8. Unequal Eyes. |
| 4. Twitching Eyes. | 9. Aching Eyes. |
| 5. Hot Eyes. | 10. Red and Inflamed Eyes. |

11. Eyesight Headaches.

Particularly those advanced in years find benefit from Mr. Levison's method, and already a great many people of fifty, sixty, or seventy years write him stating they can once again see clearly. Their tired eyes are re-strengthened, and they need no longer wear glasses.

Mr. Levison has thought how he could best reply to the great number who have written to him, and he has now prepared printed particulars which clearly set out what this wonderful method is and what it will do for those with weak sight. Copies of these particulars may be obtained either by calling on Mr. Levison personally or by writing to him at The Levison Eyesight Institute, 64, Wigmore Street, London, W.

It will be of particular interest to readers to learn that the authoritative medical journal, the *Family Doctor*, warmly approves of his clever discovery, and advises all who have weak or failing sight to write for the particulars he is for the time being prepared to send on receipt of a penny stamp for reply.

country for civilisation may not yet be wasted.—I am, sir, etc.,

MATHER SMITH.

P.S.—Like many of your other readers, I couldn't quite fathom Mr. Chiozza Money's "The Work that Must Be Done."

P.O. Noord-Kaap, Transvaal, May 19th, 1913.

WOMAN IN THE FINANCIAL WORLD.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—My attention has been directed to a letter in your issue of the 20th June headed "Woman in the Financial World," and signed by Reginald H. S. Cobbitt, who describes himself as a "Chartered Accountant," although his name does not appear in the latest issue of the list of members of the Institute of Chartered Accountants in England and Wales. In endeavouring to correct a statement made in your article under the above heading, he makes another statement which in turn needs correction. It is perfectly true that the Institute does not admit women to its examinations. It is not true, however, that numerous associations of accountants have sprung up in late years. Only two associations have come into existence, of which this is one, and they have fully justified their right to exist by their success. The London Association of Accountants is the only association in the British Isles which admits women to its rank, and it might even be interesting to your readers to know how it came to do so. The profession of accountancy does not largely attract women, or otherwise they would by now either have been attached to some Institute or had a society of their own; but a few years ago the Institute of Chartered Accountants endeavoured to get a Bill through Parliament limiting the right of practising very considerably, and chiefly in favour of their own members, and in endeavouring to get influential support from the Government it was pointed out that they ought to include women. The promoters thereupon said that if the Bill could be passed they would admit women. The Bill, owing to its inherent unfairness, did not get anywhere near passing. The Council of this Association thereupon very properly reasoned that if it was good enough for the Chartered Institute to admit women if the Bill was passed, it was good enough for the London Association to admit them in any event, and so they did, and their enlightened policy has been justified by results.—I am, sir, etc.,

HENRY A. G. LEWIS,

Secretary, The London Association of
Accountants, Ltd.

London, E.C., June 24th, 1913.

THE MONT DE PIÉTÉ.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—In his interesting article on the French Mont de Piété, your Special Commissioner did not mention an important adjunct to that Institution. I refer to the 2,000 odd persons who flourish by lending money on its tickets.

The French authorities have tried to suppress them by legislation, but have failed to do so, and the customers of the Mont de Piété continue to borrow money at a low rate, and then to raise additional sums on the tickets at 50 or 60 per cent. In estimating the value of the Mont de Piété this fact has to be remembered, and I must query your Commissioner's dictum that the advantage is so unquestionably with the French system.

He mentioned the delays caused by its necessary centralisation, and he might have included the matter

of distance, and the possible tram fare to get to it. In the big cities of Great Britain, including London, a pawnbroker can generally be found not very far off, and competition makes it necessary for him to do his best to accommodate his customer.

Your Commissioner makes the rate of interest in Great Britain to work out very formidably; but to take the worst-looking case—a loan of 1s. for three days, on which the $\frac{1}{2}$ d. for the ticket and $\frac{1}{2}$ d. interest amount to 1,014 per cent. per annum—it is possible that such a transaction may really mean a loss to the pawnbroker in a business of average size.

Your Commissioner forgets that, in addition to writing the ticket, he has to make a complete entry of the transaction in a book, do the parcel up so that it may be in good condition if left for twelve months, and have it carefully stacked in his warehouse, so that it can be quickly found when wanted.

The warehouse has to be kept clean, and the parcel has to be insured against fire and burglary to the extent of principal and interest, and 25 per cent. on the amount of the loan. I question whether the 1d. is sufficient to cover the cost of all this, unless the number of pledges taken in is very large. To take a similar case, I do not think that the railways have a gold mine in their cloak-rooms, though 2d. a day is charged for each article and no money is advanced.

Again, are there many retail businesses that can be profitably conducted on a lower basis than 25 per cent. gross profit on their sales?—a much higher rate than the 25 per cent. per annum of the pawnbroker.

As regards the sale by auction of unredeemed pledges, I do not understand your Commissioner's point. By law, the sales have to be well advertised, the auctioneers are men of high standing in their profession, and it is to their interest to get the best prices possible; but if the pawnbroker does not sit beside them, or send them a catalogue marked with his reserve prices, they must sell without reserve, and leave him entirely in the dealers' hands. If the dealers will not give what he believes to be a fair price, what is the pawnbroker to do but to buy the pledge in and try to sell it elsewhere?

The reason why there is not often a surplus for the pledger in Great Britain is that competition leads pawnbrokers in most cases to lend well up to the market value.

I believe it to be true that, of all tradesmen who do business with the poor, the pawnbroker makes the smallest profit out of them.—I am, sir, etc.,
London, W. A PAWNBROKER.

THE CURSE OF USURY.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

DEAR SIR,—As one possessing an intimate acquaintance with usury in slumland, may I be permitted to supply a little item overlooked by your Special Commissioner?

In his table giving the percentage of interest accruing to pawnbrokers, he has omitted to reckon with a charge that is levied without legal approval. Beyond the charge for the ticket and the charge for interest protected by law, the pawnbroker imposes a rental tax (if one may so call it). It works this way: A woman pawns a petticoat or a pair of boots, and the charges, as given by your Commissioner, are imposed. But a girl pawning her best blouse, which she wants taken care of, is charged an extra penny for "hanging up" or putting away in a drawer. This makes a very material difference in the table of profits.—I am, sir, etc.,
H. V. O'NEILL.

Liverpool, June 20th, 1913.

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FANNY BURNEY'S "EVELINA."

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

DEAR SIR,—On reading the interesting "Master-piece for the Week" in EVERYMAN of June 20th, by Anna Branson, on "Evelina," I think it may interest your readers to know that the house occupied by Dr. Burney, in the garret of which "Evelina" was written, and situated in St. Martin's Street, W.C., is now advertised for sale. The interest attaching to this building is, however, not confined to it being the birthplace of the celebrated novel; before Dr. Burney's time it was—for the last seventeen years of his life-time—the dwelling-place of Sir Isaac Newton. Does it not seem almost a scandal that the house whose history is so bound up with national progress should come under the auctioneer's hammer? The difficulties of purchase are, I understand, extremely great, inasmuch as the narrow street is bound to be made into a wide thoroughfare. But surely, even if it has to be pulled down, the least that can be done is to mark, in some conspicuous manner, that on this site stood the house occupied by the leader of British Science and the great authoress who—as your contributor so truly says—"made the path smooth for Maria Edgeworth, Jane Austen, Charlotte Brontë, and the many other women who have been mighty with the pen."—I am, sir, etc.,

(Sir) HENRY E. ROSCOE, P.C., F.R.S.

Wetherby Road, S.W.

GEORGE BORROW AND THE GYPSIES.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—I am glad to see that your correspondent "D. B. G." has raised the question of Borrow's knowledge of gypsies. May I be permitted to suggest that Borrow's knowledge of Romanes was no more thoroughgoing than his other philological researches? I believe it is the opinion of competent latter-day "Romany Ryes" that he did not so completely express the gypsy spirit as is generally supposed, *e.g.*, the description of the gypsy female character has been far more adequately treated by men like Francis Groome or Leland.

I met last vacation an old gypsy, a nephew of Jasper Petulengro, who told me he well remembered Borrow, and in his boyhood had frequently stayed near Oulton Hall during Borrow's residence there. "Yes, my dear," he once told me, "Mr. Borrow was a fine gentleman; but he 'penned' (told) a lot of hukkaben (lies) about us Romanes."

With regard to the vexed question of origins, blessed beyond men is he who can speak with certainty of the first home of the Roms. I think, however, one thing is certain, and that is that they did not emanate originally from Egypt. Leland suggested that they came from Northern India, and thought they seemed identical with a wandering low-caste tribe called the Dons or Roms. "D. B. G." will find in Leland's "English Gypsies and the Language" a chapter on evidences of their Indian origin. The tenacity with which the gypsy has preserved his pride of race, his contempt for "gorgios" (Gentiles), and, above all, his hatred of mumpers (half-breeds), bespeaks a sense of caste which is at least remarkable.

The Romany word for water (pani) is, I believe, the same as the Hindustani word, and "jukhel," a dog, leaves no doubt of their starting from, or long residence in, the land of the jackal. There are, of course, many words in the gypsy language which have been drafted into it in the course of their wanderings

(especially Russian and Greek), *e.g.*, "drom," a road, bears a strong resemblance to the Greek *δρομος*.

Is "D. B. G." aware that there is another language of the road, which is Celtic in origin, and contains many archaic Gaelic words, "Shelta," or the Tinker's language? That was discovered by Leland, and Borrow does not appear to be aware of its existence. The vocabulary is not nearly so extensive as Romanes.

I presume "D. B. G." knows the story of the gypsies appearing in Europe in the fifteenth century, doing penance for having refused hospitality to the Virgin and her child while in Egypt.

It is a poor Romanichel who couldn't pooker a hukkaben to a gorgio if there was any chance of making any dloovu (money) out of it!—I am, sir, etc.,
Mon. I. M. H.

IVAN TURGENIEV.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Your readers are thankful for all the good things in EVERYMAN which you are giving us week by week. Amongst these we are specially thankful for the series of splendid character sketches, and amongst the best of these is the one in your last issue, on Ivan Turgenev, by Charles Sarolea, who always writes with such a well-informed mind and an illuminating style.

I do not, however, understand how Mr. Sarolea can say that Turgenev has no creative faculty. I admit that his great power is that of minute and comprehensive observation. It is said that his tales are a magazine of small facts, anecdotes, and descriptive traits taken from life. He seemed to keep a diary of what he saw, and of his sense impressions. But does that argue the absence of the creative faculty? Does creation mean to bring something out of nothing?

When we see the wonderful imaginative and emotional force he brings to bear upon his facts, traits, etc., by which they are transfigured by the alchemy of his wonderful genius, I think we have a revelation of creative power of a high order. Henry James, in his able study of Turgenev, says: "No romancer has created a greater number of the figures that breathe, and move, and speak, in their habits as they might have lived; none, on the whole, seems to us to have had such a masterly touch in portraiture, none has mingled so much ideal beauty with so much unsparing reality." I think all who know the great Russian novelist will agree with this dictum.—I am, sir, etc.,

WM. DINNING.

Chalfont St. Giles, June 21st, 1913.

THE TRAFFIC IN WOMEN.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

DEAR SIR,—I should like to draw the attention of all interested in the above subject to an article entitled "The Truth About White Slavery," which appears in the June issue of the *English Review*.

No one who carefully considers the evidence there set forth will fail to be convinced of the truth of the author's contention that the various tales of the forcible abduction of young girls which have been current are wholly fictitious, and have been recounted to a too credulous public for the purpose of showing the helplessness of women—of course without the vote.

All the so-called evidence on which the Flogging Act was passed has been subjected to a searching inquiry, with the result that the members of the "Pass

(Continued on page 376.)

SPARE TIME OR WASTE TIME ? * * * BY JOHN PERCIVAL

WAS it not the late Archbishop of Canterbury who asserted that such a thing as spare time should not exist? According to Dr. Temple, famous divine, scholar and teacher, all time which was not utilised for some definite good, for some actual progress, was waste time.

Have you "spare time" or "waste time"? In these days of keen competition for the very right to earn one's daily bread, this is an important question for all.

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 those 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.

But, personally, I am inclined to think that the business of writing advertisements is the best for odd moments, and it is certainly the most lucrative.

One has only to sit down and consider the millions spent annually on advertising to realise the tremendous field open to the trained advertisement-writer. And the demand is steadily increasing. Here, then, is an ideal opportunity of converting spare hours into golden guineas. I know the possibilities of the advertising field, and I say emphatically that were I a young man again I would not hesitate to qualify for the advertising profession. I know of one young man who earned as much as £100 a year, and more, in his spare time by writing advertisements. I know another man who gives one evening a week to advertisement-writing, and

receives a guinea for the evening's work. Another couple, to my knowledge, in receipt of a regular salary, augment their income to the extent of £20 or more monthly by devoting four or five evenings per week to the work. What is there to make these men so successful? Brains they certainly have, but in no greater degree than many a 30s. per week clerk. Their secret was training. Experience was good, but, as Roger Ascham says, "By experience we find a short way by a long wandering. Learning teacheth more in one year than experience in twenty," and I know of no better training in advertisement-writing than that afforded by the Practical Correspondence College, 77, Thanet House, Strand, London, W.C. I have been permitted to examine the Course, and also to look through the criticisms of students' work, and I was thoroughly impressed with the practical and sound system of tuition. The College claims to have gained a sound reputation for honest and thorough tuition, and the fact that the principals will only accept as students those who show definite aptitude for the work (as evidenced by letters I saw advising unsuitable applicants not to enrol), is undoubtedly a policy which is bound to promote the interests of the Practical Correspondence College.

Readers of EVERYMAN who realise the vital importance of increasing their earning capacity, and of utilising their spare time in the most profitable way, will be well advised to write to the Secretary of the Practical Correspondence College, 77, Thanet House, Strand, London, W.C., for a free copy of "Brains and Ink," and if advantage is taken of the Course, then Dr. Temple's ideal will be fulfilled, and you will have no "waste time," because you no longer have "spare time."

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the Bill Committee" are convicted of getting legislation under false pretences. The whole of the documents have been placed in the hands of the Editor of the *English Review*, and may be inspected by all.

This investigation has revealed the truth that the social evil has been greatly exaggerated by the Suffragettes to gain their ends. The ideas of the depravity of man and the contrasted virtue of woman have been sedulously cultivated as a perhaps surer means of gaining the vote than by means of arson, hunger strikes, etc.—I am, sir, etc.,

CLAUDE TESSIER.

Kingston-upon-Thames,

MR. LILLY ON INDIANS.

To the Editor of *EVERYMAN*.

SIR,—Mr. W. S. Lilly having now completed his tirade upon Indians, I hope you will allow me to refute some of the statements made by him in his article published in the current issue of *EVERYMAN*.

The advocacy and justification of similar ideas in one respect were put before your readers only recently—namely, the gospel of Imperialism; only more seductively put, under the pretext of benefiting civilisation. Your correspondent's argument resolves itself into saying that the Indians are not competent to govern themselves, and that the subject race should in nowise question the policy of the powers that be, but should silently assent to the doings of the executive without one word of murmur. But even a conquered people have their rights, and will assert them when the time arrives, despite the rage, threat, and oppression of the despot. Bureaucratic activity and viceregal zeal misdirected has combined to rouse the slumbering Titan of discontent and despair of an aggrieved and helpless nation.

Furthermore, he says that by educating them we are only poisoning their minds against us, and breeding discontent. It is also clear that, by quoting M. Maindron, he agrees with the latter when he says, speaking of the Indians, "Their power is the pen." Apparently he fears the intellectual superiority of the Indian over the Englishman, given equal opportunities!

Anglo-Indian policy has been to strike a blow at the growing power of the educated and advanced classes. Was not the Education Act really meant more than anything else to restrict higher education, by making it more costly, and to officialise the governing bodies of the Universities, which had been enjoying some degree of independence?

Again, the Official Secrets Act was passed to muzzle the Indian press, and also the passing of the Seditious Meetings Act drove resentment underground, and was the cause of the origin of the anarchic school of thought. Killing a rising nationality is no ordinary crime, and it seems as though British democracy has taken an opiate dose of slumbering apathy, leading to profound ignorance and indifference, upon which ministers and proconsuls trade.

I am well aware that if we left India to-day the Indians could not control themselves; but, given their rights now, the day is not far distant when they will be able to do so.—I am, sir, etc.,

S. Wales.

ISAAC SHEPHERD.

INDUSTRIAL SCIENTIFIC MANAGEMENT.

To the Editor of *EVERYMAN*.

SIR,—Your correspondent, Mr. Burke, appears to overlook an important factor in the development of "Industrial Scientific Management," namely, industrial

monopoly in the shape of huge trusts and combines. In business, at the present time, co-operation is rapidly taking the place of competition. The advantages to the producers of a co-operative policy are becoming more and more apparent, and no doubt by the time we have scientific management, we will also have all our industries monopolised by huge trusts. In any case, the co-operation of employers seems to me to be an elementary principle of "Industrial Scientific Management."

Industrial monopoly would, of course, eliminate competition, and enable the producers to demand almost any price for their productions; therefore Mr. Burke is mistaken in his contention that many of the surplus workers would be employed in advertising and pushing sales, as that occupation depends for its existence on competition.

The problem of how to employ those superfluous workers is a very perplexing one, but, as the introduction of "Industrial Scientific Management" will be a gradual process, I have no doubt it will gradually solve itself with the changing conditions of life. Human beings have always shown a remarkable capacity of adapting themselves to their surroundings.—I am, sir, etc.,

J. J.

Glasgow,

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—I venture to add a word on this subject, because one at least of your correspondents seems to have rather misunderstood what I consider was Mr. Fels' attitude on this subject, and his object in writing.

Unlike Mr. Johnstone, I did not understand that Mr. Fels was writing against Industrial Scientific Management, but that he was pointing out the effects of such a system, which effects he admirably epitomised in his paradox.

What Mr. Fels wanted to show would not happen Mr. Johnstone affirms would happen, for he says that if one man can be made to do the work of three, the other two are free to turn their hands to useful production of some other kind. But when these two turn to other productive occupations, they find the same process going on, the twos being turned away, the ones remaining.

Nor are we much aided by Mr. Burke's statement that the larger profits would mean keener competition, more advertising, and larger selling staffs. The connection between big profits and keen competition is far from obvious, and the statement, like most statements beginning with, e.g., "There is no getting away from the fact that . . ." needs examination, but will scarce bear it.

A man stranded on a barren rock is free to produce the wherewithal to live; scarcely more free will be those unfortunate individuals displaced by Industrial Scientific Management.

Nevertheless, freedom to produce is the one thing necessary, and that entails at least equality of access to the resources of nature, the source of all production; and that in turn necessarily involves the abolition of private property in land.—I am, sir, etc.,

Glasgow, June 22nd, 1913. J. N. MCCONOCHE.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Referring to an article over my signature, entitled "Industrial Scientific Management," published in your enterprising and esteemed journal of May 30th last, I note in your correspondence columns (20th inst. issue) the three letters dealing with my article from Mr. Arthur L. Burke, Mr. J. Lister Henderson, B.A.,

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and Mr. William Johnston respectively. I shall be glad if you will permit me to take up a little of your valuable space to enable me to deal with the criticisms of these gentlemen.

Mr. Burke appears not to have taken in the gist of my contention *re* the scientific management of industrial enterprises, for in his opening sentence he remarks that I stated a case against this system, whereas I did nothing of the kind, though I maintained that any system of speeding up in industrial establishments, while it would increase the output, and consequently tend somewhat to help the wages of the employees, the ultimate effect would be to throw people out of work, without their having any certainty of employment elsewhere under present conditions. The system of speeding up would, of course, mean reduced cost of production, and a correspondingly increased profit to the factory; but I deny that this would lead to greater consumption, except in an artificial way. Mr. Burke entirely and significantly ignores the ethics of employment which I have attempted to impress upon the readers of your journal.

Mr. Henderson is, I think, wrong in his belief that "industrial scientific management would herald the adoption of universal co-partnery," if he makes that suggestion under existing conditions. It is my honest belief that, if scientific management were brought to such a point of perfection as to double the present output with the same amount of labour, it would have little or no effect on bringing the workers into partnership with the "bosses." The latter might throw a larger sop to the workers in the shape of extra wages, but, as only a few control the earth and the franchise growing out of the possession thereof, the many would still be disinherited, Mr. Henderson's "common sense and moral right" to the contrary notwithstanding.

In the contentions I made in my article I was a great deal farther away from theorising than perhaps Mr. Johnston has any idea of, because access to land will do what I claimed, and is, in fact, doing it at the present time in several countries to the extent of such access. In Jutland (Denmark) the wages of agricultural labourers are 15 per cent. higher than in any other part of the country, and no man is able to trace any reason for this, except that land is easier to get in small areas than in any other part of that enterprising little country. An agricultural labourer will not accept from an employer lower wages than he can earn by applying his own labour to the earth under his own management.

I commend Messrs. Burke, Henderson, and Johnston to a careful reading with open minds, as well as with open eyes, of a book which many more than I consider one of the bibles of the world—Henry George's "Progress and Poverty." Indeed, George is one of the modern prophets of the world. Messrs. Dent and Sons, Ltd. have put "Progress and Poverty" in suitable company in their "Everyman's Library." If this is asking too much of my three critics, then I beg that they will read my article again.—I am, sir, etc.,

JOSEPH FELS.

London, E.C., June 27th, 1913.

THE POET-LAUREATE.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Should the position of Poet-Laureate be abolished? Emphatically, No!

Nor should there be any question as to the choice of a national bard.

When Lord Tennyson died there were three great poets remaining. They are with us to-day—William

Watson, Rudyard Kipling, and Mrs. Alice Meynell. These three—and the greatest of these is Mrs. Alice Meynell.—I am, sir, etc.,

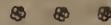
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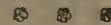
BOOKS OF THE WEEK

RAINBOW LIGHTS (Duckworth, 6s.) is a series of impressions in one of the least literary of the many Yankee dialects. Soliloquy is the form affected, punctuated with innumerable dashes, interjections, and well peppered with asterisks. Mr. de Silva's style is a very trying one. We are reminded of a jolting omnibus of the old-fashioned horse type, wherein one's progress was impeded by jars and irrelevancies. A quotation from the volume will emphasise our point: "But it makes me kind of mad when I hear a business woman break out. She'd ought to know more than that. It's easy to talk. Some of them's fond and some of them isn't . . . and the wonder to me is that any of them's fond at all. It is easy to be fond of the baby when you've all there is to share with it . . . but when you are earning your four dollars a week . . . and finding yourself . . . and then there's another to find for . . .!"



THE REPENTANCE OF DESTINY (Duckworth, 6s.), by Shway Dinga, is all about ancient Burma. It is presumably written by an Asiatic, but though the manners and customs of the people show due regard for local colour, there is none of the convincing charm and tragic intensity of that beautiful book on Burma entitled "The Soul of a People," by Henry Fielding. The story in the present volume reads somewhat like melodrama of our own times. Tun Min, the son of Ko Mung, "a blood-stained Burman," was dedicated to the priesthood. He found himself unable to endure the rigorous discipline. "A lonely mind in a holy setting" did not appeal to him, and he went out into the world. He fell in love with Min Kalé, an outrageous little flirt with many lovers and not a few adventures. She is not attracted by Tun Min, but realises he will make a comfortable husband, and becomes engaged to him. The engagement is short-lived, and the culmination of her intrigues is her suicide by poison and the murder of her latest lover. In the ultimate Tun Min goes back to the religious life. He finds even a monastery too populated for him, and becomes a recluse "in a lonely cave on the road to Hsipaw, in the Shan Hills," where he sees the years go by, with very little food and no intellectual relaxations. The author does not give us a reassuring or comforting picture of Tun Min, the anchorite. He is no more convincing in his last phase than in his first.

"We leave him alone in his cave as a cold statue, with his eyes fixed on the waving forest, which they see not, and his soul centred on the eternal verities, illumined by the pure light of Contentment and Peace."



THE LIFE OF JOHN BRIGHT (Constable, 15s. net), by Mr. G. M. Trevelyan, is an epitome of some of the most striking political events in the history of Queen Victoria's reign. The volume is carefully arranged, and contains much curious information that has hitherto failed to come to light. He sketches the part that the great orator played as Cobden's principal lieutenant in that great agitation which culminated in the repeal of the Corn Laws with telling effect. One realises the unique quality of Bright's genius, a genius

(Continued on page 380.)

THE CURE OF CONSUMPTION.

DR. EDWIN W. ALABONE'S TREATMENT.

An abundance of proof exists to show that by the use of the special inhalation treatment promulgated by Dr. Edwin W. Alabone, of Highbury Quadrant, London, N., it is possible to effect an absolute cure in the great majority of cases of persons suffering from that terrible disease consumption, which makes such appalling ravages throughout the kingdom. Unsolicited testimonials have been received from hundreds of restored patients, residing in all parts of the country, and they have gladly furnished particulars of the remarkable cures effected in their own cases by its means, thus establishing beyond every possibility of doubt the fact that consumption—the *great national scourge*—is capable of being overcome.

Owing to the numerous unsuccessful attempts which have been made in the past to discover an effectual remedy for tuberculosis, the dogma of the incurability of phthisis still remains deeply rooted in the minds of the public, but there are unmistakable signs that knowledge in regard to the curative value of the treatment under consideration is steadily increasing, and there is at the present time hardly any part of the civilised world where the results of Dr. Alabone's treatment have not been attested to. This is shown by the letters which have been received from cured patients dwelling *outside* the United Kingdom.

One of the chief means by which the knowledge of the intrinsic value of this treatment is scattered broadcast is through those persons who were formerly consumptive, and who fully realise that their lives were saved by its adoption, telling others, so that they, too, might experience the same permanent benefits. Relatives and friends who have seen patients before and after the use of the treatment have been able to fully appreciate the great change for the better; the patients have in a most remarkable manner been transformed from a state of living death into sound health, and, upon careful examination both by Dr. Alabone and other consultants, it has been found that all traces of the disease had disappeared.

For more than forty years now Dr. Alabone has been carrying on warfare against consumption, asthma, bronchitis, and other chest diseases. Years ago, before he set himself exclusively to studying phthisis, he was consultant to several institutions, and, after he left the hospitals, he received testimonials from many of the foremost members of the profession, the wording of which makes it quite clear that he held a high position in the medical world.

The highly satisfactory results attendant upon his fight against tuberculosis have, as might be expected, caused him to have some opponents even amongst his professional brethren. Their number, however, is fast decreasing, and there can be little doubt but that shortly his treatment will be universally adopted. There are to-day a large number of physicians who possess the fullest confidence in it, and who regard it as their bounden duty to recommend it to their consumptive patients. It is as well to point out that some of those

who could at one time be numbered amongst his detractors are now his most ardent supporters. This constitutes further proof, if more be needed, of its immense value to sufferers.

It has never been claimed by Dr. Alabone that his treatment for consumption is infallible; some cases may not recover, and this is not to be wondered at, seeing that most of his patients start the treatment at a point in their illness when, after having tried every other, including the open air, their cases have been pronounced as hopeless. There should be no procrastination in cases of consumption; it is always wise to act promptly, as the disease is a particularly deceptive one, and not infrequently when patients are thought to be improving they are in reality becoming worse. A word to the wise is sufficient.

As a matter of fact, thousands of persons who were formerly victims of this disease owe their complete return to good health to this treatment, and any sufferer from phthisis who elects to try it may rest assured that he has wisely chosen, and that he will have the best possible chance at present known of completely recovering from the malady.

A letter received from a cured consumptive living in the county of Bucks contains the paragraph quoted below. This particular patient had been pronounced incurable by the local physician, and it was pointed out to him that he was too far gone for *anything* to do him any good. A perusal of the paragraph will show that the patient was *not* too far gone, for, under Dr. Alabone's treatment, he was freed from all traces of that dread disease, and this is what the patient writes:—

"The proof that my cure is complete is assured by the verdict of five doctors who have sounded me since, and can detect no disease of the lungs or chest at all!"

"I must add that my recovery is generally regarded as marvellous by my friends," is a statement culled from a letter written by a London gentleman, who, as in the former case, had been declared to be incurable.

Dr. T. Young, L.R.C.P., L.R.C.S., writes: "Dr. Alabone's treatment for consumption has proved a great success in my own case, *after having been given up by several eminent physicians*. I am convinced, not only by my own experience, but from evidence of other cases I have seen, that it is the remedy so long sought for."

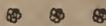
An immense number of similar cases could be mentioned did the space at disposal admit of doing so, but readers will find any particulars they wish to obtain in the following works by Dr. Alabone:—

"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., illustrated by numerous cases pronounced **INCURABLE** by the most eminent physicians, 47th edition, 171st thousand. Price 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.; "How the Cure of Consumption is Suppressed," price 1s.; "Facts Regarding the Open-Air Treatment," price 1s.

in striking incongruity with his origin and surroundings. Among the Quakers one hardly looks to find an artist, yet Bright of all men can most truly be called an artist in words, a superb and compelling orator. It is a book that everyone interested in the great men who moulded the last century should endeavour to procure.

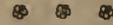


Messrs. George Allan and Co. have re-issued LOVE'S COMING OF AGE, a series of papers by Edward Carpenter. The book had a marked success on its first appearance, and contains so much that is of permanent value in the discussion of that vexed question, the relations of the sexes, that it should in its present form (3s. 6d.) find a ready sale. The author has a delicate style, fragrant, yet strong, and his advice to those who are contemplating marriage is infused with an understanding and a sympathy that makes a wide appeal. He says, most truly, that there should exist one other person in the world towards whom there should be no sense of mine or thine in property or possession, and between whom and oneself there should be a spontaneous rebound of sympathy with all the joys and sorrows and experiences of life. "For such a union love must lay the foundation, but patience and gentle consideration and self-control must work unremittingly to perfect the structure, . . . there falls a sweet, an irresistible trust over their relation to each other which consecrates as it were a double life, making both feel that nothing can now divide, and robbing each of all desire to remain when death has indeed (or at least in outer semblance) removed the other." Over the tumult and jangle as to whether man or woman is the superior being, whether or no husband or wife pays the heaviest price in marriage, these words stand forth, embodying for all time the ideal of a perfect union, a union that, as the author points out, can be obtained with patience, gentle consideration, and self-control.

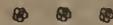


BEFORE THE DAWN (Chapman and Hall, 6s.), by Miss Katherine James. This is a romance of Italy in the stirring times of Garibaldi and his men. The plot of the story is rather weak, and makes somewhat stringent calls upon the credulity of the reader. Thus we learn that these two brothers are so much alike, even to a scar upon their forehead, that it is almost impossible to tell them apart. Needless to say, this particular coincidence is the cause of much misunderstanding and complications, more especially as one brother is an altogether decent person, who is quite content to act the scapegoat for the many misdeeds of his trying relation. Miss James is on apparently familiar ground when she is content to draw scenes of Italy, and her accounts of the revolutionary sorties are vividly depicted. Monica, the niece of a fraudulent Italian count, falls in love with an Englishman, one of the brothers referred to above, who joins Garibaldi's soldiers. She hears various tales of misdoings, which she believes are the work of her lover, but are really those of his brother; but in the end everything is put right. Leone, Monica's cousin, who is passionately in love with her, is arrested at the instigation of the Pope, on account of his revolutionary sympathies, and cast into prison, from whence he escapes by the connivance of the Englishman; but upon learning that his cousin loves his saviour, he joins the Franciscan Monks, in which capacity he is enabled to render very valuable assistance in frustrating the machinations of a scoundrelly lawyer and a Jesuit priest, who have designs upon Monica's fortune and person. The priest is particularly well drawn, and

calls forth reluctant admiration for the ingenuity of his plots, in which he seeks to involve the destinies of Monica, Leone, and even that of his compatriot and partner in iniquity, the lawyer.



War stories have a family likeness, and there is nothing in Mr. James Blyth's latest venture to single it out from the mass of novels dealing with battle, murder, and sudden death. It is an echo of the Russo-Japanese war, and certainly that campaign, as described in its pages, seems a very long way off. We have plenty of Japanese names, but the little brown men are never clearly visualised. Indeed, the characters might as well have been labelled with any other nationality and have suffered very little. The story is written in the first person, and this form enables the author to conceal his inequalities of plot and to fill in blanks of the story with personal touches, reminiscent or anticipatory. Occasionally there is a touch of the dramatic, and we feel that Mr. Blyth would arrive at better results were he to concentrate on the short story in place of the novel. Certain chapters, with a little trouble, could be made into quite readable sketches, and the first person, which is wearisome if continued over many pages, could be used legitimately in a more condensed form.



The author of "The Dop Doctor," Richard Dehan, who is none other than Miss Clo Graves, has just issued a volume of short stories. Some of these are reprints, others are original. The style is crisp, and the author shows to most advantage in the shorter tale. There is undeniable power in the manner in which certain episodes are treated. The same grip that was used with such telling force in the novel that first introduced us to Richard Dehan is shown in "Mrs. Creighton's Convert." The bad man of the piece, who turns from his wickedness, and becomes a Catholic priest, is sketched with a truth and significance that removes the central incident far from the charge of commonplace. Perhaps the most appealing and intimate of the numbers in this volume is "Gou gou." The author has a rare faculty of reading a child's heart, and the small boy's grief at the separation from his father, and his stubborn resistance to the tears that ache to flow, is admirably portrayed. Gou Gou's mother has divorced his father, and he learns that he is never again to see the big man whom he idolises. The mother, sore at her own treatment, sternly represses his desire, and at the finish the small child hides himself in a motor car that has just brought him and his mother away from their home. The car is returning to his father. That is enough for Gou gou; he wants only to reach the man that fills his heart. He goes to sleep, and *en route* is joined by Mrs. Arbuthnot, who is journeying to Dover to join the man she loves. The child tells her of his desolation, and she comforts and consoles him, hushing him once more to sleep. When the car arrives at its destination the lady has gone, leaving a note behind her, pinned to the bunch of violets on Gou Gou's serge jumper. It is this note that makes the sketch: "I could have taken your wife's husband away from her without a pang of remorse; but I cannot rob your boy of his father! Please do not write to me or attempt to see me. I am determined that we shall not meet again."

This charming fragment is but one of many excellent things in THE HEADQUARTER RECRUIT (Heinemann, 6s.).

(Continued on page 382.)



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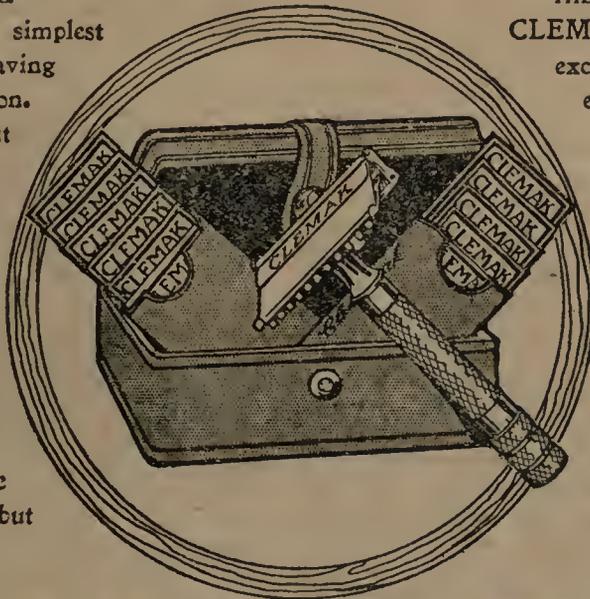
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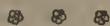
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It is difficult to see exactly what useful purpose Mr. Canning's study of MACAULAY: ESSAYIST AND HISTORIAN (T. Fisher Unwin, 7s. 6d. net) is likely to serve. A sympathetic, yet fair and critical study of the great Whig rhetorician is, indeed, long overdue, for Macaulay, overpraised in his own time for qualities which he did not possess, is in danger of lacking in ours the very high honour that is due to his real greatness. But Mr. Canning's book is not a criticism: it is rather a paraphrase interspersed with digressions. Now Macaulay, of all writers, bears paraphrase least well; for in him the telling phrase is everything. Now Mr. Canning is not only no master of the telling phrase, but he seems to have a perfect genius for the impossible phrase—the phrase that lets the sentence down with a crash. For example, everyone remembers Macaulay's picturesque account of the character of the Highlanders which introduces his account of the exploits of Dundee. True or false, it is an admirable example of his powers of graphic description. We hardly recognise it in Mr. Canning's version, when he says that "these mountaineers were often eager plunderers, irritable, revengeful, and *very peculiar in their habits*"! As for digressions, we really do not see why Macaulay's fine rhetorical passage concerning the antiquity of the See of Rome, with its well-known prophecy of the "traveller from New Zealand," should be made the occasion of remarking that Macaulay does not "allude to the Greek, Armenian, or African Churches," or why the writer should proceed to supply the defect by several pages of irrelevance, illustrated by quotations from Dean Stanley.



The author of "Convict 99" has just published another novel, DUCKS AND DRAKES (Ward, Lock and Co., 6s.), which certainly lacks nothing in the way of sensation; it bristles with incident and dramatic situations. There is the orthodox and beautiful heroine, who is the constant victim of the shameless machinations of a terrifying villain, and there is a young man, with "perfect features and speaking eyes," who falls violently in love with the heroine, but is afraid to claim her as his bride, because he is poor and she is the rich daughter of a wealthy man. There is also a mysterious one-armed man, in reality a long-lost lord, and the father of the impecunious hero, who unfortunately loses his memory at a critical moment, and is borne forth to prison on a false charge, where complications arise on account of the aforesaid lost memory. The reader will observe that the book is written in the accepted fashion of the sensational novel, and he need therefore be under no apprehension as to the ultimate fate of the hero and heroine, for they live happily ever after, and the villain is sent to perdition, whereby Miss Marie C. Leighton maintains her reputation. The reader who desires relaxation in this form will be by no means disappointed in the quality of the story. It is brightly, not to say breathlessly written, and will doubtless be quite acceptable on a railway journey, or during the holidays, to those who desire to be kept awake.



There has of late grown up a cult in the world of fiction dedicated to the prize-fighter. It has been said that the only objection that can be made to the founder of a school is the school, and the fact that Mr. Bernard Shaw has written "The Admirable Bashville" seems to serve as an excuse for the everyday fictionist to serve up his wares of the ring. The hero of THE WHITE HOPE (Chapman and Hall, 6s.) is a most unconvincing prize-fighter. He is a prig of the first water added to a form of "matchless beauty." The

author, indeed, raves about the "subtle, sinewy grace of the man's lines and the dazzling brilliancy of his skin." Sandwiched between these descriptives we have long prosy speeches, unrelieved by a glimmer of humour or a suggestion of reality. It is a dull book, and the subject, though sensational, holds nothing of the dramatic.



LIST OF BOOKS RECEIVED

- "Athènes" (S. M. Harris). "Dust of the World." (George Allen, 6s.)
 Brooke, Stopford A. "Four Poets." (Duckworth, 2s. 6d.)
 Banks, Eleanor. "Correct Business and Legal Forms." (Putnam, 6s.)
 Boulfwe, D. C. "Holland of the Dutch." (Pitman, 6s.)
 Bean, C. E. W. "Flagships Three." (Alston Rivers, 5s.)
 Baerlin, Henry. "Mexico, the Land of Unrest." (Herbert and Daniel, 16s.)
 Calvert, W. Hall. "The Further Evolution of Man." (Fifield, 5s.)
 Dantremer, Joseph. "Burma under British Rule." (Fisher Unwin, 15s.)
 Dix, Beulah Marie. "The Fighting Blade." (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.)
 Doke, J. J. "The Secret City." (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.)
 Dairs, Oswald H. "The Night Ride." (Constable, 3s. 6d.)
 Drummond, William. "Poetical Works." (Edited by L. E. Kastner.) 2 vols. (Sherratt and Hughes, 21s.)
 Fraser, A. Keith. "A Garden of Spices." (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.)
 Fleming, Guy. "Life's Little Tragedies." (Longmans and Co., 3s. 6d.)
 Gardner, Alice. "Within our Limits." (Fisher Unwin, 7s. 6d.)
 Hannay, J. B. "Christianity." (Griffiths, 16s.)
 Johnson, Tom L. "My Story." (Dent, 4s. 6d.)
 James, Katherine. "Before the Dawn." (Chapman and Hall, 6s.)
 Leopold, L. "Prestige." (Fisher Unwin, 10s. 6d.)
 Lilly, W. S. "The New France." (Chapman and Hall, 12s. 6d.)
 Mordaunt, Eleanor. "Lu of the Ranges." (Heinemann, 6s.)
 Molière. "The Misanthrope." (Putnam, 3s. 6d.)
 Molière. "The Miser." (Putnam, 3s. 6d.)
 "M. F." "Educational Ideals and A Valiant Woman." (Harrap, 3s. 6d.)
 Meek, A. S. "A Naturalist in Cannibal Land." (Fisher Unwin, 10s. 6d.)
 Penn, W. "My Father's Son." (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.)
 Robinson, M. F. "The Spirit of Association." (Murray, 6s.)
 Shipley, A. E. "John Willis Clark." (Smith, Elder, 10s. 6d.)
 Stone, C. "Letters to an Eton Boy." (Fisher Unwin, 5s.)
 Tompkins, J. W. "Pleasures and Palaces." (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.)
 Wile, F. W. "Men Around the Kaiser." (Heinemann, 6s.)
 Watson, H. B. M. "Rosalind in Arden." (Dent, 6s.)

NOTICES

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Communications for the literary department, books for review, etc., must be addressed to—

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Owing to the very large number of contributions and articles submitted, it is advisable that all MSS. should be typewritten.

The Editor cannot under any circumstances enter into correspondence regarding unsolicited contributions. It must be understood that these are sent at the author's risk, and that the Editor is not responsible for their safe custody or return.

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 THE MANAGER, Aldine House, Bedford Street, Strand, W.C.
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HAKLUYT'S VOYAGES (8 vols.).

With Index.

Introduction by JOHN MASEFIELD.

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ANSON'S VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD IN 1742.

Introduction by JOHN MASEFIELD.

COOK'S VOYAGES OF DISCOVERY.

Nothing could be more interesting or thrilling than the narratives of Captain Cook's three great voyages between 1768 and 1778. His enterprise and daring added materially to the existing knowledge of geography, and proved the non-existence of a southern continent.

TRAVELS OF MUNGO PARK.

Dr. Mungo Park, one of the earliest and bravest of African explorers, born in Scotland 1771, was drowned in the Niger 1806.

NARRATIVE OF A JOURNEY TO THE SHORES OF THE POLAR SEA (1819-1822).

By SIR JOHN FRANKLIN. Introduction by CAPTAIN R. F. SCOTT, C.V.O., Leader of the National Antarctic Expedition.

Sir John Franklin, greatest of Arctic explorers, born in 1786, died in the attempt to discover the North-West Passage, from which his expedition of 1845 never returned.

SPEKE'S DISCOVERY OF THE SOURCE OF THE NILE.

Speke (1827-1864), who accidentally shot himself on the very morning when he was to have defended his statements against the scepticism of that other great explorer, Burton, was said by Sir R. Murchison to have "solved one of the problems of all ages."

THE BIBLE IN SPAIN.

By GEORGE BORROW. Introduction by EDWARD THOMAS, and a Map showing Borrow's Journeys.

Borrow (1803-1881) was by nature a linguist and a man of action. As linguist he was employed by the British and Foreign Bible Society to circulate the scriptures in dark corners of Europe; as man of action he produced his literary masterpiece, that amazing picaresque romance of gypsy Protestantism, in which he recorded his adventures, not altogether in the service of the Society, in Spain and Portugal (1836-1839).

FIRST FOOTSTEPS IN EAST AFRICA.

By SIR RICHARD BURTON. Introduction by H. W. NEVINSON.

Burton (1821-1896) was famous not only as a traveller, but as the master of thirty-five languages, and translator of the "Arabian Nights." This volume gives an account of one of his earliest expeditions, preceded only by his journey to Mecca. It will be remembered that Mr. H. W. Nevinson, who writes the introduction, is himself the author of a remarkable book on the Congo Slave Trade.

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LESLIE CHILDEs, Esq., 30, Elm Park Gardens, S.W.

Bankers—LONDON CITY & MIDLAND BANK, Ltd., 159, Tottenham Court Road, W.
Solicitors—ROOKS, SPIERS, WALES & WARD, 16, King Street, Cheapside, E.C.
Auditors—CHARLES WILLIAM CORNISH and CHARLES CARYLL BAKER (Ball, Baker, Cornish & Co.), Chartered Accountants, 1, Gresham Buildings, E.C.

They would reiterate the following points:—

1. That the Society has always paid a 5 per cent. interest return.
2. That its operations are entirely removed from the realms of speculation (they cannot build fast enough to meet demand).
3. That public men of every rank approve its objects.
4. That healthy homes will thus be provided for the people, and work for the unemployed.
5. The Society has not one empty tenement and no arrears of rent.
6. That there is no further liability whatsoever beyond the amount of shares taken by each investor.
7. The rentals are fixed as low as possible, consistently with the shareholders' interests.

14th June, 1913.

Dear Sir or Madam,

Shermanbury Rectory,
Henfield, Sussex.

The London Housing Society, in which I am interested, and of which I am Chairman, is building blocks of flats in localities where they are very much needed, which appears to me to be quite admirable. They are very popular with the working people; before each block is finished there is a long waiting list of those anxious to occupy them. The weekly rents run from 6s. to 16s., according to the accommodation required. The rooms are light, airy and convenient; and what particularly pleases me is the provision of a bath in each tenement.

It is difficult to make an undertaking of this kind known, but the blocks already built and inhabited are in themselves an excellent advertisement.

The demand for accommodation being so great, the Society has secured additional sites in most eligible positions, and we are therefore opening a new share list.

If you could see the houses, I am sure you would wish to co-operate in the undertaking, or to increase your interest in it.

I am, yours truly,
William Sinclair
(late Archdeacon of London.)

The above letter from the Venerable Archdeacon Sinclair (Chairman), emphasises the urgent need for speedy extension of the Society's work, and will be read with interest by all.

Present Gross Income	£10,990
Additional Increase on completion of Buildings in hand	6,865
Total Gross Income per annum	£17,855

Accommodation being already provided for nearly 500 families under the most up-to-date sanitary conditions.

FORM OF APPLICATION. E

This Form should be filled up and sent, with the deposit of 5/- on each Share, to the Bankers of the Society, namely, THE LONDON CITY & MIDLAND BANK, LTD., of 159, Tottenham Court Road, W.

THE LONDON HOUSING SOCIETY, LTD., 49, Euston Road, N.W.
Form of Application for Shares.

To the Directors of THE LONDON HOUSING SOCIETY, LTD.,

GENTLEMEN,—Having paid to the Society's Bankers the sum of £..... being a deposit of 5s. per Share payable on application for..... Shares of £1 each of the above-named Society, I (or we) request you to allot to me (or us)..... Shares upon the terms of the Society's Prospectus dated the 27th day of May, 1913, and I (or we) agree to accept the same or any less number that you may allot to me (or us) and to pay the remainder of the amounts due on receiving notice of allotment, and I (or we) authorise you to register me (or us) as the holder(s) of the said shares.

Name (in full).....

(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address (in full).....

Description.....

Date..... Signature.....

FORTY-SEVEN PERSONS IN ONE HOUSE.

During the hearing at Marylebone of a prosecution by the Paddington Borough Council, under the Housing and Town Planning Act of 1909, it transpired that there were thirty-five children and twelve adults occupying a nine-roomed house off the Harrow Road. The house was described as a human habitation, and five of the tenants were summoned for falling to quit after a closing order had been made. These five stated that between them they had twenty-nine children, and Mr. Wingfield, sanitary inspector, pointed out that another tenant had now gone there with six children. This made a total, with the parents of the children, of forty-seven persons occupying nine rooms, three of which were said to be little box-rooms. Mr. Paul Taylor made an order on the defendants to quit the house within fourteen days.

The annexed cutting, taken from a recent issue of the *Daily Telegraph*, emphasises the extreme urgency of the Housing problem with which this Society is most successfully dealing.

Should you desire to see the official prospectus, this can be obtained by either calling at or writing to the SOCIETY'S REGISTERED OFFICE, No. 49, EUSTON ROAD, LONDON, N.W. Or if you wish to inspect the Society's properties, the fullest facilities will be afforded upon receipt of your request.

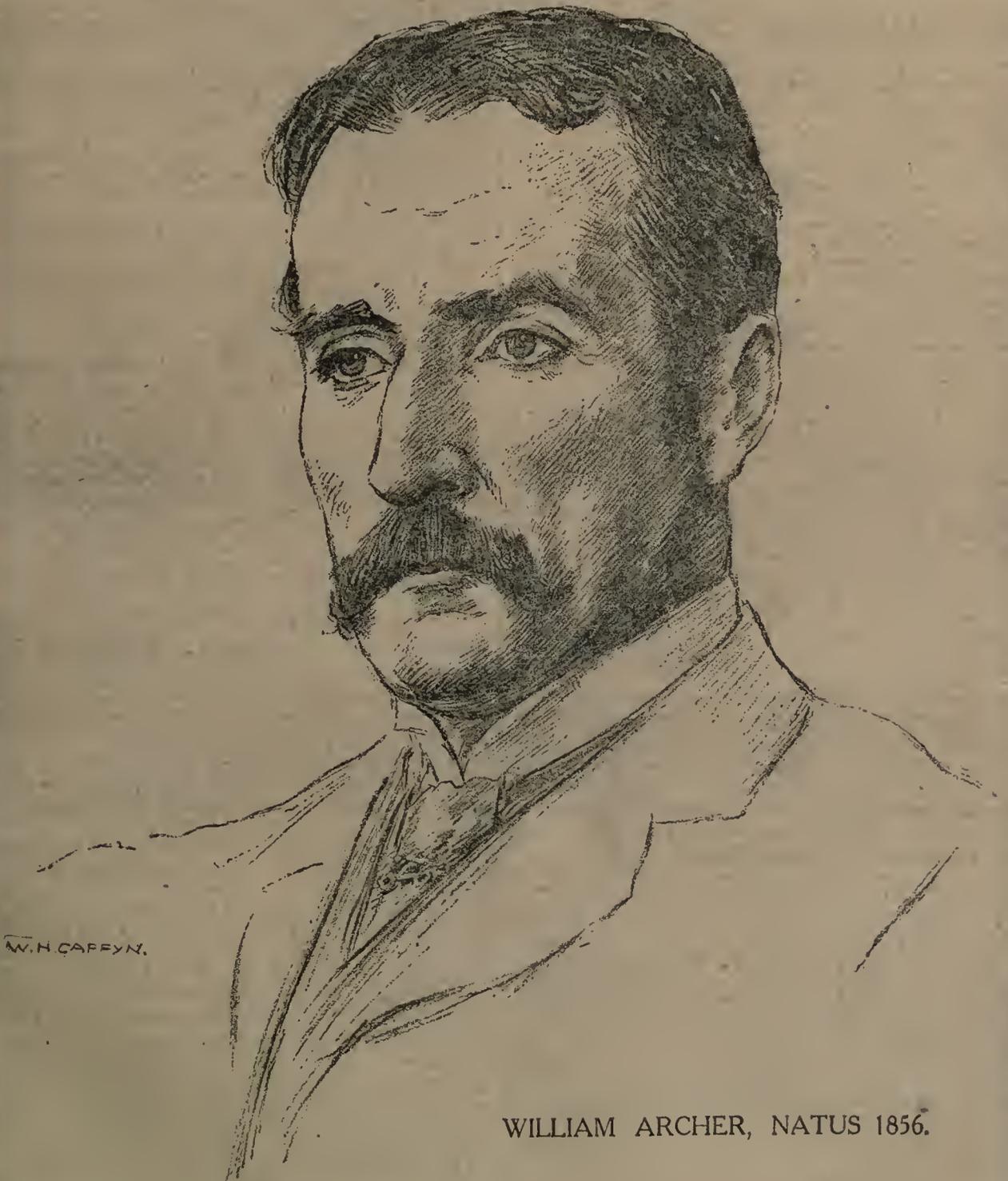
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FRIDAY, JULY 11, 1913

One Penny.



WILLIAM ARCHER, NATUS 1856.

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HISTORY IN THE MAKING

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE King's triumphal tour through the very heart of industrial England has a significance not easily discernible in the newspaper reports of his Majesty's progress. The visit is not merely an irresistible personal success, it symbolises that regard and concern for the wage-earner which, for all our faults, marks the present age. In visiting cotton mills and calling at glass works and the like the King is faithfully interpreting the best sympathies and the truest aspirations of his subjects.

Not for the first time in its history has the invincible optimism of the *Daily Mail* been found at fault, for while that journal announces almost daily that the "Cat and Mouse Act" has squelched the suffragettes, we are faced with the unfortunate fact that the ladies against whom it is directed are by no means accounted for. The latest evidence that militancy is not yet a thing of the past may be found in the burning down of one of Sir William Lever's country houses, involving, unfortunately, the loss of many art treasures. It is not our business to express opinions in this column. We merely report facts—facts that do not always lie close to the surface, and are not, therefore, always apparent, but which it is very desirable should be recognised. Unfortunately, the events of the past week show conclusively that, for good or for evil, it is a mistake to conclude that we have done with this much-discussed phase of the suffrage movement.

It is satisfactory to note that, lurid headlines despite, opinion, and especially City opinion, is veering slowly round to the view that the latest war in the Balkans is unlikely to precipitate that European conflagration which alone made its possibilities serious. Great, in-

deed, is the difference between the present cheery confidence and that gloomy depression which settled on the markets last October when the war began. There is still one possibility, however, that has not yet received adequate attention. Turkey has intimated to the Powers that the outbreak of hostilities releases her from the recent settlement. It will be ironical indeed if, as the result of these dissensions among the allies, the "Unspeakable Turk" again asserts himself and becomes once more a force in the near East.

Not for many years has an event burst on us with quite the same dramatic suddenness as characterised the labour revolt in Johannesburg. Before most of us were even aware that acute differences existed between the mineowners and their employees, we were reading of a condition of affairs not very far removed from civil war. The strikers were armed, and they used their weapons with effect, and for something like three or four days anarchy appears to have ruled in the gold reef city. The prompt intervention of the Government, however, soon brought peace to the Rand, and, according to the latest reports, a more conciliatory spirit prevails on both sides. So far, so good. But is this adequate? Emphatically no. A searching inquiry must be initiated at once into the men's grievances, and reasonable concessions given them. Otherwise it is but too obvious that history will repeat itself.

The news that a syndicate has been formed to "run" a regular passenger airship service from London to Brighton, Paris, and other cities, marks a distinct advance in that most elusive and dangerous science, aviation. Whether the service will ever achieve "the insult of popularity" we cannot say, but the mere fact that it is to be attempted, and capital staked on its success, shows unmistakably the progress that the idea of travelling by air is making. Perhaps our children may go to business by aeroplane. Who can tell? It is only fifteen years since it was held to be impossible to motor on the King's highway.

Mr. Lloyd George's speech at Streatham—the first in which he has dealt with general questions for some time—may be said to open a new chapter in his career, if not in politics, while the fact that he criticised Lord Lansdowne's land proposals with such vigour confirms the view that his party will keep that issue well to the front. It is whispered, indeed, that they propose to stake everything upon it. On the other hand, it is distinctly interesting to note that the Chancellor said nothing as to the actual alternative proposals of the Government. Rumour has it that the Cabinet has still to agree upon these, and that the "Land Inquiry" has developed rather than reconciled the differences between the various schools of land reformers.

Lord Newton's Bill for the better regulation of moneylenders marks another stage in the long and almost ceaseless fight which our civilisation finds itself compelled to wage with usury. The principal feature of this new legislative effort to tackle Shylock is that it forbids him to "tout" for custom by dispatching circulars broadcast through the post, and it is claimed in this connection that many who now succumb to the lure of the moneylender will be saved despite themselves. Much can be said for this contention. But, on the other hand, experience suggests that not until there is provided a practical alternative to the usurer shall we shake off his curse. Credit is a necessity of modern civilisation, and some agency is needed whereby the poor can obtain it on reasonable terms.

MAKERS OF MODERN HISTORY

I.—ROBESPIERRE ❁ ❁ BY CHARLES SAROLEA

I.

THE year 1793 stands out as the *Annus Mirabilis* of modern history, the year of wonder and terror, of victories abroad, of massacres at home. During those fateful months, Maximilian Robespierre is the absolute ruler of France until the culminating tragedy of the Ninth of Thermidor, when, with shattered jaw, after sixteen hours of agony, he is dragged to the guillotine where he had sent so many thousands of innocent victims.

There is perhaps no other character who has stood so conspicuously in the limelight of history, and who yet remains so mysterious to the bulk of mankind. There is certainly no other character who raises so many perplexing questions. Amongst those perplexing questions I would submit that there are at least three which any student of the French Revolution ought to answer if he is to understand anything in the Reign of Terror.

1. How is it that a man who is generally represented as a type of mediocrity, a man without any of those gifts which are necessary to play a conspicuous part, a man without personal attractions, without charm, without the gift of oratory, without originality, without statesmanship, how is it that such a man should have been raised to the pinnacle of power?

2. How is it that a man of generally peaceful and humane disposition, a poet and a man of letters, timid and sentimental, who once resigned his position as a judge because he disapproved of the death penalty, how was such a man transformed into a bloody tyrant? how was he brought to inflict death ruthlessly and indiscriminately upon young girls and old men and pregnant women?

3. And, most difficult of all questions, how is it that the most spirited of Continental nations submitted for two years to an abominable tyranny, which would have spurred into rebellion even Egyptian fellaheen? How is it that the most frivolous and the gayest of European capitals was made to submit to the rule of a gloomy Puritan, whose every word seemed to be a challenge to the national temperament?

An exhaustive answer to those three questions would give us the explanation of the Revolutionary tragedy.

II.

The rise of Robespierre to supreme power is at first sight one of the paradoxes of history. All the other actors of the French Revolution possessed at least some outstanding quality which helps us to understand their influence. Robespierre had no such quality. He had none of the titanic power of Mirabeau or Danton. He had none of the wit of Camille Desmoulins. He had none of the oratorical gifts of the ill-fated Girondists. He cannot even lay claim to the cynicism and vituperative power of Marat, nor to the fiendish perversity of Fouché and Talleyrand.

Most historians are agreed that the secret of his power and popularity lies, above all, in his absolute integrity. He was omnipotent because he was sup-

posed to be incorruptible. And the explanation is no doubt true so far as it goes; and it is a memorable lesson in political conduct to all statesmen, present and future. It is a striking commentary of Montesquieu's dictum, that virtue must be the foundation of democracy. Robespierre's rule was the "dictatorship of virtue." In a city where suspicion was rife and where corruption was rampant, here was a man who could be absolutely trusted. In an age of equality, where all superiority of rank and wealth was odious, where to be called an aristocrat meant a sentence of death, here was a man who, although invested with plenary power, continued to live in Spartan simplicity. Mirabeau and Danton, with all their titanic gifts, were distrusted because they were known to be venal. Robespierre, with all his mediocrity, possessed the confidence of the people because even his worst enemies could not suspect him of bribery or corruption.

III.

The incorruptibility of Robespierre is certainly one element of the problem, but it is not the whole problem. It explains why the French people trusted him; it does not explain why they believed in him.

The real reason why the Revolutionists believed in Robespierre was that Robespierre believed in the Revolution.

The whole secret of Robespierre's power lies in the mystic region of faith. With all his inhumanity, his pedantry, his egotism, his meanness, his vindictiveness, his cowardice, he had the one great theological virtue of faith—a faith unquestioning and unwavering. And it was his faith and not his works which saved him. When everything was hanging in the balance, when the Revolution was threatened by foes internal and external, the people could turn to the obscure deputy from Arras, firm like a rock, confident of victory, biding his time, challenging danger.

And not only had he faith, but his faith was embodied in a creed, in a doctrine sufficiently vague to attract temperaments the most diverse, sufficiently precise to unite his believers in a common formula. Robespierre is, from first to last, the consistent disciple of Rousseau. He preaches the gospel according to Jean Jacques. The "Social Contract" sums up his political profession. The "Confession of the Savoyard Vicar" sums up his religious creed.

IV.

The two explanations just given may account for Robespierre's unlimited influence, but they do not explain the horrors of the Reign of Terror. They do not explain how Robespierre should have become responsible for the most sanguinary tyranny of modern times. That Robespierre was naturally humane cannot be doubted. He had been steeped in the sentimental literature of the times, and his favourite author was the most sentimental of all. He was so sensitive to suffering that, if we are to believe his sister, he, for months, mourned the death of a favourite pigeon.

Although he was afraid of the sex, although as much as John Knox he abhorred the regiment of women, he was idolised by the women about him, by his sister, by the wife and daughters of the carpenter Duplay. And although he was no Socialist, although he was a strong believer in the rights of property, he sincerely felt for the people.

He was essentially what we would call to-day a pacifist and a philanthropist. When a war with England was in the balance, he firmly declared for peace. As late as 1791 he made an eloquent speech against the death penalty. Yet this pacifist, this opponent of the death penalty, eventually reduced terror to a principle and made the guillotine an instrument of government.

The only explanation is to be found in Robespierre's fanaticism. He probably illustrates better than any other modern statesman the destructive influence of religious bigotry. There is no temperament which is so completely destructive of all feelings of humanity, which is so invariably brought into play to justify every excess of cruelty. For the religious fanatic, obsessed by his creed, is ever ready to sacrifice every other human consideration to the triumph of his principles. He is ready to pour rivers of innocent blood, he is ready to plunge his country into civil war to secure the domination of his sect. He is ever ready to destroy the body in order to save the soul. Fanaticism may be more or less enlightened, the creed may be more or less beneficent, but, from the moment the religious enthusiast is prepared to employ the power of the State to impose his religion, the result is almost invariably the same.

Robespierre believed that the Revolution was not merely a political upheaval, but that it was a revelation from on high, and that it implied a new religion. His one ambition was to establish on earth the reign of virtue, the Cult of the Supreme Being, the Immortality of the Soul. And he also saw that the establishment of the new Deism was imperilled by powerful enemies abroad and by more relentless enemies at home. He was, therefore, perfectly consistent in insisting that those enemies should be crushed at whatever cost. It was the old argument, and the old metaphor of the surgical operation to be performed on the body. It was necessary to sacrifice the putrescent limb if the whole body politic was to be preserved. It was necessary to sacrifice a few thousands of atheists and libertines to redeem the millions. Robespierre belongs to the same type as Torquemada and Philip II., as John Knox and Calvin. He is a combination of the Catholic Inquisitor and the Protestant Puritan. He is the most rigid and ruthless of religious bigots.

V.

But, granting that Robespierre was a bitter fanatic and that his fanaticism was destructive of his humanity, there still remains to explain how a witty and gifted people, in an age of enlightenment, should have submitted to the despotism of this Puritan Inquisitor; how inside the National Convention 600 deputies were cowed into abject compliance; how outside the Convention a whole people obeyed the oracles of the sinister pedant and pontiff. The problem must be admitted to be a most difficult one, and a thinker who would solve it would explain both the

paradox of Robespierre and the paradox of French history.

I would submit that the only possible explanation is to be found in the double strain which runs through the French character.

We are too apt to forget that France is not merely the country of wit and epigram, of the *chanson* and the *salon*. Deep down in the national temperament there is a Celtic fervour, a relentless idealism, a religious enthusiasm, a theocratic and fanatic spirit. No one will understand French history who does not realise that the French people are by far the most religious people of modern Europe. It is this religious and theocratic spirit which explains the human sacrifices of the Druids in the ancient forests of Gaul, which explains the Gothic cathedrals and the scholastic philosophy, the Crusades and Joan of Arc. It is this spirit which explains the wars of religion. It is this spirit which explains Calvin—the French father of Swiss and Scottish Presbyterianism. It is the same spirit which explains the expulsion of the Huguenots and the bigotry of the Jansenists.

And my contention is that it is the same spirit which asserts itself in the theocratic experiments of Robespierre, in his Cult of the Supreme Being. The special form which the terror did take, its bloody excesses, the power it gave to a handful of scoundrels, are sufficiently explained by the prevailing anarchy which emptied the prisons of their criminal inmates. It is a mere accident of history, which often repeats itself whenever the social order collapses, and which quite recently repeated itself during the chaos of the Russian Revolution.

But the Reign of Terror itself, apart from the special forms it assumed, is not a mere accident; it was pre-eminently a French phenomenon. It was a necessary revelation of national character. It was one of the periodic outbursts of French religious fanaticism. Of that outburst, of that revelation of the French theocratic spirit, Robespierre will remain for ever the most extraordinary, the most repellent, and the most perplexing illustration.

Disconcerting irony of events! If Robespierre had been born in another age and in another country—say, in Scotland or England—he would have been a harmless and highly respected professor of Dogmatic Theology in a Calvinistic college, or an incorruptible Under-Secretary of State in Mr. Asquith's Cabinet. Being born in the sceptical France of the end of the eighteenth century, in an age which was out of joint, he was destined to become *in sæcula sæculorum*, the incarnation of diabolical cruelty, a monster of iniquity,

'A Prize of Ten Shillings is offered for the best Essay not exceeding 600 words on the "Interpretation of Robespierre's Character in Carlyle's 'French Revolution.'" All essays should be typewritten, and addressed,

"ROBESPIERRE,"

Competition Editor,

21, Royal Terrace,

Edinburgh,

and should be received by August 1st, 1913. The Editor reserves the right to reproduce any part or the whole of the essays received.

HOW THE POOR LIVE

THE SHOEMAKER'S STORY * * * BY THOMAS HOLMES

I.

"NO, I am not entitled to the old-age pension, for I am only sixty-seven. Whether I shall live long enough to claim it is very doubtful, and I don't mind very much if I do not, for I have had a hard life, and now I am past work, and have to sit and watch others work for me. I know that my wife and daughter do their best, but my wife can earn but little, and my daughter, who is a machinist, can only earn ten shillings a week if she makes full time, and very often she has to lose time, sometimes a whole week, because the factory is closed, and then we have nothing.

"I have always been sober and industrious. I have never wasted money in theatres, music-halls, or holidays. I don't smoke. I was considered a good workman, and now here I am past work, sitting and waiting! I keep as cheerful as I can. What's the use of grumbling and making others miserable? I can read, although I went to work when I was but nine years of age."

"Tell me," I said, "more about your early days. Where were you born?"

"I was born in a house in Tagg Street. The rent was 3s. 3d. in those days. My parents were weavers, and part of the little house contained the two hand looms at which my mother and father worked.

"They thought I was a weakly little chap, so they took me from school when I was nine years old and put me to learn shoemaking. I liked the trade well enough in those days, when all boots and shoes were hand-made and you had a chance of putting some skill and brains into them. But now a girl at 10s. a week can do more than a number of men, and brains are not required. I have made some beautiful boots and shoes in my time for actresses and singers, for I was good at light work. But now there are no craftsmen; trades are out of date; machinery is the thing!"

"But you have had a long spell of shoemaking?"

"Yes, fifty-four years; but not enough to qualify me for a pension."

"Tell me of your married life," I said.

"Well, we were married forty years ago, and we had a little home of two rooms in Old Ford Road, for which we paid 5s. per week. Things were dear in those days. Don't you remember, mother," turning to his wife, "how we paid 2s. 8d. for a hundredweight of coal and 2s. 6d. a sack for coke, owing to the war and the strikes in the iron and coal trades? Sugar was 4d. a pound and tea 2s., but bread was the same as now. We did not have much to spare, though both of us worked hard, and sometimes together we earned as much as £2 in a week, but we did not earn that amount very often."

"How many children have you?"

"We have had nine, and eight of them are living; but you had better talk to mother about them."

II.

So I turned to the weary-faced, pathetic-looking woman, and asked for some particulars of her life. She, too, had commenced work at nine years of age, and earned 1s. 6d. a week at bead threading. I drew her gently to her married life. Yes, she had had a hard life, especially when the children began to arrive, for she worked at the shoe trade by day and attended to

the children's requirements in the evening. They required a bigger home, so they took a small house in Russia Lane, for which they paid 8s. a week. What with their reduced earnings and their increased rent, she did not know how they had managed.

"I have had nine children, and never could afford a doctor with any one of them."

"However did you manage?" I asked.

"Why, the same as other women. I paid 7s. 6d. for a woman to be with me at the time, and then to come in every morning for a week to wash the baby. For the rest we managed somehow."

But her real troubles began when her husband's health began to fail, for his earnings gradually dwindled until they ceased altogether. They were pretty near starvation then. She had sometimes to find a "friend" (an unlicensed money-lender) and borrow 5s., but that was so expensive, for she had to pay a penny per week for every shilling lent to her. When her children were ill she took them to the hospital, and paid fourpence per week per head for their medicine.

"How did you manage to get new sheets, towels, and blankets, etc.?"

"I never did get any new ones. When I found something that suited me at a second-hand shop I paid so much per week. It took a long time to pay for a blanket. Sometimes I dealt with a 'tallyman' for stuff to make father some shirts or the girls frocks, but that was expensive too."

"I suppose you are all insured against death?"

"Oh, yes; we have all been insured for years. We keep that up."

"Tell me now," I said, "what is your family income per week, and how do you spend it?"

"I have 28s. coming in weekly, and there are seven of us to live out of it. I have 6s. 6d. rent, bread costs 9s., margarine and butter 3s., our Saturday joint 1s. 6d., potatoes 9d., greens (for Sunday) 3d., condensed milk 8d., gas 6d., coal 1s. 4d., a bit of meat or fish each week costs about 3s., and then there is the insurance to pay."

"A pretty tight fit," I said, after reckoning it up. "What do you do about any extras?"

"God knows, for I really don't."

III.

Turning to the husband, I asked whether, in his opinion, it was easier to live now than it was in his young days.

"It is just as hard to live now as it was sixty years ago, in spite of cheaper food. Foreign meat has been a great boon to us. We could not live without it, but rents have increased out of all proportion to our earnings. The house my parents had is now let at three times the rent they paid for it, and every local improvement—even the education rate—puts up our rent. Poor as we are, and though we have no children at school, we know that when we pay our weekly rent we pay our share of the rates also, and a good big share, too. It is the rent and irregular employment that knocks us out, even when we have good health."

Finding him inclined to conversation, I led him on to other subjects.

"Tell me," I said, "what you think of what is called the Industrial Unrest."

"I have not been able to work for five years, and I have suffered a good deal, but my head has always been clear, and I have had plenty of time to think, and my opinion is that no working man can be easy. He sees other people enjoying expensive pleasures and making a display of wealth, and he naturally desires some pleasure and wants to spend some money; but if he does, everything goes wrong at home.

"All the time he has no security of his work continuing. If he has any holidays he gets no pay, so even the multiplication of holidays means suffering in his home. He feels a bit jealous because other people who get much better wages and do much less work receive their pay when holidays come round.

"If he wants better wages he has to strike for them, and again the family suffers. If he does not combine with his fellows and strike occasionally, his wages go down, as I know to my cost, for I am not a trade unionist. If he puts his children into occupations that seem likely to afford them the means of living, he finds that machinery comes along and supplants them; then they are knocked out, and there is more unrest.

"I wish there was no machinery, but it is no good wishing. Machinery has come, and men and women must go. Why don't they kill a lot of us off? But if they did rents would go down then, and there would be less of us to pay rates and taxes."

IV.

He was evidently growing bitter, so I changed the subject, and asked him, "Do you consider that children are better cared for than they were in your early days? Has education done much for them? Are their morals, their manners, and their behaviour better than formerly?"

He paused a moment, and then said, "Why, yes. The children have more pleasures and better times. There are all sorts of enjoyments provided for them, such as country holidays and other things; but there are precious few holidays for their parents, only Bank holidays.

"But," he continued, slowly and dubiously, "I am not sure that all these things have a good influence, because they teach children to look for societies, for things that it ought to be within the power of the parents to give, and they induce some parents to leave to others things that should be pleasurable done by themselves. If they feed the children at school, who pays for it? The ratepayers. Up goes the rent.

"Cannot anyone see," he went on, "that the best way of helping the children is to improve the circumstances of their parents? But no one seems to think of that. Children are not better towards their parents than they used to be, although they are better educated, and for two reasons: first, because the respect due to parents forms no part of their education; secondly, because children are taught to look away from home for their pleasures and requirements; but when you consider the home life of the poor you cannot wonder at these things.

"Our children are all good in their way. Some of them are married, but they cannot help us financially, for they have their own difficulties and privations, and I suppose it will be the same with their children's children, unless we do away with machinery and encourage hand labour. Is there anything else you want to ask me?"

"Yes," I said. "Have you ever read a book called 'Erewhon,' by Samuel Butler?"

"No," he replied. "I have never heard of it. What is it about?"

I told him that it was about a country where all machinery was prohibited.

"If I could have my time over again I should like to live in that country. Perhaps in that country employers do not turn men off penniless after they have done their best for them for fifty years."

So I left him doubled up in his chair, with his right hand in a bandage—a right hand that will not be his much longer, for he told me that the hospital doctors suggested amputation. . . .

V.

In Memoriam

. . . But the poor old shoemaker THAT loved the minor poets, and preferred Dickens to all other novelists, who gloried in Shakespeare and counted King Lear to be the greatest of all his creations, is dead!

His many journeyings to the hospital are ended, his sufferings are past, his poor old body is at rest, and his hand is buried with him.

Machinery no longer troubles him, for Peter is dead! It was my privilege to know him, to meet and talk with him at intervals, and, I trust, to smooth his suffering path to the grave. He was a skilled workman, but his life was one of hardship, pain, and struggle.

Poor old Peter is dead, and I cannot mourn him, although I have lost a friend. I loved him, because, when sitting in his very little back room in one of the meanest streets in London, he said to me, "I think the best piece of writing in all literature is the account of Sidney Carton's ride on the tumbrel to the guillotine"; and he added, "Ah! Dickens loved humanity."

Sometimes the twisted and broken old man felt a little bitter when he thought and spoke of his many years of ill-requited toil and the many privations he had undergone; but this did not often happen, for he managed to forget his pains and privations in thinking of what he had read. His "mind to him a kingdom was," for it contained his storehouse of poetry and drama, of literature and history, and out of it he could produce treasures, both new and old.

"I like to think of what I have read, for it gives me such pleasure," he said to me. "I sit for hours with my back to the window, thinking, thinking, not looking mournfully or regretfully at the past, not thinking fearfully of the future, but thinking of what I have read."

Thinking great thoughts, of beautiful words, of noble deeds of courtesy and love, of truth, the desire of fame, of Dickens's love of the poor, of the sweet songs of the minor poets; thinking of what he had read, with a Bethnal Green "backyard" behind him.

Peter fell on evil days, the clubs of his younger days had failed, he was too old for insurance benefits, he was too young for an old-age pension, he lived but a day or two in front of starvation.

There will be no dispute about his property, no will to prove, no letters of administration will be required.

Truly, my old friend has gone out of the world without making a commotion or disarranging anyone's affairs.

I suppose that one little ripple appeared on the surface of life's great lake, but it was not discernible, save to those whose perceptions were attuned to perceive it.

THE REAL CANADA * * BY G. C. THOMSON

[Mr. G. C. Thomson is a young Scotsman, a native of Perthshire, and an ex-law-student of Edinburgh University. He qualified as a law agent some few years ago, and entered into partnership with his father as a solicitor in Callander, Perthshire. Anxious for a wider field for his energies than the village presented, he decided to go to Canada and take up Canadian law. This he did some three years ago, securing a good position with a leading firm in Winnipeg. After a year or so, during which time he qualified as a Canadian barrister, he moved on to the growing town of Swift Current, and has built up an excellent practice there. He has just been appointed a magistrate over a large area, and is a keen student of all "Empire" topics.]

IT is with Manitoba and the West that the average British immigrant has most to do and desires most to learn. He will find differences from the homeland. For these he must be prepared; and it is here that these notes may perhaps be helpful. If the experienced coloniser finds these generalisations inaccurate, let him accept in advance the author's assurance that they are true of the parts he has seen, and his admission that, as the conditions of our great country are so complex, some of his criticisms could not be applied to the whole West with any justice.

I.

To begin, then, it is quite needless for the emigration agent to tell his too-frequent half-truths about Canada, when the complete truth is, on the balance, so attractive. I like Canada and the Canadian. I was warned by more than one adviser that I shouldn't like either: and as I make friends critically and slowly, it may be taken that neither Manitoba nor Saskatchewan holds terrors for the average "homelander." Of the very Wild West I fear to speak; but the people of the above provinces have few prejudices nowadays against the old countryman; and the individuals who call the stranger an "etcetera Englishman" are chiefly the "rubes" (*i.e.*, the rustics, the hayseeds, the Farmer Gileses) or those in whom good Canadians take little pride. In this Western country one frequently has to ask, "Who is the Canadian?" the nationalities are so endless in number and so quaint in species. A Canadian by birth is almost always an Eastern Canadian, and it is easy to speak well of these Easterners. They are kind-hearted, obliging, acute, and industrious. Moreover, they have a high standard of comfort and *savoir vivre*, and quite as high a standard of private morality and sobriety. The Canadians are a remarkably law-abiding and order-loving nation. Street fights are hardly known; and such is the force of example, that Orange processions are as decorous as funerals. The Westerner's consideration for women is one of the traits that strike some shame to his British brother. On the whole, the Canadian is a man of broad outlook and of a fine, alert, forceful, straightforward way of doing things. He is quite above pettiness. Canada absorbs innumerable races and handles unexampled enterprises with an energy and a success that only a virile nation can show. It is no small people that is constructing a thousand leagues of railroad every year, and that is conceiving one great motor highway from the islands of one ocean, through mountain peaks and forests and lakes and over gullies and plains, to the cliffs of another ocean three thousand miles away. Nor is that a sunken nation where one Province alone builds two schools for every school day of the year.

II.

Of course, the Canadian would resent being thought a plaster saint. Nor is he. He is as sensitive as a

child to criticism, and yet, when put to it, he can hardly defend certain of his habits and deficiencies. His chewing (and even *her* chewing) is an instance. Your typical Western Canadian chews, summer and winter, in church and in drawing-room. If anything can be said for the habit, it is that it is less objectionable than his expectoration. Then his language is, to use a Canadianism, "a fright"; and gambling is a much more prevalent pastime than at home. The Westerner—not in the lower orders only, but the city fathers and the church deacons—cannot string five words together without sandwiching in a curse or two. A public-spirited citizen told me the other day of regulations his council was making to control billiard-rooms, and prevent gambling, drinking, and profane and obscene language in them. "And, by G . . . d," said he, "I ups and seconds that pretty d . . . d quick!"

III.

The Canadian young man is hardly a being of broad culture. His forte is action rather than thought; and his hobbies are often (perhaps too often) poker, pool, and watching baseball. I doubt if he is one bit more of an athlete or a sportsman than his British brother. He won't walk one yard for pleasure. You will search far over Western Canada before you find one rambling club. The Canadian is not ashamed to tell you that he is off to watch the "ball game"; and he will yell his lungs thin over ice hockey; but the proportion of loungers is grave. Not alone in football has the referee a bad time of it. In general information, too, the Canadian youth is hardly level with the home Briton. Literature makes no appeal to him. He reads nothing but the sporting papers, and is apt to confuse Lamb with mutton, and Browning with boot-polish.

Nor does the public spirit of the Dominion strike a stranger as abundant. It does not find its expression in the Territorial forces, at any rate, which are manned, out of all proportion, by home-born Britons. Certain Canadians suffer from the gratifying belief that the Dominion saved the effete Empire in 1901, and are indignant when told that of the Canadian contingent sent to South Africa eighty per cent. were home countrymen. Nor does public spirit find much expression in local government, where the "best people" are conspicuously absent—too busy making money to bother with such matters. Between the French in the East and the Yankees in the West, Canada's naval ambitions, for example, are not without opponents. There is, though, in every community a small band of patriotic men, who insist on the British flag flying over schools, and generally keep up a standard of patriotism. Recently, for instance, some of these in Winnipeg took action over the display in the local picture palaces of films showing the heroic battles of the U.S. army. The fear was that the rising Canadian would be led to cheer and admire foreign forces instead of his own; and the abuse was actually stopped. The Canadian is loyal certainly, but his is rather a philosophic than an active patriotism.

IV.

The old-country man will enjoy work in Canada in spite of its arduousness. For the ordinary man the opportunities are many times more numerous than at home. There is an agreeable freedom too. Originality is encouraged, and the workman is so much the happier because he is so much the less dependent on any one particular employer. As to business enter-

prise, it may be admitted that we Britons have much to learn from the Canadian. There is an acuteness about his methods and a desire to meet your whims that is distinctly taking. In advertising, the Canadian has nothing to learn; nor has he in window-dressing, nor in organisation. Then it is a happy change to the home-country man to find himself able to spend a whole afternoon rambling over a gay, attractive "store" without once being badgered to buy. On the other hand, I have come across in every type of business many cases in which the national "hustle" has not given the customer satisfaction. It soon exhausts itself. And I am inclined to think that the tradesman at home, certainly in London, can rush his job no less than the Canadian—and do it better. In any case requiring trouble or research I am sure he can.

There need be no controversy as to an abuse that obtains in the Western Provinces: the dilatoriness of correspondence. The abuse extends to Government offices, in at least one Province. Letters to the various Departments are attended to at the sweet will of the bureaucrats; and if an answer comes back in less than ten days the correspondent can consider himself a favoured party. Another business fault common to the Western Canadian is unpunctuality. He breaks business appointments without remorse and without apology, and considers it distinctly unfashionable to be up to time for dinner or the theatre. Church is as bad. I have seen a lady walk boldly down the aisle into her place in the choir thirty-five minutes after the service had started.

Speaking of church reminds one of the real hold the churches have on Canadian life, and the inestimable service they do—a service splendidly seconded by Canada's progressive Y.M. and Y.W.C.A.'s. I used to think Edinburgh the most zealous church-going place in the King's Dominions, but it must yield to Winnipeg; and even better than Winnipeg comes Toronto, which the wild men speak of as "the Holy City." In some of the Winnipeg churches, if you go punctually to the evening service you will not get a seat. For safety even fifteen minutes before the hour is none too soon. And of a certain Saskatchewan city a minister of experience told me, "Everybody here 'purposes' to go to church." The ministers are bright, hard-working men, and the churches are good clubs for the young. Their commercialism (such as their system of promissory notes for your church contributions!) doesn't always enable them to pay the clergy properly, who, even though their miserable salaries are eked out by *compulsory* marriage fees, often find themselves tempted out of the church into real estate or politics. Marriage licences in Manitoba are, oddly enough, issued from the Department of Agriculture. So far the authorities have not adopted the writer's suggestion to rename it the Department of Husbandry.

(To be continued.)



THE MEANING OF DAWN

By J. W. MARRIOTT.

THERE is an exact yet evasive moment in the night-time which dissevers day from day. It occurs long before dawn—before a bird chirps or a leaf stirs. But everyone who has spent a summer night out-of-doors must have felt the critical instant, for the earth itself seems conscious of the change. Somehow a sceptre has changed hands in the darkness, and everything knows, though nothing whispers. A vital tremor runs through the world; yet nothing moves. It is like the sigh of a sleeping babe, which betokens the approaching end of slumber.

The great moment passes in listening silence. Then things faintly begin to stir. A tree whispers softly to its neighbours to find if they are awake. A solitary blackbird whistles; a distant cockerel crows. The telegraph poles grow a shade blacker, and slowly separate themselves from the darkness. It is like the developing of a negative in the photographer's dark-room. The sharp, black outlines of a house appear against a brightening background. The sky grows from jet to Indian ink; then to indigo; from indigo to violet; then breaks into mother-of-pearl, and glows into commingling tones of grey. A red line lies on the horizon, as if a furnace door were left ajar. The east is flushed with primrose rays of coming morn, with its hints of immeasurable splendour and unutterable joy. Then finally the whole of the wide eastern firmament breaks into wild cascades of white and ravishing light. It is a miracle which is repeated every morning. It is a vision which is more rapturous every day.

When I went out in the night-time to witness once more this unwearying wonder, it was so dark that I could hear the cattle munching, while I could not discern their shapes. I stood on a railway bridge watching the vivid greens and reds of the signals, like magic stars of ruby and emerald, and the unearthly phosphorescence which began to gleam on the rails. I saw the paling lights of the signal-box and the darkening outlines of houses silhouetted on the embankment. There was a sense of cold purity, almost of austerity. It was lonely too; but not the dreadful loneliness where one half expects to find a corpse; rather the sacred solitude where one more than half expects to meet an angel. This morning there were no garish colours and voluptuous splendours, but there was a sanctity about the sombre monochromes as of some vast Temple of Light. Tomorrow the dawn may flash and flame with all the magic of Aladdin's palace. History may repeat itself, but Nature never does. She has a prodigality of schemes and infinite versatility.

Moreover, there is a distinct psychological difference between the feelings inspired by sunrise and sunset. It is not the gloaming of nightfall, but the twilight of morning which is so intense with longing and passion. The whole emotion of this mystic hour has been captured by our great poets. It was in the quarter-light of dawn when Romeo pleaded with Juliet and the lark was confounded with the nightingale. It was when the planet of love began to faint "in the bed of a daffodil sky" that the lover of Maud attained his climax of exultant pain.

Night brings us into the shadow of mystery. The thought of our greatness is shrivelled into gnat-like insignificance in the sight of a myriad worlds—jewelled sun-clusters and clouds of starry spray. One is brought face to face with Immensity and Eternity. "What is man that Thou art mindful of him?" The silent spaciousness of the heavens compels the thought of our own microscopic littleness—the futility of all endeavour, the vanity of all human dreams.

But Dawn comes like a messenger of God. Our world is no longer blotted out by darkness, but whitens and widens into Infinitude. Our earth is transfigured with unspeakable glory, and the thronging worlds above hide their faces for very awe. For a short time our world seemed lost—like the hundredth sheep that went astray. But the ninety-and-nine are forgotten in the joy with which it is found again at dawn. Night loses the earth in a universe of constellated multitudes; but Dawn, when we are yet a great way off, runs out to bless us with open arms.

WILLIAM ARCHER: CRITIC AND PHILOSOPHER

I.

It is nearly twenty-five years ago that the Reading Room of the British Museum, the scene of many strange literary encounters, used to be haunted by a "tawny young man," a youth of infinite industry and originality, who has since achieved fame and fortune, but who was then unknown to most of the frequenters of that hive of literary activity, as he was to literary London. He soon attracted attention, however. He used to read—so the legend runs—"the score of Wagner and the economics of Karl Marx, either intermittently or simultaneously," and gradually his devouring industry and forceful personality won him many friends among the journalists and men of letters, who worked day by day under the great dome, and who were quick to recognise the mettle of the new recruit. One of those friendships thus formed has lasted ever since, although it opened with the project—a project dangerous to friendship—of "writing a play together," a play that should put the modern stage right about the current conventions of the drama. The "tawny young man" was to do the dialogue; his friend was to provide the plot. Alas! the play was never completed. But the friendship, one is interested to learn, still endures: a friendship that has not only proved rich in memorable and delightful associations, but has reacted upon the thought, the literature, above all, on the drama of our time to a marked degree. The "tawny young man" was Mr. Bernard Shaw, while his friend was William Archer.

II.

I am not sure that we are not to be congratulated upon the fact that the play planned by the two young literary adventurers was never finished. Doubtless it would have proved a most interesting production; but I rather incline to the view that the world would ultimately have been the loser. If we contrast the two *collaborateurs*, we must confess, I think, that in one important respect at all events the advantage lies with Archer. G. B. S. we know—for has he not himself told us?—has "got" Socialism. His genius is under the spell—I had almost said the obsession—of one solitary, dominating idea. But the subject of our sketch has escaped all such fanaticism—perhaps because he escaped Shaw. He is a man, not of one, but of innumerable enthusiasms, that range from Ibsen to national defence (did he not become "a volunteer to save his son from being a conscript"?); from the "nuspeling" to Francesco Ferrar; from the old Celtic drama to modern German prose; from America, with its teeming, restless, hectic population, that he has so admirably pictured, to the cold fastnesses of lonely Scandinavia. He is a lawyer, a scholar, and a sportsman: a man who has travelled much, in space as well as in spirit, and observed closely; who speaks many languages, and preserves through all his varying moods and phases the stimulating, clarifying vitality of an intellect singularly clear and penetrative, even as it is wonderfully receptive.

III.

Of course, as I need hardly point out to readers of EVERYMAN, the master passion of William Archer's life has been the theatre, not the conventional, stereotyped vulgarisation of the drama which passes current under that name, but a really national theatre that shall fulfil at least some of the functions which the institution served in ancient Athens and modern France. I suppose there is no man who has done

more to stir the dry bones of our enthusiasm in regard to the project of a national theatre than the critic who virtually introduced Ibsen to the English stage and whose dramatic essays and excursions rank among the finest contributions to contemporary literature. Archer's view of the importance of the drama is quite simple.

"I should like," he says in one of his essays, "to see in England a body of playwrights, however small, whose works are not acted but printed and read. They might, of course, belong to every species of dramatic composition enumerated by Polonius or Geneste, but the large proportion of them, following the natural bent of the age, would probably deal with phases of modern life. In this sphere there would be room for comedy as light as Marivaux, and drama as intense as Augier, but always, except in the merest farce, there should be at least an undercurrent of seriousness. Even the merest farce, be it noted, should be free from puerility and vulgarity, but with this reservation it might be as wild and fantastic as Labiche himself, if it were only half as witty."* The work, he adds, should be related to some moral, social, political or religious topic, . . . and "then the comedy of no manners, the farce of puns, and quiprosos, the drama of furniture and firearms would cease to be the staple of our dramatic production."

IV.

It is to this great object that Archer has devoted the best years of his life, the best efforts of his brain. He has always kept steadily before the great B.P., the important fact—obvious, but now forgotten, though supremely important—that "the source of art is in the life of a people." "Tragedy!" Sir Arthur Pinero told him once in the course of a memorable interview—"there is nothing that can be properly so esteemed in low life, because there is no height from which a common person can fall; consequently, no irony of circumstances, no refinement of suffering." Thus the dramatist. The reply was crushing. "The fall from happiness to misery," said Mr. Archer, "is the essence of tragedy, and that fall may not involve any change in outward circumstances or material prosperity." The well-being of the soul and the well-being of the bank account are, as he pointed out, two different things, and the peasant's tragedy may be just as affecting as the peer's, even as Jude the Obscure moves us more than all the kings and princesses of Ruritania. Once we allow this great fact to be lost sight of, once we allow the catholicity of the drama to become obscured, then immediately we get plays that are trivial, meaningless, tawdry, and the theatre ceases to have any serious value in our lives.

V.

Mr. Archer has worked with almost religious enthusiasm to make the national theatre not only a possibility, but a concrete fact, and his book written with Mr. Granville Barker on the subject, shows him to have all the zeal and passion for detail which marks the "practical mystic." He assumes that the total expenses of the season, including 363 performances, amount to £71,091, against which he estimates that the average receipts would amount to £175 per night; the deficit would be about £7,000. This deficit, of course, would be for the first season only, and Mr. Archer estimates that with a guarantee fund of £150,000, to carry the enterprise over the preliminary, lean years of its existence, the project could be placed

on a sound commercial basis. That sum, as he remarks, should be easily forthcoming. When once the factors are assured on such a liberal scale as to stir the imagination of the community and afford a fair presumption of success, there is little fear, as he points out, of the scheme falling to the ground for lack of guarantors. On the other hand, one may be pardoned for doubting whether the general leavening of our plays, with broader and more humanising influences, has not rendered this separate institution more or less supererogatory.

VI.

One of the most interesting volumes for which Mr. Archer is responsible is that entitled "Real Conversations," which record his talks with some of the most interesting and vivid figures of our time, who have chatted with him on literature, art, and politics. I have always thought the interview which records his impressions of Professor Masson, the biographer of Chatterton, quite the best. There is one delightful passage in it in which Archer records Masson's account of Shakespeare trying to read Macaulay's Essays, and finding so many objects, notions, and social customs with which he was unfamiliar that he would be literally staggered. Like the old Glasgow man who was impressed by the prodigious copiousness and rapidity of Lord Jeffrey's utterances at the Bar, he would exclaim, "Mercy on us! That man has spoken the English language twice in three hours!" And that brings me to my last point concerning the scholar and the critic of whom I have been writing. Archer is, before everything else, a journalist; but he is one of the few who have achieved success in that ephemeral profession whose writings will be readable three centuries hence. They deal not with passing objects, but eternal verities; for his most fugitive article is always concerned with ideas. It is that which makes Archer pre-eminent among writers for the Press: that and one other fact. He has nothing of that extreme exclusivism which marks so many distinguished publicists. He recognises fully that—to quote his own words—"not only must the people climb up, but the artist must, in a certain sense, climb down. He must not wrap himself in arrogant self-sufficiency, but must honestly endeavour to interpret the world in terms understandable to the man of normal, unsophisticated perceptions."

It is because he has done that that William Archer is not only a great scholar and critic, but one of the most remarkable journalistic forces of our time.

VII.

Somebody once observed that if he were a millionaire, and wanted to bribe "W. A.," he should commission him to translate the whole of Ibsen's plays. As a matter of fact, Mr. Archer had anticipated the bribe by already translating practically everything of Ibsen's that was worth preserving. It was a really colossal achievement, involving months, after the most anxious care and concentration, at a time when the public were either hopelessly indifferent to or violently prejudiced against the creator of "Borkman." It would, however, be a great mistake to think of Mr. Archer as fanatically limited by the master whose genius he did so much to discover. "He sees life steadily, and sees it whole." No one genius, however supreme, would ever distort his vision. It is, in fact, Archer's greatest claim on our regard that, being many-sided, he is unsoured by fanaticism; full of enthusiasms, but never controlled by them; original, but not perverse; cultured, but never pedantic. He is, in fact, that best of all combinations—the journalist who has not ceased to be a man of letters.

THE VILLAIN IN LITERATURE

By C. SHERIDAN JONES

I.

I SUPPOSE it is largely because courage has "lost the genius of indignation" that the last decade or two have witnessed so deplorable a decay in the villains of our fictionists. Thackeray, one remembers, startled our grandfathers by describing his masterpiece as "a novel without a hero." We, in our time, have gone far beyond this revolution. Nowadays our novels are destitute, not merely of heroes, but of villains worthy the name, for the characters who nominally fulfil that function act from motives so intricate and abstruse as merely to excite boredom. For real, full-blooded villains one must turn to the novelists of the last generation but one—to Wilkie Collins and to Charles Dickens; to Thackeray and George Eliot; above all, perhaps, to that master of narrative, Charles Reade, who could paint a consummate scoundrel with a convincing skill that no other novelist ever equalled.

This decay of villainy in our novels is all to the bad. "Give me, sir," said Dr. Johnson, "a good hater." We may take it that a generation which cannot bear to have its hate excited even in fiction is not very likely to look grimly and squarely at the facts of life. We can trace much of the present sloppy optimism that characterises politics to this same defect of our race—a good-natured, easy-going confidence that refuses to think of man as being deliberately bad, but insists that they are misled or the victims of circumstances, or that they have "yielded to temptation." The great masters of the art of fiction knew better. Their bad men are unmistakably bad, and stand out from the canvas in all their moral deformity. And yet, strange to say, they are often more likeable men than the psychological puzzles latter-day novelists delight in. Take, for instance, the immortal creation of Quilp. That Quilp was evil, fundamentally and horribly evil, there can be no shadow of doubt, but one delights, all the same, to recall his idiosyncrasies and to rejoice in his cranks, quips, and oddities. Who has not shed tears of laughter over the scene in which the dwarf's relatives are, with Mr. Brass, discussing the appearance of the man whom they fondly think is deceased?

"With regard to the descriptive advertisement," said Sampson Brass, taking up his pen. "It is a melancholy pleasure to recall his traits. Respecting his legs, now—?"

"Crooked, certainly," said Mrs. Jiniwin. . . .

"Legs crooked," said Brass, writing as he spoke. "Large head, short body, legs crooked—"

"Very crooked," suggested Mrs. Jiniwin.

"We'll not say very crooked, ma'am," said Brass piously. "Let us not be hard upon the weaknesses of the deceased. He is gone, ma'am, to where his legs will never come in question. We will content ourselves with crooked, Mrs. Jiniwin."

"I thought you wanted the truth," said the old lady. "That's all."

"Bless your eyes, how I love you!" muttered Quilp. "There she goes again. Nothing but punch."

"This is an occupation," said the lawyer, laying down his pen and emptying his glass, "which seems to bring before my eyes like the Ghost of Hamlet's father, in the very clothes that he wore on work-a-days. His coat, his waistcoat, his shoes and stockings, his trousers, his hat, his wit and humour, his pathos and his umbrella, all come before me like visions of my youth. His linen!" said Mr. Brass, smiling fondly at the wall, "his linen, which was always of a particular colour, for such was his whim and fancy—how plain I see his linen now!"

"You had better go on, sir," said Mrs. Jiniwin impatiently.

"True, ma'am, true," cried Mr. Brass. "Our faculties must not freeze with grief. I'll trouble you for a little

more of that, ma'am. A question now arises with relation to his nose.'

"Flat," said Mrs. Jiniwin.

"Aquiline!" cried Quilp, thrusting in his head, and striking the feature with his fist. "Aquiline, you hag! Do you see it? Do you call this flat? Do you? Eh?"

II.

Somebody once described Quilp as being energy without soul, conscience, or feeling—in a word, the old mediæval devil personified. One feels for him some of that attraction, with which we are inspired often enough in real life, for a man one profoundly distrusts. Perhaps his soul had not partaken quite of the same cimmerian blackness as, say, Thackeray's Deuceace or Jonas Chuzzlewit. For one recalls, of course, in connection with the Dwarf, the friendship that had sprung up between him and Tom Scott. "How born or how bred, or how nourished upon blows and threats on one side, and retorts and defiances upon the other, is not to the purpose. Quilp would certainly suffer no one to contradict him but the boy, and the boy would assuredly not have submitted to be so knocked about by anybody but Quilp." And when the Dwarf meets his dreadful end the boy is the one sincere mourner he has. But what boy that was born of woman would have shed a tear over Jonas or Deuceace? The test, after all, is no bad one. Children and animals, it is an old saying, turn from a man who is wholly given over to the powers of darkness.

In part, I fear, we must hold the genius of George Eliot answerable for the progressive deterioration in our scoundrels to which I have directed attention. If Raffles is not a quarter so convincing as Bill Sikes, or Jimmy Valentine so amusing as Jingle, we must attribute it to that sympathetic study of dynamic wickedness which she drew for us in Tito Milemma. Thousands of people have closed "Romola" convinced that Tito was really a nice young man, who would have turned out quite well if he had only been tactfully handled; whereas, in actual fact, he was an unspeakable cur, and, as Dr. Johnson said in another connection, "there's an end on't." Mr. Bernard Shaw, in this matter as in so many others, has placed his finger on the spot. It is only the English villain, he says, who seeks a reason, an excuse for his misconduct. Him we have typified in Iago, who makes speeches all through the play defending his treachery. The Italian villain, on the other hand, is best exemplified by Don John in "Much Ado About Nothing"—a man who does evil for no ulterior end, but merely because he likes it.

Victor Hugo gives us in "Toilers of the Sea" a most arresting study of a man who, slowly and laboriously, builds up, by steady conduct extending over many years, a reputation for meticulous honesty merely in order that he may have an opportunity of committing a robbery on a grand scale. He gets clean away with his booty—to die a violent death within twenty-four hours—poetic justice that does not often descend on villains even in fiction. There is, in fact, only one other death quite like it in the whole of fiction—when Carker is destroyed:—

"He paid the money for his journey to the country place he had thought of; and was walking to and fro alone, looking along the line of iron, across the valley in one direction, and towards a dark bridge near at hand in the other: when, turning in his walk, he saw the man from whom he had fled emerging from the door by which he himself had entered there. And their eyes met.

"In the quick unsteadiness of the surprise, he staggered, and slipped on to the road below him. But, recovering his feet immediately, he stepped back a pace or two upon that road, to interpose some wider space between them, and looked at his pursuer, breathing short and quick.

"He heard a shout—another—saw the face change

from its vindictive passion to a faint sickness and terror—felt the earth tremble—knew in a moment that the rush was come—uttered a shriek—looked round—saw the red eyes, bleared and dim, in the daylight, close upon him—was beaten down, caught up, and whirled away upon a jagged mill, that spun him round and round, and struck him limb from limb, and licked his stream of life up with its fiery heat, and cast his mutilated fragments in the air."

This scene, together with Edith's flight and Carker's journey after her, was due, in large part, to the sound, critical judgment of the author's friend, Lord Jeffrey. Dickens's original plan was to let Carker and Edith fly together. But Jeffrey persuaded him to abandon the idea, and, instead, the master gave us that extraordinary chapter, "the hour of Mr. Carker's triumph," when Edith spurns the man who has betrayed her husband, and leaves him to suffer the death I have described.

III.

I have said something of the facility with which Charles Reade used to depict thoroughgoing scoundrels, and readers of "Foul Play" will agree, I think, that it has never been equalled as a complete study of gentlemanly villainy. Coventry, too, in "Put Yourself in his Place," the aristocratic lover of Grace Carden, who intercepts his rival's letters, plans to have him murdered, and very nearly succeeds, commits burglary, arson, and a few other crimes, is a wonderfully vivid and convincing figure, the progenitor of that type of well-bred adventurer with which modern melodrama is so plentifully besprinkled, from the Spider in "The Silver King" down to the Raffles of our own time. Further back we find the corresponding figure in Ainsworth's "Rookwood," Dick Turpin, the gentlemanly, dashing highwayman, who, in actual fact, so it is asserted, robbed poor women in lonely farmsteads and did *not* ride to York. It was, by the way, the success of Ainsworth and his imitators that caused Dickens to write "Oliver Twist," the only effort, as he expressed it, since Hogarth to depict the thief as he really is.

R. L. S. achieved real greatness in depicting villainy. Where in the whole of literature can we find a more complete presentment of a man lacking that something which separates the normal human from the moral lunatic than in "The Master of Ballantrae," unless, indeed, it is in that masterly trifle, "A Lodging for the Night":—

"Have you any money?" asked the old man.

"I have one white," replied the poet laughing. "I got it out of a dead jade's stocking in a porch. She was as dead as Cæsar, poor wench, and as cold as a church, with bits of ribbon sticking in her hair. This is a hard world in winter for wolves and wench and poor rogues like me."

"I," said the old man, "am Enguerrand de la Feuillée, seigneur de Brisetout, haily du Patatrac. Who and what may you be?"

"Villon rose and made a suitable reverence. 'I am Francis Villon,' he said, 'a poor Master of Arts of this university. I know some Latin, and a deal of vice. I can make chansons, ballades, lais, virelais, and roundels, and I am very fond of wine. I was horn in a garret, and I shall not improbably die upon the gallows. I may add, my lord, that from this night forward I am your lordship's very obsequious servant to command.'"

"God pity you," said the Lord of Brisetout at the door.

"Good-bye, papa," returned Villon, with a yawn. "Many thanks for the cold mutton."

"The door closed behind him. Villon stood and heartily stretched himself in the middle of the road.

"A very dull old gentleman," he thought. "I wonder what his goblets may be worth."

To read that is to see depths in human nature, and to shudder over them.

MASTERPIECE FOR THE WEEK

CHARLES DICKENS' "THE PICKWICK PAPERS" ❖ ❖ BY HUGH SINCLAIR

I.

IN a broad and obvious sense the "Pickwick Papers" is a book of the past. The London of Sam Weller has disappeared, and this is not a mere matter of brick and mortar. Though every building which figures in the "Pickwick Papers" still existed, and old Weller's coach had kept the motor-bus off London Bridge, the London of Charles Dickens would still be a city of the past. For it is not merely the stones of the old place, but the spirit and temper, the moral outlook and intellectual vision that have changed, and changed very radically in some important respects. And it is the same with the English country-side. Changed social and economic conditions have almost crushed the Wardle type of country household out of existence, and what with the dearth of domestic service, and the decay of domestic tastes, Christmas time finds us joining hands to the strains of "Auld Lang Syne," not with our kith and kin under the old roof-tree, but with complete strangers, whom we have never seen before, and do not wish to see again, at the Savoy Hotel, or some such palace of gourmandise. And that is not the final explanation. The truth is that we have come to prefer the ready-made convenience of hotel parties to the toil-involving joys of family gatherings, that (in a whisper be it said) we would not altogether greatly enjoy the hearty bonhomie of old Wardle, and feel ourselves bored, where our sensibilities are not jarred, by much of the talk of Dingley Dell.

II.

Yet, strange to say, it remains true that no changes, however deep-going, have availed to oust the "Pickwick Papers" from the affection of almost every class of readers all over the world, no translation being bad enough to obscure its irresistible attractions. Even where the humour of it is but imperfectly understood, the book is loved. Neil Munro, in his charming tale, "The Daft Days," makes Kate, the Highland maid-servant, take to the "Pickwick Papers" at first sight, although the fun of it was almost beyond her. "Poor Mr. Puckwuck!" she would cry at every misadventure of the hero's—"Oh, the poor wee man!" and every character was as real to her as the folk in her native Colonsay. And the picture is drawn to the life; one could match it from one's own experience. The fact is, that however much of the purely local, accidental and freakish there was in Dickens' later work, he was something more than the genial showman in the "Pickwick Papers." With all his revealing accuracy of detail, his shrewd actual observation and faithful realism, perhaps on their very account (for the ephemerality and distortions in some of his later books spring not from an excess of local colour, but from lack of steady and accurate vision), he has given us in this book, not the London and England of a certain period, but the great unchanging world, or, if one prefers it, the small and changeless heart of man.

III.

Most people would maintain that it is the genius of its humour that makes the "Pickwick Papers" an indethronable favourite, but one rather feels inclined to say that it is its genius of sheer human kindness. Nothing is more conspicuous in late Victorian and present-day literature than the want of the spirit of kindness. It shows a richly variegated map. Here we have power, there prophetic passion, there an almost

uncanny insight, yonder the polish of consummate artistry. Above all, it is marked by cleverness, raised often to its most desolating and exhausting potency—cleverness that is blinding as a meteor, and as barren; cleverness that disconcerts, humiliates, scourges; cleverness that spends itself in satire or persiflage, scourging us and sneering at us in turn, and leaving us perhaps wiser, but certainly sadder, men. It is this plague of cleverness more than anything else that sends us tumbling joyfully into the capacious arms of the not intellectual but wondrously kind Mr. Pickwick and his friends. We open the "Pickwick Papers" every now and again, ostensibly because it is a book one can open at any page and at odd moments, and because its old-fashioned fun is so restful. But if the truth were told, we take refuge in its kindly benevolence from the afflicting touch of our heartless literary cleverness. Of course, we get many a laugh out of it, but what we really crave for is the homely touch of unfeigned goodwill which is on every page. There is no sting in all the book—no barb of wit that wounds love, no sacrifice of friendliness to epigrammatic smartness. Mr. Pickwick is a limited being, one must confess, and old Wardle still more so. We really could not talk to them for half an hour without being acutely irritated by their purblindness on many questions on which we have a monopoly of enlightenment, and by their quite pitifully pedestrian outlook as compared with our own flight of ideality. Yet we could never quarrel very deeply with either of them, because they have that pearl of kindness for which our jaded souls are seeking. Old Wardle—thick-skinned country gentleman of the old, rough-hewn type—beams round the board for sheer joy at seeing not a single unhappy face; beams on the family, friends, poor relations, servants, fat boy, with the same obtuse but hearty goodwill. We know that the feudal system is all wrong, and that very probably old Wardle's men and tenants are not living under ideal conditions, and that old Wardle does not bother his thick old head about it. We know he ought to be running a model estate and village, and losing some of his superfluous flesh in pleading the cause of the poor and wronged in Parliament. But somehow we forget these serious defects of his character as we watch him dispensing unlimited and sincere hospitality to a small crowd of happy folk. Social reformers are so common in these strenuous days, and old Wardles so very rare.

IV.

Then there is Mr. Pickwick himself—a synonym for unadulterated kindness of heart. His kindness goes deeper than Wardle's—witness his conduct in the Fleet, his treatment of the nefarious Jingle, and his general and unflinching championship of all who are desolate and oppressed. Yes, in an unscientific, haphazard way, he is a "social worker." That he does not study blue-books and minority reports is a pity, of course; but somehow we forgive it when we see his eyes brim at the misery of the Fleet prisoners, and we entirely forget it when we see him gaily careering down the slide for the edification of the party, dancing with the poor relations in turn, allowing himself to be kissed by all the young girls, and adding its very soul to the merry party. It is perhaps a harder thing to be a social reformer on the great scale; it is certainly a very desirable and noble thing; but to be just a kind, simple-minded old gentleman, with the blithe, trustful

heart of a little child, is such a rare and precious thing that we must love it when we see it. In fine, to be in the company of the Pickwick folk is to be where one can talk freely, and be one's kindest if not one's deepest self, sure that every courtesy one receives comes from the heart, and that there will be no backbiting or detraction when one's back is turned.

V.

But if the deeper reason for our enduring love of the "Pickwick Papers" is its healing kindness, the immediate attraction is, of course, its genuine and unforced humour, humour guiltless alike of malice and of subtlety. The genius of it is unmistakable. Here we have a long series of comic characters and situations drawn with as broad and gaudy a brush as in any crude sporting novel, yet with a trueness of life which the most polished satirist might envy. Exaggeration of the jovial, farcical kind there is in plenty: the contagion of a rollicking, high, spontaneous nature sweeps the reader from chapter to chapter. Yet there is a scrupulous severity of art behind this easy effectiveness. How consummate that art, may be seen in the brilliant achievement of Sam Weller. Had we not been introduced to Mr. Weller, senior, we would have vowed that, like Topsy, Sam just "grewed." Yet what a gradually hoarded fund of severely disciplined observation and expression went to set him walking through those pages. The incarnation of the spirit of comedy, there is, on the other hand, nothing so pathetic in all the book as his devotion to his master; and to have woven a strand of genuine pathos—not stage sentiment—into so broad-meshed a comic web is a supreme triumph of Dickens' genius. Another signal instance of a certain deliberate artistry at the back of what seems pure, spontaneous drollery is seen in the fat boy. On the surface a human eating machine, he is in reality a diplomatic intervener in love affairs, with a slow but unerring instinct for the significance of a sentimental situation. That food alone can wake him up is a base libel for which his calumniators have to suffer on several distinct occasions. And when the sentimental soul of him triumphs so supremely over the solid flesh as to provoke him to a bit of love-making on his own account, and that after a distinctly satisfactory dinner, be it noted, when even the most *spirituel* of us are inclined to nod, his avowal of love seems clumsy only by the side of so finished an artist as Sam Weller. "What a nice young lady Miss Emily is!" said Mary. "I knows a nicerer." "Indeed?" said Mary. "Yes indeed," said the fat boy. "What's her name?" enquired Mary. "What's yours?" "Mary." "So's her's," said the fat boy; "you're her." It may lack subtlety, but it has the saving grace of being quite unmistakable, which, after all, is the essential in such matters.

VI.

Dickens saw things in an obstinately one-eyed way—that is at once his strength and his weakness. In the "Pickwick Papers" he takes us among all sorts and conditions of men, yet it is only a very small corner of life he gives us. To a thousand and one aspects and tendencies of contemporary life he was blind. In all this long book there is not one character who represents some of the great moral and spiritual movements that were troubling men's souls then, as they do now; in all his travels Mr. Pickwick never seems to have met one such. When we are brought into contact with the spiritual world, it is through the gross and greasy medium of the Rev. Mr. Stiggins. Personally, I do not object to the introduction of Stiggins. He is undoubtedly true to life, and his castigation is quite legitimate and wholesome. What one does resent is

that Dickens could live at a time in which evangelical religion was a great character-producing force, and see only a long succession of Stigginses. But that question takes us far beyond the "Pickwick Papers," and evokes thoughts quite out of tune with the jovial Pickwickian mood, which is so good for us all.



TO FIAMMETTA

(With a Gift of Flowers)

LOVE has been crowned with flowers since time began,
With many coloured flowers of man's desire;
Temples she hath in fields Elysian
With asphodel her altars to attire;
And on the lowlier earth full many a shrine
Where men uplift white lilies in her praise.
And some the lotus bring—and some entwine
The wild red blooms of youth in passionate sprays.

Ah! Ladye, were it given to wander through
The unravaged gardens of the golden age,
Flowers would I bring you lovelier in hue
Than these that fade beneath this rhyming page;
Yet in decay they have some tender grace,
Because I plucked them dreaming of your face.

REGINALD L. HINE.

RESULT OF COMPETITION ESSAY

"The Woman Teacher: Her Life and Labour"

THE Prize of Two Guineas for the best Essay on the "Woman Teacher: Her Life and Labour," has been divided between

Miss H. C. DUFFIN,
Edenvale House,
Botcherby,
Carlisle,

and the anonymous author of an Essay beginning with the words, "Beneath and curiously aloof from the dust of educational controversy lives and works the army of teachers."

Amongst the many excellent contributions we would like to single out the papers by—

1. Miss Cortie Bray, 10, Victoria Street, Bury St. Edmunds.
2. Miss M. L. Davies, The College, Harrogate.
3. Edward Davison, Esq., 42, Bath Road, Southsea, Portsmouth, Hants.
4. Miss Dina Portmay Dobson, 64, Coldharbour Road, Redland, Bristol.
5. Miss Duffin, Dunowne, Belfast.
6. Miss Daisy A. Green, 21, Church Road, Leyton, London, N.E.
7. Miss Madge F. Harker, 7, Malvern Road, Bootle, Liverpool.
8. Miss Maud Luke, 103, Genesta Road, Plumstead, S.E.
9. Miss M. E. Macdonald-Clark, Chez Madame Delezay, 15, rue Royer-Collard, Paris.
10. Miss M. E. Murphy, 51, Wellesley Avenue, Malone Road, Belfast.
11. Miss Marie Tattersall, 40, Bessborough Road, Birkenhead.
12. Andrew Thomson, Esq., 23, Courtland Road, Allerton Road, Liverpool.
13. Alex. W. Westmore, Esq., 15, Central Park Avenue, Liscard.
14. Miss Marcella Whitaker, Ross House, Earlsheaton, Dewsbury, Yorks.
15. Miss Beatrice Wilson, 37c, Beverley Terrace, Halifax.

EVERYMAN'S FRENCH PAGE

BY VICTOR HUGO

L'ONDE ET L'OMBRE

UN homme à la mer!

Qu'importe! le navire ne s'arrête pas. Le vent souffle, ce sombre navire-là a une route qu'il est forcé de continuer. Il passe. L'homme disparaît, puis reparait, il plonge et remonte à la surface, il appelle, il tend les bras, on ne l'entend pas; le navire, frissonnant sous l'ouragan, est tout à sa manœuvre, les matelots et les passagers ne voient même plus l'homme submergé; sa misérable tête n'est qu'un point dans l'énormité des vagues.

Il jette des cris désespérés dans les profondeurs. Quel spectre que cette voile qui s'en va! Il la regarde, il la regarde frénétiquement. Elle s'éloigne, elle blêmit, elle décroît. Il était là tout à l'heure, il était de l'équipage, il allait et venait sur le pont avec les autres, il avait sa part de respiration et de soleil, il était un vivant. Maintenant, que s'est-il donc passé? Il a glissé, il est tombé, c'est fini.

Il lutte pourtant, il essaie de se défendre, il essaie de se soutenir, il fait effort, il nage. Lui, cette pauvre force tout de suite épuisée, il combat l'inépuisable. Où donc est le navire? Là-bas. A peine visible dans les pâles ténèbres de l'horizon. Les rafales soufflent; toutes les écumes l'accablent. Il lève les yeux et ne voit que les lividités des nuages. Il assiste, agonisant, à l'immense démente de la mer. Il est supplicié par cette folie. Il entend des bruits étrangers à l'homme qui semblent venir d'au-delà de la terre et d'on ne sait quel dehors effrayant. Il y a des oiseaux dans les nuées, de même qu'il y a des anges au-dessus des détresses humaines, mais que peuvent-ils pour lui? Cela vole, chante et plane, et lui, il râle. Il se sent enseveli à la fois par ces deux infinis, l'océan et le ciel; l'un est une tombe, l'autre est un linceul. La nuit descend, voilà des heures qu'il nage, ses forces sont à bout; ce navire, cette chose lointaine où il y avait des hommes, s'est effacé; il est seul dans le formidable gouffre crépusculaire, il enfonce, il se roidit, il se tord, il sent au-dessous de lui les vagues monstres de l'invisible; il appelle.

Il n'y a plus d'hommes. Où est Dieu? Il appelle, quelqu'un! quelqu'un! Il appelle toujours.

Rien à l'horizon. Rien au ciel. Il implore l'étendue, la vague, l'algue, l'écueil; cela est sourd. Il supplie la tempête; la tempête imperturbable n'obéit qu'à l'infini. Autour de lui l'obscurité, la brume, la solitude, le tumulte orageux et inconscient, le plissement indéfini des eaux farouches. En lui l'horreur et la fatigue. Sous lui la chute. Pas de point d'appui. Il songe aux aventures ténébreuses du cadavre dans l'ombre illimitée. Le froid sans fond le paralyse. Ses mains ce crispent et se ferment, et prennent du néant. Vents, nuées, tourbillons, souffles, étoiles inutiles! Que faire? Le désespéré s'abandonne, qui est las prend le parti de mourir, il se laisse faire, il se laisse aller, il lâche prise, et le voilà qui roule à jamais dans les profondeurs lugubres de l'engloutissement.

O marche implacable des sociétés humaines! Pertes d'hommes et d'âmes chemin faisant! Océan où tombe tout ce que laisse tomber la loi! Disparition sinistre du secours! O mort morale! La mer, c'est l'inexorable nuit sociale où la pénalité jette ses damnés. La mer, c'est l'immense misère. L'âme, à vau-l'eau dans ce gouffre, peut devenir un cadavre. Qui la ressuscitera?

THE WAVE AND THE SHADOW

MAN overboard!

What matter! The vessel does not stop; the wind blows, and that dark ship must keep her course. She sails on. The man disappears, then reappears; he sinks, and rises again to the surface; he calls; he waves his arms, but no one hears. The ship, trembling beneath the hurricane, strains and works in every timber; the sailors and the passengers do not even see the castaway; his wretched head is only a speck in the immensity of the billows.

He hurls cries of despair into the depths around him. What a spectre is that retreating sail! He stares at it—stares at it with frenzy, as it is lost in the distance, fades, and disappears. He was on board just now, he was one of the crew, he moved about the deck like the others, he had his share of air and sunlight, he was a living thing. Now what has happened? He slipped, he fell, and all is over.

He struggles to save himself, to keep himself afloat; he makes an effort, he swims. That paltry force, just now exhausted, combats the inexhaustible. Where is the ship? Yonder, scarce visible in the horizon's pale shadows. The storm gusts smite him, the foam of every wave overwhelms him; he raises his eyes and sees only the livid masses of the clouds. In the agony of death he feels and shares the measureless madness of the sea. He is tortured by this madness, he hears sounds strange to human ears, which seem to come from the other side of the earth, and from some mysterious and terrible region beyond. There are birds in the clouds, just as there are angels high above human sorrows; but what can they do for him? The bird flies, sings, and soars; and he—he has the death-rattle in his throat. He feels himself doubly buried in those two infinities, sea and sky—the one his tomb, the other his shroud. Night descends; he has been swimming for hours; his strength is at an end. That ship—that far-away thing where there are men—is blotted out; he is alone in the awful twilight-gulf. He sinks, he stiffens himself, he struggles, he feels below him the monstrous billows of the invisible. He shouts aloud!

"There are no more men. Where is God?" he shouts aloud. "Help! Help!" he shouts incessantly. Nothing on the horizon, nothing in heaven. He implores the expanse of waters, the waves, the seaweed, the shoals; but they are deaf. He calls on the tempest to succour, but the imperturbable tempest obeys the Infinite alone. Around him are darkness, sea-fog, solitude, stormy and unconscious tumult, and the ill-defined furrows of fierce waters. In his breast are horror and fatigue; beneath him the abyss without a foothold. He dreams of the fearful adventures of the corpse in the limitless realm of shadow. Cold immeasurable paralyses him, and his hands shrivel up, close, and grasp nothingness. Winds, clouds, gusts, breezes, stars, all useless! What is to be done? He abandons himself in his despair, and in his weariness chooses death—lets himself drift and drive; he yields, and is whirled forever in the dreary engulfing depths.

O implacable march of human society! Lost men and lost souls along the road—ocean into which falls all that the law lets slip. O moral death! The sea is the inexorable social night into which the penal code flings its condemned; the sea is infinite wretchedness. The soul drifting in its eddies may become a corpse. Who will reanimate it?

LITERARY NOTES

THE latest recruit to the ranks of lecturers is, we understand, Mr. Yeats, who is contemplating a tour in America. Novelists long ago discovered that it paid them better to talk about the way they wrote their books than to write them, and it is a striking fact that the great master of the art of fiction, Charles Dickens himself, made ten times the amount from the lecture-chair that he achieved by the sale of his masterpieces. The readings, however, proved so terrible a strain that he broke down under the fatigues, and only resumed the work against the reiterated warnings of his medical advisers, who told him that he must inevitably shorten his life if he continued. Up to the present poets have not been conspicuous as lecturers, and it will be interesting to see whether Mr. Yeats is able to hold his audiences after their first curiosity has been satisfied. A well-known novelist told the writer the other day that, curiosity once satisfied, the author, in his opinion, "could not stay the course," unless he had quite exceptional gifts as a platform man, and these few litterateurs possess. "Reading maketh a full man, speaking a ready man, and writing an exact man."

* * * * *

Admirers of Mr. H. G. Wells (who include everybody) will be glad to learn that he has returned to the writing of those delightful stories about the Moon and the inhabitants of Mars, and is now engaged on the conception of a work which will arrest and amaze all the thousands of readers on both sides of the herring pond and in the Colonies who, from the days of "The Invisible Man" and "The Time Machine" onwards, have followed with avidity that startling series of imaginative triumphs which have blended science and romance.

* * * * *

Perhaps the most popular of his novels outside these stories of new worlds is "Love and Mr. Lewisham," the book which marked the departure from his old scientific method. All the world loves a lover, and it is not a little significant that, both as regards Mr. Wells and another "advanced" artist, the first capture of the popular suffrage was with the eternal feminine, Mr. Bernard Shaw having held thousands spellbound with "Man and Superman" who would have been bored to extinction by "Widowers' Houses," or, let us say, "The Man of Destiny." Upon Mr. Wells's shoulder has fallen the mantle of George Gissing, the novelist of the "ignobly mean," to use the phrase of that incomparable stylist. It is interesting to note that "H. G." shares with his admirers the preference for his first wide success.

* * * * *

Lovers of the literary drama will be glad to learn that Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, who for some months past has been suffering from a troublesome internal complaint, has returned to London with his health fully restored. Recently Mr. Jones was asked which of his plays he preferred. He replied with a quiet twinkle, "Always the one I am writing."

* * * * *

It may, however, be stated authoritatively that the work of which he is proudest is that delightful comedy, "The Liars," of which Mr. A. B. Walkley has said that it compared not unfavourably with the immortal screen scene in "The School for Scandal."

I. LES ANNALES

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Miss Christabel Pankhurst still provides plenty of gossip in journalistic as well as political circles. The latest rumour is that she has been asked to write a serial story for a leading magazine in collaboration with a well-known novelist in marked sympathy with the women's movement. The scene, we understand, is to be laid in Paris, and the leading characters, drawn straight from life, are likely to arouse some excitement and a great deal of criticism. The Suffragettes have included a number of successful literary women in their ranks, though as a rule their work has not shown signs of the militant spirit. Miss Elizabeth Robins scored a success with "Votes for Women"; but Miss Cicely Hamilton's record achievement was undoubtedly "Diana of Dobson's," the play of shop-girl life.

* * * * *

Mr. Hilaire Belloc's latest volume, "The Stone Street," is going very well indeed. The output of this author is astonishing, both as regards quality and quantity. His versatility is amazing, and he will turn from the dictation of an article on foreign affairs to the completion of one of his inimitable satires with an ease and fluency that is unique. He is at present engaged on a "Life of Napoleon," the publication of which is likely to make a considerable stir in literary circles. Mr. Belloc is not content with anything less than the best possible sources of evidence, and has travelled miles in order to obtain access to original documents relating to the Napoleonic wars. He has traversed the route taken in the invasion of Russia, examining the line of march with the scientific exactitude that, allied with his intimate knowledge of military strategy, makes his articles on the art of war at once convincing and arrestive.

* * * * *

Among the many reprints that are being issued we wonder there is not a greater demand for the works of Mr. Israel Zangwill. One of the few readable novels of politics is intimately associated with this author's name. "The Mantle of Elijah" was at one and the same time a clever drama and an epitome of the burning questions of the day. Mr. Zangwill is a writer who understands to the full the value of a sense of humour; it is only when this enthusiast for Women's Suffrage is speaking on behalf of Votes for Women that he seems to lose that irresistible capacity for laughter that wells up in his delightful sketch, "The English Fladpick," and is so notable a quality of "Merely Mary Ann." It was in the old days of *The Star* that Zangwill scored a marked success as a fictionist. He wrote "The Great Bow Mystery," one of the cleverest of modern detective tales, and he wrote it under unique circumstances. Every journalist knows the stimulative effect that the whirl of the printing presses exercises on the brain. Mr. Zangwill thought out the development of his plot during the watches of the night, and wrote his copy red hot in the early morning while the second edition of the paper clamoured for his instalment. He made a point, however, of reading first very carefully the suggestions sent to him day by day from his baffled readers, not one of whom, however, hit on the solution of the mystery. The story is live in every word unto this day, and, recalling the dreary mass of turgid fiction that issues monthly in the pages of our magazines under the title of "Detective Stories," we are constrained to wish that the author of that wonderful work, "The Children of the Ghetto," would go back for a little space to Fleet Street and give us another drama of crime and its detection.

THE CURÉ OF SAINT CRESPIN

By PIERRE CRIQUETOT.

IT was the sunset hour—that hour wherein faintly we taste the joys of the Place of Achievement or the anguish of the Place of Remorse. As on the Great Day, according to our deeds we shall enter the Garden of Great Peace, so at even, if we have done well throughout our little day, we are filled with quiet content. But if we have idled and done ill, the fading light reproaches us. Gladly we would stay the setting sun. All the unaccomplished trivialities seem then of great account; all the irrevocable, wasted moments seem then twice-precious time. "What hast thou done with thy day?"

"Stay, oh Sun! stay yet a little while!" But inexorably the sun passes from our sight along that golden road over the dancing waves. Even so at the Last Day, if we have wasted our life, we shall enter the Kingdom of Everlasting Regret, where repentance is of no avail, neither prayer.

* * * * *

All was still in the little village of Saint Crespin. Only there was the regular swish of the sea as it rolled up the beach, grinding the rough pebbles smooth, the quiet lowing of cattle, the half-subdued, sleepy sound of fowls quarrelling for the night's resting-place, and the far-away moaning of "La Vache à Malet."*

Suddenly the spell was broken; the wind stirred among the young leaves, bringing with it a fresh smell of wood-smoke and scattering the snowy pear-blossom. A star blinked lazily, an old dame in a close mutchi drove her cow round a bend of the road, a workman, his cider-jug at his back, whistled as he trudged homewards. Then the Angelus pealed out its three single notes, and the steady tolling began.

I climbed some rough steps, passed a battered, mossy cross, and so came to the little grey stone church with its crooked spire.

The door stood open, so I entered and watched the steady, swinging movements of the curé as he rang the heavy bell. The parish of Saint Crespin was very poor, and the curé perforce was his own bellringer. He stopped the bell in master fashion, allowing no after-clang, and steadied the rope, which strained and writhed like a great serpent in the grip of its charmer, so that I knew him to be a strong man, for the ringing of the Angelus and, above all, the correct stopping of the ponderous bell require not only skill but strength.

After he had replenished the Veilleuse, he walked to the door and stood waiting for me to pass out, his hand on the huge key. Once outside the church, he put on his little black skull-cap, from beneath which his tight grey curls stuck out ludicrously. He was a somewhat stout person, apparently about forty years of age. His soutane, hitched up by his recent exertions, disclosed a pair of distinctly bowed legs clothed in feminine black stockings, and large, carpet-slipped feet.

For a moment he watched me with his searching, ever-changeable grey eyes, then abruptly he asked me where I intended to spend the night. Hesitatingly I murmured some question as to inn accommodation. The corners of his mouth twisted sarcastically, but he made no reply, except by pointing to a door in the wall of the little God's acre. The wall was high, and built of flints and chalk, among which flourished a small

* Buoy off the Normandy coast.

variety of yellow wallflower. Over the tiles, set cave-wise, which formed the coping of the wall, peeped an early rose or two. A purple lilac, grown into a veritable tree, weighed down with its own burden of blossom, seemed generously to invite theft. All this I noticed as the curé fumbled with the rusty latch. At last the door opened, and he motioned me to follow him. Obediently I did so, and was glad, for on the other side of the wall lay the presbytère set in a garden of gardens.

A narrow path twisted in a friendly and informal manner round lilac and laburnum bushes, in whose shade lingered a few belated primroses. Here and there was a tiny speck of blue, a hiding violet, and near by, carelessly among the grass, grew hyacinths and wild daffodils.

Here were no formal beds; each flower grew as it listed. Later in the year there would be abundance of roses, wild thyme, and lavender.

The path twisted widely round a great bush of blackthorn in full flower, and suddenly we came to the very doorstep of the presbytère. It was a small square house, in nowise remarkable for structural beauty, but nature had clothed it abundantly with early honeysuckle, jasmine and clematis, all grown together in such a glorious tangle that the walls were hardly visible. The steep, red-tiled roof, with its three dormer windows, was partly covered with creepers and crowned with a row of irises, just showing purple.

Still silent, the curé opened the door, and we entered a tiled passage which gave access on the one hand to the curé's study, on the other to his dining-room, and was terminated by the kitchen.

"Ernestine!" suddenly shouted my host. "Ernestine!" and yet again "Ernestine!" This time an austere, grey-haired woman appeared, knitting industriously.

"Lay another place, Ernestine; monsieur sups with us, and he will sleep here too. See that the room is in order."

"Yes, monsieur l'abbé."

And Ernestine disappeared, soon to reappear bearing a splendid silver-scaled salmon-trout, caught that day in the nets on the shore.

During supper we talked of many things. Like most silent people, the curé, when once he got upon a subject that interested him, was extremely loquacious.

It chanced that I questioned him as to the history of the patron saint of the village; thereat his eyes twinkled in a manner most unclerical, and he replied:

"Saint Crespin? a cobbler by trade—'tis said the angels supplied him with leather when, because of his generosity, he had not the wherewithal to buy materials. It seems to me it would have been simpler if the angels had given him ready-made shoes. But they are very picturesque, these old stories—do not let us laugh."

"Then your religion does not enjoin your belief in the legends of the saints?" I ventured.

Instantly he became serious once more.

"For many years I believed like a child, accepting without doubt all that I was told." He paused, and gazed at me with thoughtful, unseeing eyes; then he continued:

"My father was a fisherman; he owned a boat, and my two brothers and myself acted as crew. One night, when we were fishing, about three leagues from land, a fearful storm arose. Suddenly, violently, from the north-west it raged.

"By the time we had got in the nets it was hard upon us; fortunately it did not catch us broadside on, but we were driven before it, straight for the shore, at a terrible speed.

"It was the first time I had been out in such a storm. I was mad with terror. Then it was that in the frenzy of my fear I prayed to the Virgin, vowing that if she brought us safe to land I would consecrate myself to her service.

"By this time we could see dimly the angry black mass of cliffs reaching out to devour us. Eagerly we watched for the Tour de Saint Léger and the mouth of our harbour, but we could discern nothing.

"This Tour de Saint Léger, I must tell you, is a landmark well known to all the coast. It is a ruined spire, all that remains of the Church of Saint Léger. It stands at the top of the cliffs, just outside my village, and by it homeward-bound fishermen can steer their course.

"Suddenly, as we gazed into the gloom, there was a fierce flash of lightning that for a second showed up our familiar beacon clear against the wild sky. At once we knew that we were but a few fathoms from the harbour entrance. Somehow we managed to steer a straight course. We were saved.

"I remembered my vow. I began my studies full of faith and fervent gratitude. Without doubt I accepted all the tenets of the Catholic belief, looking forward with eagerness to the day when first I should have the privilege of celebrating mass, as to a great festival.

"On the eve of that day an insidious spirit of doubt assailed me unawares, but it was easily quelled, and I began work in my allotted parish as full of faith as on the night of our deliverance from the storm.

"After some months I again began to be tormented by fits of unbelief. At first I fought against this evil spirit, shocked to think that for a moment I could doubt. I *wished* to believe. I prayed, and I regained my faith.

"Again I was haunted with an ever-growing doubt. The whole foundation of my faith tottered. I no longer believed in God as Love, yet I feared him as Judge, and so I reasoned myself back to faith.

"Then came the worst phase of all. I no longer feared God, but, regretting my disbelief, I searched vainly for truth in theological writings. Nothing convinced me, nothing helped me. I found no guide in the void wherein I wandered. I envied those steadfast Christians of whom I read, yet was wholly unable to share in their belief.

"One day, utterly wearied with fruitless study, I went out and flung myself amongst the cool grass. The sun shone, and the air was sweet with the fresh fragrance of early summer. Near by a lark was singing, and as it sang its music seemed to enter into my brain, into my soul, filling me with great peace. As I listened, gradually I knew that all was well. I knew that the things for which I had striven were vain. I knew that we were not meant to probe God's secrets. Only I wished that every man might lie amongst the grass, and feel the sun and hear the lark. I knew that it sang, and that the spring was with us.

"Look," he said, and he opened wide the window. "Look, is it not so?"

A blossom-covered pear-tree stood white and shining in the moonlight. Far away we heard the sighing of the restless sea. I looked—I knew that he was right.

A NOVEL CHURCH CENSUS

By CHARLES W. CRUMP.

I.

ALMOST every paper one picks up contains an article, or at least some reference to the declining membership and influence of the Churches of to-day. Such headlines as "Statistomania," "Churchianity," "Where are we Drifting to?" etc., are now quite common and not a little bit wearisome to our eyes. We are told also that the empty pews are a testimony to the fact that these headlines and articles are not entirely unwarranted.

Truly we are in a transition state in regard to divine worship and the duties of Sunday.

I live in what is called a "railway" town; and, with a view to getting to the bottom of this steady decline in figures and very apparent apathy on the part of the workers, I devised a scheme whereby I should get first-hand information and actually feel the pulse of the populace. I had about 3,000 four-page circulars printed, made of good paper, and issued in an attractive form. These circulars were carefully distributed by a selected body of workers, special care being taken that the non-churchgoers should be reached as far as possible, and that every grade of social life should be appealed to. Of course, 3,000 would not go far in a large town, but the judicious circulation obtained the desired effect.

II.

The front page contained the details of the "scheme," and asked for plain, straightforward speaking in answer to six questions, which here follow:—

1. Why do YOU not attend the services of the Christian Church?

2. Why do you think your FRIENDS or others do not attend?

3. What definite charge can you or they bring against the Church of to-day or its services?

4. Have you anything to say against its ministers? If so, say it plainly.

5. If you think the Church is going backward, what is the best way to win the people and stop the decline?

6. What, do YOU think, will be the position and general character of the Church of, say, 1923?

Space was left on the inside of the circular for the use of answers. The back was adorned with a photograph of the Church where the circular came from, and where addresses were to be given on the answers received.

The idea caught on and proved a real success. The number of answers received totalled 132, and were representative of all the social grades. In addition, I received a number of answers from distant towns. The lines written totalled 4,000, and the words (approximately) 28,000.

The individual questions to receive the least answers were numbers 4 and 6. Indeed, I was much surprised at the very gentle treatment the ministers received.

III.

The work of classifying the answers was no mean task; but, as far as I was able to do this, I arrived at the following conclusion respecting the order in which the various causes of Church decline should be placed:—

The Churches are declining because of:—

1. The inconsistency, imperfections, uncharitableness, and unfaithful witness of church members themselves.

2. The lack of interest on the part of the Church in the social conditions of the people.

3. Because of the cast-iron creeds and harsh doctrines, especially the doctrine of God, taught by the Churches; and the general hesitation to make progress with the times in things theological.

(I confess the reference to the harsh doctrine of God was quite unexpected.)

4. Because of the lack of "grip" in the services, the pulpit being largely responsible for this.

5. Because our age is a pleasure-seeking age, and there is a lack of provision of innocent amusements for the young by the Church.

6. Because of the great need of a free, unfettered, enlightened ministry in the pulpits.

IV.

Masters and men, ladies and servants, rich and poor, joined in giving me the above as the causes why we have so many empty pews. I could not help feeling—and I said so—that, speaking generally, the answers betrayed a lack of knowledge of the present attitude of the Churches. It seems to me that all the above would have applied, say, twenty years ago, or even less; but I must say the Churches of to-day are waking up to the situation, and some are very keenly alive to these facts.

The Churches are rousing up and cleansing themselves, and they are thinking of the social conditions of the people, and are endeavouring to provide a free and enlightened ministry.

But though the excuses do not appear modern to me, yet they are provocative of much thought. I understand that dozens of people intended to send in answers, but they, after careful consideration, found it difficult to formulate real, substantial reasons for the position. In that the circulars did good, for they brought the realisation of the difference between flippant conversation about the Churches and real facts worthy of being penned on paper. Respecting the cause which got the most attention, the writers failed to remember that the Church does not profess to be the home of perfect saints; she is a hospital rather than a hot-house. Yet how much Church members have to learn! Who should set the better example? To whom do men look for a likeness of the Man of Nazareth? And what a world of force there is in a good life!

V.

The following answers, culled from the many received, are worthy of particular notice:—

"It is a paradox to pretend that the thing called Christianity, in England or Tripoli, was what the Preacher of Galilee lived and died to establish."

"I am of the opinion that far too much time is devoted by ministers to the active affairs of the municipality and State. The connection is adulterous; and it is questionable whether the minister can legitimately spare the time which these duties demand."

"The Church allows a terrible commercial system to continue, and wastes its time trying to save souls. It would be more in accord with reason if the Church was to realise this and endeavour to bring about the kingdom of God on earth."

"What good can it do to go to church one day in seven, and be told that God is good and great, when one has to contend with strife caused by bad social conditions the remaining six?"

"Churches are helping employers to rob their workmen by administering soothing syrup to these workmen on Sundays."

"Because of the awful doctrines preached. We must first have a rational doctrine or comprehension of God. This doctrine is made the greatest muddle of, of all."

"Because of what the Church has not done for the working classes. Ministers to-day will frequent cafés and tea-rooms in London where the waitresses exist by sweated

(Continued on page 404.)

A DEBT YOU OWE YOURSELF.

AN INVESTMENT THAT PAYS.

A HOLIDAY ON THE CONTINENT



"EVERYMAN, I WILL GO WITH THEE
AND BE THY GUIDE, IN THY MOST
NEED TO GO BY THY SIDE."



HAVE you ever looked upon a holiday as an investment? Have you ever thought of the interest it yields in the form of increased mental and physical vigour and energy?

A fortnight's change amid new scenes in a new country, an entire detachment from the ordinary duties of life, means the conserving of energy and renewed strength, which will certainly lead to increased efficiency when you return.

EVERYMAN Continental Tours have been planned to give that change in health-giving countries, and to combine with it all the enjoyment of a real holiday.

TO HOLLAND AND SWITZERLAND.

Parties of EVERYMAN Tourists left London last week for holidays in Holland and Switzerland. On Friday a happy little party departed from Victoria Station for Folkestone, from whence they crossed the Channel by the short sea route, *via* Flushing, and are now enjoying a holiday in the queer little country of Windmills and Dykes. On Saturday another party left for Lucerne and Grindelwald, to spend a happy fortnight in Europe's Paradise—glorious Switzerland.

FLANDERS AND THE ARDENNES.

EVERYMAN Parties leave London on July 12th and 26th, August 9th and 23rd, and September 6th for personally conducted tours in Historic Flanders and the Valleys of the Belgian Ardennes.

Every inch of Flanders is history. It has played an important part in the development of Western Europe. To the tourist, Flanders is full of interest. Ghent, the sister city of Bruges, is mentioned in history as early as the seventh century; in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries the city passed through an almost continuous series of revolutions. John of Gaunt was born here in the fourteenth century.

A FASCINATING CITY.

The stately capital of Belgium—"Little Paris," as it is often called—Brussels, is reminiscent of the French capital in its spacious tree-lined boulevards and magnificent streets. The great picture gallery, which is a wonderful and comprehensive series of the whole range of Flemish art, the beautiful Church of St. Gudule, the nucleus of the city in the beautiful Grande Place, and the thronged, lighted streets, are all part of the memories which are enshrined in this fascinating city.

WATERLOO.

Modern and mediæval history meet here, and a visit should be made to the famous **Battlefield of Waterloo**. From a commanding position, an English Military Guide lectures on the disposition of the forces on the fateful day, and all the main features of interest are pointed out; and, last of all, as the journey is made to the **Chateau of Hougomont**, the key of the whole position, the story of the battle is understood as it would be by no other means.

Antwerp, with its fine quays on the river Scheldt, offers many attractions to the visitors; the great Cathedral and the Musée Plantin bring back scenes from the past. The Picture Gallery contains some huge canvasses by Rubens.

THE ARDENNES.

The flower-decked Valleys of the Ardennes offer a delightful contrast to the Flemish cities. Chief among them is the Valley of the **Meuse**, and as the traveller starts by boat from **Namur**—the "gateway of the Ardennes"—the town at the meeting-place of the **Meuse** and **Sambre**, his mind is carried to the beauties of the

Rhine, to which the Meuse is often compared. For nearly four hours passing one picturesque corner after another, great limestone crags looming sheer down to the water's edge, the steamer arrives at **Dinant**—the most beautiful of all the lovely places in the Valley. On a narrow strip of shore, the town is built against the great cliffs which rise high above it.

EXCURSIONS.

During the fortnight some charming excursions, drives, steamer trips, picnics, etc., have been arranged to all places of interest; in fact, each and every day offers some new delight.

COST OF THE TOUR.

The **Cost of the Tour**, including all Travelling Expenses, Second-Class Rail throughout, all Hotel Accommodation (three meals a day), Admission Fees to Cathedrals, Churches, Picture Galleries, and all Places of Interest visited, Services of Conductor, Steamer Trip on the Canal to Sluis, Drive in Brussels, Excursion to Waterloo, Drive over the Battlefield and Services of Guide, Excursion to Tervueren, Steamer Trip from Namur to Dinant, All-day Drive through the Valleys of the Meuse and Lesse to Chateau of Celles and the Chateau Walzin, Excursion to Rochefort, Mountain Railway, and admission to Grotto of Han (this alone costs the individual tourist 8s.), Steamer Trip to Hastiere, Excursion to Montaigle, is only £8 18s. 6d., and 7s. 6d. covers all gratuities, conveyance of luggage between hotels, etc.

STILL TIME!

Provided a telegram is sent to reach us Friday afternoon, there is still time to book for the July 12th party. Other parties are being very quickly filled, and you can only secure a place by immediate application for bookings.

SWITZERLAND.

EVERYMAN Swiss Holidays are proving exceedingly attractive, and many parties are already complete.

We have still a few vacant places in the following Tours:—

Lucerne and Grindelwald, leaving London July 18th and August 1st and 18th.

A Fortnight's Conducted Tour to **Montreux-Territet**, leaving London July 12th and 26th, and August 9th and 23rd.

A Fortnight's Conducted Tour to **Territet and Chamonix**, leaving London on the dates of the Montreux and Territet parties.

INDEPENDENT TRAVEL.

EVERYMAN has been fortunate in securing the services of the originator of and greatest living expert on the system of Independent Tours.

Those who prefer to travel independently have the trouble of making arrangements taken entirely off their shoulders, as we provide a carefully planned programme in which all arrangements are made. EVERYMAN will provide you with travel tickets, hotel coupons, and in some cases excursion coupons as well. Times of arrival are notified to the hotel proprietors with whom accommodation has been booked beforehand. In the majority of cases travellers are met at the stations, and, in fact, every item of the itinerary of an enjoyable holiday is made in advance.

It is just possible that you have not had the EVERYMAN Tours Book. If not, write for it to-day. We will send it, post paid, by return.

"EVERYMAN" Tours Department, Aldine House, Bedford Street, Strand, London, W.C.

THE CULT OF THE BOOKPLATE

BOOKPLATES, more or less on the lines of those of the present day, have been used by book-lovers almost since the art of printing was invented, and it would seem that the introduction of printing was almost or quite contemporaneous with the origin of the use of bookplates. Certainly in the very early days of book production bookplates were introduced, and have been used ever since by owners who take personal interest in their literary possessions.

One of the earliest specimens of English bookplates dates back to 1516, nearly four centuries ago; but it is a well-attested fact that they were in use on the Continent—notably in Germany—still earlier than this.

A remarkably fine example of ancient bookplates is that presented by Sir Nicholas Bacon to the University of Cambridge in 1574, and it is interesting to note that the ever-punctilious Pepys records, under date July 21st, 1668, how he "went to my plate-makers and there spent an hour about contriving my bookplates for the King's four yards." As, under the watchful care of enthusiastic collectors, other specimens are brought to light, it becomes abundantly evident that from these very early times the custom has been almost universal among the learned classes. The mission of the bookplate has always been, and must always be, primarily to indicate ownership of the books in which they are placed. They may be ornate or simple, as the taste or means of the owner may dictate; they may incorporate crest, arms, motto, or other family attribute; or, again, they may reflect the personal interests or occupations of the owner; but the real aim of the bookplate remains ever the same—a reminder to those who borrow. And in thus ensuring the return of books to their home quarters, they are a most effective means of preventing loss. But bookplates have a value and interest quite apart from this consideration. As one writer says, "Nestling in a book, unknown and unseen until the book is opened, whether quaint or commonplace, artistic or otherwise, it speaks with a mute eloquence to all those not absolutely dead to its many lurking charms."

I specialise in the designing and engraving of bookplates, and have a capable staff of artists and engravers to assist me, each design being original work, and incorporating crest, arms, or some other desired feature. On request, I will at once send specimens.

I have executed bookplates for clients in all parts of the world, and have many testimonials from delighted clients in all positions, for I try to take as keen a pleasure in producing a simple, inexpensive plate as in one that involves almost infinite care as to detail and fine copperplate engraving.

There is practically no limit to the variations of style and taste in bookplates. I am frequently sent photographs of houses or gardens or districts, as well as other special features which it is desired to perpetuate in a plate; anything that is of personal interest to the owner may be said to be suitable.

The cost varies, of course, according to the work involved, and the method of reproduction; a very simple design, with zinc block and one hundred plates, can be had for 17s. 6d. inclusive, while copperplate engraving ranges from two and a half guineas upward. But in all cases the value is good—and I have hundreds of testimonials. Book-lovers who have not yet a bookplate of their own, or who are wishing for one as a gift to a friend, are invited to send me a few particulars on which to base a design, and I will then furnish a pencil suggestive treatment for approval. For a tasteful birthday or wedding gift a bookplate is particularly suitable, when the recipients are those who find pleasure in books. It generally takes about three weeks to complete the work.—HENRY D. WARD, 49, Great Portland Street, London, W.

industry, receiving only 8s. per week for many hours of labour."

And so I might go on. There is one other, quite alone, which I would like you to notice:—

"Because the Church represents something unattainable. I desire the ideal it holds out, but I know I cannot reach it. Therefore it jars rather than soothes. The Church is thus not in harmony with my spiritual condition."

Large crowds have gathered to listen to each address based upon these answers, and opportunity has been found for discussion when desired.

It is obvious that "There remaineth yet much land to be possessed."



CORRESPONDENCE

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Owing to the large number of letters received it is necessary for correspondents to write briefly if their letters are to appear.

PERSONALITY IN LITERATURE.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Mr. Corkery, in his article, "Personality in Literature," seems to me to be utterly wrong in identifying personality and style. He says, "Personality is a far land, won to only by hardy pilgrims. *It is style.*"

There is undoubtedly a connection between personality and style, but it is the personality which makes the style and not, as Mr. Corkery assumes, the style which makes the personality. If ever there was a poet with a personality, it is Masfield; and yet I agree with Mr. Corkery that his style is far from perfect.

Mr. Birrell once said of Browning, "He describes love, not only broken, but breaking; hate in the germ; doubt at its birth. These are difficult things to do, either in poetry or prose, and people with easy, flowing Addisonian or Tennysonian styles cannot do them." This might, with equal justice, be said of Masfield.

Mr. Corkery wishes Masfield "to give us a small book of lyrics as finished as those of Mr. Yeats." May I commend to him the former author's "Ballads and Poems"?—I am, sir, etc.,

W. D. SEMPLE.

Ealing, W., July 4th, 1913.

MR. COBBITT AND THE INSTITUTE OF CHARTERED ACCOUNTANTS.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

DEAR SIR,—As Mr. Lewis, in his letter in your issue of the 4th inst., apparently doubts my veracity in describing myself as a chartered accountant, I would refer him to the published results of the final examination of the Institute of Chartered Accountants held in December last, duly followed by notice of admission to the Institute in February of this year.—I am, sir, etc.,

REGINALD H. S. COBBITT,

Brockley, S.E., July 4th, 1913.

G. K. CHESTERTON.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

DEAR SIR,—It is a pity for Mr. Chesterton that he did not write two books instead of twenty-three, and die incontinently. He would then have escaped the ire of Mr. R. Curle (who seems more annoyed by the quantity than by the quality of his output), and might have merited an essay on "Brilliance Nipped in the Bud" by the same gentleman. Mr. Chesterton's constant use of paradox, tiring as it may be to some readers, always seems to me not the brilliant fallacy of certain modern writers so much as a sustained

attempt at condensation. His paradoxes are generally capable of being reasoned out between their two terms, and one can hardly fail to admit the quite remarkable saneness which may be seen through the electric effects caused by his frequent short circuits. "Orthodoxy" may be annoying to many, but at least it has more readers than would have a work in fifteen volumes entitled "Philosophia Generalis, auctore Gilbertus Chesterton"!

The source of the irritation seems to be that he is able to be dogmatic without begging the question. "He loathes oppression, but he believes in dogmatic religion; he abhors cruelty, but he loves the Middle Ages; he is a passionate advocate of freedom, but he thinks such a thing as facilities for divorce an obnoxious form of slavery," says Mr. Curle; but neither G. K. C. nor Hilaire Belloc, nor for that matter any "fanatical Catholic," would be guilty of so open and unashamed a *petitio principii* as the above quotation involves.—I am, sir, etc.,

H. ROBBINS.

Birmingham, July 5th, 1913.

THE CURSE OF USURY.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—If I may be allowed to comment on your special commissioner's second article, I would say that it is based on the mistaken notion that a pawnbroker's business is a very profitable one.

I will not repeat what I said in my last letter, but I would draw his attention to the following figures.

In 1871 the population of this country was thirty-one millions, in 1911 it was forty-five millions—an increase of nearly 50 per cent. In 1870 there were 4,010 pawnbrokers' licences in Great Britain and Ireland, and in 1912 the number was 5,356—an increase of not quite 30 per cent. (each shop has a licence).

People are only too ready to rush in to share the plunder of any business or profession in which big profits are possible; but these figures do not suggest that during the past forty-one years there has ever been a rush into the pawnbroking trade, although by law no man or woman who is able to produce evidence of good character can be refused a licence.

With regard to the scheme laid before your readers, I think your commissioner will find that in America, where it has been successful, a very different state of things prevails to that found in this country, and his scheme would not touch the real evil which does exist here at the present time.

It is not the pawnbroker, but the small moneylender who robs the poor, and the numbers of the latter are increasing in every industrial centre. Ten years ago there were only 200 registered moneylenders in Liverpool, to-day there are 942, and the increase suggests that the business is a profitable one for anybody of ruthless disposition.

The question involved is a difficult one, for if a working man prefers to borrow 12s. of a moneylender at the rate of 2s. a week, rather than take his watch to the pawnbroker and borrow the 12s. on it at the rate of 3d. a month, who is to stop him?

The moneylender's attraction is doubtless the fact that the property remains in the borrower's possession, and I am afraid on this account your commissioner's scheme would be powerless to compete with this growing evil.—I am, sir, etc.,

A PAWNBROKER.

London, W.

TRAFFIC IN WOMEN.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—We Suffragists have never claimed that we can cure the White Slave Traffic any more than we can cure the crime of murder. There will always be

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murder so long as men are unable to keep their passions under perfect control; and the same human feebleness will always lead to a certain amount of prostitution.

Mr. Whiting says, "You cannot make people moral by Act of Parliament." Why, then, have laws against murder? Because, in the first place, you can, by Act of Parliament, make people fear to be immoral. If murder were not punished, there would be more murder, and if the White Slave trader were punished more severely, there would be less White Slave traffic.

If there were no punishment for murder, most murders would be committed because the murderer would see in it a means of making his existence more comfortable. The cause of most prostitution is the low standard of wages paid to women at present. No one will deny that the extension of the franchise to the working man, and that only—for politicians are not philanthropists, and listen only to those of their constituents who have votes—has resulted in his getting higher wages; and women's wages will be increased only when they have the power of making the politician listen to their voice.

I have enough faith in the human race in general to believe that, if it is as easy to live a moral life as to live an immoral one, a moral life will always be chosen.

It is in order to give women the opportunity of living a moral life that we are anxious to see the franchise extended to women.—I am, sir, etc.,

Birmingham.

S. F. CAMPBELL.

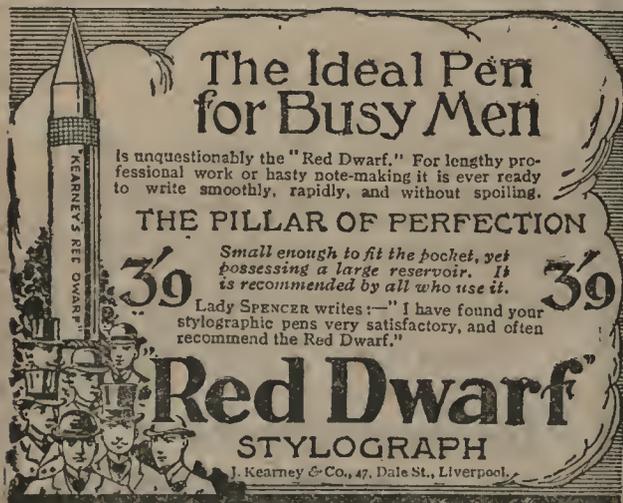
APPRENTICESHIP AND ITS EFFECT ON UNEMPLOYMENT AND THE BIRTH-RATE.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—The writer (aged seventy-four), when he was young, remembers that all boys were apprenticed to whatever trade or profession they had chosen, and received an increased wage each year, until they had completed their apprenticeship; and then they, being fully skilled workmen, received a man's full wages. The first use made of this was to have what was called "a shop warming," i.e., a treat to their fellow-workmen, and, as a rule, it was not long after when they married, they receiving full wages, and being enabled to do so. Unfortunately, during at least the past fifty years, the practice of apprenticeship has become almost obsolete, and boys have commenced their career, without being apprenticed, at a low wage. After a little while they, in most cases, seeing an opportunity of receiving more wages, mostly as an improver, leave their employment, and go to another firm. Many do this several times during their youth. The employers' competition to obtain youths with some little knowledge of their business is much to blame for this, the consequence being, through insufficient training, these men stock the labour market with unskilled labour, and thus, by the time they should have completed their apprenticeship, and become skilled workmen, they are only receiving a youth's wages, and are unable to afford marriage until much later in life, many not at all.

This has also had much to do with the present unnatural competition of women, which has naturally caused so much unemployment of men, and is also responsible for the reduced birth-rate, which, in its turn, has become such a serious matter for the nation.

Now the question arises: What is the remedy for this state of things? Many have been, and are being, suggested, but to my mind the one true remedy would



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be a return to the system of apprenticeship; and here is a glorious opportunity for our Labour party, if they would sink all other matters for the time being, and concentrate their minds upon promoting an Act of Parliament to the effect that all boys should in future be apprenticed. Is it not obvious that if such an Act should be passed our future generations would become skilled workmen, enabled to marry earlier, and increase the birth-rate, and consequently also reduce the competition of women? And, above all, it would lead to our dear old England becoming once more the workshop of the world, and our women once again becoming the mothers and helpmeets of future generations, thus occupying the glorious and natural position in the world which God has assigned to them.

Such an Act of Parliament, as I have foreshadowed above, would be one of the most inestimable boons ever conferred upon the country, and would be a lasting honour to whatever party would promote and get it passed into law.—I am, sir, etc., J. JOHNSON.

THE POET-LAUREATE.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—You invited suggestions as to the next Poet-Laureate. Assuming that the Laureateship is a mark of homage to be offered to the greatest living poet of the British Empire, I beg your readers seriously to consider whether it ought not to be offered to Rabindranath Tagore. He is only beginning to come to his kingdom in Europe, but he is sufficiently known to many through his own translations of his poems, "Gitanjali," with an introduction by Mr. W. B. Yeats (Macmillan and Co., 4s. 6d.). To read these poems, even in the English version, is to be aware of the existence of a poet of such surpassing genius that, if our fellow-subjects in India are to be considered eligible, there can hardly be a doubt that Tagore is the one poet of our day whose claim to the distinction cannot be disputed.

As to his place in India, Mr. Yeats quotes the words of a Bengali doctor of medicine as follows:—

"We have other poets, but none that are his equal; we call this the epoch of Rabindranath Tagore. No poet seems to me as famous in Europe as he is among us. He is as great in music as in poetry, and his songs are sung from the west of India into Burmah wherever Bengali is spoken."

There are arts in which we of the West claim to lead the way; if we find that the East is surpassing us in poetry, should we not be ready to give honour where honour is due, and to acknowledge our spiritual kinship with our Indian brethren by placing Tagore in the same line of succession with our most honoured British poets?—I am, sir, etc., MARION I. GRAY.

Edinburgh.

FROM LONDON TO PARIS.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Apropos of Mr. Alexander's article in your number of June 27th, the following figures give an idea of how the S.E. and C. Railway exploit the pockets of Continental travellers. A second-class return ticket London-Bâle, *via* Folkestone, Boulogne, and Laon, costs £5 15s. 7d., and is available sixty days. A ticket of same class and duration Boulogne-Bâle costs F. 95.20 = £3 16s. 2d., leaving the enormous charge of £1 19s. 5d. for return journey London-Boulogne. True, one can have a 17-day ticket for this stage for £1, but for a journey of two hours by rail (second class) and one and a half hours (third class) by water, the charge is absurd.



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A study of the fare tables reveals the extortionate rate this company charges for their boat trains.—
I am, sir, etc.,
TOURIST.

Tonbridge, June 30th, 1913.

THE SUFFRAGE QUESTION.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—I am delighted with Mr. Packer's letter. Its tone conveys the impression that I have touched a sore point.

In these regions we are "young" in politics. That is why, perhaps, we have less faith in newspapers than would please your correspondent.

But we are not "young" in the sense of inexperience. The hottest fights ever known in the history of British politics were fought in these regions. Perhaps Mr. Packer has heard of the Rebecca Riots, and the wholesale evictions on this countryside before the passing of the Ballot Act—in the days of few newspapers.

Besides, even in these districts, which know something of the economics of the sailor and of the farmer, there is not wanting the necessity of women being allowed to vote. In this little town seventy-five per cent. of the male population are sailors. On a given day the number of these that would be home to vote in a Parliamentary or in a District Council election would be negligible. Even here the justice of being allowed to vote, as representing their husbands, is obvious; yet, even in the face of this, the interest taken by the womenfolk in the movement, which is led by the University woman, by the militant, and the high society woman, and which is often created by them in some ways, will add nothing to the cause.

May I still establish Mr. Packer's charge of ignorance by suggesting and maintaining that

(1) The women's movement is largely a creation of the Press, and of these three "types" which compose the most noticeable, but the most insincere, part of it.

(2) The movement, in becoming officially endorsed by a political party (as Mr. Wilkinson kindly pointed out), will have to sacrifice somewhat in principle for reasons of expediency.

(3) The suggested sex-war (which was the main point of attack in my letter, and which Mr. Packer has ingeniously passed by) is, from the point of view of common sense, nothing but "an Ariel-like fancy."

I am perhaps as broad-minded and as sympathetic a reader of women's doings in this matter as Mr. Packer, but, though "suffering from extreme youth," I do not suffer to the extent of being blind to facts, if they are rather unfortunate ones.—Wishing your splendid paper every success, I am, sir, etc.,

D. T. JONES.

Newquay, Cardiganshire, June 29th, 1913.

IRISH PROTESTANTS AND HOME RULE.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—If you care to give me space, I would like to answer "Galwegian" and "A Mere Catholic Nationalist." They both chide me, curiously enough, for not giving my name. Well, I have had a friend fired at ten minutes after getting up from my table, and within half a mile of my gate; I have been summoned to appear before a League Tribunal to answer for lending a ladder to an unpopular neighbour, and I have had two labourers' cottages built against my demesne wall, in most unsuitable sites, simply to annoy me because I am a Protestant and a Unionist. There are three reasons why I will not "come into the open"

to be a target for your correspondents' friends. "Galwegian" says that Home Rule is supported by the leading professional and commercial men both in Dublin and the country. I am an old man, and know both Dublin and Ireland better than most men. In Dublin, especially, I have considerable interests and more friends than I could count, and I affirm from personal knowledge that the great majority of the manufacturers, merchants, shippers, and large traders of all sorts are Unionists, that the bankers, stockbrokers, doctors, solicitors, and other professional men are also chiefly Unionists. Almost every clergyman in Ireland, except Roman Catholic ones, is a Unionist. Nine out of ten of the leisured and cultured classes (such as Mr. Hone belongs to) are Unionists.

"Galwegian" does not appear to understand what I said about "uneducated voters." I did not say that the Irish party was composed of uneducated men. I said the voters who elected them were, and so they are. As to the cost of Ireland's government, I am too old to trust statistics, and some of "Galwegian's" figures are doubtful. Is he aware that a great number of Scotch officials are assessed for income tax in London?

Whatever the cost, Home Rule will not make for economy, as even Mr. Redmond has admitted. We are now taxed by two authorities, local and imperial. All their taxes are to stand, and a third authority is to have power to impose national taxes as well. We borrow money at low interest on imperial security now, but in future we will have to borrow at high interest on our own. Pat is bleeding from two veins, but has plenty of food to keep up his strength. Dr. Home Rule proposes to open a third vein and cut off his food. Poor Pat! There is no such thing as Protestant ascendancy in Ireland, and there are certainly no government offices in which nobody but a Protestant need apply.—I am, sir, etc.,

AN IRISH READER OF "EVERYMAN."

Drogheda, June 22nd, 1913.

THE CONTINENTAL SUNDAY.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Reading the discussion raised by Rev. J. Adderley's article on "The Continental Sunday," some words of George Gissing's on the subject came into my mind. They are to be found in "The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft," and seem to me well worth pondering:—

"There was a time when it delighted me to flash my satire on the English Sunday; I could see nothing but antiquated foolishness and modern hypocrisy in this weekly pause from labour and from bustle. Now I prize it as an inestimable boon, and dread every encroachment on its restful stillness. Scoff as I might at Sabbatarianism, was I not always glad when Sunday came! The bells of London churches and chapels are not soothing to the ear; but when I remember their sound—even that of the most aggressively pharisaic conventicle, with its one dire clapper—I find it associated with a sense of repose and liberty. This day of the seven I granted to my better genius; work was put aside, and, when heaven permitted, trouble forgotten.

"When out of England I have always missed this Sunday quietude, this difference from ordinary days, which seem to affect the very atmosphere. It is not enough that people should go to church, that shops should be closed, and workyards silent; these holiday notes do not make a Sunday. Think as one may of its significance, our Day of Rest has a peculiar sanctity, felt, I imagine, in a more or less vague way

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even by those who wish to see the village lads at cricket, and theatres open in the town. The idea is surely as good a one as ever came to heavy-laden mortals; let one whole day in every week be removed from the common life of the world, lifted above common pleasure as above common cares. With all the abuses of fanaticism, this thought remained rich in blessings; Sunday has always brought large good to the generality, and to a chosen number has been the very life of the soul, however heretically some of them understood the words. If its ancient use perish from among us, so much the worse for our country."—
I am, sir, etc.,

JOHN MITCHELL.

Blackhill, June 27th, 1913.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—“Broad-mindedness,” as extolled by Mr. A. Leo. Peacock, is by no means an unmixed blessing. It is surprising that Father Adderley should take such a superficial view of the Sabbatarian question, entirely ignoring the deep, hidden forces which, if he did but perceive it, eclipse the mere question of one day's rest in seven, important though that is. Mr. Maurice L. Johnson shows much more discernment when he commiserates those who do not know what Sunday is. It is an astonishing fact that the majority of modern men and women are in that unenviable position.

Quite apart from spiritual or religious considerations, it must be obvious to everyone that there is much more benefit to be derived from the calm of a general cessation of work than from the rush and turmoil which surrounds one who takes his holiday, say, on a Tuesday. Can anything be more obviously fallacious than the remark of Mr. Peacock's friend that “if every person is guaranteed one day's rest in seven, it does not make any difference whether it be Sunday or any other day, so long as he gets it”?

The holiday-maker does not spend his vacation in the immediate neighbourhood of his place of business, unless circumstances compel him to do so. Recognising this, why not create an atmosphere of rest on one day in each week, instead of forcing our fellow-citizens to spend their one day surrounded by the clamour of the working world?

Mr. Peacock is rightly disgusted by present-day hypocrisy and self-righteousness; but I would beg him to remember that not all religion is cant, nor all “rationalism” wisdom.—I am, sir, etc.,

GEORGE D. JAMES.

Paddington, July 1st, 1913.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—I am glad to see the letter of an “Ex-Tram Conductor”—in reply to the article by the Rev. James Adderley on “The Continental Sunday”—in which he says, “No day of the week can make up to a man of religious inclinations the loss of Sunday.” That statement is self-evident; but I go much further, and affirm that no day of the week can make up to the *average working man* the loss of Sunday. Is the man single, he wishes on his off day the company of his chums or his sweetheart; but, unfortunately, his holiday may not be theirs, and he must do without. Is the man married, and the father of children, his holiday is again not theirs. The children are at day-school, while his wife has her work to do, and thus the man must employ or amuse himself alone. Another day in exchange for Sunday is not a fair exchange to a working man, whether he is religiously inclined or not.

I have no right to force a man to lose his Sunday

for my pleasure or amusement, nor has any man the right to rob me of mine.

The Rev. James Adderley says: “Would it not be much better for all parties if we agreed to drop the religious argument, and adopt the *purely philanthropic one*, that the ‘Sabbath was made for man’?” Is the reverend gentleman correct in taking this quotation as purely philanthropic, and not religious?

To me, a plain man, the words are religious, and altogether religious. The Sabbath *was* made for man because of the needs and weaknesses of man. When mankind is perfect the Sabbath will be obsolete, but not till then. Most of us require all the safeguards to spiritual culture possible, and the common Sabbath is our greatest safeguard. One has said, “The Church is a Divine institution because it is so very human.” I say the Sabbath is a Divine institution for the same good reason, and thus “the Sabbath was made for man.”

The Rev. James Adderley says he is a Protestant. I once heard a roadmender say, “I can understand a Tory, an’ I can understand a Radical, but hang thae Liberal Unionists.” I cannot understand the Rev. James Adderley—does he understand himself as revealed in his article, “The Continental Sunday”?—
I am, sir, etc.,

ALEX. HENDERSON.

Harrow-on-the-Hill, June 30th, 1913.

THE POSITION OF THE ENGLISH AUTHOR.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Your Cardiff correspondent, “S. H. E. L.,” seems to me to write only of questionable possibilities when he forecasts all-round benefits to literature if embryonic authors without private means will employ business as a provider of necessities and comforts, and authorship as a mere outlet for exuberance. This hybrid alternative to an artistic life of “struggle and starvation,” far from solving the author's problem, merely furnishes a choice of two evils; and whilst, materially, it is admittedly the lesser, it would not, except in the most favourable circumstances, be conducive to the advancement of Art.

I know something of business, and a little of authorship, and I cannot believe that writing which represents the remains of an energy which has been mostly dissipated in turning the treadmill of toil can be expected to add to the literature of any but a decadent day.

Writing, as I once heard Mr. Galsworthy say, is real hard work, a statement quite contrary to popular belief, and one which upholds the contention that it is not feasible as a pastime for filling the little leisure which the average business career allows of. It is not that there is no time for writing, but that there is no time for writing and *thought*; in which latter category I include the necessary study of technique and the classics, and the cultivation of an acquaintance with the best contemporary literature.

It is true that some businesses provide ample opportunities for observation, but there is more in literature than the jotting down of what we see.

Then, again—and this is, perhaps, the most important point of all—a business training and career, providing they be thorough enough to enable one to compete efficiently with one's contemporaries, tend to have a corrosive action upon the creative faculties, and a decomposing effect upon the artistic or poetic temperament. Business is the Land of Materialism peopled mostly by citizens of the Republic of the Illiterate. It is rare, indeed, that a traveller therefrom can hope to rent a dwelling on Parnassus!

(Continued on page 412.)

12 PRACTICAL AIDS TO MONEY-MAKING POWER.

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BOOKS OF THE WEEK

WE are given a realistic description of prison life in America by Mr. Frank L. Packard, in his new book, **GREATER LOVE HATH NO MAN** (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.). The plot is somewhat far-fetched, and this is to be regretted, as with a little pains the author could have made the sacrifice of Varge appear more feasible. The situation of the opening chapter is a striking one. Varge, the hero of the story, was adopted when a small child by Dr. Merton and his wife. The boy gave to them a wealth of devotion and affection, and in their turn they grew to lean intimately upon him, to depend on him, to need him; for Harold Merton, their son, was an unsatisfactory and somewhat dissipated person. In the middle of the night Harold comes to Varge, and tells him he has murdered his father. Thereon, on the wave of fierce emotion, Varge undertakes to accept the guilt of the crime. He will pose as the murderer of his benefactor, to save the widow from the horror of the knowledge that her husband has been killed by her son. Varge is tried, convicted, but in view of his previous record and frank confession is sentenced not to death, but to penal servitude. His life in prison is varied by feats of heroism. He is persecuted by the gaolers, adored by the convicts, and, incidentally, captures the affections of the Governor's daughter. He is a man of immense physical strength, and subject to fierce gusts of emotional stress, has difficulty to control himself when brought face to face with the brutality of the warders. In the true spirit of a hero, however, when Wenger, the chief tormentor, is set upon by a gang of prisoners, Varge comes to his rescue, and lays about him in real Viking style. The fight in the gaol is well told in vivid and picturesque language, and the initial weakness of the plot once swallowed, the story is arresting and dramatic. At the end everything comes right in the best of all possible ways. Mrs. Merton dies, and Harold, in a most helpful and considerate fashion, confesses his crime, and shoots himself. And Varge marries the Governor's daughter.

Mrs. Baillie Reynolds' latest book is a volume of short stories. The author shows evidences of haste and carelessness in construction, and **THE SWASHBUCKLER** (Mills and Boon, 6s.), the initial story which gives its name to the volume, is slight in plot and unredeemed by literary distinction. It is the old tale of the small State ruled over by a Princess involved in a tangle between a love match and a diplomatic marriage. We all of us know the State, and the Princess is familiar as an old friend. The tale is written in the first person, and the hero, the Swashbuckler in question, performs the whole duty of an adventurer, and marries the Princess. The best story of the series is a slight sketch called "Living Her Own Life," a clever study of a woman artist, who finds that painting pictures is not the only thing that matters.

The novel of finance grows more and more popular. Mr. Max Rittenberg knows his subject, and in **SWIRL-**

ING WATERS (Methuen and Co., 6s.) we are given a vivid and forceful picture of the workings of a successful company promoter, and shown the fashion in which the market is rigged in favour of the mammoth enterprises that hypnotise the imagination of the public. Clifford Matheson has been at the game for some years, and, on the whole, finds it unsatisfactory. He is a man of imagination, and is driven back on the knowledge that his financial operations do not stand for anything definite; he therefore decides to abandon finance for science, and the more successfully to cut himself adrift from Throgmorton Street, he assumes the identity of his half-brother, John Rivière, who has found complete content in his experiments conducted in a bleak hut in the wilds of Canada. Matheson's wife is an automatic person, inconceivably repellent, and we suspect that it was his desire to escape from her society quite as much as enthusiasm for research that induced Matheson to hide himself in the backwoods. He allows it to be believed that a party of 'Apaches in the slums of Paris have killed him, and quietly fades into obscurity, where he meets with a charming woman of the name of Elaine. He is sucked back into the whirlpool of finance by the machinations of Lars Larssen, a financier of a very different type. This man has conceived the idea of floating a company to open up the vast reserves of the south-west corner of Hudson Bay. This gigantic scheme requires the name of Matheson to lend it prestige, but at the last Clifford shrinks from the responsibility of inducing thousands of people to invest their savings. He will have nothing to do with it unless a prominent Government official is allowed to hold half the shares as trustee. Lars Larssen will not agree; he is determined to carry the scheme through, and finally issues the prospectus bearing Matheson's name without his consent. There follows a series of most exciting plots and counterplots leading up to a dramatic scene between Matheson's wife and Elaine. The former is anxious to get rid of her husband and marry Larssen, but her jealousy is awakened by Elaine's affection for her husband, and she decides to win him back for her own, and allies herself with Larssen for her own purposes. It would not be fair to touch upon the final chapter of this dramatic contest. We leave it to the reader to discover in what fashion Matheson finally beats down his foe. The interest does not flag, and the excitement is sustained throughout a clever and arresting book.



'A GODDESS OF STONE (Methuen and Co., 6s.) is a story of the days of smuggling, when war and rumours of war between England and France were in the air, and the French emigrés, thrust out of their native land by the tumult of the Revolution, sought in Britain a haven and a home. The novel is written in the first person, and Mr. Wright Henderson shows considerable skill in his characterisation of the small hero. For the narrator is a little boy of some seven to eight years, and the impressions made on his young mind by men and things are recorded with fidelity and wonderful understanding as to the angle at which children look at events. Tom is the son of an old English soldier, who married the daughter of a French gentleman. The boy loses his parents when he is only eight, and emerges from a quiet home in Chelsea, where his playmates "were fine ladies and grand gentlemen who had mocked at life in the Court of Versailles," to find a refuge in the house of Paul Bygrave, his father's half-brother and a person of huge physical stature and repellent disposition. The lonely little boy finds his only consolation in stolen visits to a statue of Aphrodite hidden among the trees

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of the garden. He accepts her in the matter-of-fact fashion of a child, and to his perception she is imbued with an understanding and a sympathy for all his sufferings, and the terrible loneliness that at times engulfs him. Tom makes the discovery that his uncle is connected with the smuggling industry, and is most cruelly beaten for his curiosity. A succession of wild and terrifying events follow, and the interest is sustained as much by the fashion in which the incidents are told as by the events themselves. A fugitive Marquis in league with the smugglers kills Uncle Paul in a ghastly fashion, and the small boy has to give evidence at the trial. The literary quality of the style, the leisured fashion of the descriptive lend themselves admirably to the telling of episodes that, recounted in a more violent strain, would appear sensational and melodramatic. The book is ably constructed and well written.

THE MYSTERY OF DR. FU-MANCHU (Methuen and Co., 6s.) recalls the sensations and hair-breadth escapes recounted in "Dr. Nikola." Mr. Sax Romer, however, has a somewhat quieter style than Guy Boothby, though he has the same appreciation of the value of weird animals in creating an atmosphere of horror. To Dr. Petrie, a meek practitioner from the suburbs, there appears one Smith, a mysterious person connected with the East, and attached intimately, though secretly, to the Diplomatic service. He shows his friend a small red mark upon his arm, which he announces has been caused by the wound of a barb soaked in the venom distilled from a hymadryad, the most deadly reptile of the East. Only the most drastic methods avail to save his life; he assures his friend he is the victim of an inscrutable Oriental, one Fu-Manchu, "A yellow octopus who has fastened his tentacles upon the British race, and has vowed to exterminate them and their influence from the East." One by one Anglo-Indians are marked down, one by one all those members of the English-speaking race who have attained prominent positions in the East are to be visited with deadly and horrible vengeance. Smith is especially fearful that an official of the India Office is at that moment in imminent danger of his life, and persuades Petrie to accompany him. They are too late. The official is already dead. This time, however, the agency of the hymadryad has not been called into requisition. The instrument of vengeance is a red ant, "some six inches long, of a vivid scarlet colour, and of a truly terrifying description." Smith fights Fu-Manchu with unceasing vigilance, and the designs of the yellow octopus are finally defeated. He disappears in a cloud of smoke, leaving behind him not so much as a red ant to tell the tale. There is plenty of sensation in the book, and it provides a number of shocks and thrills.

Messrs. Burns and Oates have issued their 5s. edition of Mrs. Meynell's poetry at an apposite moment. At the time when her claims as a possible candidate for the Laureate'ship are being hotly canvassed, it is well one should realise the qualities that make her work exceptional. Her output has been exceedingly small. Her poems are comprised in one volume, which consists only of 117 pages. Perhaps no poet, with the possible exception of Gray, has established so high a repute on so slender a foundation, so far as mere quantity is concerned, and assuredly no one has lavished a greater wealth of artistry upon his work. It is nearly fifty years ago since Mrs. Meynell gave a hint of her incomparable gifts. Her technique is almost flawless; to alter a word would be, one feels, to impair the whole. Each

phrase fills its appointed niche, and the whole forms a mosaic of dazzling brilliancy. Mrs. Meynell is not likely to achieve the popularity of Tennyson, or even Browning. She is in part a mystic, and mysticism appeals only to the few; but the pure delight of perfect phrasing will be found in all her poems, and the magic of words is nowhere more potent than in her verse.

Rosa Mayreder has published a survey of the woman problem (William Heinemann, 5s.). Her conclusions are somewhat muddle-headed, but her criticisms of her own sex are piquant, and at times eloquent. The author has the quality of frankness, and does not attempt to hide her opinion that women are neither so interesting nor so honest as men. "The majority of women are neither in qualities of character nor of intellect the equals of man." She states that this inequality is due largely to inferior discipline and training and the low ideal of life set before the girl. One feels that the author is really quarrelling not only with the institution of marriage but with the physical fact that marks woman as the bearer of children. But the full measure of her scorn is reserved for the woman as the gentlewoman. "In the very concept of the lady there is something that is incompatible with the concept of a free personality. Woman, considered as a gentlewoman, though apparently elevated to the supreme peak of a beautiful caste, nevertheless, considered as an individual, leads a life within very narrowly constricted limits." This sweeping generalisation is not convincing, for the author neglects to define her terms. She is amusing, if slightly vituperative, in her attacks on what she terms "the masterful man." "Their relations with women are always coloured by an element of vulgar boastfulness. However tame and feeble they may in reality be, these men love to swagger before women's eyes like stage heroes toying absurdly with the hilts of the swords which their arms would be now too weak to wield." To all those who are concerned with the present turmoil about the position of woman in the home and in the State we recommend this book. Dull in parts and confused in argument, it is valuable as showing what a woman's real opinions are on certain definite points.

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TRY THEM FOR TWO MONTHS.

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COLOURS.—Gents: Grey, Fawn, Tan, Drab, Purple, Navy, Dark Saxe Blue, Green, and Black.

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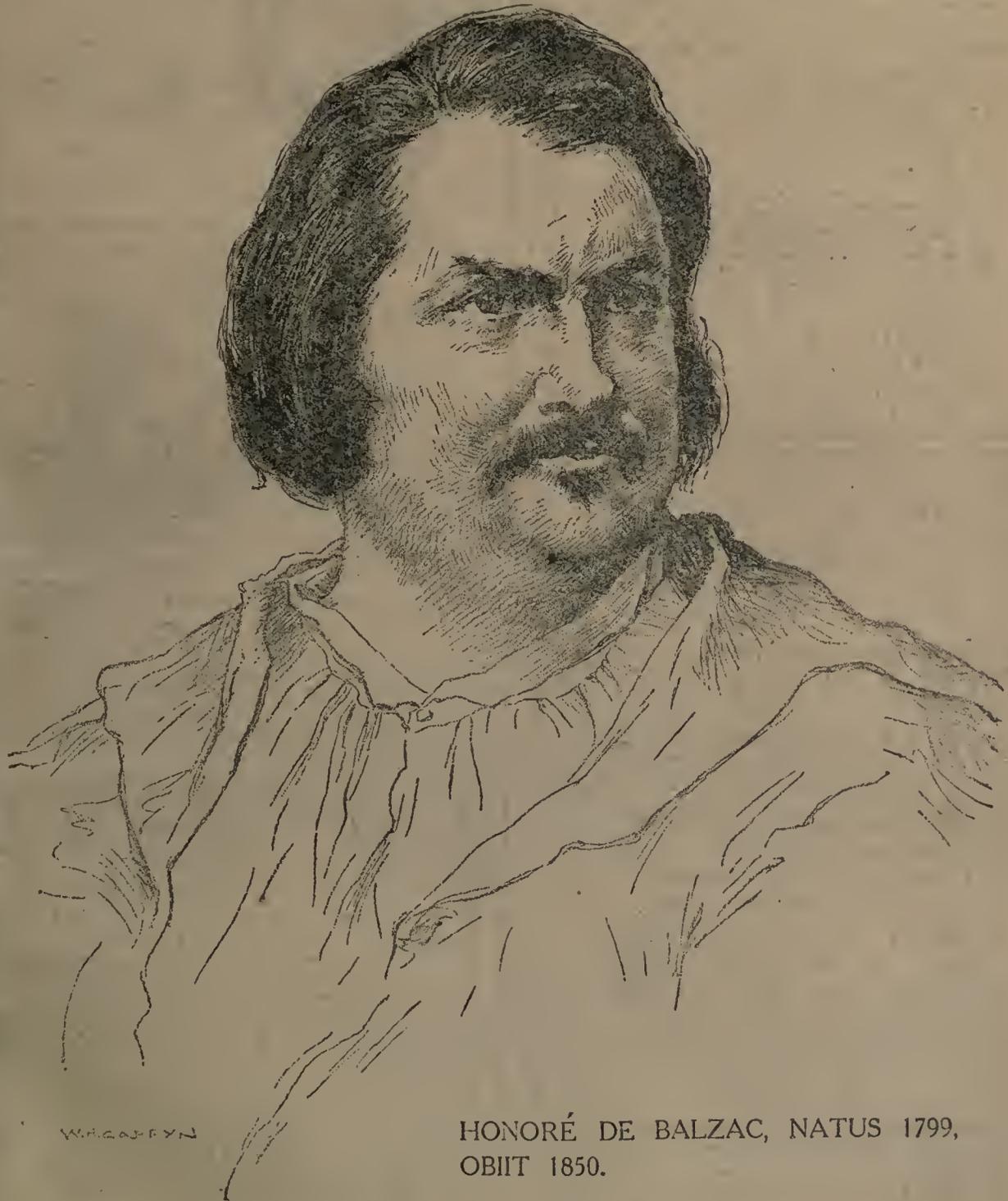
EVERYMAN

His Life, Work, and Books.

No. 40. Vol. 2. [REGISTERED
AT THE G.P.O.]

FRIDAY, JULY 18, 1913

One Penny.



HONORÉ DE BALZAC, NATUS 1799,
OBIIT 1850.

For Character Sketch, see page 424.

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HISTORY IN THE MAKING

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

SO profoundly impressed was the King with the enthusiasm excited by his progress through Lancashire, that we learn his Majesty has determined to repeat the experiment of these Royal industrial tours twice next year, when the Black Country and the Clyde shipbuilding district will be visited. It is not unlikely that these tours, which have done so much to bring the Throne into direct relation with the people, will become a regular feature of the reign until every section of industrial England has been explored.

Bulgaria has had to pay a bitter price for her rashness in reopening war. She has been compelled to place herself, alas! unreservedly in the hands of Russia. With her army shattered and helpless, with famine and her ancient enemy the Turk again threatening, this course was inevitable, and Europe may congratulate herself that, even through these dreadful agencies, peace is at last ensured, and this last phase of the Balkan trouble at an end. The pity of it is that the Allies, who fought together so splendidly in war, could not sustain peace, and that this involved the interposition of outside elements.

By far the most important political pronouncement delivered on behalf of the Government for many a long day fell, by a curious irony, from the lips of Lord St. Ledgers, who on Tuesday night last revealed to the House of Lords the intentions of the Government in regard to Ulster and Home Rule. The course decided on is marked by considerable ingenuity. First of all, there will be no General Election till May of next year, when, under the Parliament Act, Home Rule will become law. That Act gives the Government power to postpone the actual establishment of a Parliament on College Green for twelve months, and, during those twelve months, an appeal will be made to the people for their verdict. If the Liberals are

returned, then, of course, Unionists will be invited to accept the situation. If the Opposition achieve victory at the polls, they can repeal or amend the Act. The plan now revealed shows that for once, at all events, rumour is justified of her children, and, from the Government point of view, it has the crowning merit of throwing the responsibility for Ireland on the Opposition should they kill the Bill.

A question of far-reaching and profound importance is raised by the announcement that Germany has purchased for her hospitals and medical institutions every available millegram of British radium. At present there are two available sources of supply worth speaking of in the world—our own at Cornwall and the pitchblende mines held by the Austrian Government. So far as Austria goes, she prohibits absolutely the exportation of the precious stuff, which now fetches £480,000 per oz. Should we do likewise? The question arises because the result of the raid upon British radium is that British hospitals will have to wait many months before they can hope to give their patients the wonderful curative treatment now being exploited abroad. This, it will be admitted, is paradoxical to the point of absurdity.

It is not surprising that the news that Mr. William Jennings Bryan has announced his intention of going on a lecturing tour through the States should have roused the very liveliest indignation throughout the whole of America. There is something distinctly incongruous, not to say grossly undignified, in a Cabinet Minister, who is entrusted with the most serious tasks, not giving the whole of his time to his work, and even the announcement that Mr. Bryan drives his own motor-car will not, we fear, reconcile the Americans, in many respects the most punctilious people in the world, to this departure from a wholesome practice—a departure that, we believe, would be ruinous to democracy. If public men are not paid sufficient, and it seems that on both sides of the Atlantic that may be the case, let their remuneration be increased. But the State must have the best of their thought and the whole of their time!

Is it not high time that the Government took steps to place military aviation on a more secure foundation—if we may use that term in connection with a science whose practice is necessarily "in the air." It used to be said of the British army that peace was a necessary condition of its safety, but even peace, it seems, cannot ensure safety for military aeroplanists. According to Captain Faber, two officers recently killed while flying owe their death entirely to the defective make of their machines. If this be true, it is nothing short of monstrous that valuable lives should be sacrificed to inferior workmanship, and the sooner the War Office insist on a higher standard of execution the better. No one has emphasised more strongly than Colonel Cody—their own expert—the need of reform in this direction.

Yet another phase, though, alas! by no means a new one, must be added to the eternal housing question. According to the *Daily Mail*, the engaged couples of Halstead, a pretty little town in Essex, are faced with the quandary that, if they marry, they will be unable to get a house in the neighbourhood. Houses, it seems, are bespoke for years in advance, and men leave the district, or live single, because they cannot obtain them. 'Tis sixty years since Charles Dickens denounced this very evil, one which the nation dare not ignore. When will our statesmen deal with it?

THE MAN AND HIS WORK

I.—THE MAN WITH THE PEN * * * BY C. SHERIDAN JONES

IT is nearly twenty years since the writer of these lines was warned, very solemnly and emphatically warned, as to the sort of life he would be compelled to adopt provided he followed journalism as a profession. Hard and exacting work, unconscionable hours, inadequate rewards, succeeded only slowly by long-delayed recognition—these were the main heads of the indictment. It has proved a true bill. Of course, journalism has prizes that are unsuspected of the man in the street, and that come swiftly, and almost silently, within the grasp of some of its votaries. The late William Clarke, for instance, found his income increased by exactly £1,500 a year during the course of one week; and frequently a single article has brought the writer fame and fortune. But, on the whole, the warning of my early monitor stands good, and, after many years of endeavour in Fleet Street, I often catch myself wondering what it is that impels young men, fresh from the Varsity or the public school, to stake their all on a literary career.

I suppose that the great compelling charm which journalism still exerts over the brightest spirits, the most alert intelligences of the rising generation, is that strange sense of power which it bestows even on the very humblest of its practitioners. The consciousness of his ability to shape events, "to get things done," to make history—that is the thrill to which every journalist worth his salt responds, from the editor of a great daily down to the youngest reporter on his staff. I could give a thousand instances of how the magic of cold type has operated to alter the whole current of events. I remember—to take a very diminutive example—how, in the early days of my apprenticeship, I was asked to attend a meeting for the reclamation of some waste land in an unlovely suburb, which it was proposed should constitute a new lung for London. The "meeting" was very sparsely attended. A few women and some half-score of children formed, with policemen, the major portion of the audience. But, marvellous to relate, the report of the proceedings which followed aroused extraordinary enthusiasm in the district, and a little later the purchase of the land was effected and a new park laid out. Again, I remember a well-known M.P. telling me that the whole success of an agitation which swept England from end to end was due to a certain report of a demonstration that appeared in the *Times*. I could give other instances. To-day the Housing question is always with us. Its evils, its magnitude, its national importance are fully realised and widely discussed. But I question very much whether, if a certain Alfred Milner had not years ago been on the staff of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, its importance would be so generally admitted. It was while that nobleman was assistant editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, under the late Mr. W. T. Stead, that he inspired the celebrated series of articles, "The Bitter Cry of Outcast London," which led to the Royal Commission on the Housing of the Working Classes, and won for the subject the recognition which it now enjoys. The *Pall Mall Gazette* had other victories. Mr. Stead it was who, at the cost of imprisonment, scored the first enactment against the White Slave traffic; and his friend, whom he described years later as "one of the greatest preachers that London enjoys," Mr. G. R. Sims, was the man, whose unselfish and unremitting efforts for Adolph Beck,

resulted in the establishment of a Court of Criminal Appeal—one of the greatest triumphs, surely, that journalism has ever achieved.

Sometimes the journalist will condescend to "make" the news that he subsequently records. There is a capital story extant in Fleet Street of a successful free lance, who, finding that things were slack, and that there was a good deal of discontent in the police force, set himself to organise a strike of the Metropolitan constables, with such success that half the Bow Street Division came out, to his great profit and delight. Another good story is told of Mr. Bart Kennedy, who, sent down as special commissioner to record the happenings in connection with the memorable strike of Grimsby fishermen, sought to interest the Mayor with his proposals for a settlement, and so successfully that the matters in dispute were adjusted. The journal he represented, however, missed some excellent copy, and the proprietors were not easily placated.

Triumphs like these belong rather to the irregulars of the profession than to the steady, tried, and disciplined officers who, day by day and week by week, arrange the form which the news of the world shall assume. Their work is by far the most exacting. They have not the stimulus, save in a secondary degree, of outside events. They miss the inspiration of direct contact with the happenings of the outside world, whose history they record through the alembic of the tape machine or the descriptive of the junior reporter. On the whole, theirs is the hardest lot which the profession affords. The work of a sub-editor on a great London morning or evening paper is so arduous and so nerve-destroying that he cannot discharge his duties satisfactorily for more than a limited number of years, when he must accept an inferior position on a paper of different status. Often he has paid a premium of several hundred pounds to learn his business, and has not infrequently served a lengthy apprenticeship to it also. But his utmost earning capacity rarely exceeds £600 per year, and even that well-rewarded period is a brief one. His case appears all the harder when we recollect that the sub-editor's range of information must be very wide. I can call to mind the dismissal of a certain "sub" on a well-known London daily for recording, on the strength of a cablegram, that a certain treaty between the U.S.A. Government and this country had been ratified. The cable showed a majority for the treaty in the U.S. Senate, but, according to the Constitution of the United States, anything short of a two-thirds majority was insufficient, and his failure to recollect this fact cost my friend his position.

Not infrequently, alas, it happens even to some of the most competent of these inside journalists that they develop into one of the tragedies which haunt Fleet Street. Walk from Temple Bar to Ludgate Circus, and you will be struck by the number of careworn faces and threadbare men whom you meet. They are men of culture and education, who have failed to sustain the severe pace which modern journalism requires. Often they have held important positions, which they have lost through no fault of their own. Perhaps it is that they have become, in course of time, pumped out, used up, "extinct volcanoes." A man may occupy a position of responsibility on a paper for

many years. Then his engagement is terminated, and he finds it difficult, almost impossible, to secure other employment. His mind has been focussed along the lines of one paper, whose needs and requirements he understands perfectly. But he has become, as it were, stereotyped and he is unable to hitch on to new and different methods. He drifts and drifts, and frequently becomes one of the failures of a great profession.

It is from this class also that there are largely recruited those privateers of the Press, the penny-a-liners, men who live by duplicating many times the unconsidered trifles of the world—by reporting inquests, fires, murders, and the like. More than once has their doom been predicted. They were to have been rendered supererogatory by the better organisation of the news agencies, to have disappeared æons ago before superior talent and initiative. But, like the brook, they go on for ever. Their flimsy is still received, and some of the greatest scoops of modern journalism have been achieved by them. It was a "liner" who discovered the great Grosvenor Hotel imbroglio, which resulted in the famous *cause célèbre*, and another who gave the world its first intimation that the late King Edward was too ill to attend the Coronation of 1902 on the date first arranged for the ceremony.

Physique is one of the determining factors of the journalist's success. If one considers the successful war correspondents, the men who have won through and achieved distinction in the most arduous branch of a journalist's career, you will realise that muscle and soundness in wind and limb tell almost as much as brains. Archibald Forbes, Bennett Burleigh, Beatty Kingston—all these were big men, who could stand any amount of "punishment" and nervous strain, and yet come up smiling with their copy. The war correspondent is, perhaps, for this reason, the best-paid of all journalists. Mr. Bennett Burleigh has a retainer of many hundreds a year from the *Daily Telegraph*, and the sums earned by his predecessors in many famous campaigns were, as things go, really considerable. But, for the most part, the rewards of journalists are by no means imposing. The editor of a daily paper will receive a large salary—anything from £1,000 to £3,500 a year. These may seem big figures, but we must recollect that an editor on a great paper must maintain a certain position, and must be seen in society. So far as his subordinates are concerned, the obligation becomes less pressing. In any case, their emoluments are considerably less, although their work is often as onerous. Under the *régime* of modern newspaper production they get used up far quicker. Indeed, it may be said of the editor of a newspaper that the less work he does, the greater is his fitness for the position he occupies. It is his work to direct others, and to inspire them—to give the journal just that touch of individuality and distinction without which a paper, no more than a man, can succeed. He has to arrange the leaders, to define the general line of policy, to select the main features of his organ day by day. That done, he should leave the details to others whom he can trust. Of these perhaps the most important is the news editor, who, as I have said, has to give his work an amount of strained and anxious attention, and to grapple with its details, under conditions that frequently make the lengthy tenure of his office impossible.

In fact, outside the editorial staff proper, journalism is tending more and more to become a dry-as-dust profession, depending more and more upon a clerk-like exactness and precision, rather than on a vivid imagination and quick grasp of opportunities.

The war correspondent is, of course, an exception. His work remains splendidly exciting, full of brilliant opportunities and of feverish escapes. There are dozens of legends extant concerning the feats of these news-getters at the front, who still contrive to outwit the censor when the curtain is rung up on the drama of war. The best of these, I always thought, was concerning the great FitzGerald, who, during one of the bygone revolts on the part of the Balkan States against Turkey, contrived with masterly ingenuity to outwit the Sultan's orders, and to transmit to England even the secret instructions that Abdul issued to his generals. FitzGerald achieved this feat with beautiful simplicity. Sleeping at night in an Armenian convent, he would ride out at dawn to the mountains, and, placing the necessary apparatus against the telegraph poles, he would perform the feat of tapping the wires, decoding for transmission by another route the telegrams he was sending to the London Liberal Press. The most delightful feature of the "scoop" was that the Government at Constantinople never found how the Press and the enemy got the news, though the palace was searched and re-searched to find the traitor in the camp.

In strange contrast to this brilliant feat was the unfortunate failure of one of FitzGerald's *confrères*, who was commissioned to report the descent of an aeronaut at Hendon. The descent did not take place; but the reporter saved himself the trouble of attending the ceremony by drawing on his imagination, and, alas! the paper was very badly let down.

It is sometimes said that a journalist is a man without conscience or convictions, who is prepared to write as he is paid. No doubt it is true that, as Zangwill said, "Every question is like a sheet of paper. There are two sides, but a journalist may write only on one of them." But I venture to think that in no profession in the world do men make greater sacrifices for the sake of their convictions. Mr. E. T. Cook threw up the editorship of the *Daily News* owing to political differences with the proprietors. Mr. Massingham retired just about the same time from the *Daily Chronicle* on grounds equally honourable. Mr. Lathbury left the *Guardian* on what seems to many a minor point of conscience; and there are innumerable other instances as striking on record. In point of fact, it is only the hack journalist who surrenders his convictions. The supreme craftsman brings the public round to his.

Carlyle has said of the latter-day journalist that he is the equivalent of the old-time priest. Surely he is more than that! His real function is that of the people's advocate. He must exercise perpetually that eternal vigilance which is the price of liberty. Over and over again his acumen has dragged to light some crying scandal that has remained unsuspected of the people. His soul must be ever in action. While other men enjoy regular hours and settled repose, he must be prepared to work day and night to secure for others conditions he cannot win for himself. He must be prepared to listen to the grievances of all men and to be oblivious of his own; to deny himself sleep so that the engineers may win their eight hours a day; to give up his own half-holiday in order that the shop assistants may get an extra half-hour off. He must insist on the paramount importance of Trade Unionism and suffer himself to be blacklegged by every stray celebrity—music-hall artist, murderer, jockey, or what not. He must voice everybody's grievances except his own. If, as the old Romans used to say, "work is worship," then indeed the life of the journalist is suffused with religion, for, in very truth, it is consecrated to mankind.

MASTERPIECE FOR THE WEEK

THE MEDITATIONS OF MARCUS AURELIUS ANTONINUS ❦❦ By J. S. PHILLIMORE

AFTER 500 years of total oblivion, the book which has played so great a part in modern times was rediscovered and published in 1558. And as one might take the varying esteem of these "Meditations" for a clue to the religious history of the last three centuries, so one may see an initial appropriateness in their publication just before the new religion formally began in England. For the book is one of the great touchstones; tell me your opinion of Marcus Aurelius, and I can infer your opinion on a thousand other matters. Will you answer, with Renan, that it is "the most human of books"? Thanks; then I know all about you. . . . Or, with Brunetière, will you say, "It is the tone of the Superior Person in M. Aurelius which makes him unreadable"? Thanks; and let us shake hands upon it! *Pax tecum, frater.*

I.

If you are of those who talk about "the Individual Soul alone with God," when you mean the Individual Soul alone with a looking-glass, then you are with the Emperor Julian, and Gibbon, and Renan, and Matthew Arnold (to say nothing of the lesser rhetoricians of confusion, such as Farrar), in panegyrising Marcus Aurelius. But if your vocabulary includes the little word Prig, then these four letters will nearly express for you the essence of all that your wholesome instinct resents in M. Aurelius. And yet the case is not so simple as all that. The great repute of the book forbids us merely to say "Prig," and there's an end of it. Let us inspect this famous piece of egotism. "*Egotism is not tiresome,*" said Froude, somewhere in that most self-revealing quasi-novel of his, "The Nemesis of Faith," *or it ought not to be, if one is sincere about oneself; but it is so hard to be sincere.*" Marcus called his book not by the name of "Meditations," as it is commonly called, but "To Himself." Yet never was there a book which had less of the says-I-to-myself frankness about it, and so much of that quite opposite temper which says, "This is strictly private, but it would be a great pity if no one ever saw it." It is so hard to be sincere. Yes, there's the rub, as Froude said. And if sincerity fail for an instant, such a book becomes poisoned: because what is the purpose of writing it? Not historical record: Marcus is none of those who feel that every fact, even of autobiography, has a sacred beauty; nor does he write for the instruction of his successors. "It is not a treatise, but rather the diary of a soul; the daily thoughts of a religious man, jotted down just as they occurred. We may call it a spiritual commonplace book; there are quotations from his day's reading, from Plato, Antisthenes, the poets; the rest consists of reflections upon the doctrines of his school, not reasoned out, but illustrated with an infinity of epigrams and images. It is like the 'De Imitatione,' but less orderly. It is not an autobiography, such as 'The Confessions' of Augustine, or the Journals of Wesley or Fox, though it begins with a slight retrospective sketch; nor is it apologetic or controversial, like the 'Pensées' of Pascal."

II.

I quote these words from the late Dr. Bigg's admirable introduction to Mr. John Jackson's translation (Oxford, 1906), in which the reader will find the Emperor's biography neatly sketched by one who

knew the history and literature of the Decline exceptionally well. It is a good method to take a list of other famous books with which the "To Himself" has been hastily and superficially or stupidly compared, and by noting some differences, to define eventually what it is, why it is famous, and why it offends. It is not like Wesley's or Fox's Journal, because each of these had the mind of a historian, with something of the genius of a picaresque novelist, and no morbid self-inversion. It is not altogether unlike the "Pensées"; but though there is an ugly side to Pascal's intense seriousness, which looks towards egoistic mania, *à la* Nietzsche; Pascal's scientific curiosity, as well as his profound "conviction of sin," divides him widely from Marcus. How does he differ from St. Thomas à Kempis? In this: that St. Thomas speaks with authority and conviction and responsibility, a Novice-master, as well as a mediator, chronicling his soul in retreat; and that the Catholic Church will not allow in him (or in any other contemplative, for matter of that) to forget that she is a social institution. But, above all, Marcus never writes in shame or self-reproach. It is his individualism, his conscious aloofness from the vulgar, which has made Marcus Aurelius the text-book of so many religious agnostics, a class which probably includes the large majority of educated people in this country at the present time, and which bids fair to be the eventual heir of the Protestant experiment in Northern Europe. For such minds as Renan and Matthew Arnold catch the early intimations, and herald an influence which will not take its full general effect until a generation or two later. The dignity, the gentlemanliness, the self-complacent sense of duty performed and temptation resisted were so many qualities that appealed to the Arnold mentality.

III.

When we open the book at random and light upon such things as this: "*Constantly bear in mind the principles of Physics, Ethics and Dialectics, applying them, if possible, to every impression*"; or this: "*When sleep is hard to leave, remember that it is a law of thy being and of man's nature to act as befits a member of the community of living creatures, sleep being merely a faculty we share with the beasts of the field; and, furthermore, that whatever is in harmony with the nature of any individual is, to that individual, nearer and dearer than aught else, more suitable to him, and withal more pleasant in every way,*" one thinks of "Sandford and Merton," and one thanks God for having provided non-Stoical mankind with a remedy for solemn folly, in the blessed panacea of laughter. Here, as in other mystifications and self-solemnisations (such as a Maeterlinck drama), once let the sound of human laughter be heard, and the spell is broken. One of Mr. Maurice Baring's "Pages from Lost Diaries" is the best and most searching criticism of priggyishness. The very function of comedy is to save us from being hypnotised into the long-faced or the sour-faced rigidity of countenance. And yet Lucian, Marcus' contemporary, never saw this aspect of the matter. He tells a capital story, how the most notorious and impudent impostor of the age, Alexander of Abônuteichos, led the Emperor into a comical display of superstition, which ended in a disastrous defeat; but Lucian's satiric humour is never

allowed to play on "divine" persons, only on old gods and suchlike; and he tells his story with regret and without a smile.

IV.

Marcus' sect accounts for much. After a struggle between Literature (represented by Fronto) and Philosophy (Epictetus, Apollonius Stoicus, Maximus Tyrius) in youth, he definitely shrank into Stoicism. Stoicism tended to kill humour; for humour, once given free play, will kill Stoicism. When Rome, with a wonderfully sudden revulsion or conversion after the civil wars, clutched desperate hold of a creed which commended itself to statesmen by its evidently preservative and antiseptic qualities, humour was dead. All the allegro disappears from Virgil's later fancy: Horace left no successors. There is something nervous, meagre, and febrile in the representative Roman Stoic men of letters—Seneca, Lucan and Persius. Not a laugh among them. Add this mood to the mind of a delicate child, nursed in the purple, flattered by a kindly but rather empty-headed tutor like Fronto, and it is little wonder if Marcus grew up to take himself, his soul, the daily and hourly temperature and symptoms of his moral health, more seriously than anything in the world. If we were to forget this, it would become impossible to read with any patience those first pages of the "To Himself": "I must be like grandpapa in *this*, and learn *that* from mamma, and remember what dear old Dr. So-and-so used to say. And what a good example, each in his own way, did all the lecturers set me, whose courses I was privileged to attend!" etc., etc.

V.

But it would be a pity to read no further, for the book has many noble and beautiful things in it. And the pathos of Marcus' personality and situation give piquancy to much that might be dismissed as the commonplaces of a professional moralist: a profession which perhaps more than any other jeopardises the soul. Remember that these are the diary-jottings of a man of peace, a man of words, a sophist, who, painfully conscious of performing a laborious duty, does in fact rule the half of the world which matters; and written in a tent, from the seat of war, at various dates in that interminable struggle with the barbarians on the Danube frontier. Remember that he was a man who, had he wished, yet could hardly close his eyes to the general ebb of Roman vitality and civilisation: when all around was going soft in decay, the Stoic could at least harden his heart. Also he was humane and enlightened, and "would not hurt a fly, unless it were a Christian fly" (as Bigg well said). You will read on for pages and pages without offence, until you meet with some phrase that flashes a light right down into the silly abysmal paradoxes of Stoicism and smells foully of the complacent self-delusion which such make-believes breed. Again I open at random: "*This thing is no misfortune; but the ability to bear it with fortitude is a blessing indeed.*" The imperial prig might have left *that* for Mr. Joseph Finsbury to say. And somehow these are the notes which remain in the memory, so that the book is more irritating to recollect than to read. "A good and great man," we say as we read it; and as we think it over after reading, we add, "And he knew it."

To suffer change can be no hurt; as no benefit it is, by change to attain to being. The age and time of the world is as it were a flood and swift current, consisting of the things that are brought to pass in the world. For as soon as anything hath appeared, and is passed away, another succeeds, and that also will presently out of sight.—*From "The Meditations of Marcus Aurelius."*

IN DEFENCE OF THE BABU

By AN INDIAN STUDENT.

SIR,—I have read with great interest the discussion about India and the Indians, carried on by Messrs. Hyndman and Lilly, in the last three issues of your esteemed weekly. I do not presume to pass any opinion on the merits of the controversy, but please allow me, as an Indian, to say a few words in defence of the educated classes of India, and of the unspeakable Babu in particular.

Mr. Lilly does not explain what he exactly means by the "Babu class" or "Babudom," but I presume these choice expressions are meant for those Hindus of Bengal who have received an English education. If so, I am afraid Mr. Lilly attaches quite a disproportionate importance to the part played by educated Bengalees in the agitation for representative government in India. No doubt the agitation first made its appearance in Bengal, as it was bound to do; for the greater wealth and education of this province, and its long apprenticeship under British rule, gave it a start upon the other provinces of India. But the agitation is now by no means confined to Bengal alone, and if the signs of the times can be read aright, it seems probable that some other provinces will ere long leave Bengal far behind.

Coming now to the specific charges, Mr. Lilly says that educated Indians care only for their own sectional interests, and are quite blind to the interests of the toiling and voiceless millions of India, and "they have really no more right to speak for the people of India than the three tailors of Tooley Street had to speak for the people of England." No charge could be farther from the truth, and no remark wider of the mark. In the preamble to his first article—mentioning his qualifications to speak authoritatively about India—Mr. Lilly says that since leaving India he has always kept himself in touch with the current legislative, political and administrative problems of that country. Let him, then, only look through the list of the hundred odd Bills introduced by the representatives of the educated classes during the last three years in the various Legislative Councils of India, and I challenge him to point out a single one amongst them in which the interests of the educated classes have been alone considered. Does he ever read the resolutions passed by the Indian National Congress—the official organ of educated Indian opinion—in its annual gatherings? Has he heard of the Swadeshi movement, among many others of the same nature, started by the "Babu class" of Bengal at considerable sacrifice to themselves, for the express purpose of reviving home industries, and the indigenous arts and trades of India—all but killed by free foreign competition? Does he know that the two great reforms, for which the educated classes are now pressing the Indian Government, are free elementary education for the masses, and the adoption of measures for ensuring better treatment for Indian labourers in the British Colonies? It is needless to multiply these instances, their number is legion. If some of them (which is quite true) have "violently opposed" all measures introduced by the Government for the amelioration of the condition of poor agriculturists, the explanation of that is to be found in the fact that even now, after the liberal reforms of Lord Morley, Indian Legislatures are, in the words of a member of Parliament just returned from a visit to India, "miniature Houses of Lords." And if Mr. Lilly will examine the annals of the House of Lords, or of the British Conservative party, he will find that the repugnance to allow any "outside"

authority to come between themselves and their tenants is not peculiar to the landlords of India. The remedy for this lies in the extension of the franchise, not in closing the doors on representative government.

Mr. Lilly's next big charge against educated Indians is that they are denationalised, have lost all faith in their old civilisation and religion; they are despised by the common people, and "viewed with the greatest disfavour" by the native Princes. The first part of this charge might have had some foundation in truth if uttered two generations ago, when the Indian character was really temporarily unsettled by its sudden contact with the science and literature of Europe. But since then a reaction has set in, and the danger now is rather of going to the other extreme. The external manifestations of this reaction against Western culture and Western civilisation are to be found in the rise of the Nationalist and Swadeshi movements, the renaissance of indigenous arts and literatures, and the attempts at founding national schools and universities where the ancient learning of India should predominate. Thus the coolness which had for a time existed between the classes who had received an English education, and the more orthodox classes of the community has already nearly passed away. But in no case would it be true to say that the educated classes ever were, or now are, despised by the ordinary people, for in no other country have the common folk a deeper respect for learning for its own sake (cf. the age-long veneration in which the Brahmins, only a small minority of whom used to be priests, have been held for their learning in India). The remark that the educated classes in India have lost all faith in their ancient religion is sufficiently disproved by the fact that not all the attempts of the Christian missionaries for one century have resulted in one convert in a thousand among educated Indians. These educated classes have also given some of their ablest administrators to the native States, and "the greatest disfavour" of the native Princes does not prevent them from employing educated Indians in ever-increasing numbers for the administration of their territories.

Mr. Lilly's next condemnation of the educated Indian is that he is unmanly. He quotes with approval the following sentences (among others) from M. Maindron: "The Babus. . . They become writers, journalists, and clerks (ronds-de-cuir), for nothing manly in the Englishman attracts them. They dread English sports, from which their effeminacy and cowardice keep them aloof, . . . etc., etc." To give only one instance, does Mr. Lilly know that only the other day a football team of this effeminate "Babu class" won the Indian Association Football Shield Competition—the highest laurels that India can bestow in the game—after defeating some half a dozen of the best European teams, civil and military, in India?

Allow me, sir, now to make a few brief remarks on the general part of Mr. Lilly's criticism of Indian conditions. His great objection to the granting of any system of representative government to India appears to be that Indians have never been used to this form of government. But have not the Indian village communities managed their own affairs from time immemorial through their own freely elected representatives—the village *panchayat*? Were not these communities governed according to the most up-to-date democratic conditions when the majority of the inhabitants of English manors were still serfs?

In another place Mr. Lilly says that the various classes and sections of the Indian people have absolutely nothing in common. This comes strange from a man who has known India as intimately as Mr. Lilly

claims to have done. India has inherited a very old civilisation, which is the same in every part of the country, and (like its people) quite distinct from any other civilisation in the world. And in spite of great local variations of manners and customs, which in such a big country are bound to arise, anyone but a biased and superficial observer would find a deep underlying uniformity in the nature of the people throughout the length and breadth of the country.

As regards only one other of his assertions, which I have space here to discuss, viz., that Hindus and Mahommedans would fight and annihilate one another if left to themselves, unless one of these communities succeeded in mastering the other, all I can say is that it is a statement which hardly deserves rational consideration. I do not deny that some religious prejudice exists in India, as perhaps elsewhere, but we must not forget that Hindus and Mahommedans had for centuries lived peaceably together (and not always in a state of anarchy, as commonly supposed) before the advent of British rule; that the twentieth century is not the same as the seventeenth or the eighteenth, and no single community would now be strong enough to impose its will on the others. And if only the supreme Government would give up for a time its time-hallowed policy of *divide et impera*, the various provinces of India (gradually coming to realise their common interests) would soon be able to evolve some system of federal government under British hegemony.

Before bringing my letter to a close, I should like to point out the misleading nature of Mr. Lilly's statistics. To take two or three examples:

(1) He says, "In the whole of India there are 625,000 literates in English." As a matter of fact, their number is now over a million and a half.

(2) He says, "Only a twentieth part of the people live in towns, most of which are overgrown villages." The census of 1901 gives the urban population as one-tenth of the rural in India (all places with 10,000 or more inhabitants being classed as urban).

(3) He says "that there are 539 different languages and dialects spoken in India." The grand total given in the Census Report of 1901 is 185. But these figures give a wrong impression of the actual state of affairs. Only half a dozen languages are spoken by over 200 millions out of the total population of 294 millions (1901) in India; while a dozen account for more than 270 millions.

Similarly, there are no doubt a very large number of religions in India, but Hinduism and Mahomedanism together count 270 million followers. Of the remaining twenty-four millions, more than one-third are animists, *i.e.*, have no religion at all. [My figures are all taken from the statistical abstract of British India, cd. 6,637.]

With many apologies for trespassing at such length on your valuable space.—I am, sir, etc.,

P. C. BANERJEE.

London School of Economics.



"CANADA TO-DAY, 1913"

THE rush to Canada still continues; but the majority of emigrants, anxious only to reach the promised land, are not able to learn the truth as to the conditions existing in the Dominion without difficulty. Their perplexities have been met by the publication of the new "Canada Annual," which has appeared each year since 1911 with increasing success. The sections covered by the volume include articles on finance, sport, farming, and conditions of labour generally. Brightly written, full of valuable hints, the volume should be read by all those interested in the colony. On application to Kingsway House, Kingsway, W.C., for 2s.; postage, 6d. extra.

BALZAC * * * BY CHARLES SAROLEA

I.

WHEN a writer dies at fifty-one, when into this brief span of life he has crowded one hundred and fifty volumes, of which at least thirty are masterpieces, when from early youth he has been spending fourteen hours a day bent over his copy and taking stimulants in order to be able to produce more copy, there cannot have been much time left for exciting external adventure. And, as a matter of fact, although there is plenty of adventure in Balzac's novels, there is little enough in the life of the novelist. It is true, on the other hand, that, whatever incident there is, is of supreme importance for the interest of his work. For there never was a great artist, unless it be Tolstoy, whose work was so entirely autobiographical. There never was a writer whose writings bore so unmistakably the imprint of his Titanic personality.

II.

Balzac entered Paris like a conqueror, as a young provincial from Touraine, the garden of France, the country of Rabelais. Similarly, most of Balzac's favourite heroes, like Rastignac and Rubempré, came from the province to seek fame and fortune in modern Babylon.

Balzac was a middle-class parvenu, a typical "bourgeois gentilhomme," who wanted to make his way into the nobility, who altered the physiognomy of his baptismal name, and, instead of plain *Monsieur* Balzac, called himself Monsieur Honoré de Balzac. Similarly, many of his heroes are endowed with the same high social ambitions and aspirations.

Balzac, like another famous parvenu and novelist, d'Israeli, had many affectations and mannerisms, and those mannerisms are undoubtedly reflected in his laborious style and in the often forced quality of his wit, and one involuntarily thinks of the author penning his love intrigues and his unedifying droll stories clad in the Dominican's robes.

Balzac had very difficult beginnings, and he had countless novels killed under him. He became a great novelist not by the grace divine of his native genius, but by virtue of his tremendous will power. He was like a great orator born with an impediment in his speech, or like a great composer stricken with deafness. And although those difficulties were heroically encountered, and although his overcoming them must be an inspiration to beginners for all times to come, the initial impediment in his speech remains only too apparent, and even his best work contains many parts unworthy of his genius.

Balzac was constantly involved in money difficulties and legal entanglements. All through life he dreamt of making millions, of exploiting imaginary gold mines, and almost until the end he was harassed by creditors. And the money difficulties and legal entanglements creep up in every novel. High and low finance provide the atmosphere of many a story. Half his characters are either indebted or in the clutches of usurers, or obsessed by their expectations.

Balzac was ever dreaming of marrying an heiress from the nobility, and he eventually realised his dreams. After waiting for twenty years, he secured his prize, and after a few months he died. Even so,

Balzac's heroes, Rastignac, and Rubempré, and young Grandet, are pursuing the same quest, and "un beau mariage"—a fine marriage—is one of the mainsprings of the Balzacian novel.

III.

English writers, even the greatest, live in constant terror of their special public; they are in awe of the circulating library. And, like their public, they are afraid of the truth; they are afraid that it may be found too depressing; they are afraid that it may be found sordid; most of all, they are afraid that it may be found immoral. Balzac has no such ignoble terror, for he does not write for the circulating library. Indeed, although weighed down by a crushing burden of debt, he never thinks of his reader. He has a Frenchman's instinct for sincerity and intellectual integrity. His vision of truth may not be suitable for a school-girl, but he does not write for the schoolgirl. His stories may not be palatable to the weakly sentimentalist, but he does not write for the sentimentalist. He only writes for those who have an insatiable curiosity for and sympathy with suffering and struggling humanity. He only writes for those who want to be spectators and partakers of the whole "human comedy," who want to be lifted above their narrow little world, to be plunged into the whirlpool and "maelstrom" of human endeavour and human passion.

IV.

For Balzac is pre-eminently, like Shakespeare, the poet of passion, of elemental and primordial passion. And, like Shakespeare, he is the anatomist of the soul. And, like every drama of the English poet, so every novel of the Frenchman is the story of one absorbing desire, overmastering, uncontrolled, and spreading havoc and devastation because it is uncontrolled. "Cousin Pons" is the tragedy of the artist and idealist in conflict with the realities of a sordid world. "Cousine Bette" is the tragedy of lust. The "Quest of the Absolute" is the tragedy of scientific curiosity. "Eugénie Grandet" is the tragedy of avarice. "The Greatness and Decline of Cesar Birotteau" is the tragedy of bourgeois vanity. "A Bachelor's Establishment" is the tragedy of the soldier who is unfitted by his military career for the duties of civic life. "Old Goriot" is the tragedy of paternal love, and last, not least, the "Wild Ass's Skin" sums up in one striking philosophical symbol the whole tragedy of human destiny.

V.

Most great novelists have their limitations, and only give us some aspects of the moral and social world. They are London cockneys like Dickens, or Belgravians and Mayfairers like Thackeray. Or they only give us the Cathedral town like Trollope, or the Five Towns like Arnold Bennett, or the annals of the country house like Jane Austen, or the Annals of the Parish. Balzac has no such limitations. He is neither metropolitan, nor urban, nor suburban, nor rural. He is never parochial. He is ever universal. He may have his predilections; he may love to describe Napoleonic veterans ("Colonel Chabert," "Medecin de Campagne") because he is a worshipper of Napoleon, and because he himself claims to be the Napoleon of

literature. He may love to describe priests because, if not in the practice of his life, at least in theory, he is a good Catholic, and because, like every good Frenchman, he has a horror of sect and schism. But he is restricted to no class. If his types of the soldier and priest are admirable, his peasants and bourgeois are equally strong, or his artists and politicians, or his costermongers or prostitutes, or his lawyers and money-lenders. Myriads of characters move in the vast world of the "Human Comedy," whether the part they play be insignificant or important; whether they belong to high life or low life, they are described with the same zest, with the same loving minuteness of the craftsman.

VI.

There is one striking peculiarity and contradiction in Balzac's art: whilst his horizon is infinite, his canvas is generally small. He almost invariably prefers the Dutch manner to the largeness and amplitude of the Italian masters. Condensation of matter is one of his most constant characteristics. Few of his novels have more than 400 pages, and again and again the tragedy is condensed into thirty or forty pages. And the quantity is often in inverse ratio to the quality. Even Balzac has done nothing greater than the "Maranas" or "Colonel Chabert," or the "Commission in Lunacy"—unless it be the "Curé de Tours." I remember Maeterlinck telling me one day that he considers that little masterpiece the supreme achievement of the novelist, and I feel very much disposed to agree with him. In the good old days of the 31s. 6d. novel, English writers, for commercial reasons, were compelled to thin out and to spin out their story, and to solve the difficult problem of expanding one volume into three. Balzac, on the contrary, is generally more inclined to crowd three novels into one. "Old Goriot" is an excellent illustration of the tendency. In this one masterpiece there is material for four novels. First there is a detective story in the adventures of Vautrin—the original of "Jean Valjean." Secondly, there is a romantic autobiography in the rise of M. de Rastignac. Thirdly, there is a society novel and a "Vanity Fair" in the intrigues of Madame de Beauseant and the Baronne de Nucongen, and, finally, there is the King Lear tragedy of the old Goriot deserted by the daughter to whom he has sacrificed everything.

VII.

I admit that this instinct for condensation often leads to overcrowding, makes what Henry James has called Balzac's novels, "very difficult reading." A study of the French master requires strenuous discipline, and is in itself an education. Even as the reader of the silly and flimsy circulating library novel has his taste spoiled for the great Frenchman, so conversely the habitual reading of Balzac spoils one for the circulating library.

But in many of his novels Balzac has avoided the danger of overcrowding the canvas, and, instead of following the diverse fortunes of several characters, concentrates on one single subject. This applies, of course, to all his short stories, but even some of his greater novels are nothing but the isolated study of a single French family represented by three or four characters. In this connection no critic seems to have noticed that "Eugénie Grandet," the "Quest of the Absolute," the "Greatness and Decline of Cesar

Birotteau," are all cast in the same mould, and that they are all equally classical in their strict observance of the unities, in their severe restraint. Those three domestic dramas in their structure and composition present striking analogies with the domestic comedies of Molière. Even as in "L'Avare," in "Les Femmes Savants," in "Le Malade Imaginaire," we are presented with the comic picture of the typical French home, so we are given here a tragic picture. And in each comedy and in each novel the analogy extends even to the presence of the inevitable and irrepressible domestic servant.

VIII.

It is interesting to note that in the case of the three masterpieces just mentioned, it is the woman who is the nobler character. Ruskin tells us in his "Sesame and Lilies" that in Shakespeare's tragedies it is almost invariably the woman who has to suffer for or to atone for the guilt or the selfishness or the stupidity of the man. What Ruskin says of Shakespeare may be as fitly applied to Balzac. And this is one further point of resemblance between the two great poets. An implacable realist, Balzac is ever prone to idealise womanhood.

And this brings us to one of the most disputed controversies in connection with the "Human Comedy." Balzac has again and again been accused of pandering to the lower instincts, and of taking a debased view of human nature. It is the exact reverse which is the truth. The ruffians and scoundrels no doubt abound. But no other poet has created more admirable and more diverse types of human virtue and human heroism. No other writer has higher ideals, although he seldom obtrudes those ideals, although he seldom becomes didactic, except in the "Country Doctor" or the "Village Priest." Those who accuse Balzac of immorality or of pessimism or of cynicism have read him to very little purpose. He is too magnanimous not to believe in human nature. He is too full of exuberant vitality to be a pessimist, and not to believe in life and in the joy of life. And he is too much of the poet and of the artist not to believe in beauty, not to feel the artist's instinct of transfiguring and idealising reality. It is for that very reason that Balzac will always appeal to those readers who, in a literary masterpiece, above all, seek a vision of beauty and a source of energy and an inspiration for a fuller and nobler life.



TO THE NOT INCONSTANT MOON

"O swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon."—*Shakespeare.*

QUEEN of the silver diadem impearled

Before whose throne within the sapphire hall

Grim spectres of the night are held in thrall,

That else would haunt the vigils of the world,

'Alway thou viewest in the darkness whirled

Round Heaven's axle stars and planets all,

And yet thy peace, inviolate, mystical,

Is as a banner o'er the void unfurled.

Disconsolate we wend our timorous way

Here in the gloom, seeing no certain light;

For us is neither peace nor dower of might.

O moon, whence is thy confidence, O say,

Canst thou beyond the utmost bound of night

Descry the dawning of diviner day?

THOMAS SHARP.

THE WORKS OF FRANCIS THOMPSON*

By E. HERMANN

I.

"HE never bowed his noble head but in adoration." At first sight this seems grotesquely untrue of the battered singer who sat long years with want and remorse. On a deeper view it becomes the very epitome of Francis Thompson's soul. Inured to destitution and despair, he remained free alike from bitterness and from ignoble surrender, and emerged out of hell unestranged from his fellows, and in humble intimacy with his God. One who had seen him, wild-eyed, pallid, bedraggled, racked with the fierce reaction of laudanum, and all but lost, and who had rashly classed him with haggard eroticists like Ernest Dowson, said afterwards, on reading the poems, "But Francis Thompson never wrote these, . . . these songs were written by a priest, and by *what* a priest!" He had hit the nail on the head. Francis Thompson wrote in a priestly fashion, not only in virtue of his rare liturgical sense—a quality which is never more apparent than when he is contrasted with Crashaw, the poet he is considered most closely to resemble—but far more in virtue of a spiritual grace. True, he is clothed with pomp and steeped in liturgical splendour. His verse moves in solemn procession, with waving banners and multi-coloured vestments. It is heavy with incense, and studded with lights, oppressively hieratic at times, as with the stiffness of opulent embroidery on cloth of gold. But it is not in these that his priestly quality resides. It is rather in a soul that in the deepest humility of its bitter penitence knew itself a custodian and interpreter of eternal mysteries, and saw with sacramental eyes, regarding not the embroidery of the veil, but the glory of the veiled One.

II.

With the Definitive Edition of his works before us, we can trace this priestly quality on an ample scale. Three fine volumes, two giving the best of his poetry, and one containing his fragmentary prose, beginning with his famous essay on Shelley, place the naked soul of the singer in our hands. A hundred observations and suggestions come to the mind as one reads. Here is the influence of Milton—never since Milton, surely, has verse worn so regal a vesture. Here Shakespeare has left his mark; there the delicate latinity suggests Lord de Tabley; yonder, the smallness and sweetness of spiritual suggestion recalls Henry Vaughan, and here is the unmistakable influence of Donne. Again one is captured by his wonderful poems on children, so poignant in their humility and wistfulness, so radiantly beautiful in their perfect artistry. "The Hound of Heaven" once more grips the imagination. There are finer things than it in his lesser-known work, yet where else can we find so thrilling and contagious an atmosphere of sheer relentless speed? And the opening lines are certainly among the rarest and strongest that even Thompson ever penned. Then, turning the pages to find old favourites, we steep ourselves in the

* "The Works of Francis Thompson." (Definitive Edition.) 3 vols. 6s. net each. The volumes are sold singly. (London: Burns and Oates, Ltd.)

matchless delicacy of his Sister Songs—no other poet surely has written with such stainless grace of women, of young girls. In spite of our knowledge of the dark strands that crossed his web of life, we find ourselves asserting that such mingled majesty and loveliness could only come of quiet, dignified days, beautifully lived under wide skies and amid noble horizons. Then some such autobiographical fragment as this recalls us to the hard facts:—

"Forlorn and faint and stark,
I had endured through watches of the dark
The abashless inquisition of each star;
Yea, was the outcast mark
Of all those heavenly passers' scrutiny;
Stood bound and helplessly
For Time to shoot his barbèd minutes at me;
Suffered the trampling hoof of every hour
In night's slow-wheeled car;
Until the tardy dawn dragged me at length
From under those dread wheels; and, bled of strength,
I waited the inevitable last.
Then there came past
A child; like thee, a spring-flower; but a flower
Fallen from the budded coronal of Spring,
And through the city-streets blown withering.
She passed—O brave, sad, loveliest, tender thing!—
And of her own scant pittance did she give,
That I might eat and live:
Then fled, a swift and trackless fugitive."

III.

There is enough in Francis Thompson's work to mar the perfection of his art, and the force of his spiritual suggestion. Often his latinity degenerates into mannerism; more often it becomes stiff and hard. Now and again self-consciousness lays its deadly hand upon inspiration. At times a churning sea of metaphor obscures the picture, and of much that he wrote it must be said that it lacks the charm and cadence of song, lacks even that rough and highly-syncopated charm of rhythm which makes some of Browning's least melodious verse interesting, and even delightful in its own tart way. But looking over it all, one is tempted to wonder what his generation was about to miss the glory of so authentic a genius, and that at a time when the poet's voice was silent in the land. "Blessed is the people that knows its prophets before they die." Yet Thompson was not left without the praise of those whose praise was worth the having. On his coffin lay roses from Meredith's garden, with the testimony of the aged Titan, "A true poet, one of the small band." And during his life-time he had the joy of being hailed by such sure judges as the Meynells as a singer of rare and haunting power. Coventry Patmore heaped praise upon his work in the *Fortnightly*, H. D. Traill in the *Nineteenth Century*, and Mr. J. L. Garvin in the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle*, while Arthur Symons followed suit in the *Saturday Review* with a much-quoted critique. "Other poets," he said, "have had deeper things to say, and a more flawless beauty; others have put more heart into their song; but no one has been a torch waved with so fitful a splendour over the gulfs of our darkness." A torch!—the figure clings. Not even Blake could cast so revealing a light upon the things of earth. To see a solid garden pumpkin transformed by one magic flash of

fairy light into a coach of gold and glass is a delectation which awaits the reader of Francis Thompson's verse. Here he can hold infinity in the palm of his hand, and swing the earth a trinket at his wrist. Sometimes he will be beaten with a flaming scourge that drives the imagination along till it all but fails, at others he will be held in a breathless stillness, in which he will see the eternal reflected in the pools of time. Some critics would have us believe that Thompson, like so many second-rate mystics, was vague and blank rather than deep, and that he cast his curiously wrought imagery before the feet of a thoughtless clique, as a child casts flower-petals. Nothing could be farther from the mark. He is often laboured, hyper-subtle, and, it must be admitted, tedious. Vague and irresponsible he is never. On the contrary, his very faults spring from an over-scrupulous precision. Forging ahead with all the driving force of a fiery spiritual energy, he is restrained by the very same energy which will not brook anything purposeless or impertinent in its shining way.

IV.

But it is to the priestly character of Thompson's poetry that one is ever tempted to revert. To not a few minds the word suggests arrogance, self-consciousness, and a mind caught in the gin of mechanical routine, and dwarfed by ignoble limitations. But Francis Thompson's priestliness was of the original and authentic type—the priestliness of a dedicated soul bowed in glad and humble awe before eternal mysteries, and utterly absorbed in adoration and vision. Without some hint of such priestliness there can be no true poetry, but Thompson had it in that high and explicit sense which gives him a unique place among priestly singers. It is the soul and charm of his song. It saved him alike from hardness and from sentimentalism. It kept his ornate ecclesiasticism from degenerating into pious millinery, and made it a fit garment for the King's Daughter who is all fair within. One cannot leave this central aspect of Thompson's work without illustrating it from two examples, which unite an unchallengeable beauty of form with an interior radiancy of spiritual grace. The first is taken from his panoplied ode to the Setting Sun:—

"No rift disturbs the heavy shade and chill,
Save one, where the charred firmament lets through
The scorching dazzle of Heaven; 'gainst which the hill,
Out-flattened sombrely,
Stands black as life against eternity.
Against eternity?
A rifting light in me
Burns through the leaden broodings of the mind:
O blessed Sun, thy state
Uprisen or derogate,
Dafts me with no more doubt; I seek and find.
If with exultant tread
Thou foot the Eastern sea,
Or like a golden bee
Sting the West to angry red,
Thou dost image, thou dost follow
That King-Maker of Creation
Who, ere Hellas hailed Apollo,
Gave thee, angel-god, thy station;
Thou art of Him a type memorial.
Like Him thou hang'st in dreadful pomp of blood
Upon the Western rood;
And His stained brow did veil like thine to night,
Yet lift once more Its light,
And, risen, again departed from our ball,
But when It set on earth arose in Heaven.
Thus hath He unto death His beauty given:

And so of all which form inheriteth
The fall doth pass the rise in worth;
For birth hath in itself the germ of death,
But death hath in itself the germ of birth."

V.

The second is taken from the "Assumpta Maria," a poem which stands by itself: there is nothing quite like it in all our literature:—

"I am Daniel's mystic Mountain,
Whence the mighty stone was rolled;
I am the four Rivers' fountain,
Watering Paradise of old;
Cloud down-raining the Just One am,
Danae of the Shower of Gold;
I the Hostel of the Sun am;
He the Lamb, and I the Fold.
He the Anteros and Eros,
I the body, He the Cross;
He is fast to me, *Ischyros*
Agios Athanatos.

* * * *

Who is She, in candid vesture,
Rushing up from out the brine?
Treading with resilient gesture
Air, and with that Cup divine?
She in us and we in her are,
Beating Godward: all that pine,
Lo, a wonder and a terror!
The Sun hath blushed the Sea to Wine.
He the Anteros and Eros,
She the Bride and Spirit; for
Now the days of promise near us,
And the Sea shall be no more.

Open wide thy gates, O Virgin,
That the King may enter thee!
At all gates the clangours gurge in,
God's paludament lightens, see!
Camp of Angels! Well we even
Of this thing may doubtful be,—
If thou art assumed to Heaven,
Or is Heaven assumed to thee!
Consummatum. Christ the promised,
Thy maiden realm is won, O Strong!
Since to such sweet kingdom comest,
Remember me, poor Thief of Song!

Cadent fails the stars along:—
Mortals that behold a woman
Rising 'twixt the Moon and Sun:
Who am I the heavens assume? an
All am I, and I am one."

VI.

In his little essay on Richard Crashaw, Francis Thompson has all unconsciously written a sober and not any too generous estimate of his own Muse.

"He is fraught with suggestion—infinite suggestion. More than one poet has drawn much from him, yet much remains to be drawn. But it is not only for poets he exists. Those who read for enjoyment can find in him abundant delight, if they will be content (as they are content with Wordsworth) to grope through his plenteous infelicity. He is no poet of the human and household emotions; he has not pathos, or warm love, or any of the qualities which come home to the natural kindly race of men. But how fecund is his brilliant imagery, rapturous ethereality! He has at his best an extraordinary cunning of diction, cleaving like gold-leaf to its object. In some of his poems it is the feat of an amazing gymnast in words rather than of an unpremeditating angel. Yet . . . there are numerous other examples in which the miracle seems as unconscious as admirable."

August, lucent inviolate, born of a soul that had the stars for its food, wrought in a mind as stainless as it was sincere, Francis Thompson's work speaks to men of the things that belong to their peace in a voice that strikes a new chord in English literature.

GOLDEN SYRUP

As a small child I sat on the nursemaid's knee at bedtime and contemplated my supper of arrowroot. I had had my bath; I was warm and comfortable; I liked the feeling of my nightgown and the smell of damp towels drying on the guard.

The nursemaid tied on my feeder over my flannel nightgown. "Be a good child," it said in red cross-stitch. With assumed interest I drew the nursemaid's attention to some of the more familiar letters. She put me through my alphabetical paces, and interpreted the motto for me. The diversion was short. She became aware of the cooling arrowroot, and dipped her spoon. The spoon broke through the surface skin, and showed the liquid stuff beneath, steaming hot. Then it was at my lips.

"Sup them up," said the nursemaid, who was Scotch. I swallowed obediently. The thing had to be gone through with.

But soon I saw the hopelessness of the undertaking. It was not like eating cornflour or even porridge. In these firmer foods you could measure your progress; you made a clearly defined bay, which grew with each successive spoonful until you came triumphant, if replete, to the other side—exactly like the children of Israel crossing the Red Sea in my Bible-book. It was impossible to make any such impression on arrowroot. For every spoonful swallowed there flowed in a fresh rush of thick white stuff from every side. A constant level was maintained. It became very disheartening.

"Be a good child," she said.

She had recently told me what would be my fate if I were a bad child. I sat up.

"If I don't, shall I go to hell?" I asked. She said she expected so.

Unutterable boredom and nausea had seized me. Soon the fires of hell seemed preferable to another spoonful of that pale glue. Tears rolled down my cheeks, and in a desperate moment I spat out what I could. The devil did not instantly appear, so it is to the nursemaid's undying credit that she did not appeal to Nana. Instead, she fetched from the cupboard a clear glass jar of golden syrup, and, when she had dipped a spoonful, she traced upon the surface of that loathsome arrowroot a glittering golden pattern. Soon I saw, even through the distortion of my tears, that here was no common, unmeaning wriggle, but the outline of some great four-legged thing.

"That's a dromedary," said the nursemaid. And so it was. He had a long, long neck, and a hump upon his back, and a little tail, and long, thin legs, and he was racing over the white desert of my arrowroot—a wondrous, golden beast.

"Now," said the nursemaid, "we will eat this dromedary." I had never eaten a common camel before, still less a dromedary, and the idea filled me with excitement. First I ate his long, thin legs, and then his thread-like tail, and then his golden body with its hump, and last of all I ate his long, long neck, and then his proud head with its great golden eye. Spoonful by spoonful. He tasted very good. And then I saw, to my amazement, that all the arrowroot was finished as well, and I needn't go to hell to-night.

The nursemaid wiped my mouth with the feeder, and kissed me. "To-morrow night," she said, "you shall eat an elephant. Now say grace."

I folded my hands; they stuck together by reason of the syrup on them. "Thank God for my good dromedary. Amen."

DORIS L. MACKINNON.

IN BOHEMIA

MR. EDWIN PUGH, the chronicler of "Harry the Cockney," takes us to Bohemia in London in his latest novel "Punch and Judy" (Chapman and Hall, 6s.). The scene of the story is laid in Soho, and those delightful little restaurants instinct with camaraderie are vividly brought before the reader. The action takes place in a wonderful lodging house attached to a French café near Old Compton Street. Monsieur and Madame Poussier are the proprietors, and their lodgers and their clients are amazing and delightful people. Gourowski, the Anarchist with the leonine head, stalks in and out the drama with the unexpectedness and dramatic effect of the ghost in "Hamlet." There one meets the broken-down actor, Holy Jo, who interlards his conversation with inapposite quotations from the Scriptures. There, also, in the garrets, we meet the overworked seamstress, the mother of a family that ebbs and flows in a tragic rhythm—the birth of one child being balanced with the funeral of another. Moll, the Roman, of resurgent femininity, flames out in the bizarre colours of the oldest and most terrible profession of the world. Against this background of motley hues move the twins that give the title to the story. Punch, a small, elf-like character, with a passionate capacity for tragic emotions, and his deep-laid plot for the removal of the latest edition to the family of the seamstress is the *deus ex machina* of the piece. He it is who brings Una, the artist's model, to the notice of the hero, Crispin Pix. The latter is a young composer in search of the masterpiece that shall make him immortal. He leaves his comfortable and conventional home with his sister, and sets out on the sea of adventure that brings him to port with Madame Poussier.

Una is a delightful creation. With all the witchery of young April she flits in on the habitués of the café, who, without question, admit her supremacy and wonder at her freshness. Crispin goes down before her charms, intensified by the drab surroundings of Soho. "He was thoroughly aware of bright mocking eyes and slightly crooked brows shaded by the broad brim of a sort of silver helmet, trimmed with white feathers that she wore poised jauntily on her head; of a wilful mouth revealing strong white teeth between full ripe lips like snow in the heart of a scarlet flower . . . she wore clothes of the colour of very young foliage; Crispin was reminded of cool green rushes sheathing a pale pink flower, her face. Her whole person seemed to him veiled in a soft, warm, glamorous aura of mystery." Crispin surrenders to the witchery of the girl like snow before the morning sun. But, and herein comes the art of the author, the girl's freshness, the very genuineness of her beauty, seems to wither when tried by the fatal standard of conventionalised conduct. Crispin's married sister comes to Soho, and at the chill of her personality, instinct with the rigour of a small country parsonage, the artist's model feels her heart grow faint. From the moment of the advent of Mrs. Phlox one hears the knell of romance. Una feels she cannot survive the Phlox influence, and finally severs her relationship with Crispin to marry Olly Ullys, a clever young artist who has worshipped her for years. Mr. Pugh shows genius in naming his characters. One visualises Crispin's sister at the name of Phlox as the exact type of woman to regard life from the feather-bed point of view. And, at the end, Una is the character that remains indelibly imprinted on the mind. She is a vivid and a virile creation, and Mr. Pugh's many admirers will not fail to surrender to her charms. Full of swift humour and dramatic power, it is a book forceful and pathetic.

LITERARY NOTES

It is a long time since we saw so altogether delightful a booklet as the souvenir of the recent George Borrow celebration at Norwich. From the cover, with A. J. Munning's virile design of George Borrow and Petuengro overlooking the city of Norwich—a happy conception in the true Borrowian spirit—to the concluding "Lines on a Flower from Borrow's Grave," it is an excellent example of what such things should be. The illustrations—several of them reproductions of etchings mounted on grey paper—are admirably done, and full of charm and interest. The cancelled corners of Borrow's house specially take one's fancy—by some strange freak of suggestions these cramped interiors are redolent of the man of wide open spaces and wind-rocked nights. The letterpress is worthy of the illustrations, and the print and general get up beyond reproach. Both the Celebration Committee and the publishers, Messrs. Jarrold and Sons, are to be congratulated on this attractive little achievement.

* * * * *

One of the few events of the slack season is the publication of Mr. W. S. Lilly's book, "The New France," a study in religious and social history from the Roman Catholic point of view. Mr. Lilly contends that the French Revolution struck at the very basis of civil society in its daring attempt to recreate a nation and so produced a new France. One of the most immediate results of this transformation was an entire divorce between the spiritual ideal or ideals of the Roman Church and the political ideals of the Revolution. By studying the changes of sentiment thus evoked we are able, Mr. Lilly believes, to seize the only true significance of some of the most representative figures in the history of modern France, and to appreciate the moral and intellectual values of the Third Republic. In this book he makes an exhaustive analysis of the Revolution in its relation to the Faith, and his personal studies of men like Fouché, Talleyrand, Chateaubriand, and M. Paul Bourget form not the least attractive part of the volume.

* * * * *

Mr. A. G. Gardiner, the versatile editor of the *Daily News*, has attained a well-deserved reputation as a writer of character sketches. He may, indeed, be called a master of that popular but difficult *genre*, and his "Man of the Week" has made the Saturday issue of the *Daily News* a thing to be looked forward to. Some years ago his volume of sketches, "Prophets, Priests, and Kings," had a most favourable reception, and ran out of print very quickly. Mr. Gardiner has now prepared a second volume of selected sketches, to be published in October by Messrs. Nisbet, under the title of "Pillars of Society." The book will be profusely illustrated.

* * * * *

Most "revivals" are no more than mechanical re-ristinations. Among the few vital movements of this class is the revival of the old-time broadside, as inaugurated by Mr. Jack B. Yeats. These broadsides, which are now entering upon the sixth year of their life, are printed and coloured by hand in a little four-roomed cottage near Dundrum, co. Dublin, where many beautiful little books are also printed, Mr. Yeats' sister, Elizabeth C. Yeats, being in charge of the hand press. The broadsides, with their delightful suggestion of "a penny plain and twopence coloured" (only their price is 1s. each, and they are fully worth it), have the genuine, racy, rollicking flavour of the old-time article with the added grace of delicate printing and characteristic draughtsmanship.

THE REAL CANADA

By G. C. THOMSON

(Concluded.)

I.

NEWSPAPERS and tramcars are items in which our new world cannot stand comparison against the old. The tramcars are, indeed, well designed and well appointed, but their stopping-places (I speak of Winnipeg especially) are provokingly numerous. The conductor has an absurd and out-of-date box for fares, and there is no limit to the passengers allowed on the cars. It is no uncommon thing to find your evening car packed with every being for whom there is an inch of standing room, and other passengers elinging like flies to perilous footholds outside. As to newspapers, one cannot grumble at the price. You pay 2½d. for a single paper in the morning, but you can contract for it for a shilling a month. At night you get three papers for your 2½d., and on Saturday night your bundle of three is large enough to fill a golf bag. It is not in quantity that the lack is. It is certainly not in ability. But the Yankee journalism has gripped Canadian papers. With a few creditable exceptions they are sensational, inaccurate, and violently partisan. They certainly encourage the belief that no Canadian credits the cleanness of his political opponent—a belief which one fears to be widespread. Certainly there are too many examples of politicians entering public life poor and emerging rich; and the system of "to the victims the spoils" is still carried on, to the detriment of the Civil Service. Postmaster-ships, for instance, are political rewards, and the party uppermost sees that room is made for its own supporters on every stateable excuse. The present Prime Minister seems to be trying to improve matters, but that he is not wholly successful may be seen in the recent case, in which an ominous notice from Ottawa was served on a certain Nova Scotia postmaster whose job was desired by some Government nominee. Active interference in the late General Election was the assigned cause of the official displeasure. The only difficulty in making this good was the discovery of the unfortunate fact that the suspected postmaster had died four years before the election occurred! In the Civil Service there are many men highly competent and highly scrupulous, but in general an applicant does not need to prove his competency if he can prove his party services; and he does not need to show his scrupulousness if he can influence votes.

II.

It is not good to be unwell in Canada. Hospitals exist in all important towns, but the sick man is not the free guest that he is in Britain. He must pay sweetly for his accommodation (two guineas a week is almost a minimum), and operations are far too dear for the poor man. Yet these payments do not cover expenses, and the liberality with which Canadians, however humble, contribute on "Tag Days" to their hospitals is a revelation to the Englishman. It is a matter for reflection that the hospitals might well be smaller did the Canadian take more trouble about expectoration, public sanitation, and infectious diseases. The freedom with which infected patients gad about in public turns many a doctor's hair grey.

From hospitals to hospitality is not a long step. And here one must praise Canadians with caution. I suppose it is due in large measure to the marvellously mobile nature of the incoming population, and in some measure to the Canadian's shyness and unwillingness

MR. G. C. THOMSON,
author of the Article

THE REAL CANADA

appearing in last week's issue and concluded in this issue of EVERYMAN, recognises the possibilities of the development of

Swift Current,

for it is here that he has now established himself. If you cannot follow Mr. G. C. Thomson's example by going to Canada, you certainly should do the next best thing—

INVEST IN CANADIAN LAND

AT

SWIFT CURRENT,

the fastest growing town in Canada.

You can buy lots in Swift Current for £10 each, cash or by instalments, adjoining others selling in Canada at £20 to £30 each.

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are offering **KENSINGTON GARDENS, Swift Current,** at only £10 per lot, 25 feet wide by 120 feet deep, freehold title from Government. Payments to suit your convenience.

Swift Current has nine banks, seven lumber yards, five churches, flour mills, etc.

Swift Current has seven grain elevators which handled over 2,000,000 bushels of grain last year, and expect to handle 6,000,000 this year—enough to feed every man, woman, and child in Manchester for a whole year.

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Swift Current will this year be served by 4 additional lines of railway. This will, of course, enormously increase its rate of development.

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Let us send you particulars of this wonderful chance, which cannot last long.

Fill in and post the attached coupon to-night.

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Please mail me, post free, map, booklet and full particulars of your freehold lots in Swift Current.

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Address.....

E.M.

to be the subject of "foreign" comment, but he does not, in the Western cities at least, readily make the stranger welcome to his home. Britons coming out will quickly make congenial friends with Britons; but in the towns they will take long to gather a circle of Canadian friends. I know a gifted Scots solicitor who was a graduate of two home universities, a witty man and a companionable. He was a valued assistant in a great Winnipeg law office, where there were nine partners. In five years' time this educated gentleman had never once been invited to the home of any one of these partners. A dozen law men can be produced to swear that this case is not exceptional.

Perhaps our Scots friend deterred Canadian hospitality by his national humour. Humour is a faculty in which the Western Dominion is as destitute as it is of art. And along with this lack goes the corresponding lack of any sense of proportion. The Yankee spirit of "blow" has got its hold, and the true Canadian sees his own institutions through rose-coloured magnifying glasses. Winnipeg I regard as a really great city, a cause for the most legitimate pride among Winnipeggers. But the Winnipegger is not satisfied with this. He regards his city as larger than London, more beautiful than Paris, and more enterprising than New York.

III.

The child problem is acute in Canada. Not that the child is mischievous; he can teach many a lesson in that to his islander cousin. But he is spoilt from A to Z. He is often the most engaging of little fellows, affectionate, polite, and thoughtful—in his own way. Besides, he is not petty; he is not quarrelsome; and he is uncommonly kind to animals. There is, however, no real sense of discipline. The child grows old far too soon. To see children standing in tramcars is not common: they generally find a space for themselves. To see adults standing and children sitting is quite common. What the Canadian calls "cuteness" the English mother would call "impertinence." "Stop that, you beast," said a middle-class infant to his grandmamma, who was fondling him; and the mother, turning proudly to her guests, exclaimed, "Ain't he cute?" A friend of mine, walking with a Canadian, was run into by the sleigh of a careless little girl. The child, when she recovered from her surprise, trotted back and stammered, "I'm sorry." Whereupon the Canadian contemptuously remarked, "Bet that's an English kid. A Canadian would have been too cute to come back and apologise." I don't know whether it was a Yankee or a Canadian boy who, when reproved for some fault, remonstrated, "D—n it, mother, I'm only four"; but it would quite well suit the Canadian hopeful.

IV.

One would like to add a paragraph or two on Canadian grammar and slang; the exploitations of the public menace whom we call the "real estate artist," "society" receptions, and the fashions in dress. But each could modestly claim a page. Extravagance is one of the keynotes of Western life, except in contributions to churches, where the economy is irreproachable. But if the Church doesn't get the money, the jeweller does. It goes in gaudy tie-pins for men, and expensive "sunbursts" (*i.e.*, diamond brooches) for women. Gold is easily made, and so high is the standard of comfort that it melts easily away. It is only in the East that one pays 2½d. for a shoe-shine. In Winnipeg the price is always 5d., and in my Western city it is 7½d. a time! Yet the blacks are kept busy. Cigars costing 5d. each are

smoked regularly by porters and draymen, bank clerks and shop assistants. Motors are run by the most ordinary of people. The theatres, however hopeless the play, are always crowded; admission into a mere picture house is often difficult to get; and the man who treats a girl to a "show" (every entertainment is a "show") must spend his money freely on "candies," ices, and perhaps a supper afterwards. The woman is usually culpable. In Western Canada she avoids Coventry Patmore's rebuke. She does not cheapen Paradise. A young Englishman, whose income squares badly with his social training, told me of a dance to which he had taken a Winnipeg girl. Between tickets, supper, taxi-cabs, flowers, and candies, his expenses were eighteen dollars (£3 13s. 8d.)—his whole income for three weeks, and he considered it was all necessary. He is, in general, a strictly economical man. Here he became an example of the adaptable Englishman.

V.

On this adaptability question I often admire the Englishman and wax indignant with my fellow-Scot. The Colonial Scot so quickly forgets his national habits, and so gaily adopts those of his new atmosphere. He doesn't select; that is my grievance against him; he takes the whole concern, bad and good—sometimes even the accent. So, before he has been a month in Canada he starts chewing; he shaves his neck; he sports baggy "pants" and boots with ugly, bulging toes. A little later he gets his mouth ornamented with a gold tooth or two, and drops his cap for an eternal bowler hat—even when wearing white trousers. My honoured countryman is always ready with his cowardly excuse, "When in Rome do as they do in Rome." "When in Rome," says an Irish lady I know, "do as you do at home." One need not look twice before deciding which motto is the worthier. It is one of the excellences of the English coloniser that he comes resolved not to set aside his old customs until he has something better to fill their place. He thinks long before he exchanges his high code for any less high; and even when he drives that theory to rank stupidity, it seems to me an example of the backbone that has made the Englishman a conqueror. To illustrate: the Scot abroad will often from a false considerateness allow Colonials to refer to him as "English" and his country as "England" (meaning "British" and "Britain"), a point at which his Northern "soopleness" comes in to sacrifice both honesty and patriotism.

My final word is, by all means come to Canada. The climate is, at the least, healthy. A certain boy, who was asked by his old-country relatives how he liked the Canadian summer, replied, "I've never seen one. I've only been nine months in Winnipeg." But this is overdrawn. The home Briton will not find any tremendous difference. And against mosquitoes and thunderstorms we have always coolness in our summer nights, when sleep comes sweetly. The truth is, the climate has not many hardships. In the winter we forget the awful heat and flies of summer; and when summer comes the memory of winter's icicles is grateful. And the seasons in between are superb.

THERE is never any good to be expected of young men who confess their sins and repent and straightway fall into them again. A man of strong character only confesses his faults to himself, and punishes himself for them; as for the weak, they drop back into the old ruts when they find that the bank is too steep to climb.—*From Balzac.*

St. Barnabas' Vicarage,
558, Caledonian Road,
Holloway, London, N.

"To See the Sea before I Die!"

Dear Friend,

Whilst holiday appeals for children and tired toilers are being made in many places, there is a class of the community that seems to be entirely overlooked—I refer to widows, elderly spinsters, and old married couples who, once well off, have now fallen upon evil days.

There is no poverty so acute as that which has seen better days. One born and bred in poverty does not feel the pinch like those who have "come down" in the world. A fortnight by the sea would be keenly appreciated by such. An old lady said most pathetically to me the other day, "I would so much like to see the sea before I die." She had not seen it for over thirty years. She is now poor, although once better off. In addition, I have a number of adults who I desire greatly to send away for a fortnight. What "better class poor" who are compelled to exist in one or two small, stuffy rooms in a thickly populated district endure, only those who have experienced it can tell. I earnestly plead for gifts. £5 will send five adults away for a fortnight (a slight reduction being made for a party), £1 5s. will give a couple of weeks, and 12s. 6d. send a needy one away for a week.

Many readers of this appeal are looking forward to their own holiday with keen enjoyment, others are already revelling in the fresh air of the country and seaside. Think of those unable to go, and add to the pleasure of your own holiday by sending others to enjoy one also.

Donations may be sent direct to me at above address.

Yours in His Happy Service,

FRANK SWAINSON.

HOW MARRIAGES ARE MADE IN FRANCE

I.—THE ROMANTIC MARRIAGE * * BY CHARLES FOLEY

IT was the annual Fair Day at the little country town of Servant. I had been over, and was on my way back to Menat, where I was spending my holiday, when I met an acquaintance, and we entered a café together. The room was crowded, but my attention was immediately arrested by a young Lieutenant of the Gendarmerie seated between two Town Councillors. He was extremely handsome, with a slightly aquiline nose, fair moustache, and blue eyes lit up by a frank, pleasant expression that told he was at peace with himself and all the world. He laughed like a boy, disclosing a set of sound white teeth. His hands were big and broad, but well kept. His whole appearance, his measured way of speaking, his easy attitude, all bespoke a simple soul in a sound, healthy body.

"That's Monsieur Maudu, the Lieutenant in command of the Menat Gendarmerie," whispered my friend. "A splendid specimen of humanity, isn't he? Well, I assure you his wife is just as handsome as he is, perhaps even handsomer, and the way their marriage came about is most romantic. But I see he is getting up to go. He is returning to Menat. I will introduce you, and you can walk back together."

A few minutes later the Lieutenant and I were descending the winding road that leads down to the valley, in the midst of which nestles the little village of Menat, with its red roofs overshadowed by the ever-moving poplar trees. Maudu spoke but little except in answer to my remarks. My friend's observation about his marriage had aroused my curiosity, and I forthwith began to question him about himself. "Was he at all ambitious, did he not wish to rise in the service, and be stationed in a less out-of-the-way place?"

"We are quite happy as we are," he said, and he smiled contentedly.

After that I could not get him to talk about himself any more, not, I am sure, because he distrusted me, but simply that he thought his life could be of no interest to a stranger. At a corner of the road, sheltered by trees, we passed an old stone mansion behind great rusty gates. It was all shut up and desolate looking, but yet the deep mullioned windows and turrets gave it a certain look of grandeur. As I stopped in front of this gloomy, stately old building, my companion remarked quietly, "That is my wife's old home."

With difficulty I repressed an exclamation of surprise. We walked on, and soon reached the little village street, with its straggling houses. In a few minutes more we should have to part, and my curiosity remain unsatisfied. I grew desperate, and, at the risk of appearing importunate, I ventured to say, "Your marriage was very romantic, wasn't it?"

"I suppose it was," he replied carelessly. "I always thought it quite natural, but, of course, others must think it strange. This is where I live," he added, stopping before a modest little white house. "Do come in and rest, and if it interests you, my wife will tell you the story of our marriage. There is no mystery connected with it."

We found Madame Maudu in the little dining-room. She was a tall, fair woman, extremely good-looking,

very simple and unaffected, like her husband. She gave me the same frank, happy smile as she filled our two glasses. The Lieutenant emptied his, and then rose, saying, "My dear, I have to go and report myself at headquarters; tell Monsieur the story of our marriage. You do it so much better than I can, and it may interest him." He closed the door behind him, and she seated herself and began, without any preamble.

"You saw the old manor house on your way here. I was born and brought up there; Mademoiselle de la Traille de Pontaubier de Mersy I was in those days. My father, the Marquis, became a widower soon after my birth, and died penniless when I was just twenty-one. The old house, the only property I inherited, was mortgaged to the very last stone. The sale of it could just pay off the debts; nothing more. I stood absolutely alone in the world; I knew no one of noble enough blood or rich enough to mate with a dowerless daughter of my house. The thought of a convent or a single life filled me with horror. I wished to marry, to love, and be loved again. A penniless condition does not kill romance and fancy in a heart of twenty-one. When, therefore, the fixed period of mourning was over, my plan of action was resolved upon. I called on the notary, and fixed the sale by auction of the old manor house for that day fortnight. At the same time I let all my acquaintances and everybody in the place know of my wish to marry. I announced that if any honest young fellow, touched by my story and the frank avowal of my dowerlessness, thought to find in me a staunch, loyal wife, he had but to ring at my gate. I would open to him, receive him, and listen to what he had to say. And if he persuaded me of his sincere affection, whatever or whoever he might be, I would, with no false pride, accept him as my husband.

"It was, of course, most quixotic, mad, nay, arrant presumption on my part," said Madame Maudu, blushing slightly, "and you have a right to laugh. But, I assure you, I, who knew nothing of real life, looked upon my device as something romantic, enterprising, dashing. My course of action determined upon, I went back to my house, very pleased with myself.

"Those days of complete solitude at the old manor house were the darkest and most melancholy of my life. I wandered aimlessly about the park and gardens, but never went far from the gate, for I had a childish fancy that I must be there if a ring came. No one rang; I heard passing footsteps, but not one stopped at the gate. The days slipped slowly by, and my rosy hopes grew dim, and gave place to cruel pangs of deception and despair, as I began to realise that, in spite of the bright world around me, with its beauties of spring, the gallant young lover who was to bear away the good, beautiful maiden as a bride was but a creation of my imagination.

"The last day came, and the evening found me seated on the moss-covered stone steps leading up to the house. When night fell I at last went indoors. The huge, bare hall struck an icy chill into me, and the whole house was silent as death in its damp dreariness. Slowly I drew the big bolts across the door, when suddenly the bell at the gate rang. I started and hesitated. I had waited so long that my

hopes were vanishing. But the bell sounded again louder than before. I crossed the lawn in a kind of dream, not daring to believe it could be anyone for me.

"But somebody was there.

"Then I was seized with fright, and thought the ring heralded some pitfall or snare for an unwary maiden. Nevertheless, I walked on, determined to show a bold front. I could distinguish a man in uniform when I got nearer. 'Some official letter from the Mayor or the Notary,' I said to myself, and opened the gate to let the stranger in, and preceded him to the house. In the hall, now completely dark, I turned without daring to look at him, and said shortly, 'You wish for an answer to the letter?' 'I have no letter. I met the Notary, and he told me what you had said, so I have come.'

"His voice had a determined ring in it, but he spoke in jerks, and his breath came quick and short.

"I was dazed for a moment, and lost all sense of where I was or what I was saying. I attempted to strike a light, but my trembling fingers fumbled helplessly at the match-box, whilst he went on quickly, breathlessly:

"You don't know *me*, but how often have I watched you pass, and you were so beautiful that it made me all the sadder. After hearing of your decision from the Notary, I thought of nobody but you all day—all night—always. Every evening I have sat at the bend of the road to watch. A cold sweat came over me when a passer-by approached your gates. And now I have run at the gate myself, Mademoiselle, the very last day at the very last moment, not because I was doubtful of myself, but because I wanted you to have a chance of finding somebody better than a poor devil like me. But I don't want to force myself upon you. I can offer you deep affection and devotion. I have moderate means, but if you think I am too presuming, say so, and I will go instantly, and nobody shall ever know that you opened the gate to me.'

"I at last succeeded in lighting the lamp, and could now see him clearly. In spite of his pallor, he was extremely handsome. He stood there very dignified and calm, but with such a look of anguish in his eyes that I felt irresistibly compelled to hold out my hand to him. Then, realising the folly and imprudence of my conduct, a hot blush overspread my face, and I said in a low voice, 'What must you think of me?' 'I think you are a good, noble woman, Mademoiselle,' he replied, 'that is why I love you, and why I am here.'

"That, Monsieur, was how I met my husband."—
Translated by Margaret Hogg.



TO HIS LADY'S BRIDESMAIDS

WHEN Love first rose from out the virgin sea,
The waves, in wondering tenderness upcurled,
Gave their white foam to clothe her purity;
And when she fared across the flowering world
To bind the hearts of men to her desire,
Not without state she came; the rose-winged loves
Around her flew, and with her maiden choir
She sang of beauty 'midst her train of doves.

And since, fair ladies, with your sweet array
You do this gentle service to my love,
For you some gifts that fail not would I pray:
Youth garlanded with flowers and years that move
Soft as the cadence of a summer's day—
And shall not Love sometime call you away?

REGINALD L. HINE.

THE RELIGIOUS DRAMA *

I.

THE announcement that Sir Herbert Tree is about to produce a religious play at His Majesty's Theatre, the successful work of the Morality Play Society during the last two years, and the recent publication of Mr. Gordon Crosse's small but most important volume, in the "Arts of the Church" Series, under the editorship of Dr. Dearmer, all serve to call the attention of Christian people to the possibilities and responsibilities connected with the drama. A recent symposium in the *Christian Commonwealth* has shown that the old prejudices against any alliance between the Stage and the Church have almost died out, and all parties are now willing to give one another a fair hearing. I call Mr. Gordon Crosse's book on the Religious Drama important, because it marks a new stage in the discussion. Hitherto most of us have been concerning ourselves with such questions as whether or not Christians should go to the theatre; the tone of the secular drama and its influence on the development of the spiritual life; the general problem of the entertainment of the people; the reproduction of old morality plays by professionals, or the production of modern ones. Now we are asked to look upon the drama as one of the arts of the Church, and to discuss the desirability of its revival. Is the Church well advised to train her children to act in the same way as she organises her choirs to sing? Is she to contemplate once more a stage as well as a pulpit in her apparatus of religion? These are the ultimate questions raised by the book.

II.

Now, there can be no doubt that it was the ritual of the Church which at first revived the drama that had fallen on evil days when Christianity supplanted heathenism. Nor can there be any doubt that the drama was not something outside the Church, as it is now—something to be used or shunned, something to be carried on by a distinct set of persons, who might or might not be professing Christians. It was part and parcel of the social life of the Church. It is at Oberammergau, almost alone in these days, that we can understand what a large part the drama may play in the common mind of Christian people. These Bavarian peasants live from decade to decade with the Passion Play looming large in their consciousness. In the middle ages in this country it must have been something of the same sort in every town where the great cycles took place, planned and performed by the trades guilds. We shall probably never get back to that in this country. The divided state of Christendom alone would prevent it. But there seems no reason why the dramatic instinct should not have very much freer play among religious people as such. When large masses of people work together for a common object, they usually do much of it in dramatic form. What could have been more dramatic than the signing of the Ulster Covenant? So with the processions during a strike, or the torchlight parades at political gatherings, and at elections. The women suffragists, too, have shown the power of dramatic expression in the way they have organised their demonstrations in Hyde Park and elsewhere. Why should not Christian people do the same to further their own peculiar agitation for the spread of the Kingdom of God? I see no reason against it, though I see difficulties in the way. One difficulty arises from the fact that "ritual," which both historically and essentially is a kind of religious drama, has got a bad name with many Christian

* "The Religious Drama." By Gordon Crosse. 1s. 6d. (Mowbray and Co.)

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E.

people. They have got into their heads that ritual implies a substitution of outward form for inward reality. If these people see the drama becoming a part of Church life they will look upon it as merely a further externalising of religion to the detriment of its spirit. And yet, if we take a dispassionate view of ritualism, we shall see that its modern development, in the Church of England, at least, has not really been due to any carelessness about reality in religion, but rather the reverse. Without pronouncing in any way on the rightness or wrongness of the Tractarian movement, we cannot deny that the "ritualism" which followed it was due to an intense desire to express the realities which the leaders of that movement had been teaching. Lowder and Mackonochie were not ceremonialists wanting to substitute an easy and attractive form of religious practice in poor parts of London for the stern teaching of truths which Newman and Pusey were writing about in the Tracts. On the contrary, they were simply embodying in outward symbol what they themselves had learnt from their masters at Oxford. While Pusey was preaching Eucharistic doctrine at Christ Church, they were acting it in Holborn and Ratcliff Highway. But the acting was no mere theatricality. It was the genuine expression of something vital. In proportion as we can get people to recognise the legitimacy of ritual in religion, and its reality, we shall get them to allow the religious drama. The prejudice against religious drama is closely connected with the prejudice against ritual. Both are diminishing, as men come to see that outward expression and externalism are not the same thing. In fact, it is often the case that just because a man is not an externalist he must express himself by outward action. He may feel constrained to show by action that what he has said in a creed again and again he really believes inwardly. The "secular" drama (so called) has been through much the same criticism and misunderstanding as the ritualistic movement in religion. It deserved it more. The drama was very artificial in Victorian times, and did not really express or interpret life. Now it does, or is doing so more every day. This is giving drama a good name, and will eventually give the same to ritual and religious drama.

III.

Now let us see what has actually been done in the making of a religious drama in modern times. As we should expect, the revival, so far as it has at present taken shape, has been chiefly among those who are called ritualists. The most that evangelicals have allowed in this direction has been in the way of tableaux illustrating foreign mission work. The revival first began with Lowder's "Bethlehem pictures." At St. Peter's, London Docks, many years ago, there was acted every Christmas the simple story of the Childhood of Christ. Again, on Good Friday, the "Stations of the Cross" were preached in the streets. Lady Wimborne's famous "Donkey" story was no doubt well founded on the reports of absentees from the annual Palm Sunday processions, when palms were carried round the churches. I remember being told this ancient anecdote to warn me against ritualism nearly forty years ago. Since those days the Christmas play has become very common. It is essentially "religious drama," in the sense of Mr. Crosse's book, because it is performed by communicants only, and done as a spiritual exercise, and for spiritual edification. In some parishes a great advance has been made upon this, and the old Nativity plays have been revived, or new ones composed. So also there have been Pageants performed for the most part by religious people, and of late street Processions on festivals have

assumed a more dramatic character. In some ways the most remarkable of all is the annual play performed by the villagers at Hambridge, in Somerset, under the management of the Rev. C. L. Marson. This clergyman, whose writings in the old *Church Reformer* used to call forth the admiration of Lord Morley, is exactly the kind of man from whom we should expect practical help in restoring the dramatic sense of our country folk. He knows how to "educate" people in the best meaning of that word. He does not plant a ready-made play on his child-actors, and force them to learn it; he tells them the story, and leaves it to them to play it in their own words. Hambridge is not only the home of a new dramatic revival of religion; it is a school, we should think, for actors of all kinds. Could there be a better way of evoking the true spirit of drama?

IV.

These Somerset children must love Christmas in a new way, or rather in the old way. Instead of looking forward only to Santa Claus and his stocking, they associate the festival with the re-enactment of the old, old story of the shepherds and the Babe of Bethlehem. It is performed on Holy Innocents' Day, the "Childermass" of the middle ages, when the children had a "high old time" in church—a much more interesting time than they have now in that very melancholy relic of Childermass Day, the service in Westminster Abbey, when they are addressed by the Dean. To sum up. Provided that the revivalists of a religious drama are careful to keep free from the undoubted abuses which have sometimes accompanied it, provided that the movement is gradual, not hurried on by those who, in order to get professional proficiency, ignore the spirit of devotion, and admit actors and actresses, and even playwrights, who care little for the august subjects which it is proposed to dramatise; provided, in fact, that it is all done to the glory of God, there is no reason why this almost lost art should not once more find its home in our Church circles, and express thoughts and aspirations which at present are too often either quenched altogether or turned into a wrong direction through want of this opportunity which our forefathers knew better how to guide.

JAMES ADDERLEY.



A PLEA FOR THE VERY OLD

THE pathos of the very old who, after a life of hard work and unceasing effort, find themselves derelict and forlorn is one of the most tragic things of modern life. The appeal for the young is one that finds a ready response. The spectacle of the hungry child, the little baby pinched with starvation, dying for want of purer air and better conditions, touches with swift pity the hardest heart. But the aged make no such direct appeal. They hide their sufferings, veil their troubles, assuming a dignity at once pathetic and forlorn. To one who pleads for the very old there are fifty who urge the sorrows of the child. And when there is launched a direct appeal on behalf of the men and women who have taken their share of the burden and heat of the day, and look on a little comfort and touch of gladness in the evening of their days, the response should be swift and ungrudging. The Rev. Frank Swainson pleads for funds to send old people to the sea. For five pounds as many people can be sent from the stuffy town for a fortnight; £1 5s. will ensure a couple of weeks' rest; and 12s. 6d. will buy seven days at the sea, that one old lady pleaded to visit once again before she died. Life is very hard on the aged poor; it rests with those more happily circumstanced to make the closing hours of their long journey a little brighter. Subscriptions should be sent to St. Barnabas Vicarage, 558, Caledonian Road, N.

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EVERYMAN'S FRENCH PAGE

DANIEL DE FOE

DE FOE dissident, pamphlétaire, journaliste, romancier, tour à tour marchand de bas, fabricant de tuiles, comptable dans les douanes, fut un de ces infatigables travailleurs et de ces obstinés combattants, qui, maltraités, calomniés, emprisonnés, à force de probité, de bon sens et d'énergie, parvinrent à ranger l'Angleterre de leur parti. A vingt-trois ans, ayant pris les armes pour Monmouth, c'est grand hasard s'il n'est point pendu ou déporté. Sept ans plus tard, il est ruiné et obligé de se cacher. En 1702, pour un pamphlet entendu à contre-pied, on le condamne à l'amende, on le met au pilori, on lui coupe les oreilles, on l'emprisonne pendant deux ans à Newgate, et c'est la charité du trésorier Godolphin qui empêche sa femme et ses six enfants de mourir de faim. Relâché et employé en Ecosse pour l'union des deux royaumes, il manque d'être lapidé. Un autre pamphlet, mal compris encore, le mène en prison, le force à payer une caution de huit cents livres, et c'est juste à temps qu'il reçoit le pardon de la reine. On le contrefait, on le vole et on le diffame. Il est obligé de réclamer contre les pillards faussaires qui impriment et altèrent ses œuvres à leur profit; contre l'abandon des whigs, qui ne le trouvent pas assez docile; contre l'animosité des Tories, qui voient en lui le premier champion des whigs. Au milieu de son apologie, il est frappé d'apoplexie, et de son lit continue à se défendre. Il vit pourtant, et il en coûte de vivre; pauvre et chargé de famille, à cinquante-cinq ans, il se retourne vers la fiction et compose "Robinson Crusoe," puis tour à tour "Moll Flanders," "Captain Singleton," "Duncan Campbell," "Colonel Jack," "The History of the Great Plague in London," et d'autres encore. Cette veine épuisée, il pioche à côté et en exploite une autre, "Le Parfait Négociant Anglais," "Un Voyage à Travers la Grande-Bretagne." La mort approche, et la pauvreté reste. En vain il a écrit en prose, en vers, sur tous les sujets, politiques et religieux, d'occasion et de principes, satires et romans, histoires et poèmes, voyages et pamphlets, traités de négoce et renseignements de statistique, en tout deux cent dix ouvrages, non d'amplification, mais de raisonnements, de documents et de faits, serrés et entassés les uns par-dessus les autres avec une telle prodigalité que la mémoire, la méditation et l'application d'un homme semblent trop petites pour un tel labeur; il meurt sans un sou, laissant des dettes. De quelque côté qu'on regarde sa vie, on n'y voit qu'efforts prolongés et persécutions subies. La jouissance en semble absente; l'idée du beau n'y a point d'accès. Quand il arrive à la fiction, c'est en presbytérien et en plébéien, avec des sujets bas et des intentions morales, pour étaler les aventures et réformer la conduite des voleurs et des filles, des ouvriers et des matelots. Tout son plaisir fut de penser qu'il y avait un service à rendre, et qu'il le rendait. "Celui qui a la vérité de son côté, dit-il, est un sot aussi bien qu'un lâche, quand il a peur de la confesser à cause du grand nombre des opinions des autres hommes. Certainement il est dur à un homme de dire: Tout le monde se trompe, excepté moi; mais si en effet tout le monde se trompe, qu'y peut-il faire?" De Foe ressemble à l'un de ces braves soldats obscurs et utiles qui, l'estomac vide, le dos chargé, les pieds dans la boue, font les corvées, emboursent les coups, reçoivent tout le jour le feu de l'ennemi et quelquefois par surcroît celui de leurs camarades, et meurent sergents, heureux quand de rencontre ils ont accroché la croix d'honneur.

DANIEL DE FOE

DE FOE, a dissenter, a pamphleteer, a journalist, a novel-writer, successively a hosier, a tile-maker, an accountant, was one of those indefatigable labourers and obstinate combatants who, ill-treated, calumniated, imprisoned, succeeded by their uprightness, common-sense, and energy, in gaining England over to their side. At twenty-three, having taken arms for Monmouth, he was fortunate in not being hung or transported. Seven years later he was ruined, and obliged to hide. In 1702, for a pamphlet misunderstood, he was condemned to pay a fine, was set in the pillory, had his ears cut off, was imprisoned two years in Newgate, and only the charity of Godolphin prevented his wife and six children from dying of hunger. Being released, and sent as a commissioner to Scotland, to treat about the union of the two countries, he had a narrow escape of being stoned. Another pamphlet, again misconceived, sent him to prison, compelled him to pay a fine of eight hundred pounds, and only just in time he received the Queen's pardon. He was caricatured, robbed, and slandered. He was obliged to protest against the plagiarists, who borrowed and altered his works for their benefit; against the neglect of the Whigs, who did not find him tractable enough; against the animosity of the Tories, who saw in him the chief champion of the Whigs. In the midst of his self-defence he was struck with apoplexy, and continued to defend himself from his bed. Yet he lived, but with great difficulty; poor and burdened with a family, he turned, at fifty-five, to fiction, and composed "Robinson Crusoe," and wrote successively "Moll Flanders," "Captain Singleton," "Duncan Campbell," "Colonel Jack," the "History of the Great Plague in London," etc. This vein exhausted, he diverged and tried another—the "Complete English Tradesman," a "Tour through Great Britain." Death comes on; poverty remains. In vain had he written in prose, in verse, on all subjects, political and religious, accidental and moral, satires and novels, histories and poems, travels and pamphlets, commercial essays and statistical information, in all, two hundred and ten works, not of verbiage, but of arguments, documents, and facts, crowded and piled one upon another with such prodigality, that the memory, thought, and application of one man seem too small for such a labour; he died penniless, in debt. However we regard his life, we see only prolonged efforts and persecutions. Joy seems to be wanting; the idea of the beautiful never enters. When he comes to fiction, it is like a Presbyterian and plebeian, with low subjects and moral aims, to treat of the adventures and reform the conduct of thieves and prostitutes, workmen and soldiers. His whole delight was to think that he had a service to perform, and that he was performing it: "He that has truth on his side is a fool as well as a coward, if he is afraid to own it, because of the multitude of other men's opinions. 'Tis hard for a man to say, all the world is mistaken but himself. But if, indeed, all the world is mistaken, who can help it?" De Foe is like one of those brave, obscure, and useful soldiers, who, with empty belly and burdened shoulders, go through their duties with their feet in the mud, pocket blows, receive day by day the fire of the enemy, and sometimes that of their friends into the bargain, and die sergeants, happy if it has been their lot to get hold of the cross of the legion of honour.

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CORRESPONDENCE

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Owing to the large number of letters received it is necessary for correspondents to write briefly if their letters are to appear.

APPRENTICESHIP AND ITS EFFECT ON UNEMPLOYMENT AND THE BIRTH-RATE.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—The letter by Mr. Johnson on this subject is an interesting one, and if conditions of life had not changed so greatly, doubtless the old way of an apprenticeship would be a decided advantage.

But to-day employers of labour are not caring a straw about men; in fact, if men could be displaced entirely, and the work now done by human beings were performed by machines, they would not want men. I am not half Mr. Johnson's age, but I am forced, as a person who has served an apprenticeship to a skilled trade, to recognise the fact that I am only a cog in a wheel, and the wheel is so large that if the machine slows down my presence is not wanted, and when this occurs I become unemployed; but, being a human being, my stomach craves food, the law compels me to cover my nakedness, and if I sleep outside, the law again steps in, and may put me in prison as a "sturdy beggar" having no visible means of support. And this is perfectly true. Does anybody fancy I am giving two straws for the welfare of the State when the State treats me in this manner?

We maintain an army of men to fight, and they are fed and paid all the time; we maintain police to strike us down, judges to sentence us, warders to watch us, officials to watch the warders, and so on ad infinitum, when we go to ask a farthing more an hour on our pay. All these parasites are maintained in health and illness, but we who perform the essential work of society—keeping drains clean, laying streets, sweeping them, spinning and weaving cloth, and all the useful forms of labour, are permitted by the State to starve, and become mentally distressed for lack of something to do. Thinking people are determined that, so far as in them lies, another generation shall not suffer hardship and distress, hence the reduction in the birth-rate, and the postponement of marriage to a much later age than formerly. I should like if some others of your readers would give their views on this subject.—I am, sir, etc.,

J. C.

Paisley, July 13th, 1913.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—I am surprised that anyone who understands the difference between ancient and modern industry should talk of reviving apprenticeship. Every worker to-day, with very few exceptions, executes some small operation that can in many instances be learned in a few weeks. In the old times it was necessary to learn to make the completed article. Apprenticeship was always, in my opinion, a bit of a swindle, in which the master class got a good deal the best of the bargain. To-day apprenticeship would, in most instances, be an absurd anachronism. As to the birth-rate, we are, in my opinion, breeding more people than can be provided for. I read lately that, in spite of its diminution, the excess of births over deaths was well maintained, owing to the diminution in the death-rate. If England is to be the workshop of the world (in my opinion one of the meanest and most contemptible ambitions), female labour, the present excess of which is greatly to be deprecated, is a necessity.—I am, sir, etc.,

A. J. MARRIOTT.

Notting Hill.

ARE THE FRENCH A RELIGIOUS PEOPLE?

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—The fact that EVERYMAN is so eminently a "live" paper, causes it occasionally to challenge criticism. Your current issue, for example, contains this remarkable statement:

"No one will understand French history who does not realise that the French people are by far the most religious people of modern Europe."

I suppose it all turns upon what exactly is meant by a "religious people." I have met many Frenchmen who have admitted themselves "Catholique—*par principe*," the italicised words being accompanied by a shrug of the shoulders, which spoke volumes.

May I transcribe what a writer of the standing of Taine has said on the subject?

"Foncièrement la race n'est point religieuse, c'est-à-dire sérieuse et sujette aux alarmes de conscience, mais sceptique, railleuse, prompte à ramener les privilégiés à son niveau, à chercher l'homme sous le dignitaire, à croire que pour tous, comme pour elle, le grand objet de la vie est l'amusement ou le plaisir. La France a toujours été 'de la religion de Voltaire.'" (La Fontaine et ses Fables, p. 117. Ed. Hachette.)

Thanking you for many happy and profitable hours spent with your excellent paper.—I am, sir, etc.,

CLIFFORD H. ABBOTT.

Keighley, July 12th, 1913.

[Taine is no authority on the philosophy of religion, and his "La Fontaine" is a juvenile production. If the French people are not a deeply religious people, then I confess that their whole history becomes an insoluble mystery. The French Middle Age, the University of Paris, and the rise of scholasticism, the Gothic Cathedrals and the Crusades, the ever-recurring wars of religion, from the Albigenses down to the Dreyfus affair, the representative statesmen and artists and thinkers, Joan of Arc, Calvin, Richelieu, Pascal, Bossuet, Voltaire, Mirabeau, Robespierre, Balzac, Lamartine, Victor Hugo, Michelet, are all phenomena without an explanation.—ED.]

SHALL WE ABOLISH THE PAWNBROKER?

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—As a reader of your excellent journal from the start, I shall be pleased if you will publish the following.

I am grateful to your Special Commissioner for writing upon this subject. He has opened my eyes to the effect that a little knowledge upon this subject is, to him, and those who take a superficial light on it, a dangerous thing. I have been in the pawnbroking trade for over twenty years. The words "harsh and unconscionable" and "unearned increment" are words that have a sting attached to them. They are very hard words to apply to the pawnbroker. I trust that when your contributor reads this letter he will withdraw same. The best method to test this is the comparative one. You refer to any other calling of shopkeeper, and see what his profits are. We are bound in by Acts of Parliament with respect to our charges. Other tradesmen have a free hand. You take a grocer, for instance. A friend of mine is a grocer. We have both read your article, and come to the conclusion that the grocer gets more out of his clients than does the pawnbroker.

Let us go into this a little, and compare notes.

We are charged with getting 400 per cent. per annum for lending 1s. every week. The grocer gets

(Continued on page 440.)

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YOUR ANNUAL HOLIDAY

Often during your Summer Holiday you must have felt a feeling of enouï—the need for a stimulus of some kind. If you feel this on your holiday this year, send to the Concentro Co., 46, Central Buildings, Wallsend, Newcastle-on-Tyne, for their interesting Free Booklet—"Scientific Concentration." You will find it pleasant, stimulating reading. It will show you what "Scientific Concentration" is doing for a vast number of people in every part of the civilised world. Write for this Booklet to-day; you are under no obligation. Simply acknowledge receipt, and mention that you will write later from your home address (kindly state).

THE HEALTH BOOK OF THE YEAR. The Vegetarian Directory and Food Reformer's Guide, price 1/1½ post free.—C. W. Daniel, 3, Amen Corner, London, E.C. For thinking people.

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The man or woman from whom is wrung this bitter cry is in grave danger. If the sleeplessness be only partial it may, and if neglected will, develop into acute insomnia. It is during sleep that Nature replenishes and rejuvenates the nerve forces. If Nature is denied that restful condition, the whole system is laid open to serious troubles.



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W. R. SCOTT, Esq., "Rose and Crown" Hotel, Great Thurlow, Suffolk.
"April 14th, 1913.

"You will see by the above address that I am back in harness again, and you will be pleased to hear that my health has gradually improved from the first day of wearing your Jacket. Insomnia has entirely vanished, for I can now enjoy six or eight hours' good sleep. My digestion has greatly improved and I am daily regaining lost weight, which speaks very highly of Appliance, after wearing same less than three months."

MR. CORSAN THWAITES' FORMER REPORT:

"September 29th, 1893.

"It gives me great pleasure to testify to my continued belief in the efficacy and curative power of your Magnetic Appliances. To all sufferers from similar complaints to mine, viz., Dyspepsia, Nervous Exhaustion, and Sleeplessness, they are invaluable. In my own case, before using them I was unable to sleep at all, but since, the loss of sleep has only averaged a couple of nights per annum for many years. The persistent efforts on the part of some so-called scientific authorities to disparage Magnetism are very pitiable, and I should recommend to all sufferers to try this remedy for themselves. The proof that Magnetic Appliances are genuine curative agents is clearly seen in the case of young children who have been relieved by them, and who were too young to have been cured by mere faith alone."

CORSAN THWAITES, Esq., Tendale, St. Paul's Road, W. Hartlepool.
"September 8th, 1905.

"After much further experience of your Magnetic Appliances, I can still more emphatically recommend them to all sufferers. My total experience now extends over twenty-five years, so that I may fairly claim to be in a position to speak about them."

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600 per cent. per annum for the same amount. As tradesmen we do not differ in one iota. What we both do is to invest our money and exchange it at the above profits. Again, the 1s. pledge can be left for one month, and the charge is the same as for one day.

I have a pledge for 20s. This is for one week, and every week for 1 year. For this pledge I charge 6d. per week. Being in and out I get a profit of 24s. The same amount is spent at the grocer's. What does he get? His profit per annum is £6 10s. If the above expletives can be thrown at the pawnbroker, the compound of these words take the grocer and hang him as a villain.

Let me here give you a little light upon the subject, in comparing the pawnbroker and the grocer.

I know a man who has been in the trade for thirty or forty years. He lends every week £150. His gross profits are £8 10s., but of this he has to pay three wages, with an additional 35 per cent. loss for out of times and other trade expenses. I leave your readers and Special Commissioner to gather the rest, which is anything but fabulous wealth. My friend the grocer has the same turnover, £150 per week. There are five people in the shop, two men, two boys, one girl. Their gross profit per week is £13 15s. Why the curse of usury applied to the pawnbroker? This little, but just, comparison will help your Special Commissioner the next time he writes on the pawnbroking trade. The pawnbroking trade is not, then, what your contributor holds it to be. The pawnbroker is not a rogue, thief, or robber, but an honoured citizen, taking his place in the world of tradesmen. There is scarcely another tradesman that has to stand the test of character as the pawnbroker. Anyone can be a grocer, but not a pawnbroker.

Your contributor's reform scheme may or may not suit England. The New York Loan Company was a business concern from its inception, they had the almighty dollar in view. They have created a very large reserve fund, and pay 6 per cent. This is, on the face of it, no philanthropic institution. Your commissioner will open his eyes and mind when I tell him and your readers that on a bill of sale or bonds the English pawnbroker can and does advance money at 3½ per cent., not 5 per cent. I myself have taken bonds into pledge at a lower rate of interest than this much-lauded loan company. The very same bonds have been pledged with a solicitor in this town, who charged 1s. 6d. for the making out of a certain document, while I myself charged 6d. The English system is, then, much better for the pawnner than the New York Loan Company. If this company charges 5 per cent. per month, and this is allowed to run the same course as the English system, then the client pays 60 per cent. per annum. Well may they make and pay a handsome dividend.

The English system is best for the pawnners. They have freedom from excess.

Sorry to have written so long a letter. I trust that you will find space for it, and do justice to our trade.—I am, sir, etc.,

E. BARDSLEY.

Oldham, June 30th, 1913.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—I have been particularly interested in the articles under the heading of "The Curse of Usury," by your Special Commissioner, and the subsequent letters in relation thereto from your enlightened correspondents. I am, however, particularly pleased to observe from your paragraph in "Notes of the Week," July 4th, 1913, that the articles of your Special Commissioner are to have some practical utility in the

fighting of the evils he so ably brings before us. I sincerely hope that the official inquiry *will* take place, and that your optimistic anticipations, "that it may have memorable results," will be realised. Whether or not the matter is allowed to drop, I feel sure your readers are obliged to you for bringing the whole matter into the arena of "public opinion" in such a thorough and illuminating manner, and so opening our eyes to a great and growing national evil.

I must not close without congratulating you upon the high quality and high standard you maintain in EVERYMAN, and wishing you the success your paper deserves.—I am, sir, etc.,

ALEX. ROULSTONE.

Nottingham, July 5th, 1913.

WHY NOT FIFTY-TWO BANK HOLIDAYS?

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—I was very much interested by the article of Henry Wright in EVERYMAN, July 4th, *re* fifty-two Bank Holidays, and, as a unit in the class which he evidently desires to benefit, perhaps a comment or two might not be out of place, especially as I can claim forty years' more or less active connection with trade union effort.

On first perusal of the article, one might be captivated with the apparent simplicity of the idea, but a little thought will convince that the project is not so simple as it looks.

There is an error into which we often fall—that of considering the working class as if they consisted only of factory "hands," without any consideration of the case of those who administer to the needs, the desires, and the pleasures of the "hands" during their periods of relaxation.

This came out very prominently in the case of the miners' eight hours day, which was persistently opposed by the men of Northumberland and Durham.

It will be remembered that a settlement could only be arrived at by the miners accepting a "three-shift system."

Now look for a moment into the miner's household. There is, say, the head of the family, two grown-up sons, and a boy; one of these may be on each shift; each one expects the comforts of a home for two-thirds of the twenty-four hours; how are they to be catered for in respect to meals, washing, etc.?

For answer, ask the miner's wife.

Again, suppose you let loose all the occupants of factories, mines, offices, etc., from Friday night till Monday morning, and at the same time close all the shops, i.e., butchers, bakers, grocers, refreshment rooms, entertainments, etc., etc.

What sort of a holiday would it be?

The fact is that when you "close down" the factories, etc., you automatically set in motion another army of workers, who are generally left out of the reckoning, and who—by reason of their comparative want of organisation—are veritable slaves, and, in spite of all the legislation, are in many instances unable to command even the Sabbath rest.

What is wanted is some arrangement whereby the "hands" and the "caterers" have their holidays in turn.

Is this impossible? Can or will "Combines of Brain" do anything to bring this about?

I am afraid not, so long as the "Devil take the hindmost" methods of society prevail.

But suppose we could realise that the best interests of society are interwoven with the welfare of each member. If each individual was recognised as an asset of the State, it would be to the interest of the State

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to see that each individual was given the opportunity to develop—physically, mentally, and morally.

Is it really necessary that one section of the community shall work abnormal hours in order that another section shall enjoy abnormal liberty?

Through invention and organisation our wealth-producing capacity has enormously increased, but our methods for distribution (i.e., sharing out) of the wealth produced are as antiquated as the hills.

Perhaps some day a practical solution will "arrive." In the meantime, I heartily agree with the last paragraph of the article, especially "We live by the social lump, and we are beginning to find out that by the social lump we must be cured of social evil."—I am, sir, etc.,

J. O.

Newcastle-on-Tyne, July 6th, 1913.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—A very plausible case is made out for a five days' working week in an article headed as above, which appears in your issue of the 4th inst., and it is a consummation devoutly to be wished; but it appears to me that at the present stage of our industrial development it is quite impossible for the great majority of the workers of this country, whatever the future may bring. It would be no difficult matter, perhaps, in the case of many productive workers—artisans, mechanics, miners, mill-hands—but they constitute only a minority of the great mass of the working classes; and they have it very much in their power to make their own conditions within the limits of essential industrial requirements.

It is admitted by your contributor that the milkman, the cabby, and the shopkeeper would have to be accepted; but what about the many distributive employments, great and small, and the great public services—the railways, the post office, the docks, the shipping, the carters, etc.? And are not the agriculturists to count? To say nothing of the great substratum of casual workers, who, unfortunately, are so essential an element of our present social and industrial system. "A paltry extra hour's work on our five working days" would be no equivalent of a complete stoppage of all these activities from Friday evening till Monday morning.

The aspiration of your contributor is a most laudable one, and I am sure every one of your readers would be among the first to welcome its advent. But—we must wait.—I am, sir, etc.,

Liverpool, July 8th, 1913.

WM. SCRIVEN.

BOY LABOUR.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

DEAR SIR,—As a member of the artisan class, and at the present time an engineer's foreman, it often grieves me when looking round my shop, as I wonder what will become of the boys—boys who are sent out of the Council schools, able and fit, full of go and enthusiasm, in each boy a desire to imitate the great men, whose lives he has read of, and whose inventions have brought them fame and fortune. But, alas! poor boy, when he enters the "works," he finds an iron discipline, and his master a machine which seems capable of everything but speech. In the particular trade in which I am employed—the motor-car trade—there is an immense quantity of automatic and semi-automatic and other machinery employed, which requires little or no skilled attention. Therefore boy and youth labour is largely employed. As these boys grow up, and reach a certain standard of wages, the majority have to leave, and that at an age when it is practically impos-

sible to learn any trade, even if the means existed. These once bright boys, who were such a costly asset of the community, whose minds and bodies were looked after by the State and powers that be, are now, as so much scrap, fit only for casual workers, labourers, or food for the army or navy. Maybe he flees from his homeland and birthright to some more congenial land under the flag. Machinery under modern conditions is a veritable juggernaut for the young labour employed therein, and could just as well be looked after by the old and partially disabled members of the community who have "had their day," instead of deadening the minds and ambitions of the young.

The only solution I can suggest is for the State to watch over the boy's future until he reaches the age of twenty-one.—I am, sir, etc.,

T. T.

Birmingham.

THE SUFFRAGE QUESTION.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

DEAR SIR,—Mr. J. A. Frome Wilkinson's letter on this subject contains, I think, one glaring fallacy, which is sufficient to destroy his whole argument.

He says Mr. Thomas "will have to go far before he will find another cause whose advocates are prepared to undergo the tortures that the militants have undergone." But it is precisely these tortures which are objected to by the Suffragettes and their supporters. They not only expect to escape all punishment, but also that public opinion will praise their destructive efforts. Yet it is obvious that if they win their case by violence *without* punishment and *without* incurring the proper hatred of ordinary men and women, the fact would incite other organisations to adopt the same easy but not very logical way of convincing their opponents. This would lead to anarchy—which is not in the interests of men, and still less of women.—I am, sir, etc.,

W. R. BURKE.

6, Bessborough Gardens, S.W., June 27th, 1913.

PERSONALITY IN LITERATURE.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—I appreciate Mr. Corkery's clever article in the current issue of your excellent paper. I do not, however, see that it gets to the root of the matter, on this ever-recurring problem of "style."

Mr. Corkery very ingeniously describes "style" as "travelling in a circle," but he does not seem to see that just because of this, "style" is something quite different to "personality." There is nothing so "impersonal" as a circle. Personality, so far as its meaning can be expressed in words, is a flow of vital and original feeling, which at heart knows and cares nothing about circles, routines, or any kind of mathematic symbolism. In a strict sense, Art and Style are synonymous terms, but when the spirit of Style abandons itself to the mere seeking of its own fixation and elaboration, instead of fulfilling its true function, as an appropriate and yielding expression of feeling and vital movement, then Style is the drier-up of personality, and the Artist becomes an obstacle to the Man. Such a Stylist would not really be possessing the Form, but becoming obsessed by it. It is really true that in Art the "style" may be exquisite, yet no more connected with the real beauty and strength of the world than a beautiful garment covering a tailor's dummy. A good deal of the poetry which is labelled as of "Miltonic" quality is of this kind.—I am, sir, etc.,

JOHN FARQUHARSON.

Bradford, July 5th, 1913.

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Mr. Levison particularly invites those who wear glasses to write to or call upon him for his advice as to whether his treatment will speedily restore them to perfect sight. He makes no charge for this advice, whether to callers or to postal inquirers.

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St. Paul's as seen by the short-sighted. St. Paul's as it should be seen.

If you lack the full benefit of the sense of sight, you should not fail to secure John Levison's remarkably successful advice free to all who send the convenient Form below.

for restoring perfect eyesight to the weak-sighted and bringing back to tired, old eyes their once youthful, clear-seeing power.

Everybody who for the first time is told about the new discovery is eagerly asking, "Will it do my sight good?"

The answer in practically every case is, "Yes."

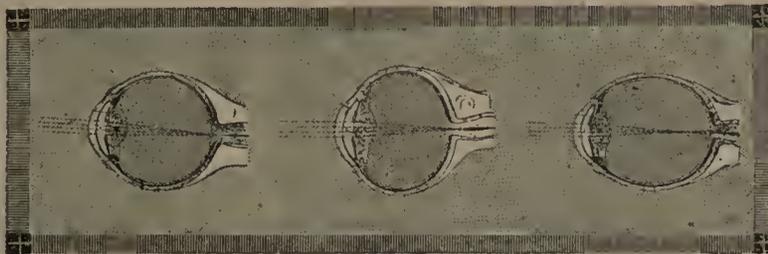
What the great German oculists have so long held as the principal theory in connection with the cure of eyesight troubles, Mr. John Levison has at last made practicable, and the system of scientific massage applied to the weakened muscular system of the eye, adopted in practice by leading authorities, is now perfected in such a simple form that the sufferer himself may adopt this method of treatment with perfect confidence, and without any supervision, in his own home.

As Mr. John Levison, the discoverer of this wonderful method of eyesight restoration, says, "Every sufferer may cure his or her own trouble at home, inexpensively and speedily, by following out the simple instructions I give—which are, indeed, so simple that a child could understand, yet so effective as to be of benefit, no matter how bad the sight may be."

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only a disfigurement, but a constant source of expense, and, of course, cannot cure any eyesight trouble, but simply act as "sight-crutches."

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PRIVATE SOCIAL TOURS (Gentlemen and Gentlewomen). Aug. 1st. Through Russia, Caucasus, Volga, Capitals, Crimea.—Arranged and accompanied by Miss Bishop, Haslemere, Wimbledon Park Rd., Wimbledon.

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J. M. DENT & SONS, Ltd., 137, Aldine House, Bedford St., W.C.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

THE LITTLE WICKET GATE, by Algernon Petworth (Fifield, 6s.), is reminiscent of a number of volumes dealing with those dreams of Utopia that have afflicted man at all times. Lord Algernon Petworth, for some reason not stated, is troubled with baffling seizures of unconsciousness. Whenever he finds himself in a situation difficult, dangerous, and clearly beyond the art of the author to handle, coma swoops down upon him like a pall, and he knows not what he does. This being so, we are not surprised to find him transported to an earthly paradise, instinct with all the charms of the tropics, but inhabited by the most priggish and boresome people in the world. They all dress exquisitely, and their raiment and their clothes appear to be showered upon them by an unseen but all-sufficient benefactor. Free from many of the complexities of modern society, they have not yet discovered how to dispense with love; and love complicates the situation for Lord Algernon to an extent from which even his periodic fits of coma do not rescue him. He finds an easy way at last, however. He kisses the beautiful girl of Tiflihin—the euphonious name of the earthly paradise—and at the touch of his lips the girl expires—either of surprise or joy.

* * *

A book on the national sport of Spain has been published by Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall and Co., BLOOD AND SAND (6s.), by Vincent Blasco Ibanez. It is powerfully and vividly written—almost too vividly for the fastidious reader who prefers to know only the romantic side of the sport. The pictures which the author conjures up are full of pathos, and indeed there are some passages which it is impossible to read unmoved. We see the wife of the matador waiting in anguish and apprehension outside the arena where her husband is fighting for his life; the cries of the torn and bleeding horses are ever in our ears, with the shouts of the multitude at each fresh onslaught of the bull, shouts which rise into a roar, the roaring of the wild beast, the true and only one—the one which is absolutely without mercy for man or beast so that only it may feed its passion for blood. Mr. Ibanez spares his readers nothing, and tells us that the disembowelled horses are not allowed to die in peace, but must be dragged out of the arena, and somehow patched and sewn up, and forced once more on to staggering legs, if only for a few minutes longer, in order that they may be the sport of the terrified and infuriated bull and the frenzied mob. It is difficult to say who is the most injured of all the actors in that ghastly drama—the bull, noble and brave animal, cruelly betrayed by his masters; the poor, worn-out horses, who are forced to a most dreadful and agonising death; or the men whose trade it is to daily place their life in the hands of the multitude who elect that it shall be at the mercy of a wild beast.

* * *

Messrs. Eveleigh Nash have just published a volume that sheds a vivid side-light on the modes and manners of the time of Henry VIII. The eternal feminine in relation to that much-married monarch is entertainingly expressed in ELIZABETH BLOUNT AND HENRY THE EIGHTH, by William Childe-Pemberton (6s.). The lady in question was one of Henry's early loves, Elizabeth Blount, a member of one of the oldest of English families. Of a slender and appealing type of beauty, her immature attractions appealed most intimately to the monarch, and she embarked on the first of the liaisons that continued throughout his

reign. The result of the relationship was a son, christened Henry Fitzroy, on whom was bestowed the Earldom of Nottingham, together with the Dukedom of Richmond and Somerset, and the Order of the Garter. At one time his father seemed to have contemplated the possibility of naming him as his successor, for in the days of the Tudors, legitimacy went down before the will of the Sovereign. The boy, however, died at seventeen; and Elizabeth lived to marry two husbands. One of the most delightful passages in the book is the glimpse of English life as seen by Desiderio Erasmus. He starts with an eulogy of Britain, and mentions that the women are of dazzling beauty, and that their kindness, if possible, exceeds their charm. "Moreover, there is a fashion never sufficiently commended. Wherever you go you are received by everyone with kisses; when you take your leave you are dismissed with kisses; you return, kisses are again renewed. . . . Wherever you meet there are kisses in abundance. In short, wherever you move, all things are charged with kisses. And, Faustus, if you once tasted how sweet and fragrant they are, you would be glad to sojourn in England, not for ten years, like Solan, but to your dying day."

After reading this, one realises that there were perhaps more excuses for Henry the Philanderer than are at first perceived. * * *

The latest disciple in fiction of the immortal Sherlock Holmes is a tiresome person of the name of DR. CUNLIFFE, INVESTIGATOR (Heath, Cranton and Ouseley, 6s.). What this Admirable Crichton does not know of criminal methods is not worth troubling over. He is intensely interested in his personal idiosyncrasies, and tells us on the first page of the book that when he was only "a year and a half old, and barely able to totter along on his own legs," he was discovered in a cupboard munching away at a Christmas cake. Mr. H. Frankish appears to think this suggests qualities of a highly individualised character. Strange to say, the records of human babies generally, tell of their healthy appetite for cake, and there is no reason to suppose that a capacity for hiding in a cupboard shows technical qualifications for the tracing of criminals, and the elucidation of mystery. There is very little Dr. Cunliffe cannot do; he is a dead shot, a past master of Ju-Jitsu, has a complete knowledge of innumerable languages, is an expert engineer, a skilled mechanic, and, as was said of Lord John Manners, could, at a push, navigate a balloon or command the Channel Fleet. As studies of crime the volume is not successful. The descriptions are long-winded, the action delayed, the types sketched are neither new nor original. The author misses his mark when he attempts to touch the nerve of horror. "The Mystery of the Norfolk Mere," being the account of a monstrous creature between a bird-man and an octopus, is unintentionally humorous, and, far from arousing fright, induces laughter. The author has aimed high above his capacity, and in attempting a new departure in detective stories has landed himself in unqualified failure. * * *

There is nothing either new or arresting in THE LOVE STONE (T. Fisher Unwin, 3s. 6d.). Claude and Alice Askew are well known as writers of a stereotyped story. Love, mystery, occasional murders, varied by romantic adventures in foreign parts, form the constituent parts of their recipe. The volume in question is served up in the old style, and we are treated once again to the usual complications. Salome is an irresponsible woman, who is finally mastered by a violent type of man, and practically bullied into sub-

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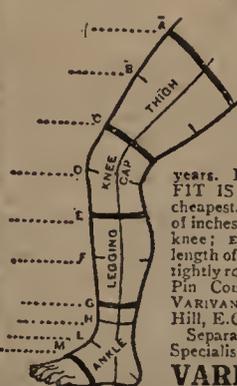


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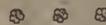
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mission. Her character is a vivid contrast to Sheilah, married to a blind husband, who finally recovers his sight, and to her joy finds a beauty in her no one else perceives, having painted her features with the beauty of the idealist. "He who had been disappointed in the ways of the grass, the hills, and the flowers would not be disappointed here. Sheilah would always be veiled in flame and fire; she would be one of the shining ones, she would be his queen and his beloved." The love stone of the story is a rock on which the lovers of the neighbourhood swear their fidelity.



Jack London's latest novel, *SMOKE BELLEW*, is well up to the level of his previous novels. We are taken once more into the wilds, and the conflict of man against the elemental forces is graphically depicted. Bellew goes on a long trail, and meets with many adventures. One feels the bite of the frost, the tang of the stinging winds, clean and cruel, from the North as they blow over the white plains. One hears the long-drawn howl of the wolf, and shivers in sympathy with the thrill that runs through the lonely trapper, who has come to his last cartridge, and feels that he will shortly come to grips with death in its most ghastly form. Smoke is captured in mistake for the murderer of Joe Kinade, and is faced with the pleasing prospect of lynch law. The account of the trial is forceful and convincing. One can visualise the scene, and sense the grim determination of the men to have blood for blood. But the author slackens the tension at the right moment and in an unexpected fashion. Judge, jury, and witnesses leave the prisoner in possession of the Court through the cunning of a woman, who engineers a stampede. She produces a nugget of gold, and induces those assembled to conclude that it has been mined in the neighbourhood; the rush for the precious metal carries everything before it, and Smoke Bellew goes free. Full of suggestion, and written in a fine, nervous style, the book is one that should arrest the reader, and easily attain the same wide circulation that attended that marvellous chronicle of dog life, "*White Fang*."



THE GIRL OF THE GOLDEN GATE (Grant Richards, 6s.) is a strong story, graphically written. The plot is not a new one, and is marred by the unnecessary inclusion of an old-time device of machine-made romance. Lavelle, the hero, and the conventional man of iron will and indomitable resolution, is, we regret to say, a person of noble birth, who has severed his connection with Society, and gone out to seek adventure. We say "regret" because the book is strong enough to dispense with any such device. The perils of the shipwrecked castaways adrift on a Southern sea are neither cut and dried nor conventional. There is a reality about their sufferings, and the alternation of hope with fear as the chances of rescue rise and fall, that is refreshing in the midst of many romances in which the human element serves simply as foreground for the sea and land. We recognise the genuine thrill when, after hours of combat with the winds and waves, Lavelle and his crew sight land, and, having reached the shore, discover that the promised haven is but a mirage; they have struck a floating island, "a bit of waste land—the bait of a cruel trap which the sea had set." Emily, the golden girl of the story, is a conventional woman, who, under the stress of elemental emotions and a hand-to-hand fight for life, develops strong and human qualities. The book is written with a force and emotion that makes one overlook faults of construction and of plot. Mr. William Meloney has the all-saving gift of sin-

cerity; real emotions underlie his words, and in these days of considerable poor writing this counts for much.



LIST OF BOOKS RECEIVED

- Addis, W. J. "Lessons in Prose and Verse." (Dent.)
 Alford, John. "Poems."
 Apar, Diana Agabeg. "In His Name." (Japan Gazette Press.)
 Bascan, L. "Manuel Pratique de Prononciation et de Lecture Française." (Dent, 2s. 6d.)
 Brozel, I. "The Soul-healing Psalter." (Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton and Kent, 2s.)
 Bérard, Victor. "La Mort de Stamboul." (Librairie Armand Colin, 4lr.)
 Canto, Perez. "Chile." (Routledge, 1s.)
 Calignoc, Robert. "An Ode to Bournemouth." (Bell, 1s.)
 De Bary, Richard. "The Mystical Personality of the Church." (Longmans, Green, 2s. 6d.)
 Flecher, J. G. "Fire and Wine." (Grant Richards, 2s. 6d.)
 Galland. "L'Histoire des Deux Frères du Barbier." (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1s.)
 Hampstead Scientific Society. "Hampstead Heath." (Fisher Unwin, 10s. 6d.)
 Herbert, S. "The First Principles of Evolution." (Adam and Charles Black.)
 Lancaster, G. B. "The Law Bringers." (Hodder and Stoughton.)
 Lytton, Lord. "The Last of the Barons." (Frowde, 1s. 6d.)
 Macdonald, John. "Czar Ferdinand and his People." (Jack, 12s. 6d.)
 Macfall, Haldane. "The Wooings of Jezebel Pettyfer." (Simpkin, Marshall, 6s.)
 Maxim, Sir Hiram. "Li Hung Chang's Scrap-book." (Watts and Co., 7s. 6d.)
 Morant, G. C. "Odds and Ends of Foreign Travel." (Layton, 4s. 6d.)
 Moxon, C. F. "On the Track of Truth." (Century Press, 6s.)
 Newman. "Apologia pro Vita Sua." (Frowde, 1s. 6d.)
 Oldmeadow, A. C. "A Box of Chocolates." (Grant Richards, 1s.)
 Petworth, Algernon. "The Little Wicket Gate." (Fifield, 6s.)
 Pike, Oliver G., F.Z.S. "The Scout's Book of Birds." (Jarrold, 2s. 6d.)
 Punshon, E. K. "The Wilderness Lovers." (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.)
 Rutherford, Mark. "The Revolution in Tanner's Lane." (Fisher Unwin, 1s.)
 Stebbing, William. "Five Centuries of English Verse." 2 vols. (Oxford University Press, 1s. 6d.)
 Stone, C. "The Angel in the Corner." (Hunter and Longhurst, 2s. 6d.)
 Taunton, Raymond. "The Presence of the Kindly Patriarch." (Fifield, 2s.)
 Thomson, Francis. Works in three vols.; 1 and 2 Poetry, 3 Prose. (Burns, Oates, Ltd., 15s.)
 Windham Papers. "Herbert Jenkins." 2 vols. (32s.)
 Woodruff, Helen G. "Mis' Beauty." (Hodder and Stoughton, 5s.)

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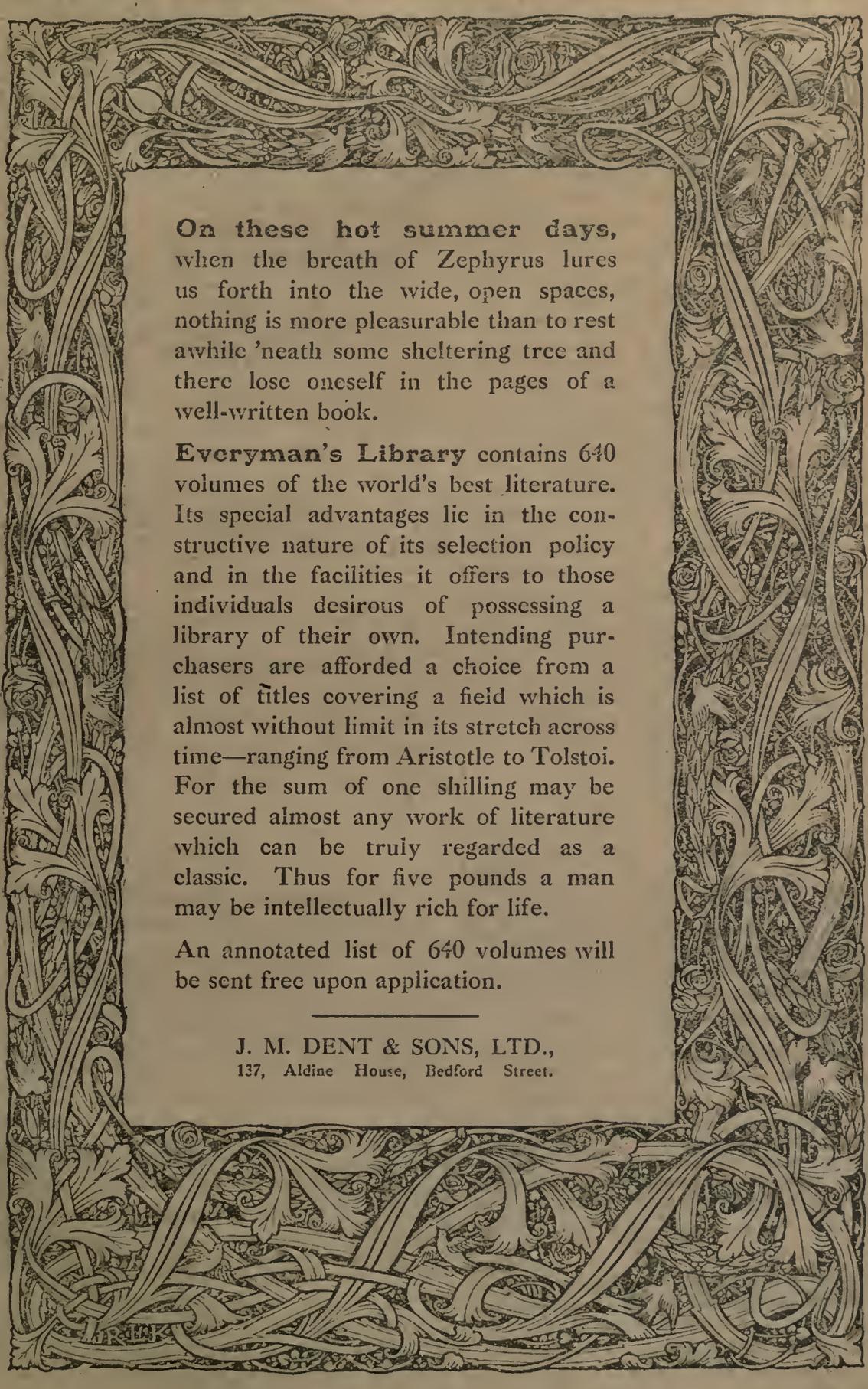
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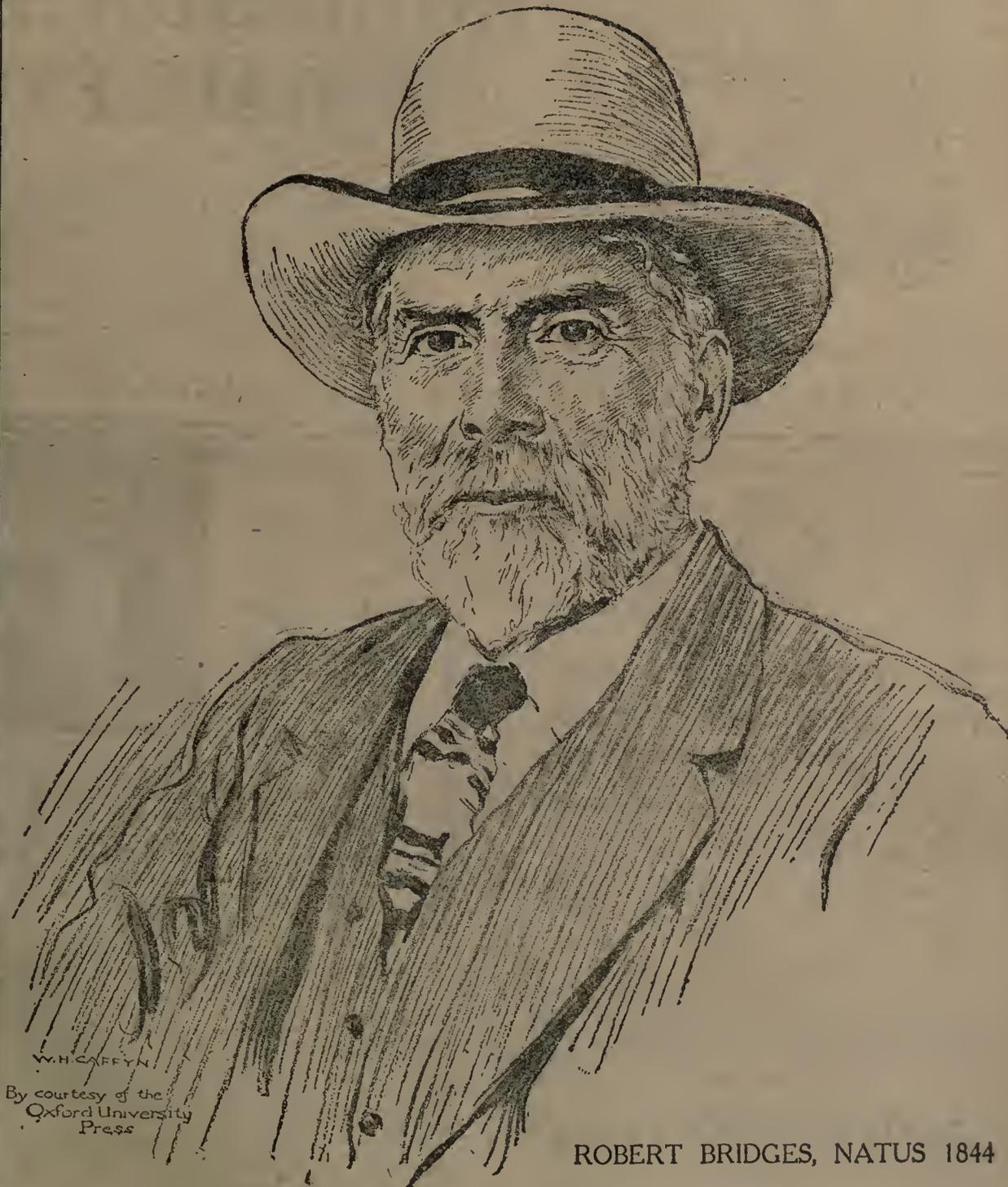
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HISTORY IN THE MAKING

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE Government's much-discussed Education Bill has at long last been introduced into the House of Commons, and beyond doubt it fully justifies Lord Haldane's anticipatory description of "colossal." It is, in fact, the most far-reaching legislative effort that we have seen for a generation or more. The provision of baths, playing fields, and school nurseries, with meals for the children on Sundays and holidays, coupled with a "complete and progressive system of education, with instruction of an advanced character, from nursery to University." This is a programme almost beyond the dreams of the most optimistic educationists. The pity of it is that, so far as the House goes, the Bill is "dead" for this Session; but in the country its clauses will be earnestly examined and eagerly discussed.

It is with something like amazement, tempered by despair, that one reads the headline, "Turks Back in Adrianople." It seems only yesterday that we were all rejoicing that the tyranny of the "unspeakable Turk" had been broken for ever, and that the young nations of the Balkans were free at last to work out their destinies unhampered by his impossible rule. And now, alas, we find the Allies at each other's throats, and the Turk back in the saddle, determined to make a fight for it. Never, surely, did history provide a crueller disappointment, a more ironical disillusionment. By the way, it is noteworthy that our contemporary, the *Outlook*, almost alone in the Press, foreshadowed the course of events, and prophesied that before long the Turk would once again be a factor in the situation. "'Tis true, 'tis pity, but pity 'tis, 'tis true."

The most significant development of the struggle in China, a struggle that everyone familiar with events in the "Flowery Land" has long expected, is that Sun Yat Sen has definitely thrown the weight of his personality into the side of the Southern provinces, who are in revolt against Yuan-Shi-Kai. No one who has watched the career of Yuan expected that his rule as President would be popular, or that he was anything more than an efficient stop-gap. His whole sympathies and trend of mind are anti-republican, and the only practical alternative to that Republic, it should be borne in mind, is a restoration of the Manchus. Whatever else may transpire as the immediate result of the present complication, that, at all events, is unlikely, and the only logical alternative is the establishment of the Republic on a secure basis. The project of restoring the Mings to the throne they vacated three centuries ago is too hopeless to require comment.

The harvest must necessarily be a time of anxiety for the farmer. The uncertainty of the weather, the unevenness of the crops—even within the same field—these are factors that it is beyond the skill of man to adjust. But to them there has been added for the English farmer an additional burden, which has never before been more apparent in the United Kingdom—the difficulty of getting sufficient hands! From every quarter of the countryside bitter complaints are being received on this head. When we remember that last month British emigrants, chiefly agriculturists, numbered 40,770—an increase of 5,768 over June, 1912—we may surely be pardoned for asking if it is beyond the wit of British statesmanship to keep labour on the land.

Earl Grey's proposal to establish an "Empire Shop" on the island site off the Strand has excited keen enthusiasm, and no wonder. At present the agencies of our various Colonies and Dominions are dotted all over the City and West End. Their establishment under one roof and in a central spot should do much to bring home to Londoners the vast resources of the Empire, of which their City is the pivot, and the permanent exhibition of Empire products should prove a powerful stimulant for that increase of trade within the Empire which we all desire. "What do they know of England, who only England know."

In its way the non-militant suffrage march is one of the most remarkable events that has occurred in modern England. Time was, and not so many years ago, when political organisers declared that you could not get women to take part in processions or demonstrations. Now we find these women, strongly opposed to the tactics of the militants, but anxious to show that they also are anxious to do and to suffer for the cause, marching from Land's End to London, trudging hundreds of miles, patiently bearing insult and contumely on the way. The immediate effect of the pilgrimage may be nil. But it is an impressive demonstration that is bound to be productive of results.

It is refreshing to note—as also it is a remarkable sign of the times—that the so-called Wesleyan "heresy hunt" has failed. The Rev. George Jackson has been appointed to the Chair of Pastoral Theology at the Didsbury Training College, Manchester, and his views, orthodox or not, are not to stand in the way. The decision is distinctly interesting, not to say historical. Whoever bans a man on account of his opinions, the Free Churches are not of the company.

HOW THE LABOURER LIVES * * * BY F. E. GREEN

A STORY is told in Glasgow how a very wealthy lady, attired in silken dress and jewellery, addressed a large meeting of working women on the subject of thrift. She rebuked the wives of workmen for their thriftlessness, and informed them what excellent soup could be made out of mutton bones. Thereupon a voice was heard coming from the back of the hall, saying: "What we wants to know, mum, is who's had the meat off the bone."

I was constantly reminded of this story when, after the publication of "The Tyranny of the Countryside" (in which I printed one or two real budgets of labourers' wives), I received several angry letters, which, judging by the addresses, were written by ladies and gentlemen who were living in luxury upon the labour of other people. One of these, a lady, who stated she kept ten outdoor servants, wanted to know why English labourers in the southern counties, who "spent their time in smoking and loafing for their 15s. a week, could not live like the thrifty Scotch by making two-thirds of their meals of porridge and milk, say, 3d. a day." Another, a gentleman, writing from a large country house, wrote with righteous asseveration that "15s. a week was quite sufficient to maintain our race in a state of physical efficiency. If there is anything," he went on to say, "that is undermining the thrifty habits of the countryside people, it is the *luxurious* style of living pervading the whole community. I give you one instance: the substitution of packets of Quaker Oats, costing 7d., against good oatmeal, costing 2d. Why is this? Because they have lost the patience to prepare and boil the oatmeal, whereas the Quaker Oats are ready at once!"

This quaint insistence by the rich that those who do the hardest physical labour should live upon a monotonous diet of oatmeal three times a day, recalls the discussion that took place in the House of Commons towards the end of the eighteenth century on the deplorably low standard of vitality of the rural poor, resulting from the enclosures of commons, thus depriving cottage children of milk. When members were making ponderous speeches over the ignorance of the labourer who preferred white to brown bread, Fox projected a gleam of humour into the discussion by asking if any member of that House could speak with any authority on the subject of bread, as it appeared to form so small a proportion of their daily diet!

To all the good people who wrote to me with such righteous indignation, I would recommend a reading of "How the Labourer Lives," by Seebohm Rowntree and May Kendall (Nelsons, 2s.). They will learn that, out of the forty-two budgets taken from the lips of the wives of labourers earning from 12s. to 22s. a week, in one household no milk was consumed at all, in fifteen households only condensed or separated milk, and in the twenty-six households where fresh milk was part of the dietary it amounted to less than a pint a day for each family. After this, I think gentlefolk will not be so eager to recommend porridge three times a day as the sole diet.

It is really extraordinary how educated people can regard it as a kind of Divine dispensation that those who do the hardest work of the community should live upon the coarsest and poorest food. Perhaps these

people feel that they have done their duty when they live as Dives did in Ernest Bilton's poem.

"Now Dives daily feasted and was gorgeously arrayed,
Not at all because he liked it, but because 'twas good for trade.
That the people might have calico he clothed himself in silk,
And surfeited himself on cream that they might get the milk;
He fed five hundred servants that the poor might not lack bread,
And had his vessels made of gold that they might get more lead;
And e'en to show his sympathy with the deserving poor,
He did no useful work himself that they might do the more.
You'll think this very, very strange, but then of course you know,
'Twas in a far-off country, and a long while ago."

It is significant that, in spite of the fact that these labourers live in a country overflowing with milk and honey, butter does not figure at all in twenty of the forty-two budgets, in which dripping or margarine takes its place, and towards the end of the week one notices that the bread has often to be eaten without even a scrape of margarine.

The authors arrive at the painful conclusion that: "It may be taken as an established fact that a family of five persons, whose total income does not exceed 20s. 6d., and whose rent is 2s., is living below the poverty line," which means that the majority of farm labourers living south of the Trent receive wages insufficient to maintain their families in physical efficiency!

Nothing surely shatters more completely the townsman's delusion that life is made easier in the country because you can produce for yourself so many of the necessities of life, than these little household tragedies written in tiny columns of pence. Many of these labourers have allotments or cottage gardens, but, beyond vegetables, few of them produce anything of any dietary value. Most of the men who have to feed their master's horses and cattle are forbidden to keep either poultry or pigs. In the case of one woman who was allowed to keep a pig, when asked why she did not do so, answered:

"What's the use of hungering ourselves to feed a pig?"

She could not afford to purchase the necessary weekly bag of meal, even though it might become a profitable investment.

These budgets, showing the meagreness of the home produce of cottagers, are a striking illustration of the divorce of our English agricultural labourer from the land. He is now the most dependent of all European peasants, for our peasant civilisation was destroyed at the passing of the last of the enclosure acts.

It is borne in upon us with tragic insistence that it is the woman who has to bear the brunt of this unending battle of trying to make both ends meet. With daily self-sacrifice she sees that her man and her children are fed before herself, and if there is any meat on the table it goes to the breadwinner to store up physical energy to meet the demands of his master. When questioned as to how they managed on wages of 13s. a week, a woman answered:

"I sleep all right till about twelve, and then I wake and begin worrying about what I owe, and how to get

things. Last night I lay and cried for about a couple of hours."

Another woman, who had to cke out 14s. a week, observed:

"We've got hell here, we have. We shall get something good, but I believe hell's their place what don't look after the poor." A Yorkshire woman, whose husband earns 18s. a week, said: "When I have seen other children in warm clothing, and mine jealous, then I haven't known what to say. I know our Master wasn't rich. We've got a roof to cover us, and He hadn't where to lay His head, so I daresay it's all for the best. But they say English people ought to be strong and brave, and I don't know how they expect them—living as they do—to be strong, and brave, and cheerful."

"I couldn't tell you how we live," said a woman whose husband earned 12s. a week in Oxfordshire, "it's a mystery" (with the puzzled look of the poor at the perpetual miracle of continued existence). "I don't know how we manage; *the thing is to get it passed.*"

It is the woman who invariably raises the note of revolt. Possibly, if the husband were denied his weekly soporific of tobacco and beer, small though that item appears in these budgets, he might be roused to action. It is certain that it is the women who are bearing to breaking point the strain of it all. One of the most awful reflections, surely, upon our modern civilisation was that uttered by Mr. George Edwards, the Secretary of the Agricultural Labourers' Union:

"In nine cases out of ten the women starve; the first thing she thinks about is her children and husband. As a result of this chronic underfeeding, we have a very large percentage of insanity amongst the women. I am on the Asylums Committee of the Norfolk County Council, and we have over 300 wives of the labouring classes under our care. I attribute this large number to the anxiety necessitated in making ends meet and to the poor food."

The labourers' wives have broken out in revolt before in England, and they may revolt again. My own experience has been that cottage women are more willing to expose their poverty in angry words than the men.

I distinctly remember one woman living on the verge of Thursley Common, pointing across that beautiful heath overrun with rabbits, shouting out with vehemence:

"Is it right that one man should claim all the wild game which runs or flies over this yer heth, which I hear tell belonged once to all of us, and my husband dar'n't so much as look at a rabbit? They do say that the day will come when it will be altered, and things be made more equal." She looked as if she could storm a citadel.

Mr. Rowntree and Miss May Kendall have evidently experienced the same feeling, for the volume ends with these words:

"And yet, especially among the women, there is a slow disturbance—something that is not yet rebellion, and not yet hope, that seems to hold the dim promise of both. The waters are troubled, though one hears some very contradictory accounts of the appearance of the angel."

Amongst the men even there are signs that the flag of revolt has already been raised in Lancashire and Somersetshire. No one should be surprised if what is still our largest class of workers refuse to wait until a dilatory Government brings them redress from an age-long suffering. The advance guard of this army we see already on the march.

SERB, GREEK, AND BULGAR

By DAVID H. LOWE.

[As the result of a campaign to promote the study of English in the Balkans, and as the result of an audience which was granted me in 1906 by His Majesty King Peter of Serbia, the systematic teaching of the English language and literature was introduced into the National University of Belgrade, and the author of the present article, Mr. David H. Lowe, was appointed the first English lecturer. Both in his capacity as University teacher and as tutor of the Servian Crown Prince, Mr. Lowe had ample opportunities of studying Balkan life and Balkan politics from the inside. The following paper will, therefore, be specially acceptable to our readers. It is a lucid and impartial statement and analysis of a hopelessly involved situation.—EDITOR.]

THE latest war in the Balkans has been the shortest as it has been the most ferocious of modern times, and the public will stand aghast if anything like the full story ever becomes known. Why such bitter hostility should exist between the races is a question more often asked than answered, and a recapitulation of the facts may be welcome to readers at the present time.

I.

During the seventh century the Slav dwellers between the Danube and the Balkan mountains were attacked and overpowered by savage Tartar hordes from Kazan on the River Volga. These invaders, who were known as Bulgars or "Volga-men" (from Bolga=Volga, and ar=a man), were completely absorbed by the conquered Slavs and vanished. As memorials they left behind them their name and nature. Thus it comes about that Serb and Bulgar differ so strangely in national character, for, whilst the Bulgar is surly and taciturn and purposeful, the Serb is gay and volatile and happy-go-lucky.

In the centuries that followed their conversion to Christianity, a rivalry grew up between the two kindred peoples, and to a great Bulgarian there succeeded a great Servian Empire stretching from the Danube to the Adriatic. But these so-called empires were mere confederations of a loose and unstable kind, and after the crushing victory of the Turks at Kossovo in 1389, the dream of a powerful consolidated Servian State seemed to be shattered for ever.

II.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century the feeling of national consciousness awoke to robust life in the races of the Near East, and both Serbia and Greece succeeded in throwing off the Turkish yoke; but it was not until Russia had marched her victorious armies to the gates of Stamboul that Turkey ceased to rank as a Great Power in Europe.

The treaty of San Stefano, as revised by the Congress of Berlin in June, 1878, recognised the complete independence of Serbia, Montenegro, and Roumania. Moreover, the State of Bulgaria was created north of the Balkans, whilst the autonomous Turkish province of Eastern Roumelia was created south of the same range of mountains. As Bulgaria and "Eastern Roumelia" were inhabited by the same race of people, it was unlikely that this arbitrary division of them would endure, and in the summer of 1885 came the revolution of Philippopoli, when Bulgaria and Roumelia proclaimed themselves one and indivisible. While European diplomatists argued and discussed the new situation, King Milan of Serbia, encouraged thereto by Austria, took it upon him to pose as the champion of the Berlin Treaty and to forbid the union. Declaring war on Bulgaria, he laid siege to Widdin, and, marching through the Dragoman Pass, took up a position at Slivnitsa, within sight of Sofia.

The remarks of the Swiss mercenary in Bernard Shaw's "Arms and the Man," give a true hint of what followed. Owing to incompetent generalship and to an almost inconceivable lack of supplies and munitions of war, the Servians were unable to hold their ground, and, driven out of Slivnitsa, were pursued across their own frontier by the triumphant Bulgarians. At this point Austria intervened, and, as it is known that Russia would have supported Bulgaria had the Servians been victorious, the whole affair is seen to have been a war of puppets. None the less, it left behind it a legacy of hate and rancour.

III.

We come now to the famous Macedonian problem, the solution of which has plunged the quondam allies into war.

For long years Servia, Greece, and Bulgaria watched Macedonia with anxious eyes, and calculated the share of territory that would fall to each when the inevitable day of reckoning came. About one-half of the entire population of two and a half millions is composed of Christian Slavs. It was when the analysis was pushed further and an attempt made to distinguish Serb from Bulgar that violent feeling was aroused in Sofia and Belgrade. Now, although it is possible in certain parts of the country to make the distinction, it cannot be too strongly insisted upon that the Slav inhabitants of a great part of Macedonia have no spontaneous national consciousness or impulse, and it was this amorphous mass that claimed the special attention of rival propagandists.

The Turkish imperial authority did not interfere with the religious life of the subject races. This toleration, extended to no other institution, made it possible for a Church, and for a Church only, to become a basis of corporate life. It was a rallying ground for its adherents, and preserved their language and their traditions. The Christian Slavs belonged to the Greek Orthodox Church, but had enjoyed from time immemorial the privilege of a native clergy, who conducted the services in the old Slavonic tongue. This arrangement worked well, but a time came when the Patriarch sought to hellenise the Slavs of Macedonia. Greek priests were installed in the villages, church services were conducted in Greek, and the Greek language was made compulsory in the schools. All this aroused great opposition, and an agitation against the policy of the Patriarch began.

IV.

The resistance to the ecclesiastical tyranny of the Patriarch was in its origin *racial*, but not *national*. The distinction is important. As time went on, however, the character of the agitation changed, and it became purely Bulgarian, a transformation due partly to the activity of propagandists, and partly to the action of Russia, which at the moment was strongly Bulgarophil. From this politico-religious strife there emerged not a reformed Macedonian branch of the Greek Orthodox Church, but the schismatic body known as the Bulgarian Exarchate. As the Turks had expressly granted the privilege of a native clergy to the new Church, many Macedonians hastened to join it, and those who did so were claimed in Sofia as patriotic Bulgars. On the other hand, there were large numbers who hated the schism, and remained faithful to the Patriarch whilst continuing to agitate for more favourable treatment.

V.

In the Exarchate the Bulgarians possessed a powerful instrument for the consolidation of their national interests and for the promotion of their ambitious designs. The idea of a great Slav State had taken

deep root in Bulgaria, an idea sedulously fostered by priest and schoolmaster in the neighbouring provinces. Bulgarian ambitions were partly realised in 1885, when the union with Roumelia was publicly proclaimed and accepted by Europe as a *fait accompli*. Having thus broadened the basis of their power as a State, the Bulgarians addressed themselves with renewed energy to the furtherance of their aims in Turkish Macedonia. A fresh army of priests and schoolmasters was pushed forward in the interest of the Bulgarian Church, but it soon became clear that the struggle, ostensibly between the adherents of the Bulgarian Exarch and those of the Greek Patriarch, was in reality an international contest between Bulgarians on the one hand and Greeks and Servians on the other. So far the rivalry had stopped short of bloodshed.

VI.

In 1894 the notorious Bulgarian Committee of Interior Organisation was formed. At first it concerned itself with the development of peaceful propagandist measures, but four years later it declared that the time had come "for more energetic action." Accordingly, armed forces were organised, and the duties of Comitadjis—the Turkish name for members of the Committee's bands—were laid down. The Comitadjis very quickly made it plain that by the enemy they understood the Christian Patriarchist as well as the Turkish tyrant, and that under the terms of spy and traitor they included those who declined to enrol themselves as members of the Exarchate. A complete network of communications was established throughout Turkish Macedonia, and the leaders of the bands had an underground authority greater than that of the Sultan himself. The armed force movement, conceived possibly with the honest purpose of freeing Macedonia from the Turk, degenerated into a horrible nightmare of massacre and oppression of the Christian peoples, and made possible the unspeakable deeds of such inhuman monsters as Karassouli, Sandanski, and Apostol.

VII.

The Turkish troops proved themselves quite unequal to the task of coping with the brigands, and in 1903 a crowded meeting of Greco-Macedonians was held at Athens to consider the position of their fellow-countrymen, and it was decided to take up arms in defence of Patriarchists if the existing state of affairs continued. Before taking this step, they once more appealed to Europe to protect their co-religionists against the Bulgarian bands that were bringing dishonour upon the name of Christian. Servia associated herself with Greece, but the appeal to the Powers brought no relief. The Comitadjis continued to pillage and murder, and Athens and Belgrade saw nothing for it but to translate words into deeds. In 1904 armed bands of Greeks and Servians crossed their respective frontiers into Macedonia, and confusion became worse confounded.

Such was the situation as it existed before the Turkish war. The Orthodox Slavs, supported unofficially by Greece and Servia, were engaged in a desperate attempt to stay the advance of Bulgaria behind the stalking-horse of the Exarchate. The ferocious animosity engendered in the struggle makes it surprising that an alliance against the Turk should ever have been possible at all, and once the common enemy removed, there was grave danger that the rapacity of Bulgaria would set the allies by the ears. When Austria deprived Servia, Greece, and Montenegro of the fruits of victory in Albania, a second war became a moral certainty.

THE MAN AND HIS WORK

II.—THE MAN ON THE IRON LINES ♪ ♪ BY C. SHERIDAN JONES

It is, to paraphrase Waverley, some fifty years since Charles Dickens, no dull observer of social portents surely, expressed mild surprise that there should be anything like chronic discontent along the iron lines of our railways, coupled with absolute horror at the whispered possibility of a national railway strike. So slowly do things move that it is only quite recently that the national strike occurred, while, alas! discontent is still with us, and there is scarcely a month, and never a year, that passes without the public being called on to take sides in a bitter dispute between one or other of the companies and their employees. Ever since there have been railways, in fact, the men who work them have been in conflict, masked or open, with the management, and, marvellously as our railway system has developed, and admirably perfected as its details have been, for some strange reason or another peace on the lines always hangs by a thread, and the men are almost invariably in a state of incipient revolt.

What is the reason for this disquieting anomaly? Why should railway servants be more prone to strike than other bodies of workmen? In part, I think the reasons are permanent, and cannot be remedied. The ordinary workman, the engineer, builder, or mechanic who does not get on with his foreman, or doesn't like his "job," very soon takes the remedy in his own hands. He asks to be paid off, packs his bag, and, if trade is brisk, gets work in the next town, or in the next street. Not so the railway servant. If he gives notice to one company, it is pretty certain that no other will engage him. If he does not like one station master, he cannot ask to work under another. And if he goes out into the great world beyond railways, all the technical knowledge that he has acquired during

The Best Years of his Life are, of course, Rendered Useless,

with the result that he stays on and chafes under grievances, real or imaginary, that the carpenter or bricklayer would end by the simple device of giving notice.

That is one of the almost inevitable reasons for railway discontent. Take another. Railway directors are responsible, not only for the carriage of goods, but of lives, and, necessarily, they are compelled to insist upon a discipline that must often seem harsh, rigid, and reasonless.

Every man on the iron lines has supplied to him quite early in his novitiate a bulky book of rules that require a trained intelligence and some considerable application to understand correctly, and these are *desiderata* beyond the possibilities of the ordinary porter. More, occasions may arise when—as is always the case with rules—it is sound sense to disregard them, and then, as happened to Guard Richardson, the railway servant is actually punished for obeying the printed commands of the company rather than the peremptory order of his superior, who may call the signalman from the box that the rules say he ought not to leave, or instruct the porter to do work that the rules say he must leave untouched. Small wonder, when the porter or signalman is thus punished, that he becomes embittered against what must seem to him treatment as capricious as it is stern.

These, of course, are not the only reasons for rail-

way discontent. I have taken them first merely because I wanted to show some of the difficulties of the situation. Before we go on to consider some of the others, let us look for a moment at the vast army of men who are concerned. The growth of railways during the last forty years has been astounding. Their capital has increased from £552,660,000 in 1871 to £1,318,515,000 in 1910. The mileage has grown from 15,376 to 23,387 in the same period, and their staff now numbers nearly 600,000, of which about 320,000 are actually engaged in maintaining the traffic. Alas, as we shall presently see, the increase in the profits earned has not been maintained. For the moment, it is enough to notice

The Vast Number of Men, Women and Children

who are directly affected by the facts and figures which are set forth in this article. If we consider the wages of these men, we shall find that, like the profits, they have by no means increased with the companies' business. Take, for instance, the platform porters. Before the railwaymen made their great effort two years ago, an effort that almost paralysed the trade of the country, platform porters were getting 18s. per week. To-day their wages have risen by only another shilling. Other grades, it is true, have fared a little better. The Midland firemen, I am told, won increases of 10s., and the inspectors of 2s. 6d. a week. Sunday labour is now recognised and paid for as extra, and hours have been materially reduced in all grades. Thus, the platform porter, who years ago worked the clock round, without any guaranteed meal-time, now has an eleven-hour day, with an hour for meals; while the signalman's hours have been reduced from twelve hours to eleven and ten. But, for the most part, the wages remain scandalously low, and are entirely inadequate for the support of a wife and family. Indeed, the only railway servant that one is inclined to envy is the country station master, who, although he has to be always "on the spot," gets a house rent and rate free,

With a nice little Garden Attached and some £90 to £100 in addition. He can cultivate some of the graces and comforts of life. But even he, be it noted, is expected to be always on deck, and the Great Northern Railway even go so far as to prevent a station master being absent for more than two hours without leave!

It is this strain of being so long on duty, and engaged in work that must be discharged with the utmost exactitude, that adds so much to the discontent of these poorly paid and absolutely indispensable servants of the public. For them, very often, no leave of absence is possible, no relaxation of their burden, however brief, is to be thought of. There is a dreadfully pathetic story, as I always thought, of a Welsh signalman, whose child was taken ill one night. He was a widower, and his cottage stood alone, and there was no one to help him nurse the poor child, who was as the light of his eyes. When the morning came he was able to get help, but he went to the signal box half-dazed for lack of sleep, and tormented by anxiety. What was the result? The inevitable happened. He pulled the wrong lever: a train was wrecked, lives lost—and the signalman, the martyr of a system, had

To Face a Charge of Manslaughter, only Narrowly Escaping Conviction.

That escape is only typical of thousands of others. The railway servant must know something of the stoicism of the Roman sentries at Pompeii, who stuck to their posts when covered by the lava of the volcano. Come frost, come heat, come death, come sorrow—the railwayman must be at his post at the appointed hour. "Romance," wrote Kipling, "brought in the nine fifteen." Aye, truly, but it was the romance of grim, human fortitude, of poignant suffering, of duty done while all that the doer cares for lies—he knows not—whether dead or alive.

For the quite exceptional strain which this sort of heroism imposes on him the railway servant of whatever grade gets no adequate compensation. Why is this?

It would be unfair to blame the companies altogether. As I have said, by a curious paradox, while the capital and the mileage of the companies have expanded, the profits earned have shrunk. From 1871-1910 the prosperity of the companies waned perceptibly; a fact that is apparent from the following table, showing the average proportion of nett receipts to paid-up capital:

1871-1875=4.56 per cent.	1891-1895=3.80 per cent.
1876-1880=4.29 "	1896-1900=3.64 "
1881-1885=4.22 "	1901-1905=3.38 "
1886-1890=4.07 "	1906-1910=3.45 "

while on the ordinary capital, which is not quite the same thing, dividends decreased from 4.7 per cent. during the period 1873-5 to 3.8 per cent. in 1910; although during practically the same period the number of passengers increased from 375,218,000 to 1,306,729,000.

What is the reason for this strange discrepancy? In large part it is to be accounted for by increase in prices of materials. Then, again, while the fact that ours was the earliest the pioneer railway system gave us many advantages, it had its serious drawbacks. The rolling stock was soon rendered obsolete. The old 5-8-ton wagons became hopelessly out of date. Immense expenditure had to be undertaken to bring our companies into line with the railways of the Colonies, the States, and Russia, while, it must never be forgotten (especially in view of the demand for nationalisation) that hanging round the necks of the railway companies is

The Millstone of the Dead Capital

which years ago they had to pay in law costs, Parliamentary expenses, and as "compensation" to landowners. The millions for which they were then bled are still being paid for by the sweated porters of Euston and the over-worked engine-drivers of Crewe. It cost the U.S.A. £11,500 per mile to build her railways. Belgium paid £13,280. Germany £18,235. England paid £49,000, of which £7,000 went to the landowners, and £2,000 to the lawyers! It is not only in matters of private conduct that the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children unto the third and fourth generation. To-day we are being mulcted, railway servant and consumer alike, for the insensate terms which our grandfathers exacted at the height of the railway mania.

So far as the man on the iron lines is concerned, he has to pay for that mad hour of national delirium twice over. First, as we have seen, his wages are grossly inadequate. Secondly, he is the victim of fatal and dreadful accidents to an extent that would not be tolerated in any other walk of life. Take, for instance, the case of the platelayer. The records are

strewn with reports of accidents to men on the permanent way.

"We Look Out for Ourselves"

is a much-quoted sentence at inquests on platelayers killed at work—meaning that the "watcher," which the Act of Parliament says ought to be provided, has been conspicuous by his absence, with the result that an express train has descended upon a poor platelayer and cut him to pieces. In 1906 there were no less than 101 of these platelayers killed and 126 injured, and, despite the strictures of Government inspectors, the figures remain fearfully high.

It is only fair to the companies to say that they insist that many of these accidents are the direct result of the men's own carelessness, and before me as I write is an elaborate series of instructions, telling the men how these untoward happenings may be avoided. But it cannot be said that the record of the companies in the matter is a good one. They have fought automatic couplings, for instance, tooth and nail long after their practicability and efficiency were demonstrated beyond all reasonable doubt. Even as I write, those very couplings, which the companies insist are useless, are being made by the thousand in England for the State railways of Egypt and India, but 336 *British shunters* and forty-eight couplers were injured on our iron lines last year, while the total number of casualties reached the appalling figure of 22,498! There are grounds only too strong for the belief that, just as the mortality among railway passengers was reduced by additional and, of course, expensive precautions, so could these thousands be spared also. But that means, of course, a reduction in the profits of the companies, and a loss to the millions of shareholders (the L. and N.-W. have upwards of 100,000 on their register alone), who are representative of every class of society; while any further increase in railway rates or goods charges to recoup them is just now unthinkable.

It would, of course, be a mistake to think of the railway servant's life as one long, unrelieved round of toil and hardship. He has many advantages. His employment is constant and assured, and, if he keeps his place, his home need never be haunted by that dreadful spectre of unemployment, which darkens the lives of many better paid workers. In the country he often has his little garden or allotment against the line, where he can grow vegetables. Generally,

His Home shows the Benefit of that Regular Income,

which is so essential to good housewifery. Nearly always is it neat and attractive, and the fact that nearly all the companies help to provide for their men by a superannuation scheme, to which they contribute, is another factor that makes for security in the railway men's employment.

None the less, it is difficult, as one looks along the iron lines, and waits to hear the express come thundering past the empty countryside and through the quiet country station, to see peace ahead. The men are perfecting a mighty organisation, and are feeling every day the pinch of higher prices. The shareholders are pressing for more dividends. The directors need even more capital. And all the time the friction engendered of innumerable controversies, of bitter complaints of unredressed grievances, grows tenser and more acute. One calls to mind that wonderful chapter of Zola that ends with the lost train and its dead driver dashing on and on along the line at a breakneck speed—to reach safety or catastrophe, who can tell? And that, one feels, typifies the British railway system itself.

THE NEW POET LAUREATE * * * BY ERNEST RHYS

THE first thing one thought of on hearing that Robert Bridges had been made Poet-Laureate was that the office had fallen to a true lyric poet. Most clearly and most unaffectedly among the versemen of our time he has lived by the old genuine lyric tradition in his writing. The sung word, the open phrase, the musical idea, and the responsive rise and fall, crescend and cadence have always been a part of his equipment. He has never mistaken verse for prose, or prose for verse, and his art has been a labour and a joy, and has, we may say, come naturally to him.

The best way to give his voice effect in the printed page is to let its accents be heard, and, if possible, after a fashion to show how they accord with, and where they differ from, the notes of other men and women. There is no need to enter on comparisons with his actual forerunners in the office, or speak of the poet Pye, or the victims of Dryden and Pope, or attempt to find his altitude in a constellation that included an Alfred major and an Alfred minor. But it belongs to the verse of the real melodist to set the chorus of the whole woodside going; and so it is with the freshness of the song of Dr. Bridges:

"Who will be clerk?
I, said the Lark."

He leads the antiphony, because the delight of the morning and the sense of night past and day new-begun are in him, as they were in the earlier men and the poets of the youth of the world. Listening to him, we are reminded now of Hobbinol, now of the Elizabethans, now again of the Lutanists, or Herrick and Campion: not because he has imitated them, but because he has touched the springs of melody which set old rhythms vibrating.

It is a test of the lyric writer that he is able to take up the theme of the *reverdie*, the spring's return, and use the old notes, yet make them seem new as the first daylight over the hilltop. The thrush uses the motive and the rhythm of a thousand summers; but his April invocation is never a whit diminished in the apparent reckless, delicious exuberance and wild novelty of tune and theme. Hear this lyric ode in octaves—a spring invitation to the country. Direct as Campion's at his frankest, it has the touch, hard to explain, that tells of emotion genuinely and individually felt:

"The freshets are unbound,
And, leaping from the hill,
Their mossy banks refill
With strains of light and sound;
And, scattered down the meads,
From hour to hour unfold
A thousand buds and beads
In stars and cups of gold.

"Now hear, and see, and note,
The farms are all astir,
And every labourer
Has doffed his winter coat;
And now with specks of white
They dot the brown hillside,
Or jaunt and sing outright
As by their teams they ride."

In such verse the writer preserves the unconscious air that one asks of the born song-maker; and it is a good and healthy sign in him that he is not afraid of repeating things, or taking a word, a line, an allusion, an idiom out of the greater currency of the lyric tongue. Where he has taken pleasure in other rhymers' verses, he will make much of it, and play upon their phrase and weave rhyme around their

given word. In the reply-song to that just quoted, e.g., he opens one octave with an echo:

"One long in city pent
Forgets, or must complain . . ."

He abounds in choice appropriations and adaptations of the irresistible words from the Bible, or from the old master-singers, which the custom of the craft allows to the real craftsman. He will base a lyric on a phrase like "I will not let thee go."

What are the events in such a poet's life? He walked across a clover field in July; renewed his pulses and his memories in a flowery mead; went, as George Herbert used to go, to hear music in a great or a little church; saw Death pass on the highway, and met his own youth in the shadow of Cypris' shrine, at the elbow of Psyche. These sound like nothing in the newspaper, they count for little in the hurly-burly of men; they built up his arch of days nevertheless, through which he spied the first and last things. If you think this points to a writer of only one mood and one venture of the imagination, you are wrong. Try one of his winter pieces, or a November cartoon, and then turn the page to his ballad of "The Winnowers," which opens—

"Betwixt two billows of the downs
The little hamlet lies,
And nothing sees but the bald crowns
Of the hills, and the blue skies.

"Clustering beneath the long descent
And grey slopes of the wold,
The red roofs nestle, overspent,
With lichen yellow as gold. . ."

A true musician, Dr. Bridges is one of the very few men of our time who have understood the delicate exactions of the art of writing words for music. Occasionally one comes on a song, such as the following, which must have been written to fit a definite melody:

"I praise the gentle maid,
Whose happy voice and smile
To confidence betrayed
My doleful heart awhile:
And gave my spirit deploring
Fresh wings for soaring.

"The maid for very fear
Of love I durst not tell;
The rose could never hear,
Though I bespake her well;
So in my song I bind them,
For all to find them."

We do not usually look for sonnets in a song-writer. A sonnet is a sort of frozen song—a lyric in a mould. But it is in "Sonnet 62" of the *Collected Poems* that Dr. Bridges has given us the key to his lyric creed—

"I will be what God made me, nor protest
Against the bent of genius in my time,
That science of my friends robs all the best,
While I love beauty, and was born to rhyme.

"Be they our mighty men, and let me dwell
In shadow among the mighty shades of old,
With love's forsaken palace for my cell;
Whence I look forth, and all the world behold.

What is consoling about his poetry, too, is for the reader to find that he can carry all the accumulated burden of culture, and use Greek precedent, and work out the hardest puzzles of prosody without destroying for a moment his English naturalness of verse. He is like a man of the early time who wears the robe of the twentieth century, being, in fact, a freeman of that region which is not bound by time. Another day it may be possible to speak of his *Masks and Dramas*.

MYSTICISM * * * BY DR. PERCY DEARMER

I.

OUR age is an age of some perplexity, but of much hope. It is perplexing, because the world has been moving more rapidly during our lifetime than ever before. There is for most people a great gulf between themselves and their bringing up: our point of view is so different from that of our fathers that we cannot reason as they did; and for most of us it is difficult, if not impossible, to think things out afresh. Some seek out new religions, taking with them a double dose of credulity; some try to re-state the old; some drift into an indifference, which is the worst sort of negation.

Yet it is a hopeful age. Materialism is crumbling away, with its attendant pessimism, and man is recovering, with undeniable rapidity, the spiritual view of life. M. Bergson's recent address to the Society for Psychical Research was a notable instance of the decay of scientific materialism, for he was able to declare that, not only from the psychological, but also from the anatomical side, the brain is now found to be, not the creator of thought, but the means whereby thought establishes relations with material things—the organ of the spirit, in fact.

II.

It is, therefore, no wonder that there should be at this time a great revival of Mysticism, since Mysticism clears away perplexities and brings spiritual light even to those who cannot claim to be athletes in its difficult way. Now what is Mysticism? It has nothing to do with mistiness or mysteriousness. It is simply the way of contemplation, the seeking of union with the Divine, independently of the organs of sense. It is the focussing of the highest part of man—of his fundamental being—upon that ultimate Reality which is the Supreme Being, which, in fact, is God. *Cor ad cor loquitur*—"Heart speaks to heart"—is the best epigram of Mysticism.

One cannot, then, wonder that Mysticism comes as a breath of fresh air to many who had been disgusted by the formalism of much religious teaching, or who had lost their faith in the dogmatic framework of Christianity. It is always a fault among religious ministers to teach religion as if it were all framework, to forget the wine in their insistence upon the excellence of the bottles. Men hear religion propounded as if it were all a matter of phrases and words by those who sometimes forget the high realities which the words try to express—and must always express more or less inadequately. Therefore some grow impatient, and forget on their side that the mind of man must try to express itself in words, that everyone must have his philosophy, that without bottles the wine will be spilt. We cannot wonder. Many preachers are mortally adept at provoking reaction in their hearers. It is natural that thousands of people should turn to the direct access into the sanctuary which Mysticism offers—frequently without their having any quarrel with orthodoxy. To this the most orthodox cannot object: indeed, the more sure such a one is of the truth of his dogmatic framework, the more confident he ought to be that his orthodoxy will be vindicated by men seeking after God. *Prævalebit veritas.*

III.

And Mysticism is far from being unorthodox. It is only comprehensive; for, being concerned with the seeking after that ultimate Reality which lies behind

appearances (the Mystics call it Union with God), Mysticism is at home in many orthodoxies, and Mystics are found in all religions; that is to say, good men have been able to find God, in whatever religion they followed—not that all religions are equally good, but that all *are* religions, all embody generations of spiritual experience, and have learnt the methods of saints, and even in their superstitions express the pathetic strivings of the multitudes, the search of common sorrowing humanity after comfort and truth.

So Mysticism meets another need of our times—the desire to find a synthesis for all the religions of the world. Nor is this so difficult as it seems; for modern research has proved to us that even the natives of Central Africa, with all their idols and savage ideas, yet believe in a Supreme God far above their crude pantheons. There *is* a synthesis, and the Mystic has found it; for in every religion, however debased, there are a few who seek to bring the turbulent soul of man into union with the Supreme Being. And in all religions there are some who have succeeded, and have won an unearthly grandeur which the world has never failed to recognise.

IV.

In the future that lies immediately before us there is likely to be a great increase in the mystical way of taking life. The Mystics themselves will always be a small company; for they are the geniuses of religion—men or women of immense will, of great capacities, of a rare power of endurance, who are like the artist in their intuition and concentration, and are ready to sacrifice everything for their sacred quest. But in the humbler strata of humanity, an increasing number will follow the mystic way, and will gain their souls in quietness and contemplation.

This lower Mysticism will obviously be a great help to those who hang loosely or not at all by Christian orthodoxy. There are many "broad" views, much modernism, a good deal of hesitancy in accepting this or that article of the Creed. This undogmatic frame of mind is likely to increase; for we are by no means through our long age of transition, and people can hardly settle their philosophy while science is changing so rapidly. There are many also who, without denying traditional beliefs, will seek out a way for themselves in which traditional beliefs form a small part. There will be some loss in all this—some disastrous destruction of bottles; but, after all, the important thing is that men should become more spiritual, and—the truth will prevail.

V.

Meanwhile it is significant that the great Mystics of history have been singularly untroubled by theological difficulties, and have generally been perfectly content with the religion in which they were born. There is much wisdom in this. People often run off with some particular "difficulty" when, if they would be content to wait a few years, concentrating themselves upon what is still true to them, they would find that their stumbling-block was no difficulty at all, or it may be that it was an unimportant accretion which they are better without. Anyhow, it is characteristic of those great religious geniuses whom we call Mystics that they seldom wanted to change their religion. They were content to improve it. They were too intensely interested in the Creator to trouble themselves

about the theological disputations of their time. Sometimes when, like Saint Paul, they were being held back and depraved by the religion of their birth, they embraced a higher faith; but, as a rule, Catholics and Protestants, Buddhists and Mohammedans, have been content to worship God in their old way, only losing in the process some of the exclusiveness and negations of their own Church. The Mystics found the wine in their bottles, and were content. They did not, like bad workmen, complain of their tools; though they improved them, and often added new tools to those they already possessed.



LITERARY NOTES

MR. ROBERT HICHENS is one of the few novelists who keeps up the "level" of his reputation. The issue of a new novel by this author is somewhat of an event in literary circles, and the present season, with the exception of the publication of "Sons and Lovers," has been so bare of successful romances that the reading public will look forward to the appearance of "The Way of Ambition," the title Mr. Hichens has selected, by Messrs. Methuen next month. This versatile novelist has scored a success in a variety of styles. He has written a fine series of studies in the supernatural, has touched on the sex problem in that inimitable book, "The Woman of the Fan," and has given us plenty of adventure. But while we realise his dramatic force and clever characterisation, and admire to the full the emotional surge in the greatest of his novels, "The Garden of Allah," we go back with longing and regret to one of his earliest, but perhaps the most delightful of his books. The "Prophet of Berkeley Square" is written with that spirit of adventure and sense of humour that are the rarest things in the novel of to-day. The exquisite series of telegrams sent by the Prophet to his faithful disciple is unmatched in modern times, and we still nourish the hope that Mr. Hichens may some day be prevailed upon to return to the country of rollicking fun and hair-breadth adventures.



There is no end to the boom in "Mark Rutherford." Mr. Milford is shortly publishing a volume of "Autobiographical Notes." Originally planned for the use only of his family and friends, the author subsequently realised that they might possibly be utilised for a wider public, and prepared them for that purpose. The volume will be edited by Miss White, Mark Rutherford's daughter, and will include certain portraits of interest to his admirers. It is interesting to note that this author, who occupies an almost unique niche in contemporary literature, and who combines an extreme reticence with an almost meticulous care in the revision of his MSS., should have left the British Museum an interesting collection of books and documents.



It is difficult to imagine that Thomas Hardy could be improved by illustration. It is rare, indeed, that the temperament of the artist coincides so closely with the author's that the union of pen and pencil is a happy one. It is with some amount of apprehension, therefore, that we learn that "Under the Greenwood Tree" is to be published by Messrs. Chatto and Windus with coloured pictures. The artist selected is Mr. Keith Henderson, and we learn that he has attempted to reproduce the spirit of Hardy by adopting the methods of the Dutch School as applied to

rural painting. We have, perhaps, much to be thankful for in that this innovation does not apply to "Tess." Much harm cannot be done to the countryside as Hardy shows it us, but to attempt the reproduction of a woman so complex as Tess, at once tragic and passionate, would be, we feel, a task beyond the capacity of modern art.



The recreations of popular novelists would furnish material for an amusing volume. Mr. H. G. Wells has invented an ingenious and delightful war game, played with tin soldiers and mimic cannon, but involving a knowledge of strategy and of the art of manoeuvring that renders it most exciting. So absorbing does he find it that he is always ready to devote an afternoon to a sham fight, and literary men of divers temperaments find it as fascinating as does the author of "The War of the Worlds." A young literary critic who has already made his mark finds intense satisfaction in the culture of white mice. He carries a specimen with him in the pocket of his coat, and regards it as a mascot. Its presence, he says, has never failed to clinch his point with a recalcitrant publisher on the question of royalties.



The cult of the cinema has come to stay. Nowadays enterprising firms negotiate for the right to reproduce the most striking scenes from a successful play, and the vogue for telling the tale of a popular novel on the film has proved very popular, though the attempt to depict the masterpieces of English fiction on the sheet has not altogether caught on. The art of the novel is too distinct from the play to render such an attempt easy. One received something of a shock at witnessing Becky Sharp on the stage. The acting version of that inimitable adventuress suggested a different personality to Thackeray's creation; and if the dramatisation of "Vanity Fair" failed to bring home the genius of the novel, a pictorial representation of that comedy of English manners would be even less successful. The serial story is perhaps the best fitted for the film. Hairbreadth escapes and romantic adventures follow one upon the other in the popular newspaper *feuilleton*, and lend themselves admirably for reproduction on the sheet.



The magazines of to-day, though superior in number to those of fifty years ago, compare unfavourably as to quality. It may be said of the mass of periodicals that there are but six short stories, and that they are regularly retold month after month, garnished with different trappings. The tales are, for the most part, concerned with people of large incomes or with none, the two extremes of the social scale, with occasional stories about flappers. The middle-class is rarely touched on. The clever, thoughtful, and at the same time witty stories of Mrs. Riddell that appeared half a century ago in the *Cornhill* have no prototype to-day. The clerk is without a chronicler once he has passed the starvation limit. The hard-working doctor of the parish is unnoticed. The novel of psychology has taken the place of the narrative of everyday things, everyday but yet eternal. "One cannot write convincingly about love unless the heroine has a good income and plenty of leisure," said a popular author to the writer. "And you don't find either, except among wealthy, cultured people." The middle-class is for the moment crowded out; there is plenty of room for a novelist who deals with this not inconsiderable section of the community.

MASTERPIECE FOR THE WEEK

DOSTOEVSKY'S "THE IDIOT" * * * BY RICHARD CURLE

MRS. GARNETT has chosen as the second volume of her translation of Dostoevsky the novel which he himself preferred to all his other books. As Mr. Baring says so well in his "Landmarks of Russian Literature," "Into the character of the hero of this book Dostoevsky has put all the sweetness of his nature, all his sympathy with the unfortunate, all his pity for the sick, all his understanding and love of children. The character of Prince Myshkin reflects all that is best in Dostoevsky." This prince is, himself, "The Idiot"—a young man in whom the disease of epilepsy has affected the brain in a curious way. He is extraordinarily simple and extraordinarily profound. This character of his, at once so child-like, so understanding, and so compassionate, draws to him irresistibly the regard and love of all whom he meets. From his very first day in Petersburg (whither he has travelled from a "home" in Switzerland), he becomes the centre of an amazing and highly complicated drama. But amongst all these wild, inflamed, fantastic happenings, he retains a simple-minded sincerity that little by little disarms all suspicion and ridicule. In the end he is desperately loved by two women—Nastasya Filippovna and Aglaia Ivanovna Epanchin. And it is round this strange affair that the book is imagined. Nastasya is a figure of tragic intensity, a "lost woman" who cannot drown her despair in dissipation or excuses, whereas Aglaia is a young girl of a pure, feverish, and self-willed nature that will brook no restraint. The prince is in love with Aglaia, but his pity for Nastasya is an almost deeper emotion. Nastasya, too, has a lover—Rogozhin, a man of boundless will and determination, a terrible man. Nastasya fears him, but he attracts her as a basilisk might. As for Rogozhin, he is devoured by passion and jealousy. . . .

The chief events take place near Petersburg, and, though the story is enormously long, involved, and even incoherent, the time it covers is but short. All sorts of things happen—the most unexpected and maddest things—but through them the main current shines sufficiently clear. At the very moment when all is settled in Aglaia's mind that she will marry Myshkin, when all her doubts have vanished once and for ever, at that very moment he leaves her to protect the suffering and wronged Nastasya. This frightful crisis of affairs begins to undermine his recovered sanity. From now onwards his simplicity, his quietness, and his gentleness, are more marked. The date of his marriage to Nastasya is hurried on, but, on the very day of the wedding, Rogozhin appears and carries her off to Petersburg with him. He murders her there the next morning so that now all chance of losing her love shall be gone for ever. Myshkin follows, instinctively knowing all, and together he and Rogozhin spend the night by the bedside of the dead Nastasya.

" . . . When, after many hours, the doors were opened and people came in, they found the murderer completely unconscious and raving. Myshkin was

sitting beside him motionless on the floor, and every time the delirious man broke into screaming or babble he hastened to pass his trembling hand softly over his hair and cheeks, as though caressing and soothing him. But by now he could understand no questions he was asked, and did not recognise the people surrounding him; and if Schneider himself had come from Switzerland to look at his former pupil and patient, remembering the condition in which Myshkin had sometimes been during the first year of his stay in Switzerland, he would have flung up his hands in despair and would have said, as he said then, 'An idiot!'

This is certainly one of the most thrilling and moving of all Dostoevsky's novels—in its own way, indeed, the most moving of all. It abounds in scenes and incidents that no other man could have come near to writing. And its creative power is most astonishing. The beautiful and pathetic figure of Myshkin is surrounded by a host of living and memorable people. Aglaia and her mother, Madame Epanchin, are amongst the finest figures of Dostoevsky; so, also, are Nastasya (a type almost outside anyone else's comprehension) and Rogozhin himself. And very typical of Dostoevsky's genius are men like Lebedyev, the cunning, foolish, and self-abasing busybody; old Ivolgin, the thief and liar; and his so different sons Ganya and Kolya; and, in fact, a score of other characters. In the confused and disordered nightmare of events these people stand out with marvellous reality. Dostoevsky is the supreme psychologist. He floods the dark places of the soul as no other writer has ever done. And always he speaks of suffering and vice with the absolute conviction of a fellow-sinner, rather than with the cold wisdom of a teacher. That is why he is so beloved and respected in Russia, and that is why to everyone, all over the world, he is becoming recognised as one of the greatest writers that has ever lived.

Warm thanks must be given to Mrs. Garnett for her able, arduous, and most necessary labour.



RESULT OF "EVERYMAN" REFERENDUM

A VERY large number of entries have been received for the Referendum, "The Ten Most Popular Articles in the First Twenty-six Numbers of EVERYMAN." Unfortunately, few competitors have strictly complied with the conditions of the competition, the vast majority having voted for a series instead of voting for individual articles. It has, therefore, been very difficult to adjudicate on the results, and the prizes have been equally divided between the following three competitors:—

Mr. WM. DAVIES, M.A.,
19, Llantwit Street,
Cardiff.

HAROLD PHILLIPS,
197, Whalley Road,
Clayton-le-Moors, near Accrington.

THOS. H. SEWELL,
49, Lower Kennington Lane,
London, S.E.

* "The Idiot." By Fyodor Dostoevsky. 420 pp. 3s. 6d. net. Translated by Constance Garnett. (Heinemann.)

EVERYMAN'S FRENCH PAGE

MICHEL-ANGE

IL y a quatre hommes qui, dans les arts et dans les lettres, se sont élevés au-dessus de tous les autres, tellement au-dessus qu'ils semblent d'une race à part: Dante, Shakespeare, Beethoven et Michel-Ange. Ni la science profonde, ni la possession complète de toutes les ressources de l'art, ni la fécondité de l'imagination, ni l'originalité de l'esprit, n'ont suffi à leur donner cette place: ils ont eu tout cela; mais tout cela est secondaire. Ce qui les a portés à ce rang, c'est leur âme, une âme de dieu tombé, tout entière soulevée par un effort irrésistible vers un monde disproportionné au nôtre, toujours combattante et souffrante, toujours en travail et en tempête, et qui, incapable de s'assouvir comme de s'abattre, s'emploie solitairement à dresser devant les hommes des colosses aussi effrénés, aussi forts, aussi dououreusement sublimes que son impuisant et insatiable désir.

Par ce trait, Michel-Ange est moderne, et c'est pour cela peut-être qu'aujourd'hui nous le comprenons sans effort. A-t-il été plus infortuné que les autres hommes? Quand on regarde les événements du dehors, il semble que non. Mais la souffrance se mesure à l'ébranlement de l'être intérieur, non au choc des choses extérieures, et s'il y a ou jamais une âme capable de transports, de frémissements et d'indignation, c'est celle-là. Dès sa jeunesse il s'était déplié dans les compagnies, et s'était renfermé dans l'étude et le silence au point de paraître orgueilleux ou fou. Plus tard, au faite de la gloire, il s'y plongea plus avant encore, se promenant seul, servi par un seul domestique, passant seul des semaines entières sur ses échafauds, tout entier à la conversation qu'il avait incessamment avec lui-même. C'est qu'il ne trouvait personne autre qui lui répondit. Non-seulement ses sentiments étaient trop forts, mais encore ils étaient trop hauts. Dès sa première adolescence, il avait aimé sans mesure toutes les choses nobles: son art d'abord, auquel il s'était livré malgré les brutalités de son père, et qu'il avait approfondi dans tous ses accessoires, le compas et scalpel à la main, avec une ténacité extraordinaire, jusqu'à devenir malade; ensuite sa dignité, qu'il avait maintenue, au péril de sa tête, en face des papes les plus impérieux, jusqu'à se faire respecter comme un égal et les braver "plus que n'aurait fait un roi de France." Il avait méprisé les plaisirs ordinaires: "quoique riche, il avait vécu comme un homme pauvre," frugal, dînant souvent d'un morceau de pain, laborieux, dur à son corps, dormant peu et quelquefois tout habillé, sans luxe, sans train de maison, sans souci de l'argent, donnant ses statues et ses tableaux à ses amis, 20,000 francs à son domestique, 30,000 ou 40,000 francs en une fois à son neveu, quantité de sommes à sa famille.

Un jour, vieux et décrépît, quelqu'un le rencontra près du Colisée, à pied et dans la neige, et lui demanda, "Où allez-vous?"—"A l'école, pour tâcher d'apprendre quelque chose." A la fin il va jusqu'à se dépandre de lui-même, "de cet art qui fut son monarque et son idole; peinture ou statuaire, que rien maintenant ne vienne distraire mon âme tournée vers le divin amour qui sur la croix ouvrit les bras pour nous recevoir." Dernier soupir d'une grande âme dans un siècle gâté, chez un peuple asservi; pour elle, le renoncement est le seul refuge. Soixante années durant, ses œuvres n'ont fait que rendre visible le combat héroïque qui jusqu'au bout s'est livré dans son cœur.

H. TAINE.

MICHAEL ANGELO

THERE are four men in the world of art and of literature above all others, and to such a degree as to seem to belong to another race, namely, Dante, Shakespeare, Beethoven, and Michael Angelo. No profound knowledge, no full possession of all the resources of art, no fertility of imagination, no originality of intellect, sufficed to secure them this position, for these they all had; these, moreover, are of secondary importance; that which elevated them to this rank is their soul, the soul of a fallen deity, struggling irresistibly after a world disproportionate to our own, always suffering and combating, always toiling and tempestuous, and, as incapable of being sated as of sinking, devoting itself in solitude to erecting before men colossi as ungovernable, as vigorous, and as sadly sublime as its own insatiable and impotent desire.

Michael Angelo is thus a modern spirit, and it is for this reason, perhaps, that we are able to comprehend him without effort. Was he more unfortunate than other men? Regarding things externally, it seems that he was not. Suffering, however, must be measured by inward emotion, and not by outward circumstance, and if ever a spirit existed capable of transports of enthusiasm and tremors of indignation, it was his. From his youth up, society was distasteful to him; he had so applied himself to study in solitude as to be considered proud or insane. Later, at the acme of his fame, he plunged still deeper into it; he took solitary walks, was served by one domestic, and passed entire weeks on scaffoldings wholly absorbed in self-communion. And this because he could hold converse with no other mind. Not only were his sentiments too powerful, but again they were too exalted. From his earliest years he cherished a passionate love for all noble things, and first for his art, to which he gave himself up entirely, notwithstanding his father's brutality, investigating all its accessories with compass and scalpel in hand, and with such extraordinary persistence that he became ill; and next, his self-respect, which he maintained at the risk of his life, facing imperious popes even to forcing them to regard him as an equal, braving them "more than a king of France would have done." He held ordinary pleasures in contempt; although rich, he lived like a poor man, often dining on a crust of bread; and laboriously, treating himself severely, sleeping but little, and often in his clothes, without luxury of any kind, without household display, without care for money, giving away statues and pictures to his friends, 20,000 francs to his servant, 30,000 or 40,000 francs at once to his nephew, besides countless other sums to the rest of his family.

One day, aged and decrepit, some one encountered him near the Colosseum on foot and in the snow; on being asked, "Where are you going?" "To school," he replied, "to try and learn something." Finally he goes so far as to separate himself from himself, from that art which was his monarch and his idol; "picture or statue, let nothing now divert my soul from that divine love on the cross, whose arms are always open to receive us!" The last sigh of a great soul in a degenerate age, and among an enslaved people! Self-renunciation is his last refuge. For sixty years his works do no more than make visible the heroic combat which maintained itself in his breast to the end.

H. TAINE.

JOSEPH CONRAD: AN ATTEMPT AT APPRECIATION

By ARTHUR L. SALMON

I.

JOSEPH CONRAD has accomplished two things, one of which might have been considered wildly improbable, the other of which we should deem impossible if it had not been done. Born a Russian Pole, by sheer choice and determination he made himself a seaman of the British merchant service, gaining his master's certificate; and by the same choice and determination he who up to the age of fifteen or sixteen knew no English has made himself an English writer, in which vocation also he has won his certificate as master. He tells us that he was in a Marseilles pilot-boat, sailing in it for pleasure and not on service, when he first "heard himself addressed in English—the speech of my secret choice, of my future, of long friendships, of the deepest affections, of hours of toil and hours of ease, and of solitary hours, too; of books read, of thoughts pursued, of remembered emotions—of my very dreams!" And he adds that if still, "after being fashioned by it in that part of me which cannot die, I dare not claim it aloud as my own, then, at any rate, it is the speech of my children." Clearly, the speech of Shakespeare and Milton is an integral and most vital thing with Mr. Conrad, as his mastery of it is profound and wonderful. It was in the *Paris Revue* of 1903 that M. Waliszewski drew the attention of Europe to this extraordinary case of "literary naturalisation." Mr. Conrad has done much since that date, but perhaps he has produced nothing more striking than some of the tales that M. Waliszewski then analysed. He had already given the world his volumes entitled "Youth," "Typhoon," and "Lord Jim." He had already achieved not only some great literature; but surely we may assert that one of his tales, "Heart of Darkness," did much to arouse the sympathies of English-speaking peoples in regard to the horrors of the Congo. The writer does not pose as reformer, as philanthropist, as an author of definite moral purpose; but he did this thing by the grim force of his art, and perhaps more successfully because, in a sense, it was a side-issue.

II.

Mr. Conrad's true surname is Korzeniowski. Taking his place of choice in English literature, he wisely abandoned it; yet it is a name of repute, of literary importance in the history of Poland. It remains his, with all the significance of its antecedents, although he put it on one side as incongruous with his present position. He was born in the heart of the Ukraine, in 1857. A grand-uncle of his, who must have been a man of striking personality, had served in the army of Napoleon during the Russian invasion, and had once been reduced to eating dog. Ever since hearing this, his distinguished descendant has had a prejudice against the Little Corporal, as though Napoleon had been directly responsible for the brave man's being driven to such fare. Does not a trace of the impression made by this memory come out in the tale of "Falk," but intensified and deepened—for Falk had eaten human flesh, not dog? But although Mr. Conrad has given the world a volume of reminiscences, the glimpses of autobiography that he affords us are elusive and shadowy. If he has some of the necessary egotism of the artist, it is not an egotism of forwardness, of self-conceit; it is the essence of humility, of reserve, of dignified restraint. For his true auto-

biography we must go to his fiction, or to such a book as "The Mirror of the Sea"; and here, by an instinct of sympathy, we can separate the actual from the fictitious—though in spirit the fictitious and the actual are often equally real. That in his early childhood, owing to the Polish rising of 1863, his family had to leave Russia; that he was educated at Cracow; that in young boyhood he decided to become a sailor, and "an English sailor"—all this we know; and we should like to know more. We also know that his first story, "Almayer's Folly," was carried about with him in an unfinished state during many years, on shipboard and elsewhere, till its publication in 1895 acquainted the discerning critics with the advent of a new psychologist. It was a sombre book—most of Mr. Conrad's books are sombre—but it clearly foreshadowed the author's coming triumphs, both in description and in the analysis of mental conditions. The English was admirable, with scarcely a trace of what we may call foreign accent. There were a few such traces, as there are still on rare occasions—a faint, subtle tone of the language acquired, not native. If we did not know that the writer had been born to a different speech, and were not therefore on the watch, not one of a thousand of us would detect anything—perhaps not one in a hundred thousand.

III.

But that which is scarcely present at all in the language is present in the mental workings, the psychology; though here again we have the advantage of knowing Mr. Conrad's antecedents, and therefore being prepared to notice. Neither as a point of appreciation or depreciation, but simply as a racial fact, we are compelled to assert that the psychology of Joseph Conrad is not that of a Briton nor of an American; it is Slavic, more akin to the psychology of Dostoevsky. We get at the naked soul with this writer in a manner almost new to English literature; we get also what appears to be an utter absence of moral motive. Everywhere we have the attitude of the onlooker, but it is the onlooker who sees deep below the surface, whose sympathy is intense without being exactly emotional; sometimes there is almost what seems to be a cold curiosity, a remoteness. In such a tale as "The End of his Tether" no word of pity is spared for Captain Whalley; yet we know that his creator pities him to the depth of his heart's core. The story of his heroic struggle is told ruthlessly, critically—a careless reader might almost say heartlessly. This is really the triumph of Mr. Conrad's art; he appears to be standing aloof, when no doubt his sympathies are quivering with their tense earnestness. Sometimes it may be he approaches the grotesque, the bizarre, the unreal. For instance, "The Nigger of the Narcissus" may be a fine psychologic study—undoubtedly it is so; but it lacks appeal to our deeper natures; it fails somewhat in sustained interest. What M. Waliszewski calls its "acute and penetrating analysis of details" has more to do with psychology than with art. Again, in the tremendous tempest that is the subject matter of "Typhoon," there is too great a piling of the agony; it is like a condensed description of a hundred tempests rather than the picture of one. Its vivid power cannot be disputed; but if it be possible to exaggerate such a thing as a storm at sea

What about oil?

You would not buy "twangy" oil in a bottle for your salad—then why buy it in a tin of Sardines? Many Sardines are packed in coarse cotton oil—avoid them. Remember that Skipper Sardines are caught and packed in Norway, in the purest and finest of virgin olive oil—the best of fourteen grades.

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it seems to be done here, so that the amassing of details remains slightly unconvincing. It was in these earlier books, and in his fine volume, "The Mirror of the Sea," that Mr. Conrad paid tribute to his old vocation; but it may not be unkind to suggest that he is never quite so happy when he is far from the coast; that his true sphere is aboard, or at least in port. The sea has entered into his soul; he remains a seaman to the end. The literature of the English language has had some famous names in the department of sea romance, from Smollett and Marryat to Fenimore Cooper and Melville. There is also Mr. Clark Russell, who is at least inventive and exciting. But it was left to a foreigner to bring a still finer art into his relation with sea subjects. The only one of the above-mentioned names that might perhaps be brought into comparison with Mr. Conrad is that of Herman Melville, whose "Moby Dick" is certainly a masterpiece of what may be called sea-psychology. Yet any such joining of names must be entirely futile. In a literary sense Conrad had no predecessors, though he is certainly winning imitators. We can hardly imagine that Stacpoole's "Pools of Silence," a powerful and most useful book, would have been written had it not been for Conrad's "Heart of Darkness."

IV.

It is impossible here to deal separately with all the author's works. One in which the sea is quite deserted, "The Secret Agent," is a grim study of anarchy and human character. There is indeed no need to under-value anything that has been written by this earnest and zealous pen; it is even possible that some may find the greatest proofs of Mr. Conrad's genius in books like his "Nostromo," his "Set of Six," his recent "Twixt Land and Sea." But there will be not a few who will detect the finest flower of his work in some of the earlier books, especially perhaps in "Youth"; and in parts of the book that he wrote from the intensity of his feeling as a sailor. His "Mirror of the Sea" is a work of subtle atmospheric effect; it deals with land-falls and departures, the overdue and the missing, the grip of the earth and the mystery of the ocean. And here the writer is thoroughly at home; here he becomes sometimes rhapsodical, often poetic. As he has taken the acuteness of his psychology into the depths of African forests, up the tangle of tropic rivers, so he has brought it here, to his consideration not only of those who "do business on great waters," but also of the vessels in which they embark, the wharves and quays at which they find harbourage.

THE tow-rope had been let go at the blast of the whistle. Before he had time to cry out or to move a limb, he saw her cast adrift and shooting across the gunboat's stern with the impetus of her speed. . . . The cries on board of her came to him only as a dreadful and confused murmur through the loud thumping of blood in his ears, while she held on. She ran upright in a terrible display of her gift of speed, with an incomparable air of life and grace. She ran on till the smooth level of water in front of her bows seemed to sink down suddenly as if sucked away; and, with a strange, violent tremor of her mastsheads she stopped, inclined her lofty spars a little, and lay still. She lay still on the reef, while the *Neptun*, fetching a wide circle, continued at full speed up Spermonde Passage, heading for the town. She lay, still, perfectly still, with something ill-omened and unnatural in her attitude.—From "Twixt Land and Sea," by Joseph Conrad.

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!

THE roar of the city beat against the church walls with an insistent demand. The girl clenched her hands instinctively. It was the voice of the city she feared and hated, the city that had called her lover from the countryside, charmed him from the green meadows starred with field flowers to a world of grey streets, sullen and hot—aye, hot with the anguish of the long, cruel day. The old peasant woman at her side sat with closed eyes, patient with that terrible patience of the poor that suffers uncomplainingly. Within a stone's throw, full in the blaze of the sun, stood the high building where they had taken her boy—and even now were trying him for murder. She had sat in the court while the men in wigs and gowns had spoken of him. She had heard him held up to scorn, listened while one told how he had crept in the silence of the night and killed an old man for his money; and all the while she watched her son, waiting for him to meet her eyes and read the message in her own, infinitely loving, full of so divine a compassion, that the poor old face, transfigured, grew very beautiful. All that the people said had sounded far away. She was holding her firstborn in her arms in the cottage garden; the air was sweet with the scent of summer, and his baby hand, outstretched, had stroked her cheek.

It was not possible that any man could think her boy was guilty, and yet the clutch of fear tugged at her heart. Dear God, how dark it grew! Somewhere a child was crying. *Her* child? She tottered to her feet. . . . It crashed home to her that he was in the dock. Her hands shook as the day wore on, and the beating of her heart grew faint. The court was cleared for lunch. How could they eat, she thought, and turned about a bit of bread between her lips. How could they eat! The cry welled up, and found expression when on the door there sounded the dread knocking that announced the judge had come again into the court. They had taken her out into the sunshine, and together with Rachael she had sought the shadow of the church.

"They'll never hang him, mother!" The girl's hand tightened on the frail thin arm. But the old woman made no answer. Her eyes were closed—maybe she slept. In the court the judge was speaking. It seemed to Rachael she could hear his voice. A hard man, a cruel man, they had told her, cruel as the city where he sat in state in robes of red—red as the blood they said the man she loved had taken. And then there seemed to fall a space of silence. The jury were considering whether a fellow-man should live or die. The sunshine flickered through the church windows, touched the grey streets with gold; the roar of the city sounded nearer. . . .

* * * * *

It was not to his sweetheart that he turned when they told him he was free. He stumbled blindly forward to where the frail old woman stood, and hid his face upon her breast. And all that she had suffered in that moment was forgotten. The city had taken him from her; the city had given him back. She was holding him in her arms once more—her firstborn, her darling. . . . And his hand stretched out and touched her withered cheek.

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HOW MARRIAGES ARE MADE IN FRANCE

II.—THE SUMMARY MARRIAGE * * BY CHARLES FOLEY

I.

It was Madame Verdeuil's "At Home" day—Madame Verdeuil, wife of the great Professor Verdeuil. For the last hour the conversation had turned on matrimony, and many a mamma with budding daughters declaimed on the great circumspection and caution she would exercise before accepting a son-in-law.

Madame Verdeuil generally listened to her friends' remarks with the good-humoured indulgence of one whose life has held nothing but untroubled, peaceful happiness. That day, however, when the tenth mamma had contributed the same well-worn sentiment to the matrimonial buzz, she suddenly observed somewhat sharply: "Caution is necessary, certainly, but not too much. Marriage, like so many another thing, is a venture: it may or it may not turn out happily." On this point Madame Verdeuil spoke with all the authority of a woman who, since her wedding-day—and she was now well over fifty—had had the most loving and faithful of husbands. "I know of no happier married couple than we are, and yet," she continued, "my marriage was brought about in the simplest and most summary fashion—no planning, no calculating."

II.

"Tell us about it, dear Madame Verdeuil," cried everyone; and their hostess, always affable and smiling, began. "My father was a professor at a public day-school at Portvieux, a widower with three children—girls: Ernestine, Gabrielle, and myself, Charlotte, the youngest. He had no private means, so we had to live economically on his modest salary, which we just managed to do without getting into debt. Ernestine looked after the house and Gabrielle did the cooking. I helped the other two. I was nearly eight years old when a new burden was laid on the slender household purse.

"For some time my father had been interested in a pupil in his class, and been struck by his intelligence and steady application to work—a tall, thin lad of eighteen, in shabby clothes that he had long outgrown. One Sunday morning this boy, Monsieur Gustave, sat down to lunch with us, and, much to our consternation, ate nearly half our small leg of mutton. Hardly a look did he vouchsafe us girls, but never ceased discussing his work with my father. Dumb with astonishment, we were told, before the meal ended, that M. Gustave was to board with us. My father called it 'boarding' in order not to hurt the boy's pride. He certainly would not have been able to contribute to his keep, for he was a penniless orphan, and was educating himself by means of a scholarship he had gained. With another mouth to feed, and a mouth with no small appetite, Ernestine had to use all her wits to make both ends meet. We girls had to eat a little less and grow a little thinner, and thus M. Gustave was enabled to wear clothes that fitted him, to buy the needful books, to put on flesh, and be set up in health again, as my father expressed it. From that Sunday morning my father was a different man—he had always longed for a son, and this lad seemed to make him young again, buoyant, light hearted. Gustave's work was the one topic of interest, even at meals. My father never tired of explaining, tutoring, coaching him, till he was soon head of his class. I cannot say that our life was made happier through this new inmate. He ignored us three girls entirely, perhaps from a feeling of boyish con-

tempt or shyness, or maybe from an instinct of respect for the family of his benefactor.

"We were invariably on our best behaviour when he was present, and never spoke to him, but we kept our eyes and ears open, and we knew that he had but one thought—to get through his examinations and score a success. And although for two whole years he sat at meals with us three times every day, we knew him so slightly that we experienced not the least regret when, having passed his examinations brilliantly, which delighted my father, he left us to continue his studies in Paris. My father was to accompany him to the station, and we said 'good-bye' one evening in the little hall. It was too dark to see the expression on Monsieur Gustave's face, but in his most natural voice he said, 'Good-bye, Ernestine; good-bye, Gabrielle; good-bye, little Charlotte!' And he had remained such a stranger to us that we found ourselves wondering afterwards how he even knew our names.

"We did not see him again for ten years. My father's interest in him was maintained, for he often heard from his protégé. Sometimes he would read out his letters to us. They were all about examinations, degree taking, professorships, and seemed but very dull to us. My father always wrote back: 'Don't waste your time writing such long letters; you have far more important things to do;' and Monsieur Gustave obeyed this injunction, for his letters grew meagre, then came but rarely, and after five or six years we knew nothing more of him, not even his address.

III.

"One evening, not long after Ernestine's marriage with Alfred Baulain, the Art Professor at Portvieux, we were all sitting together in the drawing-room when my father was handed a letter. 'From Gustave!' he exclaimed, opening it with delight. 'He says he has taken his degree and got a good appointment at a big hospital. That is the first step towards wealth and fame.'

"Suddenly, as he read on, his expression changed, and he exclaimed: 'Who would have dreamt of such a thing? Listen, my dears; what do you think of this?' And here my dear father read out the following in Gustave's short, concise manner of a man with little leisure, and who goes straight to the point without beating about the bush. 'I am now in a position to marry. If I remember right, Ernestine, your eldest daughter, must be twenty-five. I am thirty. That would be very suitable. I have to go to Nantes on the 20th for the day, for a Medical Congress. Nantes is not far from Portvieux. Could you bring Ernestine? We could arrange everything then.'

"Ernestine, who was very much in love with her husband, burst out laughing.

"'Well, that's one way of proposing! Fortunately I'm married already; but what a narrow escape!'

"Papa was not laughing at all. He seemed very much concerned. Maybe he saw some cherished dream shattered. He replied to the letter in the same laconic manner. 'I regret extremely, but Ernestine was married a week ago.' Two days after we were sitting at dinner, when a second letter, shorter still, arrived. 'I shall go to the Congress at Nantes all the same, and am just as anxious to get married. As Ernestine is unavailable, please bring Gabrielle. She must be twenty-one by now. 'A little young, but she will do.'

"Papa smiled, but Gabrielle had grown very white, and suddenly broke out into sobs. She confessed that she and Monsieur Lumcau, the History Professor, had loved one another for a long time, that that very day he was coming to make a formal demand for her hand, and that she could never sacrifice her betrothed to this Monsieur Gustave, who was now nothing but a stranger to them, and who only wanted her because her sister was no longer to be had.

"Again my father was very put out, but was too just to bring any force to bear on Gabrielle. The History Professor came that same day, and immediately after my father sent the following reply to his old pupil: 'You are unfortunate; Gabrielle is engaged.'

"The next day a telegram containing the following words arrived:

"Bring youngest, if disengaged. Nineteen much too young, but wish one of your daughters; must take what can.'

My father, radiant, turned to me.

"Thank goodness,' he said, 'you are not married, nor even engaged!'

"No, papa, but—'

"But my father in his delight cut me short.

"You shall marry him! He insists on becoming my son-in-law, the dear boy. Most flattering, most flattering!'

"Very flattering for my father, no doubt; certainly not for me. However, he wired an answer immediately, and seemed so very delighted, poor dear man, that I hadn't the heart to remonstrate.

IV.

I was quite indifferent about the marriage. I had no remembrance at all of Monsieur Gustave; consequently he recalled at least nothing unpleasant. I had never had time to dream about lovers, so I resigned myself philosophically. 'Why not marry him as well as any other?' I said to myself. 'I don't love him, but papa likes him so much that, anyhow, one person will be made happy.'

"A few days later my father and I arrived at Nantes. I certainly did not recognise our late boarder in the man I was presented to. I did not dare look at him more than furtively. We lunched together in a private room of the hotel, and, as in the old days, he talked to papa the whole time, and I listened, quiet and demure, as I used to when a little girl. By the time the sweets came on the table the whole business was concluded. Monsieur Gustave had brought a ring from Paris, and now, just before starting for the Congress, he placed this ring on my finger, a little awkwardly and timidly, I thought. The ring happened to fit me.

"There, Ernestine,' he said—'no, I mean Gabrielle,' I must do him the justice to say that his mistake arose more from bashfulness than absent-mindedness.

"I laughed outright.

"No, no, Charlotte, my boy, Charlotte. Come, kiss her, Gustave.'

"He embraced me, and from that moment till he left us he called me by my name without once hesitating.

"I didn't see him again till the morning of our wedding-day. That same evening we travelled by the express to Paris, and really I could not have said the next morning if he liked me or I liked him. A month later we loved each other with a strong and lasting affection."

Madame stopped, and the memory of those days shone in her glistening eyes. Then she added, with the contented smile of a happy woman:

"That is how I got married. A very simple, sum-

mary fashion, you may say, but you see it has been crowned with success. And if any of you would suggest that such a marriage has no romance or poetry about it, I would ask you this: 'What is there more poetical and romantic than happiness?'"—*Translated by Margaret Hogg.*



HOW THE CARNEGIE MILLIONS ARE MISMANAGED IN SCOTLAND

I.

TEN years ago Mr. Andrew Carnegie presented two millions sterling to the Scottish Universities: the most munificent gift ever made in Great Britain to an Educational Institution, with the single exception perhaps of the Cecil Rhodes Bequest to the University of Oxford. The administration of the Carnegie millions was vested in a Trust. The intentions and ideals of the donor were clearly expressed in the letter of donation, but the Trustees were allowed full liberty to allocate the annual income of £100,000 in the interest of higher Scottish education.

II.

Under any other circumstances such latitude given to the Trustees would have been the wisest, because the most liberal policy. But under the special circumstances of Scottish education, such discretion left to the Trustees proved fatal, and in the light of recent events it is infinitely to be regretted that Mr. Andrew Carnegie did not play the part of the enlightened despot. I am sure that if he had, the results of his benefaction would have been very different. As it happened, the Carnegie Trustees allowed themselves to be overruled and dictated to by the Scottish Universities, which are the most conservative, and, in the opinion of many, the most reactionary bodies in the United Kingdom. Mr. Carnegie had explicitly stated that he wished to further the interests of modern education. So little have the Trustees respected that wish, so little have they done for modern education, that the Scottish Universities find themselves to-day in the position of not possessing a single Chair of Modern Languages or Literature. It is a scandalous position, and it is as unique in the United Kingdom as it is in Europe.

III.

In the face of such a policy, shall we wonder that in the University of Edinburgh there are three to four male students attending the German classes as against a hundred attending the Latin classes? Or shall we be astonished at the general neglect of German all over the country? We have been repeatedly asked by some of our readers to have a weekly German page in EVERYMAN, as we have a weekly French page. Much as we would like, we dare not undertake such an experiment. So universal is the ignorance of the German language that probably not fifty readers in a thousand would be able to understand our German page.

IV.

Twenty years ago the Scottish University reactionaries declared that if no Chairs of French and German were established, it was merely because the teaching of French and German did not possess the educational value, or did not provide the educational discipline which would entitle the teachers of those subjects to the academic status of professors. To-day even University reactionaries have ceased to urge such an imbecile contention, and even those who entertain the prejudice dare not urge it, because they are afraid of public ridicule. Instead, they urge the

THE CULT OF THE BOOKPLATE

(Second Article.)

To speak of a revival of interest in connexion with Bookplates cannot be strictly correct, for the simple reason that for more than four centuries they have been known and appreciated and used by book-lovers who have had the means of obtaining them. But it is certainly correct to say that to-day the field of their usefulness and interest is far wider. To-day owners of a library, however small, generally wish to have a bookplate; the difficulty has been rather in getting one designed and engraved to meet their wishes, either as to treatment or cost. It has been generally thought to be of necessity a costly matter to have one's own bookplate, and it can easily be expensive. But modern facilities in engraving have brought really artistic work within easy reach of modest purses. An original bookplate, incorporating almost any special features that may be desired, can now be had for less than two guineas, inclusive of the design, engraved plate, and a hundred prints, while extra hundreds printed off from time to time as required cost but a few shillings. Copperplate engraving costs more, of course, according to the work involved, and many a book-lover, realising Keats's line, "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever," will still prefer to have and enjoy the art that had remained without a rival for so many centuries.

As I have already pointed out, the primary use of a bookplate is to mark the ownership of books—a reminder to those who borrow, a safeguard to those who lend, but there are other considerations that give an added value to bookplates. They should, and generally do, indicate the personal tastes of their owners, and, being permanent, are of distinct interest to posterity. I have had many quite interesting experiences illustrating this. An elderly lady wrote me recently from a small town in Australia requiring a design for herself, and, by way of guide, sent the only print she had of her grandfather's bookplate, showing the family's arms and crest—a connecting link that joined the England of nearly a century ago with the Australia of to-day. Another instance was that of a lady who wished to have a bookplate containing the family's arms to send out to a grandson in South Africa—obviously as a permanent reminder of the name he bore and the duties demanded by it. Another case that occurs to me was that of a gentleman who called on me to inquire what it would cost to alter a plate to bring it more up to date. I fear I looked somewhat aghast at the bare idea. The plate was sixty years old and of somewhat questionable artistic merit, but it represented early Victorian work, and its very age commanded respect. I explained that, although if it were really desired I would alter it, the work would be positively distasteful; and I then learned that there were several others in the family, and that they went back to quite early in the eighteenth century, forming an almost complete family record for nearly two centuries. This client was kind enough to send me prints from each of them, and they are among my treasured possessions.

As to subjects for design in bookplates, the range is practically without limit. Where the owner is entitled to arms or crest these are generally introduced, but with or without arms or crest a bookplate design can artistically embody other features of peculiar interest. All the professions lend themselves to treatment that will indicate the owner's special interest, while for others a corner of the study or garden, a view of country or sea having special personal interest, are often included. There is really no limit, provided the subject can be dealt with artistically.

On request I will submit specimens of bookplates I have designed, together with a rough pencil sketch showing suggestive treatment, and state what the cost will be.—HENRY D. WARD, 49, Great Portland Street, London, W.

hypocritical plea that the Scottish Universities have not the financial means to establish Modern Language Professorships, that they are so poor that they cannot endow one single Chair. One does not know whether to be more indignant at the mendacity or hypocrisy of such a plea, when it is remembered that the two millions presented by Mr. Carnegie to the Scottish Universities were partly given for the express purpose of furthering the Modern Humanities.

V.

Is it then not about time that Mr. Carnegie should politely remind his Trustees that they are not carrying out the ideals which inspired him to make his donation? Is it not about time that he should bring some moral pressure to bear upon them, that he should liberate them from the tyranny of academic pedants, and that he should call on them to meet the urgent needs of the times?

A few weeks ago a representative of EVERYMAN had the privilege of a prolonged interview with Mr. Carnegie, which will shortly be published in this paper. In the course of that interview our representative was much impressed with the fact that two interests and ideals were uppermost in the mind of Mr. Carnegie: the interests of Modern Culture, and the interests of International Peace and International Understanding. Both interests are suffering equally at the hands of the Carnegie Trust, for both are so closely identified that they are one and the same. Peace is impossible without political understanding, and political understanding is impossible without moral and intellectual understanding, and moral and intellectual understanding between two nations is impossible without the mutual exchange of thought, and without the mutual knowledge of their language and literature. The day of one-world language as a medium of international exchange may not be far distant, but until that day has come there is only one efficient means to bring about an International Entente, namely, that from the Elementary School upwards the younger generations in each country shall be educated to understand each other, and to appreciate each other's efforts in the cause of civilisation. The one efficient means is a familiar and sympathetic acquaintance on the part of every educated citizen with the public opinion, with the ideals and aspirations of the leading nations of Central Europe.



CORRESPONDENCE

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Owing to the large number of letters received it is necessary for correspondents to write briefly if their letters are to appear.

THE WHITE SLAVE TRAFFIC.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—May I beg that you will allow me to answer two points in Mr. Claude Tessier's letter on "The Truth about White Slavery," as his information on the subject appears to be somewhat incomplete.

The Criminal Law Amendment Bill of 1912 was drafted after long and careful consideration by a committee composed of representatives of the Jewish Gentlemen's Committee for the Protection of Jewish Girls, the Jewish Board of Deputies, the London Council for the Promotion of Public Morality, and the National Vigilance Association. This conjoint committee was formed exclusively of men, and the Bill of 1912 was drafted from their experience of what was necessary for legally protecting women from being

commercially exploited for immoral purposes. The form and scope of the Bill was determined by consultation with the Home Office.

The Pass-the-Bill Committee worked for the passage of the Bill because it dealt with the commercial exploitation of vice. It was not influenced by unverified stories of the forcible abduction of young girls, nor did it spread or countenance them in any way. Moreover, may I add that the committee did not, as a committee, support the clauses in the Bill relating to flogging? Many members felt that the objects of the Act might be thereby nullified and obscured. The legislation for which the Pass-the-Bill Committee worked was for the prevention of procuring and the better protection of girlhood.—I am, sir, etc.,

EDITH M. H. A. BIGLAND,

Hon. Sec., late Pass-the-Bill Committee.

19, Tothill Street, S.W., July 12th, 1913.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—The letter in your current issue signed "S. F. Campbell" shows the usual extraordinary muddled arguments and ignorant fallacies displayed by Suffragists as soon as they attempt to tackle any of the real issues of life, instead of vaguely crying for the vote.

To begin with, S. F. C. (there is nothing in the signature to indicate sex, but from internal evidence I deduce a feminine writer) apparently claims for the Suffragists the credit for the White Slave Traffic Bill. It is news to me that, as a corporate body, they have ever agitated for any reform beyond the extension of the franchise.

In the same first paragraph she (or he) says that the "same human feebleness"—i.e., men being unable to keep their passions under control—will always lead to a certain amount of prostitution. Could any statement be feebler or less like the truth? But any argument which attempts to expose the "feebleness" or the wickedness of "men" is good enough for the Suffragist. There will always be prostitution of one kind or another as long as men are men and women are women, and as long as the present false conception of "morality" is preached and held by people like S. F. Campbell.

If you *can* make people "moral" by Act of Parliament, why not introduce a Bill for the suppression of "immorality"?

If there were no punishment for murder, there would be more murders, says S. F. C. What grounds has he (or she) for this statement? The reason given—something about the murderer making his (why not her?) existence more comfortable—seems to me simply nonsense. What does it mean?

The cause of most prostitution is *not* the low standard of wages paid to women at present; S. F. C. has simply not studied the question at all. If all women's wages were to-morrow raised automatically there would be still more prostitution, for there would be more women unemployed. Fifty per cent. of women employed to-day are employed because they are cheaper than men. They are cheaper than men because there are more of them; because, for physical reasons, they cannot be relied upon to the same extent as men; because they, in most cases, are not in the same need of money for the support of others; and because there is always the one "profession" open to them at which they can earn more, viz., this same prostitution.

Even if I admitted for a moment the contention concerning the lowness of women's wages, and its effect on prostitution, I should, of course, have to point

St. Barnabas Vicarage,

558, Caledonian Road,

Holloway, N.

"THIRTY-THREE YEARS SINCE I SAW THE SEA."

Dear Friend,

"Thirty-three years since I saw the sea." This was told me by an old lady for whom I had just arranged a holiday. She had come to thank me, and in doing so mentioned that she had not been away for all these long years. From my knowledge of the woman I can vouch for the truth of this statement. Think what this means! Week after week, month after month, year after year, toiling and slaving, with no break at all in the monotonous grind, struggling to keep home together, and help keep a number of grandchildren, the idea of a real holiday at the seaside never seemed practicable. Many people would think themselves hardly used if they could only manage to go away every three years. Think then of no holiday for three and thirty years.

The above case is not an exceptional one. There are many others in similar circumstances—fathers and mothers without the slightest prospects of the much needed rest and change unless some kind person makes it possible by sending the means.—WILL YOU?

I hope soon to enjoy a holiday at the sea, and this makes me feel deeply for the less fortunate ones unable to leave London.

WILL YOU HELP ME TO GET THEM AWAY?

"He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord: and look what he layeth out, it shall be paid him again." A £5 note will send five adults to the sea for a fortnight; £1 5s. will give one a couple of weeks; 12s. 6d. send a needy one away for a week.

Gifts may be sent direct to me at the above address.

Yours in His Happy Service,

FRANK SWAINSON.

out that no man's vote has ever had the effect of raising wages. Did the old shoemaker interviewed by Mr. Holmes in the same issue of your paper have a vote? If so, what good did it do him? Can S. F. C. point to one specific case of men's wages being raised in proportion to their voting powers? Not even in the Bill which ended the coal strike, which Bill was the result *not* of men's votes, but of *their combination and the need the country had of their labour*. Those are the only factors that will ever raise wages. It is surely time this dishonest fallacy, which has gained the Suffragist cause innumerable unthinking adherents, were once and for all laid to rest.

I should like S. F. C. to read an article entitled "Women and Morality," in this month's *English Review*, written by "A-Mother." For once, a woman has dealt with this subject sensibly and with open eyes. If there were more women with the views of the writer of that article, there would be less so-called immorality, and more would be done for the causes people like S. F. C. profess to have at heart than by all the sterile agitation for "votes," meaning nothing and leading nowhere save to the loss of all the privileges which women have always enjoyed, and which the real majority of them even now wish to retain. It is to protect such women that I am an Anti-Suffragist.—I am, sir, etc.,

PERCY E. REINGANUM.

Cheapside, E.C., July 11th, 1913.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—“A. B. C.,” in your issue of the 27th ult., gives, I believe, the only remedy for raising the moral standard of civilisation, which he states as follows:—“The only way that will be successful is the religious method. Educate the people to high ideals. Give the young men and maidens a noble conception of life, especially of the ideal principles of marriage, and they will be safe.”

It is the most distressing thought imaginable that our present marriage service is the last place to which our young men and maidens should turn to derive never-failing inspiration for high ideals in love and life. I merely quote the words of a prominent ecclesiastical divine connected with one of our important cathedrals, in order to confirm my statement. He said, “When I perform the Marriage Service, I do not read the ‘Secondly,’ for I think it absolutely beastly.”

This service is our “First Social Law.” The Church itself admits it errs in its teaching. Is it therefore to be wondered that after centuries of its administration we are plunged now into a sexual war? The Church, with its out-of-date teaching and dogmas, is chiefly responsible for the degradation and corruption of the greatest and most beautiful instinct by which man is meant to live, which has resulted in sensuality, sin, disease, and fearful death, the natural accompaniments to all Satanic influences.

The sooner our women in sane moments refuse to accept their most beautiful office in life in the terms as set forth in our present Marriage Law, and sanely ask to be man's “help-meet” rather than his serf, the sooner shall we men rise to the ideals demanded by “true womanhood.”—I am, sir, etc.,

WILLIAM M. BROWN.

Liverpool, July 7th, 1913.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Like many of your correspondents, I am mystified as to how the extension of the franchise to women can in any way assuage the social evil. Being connected with a newspaper, I observed how, during

the White Slave Act campaign, stories crept in of instances of procuring which bore the seal of romance on them, and although I have a fairly intimate knowledge of police work in three of our largest cities I never yet encountered a single member of the force who had ever found one of these romantic stories to be correct.

Have any of your readers ever come across an authenticated story of a girl lured away, drugged with sweets or wine, and sold into a house of ill-fame? I am firmly of opinion that the only two factors at work in recruiting what is erroneously termed “white slavery” are poverty and voluntary submission. In your issue of June 27th a correspondent spoke of the small percentage of rescues by the Salvation Army. It would be interesting to know the percentage of girls who do not want to be rescued.

I have heard street girls openly boast of the money they can make—£15 and £20 per week. Why is it that some portion of their savings is not devoted to freeing themselves from their bondage? I should hazard that half the girls on the streets of our big cities could release themselves permanently with a year's earnings. At any rate, I knew one of the frail sisterhood who had managed to purchase two houses with her earnings. Can we not have the truth about white slavery?—I am, sir, etc.,

A. S. REEVE.

Newcastle-on-Tyne.

APPRENTICESHIP.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—May I suggest to your correspondent “J. Johnson” the following considerations which render (the suggested) compulsory apprenticeship impossible, futile, and anachronistic?

(1) Apprenticeship as a system is obsolete. It survives in the tailoring and dressmaking trades almost exclusively.

(2) “Specialisation” in modern industry has ousted the skilled worker with a *complete* knowledge of his trade.

(3) The introduction of machinery has led to a large demand for unskilled workers.

(4) Unskilled work is, generally speaking, in receipt of higher remuneration than is skilled work.

(5) Unskilled work obtains *immediate* return, while apprenticeship usually requires an unremunerative waiting period, which is exactly what the boy whom this Act would touch is unable to afford.

With all good wishes to your excellent paper.—I am, sir, etc.,

M. GRACE CUMMINGS.

Cheltenham, July 18th.

THE CURSE OF USURY.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—I have perused with interest your special commissioner's articles under this heading.

Does not the whole trouble at present lie in the “sale” of the unredeemed pledges? These so-called sales are attended by the few “in the know,” and it is by the devious ways following on this that “Uncle” amasses his huge profits.

The common occurrence is something as follows: The when and wherefore of the public auction is hushed, and known alone to those in the trade. Hence it will be generally found that it is the trade relatives of “Uncle” who attend and bid for the unredeemed pledges at his wish. Thus, an article which is pledged for, say, 5s., is never allowed to realise more than this amount, although invariably it is worth more! So when the pledgee (as he may and can) requires to

(Continued on page 470.)



AUGUST



THE HOLIDAY MONTH.

ENJOY IT TO THE FULL.

We are on the verge of the great holiday month. Hundreds of thousands of holiday-makers will flock to the English resorts. Hotels and boarding houses will be uncomfortably crowded, and in many cases the ends of the holiday will be defeated, for the crowds and the bustle, the hurry and worry, make the essential peace impossible.

But away on the Continent, among the snow-capped mountains of Switzerland, in the vernal valleys of the

Ardennes, or in sequestered Holland, the real joy and magic of a holiday may be realised.

Why should not *you* spend *your* holiday on the Continent this year? It will mean much to you, much more than you imagine; the new scenes, the customs of new peoples, the entire and absolute change, will provide not enjoyment alone, but will regulate your imagination, widen your mental horizon, and add immeasurably to your store of knowledge.

“EVERYMAN” CONTINENTAL TOURS

throw open the Continent to you, and offer you just that service which will enable you to get all that a holiday in an unfamiliar land can give.

SOME OF THE DATES AND SOME OF THE TOURS IN WHICH A FEW PLACES ARE STILL AVAILABLE.

DATES OF DEPARTURE.
AUGUST 9th and 23rd.
 A Fortnight's Personally conducted
 Tour to
FLANDERS
 AND THE
ARDENNES
 Including all Excursions, costs
 under **£9.0.0**

DATE OF DEPARTURE.
AUGUST 15th.
 A Week's Personally conducted
 Tour to
HOLLAND
 AND THE
ZUYDER ZEE
 including all Excursions, costs
 under **£6.0.0**

DATE OF DEPARTURE.
AUGUST 2nd.
 A Fortnight's Personally conducted
 Tour to
ROUEN
 The Valley of the Seine
 AND
PARIS
 including all Excursions, costs
 under **£9.0.0**

DATES OF DEPARTURE.
AUGUST 1st and 15th.
 A Fortnight's Personally conducted
 Tour to
LUCERNE
 AND
GRINDELWALD
 including ten of the most delightful
 Excursions, costs **£12.6.0**
 Without the Excursions the Tour
 costs less than ... **£10.0.0**

DATES OF DEPARTURE.
AUGUST 9th and 23rd.
 A Fortnight's Personally conducted
 Tour to
TERRITET
 AND
CHAMONIX
 including nine of the best Excursions,
 costs **£12.16.0**
 Without the Excursions the Tour
 costs just over ... **£10.0.0**

DATES OF DEPARTURE.
AUG. 2, 9, 16, 23 & 30.
 (Independent Travel)
 TO
KNOCKE-SURMER
 Full hotel accommodation for one
 Week costs just over **£3.0.0**
 A Fortnight costs under **£5.0.0**
 A most delightful and
 inexpensive Holiday.

From the time the party leaves London until the visitors bid each other “good-bye,” all are looked after by a cultured and experienced conductor, and everything possible is done for the comfort and enjoyment of each member of the party. All that is most interesting and delightful in the places visited is shown. The whole conception and atmosphere of the Tour is friendly, refined and congenial—a combination which will secure for our readers the maximum amount of pleasure which a holiday can provide.

BOOK YOUR PLACE PROVISIONALLY NOW.

The date is approaching when all the EVERYMAN parties will be complete, and after that date it will be impossible for us to include you. Why not provisionally book your place NOW? The details can be fixed later on, but by securing your place you will avoid disappointment.

SEND FOR A COPY OF “EVERYMAN” HOLIDAY BOOKLET TO-DAY.

Send for a Copy of EVERYMAN Holiday Booklet to-day—a postcard will bring it to you. You ought to have a copy because it contains a fund of most interesting information about Continental Holidays and some delightful views. It also gives Itineraries of the Tours mentioned above as well as of others.

Address: The Tours Dept., “EVERYMAN,” Aldine House, Bedford Street, Strand, W.C.

see the broker's books, he finds that his pledge has only been sold for 5s. If that amount had been exceeded, he could, of course, claim the balance, less interest. The article is then resold by "Uncle" for a much higher amount, and here, undoubtedly, lies the prime cause of the high profits in this trade.

Another source of profit is the charge for wrappers in the case of goods liable to deterioration.

It is a known fact that some of our poor women-folk depend entirely for their rent week by week on the proceeds of "popping the old man's Sunday best" from Monday till Saturday! It is not from sources such as this that the trouble in question emanates, but let these public sales be watched!—I am, sir, etc.,

Glasgow, July 1st, 1913.

DOLLY.

ARE THE FRENCH A RELIGIOUS PEOPLE?

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Correspondence with regard to France as a religious nation and articles on Robespierre which have recently appeared in your paper suggest the enclosed lines from Mrs. Barrett Browning's "Aurora Leigh" as a clue to the interpretation of what to the Englishman is still an enigma. The raising of questions of this description is invaluable to thoughtful minds.—I am, sir, etc.,

M. S. CHUGNELL.

Herts.

"The English have a scornful, insular way
Of calling the French light. The levity
Is in the judgment only, which yet stands;
For say a foolish thing but oft enough
(And here's the secret of a hundred creeds—
Men get opinions as boys learn to spell,
By reiteration chiefly), the same thing
Shall pass at last for absolutely wise,
And not with fools exclusively. And so
We say the French are light, as if we said
The cat mews or the milch-cow gives us milk.
. . . . Is a bullet light
That dashes from the gun-mouth, while the eye
Winks and the heart beats one, to flatten itself
To a wafer on the white speck on a wall
A hundred paces off? Even so direct,
So sternly undivertible of aim,
Is this French people.

All idealists.

Too absolute and earnest, with them all
The idea of a knife cuts real flesh;
And still, devouring the safe interval
Which Nature placed between the thought and act
With those too fiery and impatient souls,
They threaten conflagration to the world,
And rush with most unscrupulous logic on
Impossible practice.

And so I am strong to love this noble France,
This poet of the nations, who dreams on
And wails on (while the household goes to wreck)
For ever after some ideal good—
Some equal poise of sex, some unavowed love
Inviolable, some spontaneous brotherhood,
Some wealth that leaves none poor and finds none tired,
Some freedom of the many that respects
The wisdom of the few. Heroic dreams!
Sublime to dream so: natural to wake:
And sad, to use such lofty scaffoldings,
Erected for the building of a church,
To build instead a brothel or a prison—
May God save France!"

—"Aurora Leigh," Book VI.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—To dig up quotations from Taine in support of crude and ill-digested ideas of the French mind, at this hour, is like hunting up a train for to-morrow in a last year's time-table. Permit me to recommend something more up to date—for instance, "L'Orientation Religieuse de la France Actuelle," by Paul

Sabatier; and the writings, say, of such recent and modern giants of thought as Ferdinand Boisson, Leon Chaîne, Boutroux, Guyau.—I am, sir, etc.,

Southsea.

MA FOI!

"EVERYMAN" AND G. K. CHESTERTON.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—I have been a subscriber from the commencement of your paper, which I consider the best literary pennyworth of the day, and I heartily wish it success. My son also takes it in. But we are both sick of articles either by Mr. Chesterton or about Mr. Chesterton, and are going to give it up if any more appear. This is, of course, a matter of no consequence to you, and I should not take the trouble to write you but for the fact that there may be thousands who think in the same way, and I honestly wish your splendid undertaking to be in every way a success.—I am, sir, etc.,

E. H.

Reform Club, London, July 15th, 1913.

[MUCH as I value the kind support of Mr. "E. H." and his son, and of the thousands of imaginary readers whom he supposes to hold the same opinions, I shall continue gratefully to accept and to print in EVERYMAN any article which Mr. G. K. Chesterton will do us the honour to contribute. I may as well confess quite privately, not as Editor, but as an ordinary reader, that I am one of the many thousands who are of the opposite opinion with regard to Mr. Chesterton. I believe that Mr. Chesterton is one of the moral assets of the British people. I believe him to be one of the greatest English writers living, an inspiring poet, a superb humorist, a profound thinker, and, above all, a stout and generous heart.

But neither "E. H.'s" nor my own private opinion concerning Mr. Chesterton need be of any particular interest to the readers of EVERYMAN. What ought to be of interest to every reader is the moral principle involved by "E. H.'s" letter, and the extraordinary attitude of mind which it implies. Does he really think it an unpardonable crime to have printed in EVERYMAN two articles by Mr. G. K. Chesterton and three appreciations (and depreciations) of his writings? And does he really think us capable of such meanness as to be bribed and terrorised into tabooing an eminent contributor simply because he happens not to be acceptable to a group of intolerant readers? From the note-paper of his letter, Mr. "E. H." is presumably a member of the Reform Club, and no doubt he prides himself on being a Liberal, "good and true." Let me tell him that although he may be a staunch and strenuous supporter of his party, even Torquemada or the Grand Inquisitor of the Spanish Inquisition, nay, even the Duke of Alva, have a better claim to calling themselves Liberals than has Mr. "E. H." When the Grand Inquisitor or the Duke of Alva burned a heretic, they did so on the assumption that the heretic was a bad man or taught a perverse doctrine. Mr. "E. H." on the contrary, is prepared to condemn EVERYMAN, whilst saying at the same time that EVERYMAN is a paragon of all the virtues.

Therefore, in conclusion, I must ask Mr. "E. H." and his son, and his thousands of imaginary supporters, to reconsider their opinion and their adverse decision. If Mr. "E. H." persists in calling EVERYMAN "the best literary pennyworth of the day," and if he persists in calling himself a Liberal, I must ask him in all consistency and in all honesty to do his utmost to recommend this "admirable pennyworth" to his friends, even though I myself, as Editor, must absolutely refuse to pronounce a sentence of excommunication against Mr. Gilbert Keith Chesterton.—EDITOR.]

THE VILLAIN IN LITERATURE.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—It appears to me that Mr. Sheridan Jones, in his interesting study of "The Villain in Literature," has overlooked a somewhat important point, viz., that the worst characters, as well as the best, are a combination of good and evil qualities. In the good man the good predominates; in the bad man, the bad. That is the only difference.

In the average mid-Victorian novel the hero is a cross between Sir Galahad and Bayard, a veritable incarnation of virtue and courage; for him life is one

(Continued on page 472.)

KENSINGTON COLLEGE.

DIRECTOR'S TWENTY-SIXTH SUMMER REPORT.

One hundred applications for every twenty-nine Students.

Unique Certificate from Chartered Accountant.

We have been favoured with a copy of the above interesting document, and learn that the College has again surpassed all previous records. The unique distinctions of the GOLD MEDAL and the DIPLOMA OF HONOUR FOR SECRETARIAL AND COMMERCIAL TRAINING awarded to Kensington College by the Festival of Empire, 1911, were duplicated at the Manchester Winter Exhibition, 1913.

During Term the disparity between the number of applications from employers for the services of the College-trained Students, and the number of Candidates available for appointments, had been even greater than in the past. To illustrate what this disparity actually is, the unique idea of submitting all vouchers and papers concerning the matter to the scathing criticism of a Chartered Accountant was adopted, and the following Certificate (a copy of which has been sent to us) was obtained:—

CHARTERED ACCOUNTANT'S CERTIFICATE.

TELEPHONES:
Chy 6931. Paddington 3293.

6, BOND COURT, WALEROOK,
LONDON, E.C.
25th July, 1913.

FROM J. H. L. LANCASTER,
Chartered Accountant.

TO JAMES MUNFORD ESQ., F.R.C.I.,
M.R.S.A.,
Director, Kensington College, Bayswater.

DEAR SIR,

I hereby certify that I have examined the Kensington College Register of Vacant Appointments and the Correspondence and Vouchers connected therewith for the six months ended 30th June, 1913.

During this period the demand for the services of Graduates from the College was in excess of the supply, and for this reason the College was only in a position to introduce Candidates for 29.16 per

cent. of the Appointments placed at its disposal.

It also appears that additional vacancies were offered to the College again and again by the same employers.

Yours faithfully;

(Sd.) J. H. L. LANCASTER, A.C.A.

Three weeks before the end of Term the position was that a satisfactory Appointment had been provided for every Qualified Candidate. There were many Positions to be filled, but no Candidates to be nominated for some highly attractive vacant Appointments. One daughter of an eminent Peer signifies her intention of waiting till the autumn in the hope of finding a Kensington College Candidate available by that time. It will thus be seen that the task of coping with the demand for Kensington College students has long been quite an impossible one.

Among the various Appointments offered during Term to the qualified students of Kensington College have been some as Secretaries to Peers, eminent Army and Professional men, and several important Public Institutions as well as to many City Companies.

We see that the College students have had remarkable success in the public examinations held by the Royal Society of Arts. A perusal of the following particulars should be of interest to all those who follow the great advance in the standard of work required in modern Commerce:—

The Official Report of the Royal Society of Arts Advanced Examinations advises that Kensington College has secured:—

The Society's SILVER MEDAL AND FIRST PRIZE for FRENCH.

The Society's SILVER MEDAL AND FIRST PRIZE for GERMAN.

In ORAL SPANISH the candidates passed with Distinction. No failures.

In ORAL GERMAN 83 per cent. passed, 45 per cent. passed with Distinction.

In ORAL FRENCH 100 per cent. passed, 70 per cent. passed with Distinction. No failures.

The Kensington College percentage of Medals and Prizes is 10.3, eight times higher than the percentage for the whole Kingdom (1.3).

A College with such records must enforce the attention of every thoughtful man or woman who has the welfare of the rising generation and our future commercial prosperity at heart.

Founded 26 years ago the College a short time since located itself in the present commodious premises, at the corner of Gloucester Terrace and Bishop's Road, which were opened by Her Grace Katherine Duchess of Westminster. Situated in its own grounds and surrounded by trees and gardens, the College affords an ideal spot in this fashionable and healthy part of London for the study of the various subjects necessary for a Secretarial or Commercial career. In addition to such matters as Book-keeping, Accountancy, Shorthand, Correspondence, Typewriting, etc., Modern Languages take a prominent place in the curriculum of the College, as the result of the Examinations quoted above denote.

After the purely academical work is finished, the Students are admitted into the College Offices and appointed to responsible positions on the Secretarial Staff. One term at least is recommended in these Offices in order to acquire that practical experience so necessary to a candidate who wishes to carry out conscientiously the onerous duties of a paid appointment.

The Director advises us that he is always ready to give advice on the subject of a suitable career for boy or girl to any of our readers, personally or by post.

Students are now being enrolled for next Term in order of receipt of their applications.

Candidates desiring full particulars of the Training under the only Gold Medal system extant, for a variety of appointments from which to select a congenial career, should fill in and post the appended coupon (½d. stamp on envelope).

COUPON.

To Mr. James V. Munford, F.R.C.I., M.R.S.A., Director, Kensington College, 34, Gloucester Gardens, Hyde Park W.

Please send, free by post, Illustrated Prospectus, Souvenir, and full particulars of Training for Guaranteed Appointments.

Name.....

Address.....

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ILLUSTRATED FRENCH JOURNAL,
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* *Specimen Copy on Application.* *

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long tilting-match, in which he successfully holds the lists against all comers. The typical villain, on the contrary, is more often than not an incarnation of low cunning obsessed by some ruling passion, such as cruelty, avarice, ambition, or lust. All honour to "George Eliot," who led the van in a revolt against this wholly unnatural school of fiction. Unlike the vast majority of the novelists of her time, "George Eliot" never allowed herself to idealise her characters. Maggie Tulliver, Savonarola, Romola, and Dinah Morris (to take a few of her designedly attractive characters), all have their weaknesses. The writer who, in order to render sin the more odious, makes his "villains" worse than are their prototypes in real life is unconsciously acting a lie. Personally, I consider "George Eliot" one of the greatest moral teachers of the last century. She showed that sin, like virtue, is its own reward, but that the consequences of sin frequently recoil not only upon the sinner, but also upon his innocent associates.

The character of Arthur Donnithorne (in "Adam Bede") illustrates the danger of letting things go, of drifting through life without moral ballast. "Evil is wrought by want of thought as well as by want of heart."

In Tito (in "Romola") we see one whose only care in life is his personal comfort—a cool, selfish, unscrupulous individual, unsparing of caresses when they cost him nothing, who faces the world with a smiling face, and, under cover of a spotless reputation, lives a life of consummate meanness. Unlike "Holy Willie" or Tartuffe, Tito makes no profession of piety; yet his hypocrisy is no less despicable than that of the Scotch mendicant or the French *faux dévot*. But a tragic end awaits him. He perishes at the hand of the man whom he has most deeply injured.

I cannot agree with Mr. Jones's assertion that "thousands of people have closed 'Romola' convinced that Tito was really a nice young man, who would have turned out quite well if he had only been tactfully handled." The class of people who would form such a judgment would scarcely have the patience to read through a work of such a highly reflective character as "Romola."—I am, sir, etc.,

HERBERT HOUGHTON.

Hampstead, N.W., July 15th, 1913.

THE CONTINENTAL SUNDAY.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—I cannot help feeling that the main point of the Rev. James Adderley's article upon "The Continental Sunday" is entirely overlooked (perhaps forgotten) by those who write critically, and who by their letters seem for the most part to unduly emphasise the fact that Sunday is a day of rest.

Unless I misunderstand the Rev. James Adderley, the idea that appealed to me strongly was this—that Sunday for the masses is not, or should not be, *only* a day of rest. That neither should it be *merely* the recognised day of days for openly avowing Christianity and making good one's obligations to the God of his love and traditions; but a holy day *which is also a holiday*.

The Rev. James Adderley does not ask merely that people shall have additional pleasure on Sunday, but that they shall have *legitimate* pleasure.

To secure this, first he suggests there is your obligation to God, which includes attendance at church, Catholic England as "The Mass," but now more commonly called "Holy Communion." And afterwards—wholesome pleasures, the recreation of rest or joy-making. Feast or fair, what does it matter so that the

day proves attractive for all, and is well spent by all?

For most surely "rest" and "peace" are not the only elements which should go to the making of a normal day—more especially a workman's Sunday—but also worship, and joy in recreation.

Possibly one might get the two first elements apart from the life of the Church (this is the idea, and presumably the ideal, of many so-called Christians of to-day, and so they preserve a tradition of the Sunday which is both impotent and harmful). But contained in the latter is the *truest* ideal of Sunday, namely, full churches first and full lives afterwards.

The Rev. James Adderley desires the fullness of life for all.

The atmosphere and charm of the peaceful English Sunday, of which George Gissing writes, is precious to all healthy, normal Christians; but we have not only the countryside and old-fashioned or cultured town-folk to consider, but also the crowded city, the thoughtless young, and those who throng the streets on a Sunday, and who stay outside our churches—the laughter-loving masses, the children in things of the Spirit.

The lesson of the English Sunday is too long for such. Shorten it then. Teach them the Rev. James Adderley's healthy ideas, contained in the motto concealed beneath his words, "Duty first, and pleasure afterwards."

There is matter for many a sermon hidden beneath the wise sayings of our forefathers. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." Dullness for the masses should be avoided at all costs, for "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do."—I am, sir, etc.,

FLORENCE A. MARRIOTT.

Birmingham, July 17th, 1913.

FIFTY-TWO BANK HOLIDAYS.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Your correspondent's suggestion for shifting Saturday's work on to the other five working days must, I fear, emanate from one who is not himself compelled to labour from early morn to night in a big city. The suggestion to compress the week's labour into five days is very good and feasible. There are, however, considerations affecting a lengthening of the working days for most of London workers at least. Many are compelled to wait for a solid meal until they arrive home at 8 p.m. to 8.30 p.m., and later. To these the difference of one hour would be suicidal. Those unable to go without food for another hour would have to purchase food away from home. Limited funds would find this a heavy burden. Owing to the faulty system of education under which many of us were brought up, the only opportunity for self-improvement and advancement (attained by such a struggle as no one who has not experienced it can imagine) is during the evening hour (seldom hours). Alas! few employers are generous enough to grant (even unwillingly) facilities for the employees to attend classes, which are often held at ridiculously early hours, at which it is impossible to attend. The addition of one hour would close the road for ever to many of these. There are also many who are now completely exhausted by close confinement for too long hours. Two hours *less* labour per diem would mean better work, but one hour *more* would mean a shorter life. A few hours extra would not compensate in one morning for the loss sustained in the other five days. Would your correspondent suggest workmen should be paid Thursday evening? How would the necessary Saturday purchases be made with shops

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closing close on return home on Friday night (one hour later than now)? And how about theatres?

No! Mr. Wright, you are wrong here. Saturday morning free by all means, but not a longer working day for the workers.—I am, sir, etc.,
W. NOTT.
Carshalton, Surrey.

FRANCIS THOMPSON.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—In Mr. Hermann's excellent account of Francis Thompson, which appeared in this week's number of EVERYMAN, I notice a reference to "haggard eroticists like Ernest Dowson." I find it very hard to recognise under this title the poet to whom love was not passion, but only renunciation and melancholy reminiscence. Dowson's short life may have been chequered with light and darkness, but his poems reflect only the light. To the poet love was so delicate a thing that death or even separation were better than the inevitable disenchantment of passion.

Only my anxiety that there should be room in the necessarily limited space given to correspondence in this paper for some protest against Mr. Hermann's expression prevents me from allowing Dowson to defend himself by quotation. His poems are contained in one volume—easily obtainable and short to read; yet to those who have read them the book becomes a breviary of the twilight hours of the soul.—I am, sir, etc.,
K. M. M.

London, July 18th, 1913.

THE BUSINESS MAN AND LITERATURE.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—“There is no time” in a business man's career “for writing and thought.” So says your correspondent “Kashual Kritic,” and in most cases he is doubtless right. But not strictly so; for it is obvious to anyone acquainted with business that it is not time which prevents the best business man from doing other things than those he ordinarily has to deal with, but lack of opportune ability.

It is often correctly said that, if you want anything done, go to the busy man, who apparently hasn't time, and you will be more likely to get it done than if you go to the man who has apparently plenty of leisure. The good business man makes time; but only in the very rarest of cases does he, or perhaps can he without great difficulty, under present traditional custom, make time to become anything else than a business man. The reason possibly is that a good business man has the details of business *on* his mind all the hours of business, while in his off time he feels he has necessarily to keep himself free from any distraction, or to apply his mind only to the very lightest of recreation.

But there probably are just a few good business men who do not let things be *on* their minds except just for the comparatively few minutes in which they are actually dealing with them, and that, for the rest, they depend upon indexes and diaries and reminders, or perhaps upon the care-freeing system of sectionalising their business, or upon any other of the modern contrivances, by means of which they can refresh their memories only at the exact minute when it is necessary. In other words, they keep things only *in* their minds to be called up directly they are wanted.

This is surely as it should be in the case of everyone in business, for then there would be time and energy left to appreciate life, and all the delights and even ecstasies of life, which require energy in their practice as well as time, and which we know in our hearts we have left behind us in following the march of civilisa-

tion. The difference between having things *on* the mind and *in* the mind may be the sole difference between materialism on the one hand, of which the business man never really approves, and romance on the other, which he now usually despises, but all the time knows in his heart is of as great importance to life as the more directly useful accomplishment of “getting a living.” To put it in another way, the difference between having things *on* the mind and *in* the mind may perhaps be the difference between putting all one's efforts on getting money which will only supply one-half the necessities of life, and which can never, by any possible chance, supply the other equally necessary want, and that of apportioning one's efforts in such a way as to provide for the supply of both.

I have been getting away from the question of being an author; but being an author is only one of the various ways of expressing life, and it is much more important for a man to live the fullest possible life than it is for him to express it.—I am, sir, etc.,

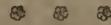
London, E.C.

ERNEST LONLEY.



BOOKS OF THE WEEK

MR. DE LA VILLENEUVE is one of the authors who has gone to the East on the crest of the Balkan boom for his latest novel. SOLD TO THE SULTAN (Eveleigh Nash, 6s.) is not a very convincing romance. The atmosphere of Bluebeard and his many wives, their intrigues and their sufferings, strikes one as being out of date. The heroine of the story, Fatima by name, is a familiar figure in novels of this type. She is sold into captivity as a member of the Sultan's harem, and accepts her fate with Oriental philosophy. It is decided, however, that her lord and master will dispense with her services as a wife, and she is transferred to a captain in the Ottoman Army, Ali Bey, one of the leaders of the Young Turks. It is arranged that she shall spy out his secrets and supply the Palace with the latest information as to the doings of the rebels. Here, however, we meet with the counterplot beloved of novelists. Ali realises the motive for presenting him with the beautiful Fatima, and arranges that he will defeat the Sultan and test her devotion at one and the same time. He gives her false information, so that if she betray him no harm will be done, and he will know she is a traitor. He then departs and leaves her to her fate, which is an extremely unpleasant one. The amiable Sultan turns her over to the chief torturer, who burns bits out of her feet and legs, with other characteristic and Oriental torments. She withstands the ordeal, however, and eventually rejoins her husband with impaired health, but a resolute fidelity.



Superintendent Froest, late of Scotland Yard, has written a detective story called THE GRELL MYSTERY (Nash, 6s.). It is an old proverb that a shoemaker is always badly shod, and it is certain that whatever Superintendent Froest's capacity may have been in the art of discovering mysterious crimes and tracking down bloodthirsty murderers, he does not possess the ability to frame his adventures for the purposes of publication. The book is neither convincing nor arresting; it is machine-made, and curiously void of those details of description, those little touches of personal observation that one would have supposed the author to have had at his fingers' ends. Perhaps Mr. Froest still feels the obligation of professional reticence, for

(Continued on page 475.)

2 Money-making Professions

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Can you Write?

Doubtless there are thousands of thinking men and women—readers of EVERYMAN—who have something to say which would be of real interest to the world, but they have not developed the power of expressing themselves interestingly and forcibly. To such readers, the journalistic profession offers unlimited scope, and, with training, should be the means of affording a very lucrative and fascinating spare-time hobby. To be successful in literary work necessitates a course of specialised training conducted by a successful journalist who is willing to impart the benefit of his own experience.

All readers of EVERYMAN who possess some literary ability are advised to send a specimen MS. to the Secretary of the Practical Correspondence College, 77, Thanet House, Strand. This MS. will be carefully read through by the Instructor of the Journalism Course, and a candid criticism will be returned to the sender within a few days, together with full particulars of the P.C.C. Course in Free Lance Journalism and Short Story Writing.

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AUTHORS wanted, known and unknown, to communicate. Every description of literary work required. No fees whatever.—Write for particulars, in first instance, to "Publishers," 462, Sell's Advertising Offices, 617, Fleet Street, London. Special attention to new writers.

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DR. HENRY S. LUNN (LTD.). £5 5s. **BLANKENBERGHE,** 14 DAYS' accommodation at Grand Hotel Godderis, and return ticket to this BEAUTIFUL BELGIAN SEASIDE RESORT. 14 DAYS **LUCERNE** and **ENGADINE, TERFRETET** and **CHAMONIX.** 16 DAYS **GRINDELWALD** and **ZERMATT.** **PALACE HOTELS MONTANA** and **MURREN.**—The Secretary, 5, Endsleigh Gardens, N.W.

SWISS TOURS, £4 19s. 6d.; **BELGIUM** (a fortnight), £4 17s. 6d. **RHINE, HOLLAND, SCOTLAND, IRELAND.** Write for the "A1" Holiday Guide.—"A1" TRAVEL OFFICES, 3, New Oxford Street, W.C.

IF YOU HAVE A SPARE POSTCARD, and are thinking about your holidays, address it to the Manager, Tours Department, "Everyman," Aldine House, Bedford Street, Strand, W.C., and ask for a copy of the "Everyman" Holiday Booklet. It cannot fail to interest you, and may result in your spending one of the most delightful holidays you have ever had—a holiday which will be full of the happiest experiences.

he discloses none of the secrets of the prison-house. This mystery which is not a mystery might have been written by a man who had never come within a hundred miles of the Old Bailey, never experienced the curious thrill of dread and apprehension which one feels when watching the face of the prisoner in the dock. The note of real emotion is lacking, as is a logical sequence of events. The author might, we think, be more successful if he were to turn his attention to writing about prisons and prisoners as they really are.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett has a rare gift for allegory. **THE LAND OF THE BLUE FLOWER** (reprinted by Messrs. Putnam, 2s. net) is a charming fable. One associated the author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's" with a power of the dramatic, but in this dainty trifle she shows she can paint in softer, more delicate colours, and can create an atmosphere with the turn of a phrase. The story is very slight, and tells how King Amor changed the name of his country to "The Land of the Blue Flower." "In my pleasance on the mountain top there grows a Blue Flower. One of my brothers, the birds, brought me its seed from an Emperor's hidden garden. It is as beautiful as the sky at dawn. It has a strange power. It dispels evil fortune and the dark thoughts which bring it. There is no time for dark thoughts—there is no time for evil." The king commands that all his subjects shall plant the seed of the Blue Flower, which he will distribute to everyone. "Gradually all sorts of curious things happened. People who were growing Blue Flowers began to keep the ground round them in order." It was found, also, that people did not seem to have so many things to quarrel about. They were too occupied with tending the Blue Flower to watch their neighbours' incomings or outcomings, and gradually peace and content spread over the country, and the gloom that had ruled over the land before was forgotten.

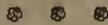
It sometimes happens that the facts about a people, the truth concerning a revolution, or the history of a war is brought home more convincingly by the aid of a great novel or a remarkable play than through the agency of innumerable treatises or essays. **THE DAUGHTER OF HEAVEN** (Constable, 5s. net), by Pierre Loti and Judith Gautier, presents convincingly the underlying enmity between the Tartar race and their Chinese subjects. "The Daughter of Heaven" is the Empress, mother of the heir to the Ming Dynasty. This small hope of the line of China's ancient rulers has been carefully hidden away, in the hope that by the time he reaches man's estate his friends and followers will be in a position to aim a blow for the re-establishment of the Mings upon the throne. The play opens in the garden of the Palace at Nan-King, where is the Empress and her boy. To them comes the Emperor of Peking, the head of the reigning house of Manchu, and sworn foe of the Mings. He assumes a disguise, and falls in love with the Empress, who in her heart succumbs to his influence. The Tartar departs determined to do all that is possible to heal the breach between the two houses. He designs to marry the Empress, and there is some hope of his ambition being accomplished, when his followers for ever frustrate the desire of his heart. The Tartar army, in his absence, press on the Palace, and the Empress is forced to see her faithful and devoted followers shot. The remnant, rather than fall into the hands of the Tartars, set fire to the Palace and seek death in the heart of the flames. The Empress, yielding to

pressure, makes her escape, first vowing that she will follow her soldiers so soon as she has ensured the safety of her son. The son, however, dies, and the Empress, watched over by the Tartar Emperor, is brought to his Palace at Peking. The scene between the Daughter of Heaven and the Tartar usurper is written with dramatic force and passion. She admits her love for him, but declares she will never live to be his wife. Her dead soldiers must for ever come between them. She pleads with him for poison, and he yields to her request. She swallows the fatal drug, and in the few minutes that remain to her throws herself into his arms.

"But now the abyss is crossed, and my mortal enemy is weeping tears for love in my embrace. Let me rest against your breast, come closer, with all your being, that I may pass away as though in you."



THE FFOLLIOTS OF REDMARLEY (Messrs. Murray, 6s.) is a refreshing novel which it is a genuine pleasure to read. It is concerned with the doings of a county family, the squire and his wife, and six delightful children, ranging from Kitten, aged four, to Mary and Grantley, the elder sister and brother, whose tendencies to grow up are a constant source of surprise and irritated wonder to the squire, his one idea being that children should neither be seen nor heard. To this end he placards the house with notices as to the banging of doors and the desirability of never conversing unless absolutely necessary, and then only in hushed whispers. Needless to say, the poor man is in a constant state of perturbation, mostly occasioned by the escapades of Uz and Buz, the twins, perfect geniuses in the art of discovering new and invariably annoying methods of amusing themselves. Mrs. Allen Harker does not, however, devote all her energies to the portrayal of this family alone, and has introduced her readers to a new and very welcome character, one Eloquent Gallup. Eloquent is the son of a local tradesman, whose one ambition is that his son should go into "Parlyment," and to this end he leaves him a large fortune on the condition that he takes up politics. Eloquent obeys the stipulation, and is the successful Liberal candidate for Redmarley. He is sympathetically drawn, and one follows his career with interest from the moment when he is discovered by Mary sitting in a puddle in the wood, to his final interview with her when he lays his heart at her feet.



Novels centring round a woman whose sole complaint is that she has too much to enjoy and too little to do are not as a rule convincing or attractive. With romance ready and waiting for the artist in the lives of men and women who have to work, it seems a waste of effort to clothe moral inertia with the veil of fantasy, and to suggest that the woman of leisure with an easy-going husband, as much money as she wants, and more than enough pleasure is likely to prove more interesting to the student of psychology than the ordinary type of hard-working everyday life. THE JUMPING OFF PLACE (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.) has the merit of being written brightly; there is no attempt to take the heroine, Eleanor, seriously. "Hers was a case of nerves, resulting from the fact that life had put too much stress on a frail constitution." The doctor she consults tells her frankly she must get out of herself before she is cured, and recommends the stock treatment for such cases as practised in America. She is sent out West to a mining camp, where, presumably brought face to face with the facts of existence, she will have little leisure and less energy to

HIDDEN POWER.

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MARVELS OF THE MIND.

Initiation FREE to Our Readers.



There are hundreds, nay, thousands, of capable men and women to-day needlessly living a life of mediocrity, obscurity, and failure, whose very existence constitute an "apparently intended" succession of endless toil, trouble, and misery. Fatalists, no doubt, exclaim that all such things must be, but just ask yourself this question: Is there one single sound reason why every being should not attain success and happiness? No—most emphatically there is not.

Every human soul is heir to a rich and glorious possession—the sacred cherished gifts of inborn capacities and talents. Everyone is born suitably equipped to play his or her rôle in the game of life, and given opportunities which, when grasped, lead to unbounded success and perfect happiness.

Mr. Frank Hartley, the greatest psychometriculturist, positively denies that failure in any sense of the term necessarily exists. He maintains that the power to succeed lies within the reach of all; it is, in fact, inherent, a potent dormant force, requiring but a certain amount of scientific development to manifest itself in every individual. Hundreds upon hundreds of people in every walk of life who have followed his method testify to the wonderful results which this truly remarkable man has enabled them to accomplish.

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Professor Le D—, Fellow of the British Institute of Mental Science and Graduate of the American College of Sciences (Diploma and Honours), writes, March 3rd, 1913:—

"I have carefully examined your system on Personal Magnetism, etc., and find it far superior to any I have ever read. As a Psychologist I may say you have given the very secrets away to the world.—Yours very faithfully,
"LE D—."

No matter your age or position in life, whether you are engaged in artistic pursuits, in commerce, in finance, you may be either employer, employee, or independent, Mr. Frank Hartley will help you attain your most cherished secret ambitions. Every word you speak, every emanating thought, every moment you live is either right or wrong, and the secret of success in every phase of life lies in bringing your every wish, thought, and action into perfect harmony with your immediate surroundings and the hidden forces of nature.

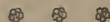
A GENEROUS OFFER.

So absolutely convinced is Mr. Hartley of the infallibility of his system that he offers to send a free copy of his wonderful book, entitled "The Temple of the Mind," to any of our readers interested, and, further, to initiate them free of charge into his wonderful secret success method.

There is no age limit, no question of position, or obstacle of any kind. All you have to do is to write to Mr. Frank Hartley, Room 106a, London Institute of Menti Culture, 9, John Street, Adelphi, London, W.C. (mention you are a reader of EVERYMAN), and he will send you a free copy of his wonderful book, full particulars of his method, and show you what you must do in order to attain Success, Power, Personal Influence, and Perfect Happiness.

Those who wish to may enclose two penny stamps for postage, etc., but in any case a mere request will bring his book and information.

concern herself with chimeras of an enervated imagination. Eleanor is by way of being a coquette, and her physician feels somewhat guilty that he has turned her loose on a number of inoffensive men, who are likely to go down before her without show of resistance. Ultimately the mining camp works a salient cure. Not only does she forget her "nerves" and fancies, but she falls in love with her own husband, whom the exigencies of American society and the facilities afforded for matrimonial freedom by American divorce has separated from her for some time. She is considering the possibility of finally divorcing him, when she discovers that he is really a person of some importance in her life. Miss Ethel Shackelford has a vivacious pen, and though her book makes no serious attempt at reality, it shows a certain capacity for looking on the light side of things that is commendable when serious novels, written in heavy style, issue in such unending succession from the English and American Press.



THE CONFESSIONS OF A DANCING GIRL (Heath, Cranton and Ouseley, 3s. 6d.) is the story of a heroine who determines to go on the music-hall stage, and her adventures in the pursuit of her ambition. There is an amount of local colour about the book that redeems its faults of style and the melodramatic atmosphere in which it is surrounded. Her account of the sensation of an acrobat on the trapeze is convincing, and the chapter that touches on lion-tamers and their pets makes good reading.



LIST OF BOOKS RECEIVED

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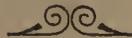
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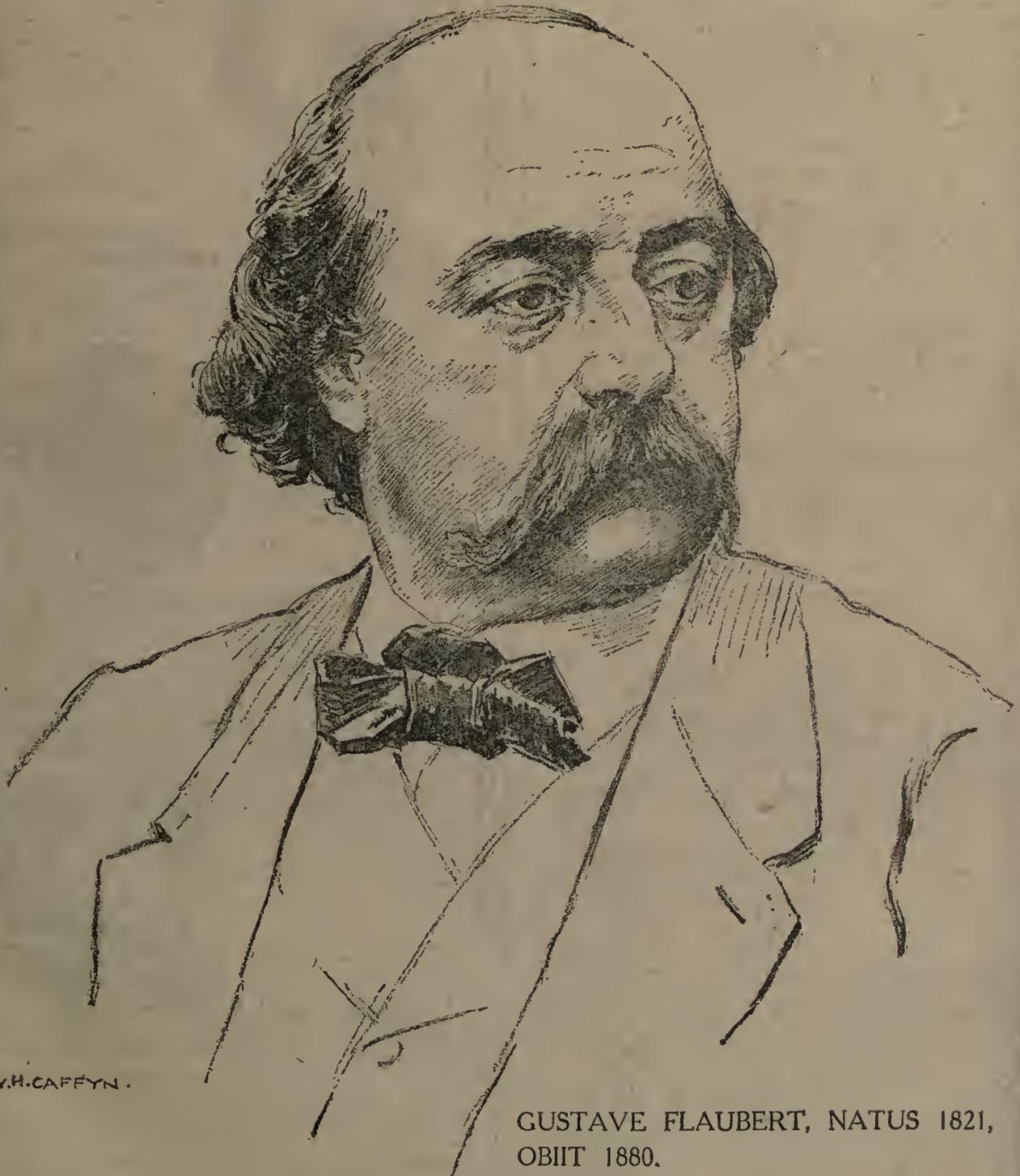
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For Character Sketch, see page 483.

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HISTORY IN THE MAKING

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

IT is exceedingly difficult to speak with any certitude of the probable course of events on the Rand. As we write it seems probable that the cataclysm of a general strike may be avoided, and that there is at least a possibility of the miners accepting the enquiry into their grievances which was offered by General Botha. It is certain, however, that until that enquiry has taken place, or until some improvement has been effected in the lot of the miner, the spectre of labour unrest will continue to haunt the Rand, with results that must prove deplorable to the future development of South Africa.

Mr. Churchill's plunge into oil, and his dramatic and almost abrupt decision to transform the fuel of the fleet, is not to pass unchallenged by criticism from competent quarters. In the House of Commons itself the masterful personality of the First Lord, together with his powers of repartee, may suffice to silence opposition. But none the less the country shows itself restive under the change. Not only have the miners emphatically asserted their right to a vested interest in their occupation, but the experts have not been slow in pointing out that Mr. Churchill will be dependent for his oil on three sources of supply, whose representatives may at any moment form themselves into a ring, while only one country under the flag—Burmah—is potentially capable of providing the Navy with oil. A monopoly that has its success in foreign supply is a danger that even the British Navy cannot disregard, and it is not at all improbable that a Committee of the House of Commons will at no distant date be appointed to enquire into the whole subject.

Quite exceptional interest attaches to the account appearing in this month's *World's Work*, concerning the success of a remarkable and hitherto unknown colony of small-holders, which, founded some twenty years ago at Winterslow, near Salisbury, has won through on lines that are at once ancient and original. According to our contemporary, the colony has applied to the solution of the modern land problem the principles of the old Saxon Witenagemot, and the experiment has been crowned with complete success. It seems that, in 1892, Major Poore bought a farm, which he proceeded to let to some forty-five small-holders, who took up the land in lots. These forty-five men were divided into committees, according to their localities, of about ten each, whose chairman, with Major Poore, formed the local land court. This court used its funds emphatically for the common good, and, despite poverty of soil and all sorts of disadvantages, the Winterslow small-holders have thriven exceedingly.

Remarkable as has been the development of the crisis in China, it will come with no surprise to those who have followed the course of events in that mysterious country. The revolt of the South against Yuan-Shi-Kai was bound to come. The South is definitely Republican. Yuan has been described, not inaptly, as "moderate Manchu." He accepted the new *regime* only under pressure, and the Southern provinces accepted him only under the positive duress of the Powers. The last straw came when he concluded a loan of many millions in the teeth of his own Parliament. While his exchequer was empty his opponents knew he was powerless, but anything was possible when he had money. Hence the revolt.

A virile London evening paper publishes some truly astounding figures in regard to the much-discussed Cat and Mouse Act. Night by night it takes various test cases, which show, clearly and undeniably, that, whatever be the cause, the Act has failed ignominiously to achieve its objects. Let us give a case in point. A Suffragette sentenced on July 8th to two months' imprisonment was released on the 15th; again arrested on the 18th; released a second time on the 23rd inst., and has since then been twice released and arrested. What other inference can be drawn from this record than that the Act has absolutely failed?

No little interest attaches to the announcement, circulated by one of the news agencies, to the effect that the Government propose to appoint a Royal Commission to consider the whole question of labour unrest, especially as regards railways. It is over twenty years since the famous Labour Commission was appointed, with memorable results. Mr. Tom Mann and Mr. James Mawdsley, it may be remembered, were among the members, and one of the *sequelæ* was Mr. Chamberlain's Workmen's Compensation Act. One can only hope that this enquiry will excite something of the interest and enthusiasm of its predecessor.

Are we in for another agitation for a stronger fleet? It really looks uncommonly like it. Without going into the rights or wrongs of the matter, it is obvious that some of Mr. Churchill's critics are determined to force the hand of the First Lord, and the more vigorous among them are already asserting that we are at least six Dreadnoughts short. These critics claim that the margin of sixty per cent. superiority which Mr. Churchill laid down is insufficient, and already there are signs that an active autumn campaign will be conducted in support of their contentions.

THE MAN AND HIS WORK

III.—THE MAN BEFORE THE MAST ❖ ❖ BY C. SHERIDAN JONES

THERE is a picture—by whom and of what artistic value I do not know—which, none the less, always comes to my mind, when I think or write about the men who go down to the sea in ships. It is called, I believe, "The Hopeless Dawn," and it depicts two figures; one that of a young woman—a wife, and now a widow—crouching in an extremity of wild despair at the feet of the old mother, whose careworn face bears that look of enforced resignation which seems more dreadful than the deepest grief. Behind them both, seen through a window of their little cabin, is the sea, angry and exultant, which has that night sucked down and destroyed the lives that were most precious to them both, and which assuredly will make desolate many another home, break many another heart, before its fury is expended.

It is this element of perpetual danger that makes the sailor such an attractive figure. "We have fed the seas for a thousand years," sings Kipling, "and she calls us, still unfed." Every day she demands her victims. Every month one may read the records of wrecks along the coast, which tell her dreadful toll. It is the recognition of this very fact, the knowledge that poor Jack may at any time be called on to face death on the high seas, the feeling that, behind him and his infectious gaiety and boisterous good spirits, there is always that dreadful background of the angry sea, the sea which may at any moment wreck his vessel and end his life; it is this that gives him so strong a hold upon our sympathies. How has that sympathy reacted on the actual facts of the workaday lot of the average seaman? So far, I fear, but feebly. If we take the official figures affecting British seamen in our Mercantile Marine, with whom the present article is exclusively concerned, we find that the number of seamen enumerated as "British, not otherwise defined, and from the Colonies or British possessions," is 136,580—an increase of 8,000 on the 128,077 "Total British" sailors recorded for 1906. It is very pertinent to enquire how this increase was effected, and not a little disquieting to note 3,459 were Chinamen, who, by giving Hong Kong as their birthplace,

Got Registered under the "All-Red" Designation.

And our disquietude is increased when we note that the Registrar-General points out that during the twenty years from 1891 to 1911 the number of Lascars in the British Mercantile Marine has increased by 21,583. In 1891 nearly one-half of the Lascars were employed upon vessels trading entirely abroad. The number thus employed has risen in the successive censuses from 10,535 to 13,100, 14,680, 14,924, and in 1911 to 16,571, while simultaneously there has been a greater increase in the number of Lascars on vessels which trade to this country with men under Asiatic agreements. Their numbers in the five censuses have been: 10,787, 14,811, 18,930, 23,501, and in 1911 26,334. On the 3rd of April, 1911, there were 170,416 seamen (including masters and apprentices) employed on steam vessels in the foreign trade, and of these 42,856, or 25 per cent., were Lascars under Asiatic agreement. These Lascars on steam

vessels in the foreign trade were apportioned amongst the different ratings as follows:—

Petty Officers in the Sailors' Department	3,292
Sailors or Deck hands	11,243
Firemen and Trimmers	17,510
Petty Officers in the Engineers' Department	2,306
Stewards, Cooks, etc.	8,505
Total	42,856

These figures really threaten the permanence of the British Jack Tar, the national hero, whose praises Dibden sang, and whose qualities are so frequently emphasised in fiction and the drama, and at once the question arises,

How is it that Life on the Ocean

is proving less and less attractive to the race which has given the world its finest seamen, and whose sons are now being ousted by Lascars and Chinamen, by the sweepings of Asiatic ports and the off-scourings of races who are without a tithe of the stamina or the skill in sea craft that the Briton possesses? According to the officials of the men's Unions, the reason is simple. No Treasury grant for "this most important branch of education," no Government assistance in training boys for sea, will suffice. "I could get fifty boys a month," declared Mr. Cathery, of the Seamen's Union, "in the East End of London to qualify for the seaman's life, but life at sea must be made sweeter, and the conditions changed first, before decent fathers and mothers will send their lads to sea." In a word, the men's grievances must be redressed.

What are these grievances? Admittedly Jack Tar's life afloat has enormously improved, but it still fails to correspond with that general advance in conditions, if not in wages, which marks other industries. Take, for instance, the lot of the fireman in the merchant steamer—liner or tramp—which leaves our shores, often without carrying one stokehole hand above the bare number required to maintain a sufficient head of steam; any derangement of the routine, caused, say, by a man falling sick, throws on the remainder an inhuman task, which no man who has not served his apprenticeship as a trimmer can stand.

He is Soon Driven to his Bunk,

and his mates are constantly doing doubles for him, working two extra hours in his place. When these extra duties become common, the work becomes ghastly. Men slave on, distressed like hunted deer, and when the work is finished they reel up the fidley-ladder with working faces, their self-control gone, and have been known to sob like children. Then on top of this comes a rush—very often—of "Field days," when the vessel is nearing home. Sometimes, it is alleged, men are driven to suicide under the fearful pressure—under the unnatural heat of the stokehole and the inhumanity of the speeding up of modern seamanship. According to Mr. Chidlow, Liverpool District Secretary of the National Sailors' and Fire-

men's Union, out of every 916 European firemen and trimmers, one ends his days by jumping overboard, while with Asiatics it is worse—one in 447 committing suicide. Even here, of course, the balance is with the more stable Britisher, but one cannot wonder that the Englishman is turning his back on a trade that is only maintained under such fearful conditions.

Of course, it would be misleading to pretend that this condition of affairs is typical of the general conditions of the men before the mast. It is representative only of one of the worst phases of life at sea, and it is fair also to remember that—thanks partly to the Union and its persistent efforts—the lot of the average seaman has greatly improved. But the horrors of the stokehole are deeply impressed on the imagination of the sea-faring centres of Great Britain, and although seamen's wages have risen within the last year or two, admittedly the supply of Britishers for the Mercantile Marine has fallen. According to the shipowners, whose view, of course, demands attention, the increase in wages has been considerable. The men dispute this, however, and they put forward figures which they claim show that while advances have taken place, they average for Able Seamen only about 10s. per month. The rates of pay vary, of course, with different ports. Taking those that prevailed in London early in the year, we get the following:—

Southern and Eastern routes.

Firemen	£5	10	0	per month.
Trimmers	5	0	0	„
Greasers	6	0	0	„
A.B.'s	5	0	0	„

Western Ocean routes.

Greasers	6	5	0	„
Firemen	6	0	0	„
Trimmers	5	10	0	„
A.B.'s	5	10	0	„

While at other ports the pay ranged from 35s. per week on weekly and £5 10s. on monthly boats, as at Leith, to Rotterdam, where the pay was only £5 per month. Of course, to this must be added the cost of the seaman's keep, his partial board and lodging on board ship. It is when we come to consider these that we

Light upon the Most Serious Grievances
of the Men,

grievances that, far more than their pay, account for the fact that John Bull, Junior, is turning his back on the sea. While the comfort and requirements of the passengers have been provided for to an extent that is almost ridiculous, while the first-class passengers of the *Titanic*, for instance, had squash racquet courts and private swimming baths, the accommodation offered to the men is, to put it very mildly, inadequate. Dr. Williams, Medical Officer of the Port of London, denounces the "conditions of the seamen shut up in quarters below deck which are practically in constant use as a sleeping, living, and dining-room, generally dark, dirty, damp, and encumbered with clothing, and where sometimes have to be kept the food that they provide for themselves." These conditions have made the great white scourge, consumption, felt acutely even at sea, and the men themselves declare that the fo'castle is at times intolerably hot, ill-lit and ill-ventilated, with insufficient seats, and with all the intolerable and disgusting nuisances that accrue from "messing" in

the same room. Of course, against this we have the advantage of the eternal sea, with its life-giving breezes and glorious air; but even sailors, it should be noted, get tired of that "eternal blue plate, the ocean," overhung, as one of them put it to me, "by the eternal blue saucer of the sky," so sharp and confined does habit render the boundless ocean. On the other hand, they are free now from most of the disgraceful tyrannies and shameful cruelties that mark the sailor's life. Ashore they are better looked after. Their life, arduous and exacting as it is, is free from the fret and cares, the anxieties and distractions that more and more mark the lot of the town artisan, and it still leaves the British sailor something of the blitheness of spirit which makes his character a national asset well worth preserving. See him ashore nowadays, and Jack is no longer drunken, riotous, irrepressible. Usually he has a neat home and a fond wife awaiting him, and he can forget his hardships and privations and enjoy himself ashore, as the pages of W. W. Jacobs amply attest.

Perhaps the sailorman is happiest when he is employed, not by one of the big lines, but aboard

Those small Tramp Steamers which Ply
Up and Down the Coast;

where the skipper, who is not infrequently the owner also, takes pot luck with the tiny crew, and where all have an interest, more or less direct, in the financial success of the voyage. The seaman aboard the tramp tastes to the full the *camaraderie* of life afloat and knows more of the joys of the home than his brother of the deep-sea voyage. Above all, he is not remote from those blessings of ownership that are brought home on the great lines only by the prodigious dividends, the enormous fortunes netted out of the sweat of his brow, fortunes and dividends that have increased out of all proportion to the advances in wages which combination has won for the sailor.

In some respects, indeed, the seaman's lot has not advanced at all. The under-manning of merchant ships, tamely acquiesced in by the Board of Trade, has rendered his life far more exacting, has increased enormously the pressure that the captain is obliged to place on the members of the individual crew. There is a wealth of figures to prove this assertion, which space does not permit me to put in evidence. Speeding up on the ocean, as on land, has done much to shorten the worker's life. *And even more serious is the fact, recently denounced by Mr. Hyndman in a damning indictment, that the Seamen's Load Line won by the heroic exactions of Samuel Plimsoll has gone!* Without adequate discussion, and against competent advice, the Board of Trade have virtually abandoned the safeguards which that brave man won from Parliament. I am aware, of course, that it is claimed that the modern conditions of seamanship have rendered Plimsoll's precaution supererogatory. But against that I would quote the almost innumerable censures quoted in the official returns of the Board of Trade, censures which say that the ship carried too heavy a cargo and that all hands perished.

Is it any wonder that the Englishman, the finest sailor in the world, is giving the ocean the go-by?

WHY IS THE NEWSPAPER MAN POWERLESS IN ENGLAND? * * BY CHARLES SAROLEA

I.

THERE are two institutions which have been losing ground in modern England: the Ecclesiastical Institution, which has been temporarily shaken by criticism and unbelief, and the Parliamentary Institution, which has been undermined by the party system and threatened by the advance of democracy. In the place of these two dwindling forces, the Press has been gradually absorbing the fullness of political and spiritual power. The Press guides the policy, formulates the ideals of the nation, inflames the passions of the people. It makes and unmakes the reputations of statesmen, it provides the driving power of Government. In countries like France and America it even arrogates to itself the judicial function, and when ordinary justice fails to detect crime the Press has its own secret service and private detective agencies. Even in despotic countries like Russia and Prussia, the Press is a wholesome check on the tyranny of the Government, and in critical moments a journalist like Maximilian Harden is able to challenge the majesty of the Crown.

II.

But whilst the power of the *journal* is increasing in every country, and not least so in England, we have to note this strange paradox: the power of the *journalist* is decreasing. The British newspaper may command immense prestige, yet the men whose brains create that prestige are insignificant members of the community. The British newspaper may be enormously wealthy, yet the man whose brain creates that wealth may be miserably poor. A recent novel by Mr. Alphonse Courlander, "Mightier than the Sword," described that paradoxical contrast, and gave a striking and melancholy picture of the conditions of life and labour of the British journalist.

His tenure of office is lamentably precarious. He may be dismissed whenever the newspaper changes its proprietor. He may be dismissed whenever a new editor assumes power. He may be dismissed if he disagrees with the policy of the paper. Even when he manages to hold on, the time inevitably comes when he must make room for younger men, when he loses the elasticity and nerve which are indispensable in his strenuous profession. At fifty years of age the journalist finds himself useless, resourceless, the discarded victim of a ruthless machine.

III.

The cause of this impotence of the journalist is not far to seek. It is largely attributable to the abominable British system of anonymity. If the journalist were allowed to sign his articles, if he were allowed to have a personality, he would be appreciated in proportion to his merit. He might be a power in the land, as he is in France, where half the Prime Ministers of the Monarchy, where half the statesmen of the Third Republic served their apprenticeship and won their spurs in the Press. In Great Britain the journalist receives no credit. All the credit goes to the paper; that is to say, to the proprietor. And if the journalist ceases to be acceptable to his employer, and is compelled to transfer his allegiance to another paper, all his years of past service are thrown away, for his name is hardly known outside of Fleet Street. In any other profession or trade—on the turf

or on the stage—his name would have a marketable value; but in the very profession where individuality ought to count most his name counts for nothing, for it has been suppressed and exploited solely in the interests of the capitalist. His individuality has been merged in that of the paper. The British journalist is like an officer whose heroic deeds are appropriated by the commanding general, with this difference, that whereas on the battlefield the general often actually does gain the victory, in a newspaper the battles are only fought and won by the anonymous journalist.

IV.

Like every social phenomenon, however anomalous, the anonymity of British journalism admits of an historical explanation, like the law of libel or like the traditional custom of designating a member of Parliament not by his name, but by that of his constituency. Once upon a time anonymity was in the first place a means of protecting the public against the misuse of violent personalities, and in the second place it was a means of protecting the journalist against the abuses of despotism. In an age of violent partisanship, in the days of that heroic publicist Daniel de Foe, when passions were running high, there was an advantage in keeping personality in the background and in subordinating individuals to principles. In an age when Government was tyrannical there was an advantage in securing to the humble journalist the protecting barrier of a powerful paper. As plain Mr. Jones, the journalist might have fallen an easy victim to arbitrary Government; as one of a numerous band in a powerful organ of public opinion he was invulnerable.

V.

But what was once a means of protecting the public has now become a means of deceiving it. What once was a means of protecting the journalist has become a means of suppressing him. To-day it is not the tyranny of Government that the journalist has to dread, but the tyranny of capital; and it is the tyranny of capital that maintains the anonymity of the Press. For it is in the interest of the capitalist that the Press should be anonymous. So long as the man of genius is content to remain an anonymous scribbler, the proprietor gets the sole credit of his labours. Instead of the paper being identified with the journalist, the journalist is identified with the paper. If the journalist made himself independent, the reader would realise that, after all, the paper is a mere commercial venture, that it has no moral personality apart from that of the writer, and that it is to the writer alone that he owes guidance and inspiration.

VI.

Under the system of anonymous journalism, not only is the journalist exploited, but the public are hoodwinked. The unsigned article or review in the *Times*, or the *Spectator*, or the *Manchester Guardian* derives an entirely fictitious importance from the prestige of the paper itself. The system, if it subjects genius to impotence, gives absurd importance to mediocrity. For the unsigned article, although appearing in a famous paper, may be, and in many cases is, shallow and insignificant. The writer may be only a hack and hireling, yet to the outside public his voice is the voice of the *Times*, or the

Spectator, or the *Manchester Guardian*. The value attached by the public to his utterances is entirely deceptive; but the deception can be continued for a generation. Even as a degenerate descendant of a famous house continues to profit from the achievements of his sires, so a great newspaper may long continue to live and trade on its past reputation.

VII.

Happily, signs are not wanting that the days of anonymous journalism are numbered. The weeklies are nearly all dying a natural death, precisely because they cling to a superannuated system, and because they have failed to realise the value of individuality. The historic dailies, the *Times* and the *Scotsman*, are still able to maintain anonymity, because they have a great name and abundance of capital; but the most modern and living papers are rapidly discouraging an effete and immoral practice. British journalists have begun to awaken to a sense of their bondage. They begin to realise that the capitalist not only deprives them of the fruits of their talent, but that he tends to suppress that talent itself. For the secret of all talent is personality; and there is no scope for personality in anonymous journalism. And, what is worse, there is no scope for morality and conviction, for the anonymous journalist loses all sense of responsibility, and becomes an advocate in the pay of his employer, and, like an advocate, he will only defend those causes which he is paid to defend. British journalists are beginning to realise those obvious truths. The best of them refuse to be suppressed and exploited any longer and to sell their souls for a mess of pottage. The day is approaching when the British journalist, like his fellow-worker in France, will cease to be a hireling of newspaper proprietors, even though they may be respectable cocoa merchants and munificent American millionaires.

BY a single flash the palace was illuminated from the bottom to its highest terrace: the centre door at the top opened, and a woman—the daughter of Hamilcar—robed in black, appeared on the threshold. She came down the stairway that traversed obliquely the third storey, then the second and the first; pausing on the lowest terrace at the top of the stairway of the galleys, motionless, head downcast, looking down upon the soldiers. Behind her on both sides were two long processions of pale men, clothed in white robes fringed with red, hanging straight down to their feet; their heads and eyebrows were shaven; their hands, in which they carried enormous lyres, glittered with rings. They all chanted in a shrill voice a hymn to the divinity of Carthage. These were the eunuch priests of the temple of Tanit, often summoned by Salambo to her palace. . . . Her hair was powdered with violet dust, and, according to the fashion of Canaanite maidens, it was gathered up in the form of a tower on the crown of her head, making her appear taller: strands of pearls attached to her temples fell down to the corners of her mouth—as rosy as a half-opened pomegranate; on her neck she wore a collection of luminous gems, which imitated in their medley the scales of a sea-eel; her sleeveless tunic, made of a black tissue, starred with red flowers, exposed her bare arms, bedecked with diamonds. Between her ankles she wore a gold chainlet to regulate the length of her steps; and her voluminous dark purple mantle, of an unknown fabric, trailed, making at each step a wide billow behind her.—From "*Salambo*," by *Gustave Flaubert*.

FROM A RUSSIAN PRISON

By HELEN VORONOFF

"She has Forgiven"

IT was not until after a lapse of six years that I was once more able to visit the Wiborg Cellular Prison, in the consumptive ward of which I first began to work for poor prisoners. Then I was in the company of Princess Maria Dondoukoff-Korsakoff. Now, this noble woman has gone to her reward, but everything around seemed to speak to me of her. There was not a bed in that ward upon which she had not sat (she seldom, if ever, used the chairs provided, feeling that in this way she was nearer to the patient). And many a sufferer had she comforted. Laying her hand upon his shoulder or his head, she would speak words which, delivered in her sweet and affable voice, could not fail to reach his heart. Ah! how many a heart was softened, how much physical pain relieved, how many souls gained back to God by her sweet ministrations!

And now, with these dear memories crowding upon me, I visited once again the Wiborg Cellular Prison.

It has been much improved; now there are two wards for consumptive patients, whereas formerly there was but one, which was both overcrowded and airless. In fact, the place, I remember, on one occasion was so close as to overcome the Princess, who was obliged to lie down and recover before continuing her ministrations to the sick.

I.

Upon the occasion of this my first visit to the prison after six years, a touching incident occurred, which I should like to recall.

Upon entering the ward I saw at once that there were three there who would not be long upon this earth, for they remained motionless as I advanced. But the others brightened up at my coming, trying to check their troublesome cough, and even, where strong enough, raising themselves to greet me.

During my conversation with them I asked if those so near their end had received Holy Communion. Upon this point I was reassured, and was much comforted to see how anxious were those not yet about to die that their fellow-sufferers should receive this consolation when the end approached.

I noticed as I passed along the ward a specially young and handsome face, the face of one of the three about to breathe their last. I drew closer, and silently watched him for a few moments, fearing to rouse him, for his eyes were closed, and his breath was short and interrupted. Bright red spots burnt upon his cheeks.

As I stood thus his neighbour called him, and, looking above his bed, I read the name, "Paul Rostchin."

"Why do you disturb him?" I asked. The man explained that Rostchin expected me, and wished to ask me something, and that when he regained consciousness he would be very sad that he had not been roused to speak to me.

After some time, Rostchin opened his eyes. I shall never forget their expression. It was a mingling of pain and hope and entreaty. He tried hard to speak, but, although his lips moved, I could hear no sound.

Gently I tried to soothe him, begging him to be calm, and telling him that I was in no hurry, and would wait until I understood what it was he wished to say to me.

At last I caught one word, "Mother." "Ah!" said I, "you are calling your mother; you want to see her; perhaps I could find her. Where does she live?"

"She is far from here," he whispered, "and cannot come."

My heart ached for him. It was pitiful to hear him in these his last moments calling for his mother. I bent over him and said:

"Your own mother, as you say, is far from here; but God has sent me to comfort you. Can you not count me your spiritual mother, and confide in me, when I come to you and sit with you and listen to all you have to say?"

His face brightened at the thought, and a little strength seemed to return. "I have something," he said, "to tell her before I die."

II.

Then I begged him to say to me what he wished to say to her, promising that I would hear it as though I were his mother. Hardly had I said this than the man on the bed at our right, being able to walk, got up and moved away, and the other, who was not equal to that effort, turned his back to us, that he might not hear. I was touched at the feeling displayed by these apparently rough, though simple Russian men.

And then I made out from his laboured words his sad story. A good, kind, and loving mother abandoned for more than a year and a half, while he suffered in prison. His great wish now was to let her know how much he felt his guilt, and beg for her forgiveness.

I listened, holding my breath that I might catch the halting words, and as he bared his soul, and made clear the confession he wished to make, it seemed as though a great weight fell from him; and when, from sheer exhaustion, he sank back and closed his eyes, I knew that the tears were there, as he said brokenly, "I shall never see her again to tell her this. I have only a few days, perhaps a week, left to live."

I never hold out vain hopes to the poor patients when they are about to die, so, seeing how near he was to his end, I did not undeceive him.

Again I asked him for his mother's address, promising to write and tell her that he was dying, and asked forgiveness, and that I would ask her to reply immediately, so that he might hear the answer before the end. The face of the dying man shone with a great joy; the forgiveness of his mother was all he sought now upon the earth. Then, sinking back upon his bed, he murmured, "If I get the answer, I shall take it with me."

Before leaving the hospital I made the sign of the Cross upon his forehead. His eyes were closed, but he whispered, "Thanks, thanks."

III.

Meeting the doctor on my way out, I inquired whether he thought it was worth while to suggest that the mother should come, or could he last so long. The doctor seemed unable to decide, saying he might live a week or he might die that day.

Hurrying home, I despatched the promised letter, and for days awaited the answer. Each day I telephoned to the prison for news of the dying man, and each time I received the same reply, "He is alive, but very weak." And this for five days.

On the sixth day, when I came home in the afternoon, my servant met me with the information that a very old woman, poorly dressed, in bast shoes and a wallet on her back, had been there asking for her son Paul.

Rostchin's mother, upon the receipt of my letter, had determined to come in person to pardon her son. As the journey cost five roubles twenty copecks, she

sold all her possessions, pledging even her felt shoes, thus being forced to travel in bast shoes, in spite of the intense cold. It was her first visit to a large town; she was bewildered by all she saw; but her mother's love helped her to surmount all obstacles.

The next morning, very early, I went to her. In her anxiety to get to her son, she came to the tram with one golosh only over her bast shoe; the other she had forgotten. It was not until we were on the way that I broke the sad tidings to her that the hospital to which we were going was the hospital of a prison. "Oh! Paul, Paul, my beloved son. My darling! How did you get to prison?" she sobbed. "He was a warrant officer, and now he is in prison."

To me it was most touching that she did not once reproach him. She only pitied him without end. She warmly thanked me that I had not mentioned in my letter that he was in prison.

"Oh, God! Oh, Holy Virgin Mary! Let me find him alive; let me but hear one word from him; let him look on me only one moment," prayed the old woman.

We found, on our arrival at the prison, that Rostchin yet lived, but to give an adequate description of the meeting between mother and son I feel is beyond me.

When I led the poor woman into the room where Rostchin lay, and showed her the bed on which he was stretched, she staggered, and would have fallen had I not supported her. But her eyes fell on the picture of a saint, and, making the sign of the Cross, she approached the bedside of her son. He was so weak that he could not even turn his head, but tears rolled down his cheeks, and the poor mother, bending over him, gazed so earnestly into his eyes, that her tears fell and flowed with his.

"Forgive me, forgive me, my own mother. I am very guilty," repeated the dying man.

"My son, my dear son Paul, God will forgive you," wept the sorrowing woman.

IV.

I could stand the scene no longer, and I withdrew. When later I returned, some of the sick prisoners came up and thanked me for the great joy I had given to Rostchin.

Once more was I thrilled to find such feelings in these poor prisoners, themselves suffering and outcast, yet rejoicing with their fellow-sufferer. It is easy to weep with those who weep, but when one's own heart is sad and suffering, is it so easy to rejoice with those that rejoice? Envy so easily creeps in.

Rostchin did not live long after the visit of his mother. Having received her pardon, he became calmer, asked for the clergyman, and once more received the Holy Sacrament. His death was that of a good Christian. His sufferings were great, but he remained still in the same peaceful disposition. Before he breathed his last, he repeated again and again, "Forgive, forgive!"

It is interesting to note that his mother did not remain until the end, but, having pardoned and blessed her son, asked to be sent back to her home.

This is characteristically Russian. Having satisfied herself that his soul was prepared to meet his God, she was less anxious about the dying body, asking only to be informed when God had called him away.

I let her know when all was over, and in reply received a simple and touching letter, in which she begged me to "go to his grave, take from it a handful of earth, and send it to me."

What treasures lie hidden in the faithful soul of the simple Russian!—*Translated by Mme. Olga Novikoff.*

GUSTAVE FLAUBERT*

I.

THERE are some writers whose work is greater than themselves. There are others whose personality is greater than their work. Flaubert belongs to the latter category. A Norman by birth, and a citizen of Rouen, like Corneille, Flaubert, by his massive frame, by his truculent and aggressive manner, reminds one of his Norseman ancestors. Of middle-class origin, and being left a competence by his father, for thirty-five years he lived in the country, and this reviler of the bourgeoisie was almost a bourgeois in the method and regularity of his daily existence. The even tenor of his life was only varied by periodical visits to Paris, and by occasional journeys to the South and to the East, journeys always undertaken with a view to collecting material for his literary work. Living, like Charles Lamb, under the periodical menace of a terrible nervous disease, he never married, but his kindness, his generosity, his integrity and loyalty attracted to him a wide circle of friends, and he was loved for the qualities of his heart as much as he was admired for the greatness of his genius. The "Journal" of the Goncourts gives us a delightful picture of Flaubert as the centre of the most famous literary coterie in the last days of the Second Empire; and it is significant of the position which Flaubert occupied in the estimation of his contemporaries that all the members of this illustrious and heterogeneous group—Ste. Beuve, Rénan, Maupassant, Daudet, Zola—agreed in hailing Gustave Flaubert as the master and creator of a new form of French art.

II.

Literature has its martyrs, like religion and politics, and Flaubert may be considered pre-eminently as one of the martyrs of the literary craft. A bachelor without a family, an agnostic without a creed, an artist without mundane interests, Flaubert's whole soul was immersed in and sacrificed to his art. Literature was his goddess. For her he lived. No writer ever conceived a higher ideal of his mission. In the service of literature he spent a life of unremitting toil, submitting to what he called the tortures of style—"les affres du style"—polishing every sentence, again and again rewriting every page, spending seven years over "Madame Bovary," thirteen years over "Bouvard et Pécuchet," and spending thirty years between the beginning and the end of the "Temptation of St. Anthony." Under those conditions, it is not to be wondered at that, although Flaubert started writing at seventeen, and although he wrote continually and methodically till the hour of his death, he only managed to publish six volumes in all. But each one of those six volumes is stamped with his genius, and is assured of immortality.

III.

He was a strange combination of the romanticist and of the realist. He was brought up on Chateaubriand and Victor Hugo, and for both he professed boundless admiration. He had the romanticist's love of form and colour; he had his exoticism, his haunting sense of beauty, his worship of Art for Art's sake. On the other hand, he had the realist's rigid loyalty to and reverence for truth; he had the habit of scrupulous and minute observation, the hatred of cant and

* A beautiful shilling edition of Flaubert's "Temptation of Saint Anthony" has just appeared in the Collection Gallia. (Georges Crès, Paris.)

self-delusion. And this double blend of romanticism and realism is revealed in the dual nature of his work. Nothing could be more unlike "Madame Bovary," which is a commonplace narrative of everyday life, than "Salambo," which is a resplendent resurrection of Carthaginian civilisation. Nothing could be less unlike the "Temptation of St. Anthony" than the "Education Sentimentale" or than the striking, but disappointing "Bouvard et Pécuchet."

IV.

Gustave Flaubert is the spiritual father of the modern French naturalist school. All the novels of Zola and Maupassant, of Daudet and the brothers De Goncourt may be said to proceed from "Madame Bovary" (1857), which has become one of the milestones of French fiction. "Madame Bovary" is the most characteristic, as well as the highest, expression of Flaubert's genius, and is probably, with "Anne Karenine," the greatest novel of world literature. It is the simple life-story of a farmer's daughter who has been educated above her station, and has been imbued with romantic notions. Having only received from that education both a distaste for the humdrum duties of country life, and social ambitions and intellectual aspirations doomed to disappointment, she falls an easy prey to an ill-regulated mind and to ill-disciplined emotions. "Madame Bovary" is the eternal bankruptcy of romance and sentiment in conflict with the hard and sordid facts of real life.

On its appearance "Madame Bovary" created universal sensation, and it is one of the ironies of literary history that its author was prosecuted for immorality by the most immoral generation of modern French history, the generation of the Third Napoleon. French public opinion has moved a long way since those imperial days; but British public opinion still continues to taboo one of the most wonderful productions of French literature. The fact is all the more strange when we remember that "Madame Bovary" is supremely moral and essentially puritan, as moral, indeed, and as puritan as "Anne Karenine," of which it constantly reminds us. Unlike "George Sand" and like "Anne Karenine," "Madame Bovary" does not give us the romance of unlawful passion, but only its tragedy. "Madame Bovary" is no "Dame aux Camélias." A relentless Nemesis attends every deed of the bourgeois heroine, and she is foredoomed to disaster and suicide for breaking the laws of society and of traditional morality.

V.

Flaubert owes nothing to adventitious circumstances or to meretricious ornament. We are repelled rather than attracted by the sombre atmosphere of his novels. The author belongs to a generation of shattered ideals, culminating in the disasters of Metz and Sedan. And he is a consistent pessimist. He is far more of a pessimist than the Russian novelists, for in Dostoevsky and Tolstoy through the gloom and the darkness there always pierces the light of love and faith. But in Flaubert no ideal relieves the dreary monotony and mediocrity of existence. No sympathy attaches him to his middle-class heroines. He only sees beauty and grandeur in his art; but the admiration which his art evokes is that evoked by a finished piece of statuary. If it has the beauty of marble, it also has its hardness and frigidity.

It is, therefore, not mainly by virtue of the human

truth which they contain, nor by virtue of the human ideals and sympathies which they inspire, that Flaubert's novels will live. Rather will they live by virtue of the supreme excellence of their form. Flaubert's writing is the high-water mark of French style, perfect in rhythm and cadence, perfect in the adaptation of expression to thought. They reveal to the student the possibilities of the French language when handled by a master of the literary craft. Nobody in our generation pays any heed to Flaubert's grandiloquent theories of "Art for Art's sake." Yet Flaubert's reputation has been steadily rising, and will continue to rise, and Flaubert has become to-day, by the consent and admiration of all those who are competent to judge, one of the fixed stars in the empyrean of classic French literature.



LITERARY NOTES

IN the front rank of English letter-writers no one's place is more secure than that of Horace Walpole. Like his great contemporary, Dr. Johnson, Walpole had the gift of making himself the centre of a circle of famous, interesting, and admiring friends. So many of his letters are extant and such was his temperament that he may be said to have acted as his own Boswell. At Walpole's own request his correspondents periodically returned him his letters, and in his "Short Notes of My Life" he provided posterity with a résumé of his own career down to the year 1779.



In the eighteenth century, that age of bath-chairs, couriers, and minuets, people seem to have had more time, taste, and talent for letter-writing than in our days of motor-bicycles, telephones, and tangos; and, in his long life of eighty years, Horace Walpole maintained and accumulated so vast a correspondence that his editor, the late Mrs. Paget Toynbee, filled no fewer than sixteen volumes with such letters of his as she could collect. This edition, which was published by the Clarendon Press in 1903-5, contained 3,061 letters, representing over 150 correspondents. In addition to these, hundreds of Walpole's letters still remain untraced or have been withheld from publication by their owners; and, with a view to publishing a supplementary volume, Mr. Paget Toynbee is now appealing to all who have Walpole letters in their possession to permit him to examine and transcribe them. After his wife's death in 1910 Mr. Paget Toynbee completed and saw through the press (1912) her edition of the *Lettres de Madame du Deffand à Horace Walpole*, and it is welcome news to learn that he intends to spare sufficient time from his Dante studies to continue the work on Walpole so ably carried out by Mrs. Paget Toynbee.



Copenhagen is happy in the possession of two eminent students of English—Professor Otto Jespersen, the philologist, who has written in scholarly fashion on the growth and structure of the English language, and Dr. George Brandes, whose many works on literature, criticism, and history enjoy a world-wide reputation. Dr. Brandes is to visit this country in November, when he will deliver a series of lectures at various University centres and before certain literary societies. His subjects embrace men of very different character and nationality—Shakespeare, Voltaire, Rousseau, Nietzsche, and his fellow-countryman, Hans Andersen.

Admirers of Mr. Joseph Conrad (of whom an appreciation appeared in last week's issue of EVERYMAN) will be interested to know that that distinguished naturalised English novelist has taken to dramatic work, and that the first play from his pen, entitled "One Day More," appears in the August number of the *English Review*.



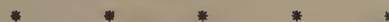
Since Miss Violet Markham's "New Era in South Africa" appeared in 1904, more history has been made South of the Zambesi than during the Boer War itself. Judging from Miss Markham's previous works on the subject, her new book, "The South African Scene," which is announced for the autumn by Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co., ought to make a notable addition to the flood of literature dealing with the Union and Rhodesia which has marked the opening of the twentieth century.



In this column last week we ventured to express misgivings anent the project of illustrating the works of Mr. Thomas Hardy. Our remarks have called forth a commendatory letter from a correspondent, H. T., who declares that the subservience of art to literature has been the fruitful source of much of the woeful ignorance and bad taste in matters of art of otherwise educated people. In support of this contention he quotes George Moore, who, writing in 1893 on the failure of art in the nineteenth century, says: "For more than a hundred years painting has been in service. She has acted as a sort of handmaiden to literature, her mission being to make clear to the casual and the unlettered what the lettered had already understood and enjoyed in a more subtle and more erudite form."



In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, continues H. T., an artist "mars those vague but all sufficient mental images born of the text when he attempts to fix them beyond the possibility of further imagining. I maintain the reader loses by these illustrations; for his own mental impressions are truer than the artist's embodiment of the characters and incidents of the work. Of course, one excludes children's books; there illustrations are essential, though more often than not they are too academic and 'grown up.'



"Confining our attention to the novel, I think attempts to illustrate have, as a rule, failed. In some, drawings have helped to give local colour, and have served as glossaries of costume, domestic detail, and the like, or they have served as plans in which the details of the text may be checked. I am thinking of Dickens' illustrators especially, who have helped him so much in this direction; but then the text is so explicit that the descriptions are little removed from graphic expressions ready to the artist's hand. It must not be overlooked that many illustrated books are cherished by the collector more for the technique and other artistic qualities of the drawings than for the service they render the text."



As our correspondent remarks, the subject of the "get up" of a work, and such questions as "What books should be illustrated?" and "How can the book and its embellishment be made an artistic whole?"—all these are matters which should arouse more general and intelligent interest than they do at present.

MASTERPIECE FOR THE WEEK

NEW GRUB STREET * * * BY GEORGE GISSING

"YOU should only write when you are in a good mood," said an editor to the writer of this article; "it makes such a difference to your style." Like many another person in authority, he took no stock of ways or means. The eternal lack of pence did not trouble him; he was oblivious to the fact that needs must when the landlord drives, and the ordinary journalist, unlike the man of letters who has an assured position, cannot wait for a good mood to descend upon him; so much "copy" is required, and he must turn it out at whatever cost to himself. George Gissing is, perhaps, the only author of eminence who has painted for us in such vivid colours and with startling clearness the struggles of the literary man against circumstance.

Edwin Reardon, possessed of a slight, though very real, talent, makes an unequal marriage. He chooses for his wife a woman unable to understand all that his "work" means to a man endowed with the art of phrasing his conceptions of life, its tragedies and its emotions. Amy is able only to think in terms of pounds, shillings, and pence, and the fact that her husband is unable to bring grist to the mill suggests that she has been mistaken in believing he is a man of genius. The alternative to this is one calculated to paralyse the spirit of a man of sensitive temperament. She decides that he could make a good income if he chose, and that the only reason why she is kept without money is that he prefers to write things that please himself rather than supply the market with the kind of books that find a ready sale. Gissing portrays the anguish of a man conscious to the full of his disabilities, but realising also that, under happier circumstances, the talent he possesses might blossom into things of rare and permanent value. Driven to desperation, Reardon tries to increase his income by embarking on a novel of the popular type. The task, alien to his capacities, is more than he can cope with.

"He seldom slept, in the proper sense of the word. As a rule, he was conscious all through the night of 'a kind of fighting between physical weariness and wakeful toil of the mind.' . . . In his unsoothing slumber he talked aloud, frequently wakening Amy; generally he seemed to be holding a dialogue with someone who had imposed an intolerable task upon him. He protested passionately, appealed, argued in the strangest way about the injustice of what was demanded. Once Amy heard him begging for money, positively begging, like some poor wretch in the street; it was horrible, and made her shed tears. When he asked what he had been saying, she could not bring herself to tell him."

But though she could not bear to listen to his distressful wanderings, the fact remained firmly ingrained in her mind that it was only obstinacy that prevented him from turning out the kind of story that runs into innumerable editions, and leaves the public greedy and asking for more.

"When the striking clocks summoned him remorselessly to rise and work he often reeled with dizziness. It seemed to him that the greatest happiness attainable would be to creep into some dark, warm corner, out of the sight and memory of men, and lie there torpid, with the blessed half-consciousness that death would slowly overcome him." For the time being he had written himself out, and the work that at his best was a joy and an inspiration that filled him with

ecstasy of creation had become a labour of blood and tears; the phrase that fell at times from his winged pen potent and inspired was dragged but slowly from his tired brain; the chiming of the hours spoke to him only of a toll of words, and as the clock went round he grew more miserably conscious of the effort.

In the ultimate Amy Reardon decides to leave her husband; she is not a bad woman, nor a callous one, she is merely unable to realise that a certain type of man can only produce work under given circumstances, and that her incessant flogging stultifies her husband's talent, and renders it inoperative. He determines to give up writing, and to return to the army of clerks, where for a given number of hours he will earn a bare subsistence, leaving time to devote himself to literary labours for sheer love of the art. And here Gissing proves himself a master of psychology. Realising to the full what Reardon has suffered, he is yet able to be just to the unutterable woman who is his wife. Rather than accept the position of a clerk's wife, she returns to her mother's house, and though the comments of Mrs. Yule are hard to bear, she finds comfort in the improvement in her material condition. Gissing goes to the root of things, and points out that a woman can bear with short commons in food, inferior housing accommodation, inefficiency in domestic service, but she cannot face the lack of those things that affect her personal daintiness with equanimity.

"When Amy began to cut down her laundress's bill she did it with a sense of degradation. . . . Cleanliness is a costly thing, and a troublesome thing when appliances and means have to be improvised. It was in part the understanding she had gained of this side of the life of poverty that made Amy shrink in dread from the still narrower lodgings to which Reardon invited her."

A striking foil to Edwin Reardon is Jasper Milvain, a type well known in Fleet Street—the kind of man who, without originality of his own, is quick to seize on the ideas of his fellows and utilise them to his own advantage. Jasper is not troubled by literary aspirations. He writes to suit the market, he is untroubled on questions of policy or principle, and is ready to praise or blame, according to the journal that employs him. He is a type of the "kept pressman," whose justification and excuse is that he "rings the bell" and scores a marked success. Jasper rapidly forges to the front, and it is the contrast between her husband and his friend that finally breaks the remaining links of Amy's affection for Edwin.

But Gissing's knowledge is not confined to the seamy side of Grub Street. He sketches for us the immortal Wheipdale, the pioneer of the "Tit-bit" school of journalism, that in the days of the author was as yet but in embryo. Other characters as spontaneous and joyous are to be found in this epic of literary Bohemia, though for the most part tragedies abound. Alfred Yule, the man of thwarted ambitions and dead hopes, stalks like a ghost from the nether world through the story. He has lived to see his articles rejected, his pretensions derided; once he was a power in the land, editors sought for his copy, his name carried weight, but a generation arose that knew not Joseph, and he found himself out-paced and out-competed by a pushful and jostling generation. One of the most powerful chapters in this chronicle of

Alsatia is that in which Yule discovers he is going blind. He is out on one of those midnight tramps that the slaves of the pen indulge in, long tramps that soothe the brain and quiet the irritated nerves. Long tramps through the quiet streets and deserted suburbs, when, in the silence of the night there rises once again the old dream of success, the old hope that even yet one's work may be recognised, and that before the end one may achieve "a big thing." He meets a young doctor at a coffee stall, and, after the custom of a journalist, falls into conversation with him. Yule goes with him to his rooms and submits to an examination.

"Do you use your eyes much?" asks the doctor.

"Fourteen hours a day, that's all."

"H'm! You are a literary man, I think?"

"I am. My name is Alfred Yule."

"He had some faint hope that the name might be recognised; that would have gone far, for the moment, to counteract his trouble. But not even this poor satisfaction was to be granted to him. To his hearer the name evidently conveyed nothing." The surgeon tells him that his sight is slowly but surely going, and Yule comes out once more into Camden Road feeling that life is over. His wife gives him all the comfort that a woman can afford at such a crisis, but his suffering is intensified by a problem that has arisen in relation to his daughter. Marian has been left a small legacy by her uncle, and has realised that with this at her back she can marry the man she loves. It is part of the irony of things that she has grown to care for Jasper, who has reduced the art of success to a science. Yule feels himself aggrieved that she will not invest her capital in a newspaper, of which he is to be the editor; but she resists both his reproaches and his appeals, and determines to marry. Her father's blindness, however, comes in the way. She is compelled to provide for her people, and Jasper, applying to love, the rule that he applies to life, decides to break off his engagement; he has no use for failure.

Tragedy is the keynote of this most poignant book. But it is tragedy that, while it wounds, does not sear. One feels that Reardon in his death was greater than Jasper in his triumph. That Amy, the hard woman, who could only apply the monetary test, the crude standard of earning capacity, never caught a glimpse of the delectable mountains that Marian beheld, never found gladness in the vision of the blue valley touched with gold that flamed before the girl's eyes, in that brief spell when Jasper loved her.

Amy attains, with Jasper as her husband, the summit of their mutual ambitions. He is made the editor of an important review, and they revel in money, friends, and a big house.

"Isn't the world a glorious place?" cried Jasper, in an ecstasy of self-admiration.

"For rich people," says his wife.

"Yes, for rich people. How I pity the poor devils! . . . Go to the piano, dear, and play me something. . . . Better still if you will sing, my nightingale!"

"So Amy first played and then sang, and Jasper lay back in dreamy bliss."

And then, across the blaze of light, amid the flourish of the trumpets, flits the frail, slight figure of Reardon the failure, Reardon the dreamer, Reardon with the winged vision and tender heart. And the opulent house, the prosperous man and woman, fade, leaving him in all his shabbiness, the centre of the picture—the eternal tragedy of thwarted effort that haunts New Grub Street.

JOHN K. PROTHERO.

THE HENCHMEN OF BARRISTERS

By E. O.

BARRISTERS' clerks pull the strings. They are men of initiative. They are amiable autocrats. Acquainted with the name of practically every firm of solicitors in London, they know when it is fitting to intimate that fees must be paid in advance, or to let them come in due course. They accept or return briefs, according to the exigencies of the day, fix counsel's fees, and arrange appointments and consultations. They are counsel's faithful bodyguard. In chambers and in courts they uphold their employers' interests with admirable zeal.

They have always to be on the *qui vive* in the courts. Actions in front of those in which they are interested may be settled, or may break up unexpectedly, and in either of those events they must promptly advise their chiefs that their presence will soon be required. An advocate may be in the throes of an argument or examining a witness elsewhere; but the moment his clerk tells him that he is wanted to "open" in a special jury action, he curtails his remarks or questions, leaving the field to his junior. Off he hurries while his clerk explains more fully to him as they hasten along the corridors the exact position of affairs in the court for which they are bound.

The calling of a barrister's clerk, like many others, is subject to the will of Dame Fortune. He may be a captain in his class, or he may be an obscure member of the rank and file just managing to exist. Personality and tact have much to do with his advancement. To an alert, intelligent man the opportunities are certainly greater than those of clerks in many business offices. It is an accepted maxim that implicit reliance should be placed in the barrister's clerk, who thoroughly understands his business, and that his advice and guidance should ever be followed. He is not "too old at forty." He is like wine in that the older he gets the sounder he becomes. He serves, in many instances, two or more masters in his chambers, so that should any of them die or retire from practice, he has others to fall back upon. Besides the vacancy in chambers will sooner or later be filled. Some ambitious young counsel comes along to share the clerk's services.

The Common Law counsel's clerk may not be on so high a plane, officially, as a Chancery barrister's henchman, but the former enjoys a more varied existence, because he accompanies counsel to Assizes, Quarter Sessions, and other tribunals; the daily panorama before his eyes is more coloured and interesting. The principal clerks to both equity and common law counsel have their opportunities to go higher up the ladder. Especially fortunate are they as the senior clerks to King's Counsel, destined for judicial honours, because when the latter are elevated to the Bench, their employees reap the rewards of fidelity and industry. As judges' clerks they have a sort of reflected glory.

The occupation of a barrister's clerk cannot be taken up in a haphazard way by anyone who, having passed his thirtieth year and failed in other callings, thinks luck will come to him in Lincoln's Inn or the Temple. The vocation demands years of training. One must begin young and he must wait for and grasp the opportunity knocking at the door at least once in every man's life.

EVERYMAN'S FRENCH PAGE

RAPHAEL

RAPHAEL fut très-heureux, noblement heureux, et ce genre de bonheur si rare perce dans toutes ses œuvres. Il n'a point connu les tourments ordinaires des artistes, leurs longues attentes, les souffrances de l'orgueil blessé. Il n'a point subi la pauvreté, ni l'humiliation, ni l'indifférence. A vingt-cinq ans, sans effort, il s'est trouvé le premier parmi les peintres de son temps ; son oncle Bramante lui a épargné les sollicitations et l'intrigue. A la vue de sa première fresque, le pape fit effacer les autres et voulut que toute la décoration des *Stanze* fut de sa main. On ne lui opposait qu'un rival, Michel-Ange, et bien loin de lui porter envie, Raphaël s'inclinait devant lui avec autant d'admiration que de respect. Ses lettres indiquent la modestie et le calme de l'âme. Il était extrêmement aimable et fut extrêmement aimé ; les plus grands le protégeaient et l'accueillaient : ses élèves lui faisaient un cortège d'admirateurs et de camarades. Il n'a eu à lutter ni contre les hommes, ni contre son propre cœur. Il ne semble pas que l'amour ait troublé sa vie, il s'y est complu sans déchirement et sans angoisses. Il avait passé sa première jeunesse parmi les madones du Pérugin, pieuses et paisibles jeunes filles, d'une quiétude virginale, d'une douceur enfantine, mais saines, et que la fièvre mystique du moyen âge n'avait point touchées. Il avait ensuite contemplé les nobles corps antiques, et compris la fière nudité, le bonheur simple de ce monde détruit dont on venait de déterrer les fragments. Entre les deux modèles il avait trouvé sa forme idéale, et il errait dans un monde tout florissant de force, de joie et de jeunesse comme la cité antique, mais où la pureté, la candeur, la bonté d'une inspiration nouvelle répandaient un charme inconnu, sorte de jardin dont les plantes avaient la vigueur et la sève païenne, mais où les fleurs demi-chrétiennes s'ouvraient avec un sourire plus timide et plus doux.

A présent je puis aller regarder ses œuvres, en premier lieu la Madone de Foligno, au Vatican. Ce qui frappe d'abord, c'est la douceur et la pudeur de la Vierge, c'est le geste timide avec lequel elle touche la ceinture bleue de son enfant, c'est l'effet charmant de la bordure dorée de sa robe rouge. Dans toutes ses premières œuvres et dans presque toutes ses madones, il a gardé le souvenir de ce qu'il a senti à Pérouse, auprès d'Assise, au centre des traditions de la piété heureuse et du pur amour. Les jeunes filles qu'il peint sont des communicantes, leur âme n'est pas épanouie ; la religion, en les couvant, a retardé leur éclosion ; avec un corps de femme, elles ont une pensée d'enfant. Pour trouver aujourd'hui des expressions pareilles, il faut voir le visage immobile, innocent des religieuses qui, élevées dès l'enfance au couvent, n'ont jamais senti le contact du monde. Evidemment il étudie avec amour, avec recherche, avec la délicatesse d'un cœur jeune, la fine courbe du nez, la petitesse de la bouche et de l'oreille, un reflet de lumière sur de doux cheveux blonds. Le peintre est un autre Pétrarque, un contemplatif qui suit son rêve, et ne se lasse pas de l'exprimer. Sonnet sur sonnet, il en fera cinquante à propos du même visage, et passera des semaines à épurer les vers où il dépose son bonheur silencieux. Ce n'est point un combattant comme Michel-Ange, un voluptueux comme ses contemporains ; c'est un rêveur charmant, qui a rencontré le moment où l'on savait faire des corps.

RAPHAEL

RAPHAEL led a singularly noble, happy life, and this rare order of happiness is perceptible in all his works. The ordinary trials of artists, their wasted hopes and the pangs of wounded pride, were unknown to him. He was not a victim to poverty, humiliation or neglect. At the age of twenty-five he found himself, without an effort, first among the artists of his time ; his uncle Bramante spared him all intrigue and all solicitation. On seeing his first fresco the Pope caused others to be effaced, and ordered that the entire decoration of his apartments should be entrusted to his hand. But one rival was opposed to him, Michael Angelo, whom, so far from envying, Raphael honoured with as much of admiration as respect. His letters indicate the modesty and serenity of his nature. He was exceedingly amiable and exceedingly beloved ; the great protected and welcomed him, and his pupils formed around him a concourse of admirers and comrades. He had not to contend with man nor with his own heart. Love does not seem to have ruffled his spirit, this passion in him never being accompanied with either sorrow or torment. He had passed his early youth among the Madonnas of Perugino—pious, gentle maidens of virgin innocence and infantile grace, but healthy and untouched by the mystic fever of the middle ages. He then contemplated the noble forms and free spirit of antiquity, the placid joyousness of that extinct world the fragments of which were but just exhumed. At length, from these two types he obtained an ideal of his own, and his mind wandered through a world animated with vigorous impulses, one that expanded, like the antique city, with joyousness and youthful energy, but over which the purity, candour and beneficence of a new inspiration spread an unknown charm ; it seemed to be a garden, the plants of which, quickened by pagan impulse, produced half-Christian flowers that bloomed with a more diffident and a sweeter smile.

I can now examine his works, and first the "Madonna de Foligno" in the Vatican. One is at once impressed with the meek and modest air of the Virgin, the timidity with which she touches the blue girdle of her infant, and the charming effect of the gilded border of her red robe. In all his early works, and in almost all his Madonnas, he has preserved some souvenir of what he felt at Perugia and at Assisi, where he was surrounded by simple traditions of spiritual love and felicity. The young girls he paints are youthful communicants possessing still undeveloped souls ; religion, in covering them with her wings, has retarded their growth ; they are women in form but children in thought. To find similar expression nowadays one must seek for it in the innocent features of nuns immured in convents from infancy, and never brought in contact with the world. It is evident that he studied lovingly and carefully, with all the delicate sentiment of a fresh young heart, the refined curves of the nose, the fine modelling of small mouths and ears, and the reflections of light on soft auburn tresses. The painter is another Petrarch, musing over his reveries and unweariedly expressing them. Sonnet after sonnet, he makes fifty on the same face, and passes weeks in purifying verses in which he deposits his secret joy. He is not a combatant like Michael Angelo, nor a voluptuary like his contemporaries, but a charming dreamer, appearing just at the time when the world knew how to fashion the human form.

JOHN BURNS: FAILURE AND SUCCESS

By P. W. WILSON

WHEN Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman assumed office, his Cabinet consisted of nineteen Ministers. That was nearly eight years ago, and to-day four of those statesmen are dead, other six have retired, and of the remaining nine, two only, Sir Edward Grey and Mr. Burns, have retained their original departmental portfolios. Sir Edward Grey, decorated with the Garter, has survived a multitude of criticisms, but against Mr. Burns the tide has set in strongly, and on his allotted day in Supply, the complaints come from all quarters of the House. For democracy the wide world over, the fate of Mr. Burns is a problem of supreme importance. It is true that in 1892 Mr. Gladstone selected Mr. Burt, now father of the House, as Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade; but Mr. Burns has been the first British artisan to enter a Cabinet, and his record there creates a precedent. In passing, I may remark that the constitution of the Labour Party, whatever be its advantages in other ways, has the demerit of disabling its members from joining a Government. Mr. Ramsay Macdonald and Mr. David Shackleton are men obviously of Cabinet calibre. The one must be content to serve on a Royal Commission; the other has entered the higher Civil Service. If, then, Mr. Burns is left without a successor, the fault does not lie either with him or with historic Liberalism. Rightly or wrongly, Labour has itself imposed the disqualification.

"Burns," so said Sir Charles Dilke to me, "is an artist," and no one, I think, will deny that he has maintained high office with picturesque dignity. The other day I witnessed the glittering progress of President Poincaré through London, and, on walking back to the House, I ran up against Mr. Burns, in his gold lace and cocked hat, striding along Whitehall; and, frankly, he was himself the biggest pageant of the day. At the Guildhall he always receives a hearty ovation, and he held his own, especially in the days of King Edward, even at Court. His home life has been not only irreproachable, but cultured. He keeps a diary that is already a historic document. He remains a strict teetotaller, a lover of cricket, a man of caution in money matters, and, above all, a personality. No one who weighs up political achievements fairly will deny that, according to all ordinary standards, Mr. Burns has been a success. If there is dissatisfaction, the reasons are, first, great expectations, and, secondly, the greatness of the opportunity, as yet unfulfilled.

One can well understand why Mr. Burns was, in the first instance, offered the Local Government Board. He was a leading light on the London County Council. On trams and tenements, on municipal milk and steamboats on the Thames, he waxed eloquent. It was not, perhaps, realised that he was the orator rather than the administrator of Progressive policy. As his colleagues in Spring Gardens knew, his place was on the platform, not in the Committee room, and he was then what he might be now, a great popular expositor of social causes—one who can hold an audience for hours, undeterred by Suffragettes. Our political system provides for such a man the sinecure known as the Chancellor of the Duchy—a post which puts a person into the Cabinet, but leaves him free from departmental routine. It is the post that John Bright should have had instead of the Board of Trade. On Sir Henry Fowler it was thrown away. All I would

here submit is that Mr. Burns is perfectly fitted for the duties of counsel in the Cabinet, and exposition in the country. The whole question to-day concerns his achievements in a very exacting public department.

I would remind Radical critics of Mr. Burns that on more than one occasion he fought for them a big battle behind the scenes. In 1906 and 1907 it was not Mr. Burns, but Mr. Lloyd George who, as many of us thought, cold-shouldered the possibility of unifying electric supply for London under municipal ownership. During that fierce controversy Mr. Burns played the part of a stalwart Londoner, and if his advice had been taken the Progressive cause would to-day have been free of the wilderness. Against a hesitating Cabinet, he stood in with "C.-B." for self-government in South Africa, and fought for the Labour version of the Trades Disputes Act. He resisted the anti-German mania, and—most important service of all—he challenged with uncompromising candour what has always seemed to me to have been the unconstitutional use of the military by Mr. Churchill during the railway strike. It was Mr. Burns who kept the soldiers away from the East End and allowed a righteous wrath to blaze out against what he regarded as a gross insult to the workers. And he won. Mr. Churchill left the Home Office, and was not entrusted with the then threatened coal strike, while Mr. McKenna, who changed places with him, did not call for a single regiment when the whole country was menaced with a famine in fuel. Mr. Burns is thus a powerful, indeed, a heavy-handed critic, who, in the field of negative politics, has often waged war against perilous tendencies.

When he plunged into the Local Government Board, two great tasks lay ahead of him. The first was the reform of poor law; the second was rating. Very soon it became clear that in constructive ability Mr. Burns was hardly a match for problems of such stupendous magnitude. Equalisation of rates for London was included in the King's Speech of 1906, but no more was heard of it, either in that overloaded Session or since. Bills for the separate valuation of land were talked about, but they came to nothing. Despite the misery caused by trade depression, Poor Law Reform was made to dance attendance upon the Poor Law Commission, yet the Reports of the Commission, when issued at last, did not stimulate Mr. Burns to fundamental action. There are doubtless fewer children in the mixed workhouse, but the boards of guardians, though universally condemned, remain in their trenches, and Poor Law officers are subscribing for a portrait of Mr. Burns to be hung in the great buildings at Whitehall, of which he was the first occupant. In fairness it should, I think, be recognised that the reorganisation, whether of poor law or of rating, could only be undertaken by a very big man. Mr. Burns has not the advantage of exact education and long departmental training as an under-secretary. And he was dependent upon officials, steeped in the old traditions, whose one idea is to keep a strict look-out on local authorities, as a pedagogue watches unruly schoolboys. Hence the cryptic drafting of the Housing and Town Planning Bill, which, as introduced, was clearly destined to be a dead letter; hence the tardy working of the Act, even as simplified, during the past three years.

Mr. Burns had one great chance of disentangling

himself from the red tape so cunningly woven about his strenuous limbs. No Minister was ever more fortunate in his Parliamentary Secretaries. Mr. Runciman, first, and afterwards Mr. Masterman, were just the men to make good the limitations to which I have referred. The wise course for Mr. Burns would have been to ally himself with his colleague on the front bench against his officials. But what happened was that the colleague became a cipher and the officials omnipotent. Neither Mr. Runciman nor Mr. Masterman was ever allowed the responsibility which Mr. Herbert Samuel was freely accorded at the Home Office by Mr. Herbert Gladstone. Yet both these gentlemen were the equals of Mr. Burns in all the qualities that make for administrative statesmanship. Nor were either of them capable of misusing any trust reposed in them by their chief. Their offence lay in the fact that they were not flatterers, and a certain craving for flattery—an impatience of contradiction, explains much that is otherwise mysterious in the career under consideration. It is, of course, unfortunate that at the very outset of his official term the thorny problem of unemployment should have thrown Mr. Burns into violent collision with his old friends and foes in the Labour party. That was his misfortune and not his fault. The situation was still further exacerbated by interminable controversies over "the pledge," and the position of Messrs. Burt and Fenwick. But the net result has been that Mr. Burns has taken refuge in an attitude of general negation, too conservative apparently for the Conservatives themselves, who have now ceased to praise him.

It is, of course, always possible to make out an excellent case against any remedy that may be proposed for evils in the body politic. Mr. Burns is a great phrasemaker, and no man is better able than he to smash up, first, a Tory Bill and next a Radical Bill, as sloppy sentimentalism, or endowment of landlords, or a premium on low wages. Many of the remedies proposed have undoubtedly deserved a critical scrutiny. But the time has come for asking Mr. Burns to produce his own alternative policy. How does he propose to deal with the shortage in cottage accommodation? Does he think that rating and assessment are perfect? And can he honestly maintain that Poor Law is to be adjusted by executive action only, unassisted by legislation? Hitherto, the position has been saved by the simple process of circumventing the Local Government Board through Bills promoted from other departments. The Budget valued land; National Insurance and pensions split up the Poor Law; and Education, with the Mental Deficiency Bills, may continue this policy. But the keynote of Governmental efficiency is to-day held to be departmental co-operation, and the "L.G.B." cannot be left indefinitely rooted to the position of ten years ago while all else is advancing.

It is a misfortune that Mr. Burns should have been withdrawn so completely from the sphere of political propaganda, of which he was in his day a distinguished ornament. He seldom speaks, even at Battersea, and his is not always a general exposition of Ministerial policy. His intellectual position is not Tory, for Toryism to-day implies large and contentious changes. Mr. Burns is far nearer to Lord Rosebery and Mr. Harold Cox than to Mr. Bonar Law and the Tariff Reformers. But I seem to detect in his latest speech a symptom which may mean a complete revision of the rather depressing estimates of his prospects which are now current. He is quite right in maintaining that no amount of doles and palliatives will compensate for the primary evils of low wages and long hours of labour. If at this moment Mr.

Burns were to come forward as the champion of the minimum wage, and were, on a wider platform and with a larger prestige, to fight once more the fight which in years past he won for the dockers, he would become at a bound a force to be reckoned with, and perhaps a dominating force. What the workers need to-day is a voice, and their essential grievance is a stationary wage on a rising market. Mr. Burns has never ceased to visit the workers and study by personal observation what may be their conditions. His tramps at manoeuvres and pilgrimages in South London may not have assisted his main work at the Local Government Board, but what man is better fitted than he to plead the necessities of the deserving poor and the claim of countless homes to a subsistence wage?



LITTLE GAB'S JOURNEY

By ANDRÉ THEURIET

MY windows looked down across the courtyard into the flat occupied by the family of little Gabriel, commonly known in the building as "little Gab." The father was a cutter in a ready-made clothing factory; the mother, exhausted by the birth of five children one after the other, and white-haired at forty-five, did the housework, and so used up what health she had left. Of the five children, the three eldest had left the nest; there were left at home only, a sister of eighteen, a sempstress, and little Gab, who was a hunchback. The late and sickly offspring of one of those Parisian marriages between two people who have passed half their lives in unhealthy workrooms or dark and ill-ventilated back-shops, little Gab was incurably rickety. His deformed spine pushed his shoulders up to his ears, his thin, flabby legs bent under the weight of his crooked and ill-balanced body, and he could only walk when supported by a surgical jacket. From the distorted body, with its hump back and front, rose a head which was much too big, but the face was of exquisite delicacy and of singularly keen expression. Though in reality he was eight years old, his poor stunted and twisted little body made him look scarcely five; but you would have thought he was twenty when you saw his thoughtful face, his prominent forehead, and his great dark-brown eyes, so sad and so precociously pensive. His father, mother, and big sister adored him for his affectionate ways and his unusually alert intelligence. The doctor had forbidden them to allow him to work, but to amuse him and give him a change he was sent to a school, where he contented himself with listening gravely, and where he remembered everything he heard.

One evening, when school was over, I saw him in the entry of the building, sitting by the porter's lodge. His mother had gone to do some shopping, and his sister had not yet come back from her work, so when he came home he had found the door of the flat locked, and, leaning against the wall, with his eager eyes fixed on the street, he was waiting with a pensive and painfully resigned expression on his face, and while I questioned him his dark eyes shot long, observant, frightened glances at me. Meanwhile his sister arrived breathless: "Poor little Gab," she cried; "I have kept you waiting! Were you getting impatient?" "No," replied Gab calmly, in his clear, silvery voice; "I was only saying to myself that perhaps you didn't want me any more, and that you wouldn't come back. . . . I am so sickly and troublesome!" "Oh, you bad boy," the girl murmured, smothering him with kisses; then,

turning to me with her eyes full of tears, she added: "He is such a darling, and so clever; he thinks things out just like a grown-up person. . . . What a pity it is that he is so delicate! . . . The doctor says that if he could go back to Berck this summer the sea air and sand baths would probably cure him. . . . But it is such a long way to Berck, and such a great expense! However, I am going to try to earn enough to take him there." And the plucky girl worked from morn till night to save the necessary sum of money.

She wore herself out at her machine, making frills and gathers; she cut out, put together, and sewed, with scarcely any rest. Far on into the night I used to hear the hard, hurried click of the machine, like the jerky whirr of grasshoppers in the fields; behind the lamp-lit curtains I could make out the busy shadow, and involuntarily used to think of one of the verses of Thomas Hood's terrible song:

"Work—work—work!
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
Seam and gusset and band,—
Band and gusset and seam,
Till over the buttons I fall asleep
And sew them on in a dream!

Work was plentiful, the money-box in a far corner of the chest of drawers was getting full, July was near, and preparations for going away were already being begun—a grand leather trunk was bought, and a suit made for the little fellow—and little Gab, wonder-struck, could talk to his schoolmates of nothing but his journey to the seaside—when, at the last moment, an unfortunate accident upset everything. The young wife of the clerk on the fifth floor had employed the sempstress to retrim her wedding dress, and alter it to the prevailing fashion; it was a costly dress, which the owner wanted to wear again for next winter's little parties. One evening, when he was playing with the inkpot, Gab let it slip from his thin fingers, and unluckily the ink streamed over the satin skirt. He was not scolded, poor little chap! for his face of consternation was only too sad to see. His big sister stifled a cry of horror; silently and nervously she sponged the material and measured the extent of the disaster. The ink had made appalling stains over eight yards of satin. The idea of telling the fifth-floor customer of the mishap and of rousing her compassion for Gab was impossible; to begin with, the clerk's wife was not rich, and her wedding dress was the only thing she had to fall back on for gala days and state occasions; and then the sempstress was proud, and did not care to acquaint the whole house with her private difficulties. The best and most honourable thing to do was to hurry to the Bon Marché and try to match the material. Eight yards at twelve shillings made four pounds sixteen altogether—a grave hole in the money-box and in the reserve fund for the journey! It was all over. The seaside had to be given up for that year. The sempstress kissed little Gab, and set to her work again.

The following winter was a hard grind in the little flat. The autumn had been rainy, and Gab's health had suffered. His bones ached, he had touches of fever and pains in his head. When the doctor sounded him he had shaken his head, and insisted once more on the child being sent to Berck as soon as the fine season began again. This time it was settled that, cost what it might, they would go off to the seaside at the end of May; so the sewing machine began its grasshopper-whirring more breathlessly than ever, and the work went on later and later into the night.

They had bought little Gab a picture book in which

there was nothing but sea-scapes; views of ports, with their forests of masts ranged along the quaysides; steep, rocky cliffs washed by foaming waves; fishing boats scattered over the open sea like a flock of white-winged birds. The child talked of nothing but the sea: he saw it in his dreams; and sometimes even in broad daylight, through the grey mist which filled the inner courtyard, he had feverish delusions of wave-beaten shores and great watery plains crossed by ships with swelling sails.

Sometimes he would take a big shell off the mantelpiece—he would put it to his ear, and with his shoulders drawn up to his ears, and big, thoughtful eyes, he would listen for hours to the sound of the sea, which seemed to come through the shell from far off.

That winter was exceptionally damp and cold, and I no longer met little Gab in the entry. The doctor had expressly forbidden him to be allowed out. From time to time I saw him at the window, with one of its curtains raised. His sad, sunken eyes gazed into space, and on the clear pane his thin fingers drew vague outlines of ships. Then suddenly his glance would fall on the window from which I was observing him, and, feeling himself watched, he would draw the muslin curtain in a fit of shyness. Towards the middle of March I no longer saw him near the window. His bones ached more and more, his legs had become too weak to support him, and the pains in his head increased. He now spent whole days lying on his little bed, turning over for the hundredth time the pages of the picture book with the sea and the great ships with their white sails. He had not given up the idea of his journey: "When shall we start?" he would ask his sister, and when she had explained that they must wait for the fine weather, he would go on in his shrill little voice, "You see, I am in a hurry. I want to get well quickly, very quickly, so as not to make you cry any more."

And he would make her tell him the names of the towns they would pass through. He knew them all by heart already: Chantilly, then Clermont, Amiens, Abbeville, and at last the sea. . . . "Once we are there," he would say, "I am sure my bones will not ache any more."

Meanwhile he liked to have the big pink shell off the mantelpiece always by him, and with his ear pressed against its pearly sides he would listen attentively to the distant sound of the sea, which was to set him free from all his troubles.

Towards Easter I no longer heard the dull whirr of the sewing machine. There was no work being done in the little flat, and yet the glow of a lamp lighting up one of the windows far into the night showed that someone was always watching by the bed of the sick child. "He is terribly ill," the portress would say, instinctively holding her big, chubby lad tight to her side; "he can't last long. . . . Poor little fellow, it will be a release."

One morning I met in the entry a little coffin carried by the undertaker's men, and followed by the family.

It was little Gab, setting out at last on his journey towards the fathomless sea of the Unknown.—
Translated by M. D. Honey.

To suffer change can be no hurt; as no benefit it is, by change to attain to being. The age and time of the world is as it were a flood and swift current, consisting of the things that are brought to pass in the world. For as soon as anything hath appeared, and is passed away, another succeeds, and that also will presently out of sight.—From "The Meditations of Marcus Aurelius."

THE PARADOX OF PATHOS BY GILBERT THOMAS

FOR all our professed love of books with happy endings, I am almost certain that the stories which give us the truest happiness—if not, in a sense, the keenest pleasure—are those in which, for instance, the hero, whom the gods love, dies young, or in which the curtain falls upon some scene equally poignant in its pathos. I have just read such a story, and it has set me pondering again upon that mysterious relationship which, as most people probably would be ready to testify from experience, seems to exist between sorrow and happiness.

Why is it that the poems which satisfy us most are often the saddest poems? Why is it that the most haunting and soul-filling music is that written in the minor key? Why is it that through tears, and rarely through laughter, we catch the vision splendid? Our human life is woven into one seamless fabric of paradox; but of all things, that which we call pathos would seem, to a mind unaccustomed to probing beneath the surface, the most perplexing in its incongruity. Ever since emotion first set the heart of man beating to new measures, this riddle of the intricate alliance between joy and pain must have challenged explanation, and it finds its supreme expression, of course, in Shelley's famous lines:—

"Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;

Our sweetest songs are those which tell of saddest thought."

Not until the full sun of knowledge disperses the last mist of ignorance is this problem likely to be satisfactorily solved. And yet, surely, some sort of explanation is not nearly so difficult as might, upon first sight, be imagined. Let us take a simple illustration.

You awake, let us say, one morning in a little house by the sea, with the sound of the intruding tide in your ears and the early light flooding your room. Very quickly you dress and go out on to the cliffs. Perhaps there is a brisk breeze blowing, which ruffles the peacock-blue water into line upon line of frolicking white foam, playing, as it would seem, with the shadows cast by the small, white clouds driven swiftly across an otherwise clear sky.

Far up above the waving grass a lark sings his morning carol; while, to make the picture complete, there comes along the cliffs, in sweet disorder, a flock of schoolboys, with all the spring in their stride and all the early fires of hope in their eyes. And, as you walk quickly along, the play of wind and sea, of sun and cloud, thrills through your veins. At such a time and in such a place, intoxicated almost by the rapture of life and promise, you feel during the first fierce hour or so of the new day that there is no room left for desire.

Very soon, however, there steals in surreptitiously through the back door of your heart some shy presence of dissatisfaction, which, while it does not destroy your happiness, takes the fine edge off it, making you realise, while you sip the sparkling cup of pleasure, that whosoever drinketh of these waters shall thirst again.

And then, when the day at length wears down to eventide, stand again upon the cliffs and watch the last mellow and quivering tints of sunset fading from the west. Perchance it is low tide now, and the voice of the sea, which this morning was thunderous with delight, now comes to you as a far, vague whisper,

fraught with a wistful sadness. From a distant valley steals the sweet, melancholy chime of evening bells; while, away upon the far horizon, you can just discern the sail of an outgoing vessel. The quiet air seems tense with grief, while around you are all the symbols of change and decay. Nevertheless, in spite of the sadness which you cannot help but share with the scene, your spirit is lifted to the rare atmosphere of a mountain height, from which the peak of your morning happiness is lost in the distance below. For just as, perhaps, to mix the metaphor, there is, near the spot where you are sitting, a meeting of the ways, where some bubbling little burn loses itself in the great ocean, so exactly is your heart at the meeting of the ways, where your little stream of human grief merges into an infinite sea of divine joy and peace.

For your joy this morning was almost entirely physical. It depended, almost wholly, upon colour and light and movement. It was essentially the clean, healthy joy of the senses; and very much to be prayed for are those in whom such joy cannot find response. But this morning there was no room in your picture for pain. One touch, one smallest suggestion of it would have spoiled the whole canvas. This evening there is every suggestion of pain in the picture. The low whisper of the tide, the departing ship, the evening bells, all speak in no doubtful voice of the inevitable fading of one's ambitions, the inevitable decay of one's powers.

They tell of the certainty of doom which rests upon all things human; and very natural is the grief of our human hearts. But there is no provision in the scheme of God for a vacuum; and it is just when the heart, having poured out its human tears, is empty, that, all unexpectedly and all unconsciously, the flood of what is divine and immortal in one comes surging in. The twilight bell may toll the passing of human hopes, but it tells also of divine consolation. This, surely, is part of the secret of the close bond between joy and sorrow.

In our moments of intense sadness there is going on within us a conflict between two elements—the human and the divine. It is a fierce struggle, and there are acute pangs while we bury, as the advancing years continually compel us to do, our old human aspirations, our old physical joys. But as the rain of our tears passes over the soil where we have laid them, there springs up the imperishable flower of a joy that is of the spirit, whose divine fragrance is matured by our human sorrow, and whose whispers of immortality are stirred by the winds of our mortal pain. The joy of the morning is a very real joy; but only the joy of the evening, which can look sorrow in the face and can triumph over it, will ever satisfy those immortal cravings which are, after all, the truest part of mortal man.

* * * * *

The shadows lengthen. For a moment the last lingering glow of cardinal trembles in the sky. The bells have ceased. The vessel has almost disappeared. Farewell, little twilight boat! You may carry with you a cargo of dead hopes and withered ambitions; you may leave behind you the pleasant and hospitable shore; but another dawn shall reveal to you all the wonder and glory, and all the divine adventure of the ageless and infinite sea.

EDUCATION, ETHICS, AND RELIGION

BY W. E. ORCHARD

NO one can but be aware that there is a profound and growing discontent with the results of popular education. Some of that discontent is no doubt traceable to that generic dissatisfaction with everything that is at once the disease and the hope of modern progress; something may be due to a cowardly fear of the unsettling effects of education on the lower orders, whose eyes have now been opened to the unquestionable injustice in the distribution of the wealth they help to create; something is perhaps due to our expecting from education what education can never give. But these more or less unworthy elements may be quite absent from the discontent which others feel; for they desire nothing better from education than that it should fit everyone according to their capacity to love and learn the truth; for to that, social conditions, ethical sentiment, and religious feeling must eventually conform. But it is becoming fairly evident that our educational system is not tending towards any such desirable results. It has largely destroyed the natural instincts and acute common sense which guide uneducated persons, without putting anything but a quite superficial and misleading knowledge in their place. It has undermined respect for the authority of the family, society, and the church, without inculcating reverence for superior character in others or in themselves. Despite a pretension to be founded on facts and governed by practical realities, modern education does not appear to be awakening in our young people any very conspicuous desire for further knowledge, nor does it seem to be training their minds as organs of attention to life. A religious enthusiast might have reproached the system a generation ago because it was tending to produce a race of rationalists and secularists, but it no longer seems to threaten us with a type even so earnest as that. The desire to have a good time, and to earn sufficient to purchase it, seems to be the only aim of a growing majority. The result is a complete imperiousness not only to any religious appeal, but also to anything ethical, political, or educational; a polite and happy declining of any invitation to seriousness. With this disposition abroad happiness is not really achieved, and it only offers itself a ready prey to any charlatan who comes along, while it provides a market for the merely amusing and trifling, which is so debasing literature.

Many feel that the educational system is simply inadequate, and they bring forward various proposals to remedy this by the addition of moral and religious instruction, though it is very doubtful whether either ethics or religion can be taught. Others believe that the educational ideals are fundamentally wrong, and propose a variety of differing aims and systems. Others question whether we really have any educational ideals, and feel that we are just muddling along in hopeless confusion, hoping that something will somehow be achieved.

It seems open to suggest to those who have practical acquaintance with educational methods and organisation that they might consider whether we could not have an aim in education which should not need to have ethics or religion tacked on to it as something additional. Surely true education ought to waken the ethical sense as a natural consequence, and the writer holds strongly that a true ethical sense leads inevitably to the profoundest religious feeling.

There should be no possibility of division, not to mention competition, between the three things: education, ethics, and religion.

Is it not possible to teach every subject so that, as a result, the mind shall be more impressed with what it does not know than with what it does; not only by comparing the area of the known with the unknown, but the superficiality of the known with the mystery which is disclosed on closer questioning? A consistent application of this ideal might do something to destroy the devastating pride which regards everything as having been learned the moment schooldays are over, which makes the great problem for so many parents, and so utterly deadens desire for any kind of progress; and it might stimulate a persistent curiosity not only to accumulate facts, but to reach a deeper understanding of their significance. This humility is the beginning of knowledge, the foundation of all ethics, and it is the possession of the same spirit which will carry us past ethical complacency to a recognition of the infinite demand that rests upon us, and our dependence for continual inspiration and forgiveness, if we are to advance in knowledge, life, and self-realisation, upon some inexhaustive and active spiritual realm which everywhere encompasses us. To gain any true knowledge there must be a discipline and a dedication of the entire self; the whole man must be summoned to the quest of truth, for knowledge is not dependent only on external contact, but also on inner disposition.

All this may sound rather high philosophy, but it is not beyond the power of being imparted to the humblest by those who already realise its universal necessity and disclosing power. To those who clamour for definite ethical or religious instruction it may look hopelessly vague, but it is from this vague intuition of something more that all religion derives its strength; and if we once get religious feeling, definite belief and a true theology will have little to fear. The great reaction of our times against religion has been mainly against the external and instructional, which neither demanded nor trusted religious feeling. Awaken the mind to this something more in every direction, and we shall see mighty changes following in every department of human thought and activity. At present we seem to be only too effectually sealing the mind against any such recognition.

That such an ideal is very far removed from the bread-and-butter ideals which, under more euphemistic phrases, govern much of our present aims, may be admitted; but it must also be admitted that the bread-and-butter ideals have come very near to imperilling our very bread and butter. We are getting more and more unable to appreciate common realities, and civilisation is more and more organising itself away from prolific production of pure and wholesome necessities. Nor do scientific ideals in education always produce the real scientific spirit, which must always be profoundly religious. If we need religion dreadfully today, it is not perhaps so much to correct materialism as to restore our reverence for material things, to recover a love of things for their own sake, an appreciation of the physical, which will be far too wide awake to be deluded into identifying reality with the diagrams of physics or of experimental biology; not so much to rebuke the arrogance of science as to save it from slavery to industrialism and the twin gods

Mammon and Mars; indeed, to prevent science from committing suicide.

It may be said that these ideals can hardly be systematised. Probably not; but they can be the ideals which we desire to see animating those who devise and administer our educational system. And there are quite practical proposals which will go a long way to encourage these ideals. The teachers under our national system of education are insufficiently educated for their task, and especially for the imparting of that sense of humility which is the indubitable mark of all true education. This means that the nation must be prepared to spend more money on their training, and a thorough university education should be the aim. Our older universities would be greatly revived in spirit and earnestness by the presence of a large body of those who were going to teach in our national schools. If the education of our teachers is inadequate, that is something which only national action can remedy; but when we turn to their character and morale there is almost as fine material for the purpose as can be desired. On the whole, the teachers in our national system are a body of earnest and serious-minded persons, who have high ideals of their work, and whom the sense of their responsibilities has made anxious to serve the highest interests of humanity and the nation. This might be fostered by the opportunity of university education; but what would do more than anything else would be an increase in the respect in which the teaching profession is held. We can expect nothing better from our national system until the nation holds the teachers in higher honour. It would give them the sense of commission and raise their ideals. One mark of that increased honour will, of course, be a greatly increased remuneration. See what this increased respect has done for the clergy and ministry of this country, and the efficiency and revival that it is everywhere bringing to religion and the Church. We may expect something similar when the teaching profession, especially in our national schools, is lifted above the unconcern and even despite in which it has been held by too many, and when the nation is resolved to mark that change of opinion by granting a better training and higher emoluments. As things are at present, how can the ordinary teacher feel otherwise than that the nation does not care? A change in this respect would enormously quicken the incipient idealism which already maintains itself in the profession under great discouragement, and this would effect a notable change, within a generation, in the result of education on the youth of this country, to whom such high destinies are to be committed.



CORRESPONDENCE

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Owing to the large number of letters received it is necessary for correspondents to write briefly if their letters are to appear.

BALZAC AND DUMAS.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—After reading the article on Balzac in EVERYMAN of July 18th, I felt that it was time to put a question before your readers which for some time has been a matter of curiosity to me.

I wish to know why it is that the greatest of all French writers, Alexandre Dumas, is so completely forgotten by those who write about Frenchmen such as Balzac?

It is hardly realised that Dumas excelled in every

branch of literature, while Daudet, Balzac, or Sand were only novelists.

The chief objection levelled against Dumas is his collaboration with other writers, by no means so large as is supposed.

On the face of it, this objection is ridiculous. For instance, if a writer brought him a plot, and Dumas, with his marvellous genius, made that plot the basis of a book like "The Fencing Master," many critics want to affirm that all the honour should go to the insignificant scribbler who produced the half-formed idea.

One might say the same thing with equal "justice" about Shakespeare, who did not take the trouble to invent a single one of his plots.

To mention a masterpiece in each of the divisions of literature which Dumas wrote in is quite unnecessary. Everyone is familiar with the great romances and plays, the entrancing books of travel, the history, the biography, and the essays of this great man.

Why, then, is he so ignored? Is it because he is so undeniably "the one great man since Shakespeare"?

—I am, sir, etc.,

P. F. H.

Birmingham.

APPRENTICESHIP.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—In answer to a letter appearing in your issue of July 11th, entitled "Apprenticeship and its Effect on Unemployment and the Birth-rate," J. Johnson, the writer, admits that apprenticeship is practically a dead letter, and suggests its resuscitation for use as a weapon to combat other evils.

Let us see what killed apprenticeship. If we can remove the causes which have made it a dead letter, perchance it may recover and become a living fact.

There are three factors, to my mind, responsible for its death. They are, in their order, (1) foreign competition, (2) compulsory education, (3) co-operation.

Foreign competition had as a result the "Wake up, England!" cry. Our manufacturers flew to co-operation as a method of quicker, and consequently cheaper, production to combat the weight of foreign industry.

Co-operation reduced the knowledge and experience required of the artisan, and compulsory education increased his mental powers, rendering apprenticeship unnecessary. As a result of this, we have a standardising, a whole factory of 2,000 workers to produce a 20 h.p. car-engine, weighing, perhaps, three or four cwt., with every machine producing its part and every man performing his operation in endless repetition.

I have only taken the engineering section of our actual producers, assuming that no apprenticeship is necessary for coal miners or weavers and spinners. We can go back to the times when England was really "merrie" when free education and co-operation are removed, perhaps.—I am, sir, etc.,

Coventry.

HENRY DUNCAN WADE.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—I read with surprise in your issue of July 25th the statement of "M. Grace Cummings" that "Apprenticeship as a system is obsolete. It survives in the tailoring and dressmaking trades almost exclusively." The various branches of the engineering trade, the printing, bookbinding, lithographic printers, all the silver trades, the cutlery trades, and many others I could name, insist upon apprenticeship as a condition of membership with the trade union, and some of them, the printing group, for example, upon an apprenticeship of seven years. Even in industries which are

(Continued on page 500.)

SUMMER SUNSHINE ON THE CONTINENT.

"EVERYMAN" TOURS.

DATES OF DEPARTURE.

**AUGUST 23rd and
SEPTEMBER 6th.**

A Fortnight's Personally conducted
Tour to

**FLANDERS
AND THE
ARDENNES**

including all Excursions, costs
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The entire change of environment, the freedom from all vexatious details, the one inclusive charge, and the desire of EVERYMAN conductors for the welfare of all tourists combine to make our Holiday Tours not only enjoyable, but unique.

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EVERYMAN Tours offer you a service unique in the advantages it gives, unique for enjoyment, companionship, and culture.

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A WEEK IN GHENT

(For the Great International Exhibition).

Full Pension accommodation, rail and boat fares, and six days' admission to Exhibition, just under **£4.0.0**

Make up your Mind Now.

The great success attending EVERYMAN Holiday Tours has compelled us to close many parties earlier than we anticipated. It is impossible for us to take any more Tourists to Bruges during August (apart from those already booked), and many other parties are almost completed. It is most necessary for any readers who may contemplate taking advantage of our unique holiday arrangements and advantages to **BOOK AT ONCE.**

A WORD OF THANKS

July 25th, 1913. Wimbledon, S.W.
Dear Sir,—I feel I must just send you a word of thanks for the most pleasant and enjoyable holiday which my brother and myself have had through the medium of "Everyman."
We have both been most satisfied with the arrangements and will be glad to bring these tours to the notice of our friends.
The holiday was a complete success from beginning to end, and we were absolutely relieved of all worry connected with it.
With many thanks for all you have done for us both,
Yours very faithfully, E. T. R.
The Manager, "Everyman" Tours.

Independent Tours.

Those who prefer to travel independently have the trouble of making arrangements taken entirely off their shoulders, as we provide a carefully planned programme in which all arrangements are made. EVERYMAN will provide you with travel tickets, hotel coupons, and in some cases excursion coupons as well. Times of arrival are notified to the Hotel Proprietors with whom accommodation has been booked beforehand. In the majority of cases travellers are met at the stations, and, in fact, every item of the itinerary of an enjoyable holiday is made in advance.

The "Everyman" Tours Book.

All particulars of our Conducted and Independent Tours to the Continent, all excursions and prices, as well as particulars of EVERYMAN Independent Tours, are to be found in the Tours Booklet, a copy of which can be had on applying to

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A Fortnight's Personally conducted
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**LUCERNE
AND
GRINDELWALD**

including ten of the most delightful
Excursions, costs **£12.6.0**

Without the Excursions the Tour
costs less than ... **£10.0.0**

"A man is the happier for life from having made once an agreeable tour," says Sidney Smith, and it is for the purpose of making such travel possible that EVERYMAN has instituted Continental tours for readers.

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KNOCKE-SUR-MER

Full hotel accommodation for one
Week costs just over **£3.0.0**

A Fortnight costs under **£5.0.0**

A most delightful and
inexpensive Holiday.

sectionalised, this, in many cases, holds good. Lads are bound to the various sections into which the industry is divided. Paragraph 4 in the writer's letter is so far from the truth as to destroy entirely the value of the communication. I join all your correspondents in appreciation of EVERYMAN, both weekly and otherwise.—I am, sir, etc.,
W. R. W.
Sheffield, July 28th, 1913.

WHY NOT FIFTY-TWO BANK HOLIDAYS?

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—In his article, headed "Why Not Fifty-two Bank Holidays?" Mr. Henry Wright reasons as though every member of the community took a half-holiday each week by Government orders. After all, how many people get even the Saturday afternoon free? Our postmen, Customs officers, and other Civil Servants, warehousemen, railway workers, and many more, get no half-holiday during the week. Fifty-two Bank Holidays in the year could affect only a certain section of the community, and that section is not asking for any such change. It seems to be the rule nowadays to give us legislation for which there is no demand. Out of 168 hours a week, few of us sleep fifty, few of us work fifty. Let us add an hour on to each day's work by all means, but until the work of the nation can be evenly distributed, let us talk less of holiday and pleasure.—I am, sir, etc.,

West Ealing, W.

VIVIAN EDWARDS.

EVOLUTION AND SCRIPTURAL DOCTRINE.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Everyman does not consider seriously the result of scientific research concerning the descent of the *genus homo*, with other degrees of life, from a common ancestor, as ranged against the Scriptural doctrine. On the one hand, we are told that man, before he attained his present state, passed through stages of being as fish, reptile and mammal, and that he is still in the ascendant on the ladder of Evolution. On the other hand, the Scriptures say that man was created "a little lower than the angels," but that he fell, and a Redeemer was needed to offer a staff to him so that he might endeavour to uplift himself again.

This raises a question of great seriousness: Can the dogma of the Redemption be upheld in the face of the theory of Evolution? With your permission, this question might form the basis of an interesting debate amongst your readers. Do you not think that the average man's knowledge of Evolution would compel him to believe that Christianity was menaced?—I am, sir, etc.,

"UN CHERCHEUR."

Newcastle-on-Tyne, July 25th, 1913.

"EVERYMAN" AND G. K. CHESTERTON.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—You miss the point of "E. H.'s" protest. He is only one of many who are furious to find you truckling to the idols of the market-place. Are there no better leaders of present-day opinion than Chesterton, Bennett, Shaw, Galsworthy, and Wells? If you knew how these names reek in the nostrils of some of your readers you would give them and us a rest. You began well. You craftily concealed your hand at first. Appreciations of younger writers like R. H. Benson and Masfield promised independence, though the perfunctory nature of the Masfield article was worthy of the barber's block that illustrated it. But your climb-down before Bennett put an end to pretence. You had said something caustic about him.

Whether unwisely may remain a matter for doubt. The aggrieved author, with a petulance to prove that he does not learn the cheap lessons he teaches so glibly, objected. You lay low for a time. Then came a flaming cry-up of this bow-legged de Balzac, and all we fear now is that he is to be allowed to "honour" you with a series of self-advertisements.

What I, in common with others, hoped, was that you had seen the strong reaction there is against the dismal realism of the times. A braver decade is trying to lend to "the record of everyday life something of the uplift of poetry," as the *Spectator* happily put it. The *Times*, too, has had the courage to assert that Shaw ends where Kipling began. When will you learn that the public needs a wholesomer worship than the mean, merciless, middle-class mind of the Five Towns, the vegetarian diet and Jaeger underwear of Shavian gibing, the lop-sided sentimentality of vivisected "Justice," or the inky atmosphere of the new Machiavellism, or even the high-kicking of the White Horse?

We are sick of them all. They stand in the light of the spirit of youth (elder brother of the spirit of childhood), that wants a say, and deserves a say. They breed barnacles, limpets, hacks, and log-rollers. Your Literary Notes declare that. Who cares tuppence what Wells plays at in his spare time? Are not his working days long enough? Let me make a suggestion, for I wish you well. Give up a whole page each week to the coming men. Offer them a free hand. Tell them to utter the faith that is in them in their own way. I dare you to make the experiment. It is your only hope of retrieving lost ground. As long as you are dominated—I had written deluged—by clever men, whose world-weariness (G. K. C. excepted) poisons almost every periodical one picks up, so long will you be classed among the ruck. You have the finest title of all the weeklies. You could have the broadest basis in Literary England, because you deal with life and work as well as with books. But if EVERYMAN in his most need can find no one but Chesterton-Bennett-Shaw-Galsworthy-Wells rolled into one, and multiplied by countless imitators, then the Frankenstein you have created will be the death of him, and he will deserve his fate.—I am, sir, etc.,

C. B.

July 28th, 1913.

THE WHITE SLAVE TRAFFIC.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—It is a pity that there are not actual figures about the earnings of prostitutes; but I think that your correspondent, A. S. Reeve, would find that the average income of a London street-walker was nearer fifteen and twenty shillings a week than "fifteen or twenty pounds." This, after expenses for treating in public-houses (the average prostitute has to make herself popular with the respectable working woman, and she can only do this by treating, tips, and promising to "leave her old man alone"), and the enormous item of her housing, are deducted. Where the girls make "fifteen or twenty pounds" a week, they have to pay for nightly entrance to a music-hall, and to keep up a flat in accordance with this income. Also, vast sums of it have to be paid to procurers. These procurers would not engage "street-walkers," they would not be pretty enough, clean enough, or fascinating enough. As a rule, they tout for their victims (quite straightforwardly: there is no attempted abduction or blinking of facts) among actresses, who are forced to accept minor engagements in music-halls or pantomimes, and thus a perfectly chaste girl has an opportunity of learning the facts if she is on the stage and down on her luck, and forced to accept an engage-

(Continued on page 502.)

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**"THIRTY-THREE YEARS
SINCE I SAW THE SEA."**

Dear Friend,

"Thirty-three years since I saw the sea." This was told me by an old lady for whom I had just arranged a holiday. She had come to thank me, and in doing so mentioned that she had not been away for all these long years. From my knowledge of the woman I can vouch for the truth of this statement. Think what this means! Week after week, month after month, year after year, toiling and slaving, with no break at all in the monotonous grind, struggling to keep home together, and help keep a number of grandchildren, the idea of a real holiday at the seaside never seemed practicable. Many people would think themselves hardly used if they could only manage to go away every three years. Think then of no holiday for three and thirty years.

The above case is not an exceptional one. There are many others in similar circumstances—fathers and mothers without the slightest prospects of the much needed rest and change unless some kind person makes it possible by sending the means.—WILL YOU?

I hope soon to enjoy a holiday at the sea, and this makes me feel deeply for the less fortunate ones unable to leave London.

WILL YOU HELP ME TO GET THEM AWAY?

"He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord: and look what he layeth out, it shall be paid him again." A £5 note will send five adults to the sea for a fortnight; £1 5s. will give one a couple of weeks; 12s. 6d. send a needy one away for a week.

Gifts may be sent direct to me at the above address.

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FRANK SWAINSON.

ment with a theatrical manager who does not surround his female artistes with a certain amount of protection.

If women are so naturally depraved, and they do at prostitution earn these vast sums of money, how is it that so many of the music-hall prostitutes are glad to leave their ghastly trade to become the mistresses of men at five and six pounds a week? These women dare not go on the streets; they would lose their custom if they did. Some of the demi-mondaines earn hundreds of pounds a week, but although they may tour the Continents, they do not walk the streets. And what are the poor things to do? They have beauty, they have fascination, they have diplomacy (while being of the wrong sex to make Cabinet Ministers), and they are too intelligent, while lacking special talent, for men to marry, and make the mothers of their children.—I am, sir, etc.,

**"ONE WHO HAS BEEN KEPT VIRTUOUS
BY THE TRUTH."**

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—I cannot see how Percy E. Reinganum read into my letter a claim that Suffragists were responsible for the promotion of the White Slave Traffic Bill. Any such Bill promoted by Suffragists would make it impossible for the promoters and customers of the Piccadilly flat to hide behind a woman's skirts. Secondly, "P. E. R." objects to my statement that a certain amount of prostitution is caused by the inability of human beings—I did *not* say men—to control their passions, and then says that "there will always be prostitution as long as men are men and women are women." His meaning is precisely mine, but he, like most Anti-Suffragists, thinks that this same lack of will-power is an unconquerable trait in the human character.

And now for his narrow horizon: "If all women's wages were to-morrow raised automatically there would be still more prostitution, for there would be more women unemployed." Similarly, therefore, "Since, in general, men's wages have been raised in the last twenty years, there is more crime to-day, for more men are unemployed." I wish he would study official returns. "Women are cheaper than men because there is always the one profession open to them at which they can earn more." If abnormally high wages can be earned in one man's trade, men flock to it, hence the demand for men in other trades increases, which results in a rise in wages in those trades. Prostitution, however, does not raise women's wages, because it is used by wage-earners merely as a final resort.

"P. E. R." claims that the Bill which ended the coal strike was not a result of men's votes. This is a delightful example of his shallow reasoning. Would there have been a Bill if there had been no strike? And a strike without a trades union behind it is doomed to failure, and parliamentary representation and political power solely have made our trades unions what they are to-day.

In conclusion, may I make a remark on A. S. Reeve's letter? Many girls on the streets *could* release themselves; some, however, we must admit, like the life, but others dare not return to their former life, because of that horrible system of convention which makes men and women who call themselves Christians shun those who have fallen.—I am, sir, etc.,
Birmingham. S. F. CAMPBELL.

THE TRAFFIC IN WOMEN.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—In his letter, which appeared in your issue of June 27th, "A. B. C." presumes to lay a large part of

the blame for the existence of the White Slave Traffic on the mothers of the nation for not warning their daughters sufficiently against the dangers of the world; and also argues that legislation is useless, because the victims of the abominable trade are as willing to remain prostitutes as a disgracefully large number of men are that they should remain so.

Of course, it is only true that most of these unfortunate women are not willing to take the "chance of honourable life and work," which "A. B. C." states our charitable social system offers them in homes of various kinds, because they will never be regarded as anything but unclean by a large proportion of respectable people, and many of them are in such a condition that they are absolutely unfit for work, and they will only lose the artificial gaiety which makes their lives possible.

But is it so much the rescue of the prostitute which the women's movement hopes to effect? I think not. It is the prevention of this practically incurable disease which is hoped for; and for this purpose legislation may prove very effective.

A terrible percentage of the white slaves in London and other big cities are simply victims of a remorseless system of competition. The wages paid to young women in many large and prosperous shops and cafés are barely sufficient to keep the girls alive, and in the hopeless drudgery of their drab existences, when they have always to struggle to be polite and smart, they are just not strong enough to resist the advances of well-dressed men, which seem to offer a little excitement, and some slight variation of the monotony, and which so often end in the girl's ruin.

This may seem direct speaking, but it is no good mincing matters, and the sooner it is realised that this is largely an economic question the better. The remedy is obvious: a minimum wage, on which every worker can live decently, and is not forced to sin in the eyes of God and man to provide those few luxuries which make life worth living.

High religious ideals, which "A. B. C." talks about, are poor substitutes for bread and butter, when the entrance to the downward path is so broad and strewn with flowers.—I am, sir, etc.,
D. P. C.

H.M.S. *Neptune*, Home Fleet.

TO SEE THE SEA.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—I shall be glad if you will kindly acknowledge receipt in EVERYMAN of the following sums, which the donors have requested may appear in your paper, viz., 5s. from Anon., 2s. from Acamas, 5s. from EVERYMAN. Other more substantial sums have been the result of my advertisement.—I am, sir, etc.,

FRANK SWAINSON.

St. Barnabas Vicarage, 558, Caledonian Road, Holloway, July 23rd, 1913.

SERB, GREEK, AND BULGAR.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—The article contained in your issue of yesterday on Serb, Greek, and Bulgar is very interesting, but seems to be written from a Servian rather than from a Bulgarian point of view.

About the year 1878, when stories of Bulgarian atrocities were exciting the world, I spent much time in the study of Bulgarian history, and I found that entirely different accounts were given of the origin and history of that nation, by Servian, Bosnian, and Bulgarian writers. I eventually came to the conclusion that the most trustworthy authority on the sub-

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ject was Jiricek, a Bulgarian, and I believe that this view is generally accepted.

The treaty of S. Stefano, a wise and statesmanlike arrangement, which, if it had subsisted, would have spared the world thirty years of Macedonian horrors, created a Bulgaria based on history and nationality, recognising that Tirnova and Ochrida were the two foci of Bulgarian political and spiritual life, and giving her Kavala as a port. This treaty was unhappily torn to pieces at Berlin, but all who are acquainted with the Balkan Peninsula are aware that no settlement can be stable which does not assign to Bulgaria Ochrida and Monastir, which are the very centre of her national and religious life. It is not surprising that Bulgaria should have considered any sacrifice worth while which prevented these holy places from being occupied by an alien race.

Europe seems to have forgotten the great part played by Bulgaria in the religious revival of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, when the Bulgarian faith stood for a purer and simpler form of Christian belief and worship, and was the parent of Huss, Wiclif, and even of Luther. This movement was put down by fire and sword, the Bulgarian Christians were denounced all over Europe as unbelievers. The unsavoury French form of Bulgarian, which had become so common amongst ourselves, meant at first nothing more than "heretic." We owe some gratitude to the people who kept the faith of God "so pure of old, when all our fathers worshipped stocks and stones."

It needs a single power to unravel the entanglement of the Balkan disputes, and the one power which can do this with success is the power which made the treaty of S. Stefano.

Let the European Concert put aside jealousy, forget past quarrels, and empower Russia to act in its name, and some stable result may come from the present confusion, which now seems beyond the wit of man to allay.—I am, sir, yours, etc.,

O. M. BROWNING.

Bexhill-on-Sea.

THE DECLINE OF THE CHURCHES.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—There is no surer sign of the decay of spiritual perception than blindness to one's own faults, and turning to one's fellow-men to inquire of one's defects and duties.

This thought occurs immediately when reading Mr. Charles W. Crump's queries, addressed to the people at large, as to the defects of the Churches, and the reasons and remedies for the decline in Church membership. Touting for popularity is a totally different thing from holiness, which makes its appeal to the common people by being palpably worthier than they, and not by waiting on their instructions.

The Churches have no oil in their lamps precisely because they have consulted the ways of men, rather than the way of Christ; and they have forfeited the confidence of the masses because they have become the mouthpiece of the classes. The remedy is not to become the mouthpiece of "humanity"; leave that to the Socialist, who fancies he can do it! The remedy is to become once more the purified vehicle of the Spirit of Truth.

It is distressing to read James Adderley's defence of ritual and drama. The vital objection to ritual is not that it is an externalisation. The objection to ritual is that it is *the cheapest kind* of externalisation.

Daily beauty and heroism of conduct is the only fit externalisation of God, and it is a confession of the Church's failure to sanctify life when she sets up

dramatic and sacerdotal substitutes for external holiness in conduct. Who wants the altar when he has the saint? Or who wants the devotee when he has the apostle?

Or who wants stories and plays when he has once entered into real life, and found it more dramatic and strenuous? We want to live at first-hand, and not by proxy! We will thank neither priest nor actor for arranging a pretty proxy show for us; we cannot feed and grow on a pictured banquet. As Holmes observes, "What man ever grew lean by reading 'Romeo and Juliet'?"

The saint is not, as Mr. Crump opines, a hot-house product. Fancy Francis, or Clare, or Catherine, or Paul, or Stephen, or Becket, or Joan of Arc, or Fox as a hot-house product! The saint is the being who faces life with sincerity, purity and courage, and triumphs over hardships and obstacles that daunt the brethren of lesser faith and exotic frailty.

The real indictment against the Churches is that honesty is no longer part of their teaching, but policy has completely supplanted it.—I am, sir, etc.,

Leeds. T. H. FERRIS.

THE SUFFRAGE QUESTION.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—The letter on the Suffrage question contributed to your issue of July 18th by Mr. W. R. Burke seems to me to show extraordinary lack of knowledge concerning the attitude of militant Suffragists. The statement of Mr. Frome-Wilkinson's which he quotes was not a "glaring fallacy" at all. Suffragettes do not wish to undergo the torture they suffer—nor did St. Paul—but they are prepared to do so, as the facts show. They have been punished and tortured, and punishment and torture have not deterred them—this is what shows that their spirit is indomitable. Again, does Mr. Burke suppose that the Parliamentary army in the Civil War "incurred the proper hatred of ordinary men and women"? Nor do militant Suffragists. All talk about the evil precedent of yielding to force is futile—for force has passed all great reforms since England first was a nation—so the precedent was set long ago.—I am, sir, etc.,

Winchester.

P. B. TUDOR.

THE ANGLICAN MARRIAGE SERVICE.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—May I inform Mr. William Brown and others who may be interested in the subject of the reform of the Anglican marriage service that an unsuccessful effort has lately been made by some Churchwomen to have a discussion of this matter put on the official programme at the coming Church Congress in October, when the union of man and woman in marriage will be a subject. They wrote to the President, the Bishop of Winchester, in May last, giving their reasons, and making this request, and to strengthen their appeal they obtained in a short time more than two hundred signatures of representative men and women associated with church and social work—all members of the Anglican Church. Consideration will show that the average girl in her father's house is not in a position to resist the pressure put on her to accept the service; for her to do so might result in her marriage being broken off or in family relations being embittered. The woman who is economically independent is in better case; it is possible for her to obtain the offices of a clergyman who will abbreviate or modify the service, or she may adopt the method which now commends itself to many

(Continued on page 506.)

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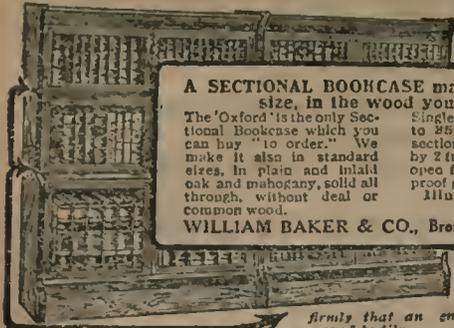
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conscientious Church people of being married before a registrar, with a celebration of the Holy Communion afterwards. That Church men and women should be driven to such straits, and the mere discussion of the subject should be refused at a Congress nominally designed for practical purposes, is striking evidence of the present attitude of the leaders in the Anglican Church towards pressing social questions.

It would be desirable that more men should make their objections known to the clergy, as the opinions of women in this vital matter appear to carry little weight.—I am, sir, etc., **FLORENCE G. HAMILTON.**

Chelsea, S.W.

OUR ENGLISH SUNDAY.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Can you kindly find space in the columns of EVERYMAN for the following opinions of great statesmen and others in defence of our English Sunday?

THE EARL OF BEACONSFIELD, K.G.—"Of all Divine institutions the most Divine is that which secures a day of rest for man. I hold it to be the most valuable blessing ever conceded to man. It is the corner-stone of civilisation."

Mr. GLADSTONE, M.P. (Prime Minister).—"The alternations of rest and labour, at the short intervals which are afforded by the merciful and blessed institution of Sunday, are a necessity for the retention of a man's mind, and of a man's frame in a condition to discharge his duties; and it is desirable to restrain the exercise of labour as much as possible on the Sunday, and to secure to the people the enjoyment of the day of rest. The religious observance of Sunday is a main prop of the religious character of the country. From a moral, social, and physical point of view, the observance of Sunday is a duty of absolute consequence."

LORD MACAULAY.—"While industry is suspended, while the plough lies in the furrow, while the exchange is silent, while no smoke ascends from the factory, a process is going on quite as important to the wealth of the nation as any process which is performed on more busy days. Man, the machine of machines, is repairing and winding up, so that he returns to his labours on Monday with clearer intellect, with livelier spirits, with renewed corporeal vigour."

SIR CHARLES REED, LL.D.—"The defence of the Sabbath is a patriotic duty. It is the working man's only day of rest, and he is in danger of losing it. Those who would remove the ancient landmarks are not the working man's true friends."

SIR JAMES CRICHTON BROWNE, M.D.—"We doctors are now constantly compelled in the treatment of nervous disease to prescribe for our patients prolonged periods of absolute rest. Such periods are, I sometimes think, only Sundays in arrears. Such discipline is sometimes only necessary because the weekly rest has been neglected. It is the complete change of mental attitude on a well-ordered Sunday that is so valuable from a sanitary point of view."

"The overstrained powers are relaxed, the pressure is relieved, readjustments are effected, and that kind of introspection and retrospection that is profitable for reproof and correction is encouraged. In the hurry and turmoil and racket of these days there is one text worthy of constant remembrance, 'Commune with your own heart in your chamber, and be still.'

"Let us preserve, I would say, carefully our English Sunday in all its sedateness and tranquillity, if for no higher motive than for its health protective power. To the toiling masses it is essential to enable them to

recuperate their energies, to make their monotonous lives endurable, and to sustain them; and even to the idle and frivolous it may prove beneficial."—I am, sir, etc.,

F. E. HILL

Hastings, June 9th, 1913.

PERSONALITY IN LITERATURE.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Are we to take Mr. Corkery seriously when he says that apologists for Masefield are "hard put to find a passage worthy of quotation"?

Surely the very opposite of this is the case. As far as "The Everlasting Mercy" is concerned, once having begun, the difficulty is to stop quoting, since, from the crisis of the poem onwards to the end it is one song.

The poem of Masefield's most nearly approaching the dramatic in treatment is "The Widow in the Bye Street." As such it is a dramatic whole, and is less easy to quote from. But both "The Everlasting Mercy" and "Dauber" contain scores of lines that are beautiful and unforgettable.

Will Mr. Corkery re-read—supposing he has read—the passage in the former poem, beginning,

"O Christ who holds the open gate,"

and the perfect little invocation to innocence at the end—

"O lovely lily clean,
O lily springing green,
O lily bursting white,
Dear lily of delight,
Spring in my heart agen,
That I may flower to men."

In "Dauber" there are the magical sea-scenes. May I give two examples?

"A great grey sea was running up the sky,
Desolate birds flew past; their mewings came
As that lone water's spiritual cry,
Its forlorn voice, its essence, its soul's name.

Then in the sunset's flush they went aloft,
And unbent sails in that most lovely hour,
When the light gentles and the wind is soft,
And beauty in the heart breaks like a flower.
Working aloft they saw the mountain tower
Snow to the peak; they heard the launchmen shout;
And bright along the bay the lights came out."

—I am, sir, etc., DORIS M. HUIE.
Edinburgh, July 7th, 1913.

THE SCHOOLS AND THE CHILDREN.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—In Mr. P. W. Wilson's article in your issue of June 13th, I should very much like to ask Mr. Wilson what he means by the "rescue of the agricultural labourer from feudal servitude." What feudal *corvées* has he still to perform?

(1) I am correspondent for my church school here, but I assure you I am neither able to appoint nor dismiss the village teacher; nor should I dream of trying to do so, even through managers.

(2) I am doing clerical work for the managers, which is worth at least £10 a year, but which everyone is quite content to let me do for nothing; and if I try to get someone else to do it, I am told that if anyone else did it there would be endless quarrels.

One does not, as a rule, look for political claptrap in EVERYMAN, but Mr. Wilson is indulging in clap-trap which is an anachronism as well as false.—I am, sir, etc.,

E. R. NEVILL.

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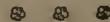
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BOOKS OF THE WEEK

EGYPT makes a romantic setting for a love story, and Miss Norma Lorimer utilises the scope the country affords her at a certain degree of success in her novel. A WIFE OUT OF EGYPT (Stanley Paul and Co., 6s.) does not open well, and the defects of style prominent in the first chapter recur again and again throughout the book. In her attempts to define the salient characteristics of Stella, the heroine, and to emphasise her attractions of beauty and of charm, the author falls back on clichés long outworn and more than a little dusty. It is not necessary in order to draw attention to the fact that your hero is a man about town to state that he is attired in "faultless afternoon dress," and the statement that the heroine is "perfectly gloved and perfectly shod" does not suggest a picture of ravishing beauty. Stella is the daughter of an Irish woman who married a Syrian chief, a man of astonishing amiability of character, though with certain native prejudices impossible to get over. Stella, brought up in an English school, finds it difficult to adapt herself to Oriental conditions. Finally, however, she throws in her lot with her father's people, breaks off her engagement with the hero in immaculate dress, and marries a man of the grizzled adventurer type, who shares her admiration for and her sympathies with the country of the Nile.



There is a never-ending fascination in the legends of the Dark Continent. An author with a capacity of imagination is always sure of enlisting the sympathies of his readers if he takes them to the wilds of Africa, and if, in addition to stirring adventures and hair-breadth escapes, he incorporates stories of buried treasures, magical white queens, and lost cities, the result is pretty sure to be a fair success. THE SECRET CITY (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.) has plenty of adventure, and Mr. Joseph Duke has mastered the art of arresting the interest of the reader with a series of pictures—the actual visualisation of scenes he desires to describe. We have the old tale of the MS. written in an almost forgotten language, and its subsequent elucidation by the teller of the story. We are introduced once more to a noble-hearted savage, one Lumkile, who shows traditional fidelity to the white man under whom he enlists, and saves his party from risks that no European could combat with. We meet also with the mysterious queen of an almost unearthly beauty, who has a penchant for other women's lovers and a pleasing fashion of torturing those of her subjects who attempt to cross her will. Reinhilda is true to her type, and does her best to get rid of all her rivals in the love of Paul Retief. How she is defeated, and the measure of happiness that comes to Paul and his true love, we leave it to the readers of this exciting romance to discover.



Most people know little more about Vane than that he was the subject of one of Milton's sonnets, and that Oliver Cromwell prayed to be delivered from him. Dr. Wilcox thus prefaces his book on SIR HENRY VANE, THE YOUNGER; STATESMAN AND MYSTIC (St. Catharine Press, Oswaldstre House, Norfolk Street). But remarkable as Vane most eminently was, much as one must admire him for his heroism and the severe logic of his opinions, he must have been pre-eminently difficult to live with. He was a man without that redeeming sense of humour which makes one pardon many glaring faults, and this lack of proportion—for

humour infallibly corrects the vision—may account for his unhappy faculty of being wrong both in his quarrels and his opinions. Vane, says Dr. Wilcox, "moves as a stranger through the Protestant communities of the Continent, is in conflict with the Church of Rome, the episcopacy of Laud, and the Puritanism of New England, and refuses subjection to the Presbyterianism of Scotland. The principle of toleration was firmly rooted in his nature, and it would be hard to say whether Geneva or Rome, Canterbury or Edinburgh or Boston in those days hated it most." It may be said, however, that the one point on which Vane was not tolerant was in the expression of his opinion. In season and out of season he contended that in no section of organised Christian society had finality been reached, and while this philosophic attitude was eminently suited to a strictly logical mind, it may be that the advocacy of such a position may tend to the belief that finality not having been attained, it makes very little difference whether the temporal conditions on the road are good or bad. The volume sheds a clear light on certain aspects of those troublous years, 1613-1632, and the author has made it his business to fulfil the whole duty of an historian, as quoted by Cervantes. "truthful and wholly free from passion."



Mrs. E. M. Channon has written a delightful book about a woman who decided it was her mission in life to write novels, and to the consternation of her family set out to do it. The egotism of Petronella, in *MISS KING'S PROFESSION* (Mills and Boon, 6s.), is exquisitely sketched. She regards her mother and sisters from the lofty standpoint of genius, and deplores the fact that they find contentment in the simple things of every-day life, and are unable to follow her into the realms of higher thought, where she poses to her own contentment. Needless to say, she speaks of her work with a very large capital W, and inflicts her moods and fancies unmercifully on her long-suffering relatives. She is an excellent specimen of a type of woman who possesses neither originality nor talent, but with an irritable desire to exploit herself persuades her friends and family that a certain fatal facility in stringing words together constitutes a literary capacity. Sarah, the writing woman who does her work because she "must," and also because she wants the money, is an excellent foil to Nella. After many months of weary waiting and uniform rejection, the latter gets a novel accepted. Unconvincing in characterisation and mediocre in style, a certain strength of plot is the one redeeming feature. The book is accepted and produces a fair number of favourable criticisms. It is her one solitary success, however, and in the ultimate she discovers, to her insufferable humiliation, that the plot itself is not original. She had heard the tale from a friend on a summer afternoon, had stored it in her memory, and unconsciously come to consider it her own creation. In the end she marries the man whose idea she has adapted. He is a successful novelist, and a curate into the bargain, and she has from time to time inflicted various items of literary information, which he has received with becoming humility. She realises what an unutterable fool she has made of herself, and with the knowledge comes a realisation that she has neglected all her life the things that really matter. That she is completely cured of her vanity is proved by the fact that none of her children ever know that she once published a semi-successful novel. Mrs. Channon has an inimitable style, a swift sense of humour, and an insight into feminine psychology that make her work original, arrestive and real.

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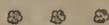
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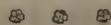
ADDRESS

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Mr. S. R. Crockett's latest novel, *SANDY'S LOVE AFFAIR* (Hutchinson, 6s.), is written in the author's usual popular style. It is the story of a young Scotchman who comes from his native land to Fleet Street and scores a success in the newspaper world, which helps him to achieve his ambition of writing a notable novel. He meets with a young actress, Miss V. V. Jones, and the two form a friendship which inevitably drifts into a closer tie. The admirers of Mr. Crockett will follow with interest the excursions of the hero into Bohemia, and will appreciate the adventures with which the little actress meets. Her sacrifices for the man she loves and her constancy under very trying circumstances will ensure the suffrages of all those who are attracted by the glamour of the footlights.



COLLISION (Duckworth, 6s.) is a novel the scene of which is laid in India of the present day, and the chief personality, one Benjamin Trotter, is very obviously modelled upon a politician whom it would be impolitic to name. The story is well told, and the book is a clever and picturesque presentation of a tragic episode. The two women who play the principal parts, Susan and Imogen, are strongly drawn personalities, and one is filled with regret that it should be possible to imagine the beautiful young Englishwoman, Imogen, treading such crooked paths in the service of Trotter, the traitor to his country. The nobility of Susan Digby's character, and the stern and simple devotion of the Government officials, are very clearly depicted. The fact that only in a future existence can the result of work done here be properly valued, is dimly hinted at, though not over-emphasised, and it seems a pity that the devotion and heroism of Mrs. Trueman should not be brought before the reader in a more attractive manner. She is a foil to the wonderful Imogen, and succeeds where the latter fails. Mrs. Bridget Maclagan shows a certain amount of insight into human nature in making this to be so. We cannot resist giving a short quotation, which describes a reception given to Imogen, who has been speaking on behalf of Women's Suffrage to the native women. They welcome her with embarrassing offerings of floral wreaths, which they place round her neck, and she is seated in the place of honour. "Imogen, with a mounting sense of the ludicrous, and beginning to perspire uncomfortably about the neck, gazed about her at the individuals whom she had been, somewhat pointedly, invited to meet. The men, got up for the occasion in frock-coats and patent leather boots, were not picturesque; and though the women were, their complete lack of aplomb, and the almost total absence of conversation, made them all seem idiotic. They sat in a circle round the wall staring at her and smiling, while a hollow-chested young girl in a black sari spotted with tarnished gold, passed tea with a tragic, ingratiating face." The picture is inimitable, as indeed is the whole scene.



WOMEN OF THE COUNTRY (Duckworth, 2s. 6d. net) is a charming little volume by Mrs. Gertrude Bone. It has no pretensions to style, but is a simple narrative depicting the life of the women of the peasant class in a typical country village in England. The characters are cleverly portrayed, and very skilfully has Mrs. Bone contrived to suggest their various idiosyncrasies. Anne Hilton, voted "peculiar" by her fellows, goes on her way, helping this one with a word or a little deed of kindness, and delivering her prim little homilies to another in the hope that she will see the error of her ways; but it should be noted that,

in spite of her alleged peculiarities and the somewhat sudden lapses into the primness of her grandmothers, Anne is a real, loving woman, with a wonderful understanding of the weaknesses of her fellow-creatures. As we turn the pages we are filled with a somewhat shamefaced consciousness that, after all, what is so often regarded as "nobody's business" is perhaps only a responsibility which we too often get rid of by these well-worn words. Is it nobody's business to interfere with a kind word when we see others in trouble or distress? Would it not be well for us if we took a leaf out of Anne Hilton's book, and, in spite of the raised eyebrows of our neighbours, were to lend the helping hand and the sympathy to that stranger at our gates, without which they might be indeed in sore straits? The book is one which should find a warm place in the hearts of its readers, and we congratulate Mrs. Bone on having accomplished this little volume.



Messrs. Longmans have published a new volume, *LIFE'S LITTLE TRAGEDIES* (3s. 6d. net), by Mr. Guy Fleming. As the title indicates, it is a book of short stories, or rather a collection of tragic episodes, which are flashed on to the curtain, leaving an impression which it is hard to shake off. The scenes are vividly written, and show an amount of care and an appreciation of the strong emotions of humanity which is very rare. It would be as well to mention that the book is certainly not one to take up when one is feeling down in the dumps, but nevertheless it has the fascination which all tragedies seem to have for old and young alike, and if the tales make us feel unhappy, that does not deter us from eagerly turning to the next as soon as one is finished. There is an extraordinary power about one of these entitled "The Philosopher," and though it is a simple enough tale, perhaps for that very reason it goes straight to the heart. The poor broken wreck of a man, one time cynic, being cared for and loved by the woman he has wronged, appeal to one in a quite unexpected manner, and it is difficult to say which of the two is most to be pitied—or envied, the one for the ideals he has lost, or the other for the happiness she has cast from her.

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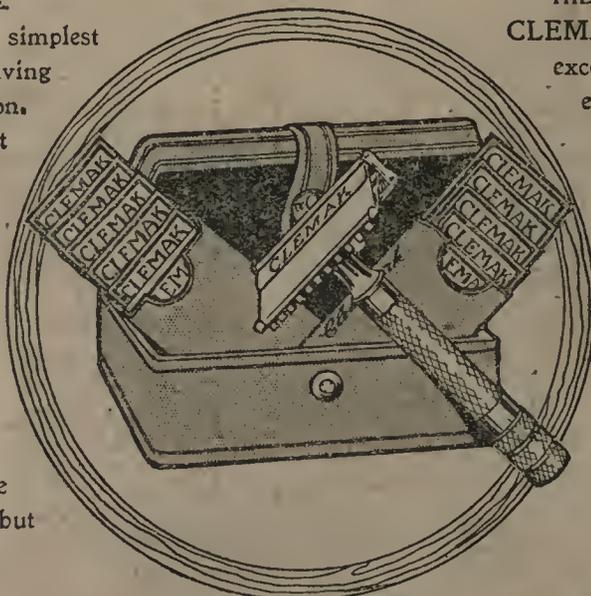
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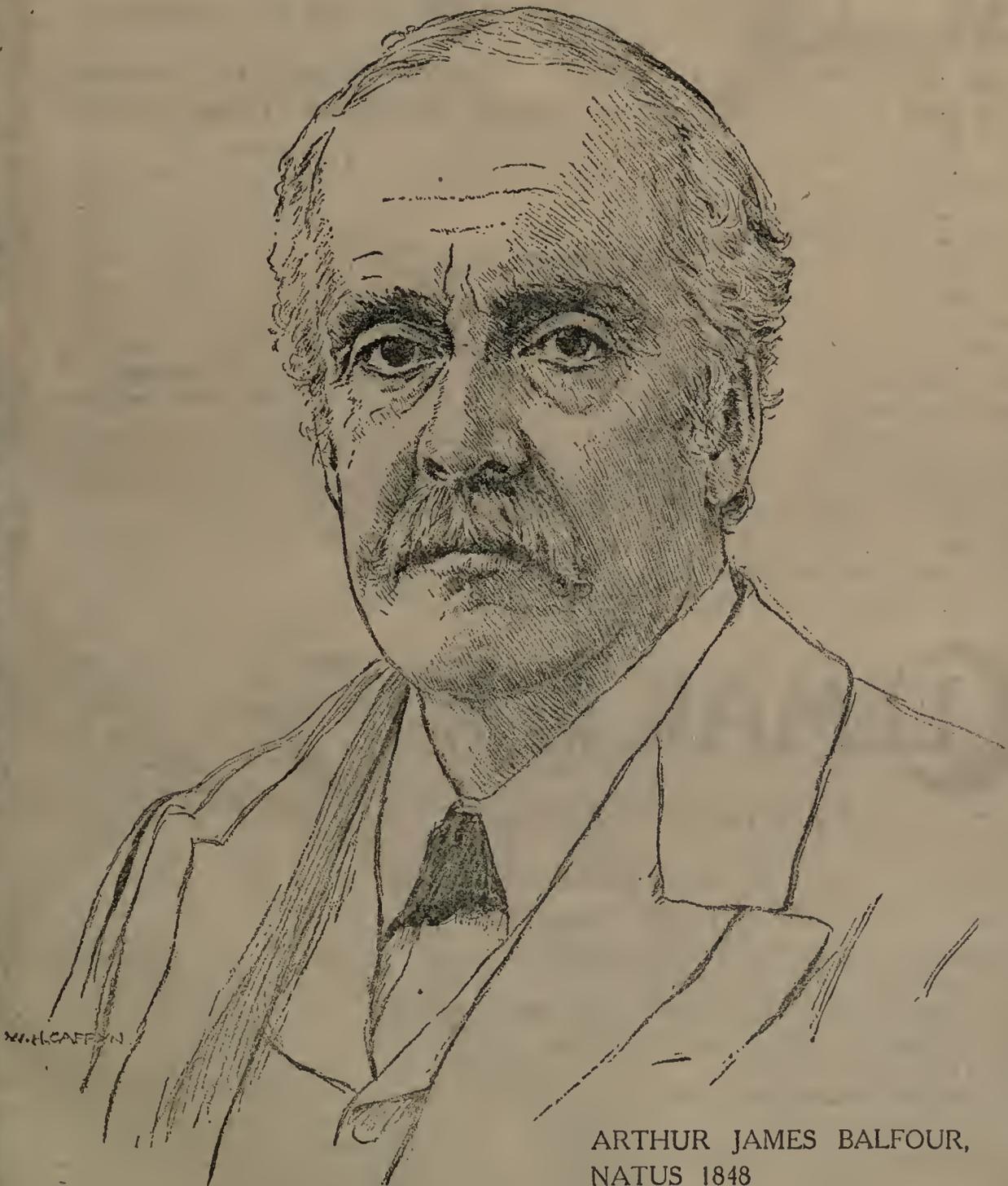
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ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR,
NATUS 1848

For Character Sketch, see page 521.

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HISTORY IN THE MAKING

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

MR. ASQUITH'S reply to the deputation, who sought from him some modification of the official attitude in regard to the Channel Tunnel scheme cannot be said to give great grounds for hope. The Premier remarked that the matter had been before the country ever since 1874. In point of fact, it is over one hundred years since Napoleon and Charles James Fox agreed generally upon this method of bringing the two great democratic nations of Europe into closer touch. But very little has been done since, and while the Official Committee appointed by the French Government have cordially approved the present scheme, we still hesitate. Surely every unbiassed mind will agree that this is deplorable. A company of Grenadier Guards would suffice to hold the tunnel against all Europe, and half a ton of dynamite would blow it to bits. Why, then, does our Government refuse permission to build?

Quite one of the most interesting events of the past week has been the discussion on the need for the co-ordination of anti-tuberculosis measures, by the delegates to the Conference of the National Association for the Prevention of Consumption. Sir R. W. Philp strongly emphasised the view that tuberculosis demanded, not only special treatment from the medical point of view, but also special legislation. Hospitals, he declared, were entirely inadequate to deal with "the great white scourge," and the time had come when a Special Department of Public Health Activity, convened exclusively on tuberculosis, should be constituted. Meanwhile, however, it should be noted that, apart from the inadequacy of existing sanatoria, medical opinion seems to be swinging round to home treatment for consumptives. In that case, provision of a new special department could do but little in the

matter. Unfortunately, there is no disguising the fact that consumption is a disease born and bred of poverty, and not until we have raised the level of the standard of living of our people will its dreadful figures depreciate.

Lord Crewe's report on the Sitapur murder case will be generally welcomed by judicial reformers. He finds that the rules governing the procedure of appeal in cases of persons condemned to death in India are distinctly unsatisfactory, and it is understood that radical alterations in them will be proposed by the Government at an early date. Of course, this cannot restore the Sitapur victims to life, but it encourages us to hope that they are the last of a long line of victims of a system which it is impossible to defend.

The re-emergence of Mrs. Pankhurst into the political arena while she is still technically under arrest is, it must be confessed, an extraordinary anomaly, whatever views one may take of the aims and methods of the suffragettes. Assuming, as we are all entitled to assume, that laws are passed to be obeyed, the open and advertised defiance of the provisions of the "Cat and Mouse" Act is a remarkable achievement for those who are bent on reducing it to a farce. It is not so clear, however, as to what it is that they gain by this particular success. But the fact remains that, as the cards fall out, they have won the odd trick.

It is deeply to be regretted that the report of the Select Committee on Motor Traffic will not be presented to the House in time for effective consideration before Parliament rises. There can be no question as to the reality of the evils which the Committee were appointed to consider. The number of accidents, especially of fatal accidents, has risen to an alarming extent of late years in the towns, while in the country the people have lost all sense of possession of the highway, where the very children are afraid to play. It is scandalous that pedestrians should be allowed to lose their rights in the road. When will our legislators look to it?

News from China trickles through but slowly. Perhaps the most remarkable addition to our stock of knowledge concerning events in the Flowery Land is that communicated by the well-informed correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, who has succeeded in interviewing Dr. Sun Yat Sen, the revolutionary leader. His declaration is very noteworthy. "He is absolutely confident of the ultimate success of the South, and interprets the Nankin reverse as of small importance." Prophecy, we know, is the most gratuitous form of error, but if there be a prophet in China undoubtedly it is the man who led the revolt against the Manchus, and who is now in the field against Yuan-Shi-Kai.

One of the most notable events of this week has been the Doctors' Congress. To this Congress have come no less than five thousand medical men from all parts of the civilised world, among them the most eminent surgeons and specialists of the faculty. Sir Thomas Barlow, as President, referred to the triumphs of modern surgery and of the important part the discoveries of scientists play in industrialism generally. "The supreme gain is that many more useful lives are saved than in the last generation, that the realm of grave and hitherto incurable disease is invaded on every side, and that the danger of operation *qua* operation is retreating to vanishing point."

THE LAND HUNGER: THE PEASANTS' PLIGHT

By F. E. GREEN

I.

A FEW weeks ago I visited some allotments near Cheshunt, in Hertfordshire. There I found half a dozen men at work cultivating rows of peas and beans, cabbages and potatoes, with hardly a weed to be seen. From these few acres I noticed that the trees had recently been grubbed up, and the overshadowing branches of the tall elms surrounding the field had been lopped off.

"You should have seen this field before we made the District Council buy it," said a member of the Cheshunt Land Club to me; "and then they could only get it by putting the compulsory clause into force. It was simply a wilderness of brambles, nettles, and hedgerow timber. When we got possession we had to clear the place like pioneers clearing the bush in America. The land was quite worthless to anybody, and yet the owner would not sell except under legal compulsion. We all helped one another, and so made a clean job of it. And now it's a smiling garden, ain't it?"

The speaker had only one hand, and yet, with the aid of this and a hook, was known to be the best potato grower in the Land Club.

II.

What had been accomplished here by this man and his comrades was a striking instance of that love of the earth which characterises the contributors to the volume called "The Land Hunger," recently published by Mr. Fisher Unwin (2s.).

Mark Twain remarked in one of his books that the English had been mentioned in the Bible because it was written in holy script that "the meek shall inherit the earth." But evidently this did not refer to the working classes of Britain. The desire to inherit has not been a characteristic trait of English working men. Theirs has been the passion to use or till the earth, and this has run in the veins of the British race like a stream that never dries up. The passion for ownership is a baser one, and is a marked characteristic of the governing class.

Every year we have it recorded in cold print that so many thousand workmen are waiting for leave to use their lusty limbs upon our idle acres—a demand that remains unsatisfied every year, and one which drives thousands of our best workmen across the seas.

I have watched groups of workmen cultivating, with infinite patience and splendid care, their ten or twenty rod allotments on the top of the wind-swept Downs on soil noted chiefly for its crop of stones. Even will they do this where they are liable to be ejected from the land which they have made fertile by an arbitrary three months' notice to quit! And we see them laboriously harvesting their corn crops with an implement as primitive as that used by Boaz in the fields where Ruth gleaned.

III.

'Anyone who is aware of the difficulties even to-day confronting the labourer who asks for permission to till a strip of land, is conscious how ineradicable is the hunger for the earth; a craving which has outlived the destruction of those landmarks which once made our peasant civilisation something to be proud of.

To run the gauntlet himself of the difficulties in this obstacle race no less distinguished a personage than Dr. A. R. Wallace applied for a small holding from a

thoroughly reactionary county council. His sympathy with the labourer is well known, and he wanted to experience the same ordeal that the labourer had to pass through. There was a gleam of humour in his kind eyes as he recounted to me his experience. He duly filled up his form: age, ninety; experience, sixty-five years in gardening and science; character—that he had attested to by his village postmaster! He applied for a definite piece of poor heath land, which really had no economic value. He would endeavour to bring it under cultivation, plant an orchard, and though only a cart-track formed the roadway to this acre or two growing nothing but heather and gorse, he offered to pay a rent of 10s. an acre.

When the customary few months had passed after the receipt of the application, some official came down to look at the land. Then, after a few more months had passed, our great scientist was informed that he could have the land by a certain date the following year, if he paid a rent of £2 and was prepared to pay as well compensation for disturbance to the outgoing tenant, who occasionally turned out cattle to graze upon this forbidding wilderness! Needless to say, the distinguished applicant, who knew something about soil values, rejected this preposterous offer.

IV.

The difficulty which confronts land reformers is this: a good deal of the land in England and Scotland to-day possesses what might be called a sentimental value. The owners are becoming plutocrats, or marrying into the families of plutocrats. They do not want to cultivate the land themselves, nor let others cultivate it. They want covert for game and forest for deer. They are not, as a rule, avaricious as to getting the highest economic rent, and this gives credence to the belief that landowners are a wrongfully abused class, for it is pointed out that they derive only two or three per cent. from the capital value of their estates. But this placing of pleasure before use does not help us nationally, nor does it bring any satisfaction to the men who are eager to gain access to the land.

We are still only producing £4 from the acre, whilst Belgium produces £20.

A smallholder of ten acres, writing from a village near the Cheviots to Mrs. Cobden Unwin, who inspired the making of "The Land Hunger," describes Northern England thus:

"This is the land of big estates, large farms, and landless men. . . . Within recent years a large area of land has been laid down to grass, thus lessening employment. With so much pasture land we could produce as good butter as Denmark, but the land system blocks the way. Game, not butter, is what the landlord wants, and so good dairying is not encouraged. Houses which might have been inhabited have been turned into shooting-boxes, to be used, perhaps, two or three times in a year for the sportsmen's lunch. Two or three years ago four old women in a neighbouring village, who had lived there all their lives, got notice to quit as their homes were to be pulled down. One of them died of a broken heart, and the others had to go to a town and start life in strange surroundings. . . . Within thirty years twenty-five houses have been pulled down, and only three built in their place. There are at present only eighteen houses, all practically owned by one proprietor. Houses cannot be

had in the district, and anyone wishing to get married has to leave the district. The landlord will not sell a square foot of land. . . . As for sanitary inspectors, they dare not look at our village. The district council pays our inspector about £70 or £80 annually, but it is not his interest to interfere with any of the landlords, who might lose him his job. The landowners are the greatest law breakers in the country." . . . The population in this rural district in 1881 was 10,869; to-day it is 8,579.

What is described here as taking place in the North of England is true of many large estates in the South, where the owners have become possessed with the mania for sport.

V.

The pathway of reform before our Government surely is clear. To save both rural England and rural Scotland from becoming a wilderness for pheasants, deer, and grouse, and to prevent the lowering of our national standard of physical efficiency, our public authorities must have power to purchase land as they do in Germany, in advance of the demands of smallholders; and the price paid should be restricted to that which the owners fix as its value for rateable purposes. For this is an urban as well as a rural problem. In Germany many a township is entirely relieved of the burden of rates by the public ownership of belts of land, and the rents accruing therefrom.

Besides the power to purchase land for any useful object, public authorities should have a sum allocated to them from the Treasury sufficient to meet the needs of a class, the expropriated condition of which, Richard Cobden declared, "had no parallel on the face of the earth."



THE CASE OF THE PLAIN WOMAN

"THE CASE OF THE PLAIN MAN" having been so ably set forth by Mr. Arnold Bennett lately in the *Strand Magazine*, it is somewhat strange that, as far as I know, "The Case of the Plain Woman" has not met with similar treatment at the hands of a feminine writer. Though not myself possessing the pen of an Arnold Bennett, I will endeavour to describe to the best of my ability "The Case of the Plain Woman."

Lady readers must not be taken in by the idea that I mean to write about the woman of plain features. We all know our plainness, so there is no need to talk about it, and wishing we were pretty would only make us plainer.

Neither must it be thought that by Plain Woman I mean any one woman or class of women, though, to be sure, I shall leave out the very wealthy women, of whose lives I have no intimate first-hand knowledge, and whose wealth, while leading them sometimes into many pitfalls and dangers on the one side, yet provides on the other a means of escape from many of the evils and sorrows to which their plainer or poorer sisters have to get accustomed.

I think it will not be difficult to prove that the case of the Plain Woman, *i.e.*, the ordinary, everyday woman, who earns her bread in the sweat of her brow, does not differ very much at heart, even in these days and in this country, from that of women of other countries and of older days. Externally, no doubt, there is a greater freedom, and women are allowed to compete with men in what were formerly masculine occupations, be it for good or ill remains to be seen;

but a peep behind the scenes reveals the fact that, with all our vaunted higher education, man has not yet been taught to regard woman as his equal, nor even as a creature of likes and dislikes, the same as himself, whose wishes and whims, if you like to call them so, are as deserving of consideration as his own.

It is a question of teaching after all, and nations are composed of individuals; so if the little boys of the last generation had been properly trained by their mothers, we should not now have the humiliating spectacle of seeing the gentler (?) sex fighting and squabbling and trying like cats to scratch the men's eyes out over that scraped and bleached bone, "the Vote."

By the Plain Woman who earns her bread I do not mean the bachelor girl who gets up about eight o'clock, and eats her breakfast hurriedly, without giving a thought, perhaps, to the other woman, who has frizzled her face while preparing it; who goes off, clean and dainty, to the office, shop, or college, has her stated hours, her whole day on Sunday, and her half-day a week. No; I would more especially present the case of that other one of a great army of Plain Women, who are frizzling their faces over the bacon every day, and whose brains are occupied with as many knotty problems as ever furrowed statesman's brow. It is not for her that much-talked-of emancipation of women, not for her lot that amelioration is demanded. No one cares how much she is "sweated," least of all the man whose willing slave she is. It is on the sweat of the married woman's brow that the whole world exists. If she were to strike, what chaos would ensue! Looking at it from a monetary point of view alone, if a man working from 7 a.m. to 5 p.m. or 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. earns £2 a week, a woman who works from 6 a.m. to 10 or 11 p.m., as is usually the case, earns, if she never gets, £4 to £5 a week, especially as she rarely gets a half-day holiday, and has little or no leisure, even on Sundays.

Let us see then what is the case of this very Plain Woman, and whether she differs even from the heathen women whom we are taught to pity, and for whom we are told to pray.

She is hunted, and captured at last by the man who fancies her for his squaw, with only such mild weapons as "admiration" and "fair promises," which "promises" he straightway forgets or throws away, like a broken sling, as soon as he has the bird safely caged.

The Plain Woman is now dependent on him for everything, her roof, her clothes, her very bread and butter, all of which she must earn as truly as does the typist or the teacher. The man's every wish is catered for, and if she is ever so good a manager, it is downright hard work sometimes to keep within the limits of his income.

She goes without many things to provide him with an "extra" for tea or supper, but he would not think of giving up his pint of beer for her. She prepares a special hot dinner for him, only to have it kept waiting and spoilt while he gossips with a friend over a "pint" at the nearest bar. It matters not that she has her plans, that she wants to clear up, and go out with her baby. She must not use her only lawful weapon, the tongue, or else he will call her a "nagger," go out, and then perhaps sulk for a week. Or she may fill her house with sweet flowers from her garden; but the enjoyment of the scent is brief, for very soon the man comes in, and the smell of vile tobacco permeates every nook and corner. It may be at some special time when the very first whiff of the abominable stuff makes her really ill; then she must fly to some far room of the house, where the odour cannot reach

her. It could not be expected of a man to put his pipe out. Oh, no!

Again, the Plain Woman, in addition to all the other work she takes upon herself in looking after her "man," bears him healthy, well-formed children, and discovers that he regards them as only so many "brats." It is then the iron enters into her soul; but one consolation remains, in that the oft-seared wound ceases to feel at last. The children themselves, too, help to heal the wound, and the woman lives again for them.

In spite of our supposed high state of civilisation, the man still expects that his woman shall be his housekeeper, parlour-maid, cook, sick-nurse, nurse-maid, valet, charwoman, sempstress, gardener, nay, even in some cases his house-painter, paperhanger, and carpenter. Besides which, if there is any dirty little bit of legal work to be done, such as answering a summons or interviewing the landlord or agent, it is she must do it.

Or, again, if she really wants something very badly, say, a new pair of blankets, a rug or carpet, she has to stoop to coaxing, cajolery, and even to pretence that she really does not want it, to get it at all. Odious and despicable this to a truth-loving woman, so she goes without the new thing as long as a thread of the old remains. Then there are the Plain Women who have implicitly trusted men with their little savings, only to find their trust misplaced, their "all" gone, and, for the sake of the children, have even kept the home together by their own superhuman exertions. One can hardly call these "Plain" Women; they are the most plucky beings the earth contains.

Shall we marvel then at Woman's desire for freedom?

Perhaps the burden becomes at last too great to bear, and the Plain Woman lets loose with her tongue, even as Sarah, before she died, commanded her lord and master, Abraham, and with divine concurrence he obeyed. But the modern Sarahs do it once too often, and drive away their Abrahams, to seek conviviality in the public-house. On their return thence later, the last state of that house is worse than the first; and to the Plain Woman's wrongs is added yet another, that of being kept awake all night by stertorous breathing and the stench of beer.

There are other things, too, which the Plain Woman must endure, which cannot be treated of here, so long as man will learn to master everything and everybody but himself.

It is said that by uniting and fighting will freedom be bought, but, with all due respect to authorities on the subject of "Union and Strength," I would like to point out that, in the world of nature, which is the garden of God, the opposite holds good. Plant several seeds in a heap together; what is the result? Is unity strength then? No; weak, frail, sickly plants, which bring no fruit or flowers to perfection. Plant a single seed in a hole by itself, and soon we watch with pleasure the sturdy growth, the large buds, the handsome, well-formed flowers. And the same thing applies to trees.

Is there any need to point the moral?

If the Plain Woman of to-day would be the Perfect Woman of to-morrow, let her push up her own vigorous growth in her own little hole. She must fight alone, but divinely aided, for her own rights in her own individual niche. But she *must* stick there, or else lose her power. And let her train those little boys committed to her care to be the comrades and champions of her sex in the next generation. A book which might be universally read with advantage just

now, if it is still in print, is "Woman and Her Masters," a history of the female sex from the earliest period, by Lady Morgan, published by David Bryce, of Paternoster Row. No doubt many of those portrayed within its pages were the poor, plain, plodding women at one time; who rose by their quiet, spiritual power to exercise a phenomenal influence in each succeeding era of the world's history. What has been done before can be done again, so let the Plain Woman take heart.

S. H. E. L.



THE GUARDIAN OF COASTS

By DOROTHY H. BROWN.

THERE is one who passes my cottage every night. Her way is by the worn cliff-track from the sea. She follows dusk. She steals past, whispering to herself, glancing from side to side, as if seeking the sky twilight. Her sudden whisper startles the lingering heat of day to flight.

She may stray sighing through the rain. She may dance singing beneath the moon. The words of her song are unknown as the secret speech of the sea. It is a vacant and a wandering tune, whose refrain none may learn.

She will run chanting down the mist-haunted valley. As an exorcist she frees the ridden valley, exultant, driving the mist-wreaths before her. Past my open window they drift, meek, silent as prayer-driven ghosts.

Through the wild autumn nights she is to be heard crying along the sea-cliff, all unsheltered, uncomforted. Do the grey thistles hear that lonely cry? Do the young gulls wonder, peering from rock-hung nests? The barren coast knows that wailing voice, even as it knows the heavy moaning of tide. From dread of these wailing voices is its aspect changed—worn, furrowed by unavailing fear. They are the two most lamentable cries of the world. There is none to silence them. . . . By the cliff-verge she roams restless. Her crying penetrates my dreams.

Her mirth is rare, but I have heard her strange laughter shaking the tamarisks. She will sometimes cease abruptly, pause and retrace stealthy steps as though to listen. There is silence: the sky is breathless, earth is still—only the sea murmurs. Perhaps she waited for that answering voice, for she goes her way, and soon her fitful laughter is heard echoing far among the hills.

There are nights when she speeds past terrible in wrath. The rumour of her approach fills high heaven. For fear of her coming earth shudders; the short-haired downs are stirred, the aged thorns strain inland, stretching shaking branches for shelter where shelter is none, the wakened sheep shrink closer to earth's frozen breast. The track of her flight streams far like the foaming wake of a ship; it is livid with dying life, it is strewn with life disordered. Heaven and earth are stunned.

Every night I listen for her coming. She will never cease to come. Long after house and sleeper are gone, will she pass nightly through space, her dwelling. When the familiar face of the land is changed, when the land itself is no more seen: long hence when there is no more world will she pass unchanged through the changing house of space. I am glad to think that always she will be there, laughing, crying, singing, as now, ever changing, yet the same. As now, solitary and invisible. . . . Even now she strays past singing. . . . She is the Wind.

THE MAN AND HIS WORK

IV.—THE MAN ON THE ROAD

IT was some fifteen years ago, in the days when the House of Commons was still dominated by the unique personality of Mr. Chamberlain, that master of destructive speech, that the weary watchers in the Press Gallery were rewarded by one of those sudden and dramatic interludes in debate that go far to reconcile them to the general greyness of their lot. The member for West Birmingham was at bay!

All the evening he had sat silent and impassive on the Treasury Bench, while speaker after speaker had launched into hot invective and indignant remonstrance that apparently left the Right Honourable Gentleman careless and unconcerned. But, suddenly, one of his critics touched the great man on the raw. He closed a telling speech very effectively by describing the Colonial Secretary's policy

As that of a Bagman's,

which should appeal to commercial travellers. A loud cheer drove home the hit, but before it had died away Joe was on his feet, hitting back at his opponent with deadly results. It was quite natural, he said, in the rasp that all of us knew, that hon. gentlemen opposite should ridicule him. But why attack bagmen? Why attack men who for keenness, ubiquity, and resource were unmatched in the whole sweep of modern commercialism? And, with a few deft touches, marked by that shattering realism he could use so well, he drew a picture of "The Commercial" speeding up and down the country, .

Absent for Days on End

from his home and family, with little leisure, sometimes with no repose, a stranger to many of the comforts of life, and always intent on doing his utmost for the firm he served. Was he going to be ashamed of the support of such men? Not likely! The members, who had been cheering but a few minutes since, looked rather glum, and all of us knew that Mr. Chamberlain's triumph that night was assured!

Fifty years ago, of course, such a picture would have been impossible. The man on the road was then comparatively a leisured individual. Charles Dickens sketched him for us in "Pickwick." "A stout, hale personage with only one eye—a very bright, black one, which twinkled with a roguish expression of fun and good humour," who observed, it may be remembered, "Our noble selves, gents. I always propose that toast to the company and drink Mary to myself." Times have changed since then with "The Commercial." The growth of the railway system and the consequent cheapening of all forms of travel have, of course, revolutionised his lot, while so adding to his numbers, that it is very difficult indeed to appraise these accurately. At the present day every trader in the world with any trade at all looks upon "The Commercial" as

An Invaluable Wheel in the Machinery

of business. According to some authorities, he may be counted by hundreds of thousands, and I find that one of them asserts that there are over 100,000 com-

mercial travellers in Great Britain, excluding manufacturers' agents and canvassers, figures that I do not put forward as final or authoritative. But while in modern conditions have added enormously to his quantity, it is more than doubtful if they have not at the same time diminished his importance. The old type of "commercial traveller" was a man who, arriving at a town, spent at least a week in it. He cultivated his customers, took things leisurely, and—did big business! Often he earned his hundreds a year, and affected a status and a style that perhaps was a little beyond him. But "he pulled business." To-day things are different! The name of the commercial traveller is legion.

He has to be here, there, and everywhere. He is no longer able to use his railway journeys "to clarify his thoughts," as Carlyle recommended, rather must he study the railway time-table! In a great many cases he has to interpret the advertisement literally, "He lives on the line"! What does he earn? On an average he receives about £200 per annum. His expenses range from £1 1s. to £1 5s. a day. This expenses allowance has to cover not only his own travels up and down the country, but must include the conveyance of his samples. With the town traveller, of course, a "brougham," to be paid for by the firm, will suffice for these. In the country their carriage from point to point is a more difficult matter. At first blush, of course, it looks as if the expenses allowance permitted of a margin, but the seasoned traveller knows better. Even at commercial rates there is very little left for the traveller out of the sum named. A man who is going to travel, to take goods with him, and to talk them at the other end, needs to be

"Full of Beans"

to be charged with vitality, with energy and resource, or he will not get an order! Hence an allowance that seems even lavish to the man who has not travelled, proves in reality to be hardly adequate. I find that "commercials" are complaining that, instead of these really meagre allowances, they are paid out-of-pocket expenses only; that is to say, they draw some £10 on account, and account for it to the uttermost farthing! This system is, of course, a bad one—bad for the travellers and bad for those whose business it is to check their accounts. Obviously it is impossible for a man on the road to justify, or even to recollect

Every Trifling Detail of his Expenditure;

equally obvious is it that an auditor can only pass accounts that are stated in proper form. The sane course is for a firm to give its representatives such resources as will not allow them to feel hampered by lack of "the ready." There is always about this question of expenses allowance an element of tragic squalor. There is something haunting, something dreadful in the idea of a man using his expenses to send home money to his wife and family, while he satisfies himself on tea and bread and butter instead of the ample luncheon that his docket attests. But this question of expense is not the only grievance that

"the commercial" complains about. Like almost everybody else, he says that the railways have refused to give him those reasonable considerations that, as one would expect, they would readily accord the traveller.

So far as railways go, they are the subject of bitter and frequent complaint by "commercial," who assert with great logic that, while everything possible is done by the companies to "coddle," and, as it were, entrap the man who travels once in a blue moon, nothing whatever is done to help the passenger who, like themselves, is compelled to travel all the time. Of course, we have to remember that against this there is the week-end ticket, which carries a "commercial" cheap at week-ends. There are also other advantages, such as the "luggage forwarding tickets," "the left luggage abatement ticket," which, however, the great army of "commercial" regard as wholly inadequate concessions to the vast constituency of which they are members.

Commercial travellers have other grievances. The combinations of big businesses, the amalgamations of competing firms, and the formation of *cartels*—all these are infringing on their ground. And the result is that the genuine "commercial" is faced with the competition of something like a new by-product of his own efforts—a traveller, who is given a certain limited range of country, and who must report to his superiors at the end of every day. Then, again, there is the agreement question. A traveller will often find himself compelled, under the terms and articles he has signed, to surrender a whole stretch of territory that he has opened up. What does this mean? Merely that the particular ambassador of commerce, who has helped, let us say, to develop "No-mans-*worth*" into a thriving trading centre, must be content to hand it over to anyone who chances to come along. Once he has opened the district, and his firm chooses to engage someone else to develop it, he is powerless; he must not set foot on the sacred territory again!

That, everyone will agree, is a hardship. On the other hand, unemployment troubles the traveller but little. "If he can do the work," said an authority to me, "he is always sure of a job." Sometimes his remuneration, as in the case of the soft goods trade and of certain specialised work—engineering, for instance—will mount as high as £1,500 a year—reminiscent of the old time, when the "commercial" still cut a great figure on the road.

That is not the only survival of old times. Even now the ancient functions and ceremonies survive. No commercial traveller would dare to sit down to the "commercial's" dinner without first requesting permission. "May I join you, Mr. President?" he asks, to which the response is, of course: "I shall be delighted, sir." And when the glasses are charged after the dinner it is customary to have "Your health, Mr. President," "Your health, Mr. Vice," pass round the table.

The Commercial Travellers' Benefit Society, the splendid schools for the orphan children of their comrades at Pinner, the United Kingdom Commercial Travellers' Association—all these attest to that *camaraderie* which the true traveller surely never forgets. "To travel hopefully," says R. L. S., "is better than to arrive. And the real success is to labour." Whoever else has forgotten that sombre but eloquent expression, it is not "the commercial." In his associations, in his benefit and benevolent societies, he remembers and provides for the comrade who has fallen by the way, and so he is able to go about the day's business with an unruffled front.

THE LITERARY SIDE OF SATANISM

IF you were to tell the ordinary "man-in-the-street" (a being, by the way, who is usually very much maligned) that the cult of Satanism was rife in London, he would most probably not understand in the least to what you were referring. Even if he was sufficiently enlightened to understand your meaning, he would most assuredly ridicule your assertion. Yet it is a sad, unholy fact. Devil-worship is as rife in London to-day as it was on the Continent during the Middle Ages. Indeed, in France and Italy, where it has always been carefully fostered, never quite exterminated, it is a widespread cult, in which many most prominent persons are under suspicion of being involved.

Most of us are familiar with Mrs. Hugh Fraser and Mr. J. I. Stahlmann's interesting novel, entitled "The Satanist," which gives the reader a most complete insight into the practices of devil-worship in modern Italy. But this was not the first novel of its kind, for about fifteen years ago a story, by an anonymous author, made its appearance in "Blackwood's," under the title of "Aut Diabolus aut Nihil."

The Italian poet, Carducci, but recently deceased, is famous (should I not say infamous?) throughout Christendom as the author of "A Hymn to Satan":

"Hail, O Satan! Hail, Rebellion!
Thou the avenging Force of Reason!
To thee the sacred incense of the prayers arise,
Thou who hast conquered the Jehovah of the priest,"

is a typical excerpt, translated from the Italian. Very few realise that there is a statue to the memory of this Satanist in Rome to-day—and Rome is the centre of Christianity.

Father Chandlery, the Jesuit author of "Pilgrim Walks in Rome," points out that the revolution of 1870 gave unbridled license to the swarms of embryo Satanists, who entered the Eternal City under Garibaldi's protection. Hosts were stolen, and Satanist rites performed without any secrecy or interference. No wonder these devil-worshippers would like to see a statue of Carducci in their midst. It is a matter of a short time only before we shall see a statue to the Evil One himself in Rome, if the present régime continues, and if current tendencies are not checked.

The Ambrosian Library at Milan provides the most fruitful orchard for the student of Satanism, where ancient mediæval scrolls, "De operatione dæmonum," or "De diaboli servitaribus," etc., are to be found, which give one some slight idea of the nightmare rites that were in practice amongst the followers of Satan during the Middle Ages. The Black Mass, one notices, is not referred to as a novelty, so that one may form the opinion that this horror is nearly as old as Christianity itself. Görres, in his "Mystique Divine, Naturelle, et Diabolique," attempts the impossible feat of "explaining" Satanism. "Often the consent of the will to sin produces a certain intimacy between man and the devil," he says, and this leads eventually to Satanism.

The French Revolution afforded an additional stimulus to Satanism, and innumerable pamphlets were published at the time, relating to Satanist societies, but most of these have been lost. More than a century after the Revolution, a writer in *Le Siècle*, while exulting over the shrines of Lucifer in Paris, went so far as to assert that "what this age chiefly needs is to get rid of Christ," and that there are Satanists among us in London to-day we cannot possibly doubt.

BERNARD HAMILTON.

THE PRICE * * * BY C. B. PURDOM

I.

A RATHER clever novel was published some months ago, in which what the author called the Puritanical social reform of our times was mercilessly and wittily satirised. To-day all of us who are social reformers are busy doing things, or trying to do things, or talking about doing things for other people, wishing to make their lives easier, endeavouring to give them what will do them good. We want to abolish poverty, to destroy slums, to control the feeble-minded, to provide doctors for the sick, and to prevent the breeding of inferior types. We want to make everybody clean, and healthy, and wealthy, and wise. We want to get rid of all those things in our society which shock our finer feelings. We do not like dirt, or disease, or lunacy, or drunkenness, or prostitution, or gambling, or starving children. We do not like unemployment or strikes. We want everybody to be content, we want everyone to be efficient. And by "we" I don't mean Socialists or Radicals; I mean every decent man and woman.

All of this is very good. And all of this can be obtained. In the book I have mentioned everyone was well-paid, sober, industrious, religious, well-housed, and adequately provided for in every possible way. They were all educated, improved in mind and body, and efficient. All that we so much desire for the mass of men they had. And it was not an ideal state which was pictured. It was something that could easily happen to-morrow. It was something that already exists in embryo to-day.

The people in the book had everything we want, and all that is offensive in our cities was wiped out; but amidst their plenty they lacked two things: they lacked freedom and they lacked joy.

II.

If we take account of the condition of men at the present time we cannot but be conscious that joy is ebbing from life. There is not a popular movement in our day that possesses the vitality of the movements of thirty years ago. The Women's Suffrage movement is the only one that has any vigour, and that is hardly a popular movement. Every other movement is as good as dead. People have lost interest in politics, in reform, in revolution. They do not care. They have no joy. It is the same with religion. Everywhere the Churches are losing ground. People are indifferent to God. With sport it is the same. Men have lost heart. They no longer play. In the theatre, in art, in the public-house even, the signs are exactly the same. The pleasures of life are losing their bright colour, and greyness is settling upon them.

III.

All of this is taking place in a society which is doing more and more for the benefit of men, adding more and more to their comfort and security. We are improving their houses—witness Mr. John Burns's new model cottage; we are insuring them against sickness, we give them old-age pensions, we find them work, we support some of them in times of unemployment, we feed their children and inspect them from the day they are born, we flog the white slave trader.

And we are ready to do a great deal more. We will fix a minimum wage; force everyone to work; inspect the people in their houses day and night; build model factories for their employment; control their food and drink; regulate the number of their children; and protect them always against themselves.

IV.

The truth of the matter is that we have to pay the price for all that we buy, and make others pay the price for all we give them. We can get rid of all the evils of our time. Mr. Sidney Webb says so; the Socialists say so; the millionaires say so. All the desirable things of life can be got. We need no longer have beggars in the streets, outcasts on the Embankment, or children dying of hunger. We need endure no longer the sight of the bitter misery that the nineteenth century wove. In this twentieth century we can do other than what our fathers did; we are neither so callous nor so helpless as they. We can turn the happiness of the old time into content. We can do these things—but at a price; we cannot (of course) do them for nothing. We cannot make free gifts to the poor. The price we ask is a little thing—a little, poor, trifling thing. They will hardly know they have paid it. It is only their liberty. Let them give us that, and we will give them everything. And if, when they have everything, they find that when they gave away liberty joy went with her—well, what is that to us?

May we not, however, ask ourselves: Is it worth it? If the removal of the ugly blots on our civilisation means the destruction of man, is that removal worth while? For certainly the loss of liberty and joy is the loss of the soul, and without a soul even a man with a full belly is not a living man. Were we not warned against this temptation when it was said: "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world. . .?" Is it, then, not time for those of us who value the soul above everything, for those of us who value liberty which makes men more than dogs, to see where our social improvement is taking us? Mr. Belloc is raising his voice to warn us. The author of "The Man who Would Not be King" (that is the title of the novel to which I referred at the beginning; why should the reader not know it?), though in rather harsher tones, utters the same warning. We are slipping on easy ways, which will bring us to the end of freedom and the end of joy. In our desire to see the abolition of poverty and physical distress we are careless about the most precious things that man has won. We are forcing the poor to pay too big a price.

V.

The reason that we are careless about the soul, or think that, once bread and meat are in the belly, the soul, if lost, can be won back again, is that we have departed from the first principles on which, and on which alone, the soul is held to be of supreme value. We have given up the ancient religion and taken up with modern inventions. The modern religions have no first principles, or, rather, they have a host of first principles out of which you take your choice. The old certainty that religion had is gone from all the Churches but one. I am not a Roman Catholic, but I see well enough that the modern spirit has attacked and destroyed the fundamental certainty of every Church but that which has its seat in the city of the Popes. And so to-day most of us are uncertain, and rather proud of being uncertain, as to the value of the soul; and the result is that we are seeing the poor sold into bondage, we feel the chains round our own necks; but when we see the land of milk and honey and content we treat the bonds lightly, and are ready to put down the price demanded of those who enter it, and call upon others to do the like.

ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR

STATESMAN AND SCHOLAR

IN January, 1882—some five years, that is, before he rose to fame as Irish Secretary—Mr. A. J. Balfour, in reviewing Morley's "Life of Cobden" for the *Nineteenth Century*, declared that the great Free Trade leader "must be looked on rather as a political missionary than as a statesman, as an agitator rather than as an administrator." To whatever party we may belong, our opinion of Mr. Balfour must be the very reverse of his estimate of Cobden. He must be regarded as a statesman rather than as a political missionary, as an administrator rather than as an agitator. That is his title to greatness in the history of British politics. At the same time it is the explanation of the fact that it is infinitely easier to recognise the greatness of the man than to point out the greatness of his achievement. Mr. Balfour has none of that glowing enthusiasm which is an indispensable part of the equipment of the successful missionary. He has too much native caution, too studied a self-command, to make a convincing agitator. And so, while as a Parliamentarian he towers head and shoulders over men like Mr. Joseph Chamberlain or Mr. Lloyd George, he might have left a much deeper mark upon his times had he inherited something in their temperament which is entirely lacking in his own.

A fine example of the best type of Scot, improved by an English polish, Mr. Balfour may trace his administrative capacity and his metaphysical leanings—his "high seriousness"—to the land of his birth. Like most Scots, while embracing Science, he refuses to desert the Church. Like most Scots, while loving Peace, he revels in a controversy. Like most Scots, while desiring progress, he is ever inclined to "ca' canny."

Tradition, not ambition, made Mr. Balfour a politician. He had no real inclination to enter Parliament, and hence, no doubt, his early reputation at Westminster for languor and indolence. But on his father's side he inherited the blood of Secretary Maitland of Lethington, on his mother's that of Secretary Cecil, Lord Burghley; and blood will tell. The delicate dilettante was soon to prove himself capable of sustaining a long unbroken spell of heavy "collar-work," such as would have utterly broken men of far stronger physique and much less refined nature. For forty years Mr. Balfour has been a member of Parliament. For twenty years he was leader of his party in the House of Commons. As Secretary of State for Ireland during those anxious years from 1887 onwards, and as leader of a party routed and humiliated in 1906, and split into wrangling sects by the Tariff Reform controversy, Mr. Balfour showed powers of endurance, both mental and physical, that have never been sufficiently recognised by his country or his party.

This is not the place nor the time to survey Mr. Balfour's record in office and in Opposition. Party bias and want of perspective are bound to distort our view for years to come. But, think what we may of his legislation and his administration, all must grant Mr. Balfour qualities of courage, sincerity, and patriotism to a supreme degree; and even his political foes have bestowed unstinted praise upon not a few of his accomplishments.

As Leader of the Opposition Mr. Balfour found full scope for his wonderful critical faculty, and, in politics as in philosophy, he stands out pre-eminently as a destructive rather than a constructive force—as the

leading and life-long opponent of Home Rule. Of this *esprit negatif* no one is better aware than Mr. Balfour himself. Again and again in his philosophical and non-political writings, after demolishing one after another the schemes and systems of other people, he frankly confesses his inability to suggest an alternative. In "The Foundations of Belief," he tells us plainly he has not a philosophy of his own to propound. He only seeks "to delineate, and, if possible, to recommend, a certain attitude of mind"; and he claims "it is surely permitted to those who do not feel themselves able either to frame a fresh system of philosophy or to acknowledge the jurisdiction of any old one, candidly to confess the fact, without thereby laying themselves open to the charge of being dangerous sceptics masquerading for some sinister purpose as defenders of the faith." "Increase the number of your open questions," is Mr. Balfour's advice to rival Church denominations. The bigotry of the "unco' guid" as of the dogmatist, agnostic and scientist, he denounces with equal vigour. He finds "little satisfaction in the all-inclusive unification of the idealist systems," and he "cannot, on rational or any other grounds, accept naturalism as a creed." He is neither a warm optimist, nor a cold pessimist.

As to Mr. Balfour the political guide, and Mr. Balfour the philosopher, opinions may differ. As to Mr. Balfour the friend, there is only one voice. Mr. Balfour is one of those happy beings who, if they happen to make enemies, cannot keep them. No one can hit, no one *has* hit harder in the fight than he, but the wound he leaves, though deep, is always clean. His dialectic grace, his courtesy, his imperturbability may help to provoke and confound his opponents, but they engender no lasting malice. His attractive personality has won him many friends on both sides of the House, and out of it, and his innate gentlemanliness invariably retains those friends he has made, through controversies ever so long and fierce. Mr. Chamberlain, speaking from intimate knowledge, once described his old Chief's "generosity to his opponents and his chivalrous loyalty to his friends." Mr. Balfour, in fact, is, in every sense of the word, a good sportsman, a thing which never fails to appeal to the British people.

It is typical of the man that his favourite outdoor pastime is golf—that most aloof, most philosophic, most leisurely, most Scottish of all games. In like fashion, indoors, his philosophic bent has made musical æsthetics a pet hobby of Mr. Balfour, who is an accomplished musician. Add to these gifts the mind of a ripe scholar, whose culture and good taste are ever in evidence, and you have a man such as few ages and few countries can parallel.

When one thinks of what Mr. Balfour has achieved in the realms of statecraft, of philosophy, of letters, and of sport, one wonders what he might not have accomplished had he been able to give undivided attention to one or other of these fields. As it is, we may be thankful to have in our midst, and still capable of notable services to his country in so many spheres, one to whom his inveterate political adversary, the Prime Minister, has referred as "by universal consent the most distinguished member of the greatest deliberative assembly in the world"; one whom that other eminent East Lothian philosopher-statesman, Viscount Haldane, has described as "endowed with one of the finest intellects that is anywhere to be found."

"EVERYMAN" INTERVIEWS

HENRY ARTHUR JONES ON THE NEED FOR A NATIONAL DRAMA

How can we get a national drama, a drama that, suffused with a morality, broad and sane, but arresting and profound, is in close touch alike with literature and with life; that is free from the sniggering indecencies of the musical comedy and the popular farce, but that realises to the full the permanent facts of human nature; a drama that shall set high literary standards, but whose themes shall be found in the lives of the people—a drama, in fact, that shall be worthy of the race that gave the world Shakespeare and Milton, Dickens and Defoe?

These were the questions that chased themselves through my mind the other day after I had enjoyed the mental exhilaration of a two-hours' talk with Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, the author of that delightful comedy, "The Liars," and the most persistent worker for the regeneration of the drama left in our midst. Frankly, before I met Mr. Jones, the topic would have bored me. I should have dismissed its importance with a shrug. "Those of the public who like really good plays," I should have said, "can see them if they would. For those who prefer legs and tomfoolery, are there not the musical comedies? Each to his taste. What is one playgoer's meat is another's poison. Let them choose for themselves, and let us leave it to the eternal law of supply and demand, and not trouble our heads with what is not our business."

It needed, not two hours, but two minutes' talk with the author of "The Liars" to convince me that this attitude of unconcern was one of treason, high treason, not only to the drama, but to the future of the race itself. Put shortly, his view came to this. Are you content with the present type of civilisation that threatens to prevail in England? If so, you will accept the present disorganisation and confusion of thought that reigns in our drama. If not, you must work for a drama that shall be really natural.

"Is there any art," Mr. Jones asked me, "so intimately associated with our daily life as that of the drama? Surely not! There is none that touches our conduct so directly, or that moves our thoughts and feelings, or stirs our passions, or inspires our actions with a quarter of the swiftness, the directness, the momentum that we get from the theatre. Painting, music, sculpture, architecture—these are dead things compared to the dramatist's art! Consider for a moment how enormously the playwright must react upon his fellow-citizens. Just think of the type of Englishman that we are breeding nowadays by the million—think of his immediate environment, his narrow home, his grey, monotonous life. Millions of our countrymen are living dull, ugly, changeless lives; packed together in dull, ugly, drab brick boxes; often without access to pure air; with few pleasures and limited hopes, and only a sense of duty to sustain them. The great majority are toiling all day long at some uninteresting routine work—work that, so far from quickening and refining their minds, deadens them. At last the dreary grind of the day is over. The millions pour out in search of pleasure and amusement, of colour, of relaxation. They find it at the theatre. Picture them as they sit there in their thousands and tens of thousands of seats, tier upon tier, row after row, listening and laughing, watching and weeping—at what? Sometimes it may be that, happily, they are tasting the fine flavour of a great

Shakespearean passage; sometimes they are sobbing over a scene of domestic pathos; sometimes they are being charmed and exhilarated and humanised by a master stroke of comedy. But, frequently, they are roaring at some stale buffoonery or leering at a ballet girl's skirts; in a word, they are being coarsened, vulgarised, dehumanised to a degree. It is only during these few hours, remember, that our population can be said to live at all. Surely it is a matter of supreme importance what it is that they see and what they admire. Let me put it in another way. It is written that 'Where there is no vision, the people perisheth'; and if we are to inflame these inarticulate millions with a real enthusiasm for great national ideals, if we are to interest them in the things that really matter, the things of the spirit and the intellect, to sweeten their manners, to refine their lives, what hours for such a purpose are so precious, so rich in possibilities as those during which the great majority of our fellow-citizens escape from mechanical and uninspiring labour, and allow their souls free play?"

"But, Mr. Jones, herein surely the patient must minister unto himself. There is nothing under heaven to prevent all these thousands of playgoers going to see good plays if they really want to."

"No, but the point is this. At present we do not take our drama seriously. Nine out of ten of the present generation of theatre-goers look upon the theatre as a funny place, where funny people do funny things, intermixed with songs and dances. The great masses of English playgoers have largely lost all sense that the drama is the art of representing life; that there is a keen and high pleasure to be got out of it at that level. They chiefly demand thoughtless entertainment, whose one purpose is not to show the people their lives, but to afford some escape from them."

"Of course, this reacts enormously on both actors and playwrights?"

"Especially on the actors. Many are woefully deficient in the technique of their art; some are barely acquainted with the rudiments of elocution. Sir William Gilbert once told me that we had not half a dozen actors and actresses who can effectively and arrestingly deliver a speech of thirty lines. And can we wonder? When I first came to London, and worked in an old warehouse off Friday Street, some of us young fellows went, night after night, to hear Phelps give us his wonderful Shakespearean impersonations. More, we compared the rendering of separate passages by different actors. Do you think our successors are thus delighting themselves? I'm afraid not. You are a great deal more likely to find them at a revue. And, of course, this downward tendency affects the playwright also. It sometimes is forgotten in these days that a dramatic author is conditioned in his choice and treatment of themes by the possibility of getting them adequately played and staged. Remember, when a play is wrongly or inadequately played, and therefore fails, it is always the author who is held to blame."

"But that must always be the case, must it not?"

"No. The first step towards a national drama is to alter this state of affairs. Remember, first of all, that the author is *not* always to blame. 'Hamlet,' 'Othello,' 'The Winter's Tale,' to say nothing of dozens of modern plays, have met sometimes with

enormous success, sometimes with abject failure, according to the circumstances of the individual production. There are all sorts of accidents which may determine the success or failure of a first night. It is an old saying of mine that a full house means a good play; an empty house makes a bad play. Empty seats are fatal to enthusiasm and to the actor. After one of my first nights, Sir Charles Wyndham said to me, 'The applause was like a wall. We all leant against it.' But supposing it had not been so well or so suitably played, or that for some other reason there had been no one there to applaud? Clearly, if playwrights are to do their best work, with faith that it will be received in the same spirit, they should, so far as possible, be protected against the infinite caprices of production."

"But how?"

"First by encouraging that system of publishing plays which has always prevailed in France, and which is at once the cause and the effect of their possessing a drama which is also literature. Consider the advantages of this course. It will set a standard. There is still a great demand on our stage for ideas. But there is no demand for literature. How many playgoers on a first night watch to see if the dialogue that delights them has any permanent quality in it? Again, the greater the play, the more defects it is likely to have. One could pick innumerable holes in 'Œdipus' or 'Hamlet.' How much better for the critic not to have to rely on the blurred impressions of a great play, which he must clarify and record in one short hour, but to have the opportunity of studying it at leisure before it is produced. Not only will this give that element of permanence to our plays that is so lacking, but it will react enormously on audiences. The publication of a play would help an author to find his public, and it would help that public to find themselves. There is an immense section of playgoers, or potential playgoers, who to-day neglect the drama simply because of the shoddy that has crept into its texture. If these can be got to take it seriously, we shall have advanced perceptibly towards that national drama which can do so much for England."

"But this new, or, rather, renovated, public, will it not need new dramatic foci?"

"I think so. That is why, for a certain class of play, I strongly favour the small theatre—the theatre where a specially trained, cultivated, sympathetic audience can give really serious plays a chance. Shakespeare will always demand a large theatre. But for much of our serious modern work a small theatre is more suitable. The day of the little theatre is on us. In New York there is a cosy, jewelled chapel for intellectual drama. In London several little theatres are achieving steady successes. These little theatres have an immense future and real significance. They will tend to rescue sterling plays from obscurity, and to restore the drama to the people by making it really national; for, depend upon it, good plays create an atmosphere in which the dramatic trash cannot live. They drive out bad plays even as good money drives out bad."

C. SHERIDAN JONES.

WHAT'S anybody's fame? Even Shakespeare's, if one thinks of it? A century or two of growing renown; a babble of confused criticism; a buzz of ignorant worship and applause; a tramp of Americans to his birthplace; a hash of his scenes, and a murder of his musical iambs by unversed actors; then, ten or fifteen thousand years of fading mention; a withering memory; a mere name; an echo fainter, and yet fainter. . . .—From Andrew Cutler, in "The Divine Gift," by Henry Arthur Jones.

EDUCATION AND THE WORKING MAN

By CYRIL E. ROBERTS.

AT a meeting recently held in connection with the Workers' Educational Association, a prominent member of the Parliamentary Labour Party remarked on the difficulty he had experienced as a boy in comprehending the meaning of the hackneyed proverb which states that "there is no royal road to learning." He went on to describe the consternation created among the well-meaning adherents of this belief by his contention, uncompromisingly shouted from the audience at an educational orgy some thirty years ago, that though there may be no royal road to learning itself, there is certainly a right royal road open to the more fortunate members of the community towards its acquisition. The idea, he said, seemed to strike the organisers of the meeting as quite a novel point of view.

Yet there are means whereby the niggardliness of Fortune may be to some extent remedied. An instructive article, published a short time ago, showed the use which working men may make of books, a matter which becomes easier day by day, and of which increased advantage is being taken, despite the enormous self-denial which evening study demands from the man who has worked hard with his hands all day.

There can presumably be no room for two opinions in these days as to the desirability of education for all, unless we are to take seriously the maunderings of a few reactionary fanatics. The working man himself is rapidly losing that suspicion of his more cultured fellow-being which was once so powerful, and is anxious to gain, both for himself and his children, those benefits which he missed in his youth—benefits of which he realises the importance, even as John Bright and other self-made men realised it, in an age when they could be purchased only by unaided and untold exertions. The sneers which we still hear levelled at the man of culture by "hard-headed business men," who know him for a babe and a fool in the practical affairs of the world, are too often justified. But the reproach, one thinks, should not be laid to the charge of learning itself, but to the fact that such learning, the toil of the individual in seclusion, is, from its unsocial character, sterile, and is thus largely wasted, both in its productiveness, and also as regards its effects on the character of the man himself.

If we ask, "What is education?" we are dealing with a problem that is as old as civilisation itself; but perhaps we shall have evolved a not unsatisfactory definition if we say that education implies the development and improvement of that which lies in a man. It is probable that such an end will be best attained by a scheme which involves a study of the humanities on what may be called a social, humanising basis. The value of books to a working man will be vastly enhanced by a system which directs the course of his reading, and at the same time brings his intellect into contact with those of others, with the result that his outlook is broadened, the problems which interest and perplex him are discussed and have new light thrown on them, and his whole intellectual being is enriched and invigorated.

It is astonishing to find how many are ignorant of the existence in their midst of a Society which endeavours to fulfil this purpose—I mean the idea of study, carried on by working people in their leisure hours,

on a system that is co-operative and social in the truest sense. That Society is the Workers' Educational Association, the scope and influence of which is increasing yearly by leaps and bounds, falsifying the gloomy fears of those who held that the working man could not be expected to devote himself after the day's labour to aught but sleep and unprofitable amusement. When we consider the remarkable growth in numbers—one branch of seventy has in three years increased its membership to eight hundred, and this is only a haphazard instance—at the same time remembering the self-denial and enthusiasm which study under these conditions calls for, we are bound to admit that the driving power behind such a movement contains the very essence of vitality and determination.

And here we may note wherein the principles which control the movement differ from those which guided the sponsors of the theory of education launched in mid-Victorian days. For that dogma of the 'seventies—"the greatest efficiency of the greatest number"—they substitute the doctrine of "the highest development of everyone"; a lofty ideal, we may say, but the only one possible if in education lies the salvation of the democracy as a whole.

The function of education is conceivably twofold. In the first place its purpose is obviously to increase the efficiency of a man as a wage-earning unit, to help him to earn his daily bread. The capacity to earn a livelihood is the first essential of existence. But it is with the second function of education that the Workers' Educational Association concerns itself. To quote the words of the Oxford Report on Education and the Workers, the aim of such efforts is to provide "not a livelihood, but a living"; in other words, to ensure an opportunity for all to achieve some measure of intellectual culture, quite apart from the materialistic value which education, in the sense of technical training, may possess.

Opponents of the scheme are, of course, to be found in plenty. The criticism most often in their mouths is that "it makes a man a traitor to his class," a criticism born of an innate suspicion and distrust of education. But the movement draws its inspiration from the industrial element of the community: it is no "new dodge of the capitalist classes for the further enslavement of the workers." The principles which guide it are not identical with the spirit which drives the needy shepherd or the struggling mechanic to pinch and starve in order that his son may achieve the parson's hood or the medical diploma, and thus become a "gentleman." Far from seeking to remove a man from his class, the direct aim of the Association is to ensure that he shall remain within it. Reaction on environment is its one great objective; so that in the factory, the office, and the workshop, the influence of education may permeate all things, and tend towards the uplifting of the whole strata of society. Thus it will be seen that this idea of culture is no vague, impalpable creation of a few faddists, but a living-force, exercising enormous influence, and possessing infinite possibilities of development.

In addition to the recognised methods of kindred organisations, such as courses of lectures, excursions to the museums and historical monuments of the district, and a systematised programme of study, the Association carries on its work through the medium of tutorial classes, which are worked on the following lines: each class consists of thirty members, the only qualification being that each one of them must be earning his own living. The attendance of others interested in the work of the Association is secured

by a system of honorary membership, but the number of such is wisely regulated, since it is felt that a membership of thirty is most convenient, both from the point of view of management, and from that of social intercourse. Where each one knows everyone else, he is not afraid to hear his own voice raised either in argument or interrogation.

Each week there is a lecture of an hour's duration, followed by an hour devoted to questions and debate on the subject of the previous week. In this way the lecturer is kept "human," and is made to realise that he is after all a very fallible being—a difficult matter to keep in mind at the lecture desk—and at the same time incalculable benefit is derived from the free play of intellect and the propounding and elucidation of problems among the members of the class. A still more interesting experiment, and one which we may shortly expect to see developed on a large scale, is that carried out in some districts. This takes the form of occasional week-ends in the country. Those members of the class who can manage it—and remember they are all working men—walk or take train some few miles out from their industrial centre, and, having previously engaged rooms at some farmhouse, spend the week-end in the reading and discussion of papers, and the debating of subjects previously arranged. Long walks are also a feature of such excursions, and the evening is generally devoted to a "sing-song," or some such jollification. Certain eminent men of intellect, who have been persuaded to lend their presence on these occasions, have been amazed and delighted at the success of the experiment, and have given the movement their heartiest support. I am assured by those who have taken part in these gatherings that the results far exceeded their wildest hopes.

There is, even nowadays, an amazing number of people who persistently shut their eyes to the fact of democracy. The armchair politician may discourse learnedly of Aristotelian theories of Government, and apply them—in his home—to present-day problems. But whether he likes it or not, he must realise in what portion of the community the political power of these days rests. In the guiding principles of the Workers' Educational Association lie the forces capable of imparting to the rising power of democracy that sense of responsibility through which alone true government by the people for the people can become an accomplished fact. If it succeeds merely in abolishing some part of the tyranny of words and phrases in which our political life lies enthralled, its existence will have been more than justified. "I had rather," said the same sturdy Labour member to whom I have already referred, "I had rather be followed by twenty intelligent men than by twenty thousand who are drawn by the short-lived fascination of name and personality." And I can quite believe that he meant it.

THE sun is set, the swallows are asleep;
The bats are flitting fast in the grey air;
The slow, soft toads out of damp corners creep,
And evening's breath, wandering here and there
Over the quivering surface of the stream,
Wakes not one ripple from its summer dream.

There is no dew on the dry grass to-night,
Nor damp within the shadow of the trees;
The wind is intermitting, dry and light;
And in the inconstant motion of the breeze
The dust and straws are driven up and down,
And whirled about the pavement of the town.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

THE LETTERS OF CHARLOTTE BRONTË

THE publication of Charlotte Brontë's letters to Professor Héger has revived the curiosity centring round the personality of one of the greatest of English novelists. The literary world has always been greatly exercised by Charlotte's genius. That a woman whose existence had been passed in purely domestic surroundings, whose experiences were of the type that fall to the majority of her sex, should have been able to produce a work of such amazing vividness as "Jane Eyre" gave occasion for surprise, suspicion, and much unkindly criticism.

It was, said a certain school, impossible that the daughter of a country clergyman, who had led a sheltered, almost a tame existence, could have written the scenes of passion that blaze from her pages had she not secret knowledge on which to draw. Incredible things were hinted; she was accused of holding immoral beliefs, nourishing unlawful affections. The world was staggered that a genius at once so eloquent and assured could rise from such a homely source; opinion was outraged almost that so insignificant a person could have set England ablaze with the issue of so catastrophic a novel.

The curiosity that raged round her living, on her death received an additional zest. How, when and where had she obtained her knowledge of the force of passion, her reading of human suffering, her understanding of the tragedy of the soul? Her life in Brussels formed a basis for a fierce and unscrupulous attack. She was accused of a liaison with Professor Héger, elderly, obese and obtuse, and her apologists were almost as offensive as her detractors. Rumour had it that she had written letters of a most compromising character, and the existence of these documents were cited as proof of her intrigue, the fact that they were not forthcoming merely serving to fan the flame.

And now, when at long last curiosity seemed satiated, the letters are produced, and once more discussion rages round her, and many-tongued gossip weaves fresh insinuations and innuendoes. Written from the vicarage on the edge of the moor, where the grave-stones of the dead crept right up to the walls of the house, the letters suggest the fret of genius that has not yet attained the full power of expression, the surge of an imagination that has yet to find the solace and the joy of creation.

Héger, with his Flemish stolidity, his pedagogic precision, his ponderous efforts to prune the genius of Charlotte into a prim exactitude, served as the lay figure on which to drape the cloak of romance. The very limitations of this middle-aged man served as a spur to Charlotte's imagination. Which of us has not in our first youth invested a most unlikely figure with the attributes of a Prince Charming? Charlotte, from her narrow home in the bleak parsonage, surrounded Héger with a mystery and delight that crystallised in the letters in which she poured out the longing of her heart—longing not for the Professor, but for romance—romance that at that moment was waiting her bidding. When she realised her capacity, understood that she could unlock the gates of the enchanted garden at will and enter a Paradise of her own creating—when she finally came into her kingdom what happened?

The obese Professor vanished from her perspective. The cloak of dreams fell to the ground. The lay figure became once more a creaking automaton. The photographs of Héger suggest a commonplace mediocrity. No one could suppose romance lay

hidden behind that heavy chin and uninspired brow. Distance and the fret of temperament, the stirrings of a genius as yet unfledged, endowed him with the attributes of a hero—attributes that would have fled at a touch of commonsense or common courtesy on his behalf. Had Héger replied to the letters in the business-like fashion of a stolid man, Charlotte would have realised the impossibility of her model, and the episode would have been ended.

The Professor has been cited as a model of discretion and of right conduct in leaving the letters unacknowledged. The Philistine soul of the Flemish Bourgeois was incapable of facing such a situation, frightened to death of handling it. Only a very stupid man would have refrained from answering Charlotte's most impassioned appeal.

Day and night I find neither rest nor peace. If I sleep I am disturbed by tormenting dreams in which I see you, always severe, always grave, always incensed against me. Forgive me, then, Monsieur, if I adopt the course of writing to you again. How can I endure life if I make no effort to ease its sufferings? I know that you will be irritated when you read this letter. You will say once more that I am hysterical—that I have black thoughts, etc. So be it, Monsieur; I do not seek to justify myself; I submit to every sort of reproach. All I know is, that I cannot, that I will not, resign myself to lose wholly the friendship of my Master. I would rather suffer the greatest physical pain than always have my heart lacerated by smarting regrets. If my Master withdraws his friendship from me entirely, I shall be altogether without hope; if he gives me a little—just a little—I shall be satisfied—happy; I shall have reason for living on, for working. . . .

Professor Héger could have stopped the correspondence and destroyed the illusion with one letter; he preferred to ignore both the correspondence and the writer. While this course is difficult to understand, it had the merit of being logical. He chose to disregard the pitiful appeal for "friendship," but—and herein lies the gravamen of the charge against him—though he ignored the letters, he did *not* destroy them. The fact that at least three of them were originally torn in pieces, and were subsequently resuscitated and fastened together by means of linen thread, goes to show that the vanity of the man must have been as colossal as his lack of understanding. Had he entertained for Charlotte a touch of sentiment, had he answered her in terms of frank friendship, one could have understood the retention of the letters; to ignore the writer and to retain her appeals goes to show that he desired to preserve the proofs that a woman of transcendent genius had implored him for a word of kindness, a touch of understanding.

The publication of the letters strikes one as an offence against the best masculine traditions. A woman's letters should be held sacred by the man to whom she writes. If he desires the pleasure of reading and re-reading them he should take steps to see they do not fall into strange and alien hands. Above all, he should guard her against the risk of publication. And if this be true of a man who loves a woman, it should be even more imperative of a man who entertains no feeling for her who writes to him. The Professor not only had her letters "sewn with linen thread," but left them as a heritage to his heirs, who gave them to an expectant and voracious public.

The woman of genius and the stolid pedagogue—the gulf between the two for ever remains set. In the margin of the most eloquent, the most torrential of her appeals, he pencilled the name and address of his shoemaker.

MARGARET HAMILTON.

MASTERPIECE FOR THE WEEK

CHARLOTTE BRONTË'S "VILLETTE" ❦ ❦ ❦ BY LIDDELL GEDDIE

I.

NO novel of Charlotte Brontë's has been more often, more highly praised by literary critics than "Villette"; yet it cannot be said to be the most popular of her works. And it may be that the public are wrong and the critics right in their selection of Charlotte Brontë's *chef d'œuvre*. Read simply as a story, without reference to the personality of its author, "Villette" is, one is inclined to think, less fascinating, less great a work than "Jane Eyre." But if you take into account the life and character of the novelist, "Villette" has a value unequalled by any other of the Brontë novels. The more interested you are in Charlotte Brontë herself, the more interested will you be in "Villette." Consequently, when any one belauds "Villette," it is hard to say how much of the praise is attributable to the book itself, and how much to the pathetic little lady who wrote it. When you have studied Charlotte Brontë's life ever so slightly, your appreciation of "Villette" as a work of art is bound to be coloured and intensified by its appeal as an autobiographical document.

II.

But the more closely a novel approximates to actual autobiography, the less claim has it to rank as fiction; and it is purely as a work of fiction that we would here regard it. To others may be left the task of re-examining "Villette" in the light of the recently published Héger letters, in quest of parallel passages and fresh conjectures. Let us try and forget that M. Paul Emanuel and Miss Lucy Snowe had any connection with M. Héger and his worshipping pupil, Charlotte Brontë; let us forget that many incidents are borrowed from the real life-story of the novelist. Let us peruse the pages of "Villette," as its first readers must have done, merely as a story, and not as a diary or book of confessions. What, then, will the verdict be? When it was published, "Villette," Mrs. Gaskell tells us, "was received with one burst of acclamation." Sixty years have come and gone since then, and the Victorian age of literature has gone with them. But "Villette" has stood the test of time, and although now, naturally enough, in some respects old-fashioned, it unquestionably retains its right to rank among the masterpieces of English fiction.

III.

The faults of "Villette" are not far to seek. In 1853, when it appeared, the three-volume novel held undisputed sway. "The Professor," of which "Villette" was a recast, had failed to find a publisher largely because it was not of three-volume compass, and in trying to give full measure, at a time when her health was bad and her spirits were low, Charlotte Brontë inevitably fell into what in these days we regard as long-windedness. Thus the door was opened for other defects, lapses of taste and judgment, for which in a shorter work there would have been less room. The only fault which Early Victorian critics seem to have found was a kind of "coarseness"—a charge which seems grotesque to twentieth-century readers, but which, no doubt, was gravely upheld in the prim and prudish 'fifties. Charlotte Brontë's treatment of love and passion, which to her contemporaries seemed indelicate in the pages of a lady writer, to us appears to err rather on the side of stilted decorum; and we are apt to forget that Charlotte Brontë was really a bold pioneer in matters of this sort.

IV.

In novels of the Brontë type undue length is apt to affect the reader more seriously than in novels of what Sir Walter Scott dubbed "the big bow-wow" style. Novelists are like steamer passengers—they belong to one or other of two classes; they either stay on deck during the passage or they retire to the saloon or their bunk. Full-blooded, hale and hearty novelists like Fielding and Scott tramp the deck, revel in the boisterous side of life, cast their eyes upon many people and distant horizons. Other novelists, like Richardson and Charlotte Brontë, promptly withdraw to the cabin, in whose seclusion and narrow precincts they study their own sensations, or watch, at close quarters, every mood and action of their neighbours. Some readers cannot stand the wind-swept deck. Some cannot tolerate the close and concentrated cabin. Most can bear its atmosphere for a time, but if the time be too prolonged, they gasp for the fresh breezes of the open deck. Happy are those who, on the good ship Fiction, can go down to the cabin or go up on deck at pleasure, without fear of feeling squeamish either above or below!

V.

The atmosphere of "Villette" at times grows decidedly sickening, but that is the penalty you generally have to pay if you wish to see a human heart laid open on the novelist's dissecting table. Only thus can you see what lies under the surface. Charlotte Brontë is never content with externals, as some story-tellers are, and in "Villette" she gives full rein to her introspective and analytical propensities. She probes deep, and we must not complain if in the process she evokes an abundance of sobs and sighs and shudders. Combined with this faculty, "Villette" reveals a remarkable visualising power and a glowing style. The words are simple, but the imagery is rich. There is a morbid tendency in almost every chapter, but so great are the gifts we have just enumerated that what is morbid and neurotic somehow becomes extraordinarily fascinating. A spell is cast over us, and we feel acutely all the weariness of spirit and body from which Charlotte Brontë's heroines, like their creator herself, never seemed able to escape. Perhaps nowhere in English literature is the utter dreariness of home-sickness and love-sickness, the oppression of loneliness and nerves and "vapours," so vividly, so powerfully, so painfully expressed as in certain chapters of "Villette"; for example, the chapter on "The Long Vacation."

VI.

One of Charlotte Brontë's most notable services to English prose fiction was her revolt against the perfect hero and the beautiful heroine of Romance. Sir Walter Scott, as no one knew better than himself, had failed to impart life to his young and handsome heroes. Charlotte Brontë, judging from Dr. John Graham in "Villette," would have succeeded little better had she made the attempt. As it was, she deliberately chose as heroes for her novels ugly men of middle age; and she partnered them for life with plain and far from faultless women. To do so required much courage; to do so with success required exceptional skill. M. Paul Emanuel is first introduced to us bluntly as "a small, dark and square man, with spectacles." His bilious temper, his jealous disposition, and a dozen

other weaknesses are described in detail. Again and again Lucy Snowe tells how she turned in disgust from his ugly expression and his equally ugly temper. Then through this unpleasing exterior begin to shine rare virtues and qualities, and in time Paul Emanuel becomes Lucy's "dear little man" and a hero indeed. No greater tribute could be paid to Charlotte Brontë's genius than to say that she unerringly carries the reader with her through this surprising transition, and that in the end we instinctively take M. Paul Emanuel to our hearts, as a friend to treasure till death. It is less easy to understand M. Paul Emanuel's falling in love with Lucy Snowe, than it is to understand her falling in love with him; but the character of Lucy, if less sympathetically drawn, is nevertheless portrayed with consummate ability. Of the minor characters none is so well described as Madame Beck, in whose school Lucy Snowe taught. This is masterly portrait-painting:

"When attired, Madame Beck appeared a personage of a figure rather short and stout, yet still graceful in its own peculiar way; that is, with the grace resulting from proportion of parts. Her complexion was fresh and sanguine, not too rubicund; her eye blue and serene; her dark silk dress fitted her as a French sempstress alone can make a dress fit; she looked well, though a little bourgeoise; as bourgeoise, indeed, she was. I know not what of harmony pervaded her whole person; and yet her face offered contrast too: its features were by no means such as are usually seen in conjunction with a complexion of such blended freshness and repose, their outline was stern; her forehead was high, but narrow, it expressed capacity and some benevolence, but no expanse; nor did her peaceful yet watching eye ever know the fire which is kindled in the heart, or the softness which flows thence. Her mouth was hard, it could be a little grim; her lips were thin. For sensibility and genius, with all their tenderness and temerity, I felt somehow that Madame would be the right sort of Minos in petticoats."

VII.

And what of the plot? Well, as Miss Martineau pointed out when "Villette" first came out, the story consists mainly of falling in love, falling out of it, and then into it again. But it isn't quite so sentimental as it sounds. Most other novels tell the same sort of story, but the "love interest" is generally relieved by other happenings more or less striking. In "Villette," however, nothing else happens that is worth speaking about, and so Love monopolises the stage. Action there is very little. Even the incidents are mostly insignificant—a fête, or the receipt of a letter, or a lovers' quarrel. The scene scarcely ever changes. Out of such material only a genius could have fashioned so great and durable a story as "Villette"; and her achievement gives Charlotte Brontë a proud place, not only in English but in European literature. For in this—thanks, it may be, to her Celtic origin and her education abroad—Charlotte Brontë had a gift which is more Continental than English.

But there is one thing about the plot of "Villette" which must not be forgotten—to wit, the mystery. Not the trumpery mystery of the nun, but the mystery of the conclusion. Does "Villette" end happily? Surely not! Charlotte Brontë did not intend M. Paul Emanuel to return. To the sea she would give him, but not to Lucy Snowe. But "to leave sunny imagination's hope," she purposely wrote a conclusion to her book which may be read in two ways. Taken by itself, the last chapter is open to two interpretations; taken in conjunction with all that has gone before, there is but one interpretation. When she wrote "Villette" Charlotte Brontë's pen was dipped in gloom, an indelible gloom that not even the sunniest imagination can expunge.

LITERARY NOTES

A DELIGHTFUL "Selection from the Love Poetry of William Butler Yeats" was issued to subscribers a few days ago by the Cuala Press, Dundrum, County Dublin (subscription, 7s. 6d.). In the autumn this artistic press will publish a Volume of New Poems from the same pen (subscription, 10s. 6d.).

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The approach of the autumn publishing season is heralded by a Special Export and Colonial Number of the *Bookseller*. The preliminary lists of forthcoming publications are sufficient guarantee that, as far as quantity is concerned, readers will again have no reason to complain of the supply. For overseas English readers publishers continue to make further and fuller provision, what with Empire libraries and Colonial libraries and special editions for India and the British Dominions. *A propos*, it would be interesting to compare the literary tastes and standards of the various parts of the Empire as represented by the volumes recording the largest sale for the year in the United Kingdom, Canada, Australia, South Africa, New Zealand, and India respectively.

* * * * *

In view of recent events it is not surprising to learn that, "after long years," Lord Alfred Douglas has now decided to "break the silence and to give the real facts about his relations with Wilde from the period when Wilde was at the top of his fame to the time of his tragedy and death." "Oscar Wilde and Myself," by Lord Alfred Douglas (10s. 6d.), figures prominently in John Long's list, and we learn that the book "contains a serious side, inasmuch as it deals with the grave disasters this friendship has brought upon Lord Alfred. It possesses another side in the analysis of the purely literary aspect of Wilde's work; and a large number of anecdotes and sayings of Wilde are included which have never before been printed. It also gives an account of the Wilde circle, which included the most prominent persons of the period."

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Among noteworthy translations about to appear may be noted Eucken's "Knowledge and Life" (translated by the Rev. W. Tudor Jones: Williams and Norgate, 5s.); Faguet's "Initiation into Literature" (translated by Sir Home Gordon, Bart.: Williams and Norgate, 3s. 6d.); and "Frau Bertha Garlan" (3s. 6d.), a novel by the famous Austrian writer, Arthur Schnitzler, which will form the first volume of Goschen's "Library of Translations," a series intended to introduce to English readers the work of some of the most interesting Continental masters of the novel and the short story.

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Messrs. Constable announce that a second impression of Lord Milner's collection of speeches and addresses, "The Nation and the Empire," has already been called for. This fact, taken in conjunction with recent signs that the cult of Kipling as a poet is still very strong and widespread, would seem to show that Imperialism is not so out of fashion nowadays as some would have us believe.

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Dickens was singularly fortunate in his illustrators, and it is difficult to dissociate his works from the familiar sketches of the original artists. In October Nisbet and Co. will bring out "Phiz and Dickens," by Edgar Browne. The volume (which will be published at 15s., 32s. for a limited edition of 175 copies, imperial 8vo.) will, needless to say, be illustrated.

THE MURDER OF HENRI IV.

BY HENRI MAZEL

I.

THE year 1610, which witnessed the assassination of Henri IV., gave promise of being an important date in the history of European civilisation, and would probably have been so but for that assassination.

Henri IV., finally triumphant over all factions, had been in undisputed possession of the throne for some fifteen years. This comparatively lengthy period he had spent in establishing his authority, in repairing the harm done to his kingdom by half a century of terrible civil wars, and at the same time paving the way for the pacification of Europe by destroying the oppressive domination of the house of Austria, which had been anything but auspicious for Christendom. Besides, the humbling of this power was not for him, as it was for his successors, a mere satisfaction of *amour-propre*; he had higher aims and had visions of a reorganisation of Christendom on a durable, well-balanced basis, which would respect the rights of one and all.

II.

This is not the place to recount the details of this *Grand Dessein*, as historians call it; and it would be still more out of place to inquire here whether, after all, it was the wise and prudent Henri IV. who nursed plans so far-reaching, or whether we are not in this matter rather the dupes of Sully, who, writing his *Memoirs* somewhat later, may have taken the liberty of giving his royal master credit for dreams that were in reality his (Sully's) own. One thing, however, is beyond dispute—at the moment he was assassinated Henri IV. was making ready, with a kingdom well rested and strengthened, to resume the struggle against the two monarchies of Spain and Austria, both weakened, impoverished, and in the hands of mediocre sovereigns. And, in all probability, the crisis would have been short and decisive, it would have spared Germany the horrors of the Thirty Years War, Belgium and Italy the régime of compression under which these regions languished for a couple of centuries, and it would have been salutary even for the vanquished, by allowing Spain to emerge speedily from its decadence, and Austria to repulse the Turk's attack alone and unaided, without need of a Sobieski.

III.

All these great projects depended on the existence of one man, and thus it is easy to understand why the Courts of Vienna and Madrid, so menaced, kept secretly arming hand after hand against Henri IV. This hapless King had lived all his life under the threat of the dagger. In the years preceding 1610 there had indeed been a recrudescence of conspiracies. As if he felt his death at hand, Henri IV. would fain have quitted Paris to go and put himself at the head of his army; he felt safer in the midst of his old comrades-in-arms than in this hotbed of sedition, whence might issue at any instant a Jacques Clément or a Jean Châtel. The Queen, Marie de Médicis, detained him because she wished, before his departure, to have herself crowned Regent, and very lively discussions had taken place in the royal household. "By heaven," said the King to Sully, "I shall die in this town and never leave it. They'll kill me, for I see plainly that in their danger their only remedy is my death. Ah, cursed Coronation, you'll be the death of me!"

The King, however, resigned himself to this cere-

mony. The Coronation was fixed for May 13th. The day after was to be a day of rest, or rather a day for the transaction of serious business. Then the fêtes were to begin—state entry of the Queen Regent into Paris, banquets and balls, and on the 19th the King was to set off to join the army. Well, the Coronation did take place on the 13th, but the following day the King was assassinated.

IV.

On the day in question Henri IV. desired to go and consult Sully, who lived at the Arsenal, near the Bastille. He started off in his coach with some courtiers and an escort of guards. To go from the Louvre to the Arsenal you had to pass through a maze of winding lanes. The Rue de Rivoli was not yet in existence, and the present Rue de la Ferronnerie, widened and straightened as it has been, affords no idea of what the old street of that name used to be. A block of carriages stopped the royal coach. The guards, losing patience, went round by side streets so as to get ahead. Then it was that a man who had followed the cortège managed to get close up to the carriage, now completely unguarded, and, taking advantage of a moment when Henri IV. was leaning towards his neighbour, the Duc d'Épernon, mounted a street post and, passing his arm through the doorway of the coach, struck the King in the side. "I am wounded," he cried. The man struck again, and his second blow reached the heart. The King murmured, "It is nothing . . ." and expired. The man had not stirred, making no attempt to escape. One of the officers drew his sword and was going to run him through, when the Duc d'Épernon gave orders that he must not be killed, and had him placed in safe custody.

V.

The assassin's name was François Ravailac. He was a big, strong fellow, with red hair and beard. He was about thirty years of age, and had lived a strange life. In turn lackey, lay-brother, schoolmaster, he had been imprisoned for debt and had long prowled about the main roads. He was the sort of man you find in anarchist circles, a bit of a scholar, glib of tongue, self-infatuated, and sticking at nothing, only with a religious fanaticism in place of the anti-religious fanaticism of his kin of the present day. He had had visions: for example, an ecstasy during which he felt the smell of sulphur, conclusive proof, he thought, of the existence of the purgatory which the Huguenots denied; and as a result he believed he could see upon his cheeks the image of Catholic hosts.

At that time Catholics and Protestants held the same views as to the right to slay a bad king. Agrippa d'Aubigné, an old Huguenot soldier, regarded the attempts on Henri IV.'s life which had occurred as punishment for his renunciation; and similarly Catholic pulpits rang with blood-thirsty incitements. The approach of a war waged upon the Catholic powers in favour of the Protestant princes raised to boiling point the rage of the old Ligueurs. At the end of the year 1609 Ravailac tried to have a word with the King; he adjured him to give him a hearing near the spot where, some months later, he was to stab him to death. Driven back by the guards, he set off for Angoulême, his birthplace, and then came back to Paris. The idea that the King was going to make war on the Pope made him mad, for,

said he, "God was the Pope and the Pope was God." He had stolen a knife in an inn for the purpose of killing Henri IV. But before he could carry out his design his resolution failed him; he broke the point of his knife, and departed once more for Angoulême. An incident which took place on the road turned him back. In a suburb of Étampes he saw a picture representing a bleeding Christ, an *Ecce Homo*. He thought himself called on to avenge his God, made a new point to his knife on a stone, and returned to Paris. For several days he waited his opportunity. On the 14th he found it, and struck.

VI.

Did he act alone, or was he the instrument of a conspiracy? Few questions have been debated as much. According to certain historians, especially those who, like Michelet, are fond of melodramatic complications, Henri IV. was assassinated by the trio, Marie de Médicis, d'Épernon, Concini. The murderer, we are assured, was merely their instrument. When you read the glowing pages of Michelet, you can't help being convinced or shaken. These three people hated the King so, had so much to gain by his "taking off," and their friends had so heralded the blow which was to fall, that one cannot but be tempted to believe them guilty of this crime.

And yet when you study the case of the assassin, when you read his evidence, when you plumb to the bottom his poor, fanatical and brutal mind, you must needs recognise that Ravaillac was an *isolé*. He may have got the idea of his deed from pamphlets, from diatribes, from conversations; but no one put the weapon in his hand. When he acted, he acted alone. His very fanaticism acquits him of all suspicion of complicity. He would not have perjured himself; he would have shrunk from the thought of a sacrilegious oath. The priest who confessed him only granted him absolution on condition that he told the truth when he swore to having no accomplice, and under this threat of hell fire, of everlasting damnation, Ravaillac replied, "I accept it on that condition." The sincerity of such a man cannot be questioned.

The more so as all the other arguments adduced against these confederates are weak or worthless. One cannot really credit the tales of Madame d'Escoman and of Captain La Garde, who, in 1616 and 1619 respectively, accused d'Épernon of putting the knife in Ravaillac's hand. All their depositions were found to be false. Besides, had d'Épernon been the instigator of the crime, would he not have let Ravaillac be killed on the spot, so as to get rid of a witness so inconvenient, instead of preserving him for the torture-chamber, which might easily have drawn from him the name of his confederates?

VII.

And yet at the same time it cannot be denied that all the King's enemies knew he was going to be assassinated, and that, at Madrid as at Brussels, his death was announced to take place on a date which proved to be exact. The opening pages of the Cardinal de Richelieu's Memoirs are filled with these predictions or presentiments, which leave on the reader's mind the idea of something very different from a mere collection of chance coincidences.

Hence the explanation which an erudite scholar, Jules Loiseleur, has advanced in connection with this strange problem. All unknown to one another, two different enemies lay in wait for Henri IV. The men of the Concini and d'Épernon party, who awaited the King at the end of the Rue Ferronnerie, who had perhaps prearranged the street obstruction and withdrawn the escort, were about to fall upon the royal

coach, when a solitary fanatic, an utter stranger, forestalled them. One could understand, then, the action of the Duc d'Épernon in saving the assassin, whom he recognised as not being one of his fellow-conspirators, and who, while serving his turn, acquitted him of all responsibility. This explanation is supported by a curious passage of the chronicler Mathieu, who relates that at the moment Ravaillac struck the King some eight or nine men on foot and two on horseback, who were waiting at the end of the street, slipped into the crowd and disappeared entirely. Chief President du Harlay, at the inquest on the King's death, tried to elucidate the rôle of these "persons unknown," but he failed in the attempt.

VIII.

The theory is ingenious, and finds favour with one of the most recent historians of the event, M. Léonce Pingaud (in Lavis and Rambaud's "Histoire Générale"); but none the less, to my mind at all events, it is not convincing. Such a coincidence would be amazing indeed! And these "persons unknown" are exceedingly shadowy! I wonder whether the recent works of our psycho-physiologists upon hypnosis might not authorise another and better explanation of this historical enigma. We know that not only the idea of committing a crime can be suggested to certain weak-minded people, but even the idea that they are committing it of their own accord; that they have no accomplice, and that in so acting they are obeying the voice of God alone. Now, Ravaillac is just the type of impulsive being, violent and mentally disordered, upon whom can be inculcated, either in a hypnotic state or it may even be in the waking state, the idea of a spontaneous act of vengeance. To boot, we find in the retinue of the Queen a person quite capable of having played the part of hypnotiser, Leonora Galigai, Concini's wife, the future Maréchale d'Ancre. She had a reputation for sorcery which must have been due to practices of this kind, and which, after the murder of her husband, led to her being condemned to be burned alive as a witch. When asked by what means she obtained her sway over the mind of Queen Marie de Médicis, she replied, "That of a strong mind over a weak one." She might very well have given the same answer regarding Ravaillac, had she been examined as an accomplice.

IX.

On this new hypothesis everything can easily be explained. Leonora Galigai had brought to her by one of her confederates this obscure fanatic, whom she knew to be violent, vain, and subject to hallucinations. She inoculated him with the idea of the crime, indicated the spot and the very day on which he was to strike down his victim, and then all she need do was to let the others into the secret, without the slightest fear of the murderer denouncing them, since he honestly believed his deed spontaneous. For their part, the others have only a few arrangements to make. As they are practically certain of success, their tongues wag over freely, and so it gets noised abroad that the King is to be killed about such and such a time. On the appointed day they make ready for the blow to fall, and Ravaillac has but to appear on the scene to strike home with deadly thrust, thanks to them, but all unwitting.

This theory would reconcile all historians—those who, with Michelet and Henri Martin, believe in the guilt of the Queen and her friends; those who, with Poirson and Mariéjol, believe in the spontaneity of Ravaillac's deed; and those who, with Loiseleur and Pingaud, believe in the parallel existence of two separate designs on the King's life.

EVERYMAN'S FRENCH PAGE

PECKSNIFF ET L'HYPOCRISIE ANGLAISE

LE premier fruit de la société anglaise est l'hypocrisie. Il y mûrit au double souffle de la religion et de la morale; on sait quels sont leur popularité et leur empire au-delà du détroit. Dans un pays où il est scandaleux de rire le dimanche, où le triste puritanisme a gardé quelque chose de son ancienne animosité contre le bonheur, où les critiques qui étudient l'histoire ancienne insèrent des dissertations sur le degré de vertu de Nabuchodonosor, il est naturel que l'apparence de la moralité soit utile. C'est une monnaie qu'il faut avoir; ceux qui n'ont pas la bonne en fabriquent de la fausse, et plus l'opinion publique la déclare précieuse, plus on la contrefait. Aussi ce vice est-il anglais. M. Pecksniff ne peut pas se rencontrer en France. Ses phrases nous dégoûteraient. S'il y a chez nous une affectation, ce n'est pas celle de vertu, c'est celle de vice; pour réussir, on aurait tort d'y parler de ses principes; on aime mieux confesser ses faiblesses, et s'il y a des charlatans, ce sont des fanfarons d'immoralité. Nous avons eu jadis nos hypocrites; mais c'est lorsque la religion était populaire. Depuis Voltaire, Tartufe est impossible. On n'essaye plus d'affecter une piété qui ne trompe personne et qui ne mène à rien. L'hypocrisie vient, s'en va, et varie selon l'état des mœurs, de la religion et des esprits; aussi voyez comme l'hypocrisie de Pecksniff est conforme aux dispositions de son pays! Pecksniff ne lâche pas comme Tartufe des phrases de théologie; il s'épanche tout entier en tirades de philanthropie. Il a marché avec le siècle. Il est devenu philosophe humanitaire. Il a donné à ses filles les noms de *Mercy* (compassion) et *Charity*. Il est tendre, il est bon, il s'abandonne aux effusions de famille. Il offre innocemment en spectacle, lorsqu'on vient le voir, de charmantes scènes d'intérieur; il étale le cœur d'un père, les sentiments d'un époux, la bienveillance d'un bon maître. Les vertus de famille sont en honneur aujourd'hui; il faut s'en affubler. Jadis Orgon disait, instruit par Tartufe:

Et je verrais périr parents, enfants et femme,
Que je m'en soucierais autant que de cela.

La vertu moderne et la piété anglaise pensent autrement; il ne faut pas mépriser ce monde en vue de l'autre; il faut l'améliorer en vue de l'autre. Tartufe parlera de sa haine et de sa discipline; Pecksniff, de son confortable petit parloir, du charme de l'intimité, des beautés de la nature. Il essaiera de mettre la concorde entre les hommes. Il aura l'air d'un membre de la *Société de la paix*. Il développera les considérations les plus touchantes sur les bienfaits et sur les beautés de l'harmonie. Il sera impossible de l'écouter sans avoir le cœur attendri. Les hommes sont raffinés aujourd'hui, ils ont lu beaucoup de poésies élégiaques; leur sensibilité est plus vive; on ne peut pas les tromper avec la grossière impudence de Tartufe. C'est pourquoi M. Pecksniff aura des gestes de longanimité sublime, des sourires de compassion ineffable, des élans, des mouvements d'abandon, des grâces, des tendresses qui séduiront les plus difficiles et charmeront les plus délicats.

Les Anglais, dans leurs parlements, dans leurs *meetings*, dans leurs associations et dans leurs cérémonies publiques, ont appris la phrase oratoire, les termes abstraits, le style de l'économie politique, du journalisme et du prospectus. M. Pecksniff parlera comme un prospectus. Il en aura l'obscurité, le galimatias et l'emphase.

PECKSNIFF AND ENGLISH HYPOCRISY

THE first-fruits of English society is hypocrisy. It ripens there under the double breath of religion and morality; we know their popularity and dominion across the Channel. In a country where it is scandalous to laugh on Sunday, where the gloomy Puritan has preserved something of his old rancour against happiness, where the critics of ancient history insert dissertations on the virtue of Nebuchadnezzar, it is natural that the appearance of morality should be serviceable. It is a needful coin; those who lack good money coin bad; and the more public opinion declares it precious, the more it is counterfeited. This vice is, therefore, English. Mr. Pecksniff is not found in France. His speech would disgust Frenchmen. If they have an affectation, it is not of virtue, but of vice; if they wish to succeed, they would be wrong to speak of their principles: they prefer to confess their weaknesses; and if they have quacks, these are trumpeters of immorality. They had their hypocrites once, but it was when religion was popular. Since Voltaire, Tartuffe is impossible. Frenchmen no longer try to affect a piety which would deceive no one and lead to nothing. Hypocrisy comes and goes, varying with the state of morals, religion, and mind; see, then, how conformable that of Pecksniff is to the dispositions of his country. He does not, like Tartuffe, utter theological phrases; he expands altogether in philanthropic tirades. He has marched with the age; he has become a humanitarian philosopher. He has called his daughters *Mercy* and *Charity*. He is tender, he is kind, he gives vent to domestic effusions. He innocently exhibits, when visited, charming domestic scenes; he displays his paternal heart, marital sentiments, the kindly feeling of a good house-master. The family virtues are honoured nowadays; he must muffle himself therewith. Orgon formerly said, as instructed by Tartuffe:—

Et je verrais périr parents, enfants et femme,
Que je m'en soucierais autant que de cela.

Modern virtue and English piety think otherwise; we must not despise this world in view of the next; we must improve it. Tartuffe will speak of his hair-shirt and his discipline; Pecksniff, of his comfortable little parlour, of the charm of friendship, the beauties of nature. He will try to bring men together. He will be like a member of the Peace Society. He will develop the most touching considerations on the benefits and beauties of union among men. Men are refined nowadays, they have read much elegiac poetry; their sensibility is more active, they can no longer be deceived by the gross impudence of Tartuffe. This is why Mr. Pecksniff will use gestures of sublime long-suffering, smiles of ineffable compassion, starts, movements of recklessness, graces, tendernesses, which will seduce the most reserved, and charm the most delicate.

The English, in their Parliament, meetings, associations, public ceremonies, have learned the oratorical phraseology, the abstract terms, the style of political economy of the newspaper and the prospectus. Pecksniff will talk like a prospectus. He will possess its obscurity, its wordiness, and its emphasis.

THE CURE OF CONSUMPTION.

DR. EDWIN W. ALABONE'S TREATMENT.

After the severest tests, there can now be no doubt as to the success of the "Alabone Treatment" in the cure of Consumption. From all parts of the world reports have been received from medical men and others stating that cases of Phthisis have been permanently cured by its adoption.

In England alone thousands of sufferers only too gladly acknowledge its efficacy. Readers must bear in mind that this is not a treatment which has suddenly sprung up (like so many others only to speedily die a natural death), for Dr. Alabone has for fifty years made Consumption a special study, and it may safely be asserted that during that period a greater number of cases have passed through his hands than probably any other living physician.

Be that as it may, some thirty years ago he promulgated a system of inhalation which proved eminently successful, and from time to time came new developments, till at the present moment it can be said unhesitatingly it holds out the only hope of a *real cure* to the Consumptive patient. Dr. Alabone's last invention is an inhaler (which has been patented); by its use the inhalants used are received into the lungs in the form of a gaseous vapour which speedily finds its way to the actual seat of the disease, the disease thereby being dealt with locally as well as constitutionally, a fact which must commend itself to any intelligent person.

The open-air treatment which professed to do so much has proved a most ignominious failure, and not only that, but a positive menace to the life of those unfortunates who adopt it; it is generally acknowledged by leading physicians and medical officers of health, who are in the very best possible position to judge of the results, that Sanatoria are simply schools, *not for the Cure of Consumption*, but simply to teach Consumptives how to live when they leave these institutions. One well-known medical officer of health states "the rare and refreshing fruit" means in most cases "death."

For full results of open-air treatment we refer the reader to Dr. Alabone's pamphlet entitled "Facts Regarding the Open-air Treatment." (Price 1s., post free.)

Far different it is with the treatment under discussion, for although no infallibility is claimed, yet the results when analysed are surprising, especially when it is taken into consideration that the majority of patients who present themselves to Dr. Alabone are in a far advanced stage of the disease, they having been sent away from sanatoria to die at home. Yet in spite of this a very large percentage of these cases get perfectly well, and remain so.

The testimony from medical men is perhaps the more convincing, especially if they themselves have been the victims of Phthisis. A most remarkable case that of J. Christian, M.D., M.R.C.S., R.N., who was dismissed the service, being in Consumption. After trying other treatments from well-known specialists, he came to Dr. Alabone, when his condition was apparently hopeless with cavities in the lungs. He was perfectly restored to health, and started to practise his profession. After some months of practice he wrote the following letter :

"Sir,—I was under the professional treatment of Dr. Alabone, and during that time received the greatest benefit from it. I was placed on the retired list as 'unfit for further service owing to phthisis.' Thanks to Dr. E. W. Alabone's treatment, I have been able to resume the practice of my profession, and have now been actively engaged in practice for six months in good health.—Yours faithfully, J. CHRISTIAN, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P. London."

Another well-known physician (Dr. C—) sent for Dr. Alabone in consultation in a case of Phthisis in its last stage; the patient had two large cavities, and Dr. C— informed Dr. Alabone it was really useless sending for him, but he did so at the urgent request of his friends. This case perfectly recovered; subsequently, Dr. C— called Dr. Alabone in consultation in many other cases, the majority of which responded to his treatment, regaining their health and remaining cured. A great point in this treatment is the permanency of the cure. Referring to these cases, Dr. C— wrote the following letter :

"SIR,—I look upon open-air treatment as it is at present carried on as a *medical fad*, which certainly involves great waste of valuable time (which should be utilised by a much more intelligent system of treatment for cure), and loss of money, which often can be ill-afforded by those who undergo it; besides this, it is sufficiently plain to me that it, *is actually dangerous to the life of a patient.*

"To expose patients with cavities in their lungs to draughts between open windows and doors in winter is, I consider, *open air run mad.*

"When we consider how exquisitely sensitive the mucous membrane lining the tubes surrounding the cavities in a consumptive lung must be, it appears to me the height of folly, and I might say even of cruelty, to urge the exposure of phthisical patients to such an ordeal.

"I am glad, however, that an opportunity has been given me to testify to the success which has attended Dr. Alabone's treatment of phthisis. *I have seen cases of phthisis, with cavities, perfectly recover under his treatment*, which does not include the possibility of danger of pneumonia or bronchitis from exposure to cold and damp air, nor does he advise the enormous excess of food which appears to be an important part of the open-air treatment.—Faithfully yours,

"A. R. C—, M.D., M.R.C.S. Eng., J.P."

A well-known medical officer of health, whose son had previously been treated by two specialists, but got rapidly worse, decided to place him under Dr. Alabone's inhalation treatment, which he did with the happiest results; he perfectly regained his health, and, after being cured for five years, married, and is still as well as ever he was. An immense number of such cases could be quoted, but these will suffice.

The same satisfactory reports are received from nurses who have been at sanatoria and seen the results of open-air treatment as contrasted with that of Dr. Alabone's.

Further cases and details will be found in "The Cure of Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, and Other Diseases of the Chest" (47th edition, 171st thousand), which can be obtained, post free, for 2s. 6d., from the author, EDWIN W. ALABONE, M.D.Phil., D.Sc., Ex-M.R.C.S. (Eng.), Lynton House, Highbury Quadrant, London, N.

CORRESPONDENCE

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Owing to the large number of letters received it is necessary for correspondents to write briefly if their letters are to appear.

BALZAC AND DUMAS.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Dr. Charles Sarolea's appreciative and interesting article on Honoré de Balzac has given rise, as I see in EVERYMAN'S issue of August 1st, to Mr. P. F. H.'s wish to know "why it is that the greatest (*sic*) of all French writers, Alexandre Dumas, is so completely forgotten by those who write about Frenchmen such as Balzac." According to Mr. P. F. H., Alexandre Dumas excelled in many branches of literature, and Dumas' "The Fencing Master" ("Le Maître d'Armes), although written by means of the help of others, should be reckoned among the literary masterpieces. As an argument in favour of Dumas collaborating with other writers, he is compared to Shakespeare, "who did not take the trouble to invent a single one of his plots."

I have made a study of a good many of Honoré de Balzac's novels, which all bear, as Dr. Charles Sarolea so well expressed it, "the imprint of his Titanic personality." It is the gigantic conception of Balzac's work which cannot fail to strike the earnest reader, and by means of which "synthèse" the author tried to write a kind of "histoire naturelle" of French society of the first part of the nineteenth century. Balzac did more; he created a new school, and his influence is still strongly felt in Zola, de Maupassant, and many others who came after him. To get an idea of what Balzac has been in French literature Mr. P. F. H. should read France, Flat, Sainte Beuve, Schérer, Taine, and so many other competent critics.

As to Dumas, he is read rather much in France, but then by people of a certain kind. Dumas wrote many and about many things, but notwithstanding the enormous amount of novels that were regularly "turned out" by his "factory," I cannot say of him that "nullum fere scribendi genus non tetigit, nullum quod tetigit non omavit." I think only the first part of what Johnson wrote about Goldsmith may be applied to Dumas. Among all his novels, from "Le Bâtard de Mauléon" down to "Le Prince des Voleurs," there are only four or five perhaps—"Le Comte de Monte Cristo," "Les Trois Mousquetaires," "La Tulipe Noire," and "Le Vicomte de Bragelonne"—which are readable, from a literary point of view. As a dramatist Dumas is at least of some importance. Yet he occupies a place only among the minor dramatists of France.

How Mr. P. F. H. can compare Dumas to Shakespeare I cannot understand. I think Shakespeare *did* invent all his plots, and it is in this very invention of plots that Shakespeare shows his great genius as a dramatist. If Shakespeare took some subject matter from Holinshed's chronicle or other older plays and stories, his dramatic plots are his own invention. I should advise Mr. P. F. H. to read "Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist," by Prof. Moulton, and take "King Lear" and study Shakespeare here as a creator of plots. I suppose Mr. P. F. H. is English. I congratulate him on being able to call Shakespeare one of his national poets. Few nations have men like Shakespeare among their poets. We at least in Holland have not. Does Mr. P. F. H. really mean it—to name a man like Dumas in one breath with Shakespeare,

"The dear son of memory, the great heir of fame"?

I cannot believe it.—I am, sir, etc.,

Maastricht (Holland). MAURICE ENDEPOLS.

SERB, GREEK, AND BULGAR.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—I was glad to see Mr. Oscar Browning's letter on the above subject. In emphasising certain aspects of the Balkan problem, I tried to hold the balance even, and, in referring to the origin of the Bulgarians, I had in mind the account given by Professor Ivan Shishmanov (Sofia, 1900). Jiricek, in his "Geschichte der Bulgaren," lacked some of the materials available to the more modern writer, but, so far as I remember, his account does not differ in essential particulars.

When Mr. Browning says that "all who are acquainted with the Balkan Peninsula are aware that no settlement can be stable which does not assign to Bulgaria Ochrida and Monastir, which are the very centre of her national and religious life," he makes an assertion which bears little relation to ascertained fact. It would almost seem that he fails to grasp the complex nature of the case. Ochrida has belonged to Albanian, Greek, Bulgar, and Serb in turn, and it may be instructive to quote what Miss Durham thought of the situation during her visit to the place in 1904. "Everyone's claim to Ochrida is perfectly clear, but no one else will admit it. Greek and Serb lost no time in assuring me that sooner than be handed over to Bulgarian rule they would remain Turk. The Greeks, if they could not have the land themselves, would prefer it to be Servian, and the Serbs similarly made no objection to the Greeks. 'I teach the children to be Servian patriots,' said the active little Servian schoolmaster to me; 'their parents are Serb, and they wish their children also to be Serb, but unluckily this is only an elementary school. Those who cannot afford to go elsewhere to finish their education must finish in the Bulgarian school, and there they will be taught they are Bulgars. It is very sad.' 'How many children did they tell you were Servian in that school?' asked Petrov, a Bulgarian patriot, and he laughed derisively. 'All but the schoolmaster's children are Bulgar,' he said. . . . I was unlucky everywhere in the types of 'Bulgarian patriots' I met. They quite decided me that if Ochrida were mine to give away, they would be the very last people upon whom I would bestow it." ("The Burden of the Balkans." Arnold. London, 1905.)

Monastir is in the same category as Ochrida, but as the whole subject is eminently unsuitable for discussion in the pages of EVERYMAN, I must refer those interested to a brochure by Professor Cvijic, where the matter is competently dealt with. ("Remarks on the Ethnography of the Macedonian Slavs." Horace Cox. London, 1906.)—I am, sir, etc.,

DAVID H. LOW.

Kingussie, August 2nd, 1913.

ANONYMOUS JOURNALISM.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Dr. Charles Sarolea's article on the decline of the journalist's influence owing to the adoption of anonymity by the Press raises a question of much interest both to journalists and to the newspaper reader. The unsigned article is not satisfactory from any point of view. If an article is above the average, the reader is interested in the writer, and would like to know who the writer is. On the other hand, anonymity tends to encourage an irresponsible method of dealing with even the most important subjects. It destroys individuality, and it makes the journalist subservient to the policy of the paper for which he is writing. Signed articles would create among news-

(Continued on page 534.)

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paper men a greater sense of responsibility, and they would raise the tone of the daily and weekly Press.

If contributions were signed it would not be possible for a journalist to be the leader writer for both Conservative and Liberal papers. Nor could he always be ready to write whatever the policy of the paper might demand. This is the practical objection, I suppose, to Dr. Sarolea's proposal.

It is often argued that the journalist is, like a lawyer, ready to take up the defence of any cause or party so long as he is paid to do so. But if this is true, then the journalist is a mere hack; he exists to "write up" the opinions and the prejudices of other people for so much a time. Such a conception of the work of a journalist is a very low one, and so long as anonymity is the rule, this view of journalism will prevail.

It does not require much ability to "dish up" in readable form the opinions or the policy of a party, but it does require some ability and originality to attractively express your own view of some public question or event. This requires personal study as well as literary ability. This calls for just those qualities that are destroyed by anonymity. A journalist, if he is to be a force in the country—a maker of public opinion—must be free to think for himself; he must be something more than a mere newspaper echo of party cries. He ought to be capable, not only of giving an accurate account of things, but of giving the reader a distinct point of view, concerning the things he describes.

At present the articles that are signed are usually those contributed by writers on special subjects. These special articles appear to be increasing in the newspapers. I have found these to be more acceptable to the reader than the unsigned article. The up-to-date paper, while retaining its party policy in its leading articles, is becoming more disposed to accept articles that are quite opposite to its policy. In such cases it is customary for the articles to be signed.

A further objection to anonymity is that it deprives the journalist of the recognition and reward to which he is justly entitled.—I am, sir, etc.,

Southport.

W. FAULKNER.

THE CURSE OF USURY.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—The statement of E. Bardsley in your issue of July 18th that the New York Loan Company charges five per cent. per month on loans should not go unchallenged, although it is manifestly absurd. I know that the laws of the State of New York allow pawnbrokers to charge three per cent. per month for the first six months, and two per cent. per month thereafter, and *no more*. I know further that the Provident Loan Association of New York charges only one per cent. per month on loans. If a loan is made by this company and the borrower repays it within two weeks, he is charged only one-half of one per cent. for that time. *No fees are charged*. This company makes small loans as well as large, but it does not make advances on feather beds.—I am, sir, etc.,

NEW YORKER,

Bad Neundorf, Germany, August 1st, 1913.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Whilst idling in Norwich a few years ago I strolled into a sale-room and witnessed a public (*sic*) auction sale of unredeemed pledges. The room was empty but for a compact group of men in the centre.

Clambering upon a high stool, I saw this group consisted of pawnbrokers, with the auctioneer securely entrenched in their middle. The procedure appeared to be thus: As each lot of pledges came up the broker interested in that particular parcel took his place by the side of the auctioneer, carrying in his hand a book—presumably containing the amounts lent upon the pledges—to which he referred when the auctioneer asked if he should knock the article down. A piece of jewellery would come up, pass rapidly from hand to hand of the group, accompanied with "Do you want it, Bill?" or, "Is it any good to you, 'Arry?" There would be a laconic bid, and in a few seconds the article had been knocked down.

If the publicity of this auction is typical, then I join with your correspondent "Dolly" when she says, "Let these public sales be watched."—I am, sir, etc.,
SYD. H. WORMLEIGHTON.

Dunton Green, Kent, July 29th, 1913.

"EVERYMAN" AND G. K. CHESTERTON.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—One is provoked to write these few lines partly from a sense of the injustice of your correspondent "E. H.'s" method of objection, but most of all because one owes to Mr. Chesterton a long-accumulated debt of gratitude for the very many delightful hours spent in the company of his thoughts. Many a time and oft have we watched hungrily for the Saturday's *Daily News*, and after voraciously devouring what fare G. K. C. was pleased to provide, we have packed away to the moors, there (if the figure will pass) to chew the cud of the essay amid the heather and the solitude of Dartmoor. And what treats he used to give us in those days! Sometimes the matter was rather tough, for Mr. Chesterton is a logician of no mean order. Of the paradoxical method, so useful in stirring the slow-moving mind of the average Anglo-Saxon, he is a past-master, and many cannot forgive him on that account. That type of mind known as the "practical" cannot away with him. Such folk become confused and irritated by those exercises of mental gymnastics in which he so frequently indulges. Again, they cannot follow the ambitious flight of his imagination, for, like all the poets, Mr. Chesterton is a visionary, a seer. But above all, G. K. C. is a democrat, and if the spirit which pervades all his work is found to be in conflict with the aims and ideals of the Reform Club, so much the worse for that club.

EVERYMAN is a hero-worshipper, and in our own gallery of heroes G. K. Chesterton sits "crowned with vocal reeds."—I am, sir, etc.,

W. J. BRANSOM.

Dunstable, July 27th, 1913.

MARCUS AURELIUS.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—The article on Marcus Aurelius by Professor Phillimore, in a recent issue of EVERYMAN, seemed to me coloured with prejudice. The Emperor had learned the hard lesson "know thyself," and "to himself" very appropriately he addresses these "thoughts," "meditations," or what you will, which occur, indeed, unrecorded in that eternal colloquy of every serious thinking man with and within himself. He naturally begins with a consideration of what he owes to heredity and environment, but there is nothing namby-pamby, as your contributor suggests, in his references to his parents and relations. Nor does he show any smug satisfaction with himself. Montaigne

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sets out in his "Essays" to depict himself, the whole of himself, and slurs over nothing. Samuel Pepys confides to a shorthand of his own a very real revelation of the man he must have been. And so with John Wesley and John Woolman; we have no reasonable grounds for doubting their sincerity in what they wrote down from time to time on the subject of "themselves."

It may be that the tendency of the "Protestant experiment in the north of Europe" may be towards the stoicism of Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius, and to take the form of an intense individualism. Those who detest Protestantism will naturally detest this extreme development of its central principle. If Thomas à Kempis speaks with authority, it is the authority of the Catholic Church to which he bows, even when chronicling his soul in retreat. For the modern stoic there is no such authority. In default he is not without recompense; he retires to that mystic chamber where he is "alone with The Alone"—and the door is shut.—I am, sir, etc., J. M. KELLEY.
Manchester.

THE MAN ON THE IRON LINES.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Having read the article, "The Man on the Iron Lines," by Mr. C. Sheridan Jones, in your current issue, I regret to find that the writer does not offer any solution. The workers believe in Nationalisation. This, to my mind, is both unnecessary and undesirable. The first and principal obstacle is what you rightly call "dead capital." This should be weeded out, and should have been cancelled long ago. In my opinion, a Government auditor should be appointed, whether individual, firm, committee, or otherwise, to locate the dead capital, and the companies be compelled to liquidate this by gradual payments out of revenue, be the amortisation large or small. This having definitely been settled by Act of Parliament, the workers come next. In my humble opinion, they should always come first. As in the Civil Service, they should be treated as human beings, and not be subject to dismissal. Let their wages and hours be reasonable, and to this end I see no possible objection to meeting the unions, as there should be no necessity of beating them down, but really seeking a *bona-fide*, amicable arrangement, based on a minimum wage. At present human beings (workers) are treated worse than "material," which is subject to the law of supply and demand. Things having now been got down to bed-rock, the returns must be made to pay a reasonable dividend—not based on "sweat," but on honest business—and then the directors will be worth their fees, which they are not now.

Unless some such means as I suggest is adopted—and you will see I do not sacrifice anyone—there will and must be endless strikes, unrest, and unhappiness in all ranks. If things were thus put on a business footing, there is not one of us of the public who would not pay our quota in extra charges so that the dividend—to be agreed upon, if you like, with the Government—is assured.—I am, sir, etc.,

THOMAS G. HARVEY.

Ealing, W., July 26th, 1913.

THE SUFFRAGE QUESTION.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—If women really wish to better things, the remedy is in their own hands and always has been. Intelligent people mostly limit their families. Let the working-class women refuse to have children unless the husband has £2 a week or more, according

to the cost of living, and keep the family down to the wages given. Let the men see that their members of Parliament rigorously exclude all foreign labour. If these women really mean anything but a useless vote, let them teach ignorant men and women how not to breed paupers. When soldiers are wanted to protect the property of the classes, wages will rise, and not till then. The teachings of Malthus are not dead yet.—I am, sir, etc.,
 J. S. BROWN.
 Wiveliscombe, Som.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Your correspondent, Percy E. Reinganum, is, like all anarchists, very dogmatical. The vote, no doubt, has never directly raised wages, but indirectly it has done much. For instance, had not Parliament legalised trades unions, the direct action of the coal and other strikes would have been impossible. It would be foolish to undervalue direct action, but it is supplementary to Parliamentary action. No well-informed person would deny that the law diminishes the number of murders. The various Irish Land Acts have diminished the number of murders of Irish tenants by Irish landlords. We want the same kind of murders diminished (extinguished, if possible) in the other parts of the United Kingdom. The whole of history, from the slave revolts in Greece and Rome, through the Wat Tyler rebellion, the French Jacquerie, and the peasant wars of Germany, are examples of the failures of direct action alone. The French Revolution owes its partial success to the grasp of the idea of representative government; its partial failure to its inability properly to control anarchist enemies who let in any tyranny that promised order and peace.

I see no reason why women should not take part in the government of the country, although I believe the present movement is largely controlled by reactionaries, and the militants are, in my opinion, very wicked criminals. Nevertheless, it would be unfair to condemn such a movement altogether on account of the crimes of a section, although that section is a very large one. Women will make mistakes just as men have done, and although there are different views as to the effect of women's suffrage in our Colonies, the evidence, on balance, convinces me it has been beneficial.—I am, sir, etc.,
 A. J. MARRIOTT.
 London.

WHITE SLAVE TRAFFIC.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—I have carefully read many times Mr. A. S. Reeve's letter in your issue of 25th ult., and I scarcely think he can have realised the unspeakable horror contained in his last paragraph, where he mentions the financial earnings of street girls, whom he has "heard" boast openly of their astonishing takings. The whole tone of his sentence is distressing to the last degree, for it speaks volumes upon volumes of evidence in proof of the wickedness of "men." The demand for these girls is the only cause of their existence.

I am in a position to assure Mr. Reeve that any experienced Christian nurse or midwife is able to prove that "poverty and voluntary submission" are not by any means the only two factors at work in recruiting "white slave traffic." I personally know of a number of authenticated cases of girls losing their self-respect in perfect innocence, through nothing more than ignorance of their physical creation, and this, in more cases than Mr. Reeve is evidently aware of, is one of the primary causes of girls "taking to the



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streets." The greatest factor in the "white slave traffic" is not the man who for commercial gain perpetrates the "sin of the world," but the man who commits the crime for the sake of "betraying innocent blood."

Does Mr. Reeve realise that the average life of these poor creatures, in spite of "what they make," is usually not more than seven years, when once they have "taken to the streets"? What is this but slow murder, that of soul and body?

The fact of the matter is we need unending charity to both men and women who fall under this great sadness, and no one can realise this more than those who have the nursing and care of these creatures at heart, for they needed early teaching.

I believe William M. Brown's letter, also in your issue of the 25th ult., is indeed truth from beginning to end, and the sooner the Church realises the urgent call demanded of her, the sooner she will "deliver her land from error's chain."—I am, sir, etc.,

CONSTANCE GOODLIFFE,
Trained Nurse (Hospital and District) and
District Midwife.

Nottinghamshire, July 27th, 1913.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Percy E. Reinganum informs us in your issue of July 25th that "there will always be prostitution as long as men are men and women are women." We accept the fact. But let us hope that also there will always be those who raise themselves above the level of the prostitute; who are not content with the lowest or even with the average level of human conduct; who struggle towards something higher. In short, let us hope that there will always be people with ideals, people for whom the "ought to be" is higher than the "is."

I had read the article in the *English Review* to which your correspondent refers. It is an article which, if unchallenged, may do considerable harm to young readers. The author states—and states truly—that all men fall short of the highest standard of morality. But she concludes—and her conclusion is utterly wrong—that therefore men must be content with a lower standard. Surely the guiding principles of human conduct are to be found not in the careless indulgences of the many, but in the earnest upward strivings of the few.—I am, sir, etc.,

T. C. L.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Is it not high time that all this twaddle and small talk about the "causes" and the "cures" of immorality, *i.e.*, "white slavery," should cease? Why not face the facts of the *real* cause and the *real* cure, and state it courageously?

The cause, then, of all this so-called "white slavery" is due to a natural physical condition. Nature must be satisfied, and, as all men are not united in the holy bonds of matrimony, the present state of affairs is called into existence. And, please, why batten on the prostitutes of the streets, as some of your correspondents do, when it is obvious to the meanest mental vision that the same state of affairs exists in every degree of society—Church, State (as witness the Divorce Court reports in the daily press), and plebeian? Nature evidently is not to be denied—nor is the argument. As a matter of solid fact, the present "law of the land" defeats its object by flying deliberately in the face of Nature. The law cannot prohibit or prevent sexual connection, and by trying to do so it has proved once more the truth of Nature recoiling on the meddler.

As to the "cure," I think we might with profit follow

France's wise step and develop it for the benefit of society by making provision for the human male, and stop this awful nightmare that stalks about our streets. We feed the starving, for we know too well what awful things are done in the name of "hunger."

The above statement of the facts of the case may be unpalatable to some of your readers, but only to those who wish to burke the facts and who deliberately live in a false relation to the whole subject.

If the "cure" above suggested is not adopted, the present "rotten" state of things will prosper, and at no far date, it seems to me, we shall be knocking at the gates of Sodom and Gomorrah!

With every best wish for the continued success of your magnificent paper. I have read it with deep interest from the first number, and it is "great," in the best and noblest sense of that word.—I am, sir, etc.,

V. H.

July 30th, 1913.

EVOLUTION AND SCRIPTURAL DOCTRINE.
To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Your correspondent, "Un Chercheur," thinks he raises a question of great seriousness when he asks, "Can the dogma of the Redemption be upheld in the face of the theory of Evolution?" May I ask another question equally serious? Has the Evolution of the Body anything whatever to do with the Redemption of the Soul?

When our ancestors were fishes they lived in the sea. Had they elected to remain there we might have evolved into Fishmen and Mermaids; and still we might have been in need of a helping hand. I take it that the transitory form which we call Human is merely the tool with which the ego works, and its physiological characteristics are beside the question.—I am, sir, etc.,

H. HOLBY.

Holloway, N., August 1st, 1913.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

DEAR SIR,—In a letter on Modern Scientific Research and the Dogma of Redemption as taught by all Christian peoples, your correspondent, "Un Chercheur," makes, I presume to say, a huge mistake—the mistake which many others make—that of imagining that the Bible is a scientific treatise. It is not; nor was it ever intended to be such.

Nor, again, do thinking Christian people presume to deny the theory of evolution. Since this theory commends itself to the majority of scientists, we cannot deny the truth contained therein.

But the writer of "Genesis" gives us what he imagines to be the true account of the Creation, and his conception in some respects is similar to those found in the mythology and legendary of other peoples.

But in spite of the theory of evolution, the doctrine of Redemption still, I think, holds true. As Mr. Allen Clarke points out in a book of his, "Science and the Soul," the word "evolution" seems to imply previous "involution"; you cannot, he says, unwind a bobbin of thread that has not been previously wound. Charles Kingsley, too, has this idea in the "Water Babies" when he speaks of the "Do-as-you-likes," through idleness, degenerating into beasts. In other words, I contend that the Creator made man perfect, and that man fell; that the allegory contained in Genesis i. is quite true, though, of course, not literally; and that man is now in the second process, namely, that of evolution. The very word redemption implies that man fell from his created state.

(Continued on page 540.)

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Christianity is not menaced by such a theory. In fact, it shows to intelligent people the value of Jesus Christ to the world—as it was when He came and as it is to-day. And even if the idea of involution be false, yet we all agree, I think, that there is much from which man needs to be redeemed, and that no one has done so much to this end as Jesus Christ.—I am, sir, etc.,

HAROLD MARSDEN.

Coppice Oldham, August 1st, 1913.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—“Un Chercheur” seems to overlook one or two points:—(1) The theory of evolution cannot be accepted as a mathematical formula of continuous progress, *e.g.*, from fish to man. At present, it is scarcely more than a convenient basis for classification and analysis. (2) If accepted so far as to justify the conclusion that the world is, broadly speaking, on the path of progress, yet this path is strewn with failures. The most casual observation shows that nature is extravagantly cruel, that every improvement is won at the cost of something which was good. (3) No conclusions of science can prove as against the doctrine of the fall that a Beneficent Creator, unhindered by rebellion in His Creation, would have made the path of progress so fatal that a rebellion—which took place in time—is the only rational hypothesis which can account for existing chaos. (4) The dogma of redemption gives us the hope that man may enter into the kingdom of God, consecrated, perfected, entire. Evolution, without a Redeemer, only offers us the prospect of arriving as the maimed wrecks to which the world conflict reduces the strongest.—I am, sir, etc.,

D. F. B-L.

August 2nd, 1913.



AN ANTI-JACOBIN

THE publication of THE WINDHAM PAPERS (Herbert Jenkins, two volumes, 32s. net) cannot but be of the greatest value to students of the great epic of the Revolutionary Wars.

William Windham was a squire and politician of the eighteenth century, living in the full tradition of that ease and security which the English landed gentry inherited from their triumph a century before, and well equipped with that high culture which distinguished the flower of that class. Like most men of that historic type, he was, while the fixed tradition of English government remained unchallenged, more or less of a Liberal. Like so many of them, the armed appeal of the French nation against tyranny made him a Tory. His life divides itself naturally into two periods: the one of easy political success, lasting from 1782 to about 1792, and the other of stress, conflict, and enthusiasm, following upon the declaration of war against the revolution which England made in that year, and of which he was the warmest of approvers.

He was a disciple of Burke, and a far more vehement antagonist of the Revolution and its ideas than ever Pitt was: He joined Pitt's Government in 1794; but the two men never really worked smoothly together. Pitt was no crusader. He looked at the whole situation created by the French Revolution and the French War with the eyes of a politician. He trusted to diplomacy, to an excellent professional army, such as England then had, and to a great superiority at sea. He counted on these things to defeat the vast energy of the Jacobin, of which he understood nothing. He treated the new Government of France as he would have treated the Bourbons in one of the earlier quarrels of the eighteenth century.

Windham's temper was very different. He did not regard the war as one between England and France, but between that fixed society which he loved and the traditions of which he had inherited, and the Revolutionary Idea which challenged it.

The difference between the attitude of the two men comes out very strongly in Windham's continual appeals to Pitt to give effective support to the insurgent Royalists of France, and in Pitt's continual refusal to do anything effective in this direction.

To Windham the Royalists appeared to have a claim upon every atom of support that England could give them, for were they not the very martyrs of the ideas he sought to defend—the men who had defended them against the heaviest odds and at the greatest peril to themselves? To Pitt, who had no share in Windham's Royalist enthusiasm, they were at the most mere auxiliaries, and valueless auxiliaries at that—men ill trained and ill armed, incapable of military success, whose whole host, at its highest, was not worth a company of Hessian or Brunswicker Dragoons.

The friction between the two men went on intermittently until they left office together in 1800. One may guess that it was of little service to the national defence. It had been better that one or other of them had been able to carry out his policy without opposition or compromise. The resultant of Windham's assistance and Pitt's grudging and half-hearted concession was the disastrous expedition to Quiberon, which severely shook the public credit of both.

Windham returned to power when the Ministry of All the Talents was formed in 1804, but no great interest attaches to the rest of his public life up to his death in 1810.

These papers contain a number of documents and letters of the highest historical value, which no student of the period can afford to neglect. Lord Rosebery contributes an interesting estimate of Windham by way of introduction: “William Windham was the finest English gentleman of his or perhaps of all time. . . . He was a statesman, an orator, a mathematician, a scholar, and the most fascinating talker of his day.” The last-named quality may account for the fact that, of all his brilliant speeches, his effort as the successful advocate of bull-baiting has best stood the test of time. The reputation of a clever talker, who in his public life preserves a stringent independence, is apt to overload and overload his more lasting achievements, and popular tradition, like imagination, seizes ever on the most salient point. Brilliant in the galaxy which included Johnson and Burke, Pitt, Fox, and Sheridan, his memory has not survived with theirs. He stood aloof from party and the partisanship it implies, and as a consequence his fame has suffered. His oratory, says Lord Rosebery, must have been remarkable, though his voice was ineffective. But the real reputation of Windham lay in the charm of his conversation. In that vanished realm, says Lord Rosebery, he was a prince.



BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

MR. JUSTUS M. FORMAN has, we regret to say, forsaken the land of romance, with its mysteries and delights, its stories of hidden treasure and fabulous gems, and taken an excursion into present-day feminist agitations. THE OPENING DOOR (Ward, Lock and Co., 6s.) is all about a girl named Hope, who is wrought up over Woman's Suffrage, and feels herself compelled to join the militants and concentrate on getting the vote. She is a very pretty and a very

(Continued on page 542.)

HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS —AND AFTER.

I wonder if we ever shall arrive at any approximately satisfactory solution to the problems of "What to do with our Boys? and What to do with our Girls?"

At this time of the year, when the young people are home from the Schools and 'Varsities "for good," this question becomes more pressing than ever.

Of course, we have long known of the magnificent work carried on by Kensington College, but it must be admitted we had never paid a visit to the Institution in its new home in Paddington, at the corner of Gloucester Terrace and Gloucester Gardens, opened by her Grace Katharine, Duchess of Westminster.

So the other morning we went round, knowing the Director holds himself disengaged at all hours to give the advantage of his twenty-five years' experience as Head of this splendid College to all interested in the Training of the rising generation for dignified and remunerative positions in the world. We found Mr. Munford surrounded by Letter Baskets and Secretaries, Files and Reports, engrossed in his fascinating work. Busy as he was, he nevertheless gave us a most hearty welcome, and drew attention to the letters in one of the baskets, from which he allowed us to take the following extracts:—

From His GRACE THE DUKE OF ———, P.C., K.T., G.C.M.G., G.C.V.O.

Dear Sir,
I return with thanks your Article, and am glad to hear so good a statement of the success of Kensington College.
Yours faithfully, etc. (Sd.) ———.

From THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD ———.

... I should like to take this opportunity of congratulating you most heartily on the success achieved by the Kensington College at the Festival of Empire.

From THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE EARL OF ———.

Dear Mr. Munford,
... my Secretary ... is doing very well indeed, and I am very glad we engaged her, and I hope she will be here a long time.
Yours sincerely, etc. (Sd.) ———.

From DR. A. HOLZBERG, Principal, Heidelberg College and Neuenheim College, HEIDELBERG, GERMANY.

... Allow me to take this opportunity to congratulate you heartily on the high distinction which you received at the great Festival of Empire, with which I should like to couple the hope and wish that many other honours may follow to reward you for the excellent work you are doing. . . .

I shall certainly gladly take every opportunity of recommending your Institution to any pupil of ours who may be desirous of availing himself of your assistance.

Dear MR. MUNFORD,

I hasten to tender you my most grateful thanks for your kind introduction to the Earl and Countess of X., who have engaged me as Secretary at a Salary of £240 a year. Resident.

It is a delightful post; but the College does seem to get hold of all the best things. I often tell people that anyone who has had the good fortune to be trained under your auspices may consider herself (or himself) made for life! I am sometimes asked whether you really do carry out your guarantee to obtain a satisfactory appointment for all your students, and I am only too pleased to afford them a long list of examples.

I am really very grateful to you for having helped me to this splendid appointment ("satisfactory" hardly seems adequate!), and I need not say how glad I shall always be to give my personal testimony in favour of the College whenever an opportunity occurs.

With very many thanks,
Yours very gratefully, K. B.

The walls of the Director's office were crowded with photographs of eminent personages and of past and present pupils, forming a Picture Gallery of surpassing interest. Here was a photograph of the Private Secretary to Professor Rippmann, now so much to the front in connection with the Reformed Spelling movement; the next was that of the Private Secretary to the Earl of Lytton, a great supporter of the College; again, there was the Private Secretary to Lord Ardilaun, the eminent and rich Irish Peer, brother of Lord Iveagh; photographs of secretaries to Members of Parliament; indeed, photographs of young men and young women from all parts of the globe. Occupying the place of honour over the Adams mantelpiece was a handsome silver Rose Bowl, with the following inscription:—
"1912. Presented to James Munford, Esq., Director, by Past and Present

Students, in Celebration of the 25th Anniversary of the Foundation of Kensington College."

The Diploma of Honour, a magnificent document, and the Gold Medal were, in the Director's opinion, the crowning glories of the College, for it was only after investigating the merits of the various Institutions represented at the Festival of Empire, that the Council unanimously conferred these unique distinctions on "the only Institution in the world which enters into a Binding Contract to provide for every Student, when qualified, a choice of satisfactory Appointments from which to select a Congenial Career."

Of considered legal opinion there was no lack.

Sir Samuel Evans, when Solicitor-General, speaking from the chair at the 21st Anniversary of the College, said:—"That part of the educational system of this country which is deficient in many respects from the public point of view, appears to me to be admirably done by this College."

Sir Albert Rollit, on the same occasion, stated his opinion that "The College had solved one of the greatest and the most difficult of all educational problems—that of securing employment after education."

Shortly before the close of the previous term no less than 100 applications had been received for the services of Kensington College Graduates. Of these 100 applications—so greatly were they in excess of the number of Students available—only 15 were satisfied, and 85 would-be employers had to be sent empty away. Among the 85 were many most attractive positions which the Director would have been only too happy to fill had not his stock of qualified Students been entirely exhausted.

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There may yet be a few of our readers not so fully acquainted as they ought to be with what Lord Lytton calls "The magnificent work which this splendid College is doing." We were glad, therefore, to receive Mr. Munford's assurance that he would have pleasure in placing the advantage of his experience at the disposal of any parent or guardian desiring advice as to the choice of a career for boy or girl.

Students are now being enrolled for next Term in order of receipt of their applications.

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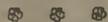
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charming girl, and in these days of feminine strenuousness one feels that now and again it is permissible for a heroine to exist without a purpose, and for the sole reason that she is delightful. The author seems to have lost his sense of humour; possibly the gravity of the question accounts for the absence of that comedic sense that has hitherto distinguished him. "When Journeys End" was a book one could ill spare; the swift characterisation, the occasional simple pathos, the grip of reality that marked the story made it of real account. There is little that is distinctive in Mr. Forman's latest novel. We feel regretfully that it might just as well have been written by somebody else. The militant suffragette has of late dominated our fiction, and we resent the fact that Mr. Forman has surrendered to her influence and has forsaken the atmosphere of "The Garden of Lies" for the stir and stress of a political meeting.

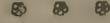


THE STRICTLY TRAINED MOTHER (John Murray, 3s. 6d.) is one of the most fragrant and charming books we have read for a long time. We must all of us have met and shuddered at the strenuous unmarried woman who hectors her mother in public places telling her how to eat, where to go, what to see, and what to say. Spinsters of this type belong to the strong-minded category; as a rule, they have voices that rasp, and are impressed with a sense of their own efficiency and the hopeless inferiority of their mother. Mrs. F. F. Montresor has hit off the type with amazing fidelity, at the same time putting the case for the spinster with understanding and with sympathy. "The Miss Bettertons seemed to me to have been born middle-aged, and Mrs. Betterton, in spite of white hair and invalid ways, and a knitted shawl and an ebony stick, has the look of imprisoned youth in her beautiful grey-blue eyes!" There is a third daughter named Ellen, who is hectored by her father in the same way as the old lady is hectored by Marion and Harriet. She escaped from the rigid discipline of home, and made a runaway match, and it is towards this daughter that the heart of the mother turns. Mrs. Betterton is not unkindly treated in an active manner by the spinsters, it is the utter lack of freewill that is denied her. They reprove her for a lack of interest, and give her horrible worsted comforters to make, and quote to her the cheerful good nature of an afflicted Irish charwoman, as an incentive to be cheerful. Finally, Mrs. Betterton does a very rash thing. She runs away from her big house and her overwhelming daughters, and takes a refuge with her son-in-law and his child Polly. Ellen is dead, and the poor old lady clings to her granddaughter with a pathetic desperation. Her act of revolt has most surprising results; for the first time the spinsters realise she has an entity of her own, and when at length she returns, it is to find that her freedom will not again be interfered with. The imprisoned look has left her sweet old eyes; she has in the most delicate and feminine manner at last asserted herself. Instinct with understanding, and written in a charming leisured style, this book is one that will create a lasting affection and appreciation in the hearts of those who read it.



Gouverneur Morris, in his new novel, goes into Bohemia. The heroine of THE PENALTY (Constable, 6s.) is a charming girl, with ambitions to succeed as a sculptor. She has great talents and is likely to succeed, but love once more upsets the calculations of an ambitious woman, and she leaves the studios to share the home of the man she loves, and, in defiance

of all the prophesies of political women, finds complete satisfaction in the change. There is a fine study of horror in the volume. Blizzard, one of the studio models, is "a legless man," and the author, without crediting him with a long list of enormities, contrives to suggest an atmosphere of evil that is supremely effective. The book is written with freshness and humour, and there are certain scenes of undoubted and dramatic power.



Mrs. Almon Hensley has written a book on the eternal feminine. She sets out to say a great deal about the future of the advanced members of her sex, but LOVE AND THE WOMAN OF TO-MORROW (Drane, 3s. 6d.), though suggestive, is neither convincing nor constructive. "A new clarity of thought, a new freedom of action, a broader outlook, and a high, fine tolerance is the new century's gift to the world," says the author. This does not say very much, and though we have the same sprinkling of eulogistic adjectives throughout the volume, we do not get down to plain fact. The Woman of To-Morrow is credited with ambition startling to the woman of to-day. It will not be sufficient for her to love her husband, or rather the man whom she selects for that high estate. Before she marries she must pass through a number and variety of experiences. She is to train herself "in speaking, writing, agitating, reforming," and then, having gone through all these preparatory exercises, she is to bestow herself on the fortunate individual that meets with her favour. To quote the author, she is to return "with eyes open and senses all a quiver to the mystic realm of the heart, that before she felt she could not explain; wanted, but could not explore; loved, but could not utilise."

It does not seem to occur to Mrs. Hensley that these excursions and alarms are likely to occupy some years of the life of this new type of feminine excellence, and that when she has conquered the various kingdoms she sets out to explore, the man she has marked down for her husband may resent her choice. We suggest that the author will have to depict the man of the day after before she succeeds in making us believe he will respond to the belated affection of the woman of to-morrow!

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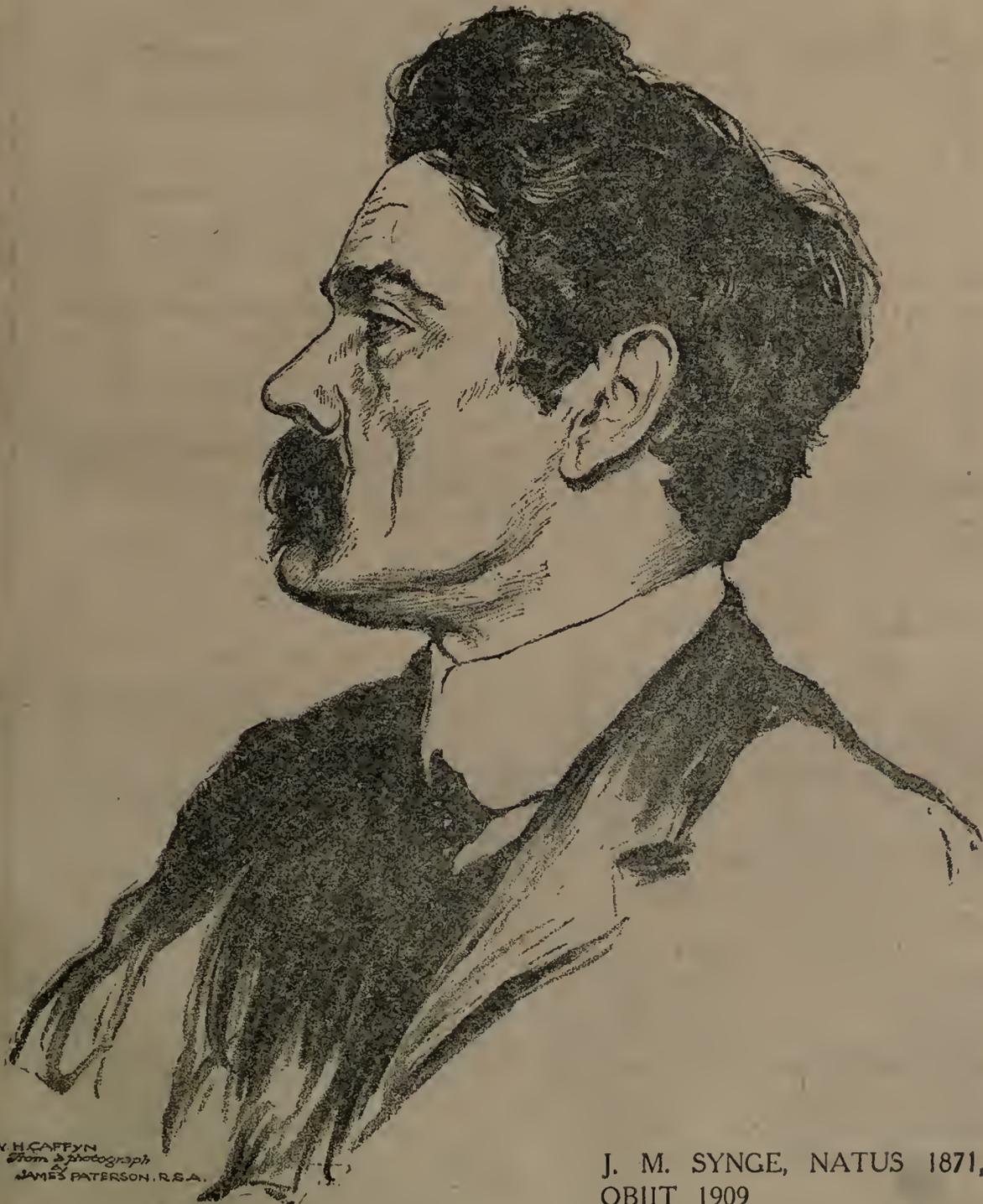
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J. M. SYNGE, NATUS 1871,
OBIIT 1909

For Character Sketch, see page 555.

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HISTORY IN THE MAKING

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

IT is seldom that there is given to the world in the form of a Blue Book a volume at once so interesting and so sinister as the report of the Board of Trade to which the *Daily Mail* to-day directs attention. Prepared by Mr. F. H. McLeod, Director of Labour Statistics, the volume possesses a profound significance for the student of social dynamics, for it makes clear beyond cavil or dispute the melancholy fact that ever since 1896 there has been a steady and persistent upward rise in prices all over the world. The cost of living to the London workman has risen between 11 and 12 per cent., although there has been an actual decrease in the rents of 1.8 per cent. Of course, the serious factor in the situation is that there has been no corresponding rise in wages. In some industries, indeed, there has been actual fall. Is it not high time that an authoritative inquiry was held into this subject, which is absolutely vital to our civilisation?

It seems more than probable, now that Mr. Lind, the unofficial envoy from the U.S.A. Government, has been unofficially received by the Mexican Government, that matters will be straightened out in that turbulent territory. It is easy to guess the purport of Mr. Lind's representations: he has come to tell the Mexican President that the anarchy which, with brief intermissions, has endured now for close upon two years, must cease, or, however reluctantly, America will intervene. There is no alternative, and, once that is understood in Mexico, we may be certain that order will be restored.

Once more we are told that peace is assured—provided Turkey will listen to reason and evacuate Adrianople. Each day the war has taken a new and

unexpected development, and with the question of Turkey's European possession still in abeyance, it would be worse than useless to persuade ourselves that hostilities are over. Diplomacy may induce the Turk to revert to the terms of the Treaty of London, and the Moslem may yet be driven to his last European stronghold, but the Eastern has a marvellous capacity for passive resistance, and he has not yet come to the end of his resources.

The light side of things was touched on at the Doctors' Congress on Tuesday, when a discussion raged hotly over the question of baths. The point at issue was whether or no the daily tub should be hot or cold. On the one side it was urged that the introduction of hot baths into Imperial Rome coincided with the beginning of her downfall; on the other the argument put forward was that the cold bath is unsuitable to the majority of people, inasmuch as it is too severe a shock to the nervous system. The compromise arrived at was characteristic. The faculty decided that a "warm" bath of short duration was the real right thing, and the Congress broke up happy.

The death of Colonel Cody removes from us one of the most remarkable and picturesque figures of our time. Despite the occasional crudities and exaggerations that at times marked his conduct, Cody was, without question, a man who touched real greatness. He rendered simply invaluable services to the British army, and to military aviation. Uneducated and without friends, he succeeded, by the sheer force of his personality, in compelling even the War Office, the most obtuse of departments, to listen to his representations. He was forty-seven years of age when he made his first flight in an aeroplane designed and built by himself. His most remarkable feats in aviation took place during the last two years of his life, and though youth is considered an essential possession for an air pilot, nobody ever suggested Colonel Cody was unfitted by age or temperament for his work. Perhaps the most ironical circumstance of his death was that the catastrophe was due to a defect in his hydroplane, and it was against these little defects of workmanship that poor Cody was always inveighing.

It is satisfactory to note that the Colonial Office declares that there is no cause for alarm or for serious emergency measures in Somaliland, where our camel corps have sustained a nasty reverse. It is not at all unlikely that the whole policy of our Government in regard to the Somalis may be changed, and drastically, and therefore it is very desirable indeed that a full and frank discussion of the new situation should take place before Parliament rises. Who will see that this is done?

While it would be a mistake to attach too great a significance to the victory of the "Single Tax" M.P.s, Messrs. Wedgwood and Outhwaite, in resisting the Chancellor's concessions to the Land Union, the incident is distinctly instructive. Those members of the advanced wing who have staked everything on the taxation of land values, are likely to press Mr. Lloyd George even further in their particular direction. The tug-of-war between them and reformers of other schools will come when the great land campaign is opened and the attack on the "central position" commenced. It will need all the arts of that consummate tactician, Mr. George, to hold his forces together.

PRIVATE AND PUBLIC MORALITY

BY CHARLES SAROLEA

I.

THERE are two spheres of human action, the private sphere and the public, and those spheres are controlled by different forces. And the majority of men seem to lead double lives, and those lives are actuated by different motives, are regulated by different principles, are judged by different standards of values. Indeed, the motives and principles and standards of value are not merely different, but contradictory. Even the most rigidly honest citizen will often have little scruple in defrauding the Custom House officer. He will often have an elastic conscience in dodging the income-tax collector. Certainly our moral temperature decreases as we get away from the sanctity of the home. Our morality relaxes as we enter the province of business. The merchant who leaves behind him in the morning the quiet and dignity of his luxurious suburban home also leaves behind him many of his moral scruples. He has been praying on his knees on Sunday; he will prey on his neighbours the rest of the week. He was generous; he becomes greedy. He was affectionate; he becomes hard.

And the moral temperature falls still lower when we enter the province of politics. The business man still retained most of the elemental principles of honesty and integrity. But even these desert him in politics. He was careful of the interests of his shareholders; he becomes careless of the nation's millions. He was truthful and trustworthy and just; for the sake of his party he becomes untruthful, untrustworthy, and unjust. He will be bribed by a title, he will connive at corruption, and the most honest politician, if he is a keen partisan, will not be above telling a wicked lie.

But there is one further stage of immorality still to be reached, and that is reached when we enter the province of international politics and diplomacy. In home politics we are only lax; in foreign politics we become positively immoral. The merchant immersed in his business is only blind to the claims of the State; he is what Mr. Wells calls "State blind." The patriot becomes blind to the claims of humanity.

II.

That contradiction between public and private morality is so glaring that in those politicians whose whole existence is divided between the family and the State it produces something like a double personality, and that double personality often gives to their biographies all the interest and unexpectedness of an exciting romance. "The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" is enacted in the real life of many a prominent statesman. The French Terrorists, who sent thousands of innocent victims to the guillotine, were many of them humane and kindly men in their private capacity. Under Napoleon, not a few of them were raised to the peerage, and nearly all of them became exemplary civil servants. Robespierre was a sentimentalist, and Marat was a philanthropist. Talleyrand and Fouché were amongst the most depraved public characters in all modern history, the incarnation respectively of vice and crime; yet Fouché, who caused hundreds to be tied together and drowned in the Rhone, and Talleyrand, who again and again betrayed France to the allied monarchs, and who for so doing received sixty million francs—about ten millions sterling in present-day value—were both delightful men of the world and devoted relatives. Cromwell, Napoleon, and Bismarck were relentless

statesmen, but loving husbands and fathers. Napoleon, from the shambles of his battlefields, sent beautiful love letters to Josephine. The case of Bismarck is even more striking. Of Napoleon it may be said that gradually the immorality of the statesman killed the morality of the private man. On the contrary, Bismarck, until the end, remained the same gentle, adoring husband, and the same ruthless, vindictive, unscrupulous, machiavellic politician.

III.

The contradiction between private and public morality is very frequently as between the individual and the nation. It is well-nigh general as between one nation and another. Morality, which is universal in theory, is limited in practice by geographical boundaries. In the words of Pascal: "Vérité en deça des Pyrénées, erreur au delà!"—"What is truth on this side of the Pyrenees is an untruth on the other side." As between nation and nation, virtue and vice actually change names. What would be considered abominable in private life becomes admirable in public life. Selfishness and injustice are dignified into patriotism. Boastfulness, which would be repellent if we were indulging it in our private capacity, becomes legitimate patriotic pride. We minimise the merits of other nations; we maximise and glorify our own merits. We deprive Blucher of all share in the victory of Waterloo to attribute it solely to Wellington, who alone is supposed to have saved Europe. We are so steeped in patriotic cant that we cease to be conscious of it. We are constantly repeating that such and such a deed is unworthy of an Englishman, as if we wanted to imply that what is unworthy of an Englishman may, for all we know, be worthy of a Frenchman. We are constantly repeating that such and such virtues, loyalty, truthfulness, are characteristic of our race, forgetting that when we are monopolising those virtues for Great Britain we are thereby defrauding and maligning humanity.

IV.

It would be well if those contradictory standards of value were only apparent in our judgments and speeches, or, at the worst, if they were restricted to our individual dealings with other nations. Unfortunately, they are almost invariably extended to our collective dealings. In our international relations we are cynically committing crimes which we could not conceivably commit either in our national or in our private capacities. Corruption, perjury, espionage, extortion—all the deadly sins are enlisted in the service of diplomacy.

We are reproving other nations for their misdeeds, and we are boasting of our political philanthropy. We are proud of having abolished the slave trade. We forget that we were the first to establish it on a large scale, and that one of our national heroes, a hero of song and romance, was one of the most notorious slave raiders and slave traders of his time.

We are reproving Germany, and rightly reproving her, for her blatant militarism and for her predatory instincts. We are lamenting her policy of naval expansion, but we forget that we are largely responsible for it. The eminent editor of the *Economist*, Mr. Hirst, has just written an admirable book*, which I

* "The Six Panics." By F. W. Hirst. (Methuen.) 3s. 6d.

cordially recommend to readers of EVERYMAN, in which he conclusively proves that Great Britain alone insists upon the right of capture at sea of merchant vessels, that she alone insists on maintaining the traditions of piracy, and on destroying the private commerce of the belligerent nation. And it is obvious that in doing so Great Britain gives the best of excuses to the German scaremongers. For those German scaremongers, in order to justify German armaments, contend that in time of war German commerce must be protected against British privateers. It is obvious that if Great Britain surrendered the right of capture, there would be no need for such protection, and that the chief pretext for an increase of naval armaments would vanish.

We are rightly reproving Russia for oppressing Finland, and Prussia for oppressing Poland, and Hungary for oppressing Croatia. But is our record in foreign politics much cleaner? No doubt we are less stupid, having learned our lesson in the stern school of experience. But is our foreign policy more consistently inspired by morality? We may pass over the iniquity of the Transvaal War, because we have expiated our sins, and because we have tried to restore self-government to the nations we have injured. But let us consider the disastrous results of our Near Eastern policy. We have deliberately kept the Christian population under the heel of the unspeakable Turk, and when Russia liberated Macedonia in 1878 we compelled the enfranchised Bulgarians to submit for another generation to a reign of terror and massacre. And even as in 1878 we did not allow Russia to emancipate the Bulgarians, so to-day we allow Russia to oppress and plunder the Persians.

And in the Far East our conduct is even worse. We continue to spend millions in sending out missionaries to China, but as a nation we do our best to frustrate their work and to demoralise the people whom we pretend to Christianise. A few years ago China achieved an heroic reform. Whereas we failed to carry even a moderate measure of temperance reform, the Chinese succeeded in suppressing the curse of the opium traffic. But Great Britain will not allow China to work out her own salvation. Seventy-five years ago she declared war against the Chinese to force the opium traffic upon them. To-day Great Britain is repeating the same political crime, but by more hypocritical means. She insists on compelling China to buy the poisonous drug. Millions of Chinese must, forsooth, be poisoned and stupified in order that a few millionaire gentlemen from Bombay may further add to their ill-gotten shekels. Can there be a more glaring instance of the total disregard of moral principle on the part of a civilised government?

V.

"Liberty!" said Madame Roland, in ascending the scaffold, "how many crimes have been committed in thy name!" "Patriotism!" we might echo, "in thy name how many abominations have been perpetrated, and are still being perpetrated!" We do not want to be moral purists and pedants, but is it not about time that the collective conscience should awaken to so many and so glaring contradictions between our private morality and our public morality, between our national morality and our international morality? Is it not about time that we should revise our standard of moral values? Is it not about time that we should extend the boundaries of our morality beyond the *mare clausum* of our home waters? If it is our duty to be good Britons, let us realise that it is neither necessary nor desirable that we should be at the same time good Britons and bad Europeans.

THE IMPORTANCE OF THE LAUREATESHIP

MR. ASQUITH, who has better critical qualifications for making such an appointment than any of his predecessors for many years past, has appointed a Laureate whose name commands the respect of every man of letters in England. And doubtless the general public, for whose applauses he never laid any rank baits, will now buy the works of Dr. Robert Bridges. But now, this excellent choice safely made, one reviews with a new interest some of those principles which are implied by the existence of the office.

If we had a Painter Laureate, and he were appointed by newspaper plebiscite, doubtless we should find on the roll of honour the names of Frith, Millais, the inspired authors of "The Soul's Awakening" or "His Master's Voice," etc., etc. The same electorate would have given us Mr. Rudyard Kipling for Poet Laureate. Nor is it an altogether contemptible recommendation to be the poet of those who read no other poetry. Those who most detest the roystering, pharisaical cant and brag of Imperialism, which so largely employs Mr. Kipling's great natural talents, would not deny that he was the prophet of the stockbrokers and the English public-school boys, ten years ago, in a degree which no other poet could approach.

But, after all, this kind of success carries its own immediate reward in popularity and profits: ought there also to be assigned to it the butt of wine and the venison (what perfect symbols for the purpose! Our habit of picturesque survivals never made a prettier hit than this), and the responsibility of being the ceremonial mouthpiece of England? Or—a larger matter,—of Great Britain and Ireland?

I see in this question another form of that same issue which is often debated *pro* and *con* in the case of an Academy of Literature. When he appointed Dr. Bridges, Mr. Asquith was indeed playing the part of Richelieu. Are there any such things as authority and discipline? Are there lessons in the tradition of good craftsmanship which even genius must submit to learn? Is it good to have somewhere embodied the prudence and caution and economy which vindicate the collective mind against the individual fancy? If a nation answers *Yes* to these questions, it will institute and maintain something like the Académie Française. If it says *No* to them, the centrifugal tendency will run its course until it be spent in dissolution and anarchy. *Absit omen.* Dr. Bridges is not one of those writers who waste and destroy the literary forms which they work in: he will not leave the instruments of language with a blunted edge and a precision impaired by misuse. All the tendency of his writing is towards sobriety and economy. But for such scholarly influences as his we should be in danger of having the language as clumsy for literary expression as it is already degraded in musical value by our slovenly talking. Against the silly assertion of puny originalities, and the squandering of real strength in fissiparous variations, we look to the new Laureate's influence to protect the English language. Bureaucracy is mighty in this country: the official *imprimatur* gave a certain semblance of importance even to the fatuities of Alfred Austin. So good a poet, so skilled a master in the literary craft, so sane a critic, and so well rooted a scholar as Dr. Bridges may now, thanks to this factitious title, avail much more widely than hitherto to call up the forces of goodwill to arrest decay and degradation in English style, and to repair the journalese negligences and ignorances which have been ruining the fabric of our language.

CAPRIFICUS.

EVERYMAN'S FRENCH PAGE

LA CITÉ D'ANTIQUITÉ

UNE cité alors était une vraie patrie, et non comme aujourd'hui une collection administrative d'hôtels garnis. Que m'importent à moi aujourd'hui Rouen ou Limoges? J'y ai un logis dans un amas d'autres logis; la vie vient de Paris. Paris lui-même, qu'est-ce, sinon un autre amas de logis, dont la vie vient d'un bureau où il y a des cartons et des employés? Au contraire, les hommes ici faisaient de leur ville leur joyau et leur écrin; l'image de leur acropole, avec ses temples blancs dans la lumière, les suivait partout; les villages de notre Gaule, la Germanie, toute la barbarie du Nord, ne leur semblaient que cloaque et désordre. A leurs yeux, qui n'avait pas de cité n'était pas véritablement un homme, mais une demi-brute, presque une bête, bête de proie dont on ne pouvait faire qu'une bête de somme. La cité est une institution unique, le fruit d'une idée souveraine qui a régi pendant douze siècles toutes les actions de l'homme; c'est la grande invention par laquelle il est sorti de la sauvagerie primitive. Combien l'homme l'a aimée, comme il y a rapporté et enfermé toute sa vie, aucune parole ne peut le dire. Le reste de l'univers lui était étranger ou ennemi, il n'y avait point de droits, ni ses biens ni ses membres n'y étaient en sûreté; s'il y trouvait protection, c'était par grâce; il n'y songeait que comme à un danger ou à une proie; cette enceinte était son refuge et sa forteresse. Rien plus, il y avait ses dieux propres, son Jupiter ou sa Junon, dieux habitants de la ville, dieux attachés au sol, et qui, dans la pensée primitive n'étaient autre chose que ce sol lui-même avec ses sources, ses bois et son ciel. Il y avait son foyer, ses pénates, ses ancêtres, couchés dans leurs tombeaux, incorporés au sol, recueillis par la terre, la grande nourrice, et dont les mânes souterrains, du fond de leur repos, continuaient à veiller sur lui, en sorte qu'il y trouvait en un faisceau toutes les choses salutaires, sacrées ou belles, qu'il devait défendre, admirer ou vénérer. "La patrie est plus que ton père ou ta mère," disait Socrate à Criton, "et quelque violence ou quelque injustice qu'elle nous fasse, nous devons les subir sans chercher à y échapper." C'est de cette façon que le Grec et le Romain ont compris la vie; quand leurs philosophes, Aristote ou Platon, fondent un Etat, c'est une cité, une cité bornée et fermée, cinq ou dix mille familles, où le mariage, l'industrie et le reste sont subordonnés à la chose publique. Si l'on joint à tout ces traits l'imagination précise et pittoresque des races méridionales, leur aptitude à se représenter les objets corporels, les formes locales, tout le dehors coloré, tout le relief sensible de leur ville, on comprend que cette conception de la cité a dû produire dans les âmes antiques une sensation unique, source d'émotions et de dévouements auxquels nous n'atteignons plus.

Toutes ses rues sont étroites; la plupart sont des ruelles qu'on franchirait d'une enjambée. Le plus souvent elles n'offrent de place que pour un char, et l'ornière est encore visible; de temps en temps de larges pierres permettent au passant de les traverser comme sur un pont. Evidemment on ne trouvait point ici la grande circulation de nos villes, nos lourdes charrettes chargées, nos voitures de maître qui courent au grand trot. Les chars apportaient le blé, l'huile, les provisions; beaucoup de transports se faisaient à bras et par des esclaves; les riches allaient en litière.

THE CITY OF ANTIQUITY

THE city in those days was a veritable fatherland, and not, as now, a government collection of lodging-houses. Of what significance to me are the Rouen or Limoges of to-day? I can lodge there amidst piles of other lodgings: life comes from Paris. Paris itself, what is it but another heap of lodgings, the life of which issues from a bureau filled with clerks and red tape? Here, on the contrary, men regarded their city as jewel and casket; they bore with them everywhere the image of their acropolis and its bright illuminated temples; the villages of Gaul and Germany, the whole barbaric north, seemed to them simply mire and wilderness. In their eyes a man who belonged to no city was not a man, but a kind of brute, almost a beast—a beast of prey, out of which nothing could be made but a beast of burden. The city is a unique institution, the fruit of a sovereign idea that for twelve centuries controlled all man's actions; it is the great invention through which man first emerged from a primitive state of savagery. How he loved it, how devoted he was to it, and how absorbed by it, no tongue can tell. To the universe at large he was either a stranger or an enemy; he had no rights in it; neither his body nor his property was safe in it; if he found protection there it was a matter of grace; he never thought of it but as a place of danger or of plunder: the enclosure of his city was his sole refuge and fortress. Moreover, here dwelt his divinities, his Jupiter and Juno, gods inhabiting the city, attached to the soil, and who, in primitive conceptions, constituted the soil itself, with all its streams, its fruits, and the firmament above. Here were his hearth-stone, his penates, his ancestors, reposing in their tombs, incorporated with the soil and gathered to it by the earth, the great nurse—his ancestors whose subterranean manes in their silent bed watched over him unceasingly; it was a combination of all salutary, sacred, and beautiful things for him to defend, to love, and to venerate. "Country is more than father or mother," said Socrates to Crito; "and whatever violence or whatever injustice she inflicts upon us we must submit without striving to escape from it." So did Greece and Rome comprehend life. When their philosophers, Aristotle or Plato, treat of the State, it is as a city, a compact, exclusive city of from five to ten thousand families, in which marriage, occupations, and the like are subordinated to the interests of the public. If to all these peculiarities we add the accurate and picturesque imagination of southern races, their aptitude at representing corporeal forms and local objects, the glowing exterior and bold relief of their city, we comprehend that such a conception of it produced in antique breasts a unique sensation, and furnished sources of emotion and devotion to which we are strangers.

All its streets are narrow; the greater portion are mere lanes, over which one strides with ease. Generally there is room only for a cart, and ruts are still visible: from time to time wide stones afford a crossing like a bridge. There was evidently no great traffic as in our cities, nothing like our heavily loaded vehicles and fast-trotting, fanciful carriages. Their carts transported grain, oil, and provisions: much of the transportation was done on the arm and by slaves: the rich travelled about in litters.

THE MAN AND HIS WORK

V.—THE MAN BEHIND THE FOOTLIGHTS * * BY C. SHERIDAN JONES

I SUPPOSE that we shall, all of us, agree that quite one of the most remarkable social portents is the extraordinary change that has come over the public mind in regard to what used to be called facetiously "*the profession*." Fifty years ago an actor was often in fact, as he is now in law, "a rogue and a vagabond." That virile novel "No Name," so fresh and modern in many of its aspects, contains a description, almost incredible to this generation, of the horror of an austere maiden aunt at the success which the heroine has achieved as the bright particular star of a travelling company. We have changed all that. To-day the most austere of maiden aunts would look with pride at the posters announcing the prowess of her relative. The actress and the actor have long ceased to be taboo. They are fêted, courted, honoured, and sought after till, as Mr. George Moore warns us, we are

Practically in Danger of an Excess of Mummer Worship.

How has this revolution in public sentiment affected the profession itself? First and foremost it has added enormously to its numbers. The increase in actors during the last twenty years has been nothing short of astounding, and has caused the very liveliest surprise even to those whose life has been spent on and about the stage. There are now, it is computed, some ten thousand actors on the legitimate stage, excluding, of course, the humble necessary super and the lower ranks of the chorus. This accession, authorities tell me, has profoundly modified things histrionic. The new recruits are, as a rule, of an altogether different calibre to the old-time actor that one reads of in those far-off days

When Mr. Vincent Crummies Received Nicholas

"with an inclination of the head, something between the courtesy of a Roman Emperor and the nod of a pot companion"; when agreements were arranged and signed in the bars of hotels, and when the lion comique sported his fur coat one week and was hard put to it to find a clean collar the next. All that belongs to a dead past, and the more modern actor has become a comparatively sedate and methodical person, very different from the old Bohemian stars whose eccentricities were the talk of the town. So far as their conduct and mode of life are concerned, the change has been all for the good. But, artistically, it is at least open to question whether there is not another side of the medal.

Authorities tell me that the actor of a generation ago took his profession with deadly seriousness. He knew his Shakespeare and his Sheridan. He had read Molière and had heard Phelps. The new young man is familiar with musical comedy, and perhaps he once saw Irving, and even though he drinks nothing stronger than ginger beer, this is hardly an adequate equipment.

In one other respect the profession has lost by the army of new adherents that have poured in.

Salaries have Fallen Steadily

The inrush of competitors has pulled them down. True it is that conditions generally have improved. There are better dressing-rooms, there is an infinitely higher scale of treatment all round. But the fact remains that, so far as money is concerned, the remuneration of the average actor has fallen even as that of the star has risen, until I find that quite a considerable number of actors are contributing to the Insurance Act, their wages being under £160 per annum, while the average remuneration, fluctuating from £2 to £6 a week, is generally nearer the lower figure, and at once the question arises why an occupation so arduous, so precarious, and so ill rewarded should prove, at the same time, irresistibly fascinating to thousands and tens upon thousands of men on the threshold of life.

There have been several explanations of this phenomena attempted.

The Strange Sense of Power that the Actors' Craft

gives to a man who can sway vast audiences, moving them to pitying tears and joyous laughter; the fierce excitement that follows on his triumphs; the great prizes that are still within the reach of the humblest histrion, if he can but ring the bell—all these answers to the riddle have been attempted. But I think the cause lies deeper. "Fellowship," said William Morris, "means life. The lack of fellowship—death." And as modern business has grown more stereotyped and stratified, the clerk, working day by day in an unsocial groove, thinks longingly of the

Camaraderie that Marks Life on the Stage, with its ups and downs, its colour, its quick changes, its infinite variety. And once he has heard the call, it is certain that his employer will have a vacancy ere long, and that he himself will within a few short weeks be on tour, even if it is only a place in the chorus that he has secured.

To go "on tour" is to the novitiate one of the most joyous experiences of the histrion's life. Alas! the seasoned hand knows its vicissitudes too well to take it otherwise than with resignation. There is something inspiring, something infectious in the gaiety with which the company sets off. Their friends are crowding the platform, wishing them God-speed on the long tour, waving their handkerchiefs and shouting farewell; the members of the company are taking their places in the saloon, which resounds with happy laughter and bright *badinage*, and new friendships are formed, new comradeships entered on. But the old hands take it all a trifle sadly. They have been through it too often. They know how soon bitter jealousies, angry quarrels will develop. And I never see their faces without thinking of that little parable of the battle of Bunker's Hill, that may be familiar to some of my readers.

When the First Storming Party of Raw Recruits went out to turn the American position, they cheered lustily, and then were driven back. So the second

and the third. It was the veterans who took the stockade. They did not cheer as they went up the hill. They knew too well what the work before them was like.

So with the old actor going out on tour. He is a trifle sceptical, a little cynical maybe, as the men pair off into parties, who are going to mess together during the run of the piece, dear boy. For on tour the actor makes his attenuated remuneration go a good deal further by digging with two or three of his "pals." Every town has its own theatrical lodgings, every theatrical landlady is addressed as "Ma," and every breakfast is served not earlier than ten, and consists invariably of ham and eggs, which are eaten with the heartiness and jollity that are the actor's chief assets, and which, it is perhaps worth while recalling, we have been taught "make a dinner of herbs better than a stalled ox." It is this blitheness of spirit, this invincible optimism and resilience that carry the poor "pro" over many an awkward stile, through many a dark bypath. This and one other quality that distinguishes the true actor—the quality which, born in the old barn-storming days, is with him still, and which will not let him see a comrade want, or refuse aid to a friend. There are faults to be charged against the histrion, as against most of the denizens of this grey world. Let it at least be recorded in his favour that in all the eternal vicissitudes of his craft, there is one part he rarely plays, that of the Levite

Who Went By on the Other Side.

I suppose also that the histrion is sustained in a rather adverse struggle by the recollection of the fact that the great prizes of his profession are won quite suddenly, and almost, as it were, by accident. Edna May stepped from the chorus to the front rank. Sir Henry Irving once played at the roadside for coppers. Still, it must be confessed that to-day the actor is ill paid, and that, from a pecuniary point of view, his position seems likely to deteriorate rather than improve. The competition of popular and splendidly equipped music-halls, together with the success of cinema shows, have, of course, severely pulled on the receipts of the theatres proper, while material additions to their expenses have been made in the form of increased advertising and the more lavish style of furnishing that modern conditions have rendered essential.

To some extent the cinemas have helped to relieve this by giving the actor who is resting, *i.e.*, out of work, an opportunity of pulling his fortunes together. But, on the whole, the fact remains—that the actors' remuneration is likely to diminish rather than increase. The syndicate is the curse of the modern actor. It is the actor-manager on whom he relies, and with wisdom, for deliverance. The actor-manager has himself been through the mill. He knows the vicissitudes, the struggles, the difficulties of an actor's life. More, he knows this: that it is to his interest to see that he has standing by him, as it were, a faithful and devoted company, on whose services he can call at any moment.

Sir Henry Irving retained a splendid company to the last days of his Lyceum management, and every one knows that his sagacity and generous policy in so doing was well rewarded. It is, in fact, on the

lines of the repertory theatre that there lies not only

Artistic Salvation for the Drama,

but economic deliverance for the actor. It is, when one comes to think, quite ridiculous to engage a man for the run merely of one play, which, as Mr. Henry Arthur Jones recently pointed out, may fail for half a dozen different reasons. Surely the more excellent way is the old method, whereby the actor-manager kept his company at his disposal—and ensured them that security of employment, the withdrawal of which is the worst curse that has fallen on a great and noble calling—a calling that, depend on it, can only be practised when its votaries are free from carking care.

I am afraid that the worst part of the actor's life is his old age. The officials of the Actors' Association (that unique organisation that quietly, steadily, day by day, and all unacknowledged, does so much to protect the interests of professionals, and to improve their lot), take that view. "A young man can play old parts, but an old man cannot play a young one." That is an eternal, an insurmountable difficulty, and one shudders a little as one thinks of the veterans of the profession spending the twilight of their arduous days that, alas, have not brought them the fame they fondly hoped would come fifty years ago,

Spending Their Old Age—Who Knows How?

I have said nothing of the psychology of the actor's life, but I cannot close without doing so. A great man of letters, Mr. Birrell, has opined in a brilliant essay that acting rots the brain; that to become everybody but one's self, to have everybody's troubles but one's own—that way madness lies. I have never been able to accept the dictum, for if it be true, then, not only the man who acts, but he who created Macbeth and Hamlet, must have been a degenerate; and the only story that an author can write in safety is the cramped, selfish, pitiful narrative of his own circle of hopes and fears. But experience shows surely the falsity of this. It is the man who broods continually upon his own lot who ends in a madhouse cell; not he who loses his soul that he may regain it. The great actor is he who forgets himself in the joys and sorrows of others; who loves all sorts and conditions of men; who realises that "comprehension is our only true possession."

It is interesting to note that the last message which Sir Henry Irving ever sent to his brother professionals was that which he despatched on October 13th, 1905, five days before his death, urging them one and all to join the Actors' Association. This body is doing admirable work. It conducts a ceaseless war upon the bogus manager, that bane of the mummer, who constantly takes out companies, and as constantly leaves them stranded. The Association has induced the leading theatrical papers to boycott the "ads." of these gentry, whether under their known names or aliases. The Association also provides its members with an admirable medical service for a nominal annual fee—thanks largely to the generosity of another great profession, that of Æsculapius, whose representatives are always glad to help the boys on tour who fall sick by the way. The greatest triumph achieved so far by the Association has been the smashing of the bogus agent—a victory that, even if it stood alone, would justify the existence of this organisation.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE PLIMSOLL LINE

BY OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER

WHO was Samuel Plimsoll, and what exactly was it that his famous "mark" accomplished?

Twenty years ago the question would have sounded strange in our ears. We all knew the story of how this one obscure, quiet, simple, Quaker-like man had practically coerced the whole House of Commons; of how he had pleaded, passionately and for years, on behalf of men too broken to back their deliverer, till at last he had roused the nation. We were all proud to tell our children

The Story of his Heroic Struggle.

We were all certain that his triumph would endure for ever.

To-day Plimsoll is a fading memory. His life-work, the famous "Load Line" that has saved the lives of tens of thousands of sailors, has been quietly, decorously, and painlessly abolished. Worse than all, it seems almost as if his spirit, tireless, resolute, indomitable, had passed away with him.

It was in a very different Parliament from our own that Plimsoll won his victory. The Lords were still paramount. There was no Labour party. The Tories were in office.

But Plimsoll Stands Out

as a great example of what one man, acting independently of clique or caucus, can achieve—and he won his point! There was then a type of vessel known as "coffin ships." They were heavily loaded—and heavily insured! Thousands of them never returned. The deaths of sailors at sea amounted to more than 1 in 60, as against 1 in 315 miners killed underground. It was this evil that Plimsoll strove might and main to end. He asked that every owner should be compelled to mark on his ship a disc, with a horizontal line through its centre, down to which, and only down to which, it could be loaded, so that it had a sufficient space of freeboard to ensure safety. To this end he worked incessantly in the House. There were questions, inquiries, commissions, his own Bill, which was defeated by three votes, and finally a Government measure that was on July 25th, 1874, ordered to be withdrawn.

Then it was that the nation and the Commons first realised what manner of man Samuel Plimsoll was, for no sooner had the fateful

Announcement Come from the Treasury Bench than he was standing at the table. In a voice that could be heard in the lobbies outside he denounced the withdrawal of the Bill. "Were the sailors to go down in coffin ships during another winter's storms when the Bill could be passed there and then?" he asked. "If every coffin ship owner were in the House, the Government's duty was still clear." He raved; he stormed; he protested. The House was aghast—but his words rang through England—and the Bill was saved!

It is that Bill, subsequently improved and strengthened till the "Load Line" in an effective form was made compulsory all round—it is that Act, rather, which in our own time has been virtually destroyed!

The story of its dissolution affords excellent material

For a Study in Parliamentary Anæsthetics.

Plimsoll scored by being open, direct, and emphatic. The opponents of the "Load Line" have achieved

success by secret lobbying, by wirepulling, and by intrigue, with the result that the large majority of Englishmen, proud of their sailors, ready to protect them if need be, do not know that the "Load Line" is absolutely a thing of the past!

The shipowners have always been opposed to the line. Beaten in the Commons, they went to the Lords, who inserted a clause in the Act leaving it to the discretion of the owner where the line should be placed. At once a sportive captain placed his in the middle of his funnel. The Act became, of course, a laughing-stock. Still Plimsoll kept on. He moved Mr. Chamberlain, when at the Board of Trade, to action.

"Joe" Denounced the Whole System

in a memorable circular and appointed a Committee to consider and report. The Committee sat for two years closely investigating the subject, and their report is remarkable for the declaration that the "Load Line" should not be fixed by any but a representative body, to include, among others, seamen and shipowners, *both* of which classes they had consulted. Still nothing was done. Other questions had arisen: the country's attention was distracted. But Plimsoll and his friends persisted, and at last, in 1890, they got passed their Compulsory Load Line Bill, adopting the scale of freeboard recommended by the Chamberlain Committee.

Thus, after nearly twenty years' work, Plimsoll saw his life's task accomplished. The loss of life at sea fell from 3,500 in 1885 to less than 1,600 per annum—although, of course, the number of seamen had largely increased. The coffin ships were scuttled and the Plimsoll line scored.

I shall tell in my next article how this great work was undone.



A MIDSUMMER TWILIGHT'S DREAM

EARLIER in the day thunder seemed pregnant in the air. It was an evening the calm solemnity of which hung as a pall upon all around. The birds had hushed their evening song, no sound came from the sleeping animal world; the wind had gradually been dying through the hot afternoon, till now, the twilight slowly merging into night, not a ripple disturbed the serenity of the water. Thirty minutes earlier the speckled trout had jumped for fly; now, the peculiar whistling sound as they rose had gone, the plunk and wimple as they fell had ceased.

Nature was still.

The shadows deepened, the water absorbing mystery from the gathering gloom, the hush awing the watcher, his imagination stirring; the song of the sirens seemed to come, floating over the water, clearly, insistent in its crooning, lulling the senses and drugging the brain.

Into this magical realm of fantasy breaks a harsh, discordant "croak, croak," rousing the drowsy apathy into reality again; the ear quickens to catch the first repetition of the sound, unplaced in its category by the sleepy brain. Again it comes, the insistent call of the frog waking from his slumber to signal the advance of night; the nocturnal cock-crow, as it were. Another answers and yet another, till here and there, all around, the chorus is piping. A rat squeals at the water's edge, an owl hoots in the wood.

Night has fallen.

LITERARY NOTES

AT a time when the output of new books is at a very low ebb, the publication of Mr. Hall Caine's latest novel, "The Woman Thou Gavest Me," has received more than its due share of attention, the more so as its issue in book form by Wm. Heinemann was followed by a squabble between the novelist and the Circulating Libraries' Association of a kind which may or may not enhance our admiration of Mr. Hall Caine, but which will unquestionably tend to make his story a ubiquitous subject of conversation and discussion, and—more satisfactory still from the point of view of writer and publisher—a general object of demand. In the encounter the Circulating Libraries' Association undoubtedly came off second best. By proposing to subject "The Woman Thou Gavest Me" to a sort of semi-censorship, the Association brought upon itself a letter from the indignant author which filled two columns of a daily newspaper, and contained a threat of retaliation in the shape of a boycott of the libraries. The outcome of this wordy warfare was that the Circulating Libraries' Association abandoned its intention of standing in any way between the Manx novelist and the reading public at large, while Mr. Hall Caine, having vindicated his motives in writing such a book, naturally gave up the idea of taking a step which must have made "The Woman Thou Gavest Me" more or less inaccessible to such as can't afford to pay 6s. for a novel, however fascinating.

"A quelque chose malheur est bon." Mr. Hall Caine, at any rate, has no reason to be dissatisfied with the net result of the controversy. He has been given—and has promptly seized—a splendid opportunity of expounding his moral purpose, and his book has been given an invaluable introductory advertisement, which will impress many people who have been left cold by the announcement that "The Woman Thou Gavest Me" is being "translated and published in twelve different European languages, into Japanese and into Yiddish." As for the Circulating Libraries' Association, the excellence of their purpose is no more open to question than that of Mr. Hall Caine; but as in his case, it is debatable whether the end justifies the means; as in his case also, it is not unlikely that the effect will be very different from that intended. By threatening not to send out "The Woman Thou Gavest Me" except to subscribers who specially ask for it, the Circulating Libraries' Association has taken a course which is certain to result in the demand for the book being very special indeed.

In commemoration of the centenary of the birth of Sir Isaac Pitman, a revised and improved edition of that valuable text-book, "Pitman's Shorthand Instructor," is to be issued this month. The whole of the work, we are informed, has been rewritten and entirely reset, and new exercises have been compiled throughout the book. In preparing this new edition the publishers, Sir Isaac Pitman and Sons, Ltd., have had the assistance not only of their own staff, but of some seventy or eighty of the most experienced teachers and practitioners of Pitman's shorthand, and some of the ablest phonographers in the world. Although the system as a whole remains very much as its inventor framed it, various simplifications and improvements have been introduced, all of which make for ease, speed and legibility.

There is always a wide circle of readers in this country for a good biography of a notable statesman. It is not surprising, therefore, to hear that a second impression of Mr. G. M. Trevelyan's "Life of John Bright" (published by Messrs. Constable) is now ready.

While some delight to read the life of the "Tribune of the People" by the scholarly grandson of Macaulay's sister, others may prefer to study the career of a more modern tribune, Mr. Lloyd George, as set forth in a work of a very different kind by Mr. G. E. Raine. This little shilling volume, "The Real Lloyd George," published this week by Messrs. George Allen and Co., has some advantages over the recently issued biography of the Chancellor of the Exchequer—it is much shorter and much cheaper—and it may serve a certain purpose as a counterblast to that flattering publication. From first to last it is an acrimonious attack on Mr. Lloyd George, such as Unionist candidates may find useful at bye-elections.

On October 13th this year will be celebrated the centenary of Verdi's birth, and the occasion is not likely to be ignored by publishing firms. Next year, we are informed, an edition of the Italian composer's correspondence covering the years—so eventful in musical history—from 1840 to 1900 will be published.

Mr. W. H. Helm is preparing a biography of that dainty portrait-painter, Madame Vigée-Lebrun, and as part of his book is to consist of a *catalogue raisonné* of her works, he invites owners of her pictures to send him (care of Messrs. Herbert and Daniel, 95, New Bond Street, W.) full particulars as to the subject, nature and history of the canvases they possess.

RESULT OF ESSAY COMPETITION

THE WORKING OF THE MEDICAL INSURANCE ACT:
CRITICISMS AND SUGGESTIONS

THE criticisms of the Insurance Act were neither so numerous nor so vehement as might have been expected. The essays sent in were characterised by common sense and earnestness of purpose rather than by originality of ideas or treatment. Many of the defects in the Act pointed out by competitors are among those which this year's Amending Act seeks to remedy.

The Prize of Two Guineas is divided between

W. ROBERTS,
6, Harold Road, Upton Park, E.

and

ISABEL BARNETT,
Fawley, Wokingham.

The criticisms of Mr. W. Roberts, who writes as himself an insured person under the Act, are reasonable and comprehensive, and he has not omitted, like some competitors, to add constructive suggestions. Miss Isabel Barnett's essay is couched largely in the form of interviews with working men and women of different types who find fault with various features of the Act as it affects them.

Among others of the following deserve commendation:—

N. Macfadyen, 123, Norton Way, Letchworth (Herts);

George Bairstow, 51, Savile Park Street, Halifax (Yorks); and

R. C. Fletcher Woods, M.B., Ch.B., Edin.

TOWN OR COUNTRY?

BY EDGAR M. APPLETON

WERE we compelled to spend our lives either in the town or in the country, which alternative should we choose?

The question is a question of temperament. If one is not happy in the country, the chances are that one would not be happy in town. There is a type of mind which finds a dinner at the "Trocadero" or a walk down a Devonshire lane in springtime equally tedious.

The capacity for enjoying life—which, of course, is something vastly different from a mere acquiescence in the stream of events—is possessed by a comparatively small number of the sons of men. "We look before and after, and pine for what is not." Is a man compelled to spend his years pent up in a city, then he will ever be "a-babbling o' green fields." Is a man forced to spend his years by the green pastures, then London becomes the Mecca of his dreams.

The truth is that most of us have not learnt to savour life. We are subject to remittent attacks of ennui. It is only the unusual and extraordinary which is capable of taking us out of ourselves. Hence the search for something which shall stimulate more and more the jaded palate of the public. There is a fortune awaiting that man who shall invent some new amusement, some amusement "with vinegar and pepper in 't."

But the chosen know that the time to be happy is now, the place to be happy is here. The trouble is that most of us visualise our New Jerusalem just beyond a horizon which "fades for ever and for ever from our view." We do not possess the faculty for taking an interest in things. There lies the secret of content.

Francis Thompson, witnessing the returning pageant of summer, takes up his pen and writes: "The smouldering rosebud chars through its sheath. . . . The long laburnum drips its jocund spilth, its honey of wild flame."

While Kipling, imbrued with the romance of modern machinery, writes a prose poem around a tramp steamboat, "The Ship that Found Herself," and could as easily have written one around a railway station. Wherever we be, in town or country, we are compassed about with the clouds of romance.

"The poem hangs on the berry-tree when comes the poet's eye,
The whole street is a masquerade when Shakespeare passes by."

But supposing we are possessed of this capacity for taking an interest in things, the question as to whether the town will have an appeal for us stronger than that of the country depends upon our particular cast of temperament.

Some great ones have been as loud in their praise of the town as others of their compeers have in its condemnation. Johnson habituated himself to consider living in the country as a kind of "mental imprisonment." Whether he would have held to this opinion had he lived in these latter days is a question which admits of no ready answer.

In the Doctor's time, the village was an isolated community, self-contained, and almost self-supporting. It was essential to the Doctor's happiness that he should be able to practise his wit upon a circle of friends capable of appreciating it, of providing the flint for his steel. In his day it would have been exceptional to find a village capable of providing such a circle. But the telegraph and newspaper have

changed all that. One may not safely lay odds against a country vicar's being a disciple of Bernard Shaw, and the village doctor is probably an enthusiastic Ibsenite.

Gray casts his vote against the town. "I have been at London these three months," he writes, "that tiresome, dull place! where all people under thirty find so much amusement." So the delights of the town are permissible in our "green and salad days," but having attained to maturity, we ought to cast them behind our backs.

There is something apposite in thus associating the town with the early, strenuous years of life, and the country with those latter, more peaceful years. It seems in keeping with the fundamental fitness of things. Think of the dreamy-eyed Fitzgerald, translator of the immortal Quatrains, in his country, retreat, as the years begin to weigh upon him.

Picture him among his books and flowers, carrying about with him the precious transcript, which a friend had made for him, of the rare manuscript written on yellow paper, "with purple-black ink profusely powdered with gold."

There is a passage in one of his letters which epitomises for us his secluded existence.

"Here I live with tolerable content; perhaps with as much as most people arrive at, and which, if one were properly grateful, one would perhaps call perfect happiness. Here is a glorious sunshiny day: all the morning I read about Nero in Tacitus, lying at full length on a bench in the garden, a nightingale singing, and some red anemones eyeing the sun manfully not far off. Such as life is, I believe I have got hold of a good end of it."

For those whose delight is in the study of raw human nature, the town will always possess irresistible attractions. Where a genius is concerned, locality counts for nothing, but all students of humanity are not of this class; and to your even Christian the town presents itself as a more accessible mine from whence to draw material. There the volume of humanity lies open to one's hand.

A walk down the Strand will provide one with almost as many types as individuals. There is no need to go out of the way in order to study those types. A seat in the corner of a café may provide one with sufficient material for a three-volume novel.

Something of this was felt by Lamb, that inveterate townsman. The panorama of life which every night unfolded itself before him in the streets of London never ceased to fascinate him. "Let them talk of lakes and mountains and romantic dales—all that fantastic stuff: give me a ramble by night in London. A mob of men is better than a flock of sheep, and a crowd of happy faces jostling into the playhouse at the hour of six is a more beautiful spectacle to man than the shepherd driving his silly sheep to fold."

The clergy are continually bemoaning the fact that this is an age of compromise; and for the life of me I have never been able to discover why the age should be any the worse on that account. If such be the case, however, I confess I am at one with the spirit of the age. Although "Blackfriars, to me, and old Whitehall, is even as much as is the fall of fountains on a pathless grove," so long as railway companies remain accommodating, I hope to continue to earn my living in the town, and to enjoy my leisure in the country. 'And so to supper and to bed.

J. M. SYNGE * * * BY J. M. HONE

I.

SYNGE belonged to a family of English extraction which had long been established in Ireland. Among his forefathers were an Archbishop of the Irish Protestant Church and various clerics of distinction. Dublin has to-day its Synge Street as well as its Shaw Street. Both date from the days of Protestant Ascendancy: (in parenthesis) let us hope that the habit of giving Dublin streets a more patriotic nomenclature will not affect these thoroughfares, and that Synge Street and Shaw Street will be allowed to stand in honour of the relationship of the two most original of contemporary playwrights with the Irish capital. Synge, therefore, was of the race or caste which, while it has given to modern Ireland its greatest men, yet has never quite succeeded in abandoning an attitude of detachment, often hostile, towards the county in which its lot is cast. It would certainly never have occurred to Synge himself to speak of Ireland as the country "in which he had the misfortune to be born"; and yet in his case, too, the curse of Swift, "to be a man of genius and to be born in Ireland," did to some extent operate. Synge never did, and probably never will, obtain the affectionate regard of his Catholic fellow-countrymen. The instance is a remarkable one, for apparently no Protestant Irishman was ever more free from the influences of hereditary prejudice, whether political or theological. It was among the Irish-speaking peasantry of the West that Synge delighted to live; it was there that he "found himself" as a writer. England and English life were truly foreign to him. And one will search with difficulty among his books and plays for a reference to the existence even of that "other Ireland" which bred him, and whence, indeed, came that literary movement with which he is associated.

II.

Once, however, in his published writings, he permits himself to meditate on the fate of his own people in Ireland. There is an essay among his travel sketches, "A Landlord's Garden," in which he "feels the tragedy of the landlord class," as well as of the peasantry, and "of the innumerable old families that are quickly dwindling away." "The broken greenhouses and mouse-eaten libraries, that were designed and collected by men who voted with Grattan," were perhaps as mournful in the end "as the four mud walls that are so often left in Wicklow as the only remnants of a farmhouse." The playwright who chose to go through the Irish country houses would, he adds, find material for many gloomy plays. "Gloomy" is not the word which precisely expresses the character of Synge's peasant comedies; but his outlook on Irish life was not encouraging to the reformers or regenerators of the island, of whom there are so many. It was seldom, indeed, that he expressed any kind of general opinion. But once an English newspaper asked him to report on the proceedings of the Congested Districts Board in Connaught. The result was amusing. Synge began by admitting his dread of any movement that would tend to lessen the individuality of the people. It was, he explained, a part of the misfortune of Ireland that nearly all the characteristics which gave colour and attractiveness to Irish life were bound up with a social condition that came near to penury.

III.

The broad facts of Synge's career illuminate his temperament. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, but spent a considerable part of his earlier manhood on the Continent, chiefly in Paris. It was

always his ambition to write. He became an excellent French scholar, and hoped to acquire the gift of criticism. He supplemented an income of £40 per annum by means of a little journalism, and was a reviewer for the *Speaker* (now the *Nation*). When Mr. Yeats first met him in Paris, Synge seems to have been in a disheartened mood; his creative work did not hitherto amount to much, and he was ready to adopt Mr. Yeats's suggestion and go to the Aran Islands "in order to express a life that had not yet found expression." He had never cut himself off entirely from Ireland, nor forgotten the Gaelic he had picked up as a boy; and it must have been evident to him at the beginning of the experiment that Ireland was his "subject," although he continued for a while to write criticisms of French books. Unhappily, ill-health now began to trouble him; a premonition of early death had already slipped into that strange poetry of his—a poetry in which he wished to use his personal life as his material:—

"With Fifteen-ninety or Sixteen-sixteen
We end Cervantes, Marot, Nashe or Green;
Then Sixteen-thirteen till two-score and nine,
Is Crashaw's niche, that honey-lipped divine.
And so when all my little work is done
They'll say I came in Eighteen-seventy-one,
And died in Dublin . . . what year will they write
For my poor passage to the stall of night?"

He wrote "after reading the dates in a book of lyrics."

IV.

At the end of his life he may have felt the approach of the fame which he so greatly desired; but it is only quite recently that his work has received a widespread recognition. One remembers the casual paragraphs which appeared in the newspapers on the morrow of his death. A complete edition of his works was in contemplation, and he had a handful of devoted admirers. On the whole, however, his plays, particularly the "Playboy of the Western World," were, so far as they were known, unpopular, and such notoriety as he had in Dublin literary circles, owing to the rioting that had attended their production, he found distasteful, and perhaps dreadful. Other Irishmen would have revelled in his situation. In one respect, however, Synge was very little of an Irishman; he had no taste at all for controversy. Someone, indeed, once told the present writer that Synge was incapable of sustaining an argument, and he might well be bewildered by the ingenious attempts that are now made to explain his mind and his art. It is certain that he did not wish to libel his country! Naively egoistic, he talked, not of himself, but of his work and methods of work. He told how he spent four months of the year in Paris, four months in the West of Ireland, and four at home in Dublin. An independent income of £40 a year made all the difference to a writer—latterly he was rather richer. He would confess to having been bored once or twice by the primitive life on the western seaboard of Ireland. There was no pretence about Synge, and although he had, indeed, something of the spirit of Borrow, it was literature which he sought and served with a single mind. He died in Dublin four years ago at the age of thirty-eight.

"I've thirty months, and that's my pride,
Before my age's a double score,
Though many lively men have died
At twenty-nine or little more.
I've left a long and famous set
Behind some seven years or three,
But there are millions I'd forget
Will have their laugh at passing me."

HOW THE CARNEGIE MILLIONS ARE MANAGED IN AMERICA

I.

IN 1905, shortly after he gave his two millions to the Scottish universities, Mr. Andrew Carnegie presented a similar sum for the advancement of university education in North America. The main object of the former bequest, which is administered by the Carnegie Trust, was to pay the fees of Scottish students attending university classes; the purpose of the latter bequest, which is administered by the Carnegie Foundation, is to provide retiring allowances for the professors of the universities, colleges and technical schools of the United States, Canada and Newfoundland. What a strange contrast these two methods of promoting Higher Education offer! In the one case the students of Scotland were to be relieved of the necessity of paying for a university education in their youth; in the other case, the professors of America were to be relieved of the necessity of teaching in their old age. In both cases, obviously, the donor's motives were of the highest—to assist teachers and taught at a time when they most require assistance, and to further the cause of learning among English-speaking peoples on both sides of the Atlantic.

II.

If asked to state which of these two methods they thought more likely to attain the end desired—the extension and improvement of university education—most people would unhesitatingly declare in favour of the Scottish scheme of paying the fees of students, in preference to the American plan of supplying professors with pensions. A little reflection, however, ought to convince them that, despite appearances, the Carnegie Foundation is more of an educational agency and less of a charity institution than the Carnegie Trust.

Each year the Carnegie Trust pays the class fees of some 4,000 students at the Scottish universities, devoting thereto a sum of nearly £50,000, *i.e.*, half its income. The Carnegie Foundation annually pays allowances to some 400 professors and professors' widows, the allowances totalling some £120,000. The payment of class fees in the Scottish universities is supposed to be in the nature of an advance rather than a gift, but so far very few recipients have refunded the amounts expended on their behalf. In 1911-12, for instance, nineteen former beneficiaries voluntarily repaid £419; whereas the number of students whose fees were paid in that year was 3,810, and the amount disbursed £44,705. From every quarter come laments that the once-boasted independence of the Scottish student has been undermined, and one frequently hears complaints that the general standard of students has changed for the worse since the Carnegie Trust began to defray university fees. It seems only too clear that this feature of the Carnegie bequest to the Scottish universities has been grasped indiscriminately as a gratuity, and not accepted with a full sense of responsibility as an "accommodation"—a result detrimental to the self-respect of the students concerned, and in every way contrary to Mr. Carnegie's intentions.

III.

So much for one function of the Carnegie Trust—its shortcomings in other respects have already been dealt with in the pages of EVERYMAN. What, then,

has the Carnegie Foundation done for university education in North America? It is only eight years since Mr. Carnegie established his 10,000,000 dollars fund, but in that short time it is no exaggeration to say that the Foundation has been of inestimable service to the universities, colleges, and technical schools of the Republic and the Dominion, to their staffs and to their students; and, in addition, by its investigations and publications, it has proved of immense value to university authorities throughout the world.

IV.

On the benefits derived from the Foundation by American professors and instructors it is needless to insist. Mr. Carnegie was led to make his bequest by the consideration that "the least rewarded of all our professions is that of the teacher in our higher educational institutions," and by his desire "to remove a source of deep and constant anxiety to the poorest paid and yet one of the highest of all professions." The fund, he stipulated, was to apply to unsectarian universities, colleges, and technical schools, "without regard to race, sex, creed, or colour." At first, State institutions of this kind were not included, but in 1908 Mr. Carnegie placed another 5,000,000 dollars at the disposal of his trustees for the purpose of extending the benefits of the Foundation to State universities.

From the outset the Foundation has insisted that it is an educational, not a charitable organisation. The allowances it awards must be earned by the fulfilment of certain conditions; they cannot, like some other pensions in America, be secured by begging, wirepulling, and political influence. To be entitled to a retiring allowance a professor must have attained the age of sixty-five and served at least fifteen years as a professor, or not less than twenty-five as instructor or professor. In case of disablement he may be pensioned at an earlier age, and a period of twenty-five years' service as a professor, or thirty years as instructor or professor, also entitles university and college teachers to a retiring allowance before the age of sixty-five is attained. The average retiring allowance paid by the Foundation is about £350—an amount which is far from princely, especially in a land where the cost of living is so much higher than in Britain. But the average salary of American professors scarcely exceeds that sum, so that it can be imagined how welcome such a pension must prove.

V.

By offering a guarantee against the financial hardships of old age, the Carnegie Foundation is dignifying the calling of university teacher in America, and attracting to it men of high qualifications who would otherwise have entered some other profession. By any improvement of the teaching staff the students are, of course, bound to profit; and, thanks to the Carnegie Foundation, not only will their younger teachers be more gifted in future, but their older teachers will be put on the retired list as soon as their term of usefulness is at an end. Thus the universities and colleges will be continually freshened by an infusion of vigorous new blood.

VI.

But the Carnegie Foundation is raising the standards of American universities in other directions as well. Nowhere, except perhaps in India, has the

word university been more atrociously abused than in America. All over the United States pseudo-universities have sprung up in such numbers that Americans have completely lost count of the number of degree-granting institutions of higher learning under the Stars and Stripes. In North America there are at least a thousand universities and colleges, but the number of those which really deserve the title is, needless to say, only a fraction of that imposing total. In many parts of America, we are told, "any five citizens of the United States, resident anywhere, although all of them might be unable to read or write, and might be dependents of the community in a poorhouse, can form themselves into a university under authority of an Act of Congress." And, we are told further, these powers have been freely exercised.

The Carnegie Foundation, therefore, on entering on its work, found itself faced with a very perplexing problem. It had to grant pensions to professors in American colleges and universities, but it found no generally accepted definition of a university or college in the United States. Nothing daunted, the Foundation—whose trustees include the most eminent university presidents and authorities in America—began straightway to weed out the sham from the true institutions of higher education. They decided that, in order that members of its staff should be eligible for retiring allowances, a university or college must satisfy certain conditions. They laid it down that "an institution to be ranked as a college must have at least six professors giving their entire time to college and university work, a course of four full years in liberal arts and sciences, and should require for admission not less than the usual four years of academic or high school preparation, or its equivalent, in addition to the pre-academic or grammar school studies."

VII.

What has been the result? The real universities of America have been sifted from the *soi-disant* universities. The smaller colleges and universities have been given an incentive to raise their entrance standards and improve their teaching facilities; in order to participate in the benefits of the Carnegie Foundation many of these weaker institutions have, of their own accord, acquired new strength and status. Others, again, have been spurred into shaking off the denominational control which kept them from having a share in Mr. Carnegie's benefaction. As a powerful centralising influence in a country where unity in matters educational has been sadly lacking in the past, the Carnegie Foundation is doing its best to ensure that for the next generation university development in America shall be in the direction of better quality rather than of greater quantity, as has been the case in the past twenty or thirty years.

VIII.

And if the Carnegie Foundation has already done so much for university education in North America, and is destined to do still more in years to come, other parts of the world are also profiting by the labours of the Foundation, which is conducting a series of investigations into university problems whose scope is not confined to that particular continent. The results of these inquiries are published in the form of bulletins. Already valuable reports on medical education in the United States and Canada, and also in Europe, have been prepared for the Foundation by an expert Commissioner, and similar bulletins are promised on legal education, training of teachers, graduate schools, dentistry, training of nurses, and kindred subjects of enduring, international importance.

J. L. G.

THE LIE

By CHARLES FOLEY

IN one of the side chapels of the old church of Maurecourt, dedicated to the Holy Virgin, its little altar all bright with azaleas, Amélie and her aunt fell reverently upon their knees as the sacred Host was elevated. Clear and sweet the little bell rang out in the solemn stillness, and the young girl humbly bowed her snowy neck with its silken tendrils of soft chestnut hair. As she knelt there, fervid and devout, her delicately cut features stood out in clear relief in the shadow of the pillar. Above, the time-worn old organ groaned and gasped and creaked, wheezing out one by one, as if chary of letting them go, the opening notes of the hymn "O Salutaris." Then a man's voice, soft, solemn, and rich, rose, at first wavering and tremulous; then, taking flight boldly, it soared aloft, strong and powerful, in swelling waves of sound. The voice seemed to stir and thrill her with a poignant recollection, and, bending lower still, she hid her burning cheeks in her trembling hands. In vain she strove to banish the haunting vision and give herself up to the contemplation of the Divine Sacrifice; the voice, so like the much-loved voice, seemed to enfold her gently and caressingly with its harmonious tones, and swiftly and irresistibly her thoughts flew back to the past.

She recalled the château of Maurecourt, the property of her aunt and guardian, Madame Mazubert, and the lawn where they used to play croquet. She could see herself, the orphan of seventeen summers, in all the pride of her first long skirt.

She could see the Abbé Fustel's nephew—shy, silent André, a tall boy of nineteen, whose black, velvety eyes expressed all that he could not put into words. He was always ill at ease, and blushed absurdly whenever he happened to be near her, and if she was watching him at croquet he always missed his hoop. The other young men paid her visible homage. Fustel invariably held aloof. Yet hardly had she turned away when she was conscious of rapturous glances resting upon her. The youth was much chaffed for his self-conscious timidity, and she would join in the laughter, to try and rouse him from his torpor of shyness and urge him on to be bolder. When the others ventured to talk love to her, her mind was full of him, sad, silent André. He absorbed her, attracted her, slowly fascinated her. One evening, when the rest of the party had gone to watch some fireworks on the lawn, they two stayed behind alone in the fir avenue. Why, she never knew, but she felt very penitent at having pained him, and tearfully and humbly she asked his forgiveness. Enfolding her with one of his caressing looks, André, in his sonorous deep voice, which made the most trivial words seem solemn, answered: "I was quite sure that you were too beautiful not to be good and kind as well." Then he took her hand without a trace of awkwardness. And in the dark avenue, wrapped in mist, side by side they wandered, lost to the outside world, murmuring sweet, vague words to each other. No solemn plight of love had passed their lips; but their eyes had pledged eternal vows, their souls had made but one that rapturous evening.

Meanwhile, up in the organ-loft the deep voice had ceased, its last echoes blending with the priest's bell, then dying away. The congregation rose from their knees, but Amélie, plunged in her dreams, knelt on. Her aunt, Madame Mazubert, always careful of appearances, was for moderation in everything, and, fearing lest her excessive devoutness should be remarked upon, laid a thin, imperious finger on her niece's arm.

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Thus suddenly aroused out of her reverie, still seeing nothing but the dark shadows of the pine trees of her dreams, Amélie blushed and rose hastily. And now, the drawling, nasal chant of the choir drove the memory of that balmy night, scented with the wood anemones, away, and she recalled the subsequent sudden journey to Paris. For several years after that her aunt had travelled about with her. They had been to Switzerland, to Italy, to Germany, everywhere save to the little village so near—sweet little Maurecourt, the very name of which moved her to the very depths of her soul. Once only in despair had she asked what had become of Fustel, and Madame Mazubert pretended not to know, and answered with simulated indifference: "Who did you say? Ah, yes, Fustel, that tall fellow with the stupid eyes. What has become of him? How should I know? Anyhow, he hasn't a penny, has no prospects whatever, and no manners. . . . I never wish to see him again!" . . . And never again was André Fustel's name mentioned—tall André, who in the fir avenue had possessed himself of her heart in that slight clasp of the hand.

"And why," wondered the young girl, as the mass came to an end, "why am I brought back to Maurecourt to-day? And was it by chance merely that I heard that voice, so like the voice of him of whom I may not speak?" Her heart was brimful of anguish and hope. At all costs she must know. Turning to Madame Mazubert, she said in a low, trembling voice: "Don't you think the voice that sang the Salutaris . . .?"

"What about the voice?" asked her aunt sharply, with a cold, stern look glancing keenly at her.

"That it must be André Fustel's voice?"

"Very likely," said Madame Mazubert, affecting a chilly unconcern. "It is most probably Fustel's!"

She was just about to add some explanatory remark, but the young girl turned so pale and clutched her prie-dieu so convulsively that her aunt checked herself, fearing a scene in church.

Fortunately, the service had come to an end. They both rose and walked towards the porch, then crossed the broad space in front of the sacred edifice to the row of lime trees that enclosed it. Neighbours and friends pressed round her with words of welcome, and Madame Mazubert smiled amicably, but never once lost sight of Amélie.

She saw that the poor child was terribly upset, and either from pity or from fear of a scene in front of prying, inquisitive eyes—or was it that her courage failed her to tell her niece the whole truth?—she said to her hurriedly:

"Go and congratulate Monsieur Fustel from me; he sang very well indeed; you have my full permission. *It is a matter of indifference to me now. It is better, you should know.*"

"So it really was André?"

Very troubled in mind, full of a vague apprehension, Amélie walked back to the empty church as if in a dream. At the foot of the dark, narrow staircase leading up to the organ she found herself suddenly face to face with Fustel. In the dim light her eyes sought those of the young man. They seemed to her as in the old days, full of a deep joy, and yet they were changed: they had a sadder expression, and looked sunken in the thin face.

And as he pushed open the door wider to let the light in upon the gloom, a chill despair struck her breast. She saw that he was wearing a priest's cassock.

He held out his hand with a faint, melancholy smile. "Is it really you?" she said, shrinking from him, and her face grew ashen and her voice died away. To put

her at her ease he answered the questions that he knew were trembling on her lips.

"Well, you see, I was only ordained three weeks ago. This is the last time I shall sing here. I leave to-day for my small living, right on the other side of the diocese, in a very lonely part of the country, but I shall be amongst kind, good people. I entered the priests' seminary very soon after your betrothal. I made up my mind finally about the time that Madame Mazubert informed me of your marriage.

"At first I thought it seemed hard; . . . then gradually, very gradually, I grew to like my vocation, and now I am quite happy. And you, Madame, you are happy too?"

That cruel word "Madame" pierced her to the heart. Now she understood it all—their one walk together, that single lovers' walk spied upon; then Madame Mazubert's brazen untruth, which with one blow had irrevocably put an end to all hope in that great, simple soul.

Seeing he expected an answer and that he was surprised and concerned at her strange silence, Amélie roused herself. Not even with the shadow of a regret would she dim the calm purity of this humble priest's life, and with a strong determination she resolved to keep all her sorrow and pain to herself.

So she answered, bravely lying: "Yes, thank you. I, too, am perfectly happy." Then, heedless of appearing ungrateful and inconsistent, she said good-bye, as if impatient for him to go. And when he was out of sight she fled to the darkness of the narrow staircase to hide the big tears that scorched her eyelids.

They never saw each other again.—*Translated by Margaret Hogg.*



TO A DEAD LOVE

AH, little love of mine laid low!
When soft as shrouding snow upon a dying flower
Your wearied eyelids met and held; when in that hour
Your little hand in mine lay cold and still, and Death
On sable wing leaned down, and gleaned the last slow
breath

That bore your tender soul back to Infinity;
When to unheeding ears, so eager once to lend
Themselves at Love's behest, did my vain cries
ascend

Like sparks that scatter, soar, then futile fall
Into the fire's most fiery heart again; when all
The bitterness that empty endless years will roll
With devastating grief upon my stricken soul
Pass'd in grim prophecy before me; did you know
Aught of that anguish'd hour, O Love of mine laid
low?

Nay! for on your calm dead brow grief's finger left
no trace

To mar the still aloofness of your quiet face;
Impregnable in Death's cold isolation,
No burdened sighs, no tears, no bitter supplication
Dimm'd in that solemn hour of Passing the serene
Inscrutability of your majestic mien.
'And as the autumn leaves unheeded from the tree
Descend in eddying uncertainty,
Caught by conflicting winds, but reaching earth to
die,

So on your unresponsive lips my kisses lie,
Kisses wherewith your fleeting soul I thought in blind
Self-seeking longer yet to bind;—
Too late, alas! . . . And I thank God 'twas so—
You did not know, O little love of mine laid low!

LILIAN BRIERLEY.

The Middlesex Hospital
Medical School.

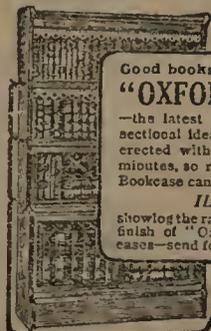
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MASTERPIECE FOR THE WEEK

THE CONFESSIONS OF SAINT AUGUSTINE * * BY PROF. J. S. PHILLIMORE

Miserationes tuae de medullis meis confitentur

"Here is a copy of my 'Confessions' which you wanted. Scrutinise me in them, and there is no fear that you will praise me for more than I am; take my word, in them, about myself, not what other people say of me; study me in them, and see all that I was, in myself and of myself. And if you shall anyways think well of me, join with me in praising, as I do in them, Him whom I sought to make men praise on my account."—Letter to Darius.

"My 'Confessions,' in XIII. Books, praise the goodness and justice of God alike in the good and in the bad of my life, and arouse the intellect and emotions of men towards Him. This was their effect on me personally in the writing of them, and so it is in the reading of them. How they may strike other people, I leave it to them to say; but I do know that they please, and have pleased, many of the brethren greatly."—From the "Retractationes," written thirty years later.

"Men are as curious to hear about other people's lives as they are slow to amend their own."—"Confessions," Book X., Chap. 3.

"What am I now, at the very moment when I make these Confessions? Many would like to know this, many who know me, and yet know me not; who have heard something from me or of me, but have never put their ear close to my heart, where my real self is, such as it is. Well, they would like to hear me confess what I am in myself, inwardly, further inwards than their eye or ear or thought can carry. But this wish implies that they mean to *believe* my word, and not to pursue their own investigations. That would be impossible. In fact they find in the charity of their own goodness the assurance that in these Confessions I do not lie: it is just this charity in them which believes me."—*Ibidem*.

I.

SINCE the value of this and of all such books as enter into the same category, whether they lie nearer the frontier of devout ejaculations or march with Autobiography, depends absolutely on their sincerity, it seemed well to put forward these few texts as a key to the spirit in which we ought to approach the "Confessions." Let me suppose a new reader approaching the book for the first time. What must he expect to find? Scandalous secrets? A cynical violation of the accepted reticences, as in Rousseau? He would totally misconceive the work. Let him bear one thing in mind: that Augustine is not so much the penitent at the tribunal of penance, taking the reader for his witness to attest a solemn abjuration of past error, as the Confessor in the sense in which our English King Edward and others have been canonised, declaring, asserting, vindicating, *professing* his faith: never in any sense is the reader installed as Confessor. Put away from your mind the "Confessions" of Jean Jacques and recall rather the "Confession" of Saint Patrick, written a generation later. Something of a defiance, something of a defence against detractors; but, above all, the thankful, exultant narrative of a miracle of grace. The miracle has been worked in his own person, and the book must be alive with personality in every line. In language that exploits the whole register of praise and awe and admiration, Augustine on his hilltops sings a pæan over his old dead self, lying away back in the valley.

II.

In this book, which is so mainly concerned with ego, there is a marvellous freedom from egoism, for Augustine's key is not "See what I have done!" but "See what the grace of God has done in me!" No archness of sensitive though hungry vanity, no pretending that

this is another's story and not his own, no shy self-consciousness, no awkward toning down of the full, natural rhetoric of great emotions into an academic reserve. The truth cries aloud. If anybody refuses to accept the sincerity of the "Confessions," it is idle to argue with him: you cannot prove that a beanfield smells sweet, or that the "Ode to a Nightingale" is a good poem. If they are not sincere, the "Confessions" are nothing: do not read them. Is not their sincerity guaranteed by the very frequency of the ego, ego? But it is no egoism (unless egoism be also a virtue, as Froude suggested) to state in the first person a personal experience and an assertion which can be made on no other person's authority. He is no more egoistic than the Psalmist or St. Paul. We judge these matters rather superficially in English: perhaps the only necessary spelling reform in our language is to write the first personal pronoun with a small instead of a capital letter: *je* and *ich* can go monologuing away by the page together, unembarrassed.

III.

Augustine wrote his "Confessions" just 200 years before his great namesake came to Canterbury. Already eight years a priest and three years a bishop, he reviews the forty-three years of his life. He looks right back beyond memory to the very rudiments of infant sensation and expression, inferring from what he has seen in others what must have been in himself. Then it is the elementary school at Tagaste; how he was beaten; how he hated his Greek and the paraphrases they made him do at the grammar school of Madaura; the vanities and absurdities of a rhetorical education. (It is one of many points in him which remind us of Newman, when he avows that, though he condemns the literary education he had got, literature he loves and cherishes; for language makes "elect and precious vessels," only the contents may disgrace them.) Then it is that boyish theft of some pears, stolen (as he mercilessly analyses it) in mere bravado and lawless mischief; and now a still-burning shame in memory thirty years after.

IV.

His intellect first awoke to problems of philosophy when he read Cicero's "Hortensius"; he had a great literary contempt for the Bible, which lasted as long as he misconceived it as an oracle for every private mind to interpret it as best it might. As a University student in Carthage he found the older classical sects all in dissolution, and it was Manichæism which captured his youthful restlessness and detained him prisoner for nine years. With horror and astonishment he looks back on this obscene system of fads and superstitions, which we can nowadays see creeping up around us, revived under other names, daily increasing in popularity and power. (A single specimen will suffice: "It is a sin to pick a fig, because it gives the fig pain.") It must be said that he was a nominal adherent rather than an enthusiast in that City of Confusion. From nineteen to twenty-eight it is a story of literary and scholastic ambitions (at twenty-two he is a professor at Carthage), and the faithful liaison with the woman who had made him the father of Adeodatus at eighteen. He broke with her, after fourteen years, in 385.

In 383, his fortieth year, he had escaped from Manichæism only to fall into Academicism: but this could only be an interval of suspense; such a rocketing impulse towards the truth could not stay long in a polite negation. His removal to Rome comported a spiritual move which he little thought of: his immediate motives were ambition and a desire to escape the barbarous rowdiness of the African students. Few pages are more dramatic than his account how he gave Monica, his mother, the slip at St. Cyprian's Tomb, and sailed without her for Rome.

V.

'And now begins that spiritual pilgrimage of doubt and search which reads to us as poignant and actual as the journal of some waif in the modern welter. He could not rest: whither must he turn? He had long looked askance at Catholics, imbued with the feeling that they had a secret, but it could be no good to ask them for a clue. And, besides (how modern it seems!), at the same time, he is quite sure he knows all about their doctrine without learning it. That claimant might be dismissed unheard. The anxious inquiry proceeds through an atmosphere of increasing intensity: the language of this marvellous master of style rises and subtilises in riches and finesse, exploring and voicing in lyrical eloquence the distress and anguish of mind of a doubter's crisis, and the first faint sense that he is pointing right towards convalescence. There is nothing rigid, formal, legalistic about this Latinity, which stands as great a monument of personality expressed in pure, single jets of speech as Catullus' lyrics or Cicero's Letters 450 years before. All is breathing, sometimes sobbing with emotion: the most trivial phrases seem to glow and vibrate. Now one "difficulty," now another holds and torments him; now the painful effort of his mind, which dealt so readily in the real and pictorial, to conceive God as incorporeal, unextended Spirit; now the problem on which he was afterwards to write so much—the Origin of Evil.

VI.

Further promotion transfers him from Rome to Milan, near the Court and near St. Ambrose. At this time Plato was leading him safe through some of his tangles. And soon we are in the penumbra of truth. The last shadows are to disappear, not by more reading and more meditation, but before a great personal influence. When Augustine first heard Ambrose preach "he took no interest in the matter, which he scorned"; but the manner and style he admired, and he liked the man. Next we find him wistfully admiring and envying Ambrose's great authority and influence, "but not his celibacy." And now, once in contact with lives and not books merely, once within the atmosphere of the Church, he "rejoiced and blushed at once" to find that he had been rejecting imaginary doctrines of a misunderstood system. And at last the crisis comes quickly: with his dearest friends, Nebridius and Alypius, he makes a kind of retreat, determined to solve the intolerable question, to capture "the great hope which has arisen before us."

VII.

The famous Victorinus' conversion gives the devout seekers a further shake. In writing of this event, Augustine has an admirable answer to a charge of spiritual snobism: "Do not many return to Thee from a deeper abyss of blindness than Victorinus, and draw near, and are illuminated, by receiving that light which all who receive from Thee get the power to become Thy sons? Yes: but if they are not such public personages, even their friends rejoice less over them. For when there is a general rejoicing, the joy is the

richer for it in each individual, because they warm one another and are mutually fired."

Hearing of the marvels of Egyptian monasticism excites them yet further; and now we read the most penetrating analysis of a soul which feels the grace approaching very, very near, and feels itself borne forward to fuse in a consummation. But the last is not quite yet: there are the last shrinkings and shudderings of the natural man of desire: "Give me chastity—but not now": "the 'will to believe' still half disabled, not sturdy and entire." How these are all suddenly consumed, when, sitting in the garden at Ostia, suffering extreme mental distresses, he hears the "*Pick it up and read!*" which led his hand to the copy of St. Paul's Epistles and to the precise text, "Not in riotings and drunkenness," etc., is an episode known even to many who know nothing else of the "Confessions." The long crescendo of stress and of striving culminates in a full and steady contentment. He has arrived. His instruction and baptism by St. Ambrose and the deathbed of St. Monica complete the IXth Book.

VIII.

The remaining four are very different in character, more metaphysical and theological, less of the history of a soul. The general reader may be pardoned for thinking them rather dry by contrast. And yet Dante, who borrowed from Bk. IV. the hint for his famous *Amor che a nulla amata amar perdona*, borrowed also from a phrase in Bk. XIII. (Ch. 19) some part of his vision of spiritual luminaries in Paradise. For even here the language is of that quality which excites to poetry by countless stimuli.

IX.

But how full of famous and splendid sayings are those first nine books! "I was not yet a lover, only in love with love." "Grown-up people dignify *their* nonsense with the name of business." "The human heart is restless until it find its rest in Thee." "Thine ear was listening at my heart, and I knew not; and when I sought resolutely in silence, the speechless contritions of my heart were great voices crying aloud to Thy mercy." One could stock a commonplace book from here only. How suggestive are the very digressions—such as that discussion on the pleasure of tragedy in Bk. III., Ch. 2!

X.

The Second Spring of Latin Literature has several great names: in Prudentius, a poet who rivals Lucretius and Catullus in spontaneous energy; in St. Augustine, a prose writer who shows how the huge sails of Ciceronianism could be refilled with a wind of new emotion and reality. One may guess that he wrote none of his works, not even that great philosophy of history, the "*De Civitate Dei*," with such a single and unfaltering gusto of inspiration as these "Confessions," which speak to us moderns on whom once more, as in his days, "the ends of the world are come," with the power and persuasion of a living voice.

SEE the mountains kiss high heaven,
And the waves clasp one another;
No sister-flower would be forgiven
If it disdained its brother.
And the sunlight clasps the earth,
And the moonbeams kiss the sea;
What is all this sweet work worth
If thou kiss not me?

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

CORRESPONDENCE

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Owing to the large number of letters received it is necessary for correspondents to write briefly if their letters are to appear.

BALZAC AND DUMAS.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—I find in your issue of August 1st a letter, entitled "Balzac and Dumas," which would first startle and then tickle the fancy of any French person (of ever so little literary culture and taste) coming across it. With apologies to you and EVERYMAN for my incorrect English, may I try to answer it? "P. F. H.," of Birmingham, the writer, taking upon himself a task which surely even Faguet or Lemaître would decline to perform, starts by declaring unhesitatingly Alexandre Dumas to be "the greatest of all French writers." That he does without the shadow of a doubt, either in thought or expression, it seems, because what can be more superlative than his lapidary way of putting it? It sounds almost threatening to venturing contradictors! Then he wishes to know "why it is that this greatest of all French writers is so completely forgotten by those who write about Frenchmen such as Balzac," and wonders, finally, if it is "because Dumas is so undeniably the one great man since Shakespeare"?

I entertain the vague hope that the above is but a paradox "à la Jean Jacques Rousseau." But if it is not, if "P. F. H." is really in earnest, my second hope—precise and strong this time—is that such a literary heretic (I humbly beg the correspondent's pardon) may, at least, not be French. I know how very difficult it is for a foreigner reading French to master and appreciate all the subtle "nuances" of our "delitable *parole*." I fully realise that for those unable to read French, translation is a gigantic hindrance to their appreciation of "le style." Therefore, if "P. F. H." belongs to either of these two classes, his literary sin may be less grievous than it appears.

To his two brief questions may I answer as briefly:

(1) Those who write about Frenchmen such as Balzac know that in writing for a weekly paper of EVERYMAN's literary standard they must deal with literature, and leave out, possibly, a man like Dumas, who does not really belong to this realm. Dumas's huge imagination and extreme facility of writing may have been mistaken for genius by many with an erring taste, but he does not deceive the scanning eye of modern literary criticism.

(2) The reason, then, of his being ignored by people who know would be that "he is so undeniably the one writer without which pure literature in general, and French literature especially, would not have lost one jot of its intrinsic value."

I wish I could go deeper into the matter and make a closer comparison between Dumas and the glorious three whom "P. F. H." brushes aside so contemptuously. Indeed, I wish I could compare him yet to another one, whose "Madame Bovary" "P. F. H." did not perhaps think of when he granted the final literary "est" crown of the superlative to the author of "Les 3 Mousquetaires" and "Monte Cristo." . . . But we are asked to be brief, and I have still another point to discuss.

I heard an Englishman say once about an ugly girl that, "after all, beauty was only a matter of degree." I am inclined to think that the same thing might be said of fame. Dumas is still famous in France, still widely read in a wide circle of admirers. But *who* are these and *where* do they read his pseudo-historic (?) romances (which cannot be called "history"!). They

are (1) the men and women of the poorer classes, "le rude populaire," to quote Ronsard, who have not had the luck of being educated; (2) the enthusiastic school-boys of fifteen, whose untaught taste relishes volumes of thrilling adventures better than a beautiful page of perfect French. They will all find the ever-flowing stream of their favourite's prose at the "rez de chaussée" of some halfpenny daily paper in the beloved "feuilleton," or they may buy it in weekly penny "livraison" (which Jules Rouffe edited so profusely in the days of my youth!). Educated children will grow out of this lack of refinement; working people may keep to it, finding in these romances a solace to their sufferings, the fulfilment of their denied hopes. I do not know if there would be many other readers beside these nowadays.

Lastly, could I ask "P. F. H." whether, before crowning Dumas with such "désinvolture," and being sorry for him, he gave all the other writers a fair chance by examining their works? We have had many a writer since Shakespeare died. Even if *the* quality seems to be in "P. F. H.'s" eyes "to write a masterpiece in each of the divisions of literature"—thus barring our seventeenth century and modern times—what place would he give men such as Voltaire, Rousseau, Chateaubriand, Hugo, and Michelet?

No, most decidedly, "Nul n'est prophète en son pays": never could Dumas have expected from his compatriots to be raised above so many and placed in the immediate neighbourhood of "The Swan of Avon." Might I suggest he would have been surprised?

With all best wishes for the growing success of EVERYMAN, to which I am indebted for many agreeable holiday hours,—I am, sir, etc., J. DOZAT.

Chanonat, par Veyre, Puy de Dôme, France,
August 4th, 1913.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Although I presume that Mr. Maurice Endepols' letter is intended as a reply to mine, the writer has entirely failed to understand my letter, and has also misconstrued my references to Shakespeare, whom I may say I consider, with every other student of literature, to be the greatest man the world has ever seen.

To develop my meaning. When I said that Dumas often got his plots ready-made, and because of this his genius was discredited, I said that the same thing could equally well be said about Shakespeare. Let me take "King Lear," for example, as Mr. Endepols recommends. The plot of this was found by Shakespeare in Holinshed and an old play called "The True Chronicle History of King Lear and his Three Daughters," while the plot centring round Gloucester was suggested by part of Sir Philip Sidney's "Arcadia."

To consider Dumas in the same way: the basis of "The Three Musketeers" was "The Memoirs of D'Artagnan"; and as Shakespeare created from his raw material the magnificent drama of "Lear," so Dumas created the immortal pages of "The Three Musketeers." This is as far as I intended the comparison of Dumas to Shakespeare to go, and as far as this I still maintain it—but no further.

This reference to Shakespeare is a minor point which has been made too much of by Mr. Endepols. The basis of my letter he leaves practically untouched; that is, my question why Dumas is so often ignored. He does insinuate that Dumas is *not* a great writer, not even to be compared with Balzac. Mr. Endepols

(Continued on page 564.)

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and people with musical tastes and interests these volumes come as a real boon. A knowledge of the basic idea enables one to enter into the spirit of a composer's music; to obtain a firmer grasp of his aims and objects. Practically all the librettos of Wagner's operas are founded upon mythology, while among other composers who have found inspiration from this copious source may be mentioned Gluck, Bellini, Weber, Gounod, Berlioz, Liszt, and Mendelssohn.

To those interested in Art

it will be unnecessary to point out that the most famous painters and sculptors have, from the most remote times down to the present day, drawn very largely upon mythology for subjects. As an aid in estimating their artistic achievements, an acquaintance with the attributes of the gods and heroes of ancient days is most useful.

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...uses Balzac's importance on being the leader of the Realistic movement, but Dumas is quite as important as the leader of the Romantic movement, one much greater than that of Realism in its influence and consequence in France.

Lastly, I should like to correct one more misstatement of Mr. Endepols; he writes that I say "The Fencing Master" should be considered as one of the world's literary masterpieces. This is hardly to be gathered from any part of my letter, and I do not wish to rank "The Fencing Master," although a good book, so high as Mr. Endepols suggests.

From the "only four or five" masterpieces which Mr. Endepols mentions I am inclined to doubt if he has read any of Dumas' works; and to gather a faint idea of the sway of Dumas' work and personality in England alone, might I recommend to Mr. Endepols the numerous essays and critiques in appreciation of Dumas to be found in the works of some of England's greatest men; for instance, Thackeray, Stevenson, Lang, Henley, Swinburne, Rossetti, and Saintsbury, to mention but a few?

Finally, if the few loose statements and objections of Mr. Maurice Endepols are all he has to say "against" my letter, he only makes me confirm still stronger to my statement that Dumas is *the* greatest of French writers.—I am, sir, etc.,

PERCIVAL F. HINTON.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—I did not answer Mr. P. F. H. last week because I thought it was not serious to call Dumas "the only great man since Shakespeare." But as your correspondent, Mr. Endepols, has taken the trouble to show how insignificant, considering the influence they had on their generation, Dumas appears when compared to Balzac, may I add the following hints:

(1) Unfortunately Balzac has indulged in many of his books in that "Las romantisme" which is the chief character of Dumas' works, and let me say at once, had he not written "Eugénie Grandet," "Father Goriot," "César Birotteau," etc., he would be as unimportant in French literature as Eugène Süe.

(2) It is absolutely wrong to suggest, as Mr. P. F. H. does, that one has to invent the subject of one's works to be a great writer. I shall simply remark, after many others, that Racine and Corneille never laid claim to inventing their plots. And what about La Fontaine! He did not invent one of his fables. A writer may imitate all his life, as long as "cette imitation n'est pas un esclavage." It would be possible to quote here A. de Musset's famous words: "C'est imiter quelqu'un que de planter des choux." Dumas is simply considered as a minor writer because in his plays he never rose above melodrama, and his novels contain no more psychology or study of characters than "feuilletons."

(3) Mr. P. F. H. seems to believe that a man who writes in every branch of literature is greater than one who confines himself to a particular way. Nothing is more untrue. Even the greatest geniuses who have stretched their sphere of activity everywhere, nearly always owe their fame to a particular branch (Shakespeare to his plays, V. Hugo to his verses). And we may be sure that Daudet, G. Sand, and Balzac, though they were only novelists, occupy in French literature a higher place than Dumas, who tried everything.—I am, sir, etc.,

L. SENEQUIER.

(Étudiant à la Sorbonne.)

High Barnet (Herts), August 9th, 1913.

"EVERYMAN" AND G. K. CHESTERTON.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Though "E. H.'s" protest against G. K. Chesterton was sufficiently obscure, the letter from "C. B.," which appeared in your issue of August 1st, appears, to my mind, to make confusion worse confounded. What are the grounds and what explanation is there for this sudden and strange attack upon Chesterton, Bennett, Shaw, Galsworthy, and Wells—the pilloried authors—whose names are said to "reek in the nostrils" of some of the readers of EVERYMAN? "C. B." charges EVERYMAN with having sacrificed its independence by "truckling to the idols of the marketplace." Surely narrowness is not independence, and it seems to me to be a gross form of odious provincialism to suggest that a formal taboo should be established against the authors whom "C. B." mentions. Chesterton, Bennett, Shaw, Galsworthy, and Wells may not be the best leaders of present-day opinion, but they are, at all events, indubitably the leaders in certain definite lines of thought. Mr. Wells particularly is incontestably one of the most original and striking of present-day social theorists, a clear and penetrating thinker and a master of lucidity in style. Though wholly in agreement with the desirability of EVERYMAN fulfilling its function and extending encouragement to writers of lesser fame, I must strongly protest against "C. B.'s" suggestion that the columns of EVERYMAN should be flooded with literary mediocrities.—I am, sir, etc.,

Folkestone.

DONALD R. SPENDLOVE.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—If there is any significance in the name of your paper, then its pages are open to your correspondents' display of wisdom and—within reason—of their folly. With this latter limitation in mind, one can imagine how you must have hesitated to include the contributions of "E. H." and "C. B."

Will not the bulk of your readers agree that those who eagerly read Mr. Chesterton far outnumber those who (as your correspondents would have us believe) are "tired" of him? There are doubtless some who have not the comprehension or literary insight to detect in this particular writer the sustained effort made to uphold the cause of democracy, to preserve the freedom of choice, and to protest that the theories and social life of to-day are surely tending to obscure the fixed aims and natural aspirations of the normal human being. These things he has plainly stated, and also presented to us in a hundred fanciful ways, for our consideration and guidance; and even when dealing with or reviewing the specific lines and work of such men as Dickens, Watts, Blake, or Browning, the same notes are sounded and maintained.

To listen to what this observant and thoughtful man has to say, to recognise his daring literary genius, and to honour him as a redoubtable fighter are all surely within the scope of EVERYMAN?—I am, sir, etc.,

Marple, Cheshire.

G. F. B.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—In some points I agree with your correspondent "C. B.," though I am an admirer of Chesterton; but my object in writing is simply to point out an irritating error into which he (in common with so many!) falls when he says, "The Frankenstein you have created will be the death of him." If he reads Mrs. Shelley's famous book he will see that Frankenstein was the name of the creator of the monster, not of the creature he created.—I am, sir, etc.,

A. S.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË'S LETTERS.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—I read with interest Miss Margaret Hamilton's article on the letters of Charlotte Brontë. It is good to know of her sympathetic understanding with the self-tormented, unhappy genius; but it seems to me that she has dealt tenderly with the woman at the expense of the man. When speaking of the silence which was the only reply Charlotte's impassioned letters received, Miss Hamilton says, "Had Héger replied to the letters in the business-like fashion of a stolid man . . . the episode would have been ended. . . . The Philistine soul of the Flemish bourgeois was incapable of facing such a situation, frightened to death at handling it. Only a stupid man would have refrained from answering. . . ."

This is indeed a hard criticism. It would tax some other souls more sensitive than that of a Philistine-Flemish bourgeois to deal rightly with "such a situation."

A young and more than ordinarily romantic English girl made an ideal of her professor. He had treated her apparently with some little kindness, and his brusquerie and even rudeness she had transformed for herself into satisfactory behaviour. When she left the school she desired innocently a friendly correspondence. Her desire was not shared in the same way by her professor. It is true he authorised her to write to him (Letter II.), but then he was pre-eminently a teacher, if we may judge from "Villette," and would be interested in his pupil's progress. A teacher may bid a pupil write, but it does not follow that the teacher always answers, nor is even bound to do so.

Her letters proved to be rich in feeling—even passion. Should he have given a shock to her niceties by forbidding her to write to him when she had probably told him how much his friendship meant to her (and how could such a letter be composed?), or should he have feigned a friendship and have replied? If he had replied no one can ever tell where the correspondence would have led, but at least we may be sure that Charlotte would have loathed the pretence had she known of it. Only one course was left open—silence. For many women (this is not intended to cast a slur on Charlotte's behaviour) silence would have worked, and would have been less terrible than words on paper.

Again, Miss Hamilton is averse to the publication of the letters, but she blames not so much those who caused them to be published, but Héger. She says, "A woman's letters should be held sacred by the man to whom she writes . . . he should take steps to see that they do not fall into alien hands." When friends of like or unlike sex have plighted troth, letters should be sacred, but even then it must be remembered that sacredness is not synonymous with privacy. Héger did not treasure Charlotte's letters as she did his. He could not help that; we are unfortunately not always masters of our regards. There are many reasons, though, which may account for his not destroying them.

With regard to the publication of the letters of eminent people, I think with G. K. Chesterton that nothing which can be appreciated is too sacred to be given to the public. Letters such as those of the two Brownings, understandable only to each other, should never have been published. But we should be thankful for these letters, which throw light on a dark spot and place Charlotte Brontë yet a little higher in the estimation of the world.—I am, sir, etc.,

'AN ADMIRER OF CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

Southampton, August 8th, 1913.

THE MAN BEFORE THE MAST.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Born and reared within sound of the "multi-tudinous laughter of the sea," and numbering many seafarers among my friends, Mr. Sheridan Jones's able article on the above subject proved of more than ordinary interest to me.

No one can question the premises and general conclusions of his article, and his sins are rather those of omission. Of course, in a short article it is impossible to deal with details, but I fear that when Mr. Jones proceeds to review and account for the seeming unattractiveness of the sea to Britishers nowadays, he has omitted many salient reasons underlying same. I should like to refer to one especially, viz., the exacting regulations of the Board of Trade, as evinced, say, for example, in the eye-tests. It is imperative that maritime regulations should be strict in such a dangerous vocation, but when exacting tests are introduced which have no relation whatever to the requirements at sea it is hardly to be expected that parents should desire their sons to follow a profession where the chances of advancement are so precarious and dependent upon the whims of the Board of Trade "experts." These eye-tests account in a very large measure for the present dearth of officers in the mercantile marine.

I know several sailors who are far from being colour-blind, but have been "turned back" because of their inability to distinguish between slight shades in colours—colours which could hardly, by any possibility, be met with at sea.

Is it likely that fellows are going to bear the drudgery of the necessary four years' experience in the fore-castle, only to find when they present themselves for examination that they are unable to circumvent the absurd regulations of the Board of Trade examinations?—I am, sir, etc.,

E. A. DAVIES.

New Quay.

EVOLUTION AND SCRIPTURAL DOCTRINE.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—I, for one, am delighted to see this subject taken up in your columns. Though there is often much noise and a good deal of smoke evolved in the controversial battles which are fought around the subject of Evolution, yet perhaps some aspect of the truth may be set before us, or some false position—built on wrong conceptions—may be revealed in its true light.

For some years past I have given this subject earnest thought, and I have encountered various problems, some of which I have solved—or partially so—and others, again, which I cannot reduce to simpler denominations.

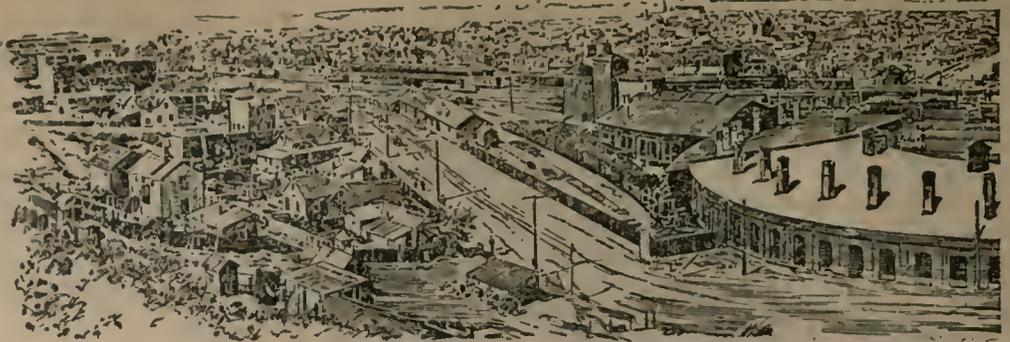
Now, granted that Evolution be true, it follows that there has been no period of "perfection," with a subsequent falling away from that state, but a gradual progression (not necessarily linear), or evolution to a higher and more intelligently and organised form of life. I therefore do not see the need of a "Redeemer" in the sense of that term, as used in the orthodox doctrine of Redemption. Except as one of the great Lights of the world, for what purpose would such a personality exist, and from what would he "redeem" us?

It seems to me, in the face of the evolutionary interpretation of the facts of Embryology, Palæontology, etc., etc., that the *orthodox* interpretation of the life and death of Christ is not tenable. Such interpretation, I submit, is not on a rational basis consistent with the facts of this universe, and the interpretation of such facts which is put upon them by every normal consciousness free from bias, religious, or otherwise.

I do not ignore the existence of sin in the world, but

(Continued on page 568.)

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June 12th, 1913.

HOW FORTUNES ARE BEING MADE FROM INVESTMENTS IN CANADIAN LAND.

The following extracts are from the London "Daily Express," dated June 12th, 1913.

RECORD BOOM IN CANADA.

GREAT FORTUNES MADE BY LAND OPERATORS.

£100,000 FOR £5.

"Express" Correspondent. Montreal, May 31.

A block of land in Edmonton, Alberta, changed hands a few days ago for £100,000; twenty-one years ago the same block was sold for £5. These figures tell the story of a Canadian real estate boom without a parallel on the American Continent, and probably without an equal anywhere.

There is scarcely a clerk, shopkeeper, or wage-earner of any kind who has not feverishly invested his savings in a piece of land, hoping for a quick "turnover." It is estimated that in Winnipeg alone there are dozens of men who have made fortunes owing simply to the enormous rise in values due to the boom.

One man bought a lot in Winnipeg for £200 a few years ago; last summer he sold it for £1,000.

Here are some further examples which have come under our own notice.

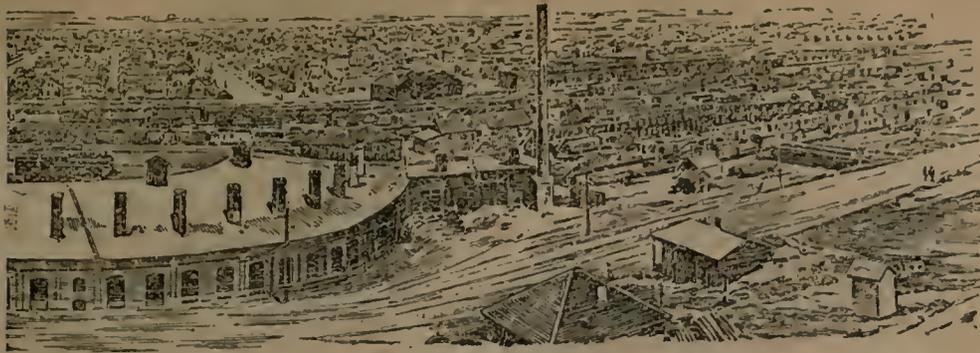
40 lots, 2 1/2 miles from the centre of a large Canadian Western town, were purchased at \$90 per lot. Circumstances compelled the owner to resell in two months, but he realised a profit of \$10 per lot. The man to whom he sold, owing to an unforeseen local development, resold in twelve months at prices varying from 250 to 275 dollars per lot.

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	1910	"	= 4,000
	JAN. 1913	"	= 12,000
	NOW	"	= 16,000

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"The Daily Telegraph," 15th July, 1913, under the heading AMERICAN TARIFFS, quotes the Governor of Massachusetts:

"All over the United States the tendency among the principal manufacturing interests is towards the establishing of plants in Canada. This movement has been going on for many years, and it is estimated that from £50,000,000 to £100,000,000 of American capital is now invested in these Canadian plants."

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that is a *personal* matter, for which each individual himself must atone. Granting that there be a God, and that He is "Love," it does not accord with my idea of His justice to believe that someone is punished for sin which he has never committed. Sin, *per se*, is not hereditary, though its effects may be, and it remains for each to atone for individual sin, and to seek to let the ignoble traces of our evolutionary past sink into oblivion. The record of man's progress in the past gives the promise of the attainment of a nobler future, for Evolution of Man has surely not yet run its course.—I am, sir, etc., H. HEIGHTON.

St. Margarets, August 5th, 1913.

THE CURSE OF USURY.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—I would not consider your correspondent "Dolly's" letter worthy a reply were it not that, through appearing in EVERYMAN, the statements, though absolutely without foundation, might find credence in some quarters if allowed to go without challenge. Your correspondent says that the when and wherefore (*sic*) of the public auction is hushed and known alone to those in the trade, that these sales are attended by the few "in the know," and that it is by devious ways following upon this that "Uncle" makes his huge profits. Well, the method of hushing the when and the wherefore of the public auction is by publishing same in the leading daily paper, where a complete list of every sale of unredeemed pledges appears every Monday. This is printed in the form of a displayed advertisement, and appears upon the front page. All the auction rooms are in Trongate and Argyle Street (I am speaking of Glasgow, where I have been a pawnbroker for over thirty years), and outside of every auction room there is a sandwichman carrying a board announcing the sale, and with a summarised list of the goods to be sold. In addition to this, abbreviated catalogues of the "unredeemed pledges" are posted on the hoardings throughout the city. Quaint people are pawnbrokers and pawnbrokers' auctioneers for choosing such methods for "hushing" the when and the wherefore of their "sales."

The truth is—and I am speaking as one who knows—the matter of "unredeemed pledges" is, and has been as long as I remember, the bugbear of the business. The pawnbroker who one year with another makes any profit at all upon his "forfeits" is unknown; the pawnbroker who realises the amount advanced upon the goods is exceedingly fortunate, and there are very few such. The general experience is that there is a loss, usually equal to the amount of the rental of the premises. That is in normal times. When trade has been bad I have seen a year's entire profit swept away by losses upon "sales." But your correspondent says that the "sale" is attended only by relatives of "Uncle," who arrange that the goods are sold at a low price by auction, and then resold at a profit. This strikes me as being very much like a charge of criminal conspiracy. In Glasgow, in the course of a year, there are held over 3,600 auction sales of pawnbrokers' unredeemed pledges, at which more than 120,000 lots are disposed of. Now, if your correspondent can prove that what he alleges is a common occurrence has happened in one single instance in the sale of the aforementioned 120,000, I will willingly give £10 to any charity he names. I will go further, and multiply his chances by 20 by allowing him to go back for the last twenty years in his search for evidence.

"Another source of profit is wrappers," says your

correspondent. "Wrappers" are charged at the price of a halfpenny. When a very large size is required a penny is charged; never more. They are cotton cloth, and the large size measures about a yard. In the concluding paragraph your correspondent harks back to the auction sales, and recommends that they be watched. I go further, and say go to the auction sales and buy at them, for then, through competition, the prices might be raised to a level which would eliminate loss upon "sales," and thus give the pawnbroker, not "huge profits," but a fair return for his labour and the capital he has invested. That is what he does not receive.—I am, sir, etc.,

J. C. M.

TO SEE THE SEA.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Will you please acknowledge 12s. 6d. from "An Aged Reader" in EVERYMAN, and oblige,—Yours sincerely,

(Rev.) FRANK SWAINSON.

London, N.

THE WHITE SLAVE TRAFFIC.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—I think the practical and sensible letter written by "V. H." a most valuable contribution to this discussion. In this letter he plainly tells us the cause of prostitution, namely, that nature has implanted a sexual desire in males that must be satisfied. I agree, and the majority of the cannot-afford-to-marry, lusty young manhood of the country—most of them decent, straight-limbed, healthy fellows—will endorse this view. Is it right that we should expect these young men to live in an unnatural state of celibacy? They should "control their passions," says one correspondent. Such advice reminds one of the dear old lady who tried to sweep back the Atlantic with her mop. You cannot stamp out prostitution; you cannot even diminish it, unless our marriage laws are completely altered. Why, then, should not the State control and regulate this traffic, and so prevent the frightful diseases that the street-walker spreads abroad like a pestilence? If we cannot be moral by Act of Parliament, let us be clean.

It is not a bit of use stating, as Constance Goodliffe does, that "the sooner the Church realises the urgent call demanded of her, the sooner she will 'deliver the land from error's chain.'" Why has not the Church realised the call ere this? Prostitution has been with us longer than Christianity. The Church has had plenty of time. Merely to mention such a subject in respectable Church circles would be highly improper. No, it is not to academic parsons or philosophic bookworms that we must look for light on this question; we need the advice and help of the hard-headed, clear-sighted Englishmen who have travelled the world. "People with ideals," mentioned by "T. C. L.," are generally those who get on the roof and imagine they see beautiful visions on the horizon, but are blind to the foul and hideous wrecks of humanity that lie on their very doorsteps.

I should just like to add how very much I admire the fine and courageous article written by "A Mother" in the *English Review*.—I am, sir, etc.,

August 11th, 1913.

A LONDONER.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—May I, as a practising physician who knows what he is talking about, be allowed a word? Your correspondent "V. H." must excuse my telling him, but he is making a very serious blunder. No doubt, under strictly "normal" conditions, practically all adults would be married, and thus the problem we are dealing with would at least be rendered less acute.

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Present-day circumstances, however, such as the unequal distribution of wealth—itsself resulting largely from the selfishness of a few—make it impossible for many of us to marry. Those of us who are in this position owe a duty to society and to ourselves; we must remain continent.

That "nature must be satisfied" is nonsense, at least in the way in which "V. H." understands "satisfaction." It is quite possible for each of us to divert his or her specifically "sexual" impulses into various paths of artistic and creative work. This, doubtless, is not always easy, but it is certainly quite possible—is being done every day. We must also remember that the animal passion is only part of a much wider impulse, of which love of yoke-fellow, of children, and home are all equally important parts. Women whom the conditions of modern life prevent from having children of their own are very wisely constituting themselves the teachers of the coming generation, for woman's sphere is "rearing," no less than "bearing." Is man to be always more of a slave to his animal nature than woman to hers? Does "V. H." suggest that the ordinary patroniser of prostitutes becomes, *ipso facto*, a healthier and happier man? My experience of him is that he soon begins to get bored with life, takes to over-eating and over-drinking, and is either cut off suddenly with an apoplexy or perishes slowly in an asylum as a general paralytic. "V. H." must also remember that even marriage in itself will not save such selfish and un-self-controlled beings; they are just as parasitic on womanhood as are the bachelors.

I agree with "V. H." that no legislation will stop this traffic. As well try to cure the "drug habit" by prohibiting the manufacture of alcohol. In this, as in other matters, a real and true education is the one panacea.—I am, sir, etc.,

AN EDINBURGH DOCTOR.

August 8th, 1913.

[This correspondence is now closed.—ED.]

MR. BALFOUR'S LINEAGE.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—In your valuable character sketch of Mr. Balfour in issue of 8th inst. you state that he "*inherited the blood* of Secretary Maitland, of Lethington." This is hardly correct, as he is really descended from the Secretary's brother John, who became Chancellor on the fall of the Earl of Arran, and was raised to the peerage as Lord Thirlstane on May 17th, 1590. The Secretary's family was overwhelmed in misfortune, and had to sell all their lands; the grandchildren retired to Rouen, in France, and had a small pension from the Duke of Lauderdale in 1682. Very sad; as even crabbed George Buchanan admitted the "prodigious ability and brilliant talents" of the Secretary. *Sic transit*. I say nothing as to the descent from Secretary Cecil, which no doubt is authentic.—I am, sir, etc.,

TWEEDIENSIS.

August 10th, 1913.

THE PARADOX OF PATHOS.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—The "Paradox of Pathos" may surely be explained without the necessity for religious mysticism. (This becomes apparent when we realise that the peculiar relation between pleasure and sadness is a conception common to all, whereas religious mysticism is by no means a commonly accepted condition of mind. The pleasure yielded by external sadness through the medium of art is a very different thing from our own individual sorrow, which is real enough and permits of no paradox. Then, again, this

ambiguity is not confined to sorrow, since danger, combativeness, and other unwanted emotions assume an opposite complexion when conveyed to us through the medium of the imagination.

Now the sum total of these and other emotions is Life, and what is there of more vital interest to living beings? Thus it is that through the imagination we seek these experiences, since we acquire them without disturbing the stability of our physical condition. In art we live by proxy, without the burden of fatigue and gathering roses without thorns.

But the real essence of the joy of sorrow is the insight we gain into the brotherhood of human experience. The floodgates of sympathy, and thus of truest happiness, are opened by the feelings which teach us we are but parts of the brotherhood of man.—I am, sir, etc.,

FRED L. YARKER.

Bury.

RUSSIAN KINDLINESS.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—The allusion in Helen Voronoff's story to the kindness of the "simple Russian" recalled an experience of a friend of mine. She is very careless regarding money matters, and on one occasion arrived at the Russian frontier without money to buy her ticket to her destination, many hours' journey distant. She mentioned her dilemma to the porter who was looking after her luggage. Without more ado he went off and pledged his own credit for the ticket, neither asking nor accepting any security. Such an act of unreflecting kindness on the part of a poor railway employee is surely only possible to the "simple Russian."—I am, sir, etc.,

R. FRASER.

Dunfermline, August 6th, 1913.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

It is very seldom that a book about schoolboys is anything like reality. The heroes, as a rule, suggest "Sandford and Merton," and either die young of an attack of acute religion or emigrate as missionaries to the benighted heathen. The other kind of school book flies to the opposite extreme. The boys are frankly brutal, delighting in the infliction of pain and deliberately defying all decent instincts. *THE HARROVIANS* (Methuen, 6s.) marks a new departure, and Mr. Arnold Lunn is to be congratulated on having given us a picture, which, in spite of shortcomings, is something like a human boy. The book is full of slang, unintelligible except to those who know Harrow as well as the author, but the local colour is vivacious, and the adventures of the heroes convincing. The book provides an antidote to that mawkish school that exalts the smug youth.

"I suppose," said Manson, "in an hour when work was technically prepared, that they paid the blighter who wrote this tosh?"

"What tosh?" asked Pater.

"Oh, an article in this mag., 'The Public School Spirit.' It is by a chap called Handleby."

"Usual bilge?" asked Kendal, without much interest.

"Oh, yes; stale old tosh. I'll give you the snappier extracts: 'The public schools teach boys something which is more important than the classics. They teach them to play the game.'"

"Kendal shouted with wrath, 'Chuck it away! A man who uses a tag which one's aunts are beginning to understand should be shot.'"

(Continued on page 572.)

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DELIGHTED!
 August 9th. Aylesbury.
 I am pleased to say I was *delighted*
 with the "Everyman" arrangements
 for the Swiss Tour, and I hope next
 year to avail myself of another of the
 opportunities they offer.
 J. S.
 August 11th, 1913. London, E.C.
 We have much pleasure in stating
 that our Tour in Bruges and Knoeke
 was everything that one could desire
 considering the low cost. With many
 thanks for your kind attention.
 C. R. P.
 July 25th, 1913. Wimbledon, S.W.
 Dear Sir,—I feel I must just send
 you a word of thanks for the most
 pleasant and enjoyable holiday which
 my brother and myself have had
 through the medium of "Everyman."
 We have both been most satisfied
 with the arrangements and will be
 glad to bring these Tours to the notice
 of our friends.
 The holiday was a complete success
 from beginning to end, and we were
 absolutely relieved of all worry con-
 nected with it.
 With many thanks for all you have
 done for us both.
 E. T. R.
 August 7th. Launceston.
 It gives me much pleasure to say
 that Miss C. and myself thoroughly
 enjoyed our "Everyman" Tour to
 Belgium and the Ardennes.
 Nobody could possibly have been
 more solicitous for our comfort and
 pleasure than our very capable and
 tactful guide, and we hereby thank
 him most cordially for his unsparing
 efforts to do all in his power for us.
 We shall hope to have the pleasure of
 being "guided" by him on some future
 occasion.
 A. R.
 August 11th, 1913. Co. Antrim.
 I have pleasure in stating that my
 sister and brother and myself enjoyed
 our Tour in Belgium very much. We
 found the arrangements made by you
 very satisfactory, and the accommoda-
 tion provided was excellent, quite
 superior, in fact, to what we expected
 for the very reasonable sum charged.
 Wishing you all success in your efforts
 to bring the enjoyment of foreign
 travel within the reach of "Everyman."
 S. R. McC.

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- IV. PENSÉES DE PASCAL. Texte de Brunschvigg. Preface de Emile Boutroux. Introduction de Victor Giraud.
- V. LA PRINCESSE DE CÈVES. Par Madame de la Fayette. Introduction par Madame Lucie Félix Faure-Goyau.
- VI. GUSTAVE FLAUBERT. *LA TENTATION DE SAINT ANTOINE*. Introduction par Emile Faguet.

PARIS: GEORGES CRÈS ET CIE,
116, BOULEVARD ST. GERMAIN.

The parody is occasionally over-emphasised and the effect at times crude. But the book has the merits of vivacity and humour, and is valuable for its unique points of view.

Mr. Stopford Brooke is a born lecturer. When he publishes a book he transports us in spirit to the lecture hall. He commences by telling us facts with which we have been long acquainted—things that, like everybody else, we already know. It arouses a certain feeling of impatience until we realise that the author is "talking" rather than writing, and that it is by the spoken word we must judge him. The lecturer commences with the laggards in learning, and therefore goes back to the beginning. Once Mr. Brooke is in his stride, however, his enthusiasm and conviction rouse and stimulate us. In his latest book, *TEN MORE PLAYS OF SHAKESPEARE* (Constable, 7s. 6d.), the author gives us a highly illuminative discourse, in which the analyses are well thought out and constructed. His most effective commentary is one upon the madness of Othello's jealousy: "He has never quite understood why Desdemona loved him. He feels in contact with her his colour and race, and his soul is forced to feel this by the accusation of Brabantio that he must have practised by drugs on Desdemona, otherwise she could not have loved him. Strange reasonings would beset him from time to time, and he is prepared to receive the insinuations of Iago. . . . The root of jealousy is selfishness—self-love which believes itself to be love; which claims all for itself alone." This is perhaps not a very subtle criticism, but it is a sound one, and as such commends itself to the plain, straightforward man. We commend this volume to the notice of all Shakespearean students.

HUNT THE SLIPPER (Stanley Paul, 6s.) is told with a rollicking sense of humour and a swiftness of movement that intrigue the reader from the start. The story is written supposedly by the people concerned, and the various points of view are put in an entertaining and unexpected fashion. We have pages from the diary of a fashionable pickpocket possessed of an intimate knowledge of the Bible with an aptness for Scriptural quotation at times delightfully apposite to his misdeeds. He is on the track of a diamond necklace, and, but for the intervention of an amiable old gentleman whom he meets on the voyage to America, would have been arrested on suspicion, if not for previous felonious acts. Sir Edward Fanhope, the benevolent person in question, also contributes his quota to the story. He is engaged in the quest of a missing granddaughter, whose fortunes become involved with those of Peyton Darell, the fashionable thief. Mr. Oliver Madox Hueffer writes with an intimate sense of fun that occasionally crystallises into the dramatic. He weaves the various interests into a most convincing whole, and we feel grateful to him that he has evolved a nonsense novel that never flags in its high spirits and zest.

THE WOMAN THOU GAVEST ME (Heinemann, 6s.), Mr. Hall Caine's latest contribution to the literary world, is a very long way off his earlier novels. There was always a suggestion of plagiarism about his work, but there was a strength and sincerity in "The Manxman" that redeemed it from faults of style and lack of originality in plot. His last novel is neither strong nor sincere. The story purports to be the tale of a young girl, virginal in soul and in body, who is coerced into marriage with a profligate nobleman, one Lord

Raa. Her father is not poor, nor has he borrowed money on his family estates. The motives beloved of the sensational fictionist are lacking, and there is the less excuse for the apathetic conduct of Mary O'Neill. Educated in a convent, separated for years from her father, she consents, at his bidding and to gratify his ambition, to marry a man who, from the first, inspires her with repulsion. Mr. Hall Caine, having postulated a girl of anæmic character and inoperative will, presents her to us, after the marriage ceremony, in a totally new light. She declines to live with her husband as his wife, at the same time refusing to consent to his suggestion of nullity of marriage. Failure in characterisation, however, is a defect common to other of Mr. Hall Caine's novels. The distinguishing qualities of his latest departure belong to a very different category. The author enters into the most intimate details of Lord Raa's attempts to establish conjugal relations with his wife, and contrives to introduce an atmosphere of unpleasant suggestiveness, offensive to all canons of taste. The same taint runs through the book. Mary, having refused to accept marital relations, elaborates her toilet, practises all kinds of allurements, and endeavours in every fashion to arouse her husband's passion. "I loaded myself with bracelets, rings, and necklaces. I was dressing for my husband, and for him I did many things I had never dreamed of doing before. For him I filed my nails, put cream on my skin, perfume on my handkerchief, and even rouge on my lips." Finally, this virginal young lady dressed with feverish care "in a white satin gown, which was cut lower than I had ever worn before." There have been other novels in which the heroine discovers immediately after the wedding ceremony that her husband has led a disreputable past, and declines to live with him. This is a tenable point of view, and as such it is legitimate for the novelist to urge it. But to surround the woman's refusal with salacious details is an offence against decent feeling and good taste. Mary ultimately severs all connection with her husband, and forms an alliance with Martin Conrad, her old playmate. Her relations with her lover are treated with a certain reticence, though now and again the same suggestiveness that marks the first part of the book appears. It is a nasty theme, written in a style bordering at times upon illiteracy.

Mr. W. L. Comfort is a romanticist who occasionally loses the thread of his story in the deep waters of mysticism. *THE ROAD OF LIVING MEN* (Lippincott's, 6s.) tells the story of a boyish fancy that blossomed into a man's love. Thomas Ryerson is a

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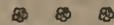
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dreamy youth, who is at times almost unable to distinguish the dividing line between real life and that of the imagination. The same drawback is evinced by the author. He confuses images—visions as he calls them—with actual everyday occurrences, so that the picture he paints of the love of Ryerson and Mary Romany is blurred, and though his colours are vivid, neither the man nor the woman stand out clearly in the foreground of the play. The hero first encounters Mary at Oporto, "a little watering-place in Northern Spain." The opening chapter intrigues the interest, and there is a clever scene in which the boy to prove his courage dives half a hundred feet to the sea. "It was twice the height I had ever before attempted, though I loved the sport, and had thought much of the science of it; dived amazingly in imagination, as a youthful mind fascinated with billiards describes possible cannons in the dark. Aiming far out towards a patch of darker water, I held the point luckily, struck the sea at a good angle, and ruddered with my hands at the impact, since the depth was so slight. Then I fought the surf for a rock and climbed upon it. For a moment the girl's horrified face strained down from the cliffs." We visualise the picture and the incident is telling, but this is the only landmark in the first part of the book that centres our attention. The story trails off into introspection, self-analysis, interminable imaginings which, though written with a certain charm of style, fatigue the mind and weary the interest. Ryerson meets Mary ten years later in a casual manner the other side of the globe, and their relations are conducted in the same intangible fashion. The incidents of real life fade into the background, and the introspective chapters that follow are a weariness to the flesh. Now and again the narrative ceases to be amorphous, and is lit up by an incident as forceful as the dive in the opening chapter. The scene in which the hero is shot by Mary's father, who has mistaken him for a Chinaman—for by this time they have been transported to the flowery land—is graphic and incisive. The author having given us a taste of his quality, however, relapses into introspection once again. There is much that is dainty and charming in this novel, but it suffers from a confusion of imagery with actuality, and creates a feeling of impatience at its unnecessary imperfections.

Mr. William S. Thomas has written an interesting and illuminating volume, *TRAILS AND TRAMPS IN ALASKA AND NEWFOUNDLAND* (Putnam and Son, 7s. 6d. net). He is a crack shot, and gives a spirited account of his adventures with gun and rifle. But while he suggests a full enjoyment of the chase, he sets up a strong case against killing "for the mere zest of it, for vanity, or for purely commercial reasons." He is not very definite as to exactly what is justifiable in the killing of game, and we are left to the conclusion that he feels that the sporting instinct is the only thing that counts. But while he is a little paradoxical in his opening, he is entirely convincing when he leaves the question of "killing," and describes the bird life of the far north of North America. He gives us an intimate account of the life of the red-wing black-bird, the blue-gray gnat catcher, the goldfinch, and the wood thrush. So vividly does he depict these creatures of the wild that we seem to hear the flutter of their wings, catch the trill of their notes. Mr. Thomas shows us photographs of the birds he describes, with their picturesque surroundings. The author has run considerable risks in taking his snapshots. No trouble was too great for him, no hardships too severe. He tells a good story in this connection. "I took a stroll

through the woods. There I happened upon half a dozen native boys shooting at a mark with guns. They were not aware of my presence until one of the boys standing apart from his fellows noticed what I was doing. Before he got away, however, I had his image on the film. I walked away a few steps, and sat down on a log to put in a new film. When I lifted my head, to my surprise, every last one of the little rascals had me covered with his gun." Mr. Thomas escaped that time owing to his coolness and courage, but this was only one of many experiences equally dangerous. The book is written in a leisured style, and is notable for the very human strain in which the rights of the animal of the animal kingdom are considered. We can do no better than quote the author's sentiments: "Whatever tends to spread the knowledge of nature, and consequently the love of it, makes it harder for the man who kills either for the mere zest of it, for vanity, or for purely commercial reasons," and thus each convert becomes, in a limited sense at least, a game warden.



Mr. Frank Dilnot has written an amusing book about Fleet Street. *THE ADVENTURES OF A NEWSPAPER MAN* (Smith, Elder and Co., 6s.) has caught something of the atmosphere of the street that never sleeps, though the author suffers from the limitations of his profession. He is pre-eminently a reporter, clever at recording impressions of men and things, and while this aids him in his descriptions it prevents his arriving at the intimate relations between writer and reader necessary to a full understanding. He tells of his adventures across Europe, how he went to Russia to report the doings of a Peace deputation, and while he depicts with swift and telling phrases both men and things, he produces on the mind of the reader something of the effect of a cinematograph. His creations are clever puppets, and respond to the pulling of the strings; but they are puppets all through, and never rise to the dignity of human beings. The rush and hurry of a newspaper office is produced with graphic detail, and one is conscious all the time of the driving power of the journalist's brain.

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For Character Sketch, see page 585.

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HISTORY IN THE MAKING

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE great outstanding event of the week has been the blandly courteous, but adamant, refusal of Turkey to evacuate Adrianople. To say that this revolutionises the situation is only to utter a truism, and, of course, it reduces the peace that has been declared to a farce. Twelve years ago the world watched with wonder the progress of "a sort of war" in South Africa. To-day we are experiencing the perplexities and excitements of a "sort of a peace" in the Near East that is worthy only of Gilbert and Sullivan. Every day, almost every hour, confronts us with some announcement ratifying the peace that is not, and every day brings news that makes us ask, "What next?" It is impossible to say. One thing, alas! is certain. The Sublime Porte remains master of the situation, and will continue to do so until Europe has answered her cynical but pertinent inquiry, "Who is going to turn us out?"

It is impossible to read the accounts of the rioting in Derry without feeling that the Government, who have overcome so many formidable difficulties, have here a problem calculated to give the most resolute statesmen pause. Worse than the bloodshed during the recent encounters, which seem to have been of an unusually serious character, is the recrudescence of that racial and religious bitterness which men of all parties in Ireland deplore. It is not, therefore, surprising that efforts are still being made to persuade the Government to yet another attempt at compromise along the lines of "Devolution." The Cabinet, however, are said to incline to the view that the course suggested is, however tempting, foredoomed to failure.

It is difficult to write without indignation of the latest disclosure concerning the methods of the notorious firm of Krupp. According to a Reuter

message from Peking, the German firm of Carlowitz have offered to advance £3,000,000 to the Governor of Yunnan for the construction of a railway from Yunnan-fu eastwards to Posetung, on the West River. No doubt the line is badly needed; the whole problem of industrial China, in fact, may be said to consist in the provision of adequate railway accommodation to deal with her vast mineral resources. But note the proviso: "Messrs. Carlowitz, who represent Krupps, are to have for a period of twenty years a monopoly of all Government contracts for the supply of arms and ammunition and all mining and other machinery, in addition to an extensive series of mining concessions along the projected railway." When will the civilised nations of the world realise the fearful danger that lies in the operations of this mammoth firm?

The escape of Harry Thaw brings vividly to our mind all that has been said, and said with most effect by patriotic Americans, of the worship of the "Almighty Dollar" in the States. We are not surprised to read the messages from the other side, in which it is stated that "the American people widely believe that money, as the phrase is, has talked at each juncture of the case," which they assert has become "a duel between dollars and the law." What other view is possible? Is it conceivable that, but for his money, this unfortunate young man would have ever been tried twice for a murder as callous and indefensible as was ever committed; still less that he would have ever been allowed to escape from the asylum?

A serious allegation is made against President Wilson's Government in regard to Mexico by one who speaks with authority. Mr. de Kay, the founder of the meat-packing business in Mexico, declares that if the U.S.A. really want to stop hostilities in the smaller Republic they have only to prohibit the importation of guns and ammunition, which are at present being supplied from America. Even Mexicans, of course, cannot fight without weapons. There seems some hope of the U.S.A. carrying the suggestion out, but, even so, there remains the inevitable Krupps.

The *Daily Mail* raises a question of profound importance by its article on the treatment of British inventors by the State. Fifty years ago Charles Dickens dealt with the topic in his own inimitable fashion, and though some of the evils he ridiculed have been modified, the essential ineptitude of Government departments towards inventors remains, alas! unchanged. It is not as if the Dunne aeroplane, which we allowed France to capture, was a solitary case. As the *Mail* reminds us, there are letters extant in which the Admiralty unmercifully snubbed an inventor who urged iron instead of wooden ships. And did not the Legislature for long prevent the development of the motor-car? It is high time that our views of inventors and inventions were recast.

The by-election at Chesterfield raises in an acute form an awkward dilemma for the Labour Party. If they adhere to the course laid down by Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, and discountenance candidatures like that of Mr. Kenyon, they assuredly run the risk of alienating powerful organisations, such as the Miners. If, on the other hand, they lend their support to candidates standing under Liberal auspices, then clearly they will offend the most active spirits of their own organisation. How are these two conflicting tendencies to be reconciled?

THE MAN AND HIS WORK

THE MINER * * * PRIZE ESSAY BY J. E. ASHMORE

I.

THE miner's industry is one which, above all others, illustrates a famous economic doctrine, viz., Cairnes' theory of non-competing groups in industry. Once a man becomes a miner, he remains a miner. A boom may arise in the engineering, the textile, or the agricultural industries, but it leaves him unaffected. He always remains within the groove into which he slid when a youth. On the other hand, there is the liveliest fluidity of labour within the mining industry itself, noticeable wherever a new mine is opened or better conditions arise. In South Yorkshire during the last few years there has been a veritable coal rush, and it would be safe to say that 99 per cent. of the adults taken on have been experienced colliers.

II.

No doubt it has often puzzled the thoughtful that the mining industry, which is undeniably a disagreeable and dangerous occupation, should be able to attract such vast numbers of men, especially when one considers that the wages they receive do not compare favourably with those of the average artisan. The solution probably is that the industry can only be entered during youth. When a boy has passed a certain age, and has no knowledge of mining, he finds it as difficult to get work at the pit as he would in an engineering shop.

But why should boys be so anxious to work in the pit? There are several answers to this question. Environment plays an important part. In the mining villages of the Midlands and the North, where everything and everybody is connected with the pit in some way, where the conversation in the home, in the street, and among the growing school lads is almost wholly pit talk, one can understand that a lad becomes a pit-worker as naturally as the son of a farm hand in some isolated village becomes an agricultural labourer.

In towns where alternative employments offer themselves, there are two very good reasons why the boy prefers the pit. The first is that, whilst a boy, he receives a higher wage than he could get elsewhere. The second is a psychological reason. In the same way as the soldier or the aviator is often moved to take up his profession more from the love of excitement and for the gratification of his vanity than from the desire for monetary reward, so it is with the boy who wants to go down the pit. He wants the excitement for himself, but he also wants to show his youthful friends that he is not afraid to brave the dangers of the mine.

III.

In this manner the great mining industry recruits by far the largest number of its workers. It is not very long before the glamour of the work wears off and the boy begins to doubt the wisdom of his choice. However, the relatively higher wages he is receiving militates against his desire to get a job out of the pit, and so he remains on, year after year, until all hope of getting work outside is given up.

He passes from pony driving through all the stages of pit work until he is receiving the maximum wage. Then he marries and settles down, and considers that the seal has been set to the nature of his activities as a wage-earner for the rest of his life.

From now, every working day is pretty much the same. If the pit he works at starts at 7 a.m., he will

probably arise about 4.30 a.m., in order to have a little breakfast and catch the workman's train, or walk the necessary distance. It is surprising how few miners there are who live near their work. Mining villages contain only a fraction of the total mining population, the great majority preferring to live in the nearest town and take advantage of what facilities there are for reaching the pit.

IV.

When the miner reaches the pit-bank after his journey, he first goes to the lamp-cabin, calls out the number of his lamp, and then goes on to the pit-head. Here, owing to the men not being able to descend as quickly as they receive their lamps, a queue is formed, and he takes up his position behind. When his turn comes, the banksman lifts the bar of the cage, and he, with eleven others, or such number as the Board of Trade regulations allow, steps on and takes hold of an iron rail fixed inside the cage for that purpose. He hears the whir of the electric bell in the engine-house, which is the banksman's signal to the driver that all is ready, he feels the cage raised an inch or two to allow the catches beneath to be withdrawn, and then—down.

There are few things a collier remembers more vividly than his first descent into the mine. He remembers how, on that occasion, he dropped into inky blackness, thinking that the bottom of the cage must have fallen out and that he was being suspended in mid-air by the bar above his head, which he gripped for dear life, almost fearing that that too would snap or melt in his hands and precipitate him to the bottom of the shaft. He remembers, too, the rush of air, the gasping for breath, and the speculation as to how soon the crash would come; and also how, to his intense relief, he thought he felt the cage suddenly begin to rise.

The awe of this daily journey soon wears off, but the impression of the cage changing its direction when half-way down always remains to some extent. The explanation of this is quite simple. When the cage has gone a certain distance the engine-driver applies the brakes, which, owing to the impetus the body has received in the descent, brings the cage more firmly up to the feet, and makes one feel that one is rising instead of being lowered less quickly.

V.

If the morning be a very bright one before he descends, the miner generally rests a few minutes in the pit bottom until he has got his "eyesight," for until he has accustomed his eyes to the darkness the one-candle-power lamp he is carrying is almost useless. Then, with his dim light, he starts to pick his way along the underground roads to the workings. He first takes one of the two main roads which stretch away on either side of the pit bottom right to the furthest ends of the pit. These roads are broad and high, with a roof which is well supported by steel girders. To get to his stall, the miner finds it necessary to leave this road and go along one of the narrower and more disagreeable roads which branch out at intervals of four hundred yards or so from both sides of the main roads. Out of these secondary roads run passages which can only be traversed in a crouching position, but which tap the coal face at all points in the pit.

When it is remembered that the coal extends in a continuous wall right round the pit, it would seem that this network of roads is not unlike the roots and fibres of some gigantic tree, which reach out and sap nurture from an ever-widening area, discharging it through the trunk into the myriads of channels for which it is intended.

VI.

The actual process of coal-getting varies from place to place, according to the nature and thickness of the coal. The method to be described here is one which obtains in a soft coal seam of a Nottinghamshire colliery. The stall, which is a certain length of the coal face, is taken charge of by three contractors or "butties." These men then have working under them two loaders, two holers, and two day men. The height of the stall is about four feet six inches. A yard of this is coal, and underneath this half a yard of heavy grey stone.

It is the holer's duty to cut away this stone from underneath the coal, and to build it into square packs to sustain the roof in places from where the coal has been previously taken. He places short wooden sprags under the edge of the coal, at a distance of six feet from each other, to support it while he lies underneath and cuts away the stone.

When the holing work is done, there is a yawning cavity along the coal face for a distance of thirty or forty yards, half a yard high, and extending underneath for a distance of eight or ten feet. By this time the mass of coal begins to creak and groan and to give every indication of instability.

When everything is ready, the butties begin to knock out the sprags, starting at the two ends and working towards the centre, where just two or three are left remaining. Now the coal is shivering in its efforts to break over the remaining supports. These latter are carefully removed, one by one, until only one remains, the men doing the work being quite ready to spring back at a moment's notice. Now everybody has got out of the way. It is clear from the incessant creaking, cracking, and groaning that it will now liberate itself. It does. In a moment one sees the whole black mass move slowly forward and, with a roar, crash over with such a force as to make the whole place vibrate.

Then the loaders set to work. They break the coal into convenient lumps, fill it into tubs or small waggons, chalk on it the stall number so that the check-weighman will know to whom he must credit the weight it contains, and then they push the tubs into the roadway ready for the pony driver to take away.

As soon as there is a space cleared, props are set, the roadway is extended about three yards nearer the new coal face, and the holers set to work to prepare the coal for another fall as soon as that already down has been loaded up.

VII.

Thus the work goes on for eight hours, day after day, broken only by a twenty minutes' interval, aptly called "snap-time," to enable the perspiring men to have a drink of water and a bite of bread and butter. As may be imagined, the end of the day is always welcome to the miner. Then he hurries down the roads in order to get an early turn for the cage, and, once on top, he goes straight home, washes himself, changes into dry things, and at last sits down in comfort to a substantial meal.

This is the working part of the miner's life. During spare time the younger generation still spend a good deal of time in sport, but now there are increasing

numbers who take advantage of the educational facilities that are offered. For the more thoughtful of the older men, the local political club, the affairs of the local Co-operative Society, and matters relating to the trade union give plenty of scope for what administrative talent they may possess.

VIII.

While mining to-day is probably a much better occupation than it was years ago, it is still a degrading occupation. It is true the hours worked are not unduly long, but they are extremely tense, enough work for twelve hours being packed into eight.

Working thus at high pressure all the day leaves a man totally unfitted, through sheer physical exhaustion, to follow such pursuits as the acquisition of knowledge in the evening with any measure of success. This one thing alone is sufficient to call for a change in the present system. For if any system can be shown to dull the intellect of any man, or to nullify any attempt made by him for its improvement, then it should be removed, for it is not only a detriment to the individual himself, but is also a danger to society.



RESULT OF "EVERYMAN" ESSAY COMPETITION

THE writer of the essay reproduced above,

Mr. J. E. ASHMORE,
43, Bannerman Road,
Bulwell, Nottingham,

has been awarded the prize of THREE GUINEAS offered by EVERYMAN for the best paper on THE MINER. The competition was remarkable for its popularity and for the uniform standard of excellence of the essays sent in. When the competition was announced it was stated that a description of the experiences of an actual miner would be preferred to the narrative of a politician who had once descended a coal mine. The result has been most gratifying. Almost without exception those who have taken part in the competition are miners, or have been miners at one period of their life. The winner, Mr. J. E. Ashmore, himself writes: "I have worked for eleven years in the mine, having been employed at three collieries, all in the Nottinghamshire district."

"You would be surprised to know in how many miners' homes EVERYMAN is to be found," says one correspondent. The large number of entries for this competition amply bears out his statement. From every coalfield in Great Britain have come essays of the most interesting and informative kind. South Wales is best represented, then Notts, Durham, Fife and the Lothians. Of the Welsh papers the best is that of Mr. L. D. Havard, Merthyr, Glamorgan; of the Scottish the best is that of Mr. George D. Hardie, Benview, Clarkston, Busby, near Glasgow; both are written from practical experience.

The work of the following competitors is also deserving of high praise:—Hugh R. Anderson, Cardenden, Fife; J. Brooksbank, Ruskin College, Oxford; Ellen Callinan, Sunderland; Hugh Clarkson, Whitburn, West Lothian; "A Collier's Son," Colwyn Bay; Arthur Cowlshaw, Mansfield; J. Monk Foster, Wigan; Rev. James Francis, Cowdenbeath; G. H. L.; C. F. Goodwin, Aberdare; Charles C. Harvey, Tredgar, Mon.; Philip Hodge, Kelty, Fife; C. T. Houghton, Lavender Hill, London; Roger Hutchinson, Newburn; Arthur Johnson, Somerset; Wm. M. Kilpatrick, Larkhall; George Lee, Chesterfield; G. E. Owen, Pontypridd; Willie Park, Blantyre; N. Thomas, Rhondda Miners' Student.

THE CASE FOR NATIONAL HOUSING

I.—HOUSING AS IT IS * * BY L. G. CHIOZZA MONEY

I.

AT the date when the latest official information was compiled for the purposes of the Inhabited House Duty, which is levied in Great Britain only, there were 6,300,000 houses in England, Wales, and Scotland which, being of an annual value of less than £20 a year, were not charged to duty, and 1,500,000 houses of an annual value of £20 a year and upwards, a total of 7,800,000 private dwelling-houses. I wonder what proportion of these, whether above or below the £20 line, could honestly be said to conform to the most modest standard of comfort and beauty. Whether we examine the villas of the middle class, the hillside cottages of the Welsh miners, the grimy rows of shapeless dwellings which house the hard-working inhabitants of the Northern industrial towns, or the cottages of rural labourers, we are bound to confess that in the thing which matters most of all, existing conditions are deplorable, and utterly unworthy of a scientific age which has determined the conditions of health.

The housing question is too often discussed as though it were a matter that concerned one class alone. Indeed, we pass Acts of Parliament with the title "Housing of the Working Classes Act," as though the other classes were quite well housed and could look after themselves. As a matter of fact, the middle classes, although relatively better housed than the working classes, get, as a rule, very bad value for the rents which they pay, and are condemned to suffer many unnecessary discomforts, and to lack many simple and common-sense contrivances which ought by this time to be within the reach of everyone who desires to establish a home.

II.

The low average standard of housing which obtains is so generally accepted that many even of the most ardent housing reformers obviously cherish the most modest ideas as to the possibilities of housing. How often we see this illustrated in connection with municipal housing schemes! A little town decides to put up municipal houses for working men. As often as not it is content to put up a dreary row of cottages lacking proper aspect and without garden ground, in spite of the fact that it is in a position to buy land at an absurdly low price and, without spending a penny more or even as much, to put up houses on the Garden City principle. Fairly well-to-do people are not infrequently found to commit the same sort of folly. I have in a number of instances lately seen costly houses deliberately built upon absurdly restricted sites, which made it impossible for an architect with all the skill in the world to give good value for the money spent. People have got so accustomed to the conception of houses being crowded together that they seem to accept crowding as a matter of course. It is not realised that land, if properly dealt with, is the cheapest commodity in the country, and that to buy space is to buy health and happiness.

III.

The house is man's main defence of life against the assaults of Nature. The making of houses means the construction of the chief part of the framework of civilisation, the making of a picture which is both the foreground and the background of life. A man's house does not merely concern him; it concerns other people, because it is a solid object which endures for a

considerable time, and which either defaces or beautifies its situation. It is impossible to exaggerate the responsibility which attaches to building construction. The process may give us a sanatorium or a slum, the preservation of health and life or their destruction, a lovely and smiling township or a sordid and depressing environment driving those who endure its greyness to Drink and the Devil.

The majority of our existing population have been nurtured in the belief that Beauty is an "ornamental" commodity which is plastered on to life in rare patches, to be occasionally enjoyed within the frame of a picture or the limits of a theatrical proscenium. Utility and Beauty are conceived as diverse qualities utterly incompatible with each other. It is not realised that one of the most magnificent things possible in human life is to inhabit a beautiful town, and that to build a beautiful town is an absurdly cheap operation, cheaper by far and simpler by far than many things which we now do and think it of no account to do. It costs not a penny more to build things up beautifully than to build them up in ugly heaps. Whether a house be made of brick or stone or concrete, the materials shaped into ugliness and discomfort cost exactly the same as though they were placed in forms worthy the intelligence and taste of cultured men.

IV.

I have remarked that building may give us sanatorium or slum. A well-constructed town ought to be a sanatorium, a place in which, knowing the conditions of healthy human life, we deliberately create those conditions by artificial means well known to us. It requires so little space to house liberally a large population that there is no excuse for the housing of any of us in other than healthy situations. The time has long passed when town life was conditioned by the limits of slow transport, or the necessity of crowding together within town walls for mutual protection. If a mediæval town was crowded there was every excuse, and, indeed, necessity, for it; but to-day a crowded town is an anachronism, and, in view of the means at our command, a crime. Forty-five million people—say nine million families—housed at the Garden City rate of ten families to the acre, would obviously occupy only 900,000 acres, which is an almost negligible fraction of the area of the United Kingdom. We have plenty of room, we have plenty of space, the problem of cheap transport has been solved, the building of houses is a combination of simple crafts, and yet it is but an exceedingly small fraction of our population which is worthily housed.

From the point of view of health, I might give the most harrowing details as to what is bred in our multitude of unhealthy homes, but it is not my object merely to dwell upon the worst phases of the problem. Broadly speaking, it is true that our houses, as they are, kill outright tens of thousands every year, and that their conditions deprive of health millions of those who survive. Our National Insurance Act is chiefly needed because so many of our houses are a disgrace to our civilisation, and to be insured against loss of health is poor compensation for the loss of that good health which ought by this time to be the birthright of every child born to the nation. We shall soon be raising for a National Insurance fund about £25,000,000 a year. Twenty-five million pounds is the price of fifty

thousand good houses costing £500 each, and fifty thousand houses means the homes of two hundred and fifty thousand people. Because we will not make the determination to create the first condition of health, we are condemned to pour out £25,000,000 a year to succour the unnecessarily sick.

We want to do something more than merely to make efforts here and there to eradicate slums. For a people living in a country which has been peculiarly gifted by Nature for the creation of industrial wealth, possessing as it does one of the most magnificent supplies of easily won coal in the world, situate in an island with a good seaboard, the building of really good houses for its inhabitants ought to be regarded as a primary duty.

V.

What we want to do is to conceive of Housing as we conceive of a Navy. On the defence of our shores we spend about £50,000,000 a year, and we are assured on the best authority that the expenditure of this sum secures our homes from the attentions of possible invaders. The Navy, considered as an industry, is a thing of magnificence. Upon the ships which compose it we lavish the best of materials and the latest inventions. Nothing is too good for the purpose, and we cheerfully build battleships worth £2,000,000 each, although we know that the passage of only fifteen years will render them obsolete, and condemn them to the scrap heap. It is not a little remarkable, therefore, that the majority of the homes which are so carefully and so lavishly defended are as inefficient and out of date as a battleship is efficient and up to date. The battleship, the difficult thing, the complex thing, the costly thing, the short-lived thing, is built. The house, the easy thing, the simple thing, the inexpensive thing, the enduring thing, goes un-built.

The case for National Housing is largely the case for the Navy. Good housing means national defence—the defence of the life and strength of a great people. We might almost say that if we care to build good houses the Navy will take care of itself; but at least it is true that a nation which has shown that it can so easily afford to spend fifty millions a year on ships can afford to find one-half that sum to rebuild and recreate the homes of its people. A nation is an aggregation of homes, and the strength of nations is only to be found in the homes of its people. Our chief national danger, against which no Navy can guard, is the mass of dirty and sordid brickwork out of which there pour into the streets the deteriorated children of a nation which speaks of Empire.

(To be continued.)



SONNET

How sweet it is, when mother fancy rocks
The wayward brain, to saunter through a wood!
An old place, full of many a lovely brood,
Tall trees, green arbours, and ground-flowers in flocks;
And wild rose tip-toe upon hawthorn stocks,
Like a bold girl, who plays her agile pranks
At wakes and fairs with wandering mountebanks—
When she stands cresting the clown's head, and mocks
The crowd beneath her. Verily I think,
Such place to me is sometimes like a dream
Or map of the whole world: thoughts, link by link,
Enter through ears and eyesight, with such gleam
Of all things, that at last in fear I shrink,
And leap at once from the delicious stream.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

POETRY AND THE PUBLIC

WHAT has been the cause of the gradual depopularisation of poetry which the advance of civilisation has brought in its train? For if we put aside that affectation which demands the possession by every respectable family of a few choicely bound (if rarely read) copies of reputable poets, there can be no denial of the fact that poetry has lost its grip upon the public mind. For this the modern rhymester naturally blames the public; the modern public finds it easy to retort, "Give us another Dante, another Browning, and we will acclaim him"; while, at the same time, it apologises for having but an imperfect acquaintance with either of these poets on the score of having so little time for reading. Well, perhaps both the poet and the public have just cause for grievance. But what of Poetry itself? Has it any place? (I do not mean a pedestal; we are all of us willing to grant the poet a pedestal where he will be out of the way; but has Poetry a place in modern life?)

Poetry is essentially of the soul, and therefore, like the soul, is unchanged in its inner nature by time or circumstance. Unlike other forms of literature, Poetry cannot, if it be real poetry, adapt itself to any particular age. The novelist or the dramatist finds himself relentlessly influenced by the thought and action of his time; indeed, it is his duty, as an artist, to give them expression. But the moment the poet attempts to adapt himself to circumstances he ceases to be a poet. For the poet must have no ties which bind him to earth. His fancies must not be dictated by outward influence; they must spring from within. His creed must not be the creed of any particular school or sect; no popular trend of thought must capture his intellect; though he be the paid piper, it is he who must insist on calling the tune, or else renounce payment. The true poet simply sings because he must, and, however changed the nature of his song, its inspiration will be, as of old, from the soul, which knows no shifting quicksands of human thought and ideas, being cradled in the rock of truth.

Thus it is easy to see that poetry must of necessity be strangely out of accordance with an age when the public is something of a fetish to the artist, and the voice of the people is too often welcomed as the voice of God. We are apt to prefer the skilful versifier, with his dexterous subservience to the caprices of the hour, to the simple poet, with his one rugged, eternal message from Truth, which flaunts our fashions and mocks our modes. We cry out for a great poet who will attune himself to the spirit of the age, and all the time it is we who should endeavour to attune ourselves to the spirit of the poet. There is no necessity for us to listen to the pessimistic critic who dolorously declaims that the twentieth century is innocuous to the birth and growth of poetic thought or feeling. It is nothing of the sort. No age, whether it be the age of barbarism or the age of machinery, has the power to hinder the growth of poetic feeling so long as men and women have the courage to call their souls their own. What we have to do is not to deplore the lack of poets because there has appeared no second Dante or Browning, but to shut our eyes and ears occasionally to the material din and strife that are raging around us on all sides, and to cultivate that garden of the soul wherewith is sown the spirit of truth, which is the spirit of poetry. And when we have taught ourselves to love and appreciate true poetry it is just possible that we may realise that we possess some true poets amongst us.

DUDLEY CLARK.

EVERYMAN'S FRENCH PAGE

UN PORTRAIT FRANÇAIS DE
SAMUEL JOHNSON

ON voyait entrer un homme énorme, à carrure de taureau, grand à proportion, l'air sombre et rude, l'œil clignotant, la figure profondément cicatrisée par des scrofules, avec un habit brun et une chemise sale, mélancolique de naissance et maniaque par surcroît. Au milieu d'une compagnie, on l'entendait tout d'un coup marmotter un vers latin ou une prière. D'autres fois, dans l'embrasure d'une fenêtre, il remuait la tête, agitait son corps d'avant en arrière, avançait puis retirait convulsivement la jambe. A peine servi, il se précipitait sur sa nourriture "comme un cormoran, les yeux fichés sur son assiette, ne disant pas un mot, n'écoutant pas un mot de ce qu'on disait autour de lui," avec une telle voracité que les veines de son front s'enflaient et qu'on voyait la sueur en découler. Si par hasard le lièvre était avancé ou le pâté fait avec du beurre rance, il ne mangeait plus, il dévorait. Lorsqu'enfin son appétit était gorgé et qu'il consentait à parler, il disputait, vociférait, faisait de la conversation un pugilat, arrachait n'importe comment la victoire, imposait son opinion doctoralement, impétueusement, et brutalisait les gens qu'il réfutait. "Monsieur, je m'aperçois que vous êtes un misérable whig." "Ma chère dame" (à Mrs. Thrale), "ne parlez plus de ceci, le sottise ne peut être défendue que par la sottise." "Monsieur, j'ai voulu être incivil avec vous, pensant que vous l'étiez avec moi."

Alors tout bas, avec précaution, on questionnait Garrick ou Boswell sur l'histoire et les habitudes et cet ogre grotesque. Il avait vécu en cynique et en excentrique, ayant passé sa jeunesse à lire au hasard dans une boutique surtout des in-folio latins, même les plus ignorés, par exemple Macrobe. A vingt-cinq ans, il avait épousé par amour une femme de cinquante courte, mafflue, rouge, habillée de couleurs voyantes qui se mettait sur les joues un demi-pouce de fard, et qui avait des enfants du même âge que lui. Arrivé à Londres pour gagner son pain, les uns à ses grimaces convulsives l'avaient pris pour un idiot; les autres, à l'aspect de son tronc massif, lui avaient conseillé de se faire portefaix. Trente ans durant, il avait travaillé en manœuvre pour les libraires qu'il rossait, lorsqu'ils devenaient impertinents, toujours râpé, ayant une fois jeûné deux jours, content lorsqu'il pouvait dîner avec six *pence* de viande et un *penny* de pain, ayant écrit un roman ("Rasselas") en huit nuits pour payer l'enterrement de sa mère. A présent, pensionné par le roi, exempt de sa corvée journalière, il suit son indolence naturelle, reste au lit souvent jusqu'à midi et au delà. C'est à cette heure qu'on va le voir. On monte l'escalier d'une triste maison située au nord de *Fleet Street*, le quartier affairé de Londres, dans une cour étroite et obscure, et l'on entend en passant les gronderies de quatre femmes et d'un vieux médecin charlatan, pauvres créatures sans ressources, infirmes et d'un mauvais caractère, qu'il a recueillis, qu'il nourrit, qui le tracassent ou qui l'insultent on demande le docteur, un nègre ouvre; une assemblée se forme autour de lit magistral; il y a toujours à son lever quantité de gens distingués, même des dames. Ainsi entouré il "déclame" jusqu'à l'heure du dîner, va à la taverne puis disserte tout le soir, sort pour jouer dans les rues de la boue et du brouillard de Londres, ramasse un ami pour converser encore, et s'emploie à prononcer des oracles et à soutenir des thèses jusqu'à quatre heures du matin.

H. TAINÉ.

A FRENCH PORTRAIT OF
SAMUEL JOHNSON

THERE appears, then, a huge man, with shoulders as broad as a bull's, and proportionately large, with a gloomy and unpolished air, his countenance disfigured by the king's evil, and blinking with one eye, dressed in a suit of plain brown clothes and not overclean linen, suffering from morbid melancholy since his birth, and, moreover, a hypochondriac. In company he would suddenly mutter a Latin verse or a prayer. At other times, in a window recess, he would roll his head, sway his body backward and forward, stretch out and then convulsively draw back his leg. Hardly was dinner served when he darted on the food "like a cormorant, his eyes seemed riveted to his plate; nor would he say one word, or even pay the least attention to what was said." The veins of his forehead swelled, and generally a strong perspiration was visible. If by chance the hare was high, or the pie had been made with rancid butter, he no longer ate, but devoured. When at last his appetite was satisfied, and he consented to speak, he disputed, shouted, made a sparring match of his conversation, snatched a triumph, no matter how, laid down his opinion dogmatically, impetuously, and maltreated those whom he was refuting. "Sir, I perceive you are a vile Whig." "My dear lady" (to Mrs. Thrale), "talk no more of this; nonsense can be defended but by nonsense." "One thing I know, which you don't seem to know, that you are very uncivil."

About that time men would ask Garrick and Boswell, cautiously, in a low voice, the history and habits of this strange being. He had lived like a cynic and an eccentric, having passed his youth reading miscellaneous, especially Latin folios, even those least known, such as Macrobius. At twenty-five he married, for love, a woman of about fifty, who was small, very fat, with swelled cheeks of a florid red, produced by thick painting, flaring and fantastic in her dress, and who had children as old as himself. On coming to London to earn his bread, some, seeing his convulsive grimaces, took him for an idiot; others, seeing his robust frame, advised him to buy a porter's knot. For thirty years he worked as a hack for publishers, whom he used to thrash when they became impertinent. He was always shabby. Once he fasted two days. He was content when he could dine on sixpenceworth of meat and a pennyworth of bread. He wrote a novel ("Rasselas") in eight nights in order to pay for his mother's funeral. When pensioned by the king and freed from his daily labours he gave way to his natural indolence, often lying in bed till mid-day and after. This is the time to visit him. We mount the stairs of a gloomy house in a narrow and obscure court on the north side of Fleet Street, the busy quarter of London, and as we enter we hear the scoldings of four women and an old quack doctor—poor, penniless creatures, bad in health and in disposition—whom he has rescued, whom he supports, who vex or insult him. We ask for the doctor, a negro opens the door, and we gather round the master's bed; there are always many distinguished people at his levée, including even ladies. Thus surrounded, he "declaims," until dinner-time, when he goes to a tavern and talks all the evening; thereafter he goes out to enjoy in the streets the London mud and fog, picks up a friend to talk again, and goes on pronouncing oracles and maintaining his opinions till four in the morning.

REFORMS IN OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS

By EMERITUS PROFESSOR H. A. STRONG

I.

THERE are two lines in Goethe's "Faust" which might fitly be taken as epigrammatically descriptive of the attitude of the governors of our so-called public schools, and of the pupils educated therein. The first of these is "Nur zu Hause bleibts beim Alten"; the second is "Mir ekelt es vor allem Wissen." The aspect of the world, of its civilisation, and its demands on our adaptability to its requirements has undergone such mighty changes in the course of the last two or three decades that no effort must be spared by those nations which hope to survive in the struggle for life to adapt themselves to their environment. To ensure success energy has always been necessary, but to meet the requirements of the present day energy requires to be supplemented by the development of intelligence, instruction, and thought. This development can only be brought about by education, and, of course, it is imperative that the education which we give to our youth of both sexes should be such as will enable them to confront with knowledge and thought the manifold problems of our modern civilisation.

II.

Now it happens that in our own country, which may be defined as a democracy tempered by caste, the majority of the sons of what Dr. Gray calls our "ruling caste" are educated in a limited number of big schools, most of them enjoying large revenues, and some of them boasting of a proud and historic past. From them have indeed sprung most of the men who have created our history in the past, our generals, lawyers, statesmen, and to a less degree our men of letters. It has been also frankly recognised, not merely by our own countrymen, but by foreign observers like M. Taine, that the training given at our public schools did, in fact, succeed in producing types of young men dissimilar to those brought up at other schools, and markedly so to those educated at the Lycées or Gymnasias on the Continent. It was commonly admitted by all, excepting, perhaps, the teachers of the public schools, that the atmosphere of these schools was not intellectual; that the pupils passed from them with little taste for learning, and with little capacity for forming new ideas, or grasping general principles. But it was contended that, on the other hand, they acquired a high standard of morals, of self-respect, and of discipline. They were hardened by the somewhat Spartan régime of these schools existing in bygone days, and yet were not brutalised by coarse or violent repression. There is no doubt at the present day much of truth in this picture. But the fact remains that the parents of the boys educated at our public schools are not satisfied that, as a commercial people, to put it frankly, they are getting their money's worth.

III.

The task which Dr. Gray has set himself (in "The Public Schools and the Empire"*) is to consider under what conditions our public schools might be made a truly valuable national asset, and he expresses his strong conviction that vast and deep-rooted reforms are necessary before they can be considered such. He considers that our main characteristic at the present day is our national apathy. "Some veteran

warrior, with convictions ripened by long service in his country's cause, may have censured us in trumpet tones for our national apathy, urging our unpreparedness for the stern arbitrament of war, the necessity for some form of national service, and the near peril of imperial disaster." Our present condition of listless apathy "springs from an increasing unwillingness of the man to do things himself, and an unwholesome desire to get things done for him by others." Dr. Gray asserts that young men who have not been taught during the days of their youth to use their hands, or to submit to discipline in the service of their country, are of no use in the colonies, at least in those occupied by the white races, where men are perpetually fighting with nature, and where each man is judged according to his sterling qualities, and not according to his manners.

IV.

Now if it be maintained that our public schools are to be the nurseries of our future ruling class, and if we in the Mother-country are to hold our pride of place as guardians of the whole Empire, it is obviously necessary that our young men should acquire some qualities fitting them to exercise a just influence in the new countries under the British crown, and that they should unlearn some others, which undoubtedly stand in the way of their influence, even in this country, and still more in communities unfettered by the chains of tradition. They have to learn something of science, of modern history, of the literature, at least, of their own country, of geography, political and physical, of political and domestic economy. They have to unlearn the idea that the world cannot be governed without the aid of caste, and to realise the fact that they will in no long time be called to believe that those who trust to their caste for their prestige are indeed a vanishing minority.

V.

Philosophers, too, who make it their duty to expound educational theories must adapt their precepts to the times. It is not in these days of fierce competition altogether satisfying to the ambitious son of poor parents to be told that he is expected during the whole of his school and university career to engage in perfectly disinterested study; indeed, some authorities have gone so far as to say that studies, until the professional career has actually begun, should be practically useless, and should merely serve as a mental gymnastic. This is certainly not the view of the ordinary paterfamilias, who is not a little puzzled at finding that his hopeful son, on quitting school, seems to have learnt so very little of the subjects which may afterwards aid him to earn his living. He is puzzled because he does not possibly know that those of his boy's companions who are at once rich and studious (there are not many of this class) are quite content with the present course of studies, while a very large number are not particularly interested in what they have to learn, for the simple reason that they feel that it is not likely to be of any particular use to them in after life. The moral of this, of course, is that we should aim at the introduction of new and varied studies into our large schools, and taking more care that the course of study fit the intellectual and material prospects of the boy.

(To be continued.)

* "The Public Schools and the Empire." By H. B. Gray, D.D. Williams and Norgate, 6s.

HILAIRE BELLOC * * * BY J. K. PROTHERO

A POET has plaintively complained of Mr. Belloc that

"He seems to think nobody minds
That all his books are of different kinds."

There is certainly something very versatile, not to say variegated, about his literary output; and one suspects that this may be partly due to a very variegated and adventurous early career. Of mixed blood, part French, part English, part Irish; brought up on the great downs of Sussex, the beauty and comfort of which he has sung so often in some of his noblest poems, he received his education at Edgbaston under the shadow of the great name of Newton. Having served his apprenticeship to journalism under so different a personality as the late Mr. Stead, he suddenly resolved to serve his term in the French Army, and became for a year a driver in the Artillery. When his time was up he went to Balliol, and carried off all the honours, especially in the department of history. He succeeded in getting into the House of Commons, where he won a new reputation as a brilliant, if unmanageable, member. He fought another election and won it without "official" help; then threw up his seat and commenced that attack upon the Party System with which his name has been so prominently connected. He founded and edited for a year a militant weekly paper devoted to the propagation of his opinions on this and other subjects. And all this time he was literally pouring out books and articles—history, descriptive travel, poetry, satire, novels, and politico-economic treatises. Such fecundity and variety is of itself amazing enough, but it becomes more amazing when we note the conscientious maintenance of a high level in every department. For in one aspect Mr. Belloc is a French classicist, and is almost fidgety about the quality of anything he offers to the world.

The very variety of Mr. Belloc's work makes it very difficult to "place" him in literature, or to say on what part of that work his permanent repute should be based. One does not know whether to give the palm to some of his exquisite lyrics or to delightful fantasias like "Mr. Burden" and "A Change in the Cabinet," or to historical studies like "Danton" and "Robespierre," or to intensely suggestive speculative essays—sound or unsound—like "The Servile State." One suspects that it is perhaps by his contributions to history that Mr. Belloc is most likely to live.

He possesses two qualities rarely found in combination, which, when found in combination, go far towards the make-up of the great historian—a careful accuracy of detail and a power of vision.

These qualities are perhaps best illustrated in those excursions into military history in which he peculiarly delights. It is very characteristic of one side of his temperament that he can hardly be induced to describe a battle until he has visited the field and carefully examined the *terrain*. It is equally characteristic of the other side of him that when he has done so the battle seems to come to life for him. He sees the troops moving and hears the guns.

This quality in him—which is as marked in his speaking and even in his conversation as in his writings, and which makes him, when in the mood, the most fascinating of talkers—was responsible during his political career for a rather amusing misunderstanding. It was when he was in the House of Commons, and some question connected with the Army came up for discussion. Mr. Belloc spoke, strongly emphasising the importance of artillery in modern warfare, and illustrating his point by a description of the decisive

battle of St. Privat, which turned the course of the Franco-Prussian war. So vivid was his account of the progress of the fight, and so exact his knowledge of the distribution of the various forces, that some journalist or other—probably vaguely remembering that the speaker had served in the French Army—said that "Mr. Belloc gave a graphic account of his experiences at the battle of St. Privat." Whereat another journalist, looking up "Who's Who," remarked that at the time of that engagement Mr. Belloc appeared to have been only about six months old, and that if all the French artillery was served by infants of this tender age the Prussian victory was fully accounted for. That same quality of startling vision which, to those acquainted with Mr. Belloc's manner, lends point to this anecdote comes out very strongly in a fascinating little volume of historical studies called "The Eye-Witness," which, even among his innumerable admirers, is much less well known than it deserves. It is very difficult to read the account of the Barons' march through Staines, or of Robespierre's attendance at the Committee of Public Safety, without half unconsciously falling into the aforesaid journalist's error—and with even less excuse.

Mr. Belloc's satire is mainly notable for the powerful use of irony in a manner that sometimes almost recalls Swift. At least, it is difficult to go anywhere else for a parallel to some of the stinging sentences which will be found in his long series of fantastic assaults on contemporary follies and hypocrites from "Lambkin's Remains" to "The Green Overcoat." The method reaches, perhaps, its highest point in "Mr. Burden." But it is omnipresent and apparently inexhaustible.

In fact, he himself seems in every way inexhaustible, and the impression that most forcibly arrests one in his work is the same as that which meets one when in contact with his personality—the impression of an immense vitality which he can hardly contain, a vitality which will not let him rest, and which will force him to attempt anything—whether it be walking forty miles a day, or writing ten different kinds of books in a year, or seeking out all the details of a long-past campaign, or making a revolution in England. But his concern with international politics does not prevent his intimate appreciation of the domestic side of things, as witness the following:—

"They say, and I am glad they say,
It is so, and it may be so,
It may be quite the other way.
I do not know—but this I know:
From quiet homes and first beginnings
Out to the undiscovered ends,
There's nothing worth the wear of winning
Save laughter and the love of friends."

Whether his vitality will carry him remains to be seen. He is a man of strong and even passionate convictions, which are the deep and indestructible root of all his joyous combativeness and all his almost riotous humour. The quality of these convictions is pretty familiar to the modern world, which he so strenuously attacks. A fixed belief in an unpopular religion; a faith in the unalterable value of primal human tradition; an immense sense of the pride and honour of arms; a rooted distrust and fear of the moneyed power, especially where it is modern and cosmopolitan; a conviction that the Equality of Man is an eternal and absolute truth, and that men are happiest when they are free and self-governing—these are the rooted certainties upon which his mind reposes, and out of which his work has come.

COUNTRIES OF THE WORLD

XIV.—THE UNION OF SOUTH AFRICA * * * BY LIDDELL GEDDIE

I.

SOUTH AFRICA is Africa south of the Zambesi. Eliminate German South West Africa and Portuguese East Africa and you have British South Africa. Then take away Rhodesia and the Bechuanaland, Basutoland and Swaziland Protectorates, and there remains the Union of South Africa, which alone concerns us here.

The Union of South Africa is but three years old. The South African nation is in its infancy. Nevertheless, it may safely be predicted that this youngest of the British self-governing Dominions Oversea will in due season play a great rôle in the world's history. True, along with its great stores of mineral wealth and agricultural riches scarce yet tapped, the Union has inherited problems fraught with difficulty and danger. Our immediate purpose, however, is neither to turn back to dark pages of the past nor to skip forward to dazzling pages of the future, but to concentrate our attention on the page of the present day.

II.

The baby Union of South Africa is blessed with a sound constitution. The South African Constitution is compact with courage and statesmanship, sacrifice and caution. By the South Africa Act four self-governing States became one. Four parliaments and four administrations were abolished, and one parliament and one administration set up in their place. Under any circumstances, such a step demands great mutual trust and far-sightedness. Under the circumstances prevailing in South Africa, the unification of the Cape, Transvaal, Natal, and Orange Free State was little short of a miracle.

These four States were permeated with racial antipathies and provincial jealousies. Only eight years before Union came about in 1910 two of the States were at war with the other two. One State (Natal) was overwhelmingly British, one (the Free State) overwhelmingly Boer; the remaining two were partly English, partly Dutch in speech and sympathy. The white population was split into hostile camps—Dutch Afrianders and English Uitlanders. Those born in the land called themselves "Colonials"; new arrivals were only "Colonists." Descendants of the old Dutch settlers were nearly all farmers; those of British descent were mostly directly or indirectly dependent on the mines. The country districts, accordingly, spoke Dutch (or the "Taal"), as a rule, while the larger towns spoke English.

These racial and occupational divisions were complicated by inter-State divisions. The Transvaal and the Free State had long upheld republican institutions; the Cape and Natal had long been part of the British Empire. The former were land-locked States, the latter were coast Colonies. Economic disputes—chiefly touching railway and tariff questions—ranged each and every State against its neighbours. Bitter competition raged between the Cape and Natal. The Free State nursed feelings far from friendly towards the Transvaal, and in economic matters was inclined to side with the Cape; whereas Natal, for geographical reasons, was disposed to favour the Transvaal. On the native question, again, South Africa's greatest and most enduring problem, divisions were on territorial

rather than racial lines, North (including Natal) opposing South (the Cape).

III.

These and a thousand and one other rivalries threatened the peace and prosperity of South Africa. Only true and signal patriotism could have inspired the course which the South African States and their Dutch and English citizens took to remove the danger of recurrent strife. The four Colonies gave up their State rights and independence and merged themselves in a lasting Union. Dutch South Africans by the Act of Union accepted British-hood, and English South Africans submitted themselves to a Dutch Government. But there was ample compensation for these sacrifices. The whole is sometimes greater than the sum of its parts. The Union of South Africa is infinitely greater than the four Colonies it absorbed. At the same time English-speaking South Africans secured what they set most store by—equal franchise rights; and Dutch-speaking South Africans also secured equality in the form they most desired—equal language rights. And so the Union is built on a foundation that is sure and stable as the Cape of Good Hope itself.

IV.

South Africa is endowed with a fine, healthy climate and a bounteous soil, and in days to come it will be a land of agriculture like the other great Oversea Dominions. Meantime, the backbone of the country is mining. Minerals account for over eighty per cent. of the total annual value of the Union's exports. Some fifty millions sterling of mineral produce are now exported yearly. Of this gold represents over thirty-eight millions, diamonds over nine, coal over one million, copper and tin about three-quarters of a million.

Since the days of King Solomon, South Africa's yield of mineral wealth has been fabulous. Within the past fifty years over £500,000,000 worth of gold and diamonds have been extracted from reef, blue-ground and river-bed. For half a century South Africa has owed its weal—and its woe—almost entirely to its mines. The wages and salaries paid by the Transvaal mines alone total over thirteen millions sterling per annum. Between 300,000 and 400,000 persons (of whom nine-tenths are natives) are employed in the mines of the Union,—and the number would be greater still but for the shortage of native labour, the perpetual handicap of the mines. As it is, over 100,000 labourers are recruited in Portuguese East Africa.

The Union of South Africa furnishes the world with practically all its diamonds and with more than a third of its total gold supply, far outstripping Australia, the United States, and other gold-bearing countries. For regularity and reliability of yield the Witwatersrand gold area is unrivalled throughout the globe. The gold mines, in fact, are conducted as if they were gold manufactories. The production increases rapidly year by year. In the next thirty years the output of gold is expected to be at least £1,000,000,000. By the reduction of working costs, thanks to more and more efficient machinery, the life-time of the mines is being indefinitely prolonged, and the twentieth



century is not likely to witness the exhaustion of South Africa's precious mineral stores.

The mines have provided South Africa with the two things the country most requires—white population and capital. They have created well-paid employment for white and black alike. They have lightened taxation for both townsman and countryman. They have opened up railways in every direction. They have given the farmer a splendid market. In a word, they have made South Africa what it is to-day. When the mines suffer, as during the diamond crisis of 1907 or the Rand Strike of the present year, the whole of South Africa suffers. When the mines flourish, South Africa flourishes with them.

V.

Agriculture is backward, but its day is fast approaching. Farmers are taking a lesson from the mines and substituting scientific methods for the primitive methods of their forebears. Irrigation and dry-farming are quickly gaining ground. Long-standing pests such as locusts and East Coast fever are being overcome. Live stock is increasing enormously and breeds are being improved. Government experts are spreading broadcast modern ideas and giving instruction in up-to-date farming in its various branches. Exports of produce of the land rose from £6,630,000 in 1908 to £11,163,000 in 1912. Last year the Union sent oversea wool to the value of £4,780,000, ostrich feathers to the value of £2,609,000, hides and skins to

the value of £1,691,000, and Angora hair to the value of £967,000. But for scab and slovenliness the figure for wool would be considerably higher. The feather industry, on the other hand, has been carried to a high pitch of excellence, and South Africa is jealously guarding the virtual monopoly which it enjoys.

The agricultural and pastoral industries are going ahead in every direction, but they still have a big leeway to make up. In 1912 articles of food and drink valued at £6,359,000 were imported into the Union, a total which reflects little credit on South African farmers. For instance, the Union is dependent on imported grain and flour for two-thirds of its bread supply—and yet the white population is only a million and a quarter, and the area of the Union is nearly half a million square miles. There are, of course, vast tracts of land where the plough will never enter, but with only 2.3 per cent. of the total area under cultivation there is unlimited scope for agricultural development in the Union. It is high time a vigorous policy of land settlement was inaugurated in South Africa.

VI.

The other primary industry of South Africa, fisheries, is also capable of much expansion. The "sea sense" is sadly lacking in South Africa, which is strange when one considers the proud part British and Dutch have played in maritime history. Hitherto the fishing industry has been left in the hands mainly of Italians, Norwegians, and Indians.

VII.

The Union has no manufactories worth mentioning. Such manufactures as there are are mostly offshoots of the mining and farming industries—dynamite works, wine-making, and the like. The reasons are not far to seek. Agriculture, in which industry has its beginning, is not sufficiently developed. The white population is small. The cost of living for Europeans is high. Skilled labour is, therefore, costly. Distribution is difficult. How to remove these obstacles is the task with which South Africa is now faced. Instead of devoting all its energies to digging up its garden, the Union seems inclined at present to occupy itself first with building round its estate the high wall of Protection. But the permanent fiscal policy of South Africa has yet to be decided upon, and the forces of Free Trade and the supporters of a low tariff for revenue purposes only have still to be reckoned with.

VIII.

South Africa is burdened with a plethora of population problems. There is the problem of the Dutch-speaking Afrikaner and the English-speaking South African. That problem has passed its acutest stage. The racial question is not dead, but it is what the French call *agonising*. It may cause friction and it will involve expense, but it will cost South Africa no more lives. And so we may leave it as a problem of the past. Then there is the problem of the Indian, the undesirable immigrant with whom the white man cannot compete on equal terms. But that problem is as good as settled. South Africa will keep the Indians she has got, but she will take good care not to allow any more to land on her shores. Next, we have the problem of the coloured man, the half-caste, a baffling problem, which is, however, insignificant in comparison with South Africa's greatest problem of all—the native question.

The 1911 census showed a total population for the Union of 5,958,499, of whom only 1,276,242 were of white race. Europeans, therefore, are outnumbered by nearly 4 to 1. Instead of disappearing like the Red Indians and the Australian aborigines, the South African natives are multiplying fast, considerably faster than the European population. South Africa, therefore, can never be a white man's country in the same sense as Canada and Australia. White and black must live side by side in the Union. All South Africans are agreed that there must be no intermixture: there must be a dividing line. How is that line to be drawn? That is the question South Africa has to answer. It will have to be answered, and answered soon. Hitherto the line has been horizontal. The black man has done the unskilled work, the "Kaffir work"; the white man has reserved for himself the domain of skilled labour. But the native, thanks to education, is becoming capable of more than unskilled labour, and aspires to higher fields. And the white man is beginning to realise that dependence on the native for unskilled labour is a very mixed blessing. Hence the growing popularity of a segregation policy, whereby a perpendicular line should replace the horizontal line between black and white. Within their own reserves natives would be free to rise as high as they were able on the ladder of life, to become skilled labourers and professional men. Elsewhere the white man would be free to begin as low as he liked on his ladder, to become an unskilled labourer without losing caste as a European by so doing. Thus, it is hoped, the dignity of labour will be established in South Africa. Meanwhile, South Africans of European descent have to shoulder the white man's burden, but refuse to carry their own tools—that is the black man's burden.

LITERARY NOTES

How few school children realise that Shakespeare's plays were written for acting and not for examination purposes! Thanks to defective teaching methods, the master dramas of the English language are regarded in most classrooms as so many passages to paraphrase, so many lines to scan or to parse, so many phrases to elucidate, so many words to look up in the glossary. "Macbeth" and "The Merchant of Venice" appear not as real live plays to be acted, but as extinct texts to be annotated.

True, enthusiastic Shakespearean actors like Mr. F. R. Benson have done much to counteract this deadening influence by offering special facilities for school children to witness stage representations of the plays. But that is not enough. The teacher as well as the actor ought to show that Shakespeare can enthral audiences to-day as he did three hundred years ago. For this purpose nothing could be more helpful than the *Bankside Acting Edition of Shakespeare for Schools*, the first three volumes of which ("As You Like It," "Julius Cæsar," and "King John") were issued last week by Messrs. Wells Gardner, Darton and Co. The series is edited by Mr. F. J. H. Darton, under whose direction many of the plays have been produced in London by L.C.C. scholars under fourteen years of age. Each volume costs but sixpence, and contains, in addition to a somewhat abridged text of the play, a valuable introduction giving practical hints as to staging, costume, summary of the plot, glossary, etc.

Mr. Darton explains that these versions of Shakespeare's plays have been edited upon four principles: (1) to give the play in the order in which, so far as we know, Shakespeare wrote it, with no transposition or entire omission of any scene, however short; (2) to allow it to be acted in the simplest and most straightforward manner, with no scenery, and with a limited number of performers; (3) to shorten scenes (not to omit them) reverently and carefully, only to such an extent as to render the acting of the greater part of the play not beyond the powers of young people; (4) to make the play seem real to the players—neither a lesson nor a stage creation calling for pomp and pose, but a living pageant of vital actions.

These are excellent principles in the main. Mr. Darton strongly favours modern methods of presenting Shakespearean plays, with a projecting stage, no elaborate scenery and no intervals between the scenes. The thorny question of costume is touched upon, and will be more fully dealt with in "The Bankside Book of Costume for Children," by Melicent Stone, which the same publishers are to bring out in September. The whole scheme is appropriately described in the Introduction as a "compromise between scholarship, economy, and the limitations of youth; it is intended to be entirely practical, but with an ideal behind it." The series deserves to meet with signal success.

Lady White is collecting materials for a Life of the late Field-Marshal Sir George White.

Messrs. Nisbet will publish in September a new book of nature stories by Mr. F. St. Mars, entitled "The Prowlers." The illustrations will be by the well-known animal artist, Mr. Warwick Reynolds.

MASTERPIECE FOR THE WEEK

ROBERT LEWIS STEVENSON'S "WEIR OF HERMISTON"

To his old friend, Charles Baxter, in December, 1892, Robert Lewis Stevenson wrote—"I have a novel on the stocks to be called 'The Justice-Clerk.' It is pretty Scotch, the Grand Premier is taken from Braxfield—(oh, by the by, send me Cockburn's 'Memorials')—and some of the story is—well—queer. The heroine is seduced by one man, and finally disappears with the other man who shot him. . . . Mind you, I expect 'The Justice-Clerk' to be my masterpiece. My Braxfield is already a thing of beauty and a joy for ever, and so far as he has gone *far* my best character."

The novel of which Stevenson thus wrote was never finished. "It seemed unprovoked, a wilful convulsion of brute nature . . ." are the last words in the printed book, and these he dictated on the morning of his death, on the third of December, 1894. His Braxfield, or his "Weir," of whom Braxfield was the prototype, could only have been a "thing of beauty" in the sense that a Scotch terrier is "bonny wi' ill-fairedness." The painted picture of Braxfield had profoundly affected Stevenson, when it was exhibited at an exhibition of Sir Henry Raeburn's pictures in the later seventies, and though, as Sheriff Lyall has well shown, the Robert McQueen, Lord Justice-Clerk Braxfield of history, is extremely unlike the Judge whom Stevenson drew as Adam Weir, Lord Justice-Clerk Hermiston, the two are now almost inextricably mixed in the minds of all Stevensonians.

Adam Weir, the Lord Advocate, a recognised risen man, the conqueror of many obstacles, somewhat late in the day courted, if it were not profane in the connection to use such a word, Miss Jean Rutherford, of Hermiston, whose ready money and broad acres were ready to fall wholly to the husband, to lend dignity to his descendants, and to himself a title, when he should be called upon the Bench. "On the side of Jean, there was perhaps some fascination of curiosity as to this unknown male animal that approached her with the roughness of a ploughman and the *aplomb* of an advocate. . . . He was an ill man to refuse. A little over forty at the period of his marriage, he looked already older, and to the force of manhood added the senatorial dignity of years; it was perhaps with an unreverend awe, but he was awful. The Bench, the Bar, and the most experienced and reluctant witness bowed to his authority—and why not Jeannie Rutherford?"

And so they were mated, this taurine hanging-judge and the "dwaible," ineffectual lady; and penalties began to be paid. The house in George Square, Edinburgh, was wretchedly ill-guided; nothing answerable to the expense of maintenance but the cellar, which was my lord's own private care. "It was often wondered that Lord Hermiston bore all as he did. Indeed, he was a stoical old voluptuary, contented with sound wine, and plenty of it. But there were moments when he overflowed. Perhaps half a dozen times in the history of his married life—'Here! tak' it awa', and bring me a piece bread and kebbuck!' he had exclaimed, with an appalling explosion of his voice and rare gestures. None thought to dispute or to make excuses; Mrs. Weir sat at the head of the table whimpering without disguise; and his lordship opposite munched his bread and cheese in ostentatious disregard. Once only Mrs. Weir had ventured to appeal. He was passing her chair on his

way into the study: 'O, EDOM!' she wailed, in a voice tragic with tears, and reaching out to him with both hands, in one of which she held a sopping pocket-handkerchief. He paused and looked upon her with a face of wrath, into which there stole, as he looked, a twinkle of humour. 'Noansense!' he said. 'You and your noansense! What do I want with a Christian faim'ly? I want Christian broth. Get me a lass that can plain-boil a potato, if she was a whüre off the streets.' And with these words, which echoed in her tender ears like blasphemy, he had passed on to his study and shut the door behind him."

A son, Archie, was the only child of a scarce natural union. The child was the mother's bond to life. "The sight of the little man at her skirt intoxicated her with the sense of power, and froze her with the consciousness of her responsibility. . . . It seems strange to say of this colourless and ineffectual woman, but she was a true enthusiast, and might have made the sunshine and the glory of a cloister. Perhaps none but Archie knew she could be eloquent; perhaps none but he had seen her—her colour raised, her hands clasped or quivering—glow with gentle ardour. There is a corner of the policy of Hermiston where you come suddenly in view of the summit of Black Fell, sometimes like the mere grass top of a hill, sometimes (and this is her own expression) like a precious jewel in the heavens. On such days, upon the sudden view of it, her hand would tighten on the child's fingers, her voice rise like a song. '*I to the hills!*' she would repeat. 'And O, Erchie, are nae these like the hills of Naphtali?' and her tears would flow." Upon the impressionable child the effect of this continual and pretty accompaniment to life was deep. The mother's quietism and piety passed on to his different nature undiminished; but whereas in her it was a native sentiment, in him it was only an implanted dogma.

So much for Archie and his relations to his mother. "The character and position of his father had long been a stumbling-block to Archie, and with every year of his age the difficulty grew more instant. . . . There were some whom it was good to pity, and, well (though very likely useless), to pray for; they were named reprobates, goats, God's enemies, brands for the burning; and Archie tallied every mark of identification, and drew the inevitable private inference that the Lord Justice-Clerk was the chief of sinners."

"I'll tell ye what, mamma," said the little man of seven to his mother. "I don't think you and me's justifeed in staying with him." The woman awoke to remorse, she saw herself disloyal to her man, her sovereign and breadwinner, in whom (with what she had of worldliness) she took a certain subdued pride. But her success in unbuilding what she had built too well was what might have been expected. To talk of Archie's youthfulness and immaturity of judgment was to get the answer pat, that babes and innocents were the type of the kingdom of heaven. At another time—"It seems he's called 'The Hanging Judge'—it seems he's croool. I'll tell you what it is, mamma, there's a tex' borne in upon me. It were better for a man if a milestone were bound upon his back and him flung into the deepestmost pairts of the sea."

That year Mrs. Weir died quite suddenly. It was

at Hermiston, where Kirstie Elliott, her kinswoman, was housekeeper. "Keep me, Kirstie; what's this?" she gasped. "Kirstie, what's this? I'm frich'ened." They were her last words. Kirstie went to meet my lord, who had been out riding. He reined in his horse, and looked upon her with the hanging face. "Has the French landit?" cried he. "Man, man," she said, "is that a' ye can think of?" "Is onybody deid?" said his lordship. "It's no' Erchie?" . . . Lord Hermiston sat in the saddle beholding her. "Well, it's something of the suddenest," said he. "But she was a dwaibly body from the first." . . . "Her and me were never cut out for one another," he remarked as he looked upon her body, in death the very image of the insignificant. "It was a daft-like marriage." And then, with a most unusual gentleness of tone, "Puir bitch," said he, "puir bitch!" Then suddenly, "Where's Erchie?"

Archie went the usual round of other Edinburgh boys of his class, the high school and the college, and it was not till he was twenty that the inevitable collision with his father came. For Weir of Hermiston, in so far as it is a finished study, is mainly that of strained parental and filial relations. Archie had inherited from Jean Rutherford a shivering delicacy, unequally matched with potential violence; at his father's table, when he was old enough to join the revels, the coarse expressions he heard there turned him pale and sick. One of his father's guests alone he tolerated, David Keith Carnegie, Lord Glenalmond. "His exquisite disparity with any of his fellow guests, his appearance as of an artist and aristocrat stranded in rude company, riveted the boy's attention," and Lord Glenalmond was attracted by the boy, and when at the dawn of manhood young Weir, by denouncing his father very publicly for the part he had taken at the trial of a "disjaskit" miscreant called Duncan Jopp, brought upon himself banishment to Hermiston, it was Lord Glenalmond who did what was possible to bring Archie to a recognition that there was in the Justice-Clerk a something that was not all ignoble.

Banished to Hermiston, Archie's relations were now with Kirstie Elliott, the housekeeper there, a woman of over fifty, "long of limb, and still light of foot, deep-breasted, robust-loined, her golden hair not yet mingled with any traces of silver, the years had but caressed and embellished her"; with Frank Innes, a school and college companion, who found it convenient to quarter himself at Hermiston; with the four brothers Elliott, who were later, by Stevenson, meant to be young Weir's deliverers, and, above all, with Kirstie, the young sister of the four brothers. The love that the older Kirstie bore for the son of her "dear Miss Jeannie": the fierce yet sane love that is what a woman, even of her years, may have for a man of half her age; the jealousy for him and that he might do what was right by her kinswoman, the younger Kirstie, are all studied and set forth by Stevenson in a way that makes the reader draw his breath, and cry, as Mr. Thackeray cried of one of his own passages, "By God, this is genius!"

The courtship of the younger Kirstie by young Hermiston, his good resolutions of avoiding any conduct compromising her good name, and her unhappiness and wounded vanity thereupon, are Frank Innes' opportunity for pursuing his purpose of seduction. And Kirstie, still caring for Archie, allows herself to become Frank's victim.

Of the trial of a son by his own father, and of the breaking of prison by the Elliott brothers, we know only from the scenario.

J. STEPHEN.

IN A RAILWAY CARRIAGE

AT first only two of the corner seats were occupied; but it was a Parliamentary train approaching one of the minor centres of industry which darken the fresh rural greenery of the North so frequently. A third corner was taken up by an individual of some importance, since he was ushered into the compartment by the station master, while a porter carried the passenger's handbag, which was deposited carefully upon the seat.

"Went to the races yesterday," he explained, "D—— bad luck—stone broke!"

Accepting the resultant silence as a sympathetic tribute, he burst forth, "And now we've got the Suffragettes to contend with. What's your cure for a Suffragette?" he asked No. 1 corner pointedly.

No. 1 expressed the opinion that he would rather have nothing to do with Suffragettes.

"But, m' dear frien', what if they come tormentin' your business?"

"Leave them alone."

"But they won't be left alone!"

No. 1 had no alternative suggestion to offer, and a short period of quietness followed.

"What's *your* cure for a Suffragette?" was the inquiry repeated to No. 2.

"Give them the vote on the same conditions as men," was the prompt reply.

"But they're not men," objected No. 3, "an' they never will be men!"

This was incontestable, and the strain of the position was relieved by a rush of workmen, who invaded the carriage in businesslike style, a concerted dash being made for the fourth corner by the two foremost.

"Bill's scored agen," commented one of them when the clatter of empty dinner-baskets had subsided.

"Ay, Bill's aw reet for scraffin', if he is a bit thick i' t' yed," remarked the defeated one.

Bill smiled genially as he stretched his legs. Incidentally they touched the patent leathers of No. 3.

"What would you do with a Suffragette?" whispered the horsey one, fixing Bill with his eyes.

"Nowt," replied Bill decisively.

"And if they wouldn't allow you to do it," suggested No. 3 calmly.

"Hum—it's one o' them things as d' want a bit o' thinkin' out," said Bill at last. "What'd tha do thisel'?" he countered, after a lengthy pause.

"Whip 'em," said No. 3 promptly.

A prolonged silence followed.

"Whip 'em!" repeated No. 3 with triumphant emphasis.

The men shuffled uneasily.

"Hum!" exclaimed one man; "it might be aw reet up to a certain peynt."

"It is all right—altogether. I know what I'm talkin' about," was the decisive response.

"Ay. But supposin' t' Suffragette happen t' be yer own sister, or mother, maybe?" suggested Jack's mate.

No. 3 was palpably shaken, and flushed visibly. "I'd—I'd—treat 'em like men," he said lamely.

"Then you'd give 'em t' vote," chuckled Bill, speaking very slowly.

The laughter was still loud when Bill rose to get out as the train stopped.

"Tha scored theer, reet enow," said his friend, moving into the vacant corner seat, "an' th'art noan so thick i' t' yed as tha us' t' be. So lung, Bill—tak' care o' thi sen—specially t' yed part." H. LEATHER.

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BOUM-BOUM * * * BY JULES CLARETIE

I.

THE boy was lying upon his little white bed, and, his eyes dilated with fever, was gazing straight before him with a strange fixity of expression, as though he saw something which was invisible to normal eyesight.

His mother, sitting at the side of the bed, was biting her fingers to keep herself from crying, as she followed, anxiously and racked with suffering, the progress of the malady on the poor thin face of the little one; and the father, an honest workman, was struggling hard to keep back the tears which were scorching his eyelids.

The day rose, clear and soft, slowly flooding with the light of a beautiful June morning the stuffy room in the Rue des Abbesses, where little François, the only child of Jacques and Madeleine Legrand, lay dying.

He was seven years old. Such a fine, rosy little fellow, as merry as a cricket less than three weeks ago. But one evening he was brought home from school burning with fever, with a head like lead and his hands hot.

Ever since he had been in bed, and sometimes, in his delirium, when his eyes caught sight of his little, well-polished shoes, which his mother had placed carefully in a corner of the room, he would say:

"You will be able to throw away François' shoes now. He will never put them on again. François will never be able to go to school again, never, never!"

Then the father would cry out in anguish: "Don't talk like that," and the mother would bury her fair head in the pillow so that the child should not hear her weep.

To-night he had not been delirious, but the past two days he had sunk into a strange lethargy, which had greatly troubled the doctor. He seemed suddenly to have lost interest in everything, as if, after seven years of life, he had already tasted the weariness of living.

He lay there, silent, sad, his head tossing about on the pillow, refusing to take anything, and with never a smile on his poor emaciated lips, gazing, with haggard eyes, as if he were looking for something, one knew not what, far away in the distance.

"Up above, perhaps!" thought Madeleine, shivering.

Whenever he was asked to take a cooling draught or a little beef-tea, he refused. He refused everything.

"Do you want anything, François?"

"No, I want nothing."

"We must get him out of this mood," said the doctor. "I don't like this torpor. You are his parents and understand your child. Try and think of something to cheer him up and bring his mind back to earth!"

Oh, yes! without a doubt they understood their François! They knew well enough how to amuse the dear little fellow. They recalled, now, how they used to take him to ransack the hedges on Sundays, returning to Paris loaded with may in the evening, or visited the Champs Elysées to see "Punch and Judy" in the enclosure among the children of the rich.

Jacques Legrand bought some gilt cardboard soldiers, which he cut out and placed on the boy's bed, making them dance before the haggard eyes of the little one.

"Look, François, this one is a general! . . . Don't you remember the real general we saw once in the Bois de Boulogne? If you take your medicine, I will buy you one with a cloth tunic and golden epaulettes. Would you like it?"

"No," answered the child.

"Would you like a pistol, a crossbow, some marbles?"

"No," repeated the little voice, clear and almost cruel. And to everything they said to him, to all the toys that were promised him, the boy made the same response: "No. No. No."

"But what would you like, François?" asked his mother. "There are so many things you used to wish for. Speak, tell me, tell mother, darling," and she lay her cheek against the sick boy's pillow and murmured gently in his ear, as though she were telling him a secret.

All at once the boy, drawing himself up on his bed and stretching out his hands eagerly towards some invisible object, replied in a tense, excited manner, at the same time supplicating and imperative:

"I want Boum-Boum!"

II.

Boum-Boum!

The poor mother looked in a bewildered way at her husband. What was the little fellow talking about now? Was it that terrible delirium again?

Boum-Boum!

She did not understand what it meant. She was frightened by these strange words, repeated by the child as if, not having dared before to put his dream into a definite shape, he was now clinging to it with an invincible obstinacy.

"Yes, Boum-Boum! Boum-Boum! Boum-Boum! I want Boum-Boum!"

The mother nervously seized her husband's hand, saying in a low voice, distractedly: "What does this mean, Jacques? He is lost!"

But the father's toil-worn face broke out into a smile, almost happy, though stupefied also, the smile of a condemned man who sees a possibility of liberty opening out before him.

Boum-Boum!

He remembered now, clearly, one Easter when he took François to the circus. He could almost fancy he heard again the boy's joyous laughter when the clown, covered with beautiful golden spangles, with a large butterfly sparkling with many colours at the back of the costume, cut his capers in the ring, tripping up a performer, standing on his head on the sanded floor, catching soft felt hats skilfully on his head and forming them one by one into a pyramid. And at every turn, every buffoonery, like a chorus, he uttered the same cry, accompanied each time by a roll of the drums in the orchestra: "Boum-Boum! Boum-Boum!" And every time his clever and witty face appeared in the ring, the circus resounded with bravos, and little François burst into a roar of laughter.

Boum-Boum! This, then, was the Boum-Boum, this circus clown, who was famous all over that part of the city, whom the boy wanted to see and wanted to have, but whom he could not see and could not have, since here he was, helpless, in his little white bed.

That evening Jacques Legrand brought the child a mechanical clown, all covered with spangles, which he had bought on his way home from work.

It had cost him the equivalent of four days of his pay, but he would willingly have given twenty, thirty, even the price of a whole year of his labour once more to bring back a smile to the pale lips of the sick child.

François glanced an instant at the toy, which sparkled on his white sheets, then, sadly: "That's not Boum-Boum!"

"Ah," thought the father, "if only I could wrap him

up in his blankets and carry him to the circus, so that he could see the clown capering under the glittering chandelier." But, as it happened, Jacques did something better. He went to the circus, asked for the clown's address, and, on arriving at the house in Montmartre where the artiste lived, he went up, his legs trembling under him, one by one the steps leading to the flat of Boum-Boum. His courage almost failed him when he reached the door, but, he thought, after all, these performers do go and sing and recite in the drawing-rooms of the rich.

Perhaps this clown would consent to come and perform for François, and he, Jacques Legrand, would pay him whatever sum he might ask.

When he had rung the bell, however, his fears increased. How would Boum-Boum receive him?

As a matter of fact, it was not Boum-Boum at all. It was Monsieur Moreno, who, in his elegant rooms, surrounded by books, engravings, and choice and artistic furniture, received Jacques very much after the manner of a fashionable physician receiving a patient.

Jacques stared at him, not perceiving the clown in this well-dressed man with charming manners.

The other waited for him to speak. Jacques, nervously twisting his hat round and round in his hands, began to excuse himself for the liberty he had taken.

It was something quite out of the way that he had come to ask, but the position was serious. "It concerned his boy, his only child, a dear little fellow, sir, and so intelligent. Always the first at school, except at arithmetic, which he does not understand. Somewhat of a dreamer, this little chap. . . ."

Jacques now hesitated, stammered, but he plucked up courage and continued: "That is why he thinks only of you; you are like a star shining in front of him which he wants to possess."

When he had finished, Jacques, very pale, had beads of perspiration on his forehead. He hardly dared to look at the clown, whose eyes were fixed on him with a keen, penetrating gaze.

What was Boum-Boum going to say to him? Would he take him for a fool, and show him the door?

"Where do you live?" quietly asked Boum-Boum.

"Quite near here, sir, Rue des Abbesses," replied Jacques, whose heart was beating furiously.

"Come along then," said the other. "Your boy wants to see Boum-Boum, does he? Very well, he shall see Boum-Boum."

III.

Throwing open the door of the room where little François lay, Jacques Legrand cried out joyfully: "He's come, François; look, here is Boum-Boum!"

A happy smile, the first since his illness began, came over the face of the sick child. Raising himself in his mother's arms, he turned his gaze towards the two men as they entered, looked an instant at the frock-coated, smiling gentleman beside his father without recognising him, and when Jacques said, "This is Boum-Boum," he let his head fall back slowly on his pillow, the gleam of hope which had for a moment irradiated his face died away, and his beautiful large blue eyes once more assumed their fixed expression, looking beyond the walls of his little room for the spangles and the butterfly of Boum-Boum.

"No," said the boy, in a sad tone of voice, "that isn't Boum-Boum."

The clown, at the side of the bed, was looking down at the child with deep and thoughtful eyes, full of infinite kindness. He raised his head, looked at the anxious father, the stricken mother, then said smil-

ingly: "He is right! this is not Boum-Boum." With these words he went out.

"I shall never see Boum-Boum again," murmured the child, in a faint, weary voice.

All at once, in less than half an hour of his departure, the door opened, and, in his black tights and spangles, with the yellow tuft on the top of his head, the golden butterfly on his breast, with his wide-open smiling mouth, powdered all over, Boum-Boum, the real Boum-Boum, Boum-Boum of the circus, little François' Boum-Boum, appeared.

Then, on his little white bed, with the joy of life once more in his eyes, laughing, crying, saved, the child clapped his poor, feeble hands, shouted bravo, and said:

"Boum-Boum! that's Boum-Boum, hurrah for Boum-Boum!"

"Good morning, Boum-Boum."

IV.

When the doctor came, later in the day, he found, seated by the child's bed, a white-faced clown, who was making little François laugh and laugh again, and who was saying, as he stirred a piece of sugar in a cooling draught:

"Drink, François; if you don't, Boum-Boum won't come to see you again."

And the child drank.

"Wasn't that nice?"

"Very nice, thank you, Boum-Boum."

"Doctor," said the clown, "don't be jealous; but it seems to me that my antics have done him more good than your prescriptions."

Jacques and Madeleine were weeping, but this time they were tears of joy.

And until François was on his legs again, a carriage stopped every day outside the house of the workman in the Rue des Abbesses at Montmartre, and a man, enveloped from head to foot in a long overcoat, alighted. Underneath he was dressed for the circus, and his face, almost hidden by the upturned collar of the coat, was powdered all over.

"What do I owe you, sir?" asked Jacques, when the boy, now fully recovered, went out for the first time. The clown held out his two big hands to Jacques and his wife, and said, "A shake of the hand." Then, patting the now rosy cheeks of François, he added, smiling, "and permission to have printed on my cards:—

"BOUM-BOUM,

"Doctor-acrobat, and physician-in-ordinary

"To Master François Legrand."

—Translated by Rickard Burke.



ON THE POOR OF LONDON

ALMIGHTY GOD, whose justice like a sun
Shall coruscate along the floors of Heaven,
Raising what's low: perfecting what's undone:
Breaking the Rich, and making Odd things Even—
The Poor of Jesus Christ along the Street
In your rain sodden, in your snows unshod,
They have not hearth, nor sword, not daily meat,
Nor even the Bread of Men: Almighty God!

The Poor of Jesus Christ whom no man hears,
Have waited on your vengeance much too long.
Wipe out not tears, but blood. Our eyes bleed tears!
Come: smite our damnéd sophistries so strong
That Thy rude Hammer, battering this rude wrong,
Ring down the abyss of twice ten thousand years.

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THE TRAGEDY OF THE PLIMSOLL LINE

BY OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER

II.

IN my article last week I showed how Samuel Plimsoll, by twenty-five years of almost ceaseless effort, and in the teeth of overwhelming difficulties, won from Parliament that great charter of our seamen—the Compulsory Load Line.

That was in 1890. In 1898 Plimsoll died. It is perhaps not a little remarkable that within a few weeks—a few days almost—of his decease the shipowners, who had always resented the imposition of the line, had commenced their long but

Silent and Subterranean Campaign Against It.

They objected to ships taking in cargo north of the Chesapeake River not being allowed to load so deep as ships on the south side, and when the point, a small one, was decided in their favour they boasted that they had driven in the thin end of the wedge. The fact is that the owners always hated "the line," even as the earlier factory owners detested the Acts that Lord Shaftesbury and old-time reformers got passed to stop the sweating of women and children. So that when, on Monday, June 9th, 1890, the Royal Assent was given to the first compulsory Load Line Act, *Fair Play*, the organ of the shipowners, showed its contempt of Parliament by announcing that "our shipbuilders will find a way of discounting the load line." In other words, of rendering the measure a dead letter!

Apparently the task of

Frustrating the Intentions of the Legislature

did not prove so easy as the Shipping Federation had anticipated. The line remained in force. The shipbuilders found it impossible, presumably, to dodge it. Mortality at sea fell steadily, and even so, and despite their doleful prognostications, the shipping industry, so far from being ruined, flourished exceedingly.

Notwithstanding, the shipowners continued steadfast in their opposition, and worked perpetually against the line.

It was in 1906 that they effected their great stroke. The Parliament of Mr. Balfour was dying. Lassitude, amounting almost to paralysis, had set in among the members. There was a general sense, as there always is with dying Parliaments, of indifference, carelessness, unconcern. The shipowners saw their opportunity, and moved out eagerly to seize it.

They brought pressure to bear on the Government, and, with scarcely an effort to resist them, the Government surrendered.

Quietly, Cautiously, and all Unsuspected

of the seamen or their friends, they appointed a Committee "to consider and report." They did this without any announcement in Parliament, without any statement outside, and they took good care to see that no representative of the seamen was included. Not a single expression of opinion was sought from the officers or men who had in the course of their experiences at sea seen the effects of overcrowding, and who, as practical mariners, knew what result would follow any deepening by extra cargo of a vessel's hull. Mr. Chamberlain's Committee had laid it down as a cardinal doctrine that only a body representative of the seamen, as of other interests, could competently advise the State in this matter; but the first thing one notices about this *ad hoc* Com-

mittee is that, not only does it exclude the seamen from its membership, but it does not even hear their evidence.

The Committee, in fact,
 Represented the Shipowners, and the
 Shipowners only.

What followed? The Committee concluded its labours in November, 1905. The General Election took place almost immediately after. The Liberals were returned, and Mr. Lloyd George found himself at the Board of Trade. Almost the first document that he found put before him for signature were the rules altering the load line in accordance with the findings of the Committee. In an evil moment for himself and for his party, and under the advice of the permanent officials of the Board of Trade, he authorised the rules that destroyed Plimsoll's life-work!

Then, and then only, if we are to believe the testimony of the seamen's representative in Parliament, did the House hear of the alteration in the rules, and that they heard of it too late I shall show in my next article.

For the Undoing of the Plimsoll Line has meant the drowning of poor Jack in thousands; the revival of horrors worse than the coffin ships; the perpetration of cynical injustices more cruel than any of those against which Plimsoll thundered. In a word, it has meant the needless sacrifice of our seamen to enrich capitalists who admittedly are among the most prosperous of our merchant princes.



CORRESPONDENCE

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Owing to the large number of letters received it is necessary for correspondents to write briefly if their letters are to appear.

NEW ZEALAND AND DEFENCE.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—I observe that this country is still being flooded with literature headed "Warnings to Emigrants," etc., and many newspapers with letters regarding New Zealand's Defence scheme; also pathetic stories are being told respecting a few stormy petrels who have left the Dominion.

It is as well to make it quite clear that New Zealand has a Defence scheme in operation which has met with the almost unanimous support of our Parliament, and has been before the people at three elections; and a case has recently come under my notice of a man with a grown-up family regarding the Defence scheme as an additional reason for his settling there. The intention of the Act is to train our young men so that they may take a manly and effective part should ever an attack be made upon our country. It is absurd for us to rely upon, and improper that we should expect, Britain's furnishing us with the means of defence in a case of emergency. We realise that if Britain is involved in a war she will require all her forces for that war. We are also aware that we are not far distant from Asia, from which continent trouble may come. Our people live in a delightful country, and in no place on God's earth is there a better opening for industrious, well-doing folk. That being the case, it is the intention of our people to retain, if possible, that country for those who realise the great privileges they enjoy in living there.

Certain people have returned to the Old Land, and we New Zealanders are heartily glad to be rid of them. They used the money of the colonists to help



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them to travel to New Zealand, and they took very little with them; some of them did remarkably well during the time they lived in the Dominion, and I might say that not only did some create disturbances there in connection with our military training, but in a few instances they quarrelled with Church, School, and Councils.

We wish it to be distinctly understood that we have no desire to receive anyone in New Zealand who has not the manliness to take his share in defending that country and in protecting its women and children should ever troublous times arise. We do not want them, and we are glad to be rid of those who have, unfortunately, used our money to go to our country, and who have broken the obligations they took upon themselves when they received that money. I would add that these people, before being assisted to emigrate, were supplied with literature showing that they were subject to be called upon to render military service. It should be mentioned that those who undergo military training receive at least 28s. per week during that training, and are provided with food and accommodation. I notice my predecessor in office is reported to have said since his return to New Zealand that he had heard of objections to universal training made there by a small section of people, but it was his opinion that if there were men who were not prepared to do their duty to protect their mothers, sisters, and wives from a foreign foe, he would gladly contribute his share in assisting them to leave the country.

More people are applying just now to go to New Zealand than we are prepared to take, so that those who are spending their money in warning their friends to stay away are really rendering us a most valuable service, because they are preventing the undesirables from going, and leaving room for people of grit and courage to take the available space on board the vessels.—I am, sir, etc.,

THOMAS MACKENZIE

(High Commissioner for New Zealand.)

London, S.W., August 6th, 1913.

CANADA AND ITS NEWSPAPERS.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—I have read with very great interest the articles from the pen of Mr. G. C. Thompson, of *Swift Current*. Many of the statements appearing in those two articles I agree with, but some seem very wide of the mark. In particular, I would like to register a protest against Mr. Thompson's remarks anent Canadian newspapers. He says: "But the Yankee journalism has gripped Canadian papers. With a few creditable exceptions, they are sensational, inaccurate, and violently partisan"—and more along the same lines. As a newspaper man, I want to say that Mr. Thompson is egregiously in error. Canadian papers, for the most part, are absolutely opposite to the yellow press papers over the line. They are not sensational—not anything like as much so as the *London Daily Mail* or the one-time *Morning Leader*.

They are remarkably accurate. The Canadian Press Association sees to that. They have an excellent cable service, and their news is generally reliable. Exaggeration is taboo by the majority of editors, both of dailies and weeklies. As to being violently partisan, they are not as much so as the *London* or *New York* dailies. There is, of course, a certain amount of political mud-flinging, but of the press of the three countries, England, the States, and Canada, I firmly believe that Canada stands first as representing to the people the news, uncoloured by party sentiment.

Of course, every twopenny-halfpenny town along the prairie can't be expected to write editorials such as appear in the *Times*. The public doesn't give them the same support!

I am surprised that Mr. G. C. Thompson has seen one of the most important institutions in Canada through coloured glasses. Canadians and Britishers alike can point to the *Toronto Globe*, the *Manitoba Free Press*, the *Toronto Star*, to mention only a very few of the leading dailies, and find there complete refutation of Mr. Thompson's remarks.—I am, sir, etc.,

HUGH S. EAYRS

(Financial Editor, *Canadian Courier*, Toronto, Ont.)

Toronto, July 31st, 1913.

THE PRICE OF SOCIAL REFORM.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—I have read with interest the article in your current issue by C. B. Purdom entitled "The Price." May I endeavour to express my opinion that there is yet another reason, reacting upon the religious one, which goes to aggravate discontent amongst those for whom we work in matters of social reform. This, it seems to me, is the lack of adherence to the maxim, "Aide-toi, le ciel t'aidera." We do much *for* these people—we do so little *with* them. We agitate for the passing of laws which will make ill-health a punishable offence, but we do little (a little albeit) to encourage them to build up *for themselves* and by their own effort a strong race of men and women. If they were put in the right way of winning for themselves those advantages which we lavish upon them gratis, they would assuredly value those advantages, and their happiness would be well earned, without the price they can so little afford to pay.—I am, sir, etc.,

C. M. DAVIES.

Kew, August 10th, 1913.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—The audacity, nay, the absurdity, of Mr. C. B. Purdom's contention is apparent if his argument, or at least the logical issue of his attitude, is put into plain language. In short, it is this: it is a loss rather than a gain to provide our working classes with the necessities and comforts which are theirs by right. They must not have stable employment, clean, healthy and beautiful homes, or any material prosperity, because, we are told, they will pay the price (and more than the price) in the loss of their freedom—a loose generality, which rolls well on the tongue.

But, to be quite blunt, what freedom has the poor man of to-day except that of going to the devil as quickly as possible? What freedom has he except that of making himself a nuisance not only to himself, but to everybody else?

We are asked to allow him to be free to do as much harm as he likes (to bring into the world in sordidness and misery, for instance, a generation which, born in poverty and squalor, is doomed by the circumstances of its upbringing and environment to a brutish existence, devoid of either spiritual or physical health, to a life fruitful of nothing except degradation and disease), with the certainty that he is competent under existing conditions to do nothing else but this mischief. For—and this is the important point—your poor man is disqualified, through no fault of his own, from the possession of any true freedom, either physically or spiritually, by that very weight of poverty which your contributor quite readily admits can be removed (but about the results of which dis-

(Continued on page 598.)

GALA WEEK AT LE TOUQUET

**LE TOUQUET'S INVITATION TO "EVERYMAN"
READERS TO VISIT THEIR DELIGHTFUL ARCADY
BESIDE THE SILVER SEA.**

A WEEK'S HEALTH AND PLEASURE CARNIVAL AT LE TOUQUET.

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THE CONDITIONS ARE IDEAL.

Le Touquet is only 4½ hours from London, and from taking train at Charing Cross on Friday, the 12th September, to the return on the following Friday, the guest need not worry about anything. He travels first class by rail and boat, and all he has to do is just to enjoy himself. Even his tips to railway porters and hotel servants are paid for him throughout, nor has he anything to pay for motor conveyance for himself or luggage between trains and hotel. And at Touquet he is free to everything: first-class accommodation in one of the two principal hotels—the Atlantic or the Hermitage; free entrée to the two casinos, to the operas, concerts, and balls; to the golf links and tennis courts, for tournaments—in fact, he has practically the full liberty of the place, in addition to free transit to and fro, for

AN ALL-EMBRACING COST OF TEN GUINEAS.

The Atlantic Hotel, on the seashore, and the Hermitage, in the Forest, are real hotels de luxe, and are under the proprietorship of Messrs. Diétté and Recoursine, the well-known hosts of the Royal Palace Hotel, Paris. So the best entertainment is assured as far as hotels are concerned. The environment on every side is enchanting, and the company always fashionable and select, yet wonderfully animated and *chic*. The stretch of sandy beach is always lovely, and at

THE GRAND CASINO IN THE FOREST

there is life and gaiety enough for anyone. Here, indeed, we feel the joy of life in the highest degree. The edifice is stately, the rooms are magnificent, the grounds are exquisitely laid out, and all around is the health-giving pine forest, with its aromatic odours and picturesque groves and avenues. And for this great Carnival Week the Casino will be a wondrous scene, inside and out. The two orchestras will discourse the finest modern music, and Parisian Opera Companies will perform in the theatre.

UNSURPASSABLE OPPORTUNITIES FOR GOLF AND TENNIS.

Harry Vardon, who spends a considerable time here every year, has pronounced the Le Touquet 18 and 9 golf course, rich in natural hazards and perfect greens, to be the finest on the Continent; it combines the properties of seaside and inland golf in a manner not to be found elsewhere. There are thirteen lawn tennis courts, in perfect condition, beautifully situated in the forest, with pleasant and ample accommodation for onlookers.

THOSE WHO WISH TO DANCE THE TANGO

will be able to enjoy themselves to their heart's content in the great ball-room. A Tango Competition, for which there will be a lady's and a gentleman's prize, will be one of the features of the week. The Tango dancers from Paris, London, and other places will be in great evidence. Dancing will be in progress, moreover, at all hours after dinner, one orchestra playing in the ball-room until 12, and, for those who desire, another orchestra will play at the Supper Club, from 12 onwards. This will be

A WEEK TO BE REMEMBERED.

Every day of this week will be full of incident and delight. The scene will at all times, by day or night, be one of infinite pleasure. Dulness will be impossible. The company will be such as it will be a gladness to associate with, and, with so universal a favourite as Miss Harding, well known in dancing circles, acting as hostess, to help matters forward and spread the social feeling, the enlivening pace of things will be admirably maintained. Two grand balls will take place during the week, and the Tango dancing will be a revelation in the animation, grace, and refinement of movement displayed. The Tango competitions will bring together the most active exponents of this new terpsichorean exercise. The time of the year for this Festival Week has been happily chosen. Even those who have already had a holiday will be glad of this opportunity for a final "round up" for health and pleasure's sake, before turning to the workaday business of life and the trials of the wintry climate. We shall realise that, with "Youth at the prow and pleasure at the helm," it is always inspiring to glide down the stream of life. A week of this kind gives a new zest to existence.

BOOKINGS.

Scores of nice people have already booked for the Gala week, and readers should lose no time in registering their names, as the accommodation of the Hermitage and Atlantic Hotels at this time of the year is, of course, limited, and immediately the accommodation is all booked up no more names can be accepted. Further information, with the week's programme illustrated in colours, will be furnished with pleasure by the Secretary, Le Touquet Gala Committee, 25, Sardinia House, Kingsway, London, W.C.

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INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS OF MEDICINE.

At the International Congress of Medicine, which was held in London during the first week of August, Messrs. A. Wulfging and Co. were awarded the Grand Prix for their well-known tonic-food, Sanatogen. It is a significant fact that an international jury of leading medical men should have singled out this preparation for the highest possible award, and the makers are to be heartily congratulated on their success. Sanatogen has a world-wide reputation, and thoroughly deserves the good opinion held of it by the medical profession.

placement he comes to such a faulty conclusion)—is disqualified by that very poverty which throws such a torpor over his mental faculties, and which binds his intellect with such iron chains of ignorance and stupidity.

The daily existence in slumdom not only stunts the growth of the body, but crabs the development of the mind. The lack of free air and proper nourishment emaciates the flesh; the degrading life in factory or hovel shrivels up the soul. No true freedom is possible under such conditions, and it is only through the removal of such restrictions and impediments that the poor man can hope for freedom—for free play of muscle and mind, for depth of feeling, and for clearness of vision—in short, for purity of soul.

E. E. R.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—As a Socialist, I cannot let Mr. Purdom's provocative article go unchallenged. I cannot understand how he can seriously argue that the abolition of poverty would inevitably rob the masses of their liberty and their joy in life. What liberty is possible to the man who is compelled to perform some monotonous act of drudgery for twelve or fourteen hours a day without respite till a pauper's grave shall claim him? What joy is his who labours for a bare subsistence wage which leaves no margin for those things which lend refinement and meaning to life? This is the condition of millions of our "imperial" race, and yet Mr. Purdom seems to think that it is in these circumstances that the soul will attain its highest development. It follows that in future we must look to the slum and the sweater's den for all our great artists and teachers!

I agree with Mr. Purdom that the tendency of modern social legislation is to restrict liberty—the unlicensed liberty of those anti-social forces which undermine the liberties of the mass of the people. The history of civilisation is the record of the struggle to obtain the greatest good of the greatest number by the restriction of the liberty of the jungle. To-day we are finding that *laissez-faire* has not resulted in the promotion of the common weal, but rather in the reduction of the people to a state of wage-slavery. We are realising that the class which controls the economic conditions of liberty controls liberty itself, and that only when the exploitation of man by man is utterly abolished will man be free. The Socialists—who represent the greatest international force the world has ever seen—are therefore demanding the transfer of economic power from the capitalist class to the whole people by the collectivisation of industry.

Mr. Purdom, as a true disciple of Mr. Belloc, would tell us that this would result in the establishment of the Servile State, and that people would soon discover that official is but employer writ large, to adapt Milton's famous saying. But that is to ignore the fact that in a democratic Socialist State the destiny of the people would be in their own hands. An autocratic bureaucracy is impossible if adequate democratic control is exercised.—I am, sir, etc., H. CAVE.

Ealing, W., August 11th, 1913.

THE LETTERS OF CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—The article on the above subject by your contributor, Margaret Hamilton, is such as to call for a strong protest. In her anxiety to vindicate Charlotte Brontë she falls into the error of disparaging Professor Héger, not perceiving that what detracts from the worth of the one seriously accuses the judgment of the

other. If Professor Héger was "elderly, obese, and obtuse"—"a stolid Fleming," how shall we acquit the perception of Charlotte Brontë for investing such a figure with the attributes of a Prince Charming? Our great English writer emerges from the ordeal more honourably and creditably when Héger is faithfully portrayed, for her sense was more wonderful than her genius.

When Charlotte Brontë went to Brussels she was twenty-six years of age; Professor Héger was a little over thirty. He could scarcely be called "middle-aged or elderly." So far from being a stolid pedagogue, he was an accomplished man—enthusiastic, passionate, and tender. Imagination played as large a part in his nature as "pedagogic precision," as the following incident reveals. When Charlotte Brontë was writing for his inspection on the subject of Moses on Mount Nebo, after stating the circumstances in which he took leave of the Israelites, her imagination became warmed, and she launched forth in a noble strain, depicting the glorious future of the chosen people. Before reaching the middle of this glowing description, however, she interrupts herself to discuss the doubts that have been thrown on the miracles of the Old Testament. M. Héger remarks, "When you are writing, place your argument first in cool, prosaic language; but when you have thrown the reins on the neck of your imagination, do not pull her up to reason." Does this savour of "pedagogic precision"?

Mrs. Frederika Macdonald, who was a pupil of M. and Madame Héger's twenty years after Charlotte Brontë returned to England, bears testimony to the magnetic influence of Héger, and says "it is absurd to describe him as an insignificant little Belgian schoolmaster who would never have been heard of but for the idolatry of a woman of genius."

The preservation and publication of the letters may move some to censure Héger. But let us be charitable. When we look into our own hearts condemnation dies on our lips. Who would not be proud to be the recipient of such letters? In conclusion, let us be thankful that the suffering soul of Charlotte Brontë passed stainless through a path beset with many pitfalls; and if the letters show how severe was her suffering, they reveal also the saintly purity of one who, in more ways than one, was a whole heaven above us.

—I am, sir, etc., S. WHORTON.

Norton Canes, Cannock.

THE MAN BEFORE THE MAST.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Mr. Sheridan Jones' article under the above heading proved of immense interest to me, as I have had two years as apprentice on a foreign-going steamship. Your correspondent E. A. Davies makes an erroneous statement when he says the exacting eye-tests of the Board of Trade have no relation whatever to the requirements at sea. It is imperative for a seaman to have perfect sight, whether he is on deck or on the bridge. Seafarers generally are only too glad to pass these tests, knowing what it means to them. They know, only too well, that, in case of the stranding or wreck of the vessel, the odds are, if they have defective sight, they will be blamed. A man at sea has a soul. He knows that if his sight is not good he may be the cause of the drowning of numbers of his fellow-creatures.

I think, personally, that the eye examination is not strict enough, and I know that it is frequently laughed at by men in the mercantile marine. I was forced to leave the sea through defective eyesight. Two Board

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I want every sufferer from weak sight to read this announcement. I want even sufferers from terrible diseases such as Glaucoma and Cataract to write to me. Read the wonderful letter of Miss Jane Walker, who, writing for her mother, Mrs. Julia Walker (aged 68), of Church Street, Tenbury Wells, Worcester, says:—"Mother suffered from Cataract, but derived much benefit from your treatment. She would have been blind by now but for you." Mrs. Walker's sight failed 30 years ago, and she wore glasses for 25 years.

I have cured so many that I am confident I can cure you. To this you perhaps reply, "If you are so confident, send me your Treatment on free trial. You can give me no better proof than this."

I offer all sufferers a 10 Days' Free Trial, on the understanding that if their sight is not improved the trial will not cost them a penny. No offer could be fairer. Either the trial benefits your sight or you pay nothing. You will be the sole judge of the efficacy of my system, and I pledge myself to accept your word without the slightest hesitation.

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of Trade examiners passed my sight as "excellent," but, after I had been about two years at sea, it was found my sight was not all that could be desired. I was seen by a well-known oculist, who said that my sight was not, and never could have been, good enough for the sea, and expressed great surprise when he saw my Board of Trade certificates.

In the interests of the toilers and travellers on the seas more stringent regulations are needed, and what is perhaps even more necessary, competent examiners. Wishing the best penny literary paper of the century every success,—I am, sir, etc.,

Norwich, August 15th, 1913.

H. W. HOWES.

SATANISM.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Not a few statements in Mr. Bernard Hamilton's article (August 8, p. 519) on "The Literary Side of Satanism" must have taken the readers of EVERYMAN by surprise. Why was a statue of Carducci erected in Rome? Not because he was a Satanist, but because he was a great poet, of whom Italy is justly proud. But was Carducci a preacher of Satanism? There is nothing in his poetry to support the assertion except the title, and the title only, of one of his poems, "The Hymn to Satan," where Satan is merely the symbol of rebellion against the restraints of freedom. Moreover, the poet himself held this youthful performance as of no account in his life-work. In fact, the accusation of Satanism would be better founded if directed against Milton and Goethe than against Carducci. Then, again, what about the spread of Satanism in present-day Italy? That cannot be proved either by modern novels or mediæval treatises, and intelligent and observant Italy is not aware of its existence. Italian friends in whose company I am spending my holidays—men and women of literary culture, interested in social and intellectual movements, and connoisseurs of Carducci's poetry—confirm my views. I am afraid (or, rather, I am glad) Mr. Hamilton's facts and assumptions do not justify his conclusions. There always have been and will be cranks and weak-minded followers of them, but the twentieth century is not in the least likely to have to face the question of Satanism *versus* Christianity, or Satanism *versus* any other alternative.—I am, sir, etc.,

Les Bossons, Haute Savoie.

F. N.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—In writing on the subject of Satanism Mr. Bernard Hamilton has, it appears to me, shown himself frightened at the word. As regards the subject, no one can hold it in greater abhorrence than myself. But I am not impressed either with blessed or cursed words. And it is evidently the hatred of a word that causes Mr. Hamilton to label Carducci a Satanist. I maintain, however, that *l'Inno a Satana* has nothing whatever to do with Satanism or devil-worship. The poem was written by Carducci in 1863 under the name of Enotris Romano, but on being called the "Poet of Satan" he immediately repudiated the title and the hymn, calling it a *chitarronata*. I am not for a moment going to defend the tone or the taste of the poem; my contention is that it is not representative of Carducci. Carducci regarded it as a juvenile outburst. Never again did he use such violence against Christianity. In reality, the poem is of the Nature school and full of the classical spirit. It is a protest against slavery of any kind, and a plea for the joys of the earth. The Hellenism of the poem is as far removed from Satanism and devil-worship as is the

Paganism of Wordsworth's famous sonnet, "The World is Too Much with Us." The man was no Satanist who could write such masterpieces as "Alle fonti del Clitumno," "Dinanzi alle terme di Caracalla," "Sermione," "Per la morte di Napoleone Eugenio," "Scoglio di Quarto," "Miramar," "Alla Regina d'Italia," "Alla stazione in una mattina d'autunno," "Presso l'urna di Percy Bysshe Shelley," and "Lauda Spirituale." The last is one of the few great Christian odes of the nineteenth century, and for matter and style is little inferior to any of Manzoni's *Inni Sacri*. Why a statue to such a genius as Carducci should so annoy Mr. Hamilton passes my comprehension. Instead of denouncing the man, would it not be better to read the poet?—I am, sir, etc.,

August 10th, 1913.

E. J. WATSON.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—I know nothing about Satanism, but, if it means a worship of evil, I am sure Carducci's "Hymn to Satan" has nothing to do with it. It is a capital hymn to life and the modern spirit, in a good swinging rhythm. Satan is addressed as the enemy of despotism and priestcraft, much like what was probably Goethe's first conception of Mephistopheles in "Faust" as the enemy of mediævalism. The poem appeals to Wyclif and Huss, Savonarola and Luther, as champions of the cause it advocates. The lines your correspondent quotes are not so bad, surely, if you put them in such a context. "Force, champion of Reason," is not a bad thing to be. "The Jehovah of the priests" stands for the cruel old gods of barbarism and sacerdotalism. I wish I could translate a few verses of it; but Carducci's metre and rhymes are too felicitous for me to venture on. Here is a very rough attempt:—

"See how they tremble—
The crown and the mitre;
Out of the cloister
Thunders the fighter,

Preaching rebellion
Under the "stola"*
Of Brother Girólamo
Sávonaróla.

There is a lovely verse which I have constantly in mind:—

"Quándo le ioniche
Aure serene
Béd la Vénere
Anadróméne."

(When Venus, rising from the sea, drank the tranquil airs of Ionia.)

I have marked the rhythm, which is great part of the beauty.

The end of the poem identifies Satan (*i.e.*, progress) with the steam engine!—I am, sir, etc.,

August 12.

BERNARD BOSANQUET.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Your contributor Mr. Bernard Hamilton thinks "the man in the street" is much maligned. Why, then, should he proceed to malign literary London? "Devil-worship," he declares, "is as rife in London to-day as it was on the Continent during the middle ages." And, in support of this frightful accusation, he refers to Fraser Stahlmann's novel "The Satanist" (a piece of fiction about Italy), to the Italian poet Carducci, who lived on the borders of insanity, and to an anonymous story in *Blackwood's* published about fifteen years ago, ending his sensational article

* Gown.

(Continued on page 602.)

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DELIGHTED!

August 9th. Aylesbury.
I am pleased to say I was *delighted* with the "Everyman" arrangements for the Swiss Tour, and I hope next year to avail myself of another of the opportunities they offer.
J. S.
August 19th. Sunderland.
It gives me great pleasure to say how much my wife and I enjoyed our holiday in Paris and Rouen.
The arrangements made by you for our comfort were most satisfactory, and enabled us, under the guidance of your very able conductor, to visit many places which otherwise we should not have seen.
The extent of the satisfaction may be gauged by the fact that we are already contemplating a visit to Switzerland next summer under the "Everyman" auspices.
J. G.
August 18th. Northampton.
I feel I must write a few lines to thank you for the very pleasant holiday I enjoyed in Normandy this month. Though very diffident about joining the party alone I never regretted it, and enjoyed each day thoroughly. The happy result was chiefly due to the conductor's unflinching courtesy and kindness, and in great measure to the friendliness of the very agreeable people who formed the party.
D. R. W. P.
August 11th, 1913. London, E.C.
We have much pleasure in stating that our Tour in Bruges and Knocke was everything that one could desire considering the low cost. With many thanks for your kind attention.
C. R. P.
August 7th. Lancs.
It gives me much pleasure to say that Miss C. and myself thoroughly enjoyed our "Everyman" Tour to Belgium and the Ardennes.
Nobody could possibly have been more solicitous for our comfort and pleasure than our very capable and tactful guide, and we hereby thank him most cordially for his unsparring efforts to do all in his power for us. We shall hope to have the pleasure of being "guided" by him on some future occasion.
A. R.
August 11th, 1913. Co. Antrim.
I have pleasure in stating that my sister and brother and myself enjoyed our Tour in Belgium very much. We found the arrangements made by you very satisfactory, and the accommodation provided was excellent, quite superior, in fact, to what we expected for the very reasonable sum charged. Wishing you all success in your efforts to bring the enjoyment of foreign travel within the reach of "Everyman."
S. R. McC.

The original letters from which the above extracts have been taken can be seen at the Offices of "Everyman."

DATE OF DEPARTURE.
SEPTEMBER 6th.
A Week's Personally conducted Tour to
PARIS
The City of Fascinations,
including three all-day Drives and Fees to all places of interest visited, costs **£5.5.0**

DATE OF DEPARTURE.
SEPTEMBER 6th.
A Fortnight's Personally conducted Tour to
ROUEN
The Valley of the Seine
AND
PARIS
including all Excursions, costs about **£9.0.0**

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A FORTNIGHT AT BRUGES AND KNOCKE-SUR-MER
A week's stay in medieval Bruges—the city left stranded by Time and History—and a week in the rapidly-grown seaside resort, with some of the finest golf links in Europe, including four delightful Excursions at Bruges, hotel accommodation, and travel to and from, costs under **£5.0.0**

Independent Tours.
Those who prefer to travel independently have the trouble of making arrangements taken entirely off their shoulders, as we provide a carefully planned programme in which all arrangements are made. EVERYMAN will provide you with travel tickets, hotel coupons, and in some cases excursion coupons as well. Times of arrival are notified to the Hotel Proprietors with whom accommodation has been booked beforehand. In the majority of cases travellers are met at the stations, and, in fact, every item of the itinerary of an enjoyable holiday is made in advance.

Send for a Copy of the Tours Booklet (free).

"EVERYMAN" Tours Dept., Aldine House, Bedford Street, Strand, London, W.C.

with the words, "That there are Satanists among us in London to-day we cannot positively doubt." This is the evidence for devil-worship in London, the support he relies on for an insinuation that could not be worse. But the mere recital of this evidence should suffice to reassure your readers. As a fact, the devil in these days is scarcely a personage substantial enough to command worship, but, if he were, I should hold amongst his most ardent worshippers those who, out of some inner superstition, seek to blacken the features of humanity. There is one comfort: a breath of wholesome sanity quickly disperses these miasmatic suggestions.—I am, sir, etc.,

ARTHUR EBBELS.

Epsom, August 11th, 1913.

TO SEE THE SEA.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Please acknowledge in EVERYMAN the sums of 2s. 6d. from L. N. and 10s. from J. W. H.—Yours faithfully,
(Rev.) FRANK SWAINSON.
London, N.



AN OLD TIME LEGEND

MR. BERNARD CAPES, in his latest novel, *THE POT OF BASIL* (Constable and Son, 6s.), has revived an old legend with exquisite results. The tale of Isabella and her soldier lover is one of those world-myths that are eternal. It needs an artist to select the essentials of a legend, to prune away the excrescences that have grown up round the main motive, and at the same time to preserve in its entirety the essence of the romance. The author's style, swift and dramatic, capable at once of delicate humour and rare pathos, lends itself admirably to the telling of the tale. Isabella, the Infanta of Spain, falls in love with Tiretta, the soldier of fortune, who is acting as deputy for Joseph, Archduke of Austria, in treaty for her hand. It is in the orange grove that they realise what has befallen them. "All the glowing air was steeped in incense, . . . the smell of warm, moistened grass rose to mix with and threaten the languider perfume, whose excess had otherwise been cloy. No whisper breathed, no blade stirred in all the lovely grove." Isabella, a child in emotion for all her rank, gives her heart, in all its untutored affection, to Bonbec, as she calls the Chevalier. No love tokens pass between them save those that might be bestowed by a peasant maid upon her sweetheart. She gives him a faded flower, a sprig of love-in-a-mist that she dropped and he stole at their first meeting. He gives her a pot of sweet basil, the plant that "flowers best when watered with the blood of murdered men." It is in the midst of this love idyll, when the air is drenched with the perfume of the orange blossom, that Mr. Capes first sounds the note of tragedy. Says Tiretta, as he hands his lady love the basil, "I have a strange feeling about it . . . that its flowering will coincide with our love's triumph; that it waits to be the symbol of our bridal." And, as we read, a shadow falls athwart the brilliance of the day, and the wind falls to moaning in the tree-tops. The lovers are betrayed by the treachery of Isabella's waiting-maid, Fanchette. She is drawn with rare skill, and is the treacherous confidante beloved of romance; we meet her type in every fairy tale. But, while preserving the traits of the popular ideal, Mr. Capes has sketched for us a living reality. The Parisienne, with her slim waist and dapper figure, impresses one with reality. She does not betray her mistress for money.

Mr. Capes introduces a fresh element. She yields to the persuasions of her lover, Charlot, who, consumed with envy of Tiretta, desires to bring about his downfall. The suspicions of Court are aroused. Tiretta is banished, and Isabella accepts the betrothal ring of Joseph. But love laughs at ceremony, and the Infanta meets again and again the man of her choice, until that last night when they plan to leave behind all obstacles to their union and set sail for the north. Fanchette agrees to help the elopement. Charlot, full of suspicion, steps in. He meets Fanchette in the presbytery of a church, and one of the most poignant and dramatic scenes of the whole book ensues. The maid, touched to some extent by Isabella's charm, and influenced by a certain admiration for Tiretta, refuses to connive at his assassination. Charlot threatens that she may pay for her refusal dearly. She grows hysterical, loses all vestige of self-control. There follows a fierce struggle, until at last he masters her. "He felt behind him for a riding-switch he had laid there, and, holding her arm with his left, applied it to her shoulders. One of them had been wrenched bare in the tussle. He did not spare the naked flesh for that, but rather lusted to see it quiver and crimson under his blows." She was beaten into submission, and the author gives us a swift glimpse into the brutality that underlay the sentiment of the time when, after all is over and Fanchette has consented to play the part of Judas, her lover gives her an unspeakable caress. "With lips like salve he touched the wounded flesh. 'Chère amie—Fanchette—no, I will not loose you.'" The assassination of Tiretta is quiet, almost placid, in contrast. The inevitable happens; tradition is satisfied, the legend of hopeless love is preserved extant. Bonbec is dead, and leaves the pot of basil as a legacy and an assurance. Isabella marries Joseph and bears him a daughter; but though she makes a docile, uncomplaining wife, the heart has gone out of her, she is but the wraith of her old joyous self. Three years after her wedding the pot of basil, that for all her care has never put forth a single bud, suddenly and mysteriously flowers, and she recognises it as a signal for the reunion with her lover. The night she makes the discovery she laughs for the first time since her wedding, and sits with her husband a while in the balcony overlooking gardens mystic and wonderful in the moonshine. Of a sudden she hears a cry, and with outstretched arms rushes out into the night. "When he reached her she lay in that drowning tide of light like a spent phantom of the mist. A smile of utter rest was on her lips."

And thus the curtain rings down on an exquisite rendering of an old legend.



BOOKS OF THE WEEK

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE continues the adventures of Professor Challenger and his friends in *THE POISONED BELT* (Hodder and Stoughton, 3s. 6d. net). The plot is hardly so arresting as that of "The Lost World," but there are certain scenes that stand out as some of the most dramatic of the author's effects. Professor Challenger—reminiscent of the delightful egoist in the Stark Munro letters—sends cryptic messages to his three companions of the previous journey, his rival Professor Summerlee, Lord John Roxton, and Malone, the journalist who tells the story. He summons them to come to his country house forthwith, and to bring with them supplies of oxygen. Arrived upon the scene, he tells them that death is a

(Continued on page 604.)

50 "Everyman" SCHOLARSHIPS

No Entrance Fee to "Everyman" Readers. No Specialized Knowledge Required.

THE world owes a decent living to everyone who is willing to work, but to get adequate reward for labour you must work with brain as well as muscles. Manual labour is so under-paid that you must do mental work, work that is wanted, and well paid for.

No field of effort is less crowded to-day than that of the new art of advertising. I don't mean the old catch phrases and exaggerations that disfigured the walls and periodicals of the last generation, but sane, interesting statements of fact.

Profitable Truth-telling.

Honesty is the best policy in advertising. People grew tired of being deceived by the exaggerations of the older advertisers, and when they found a merchant whose statements were dependable, they gave him their custom and repeat orders, and his business flourished accordingly. The leading modern advertisers have learned the profitableness of truth-telling.

An illustrated description of an article allows the prospective buyer to consider and compare its advantages at leisure. The press and the postal system has extended the range of commerce to spheres undreamt of by our grandfathers.

Instead of selling goods within the confines of one town or village, with advertising a man can have regular customers scattered over two Continents.

Commonsense Training.

To write advertisements needs commonsense knowledge of the use of words, and training. Finding things out for oneself is a slow and disheartening method of learning a business. With proper training a man can at once begin to turn his talents to practical account. No matter where he lives, he can earn money by writing advertisements, because most advertising work is done by post. EVERYMAN readers should know and judge for themselves the possibilities of this profession. The directors of the Practical Correspondence College herewith offer 50 scholarships in advertisement writing.

Earning While Learning.

The College is conducted by well-known British experts. It teaches by post modern professions and helps students to earn while they learn.

Scholarships are open to readers upon the following unprecedented terms:

The 50 candidates who send in the best answers to the test questions will receive the full course of postal tuition at half the regular fees, the remaining half to be paid only when you have earned £10 by advertisement writing as a result of the tuition.

Wanted Men and Women with Brains.

The tuition is planned to enable men and women with brains and enterprise to acquire in the shortest possible time a money-earning degree of proficiency in a lucrative profession—which offers unlimited scope.

The object of these scholarships is to select as students those who are best fitted to profit by the instruction, and, therefore, most likely to achieve ultimate success as advertisement writers, thereby demonstrating the efficiency of the P.C.C. system of training.

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 anything from £1 to £10 a week to them.

No previous knowledge of the subject is necessary to successfully answer the test questions of the examination paper—they are set to enable the instructors to decide if you have sufficient latent talent for the work to make it worth while to teach you.

The P.C.C. directors know what splendid prospects advertising work offers, and they have confidence, based upon wide experience, in their ability to teach and help students to become successful advertisement writers.

Many P.C.C. students earn more than the amount of fees paid before completing the course.

Get Out of the Rut of Routine.

P.C.C. students include men and women in all walks of life; they are anxious to get out of the rut of routine, and every post brings grateful letters from students in all parts of the world, telling us of their success, the work they are doing, and how good it feels to be able to earn money in a new, uncrowded and interesting profession.

If you have common sense and ambition, here is your chance to find an outlet for your dormant abilities, to enhance your "market value," and enable you to rise steadily, surely, and make your way in the world.

No examination papers can be received after September 8th. Applications will be dealt with in strict rotation, and applicants will be notified immediately all the Scholarships have been awarded.

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You must send a postcard *at once* for the examination form, so that you can devote a little spare time and thought to answering the test questions. 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.

Surely you will risk a halfpenny stamp and investigate this Scholarship offer in which the College risks hundreds of pounds.

In addition to the Examination Paper, the College will send *gratis* to every applicant a copy of a useful booklet, *Brains and Ink*, and particulars of the Course and the Scholarships.

It costs nothing to enter; you risk nothing more than three halfpence for postage. You commit yourself to nothing, and you stand a good chance of success.

Address, The Secretary, Practical Correspondence College, 77, Thanet House, Strand, W.C.

Write "Scholarship" in top left corner.

The individual training is personally conducted by an expert of International Reputation. Instruction is entirely by correspondence. You work at home in your own time, and twelve months are allowed to complete the course. If you fail to earn £10 you get your training at half price. Our interests are mutual. We only receive full fees for our teaching and help when you have earned £10. Could anything be fairer?



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SUBSCRIPTION, 12/6 per annum.

matter of hours. The world is passing through a belt of poison, and the toxic effects will mean the death of every living thing upon the earth. Oxygen may prolong existence for a few hours, and to this end he instructed them to bring all the cylinders they could carry. One of the most impressive scenes in the book is when, after an interminable wait, they find the air in the last cylinder is becoming exhausted. "The sun had burst through the gauzy mists which veiled it, and the whole broad world was washed in golden light. Sitting in our dark and poisonous atmosphere, that glorious, clean, wind-swept countryside seemed a very dream of beauty. . . . The atmosphere was already very close. It seemed to me that the shadows of death were drawing in upon us—the last of our race. It was like an invisible curtain closing down upon every side." The strain grows too intense. Challenger and his friends decide to end it and to let the poison in.

"'Good-bye, young fellah,' said Lord John. 'The window's plastered up. You cannot open it.' Challenger stooped and raised his wife, pressing her to his breast, while she threw her arms round his neck.

"'Give me that field-glass, Malone,' said he gravely . . . 'into the hands of the Power that made us we render ourselves again!' he shouted in his voice of thunder, and at the words he hurled the field-glass through the window."

And then follows the sensation of the book. You catch your breath, thinking they will all fall dead; but "before the last tingle of falling fragments had died away there came the wholesome breath of the wind, blowing strong and sweet. . . . The world had cleared the poisoned belt!" Of the subsequent adventures of the party it is only necessary to say that the interest is sustained, and the descriptions of the dead world are picturesque and convincing.

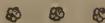
• • •

The author of "The Adventures of John Johns" has given us a lengthy diagnosis of the mental, moral, and physical diseases from which a financier of the name of Alster is suffering. TANTALUS (Werner Laurie, 6s.) deals with a man of forty-six suffering from too much money, too much pleasure, and general plethora. The book has a nasty flavour. The author dwells unceasingly on the ill effects resultant on sexual indulgence. Alster is engaged in a number of sordid intrigues, from which he seems to derive but little joy. He bitterly upbraids the objects of his attention, and is for ever deploring the calls they make on his purse and on his time. When he is not engaged in bullying these unfortunate women he is either taking his temperature or measuring the calves of his legs. He lives in hourly dread of growing old, yet takes no reasonable precautions to retain his health. The reader is wearied by a reiteration of his symptoms, and feels at last that he is assisting at a protracted deathbed. The financier, however, does not die; he marries a young wife, loses a great deal of his money, and the author leaves him in an advanced state of decrepitude.

• • •

PENELOPE'S DOORS (Mills and Boon, 6s.) is a pleasant story of middle-class life. Miss Ridout, the middle-aged heroine, is a charming woman of unconquerable vivacity, who, like Micawber, has a firm belief in something turning up. The author, Miss Sophie Cole, has drawn a very faithful picture of life in a household of women, for Penelope is not alone; she has adopted three orphan nieces and has sacrificed money and leisure to look after them. Faustina and Madeline, the two elder girls, earn their living as

typists, and the glimpse we get of the offices where they are engaged suggests the real thing. The even tenour of the story is somewhat violently disturbed by the introduction of a bold bad stockbroker with designs on Faustina's virtue. She is decoyed to an impossible flat, from which she is rescued at the psychological moment by her aunt's lodger, a comedian of the name of Tuppy. Apart from this, however, the story is set in a quiet key, and the sketches of people and things are vivid and arresting. Penelope is a lovable heroine, and the conventional happy ending is in her case the only possible one. She loses her money, starts a shop that is an ignominious failure, and then, true to her philosophy, one door having shut, another is opened, and she walks into the arms of Tuppy.



Mrs. Romilly Fedden has written an extravaganza brimful of fun and with touches of clever characterisation. The plot is old, and centres round the outworn theme of one room allotted to a number of people, all of whom claim it at the same time. The scene is laid at a villa in Italy rented by a young honeymoon couple. The accommodation is limited, and they can boast only but one spare room! They yield to a very human impulse, tell their friends they have found an earthly paradise, and, secure in the belief that no one will intrude on their seclusion, lavish invitations right and left. So delightful does the prospect sound, however, that everybody accepts the invitation, and eight or nine competitors arrive simultaneously! Complications, amusing if stereotyped, ensue, and various love affairs are adjusted. The author has a certain charm of style, and *THE SPARE ROOM* (Duckworth, 6s.) will serve to pass away a pleasant hour.



Mr. Booth Tarkington has written a bright and taking story called *THE FLIRT* (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.). Cora, the flirt in question, belongs to a very old type. There is nothing new about this particular variety of coquette, but she is human enough to be accepted without quibble, and sufficiently fascinating to justify her description. The family to which she belongs is typically American, and the local colour is cleverly applied. Laura, the sister of the flirt, is a modern Cinderella, a woman who, to quote a Yankeeism, does not "put all her goods in the shop window." Cora's final achievement is to upset her sister's engagement by attracting Laura's sweetheart and adding him to her list of scalps. Providence intervenes on behalf of Cinderella, and the flirt is married out of hand to an admirer who declines to be dismissed. One of the most delightful episodes of the book concerns Cora's small brother Hedrick, who, allured by the inducements of a small person of the age of twelve, discovers he has fascinated a pretty little imbecile, who insists on giving him demonstrations of her affection in the open street. She pursues him round the town, and he is only rescued at last by his elder sister. "They were already within a yard or two of the street; and a strange boy, passing, stopped and observed, and whistled discourteously.

"'Ain't he the spooner?' remarked this unknown with hideous admiration.

"'I will thank you,' returned Hedrick haughtily, 'to go on about your own business.'

"'Kiss me some more, darling little boy,' said Lolita.

"The strange boy screamed with laughter, howled the loving petition in a dozen keys of mockery, while Hedrick writhed and Lolita clung. Enriched by a new and great experience, the torturer trotted on, leaving viperish cachinations in his wake."

The Ideal Pen for Busy Men

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A PERFECT September holiday centre is South Beach Hotel, Pwllheli. Fine air. Excellent table. Moderate terms.

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THE HUMANITARIAN HOLIDAY RECREATIVE PARTY AND FOOD REFORM SUMMER SCHOOL (which gave such unqualified satisfaction and pleasure to all who attended it last year) will be repeated. For this purpose a Boarding School with 70 beds has been taken. The house stands in its own grounds overlooking a beautiful wooded park near the sea. Lectures, musical and other entertainments, excursions by land and sea, outdoor games, etc. Inclusive terms full board residence (4 meals a day) 1 to 2 guineas per week, according to bedroom accommodation. Prospectus, giving all particulars, from Hon. Secretary, or Mr. and Mrs. MASSINGHAM, Food Reform Guest House, 17, Norfolk Terrace, Brighton.

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BOOKS.—SECOND-HAND AT HALF PRICES, New at 25% discount. 1,000,000 volumes on every conceivable subject. Send for Catalogues (post free), and state wants. Books sent on approval. Books purchased. Best prices—W. & G. FOYLE, 121/3, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C. (Phone: Gerrard 8180.)

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TOURS.

£10 10s. **ROME TOUR.**—Extended Tours **NAPLES, FLORENCE, VENICE, ITALIAN LAKES.** Tours **PALESTINE, EGYPT, ALGERIA.**—Dr. HENRY S. LUNN, LTO., 5, Endsleigh Gardens, London, N.W.

SWISS TOURS, £4 19s. 6d.; BELGIUM (a fortnight), £4 17s. 6d. RHINE, HOLLAND, SCOTLAND, IRELAND. Write for the "A1" Holiday Guide.—"A1" TRAVEL OFFICES, 3, New Oxford Street, W.C.

The novel has something of the *élan* that made Monsieur Beaucaire such a success, and is eminently readable throughout.

Mr. Squire adds to his reputation as a poet by the publication of his latest book of verse, *THE THREE HILLS, AND OTHER POEMS* (Howard Latimer, Ltd., 3s. 6d.). Written in varying mood and style, it is difficult to arrive at an opinion as to where he is most effective. At times we are charmed with his lyrical gifts; at others he strikes a harsh, almost repellent note, which upsets one's previous estimate of his powers. But though he perplexes, yet in his softer moments one forgets everything but the smoothness of his gracious lines:—

"There always the vernal sun,
There happy birds forever sing.
There faint perfumed breezes run
Through branches of eternal spring;
There faces browned with fruit and milk,
And blue-winged words and rose-bloomed kisses,
In galleys gowned with gold and silk,
Shake on a lake of dainty blisses."

In an age of melancholy and minor poets Mr. Squire's dainty conceits are excellent good reading.

Miss Alice Brown has a distinct talent for the short story, that much-abused branch of English literature. It has been said that there are but six plots for the magazine type of tale, and that the popular writer has only to ring the changes on half a dozen situations to suit the market. *VANISHING POINTS* (Constable, 6s.) is a collection of tales and sketches, neither stereotyped nor conventional. The author contrives to suggest atmosphere, and achieves a certain level of dry humour eminently refreshing. One of the most successful in the volume is "The Lantern," the study of a commonplace couple redeemed by a capacity for belief in each other, and a mutual sympathy and understanding. The tales hang on a slight thread. It is the style that tells, and the characterisation, with now and again a fragment of swift dramatic dialogue.

Miss Brown has achieved a distinct success.

ELDORADO. By the Baroness Orczy. (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.) The severest critics of this author will hardly deny that she has a way with her. It is a way that most of her readers find irresistible. "The Scarlet Pimpernel," if it did not secure for her a literary immortality, has at least placed her on the highest pinnacle of popularity. Nor is this to be wondered at. For the Scarlet Pimpernel—that gallant and great-hearted gentleman—fulfils all the essential conditions of romance. He is the man that every girl in her heart of hearts would like her lover to be. In "Eldorado" the Baroness Orczy returns to the French Revolution, and the Scarlet Pimpernel plays a very important part indeed in these pages. So, too, does the Baron de Batz, that enigma of the Revolution period, adventurer, arch-plotter, and political spy. The Baroness Orczy's presentation of de Batz is hardly a friendly one, but—and this is a matter of greater importance—she has succeeded in making him a man instead of a myth. All the great protagonists of the later stages of the Revolution are here—Robespierre and St. Just, Danton and Sauterne. The reader is hurried breathlessly along from incident to incident, and, if at times he feels that the probabilities have been slightly violated, he is ready to forgive everything to a novelist who can so successfully clothe the bones of the dead past with the gold and scarlet trappings of high romance.

LIST OF BOOKS RECEIVED

- Abraham, George D. "Motor Ways in Lakeland." (Methuen, 7s. 6d.)
 Askew, Alice and Claude. "God's Clay." (T. Fisher Unwin, 6s.)
 Bowmen, Marjorie. "The Viper of Milan." (Alston Rivers, 1s.)
 Benson, Margaret. "The Court of the King, and Other Stories." (T. Fisher Unwin, 3s. 6d.)
 Banks, William. "William Adolphus Turnpike." (Dent.)
 Bumpus, T. Francis. "The Cathedrals of Southern France." (Werner Laurie, 5s.)
 Bryant, Sophie. "The Genius of the Gael." (Fisher Unwin, 5s.)
 Calvert, W. Hall, M.D. "The Further Evolution of Man." (Fifield, 5s.)
 Cunningham, C. Willatt. "Nursery Notes for Mothers." (Ballière, Tindall, 2s. 6d.)
 Dudden, F. Homes, D.D. "The Influence of Woman in the Home and in Society." (A. R. Mowbray.)
 Dunlop, O. Jocelyn. "The Farm Labourer." (T. Fisher Unwin, 7s. 6d.)
 Doyle, A. Conan. "The Poison Belt." (Hodder and Stoughton, 3s. 6d.)
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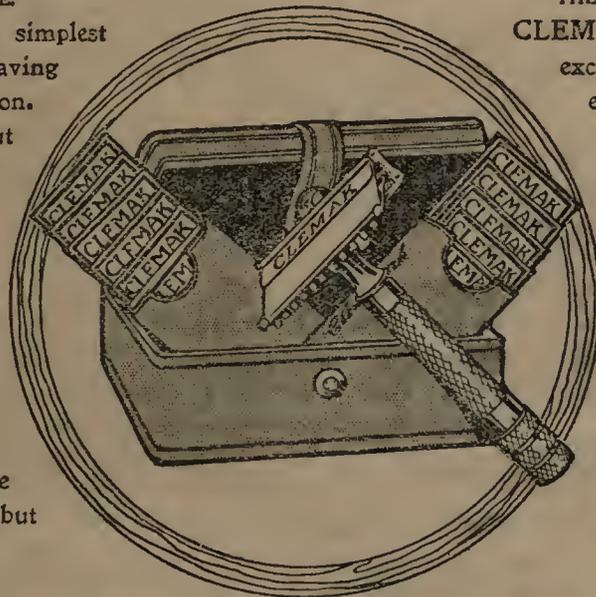
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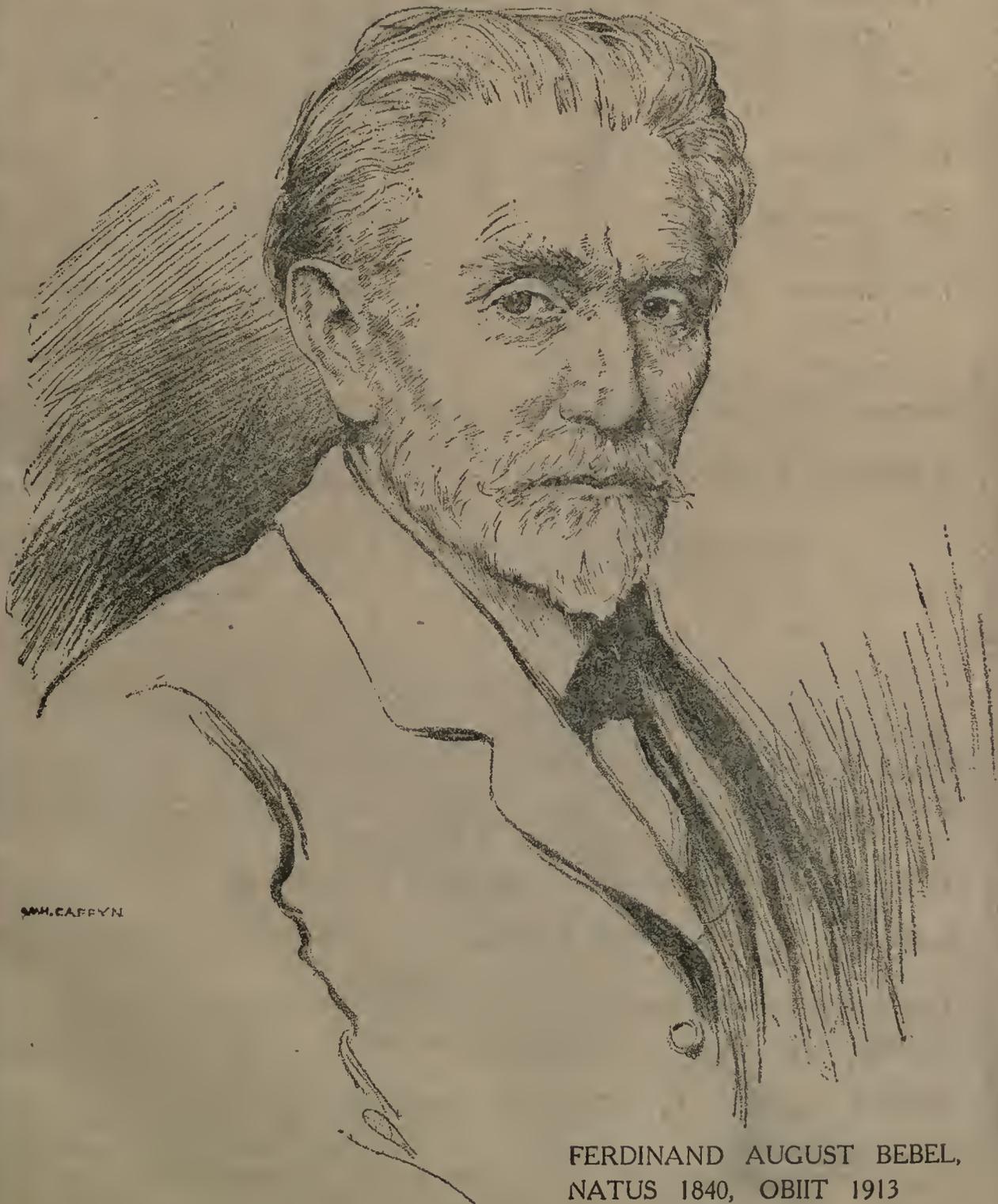
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FERDINAND AUGUST BEBEL,
NATUS 1840, OBIT 1913

For Character Sketch, see page 617.

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HISTORY IN THE MAKING

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

ONCE again the King has made a departure from custom as opportune as it will be welcome. The autumn Army manœuvres will derive exceptional importance from the fact that his Majesty will accompany the troops in person on the march north of the "Expeditionary Force" from the Chiltern Hills, which will last from September 22nd to 26th. There is no doubt that this action on the part of the King will do much to arouse interest, not only in the manœuvres themselves, but in the larger issue of our national defence, which has of late been thrust into the background.

It is most earnestly to be hoped that the Post Office will inquire carefully into the claims that are advanced in a London daily on behalf of the Grindell Matthews system of wireless telephony. One of the most regrettable incidents of the recent Marconi controversy was the constant reiteration of the charge that a particular company did not get adequate consideration from the officials. Now that the marvels of wireless telephony are about to materialise, it is earnestly to be hoped any suspicion of official indifference may be avoided, so that all the various systems may receive a fair field and no favour.

The proposed appointment of a "Pure Food Board"—a proposal that is pretty certain to crystallise sooner or later—is one step further in the direction of that government by experts to which it seems that the whole of our civilisation is tending. Let it be said at once that, if ever an evil called emphatically for expert consideration, it is that of impure food, for obviously it is only the expert who can detect it in some of its most insidious forms. Mentally, we have travelled far from the position which John Bright affirmed some fifty years ago, when he stated that adulteration was a legitimate form of competition. It is, of course, the poor who are the victims of this form of competition—a shorter word for which is swindling. The poor widow struggling to keep herself and her bairns from

starvation, who buys doctored milk, "preserved" jam, and faked bacon is surely deserving of protection from the long arm of the law? Wisely and vigorously conducted, the Food Board could do much to save the poor from impostures like these, which really threaten the physique of the nation.

A serious defect in the working of the Insurance Act is revealed by the case of Samuel Amesbury, a Bristol labourer, who is in such an advanced state of consumption that he is not eligible for sanatorium treatment. The Insurance Committee allowed him 10s. a week for twenty-six weeks, at the end of which time the unfortunate man, being still alive, the grant abruptly stopped. The committee, however, allowed him only a quart of milk a day. Absolutely destitute, and without home or friends, he was told that if he succeeded in keeping body and soul together on his daily quart until June twelve-month, the committee would start the weekly money once again. Amesbury, however, was too friendless and ill to hope to live another year upon a daily dole of milk, and in despair he applied to the Poor-law Guardians, who have come to his assistance. This is a point of administration that calls urgently for alteration and relief.

Earl Grey's speech at the International Co-operative Congress at Glasgow was a notable, indeed, a masterly review of the progress made in these latter years by the descendants of the Rochdale pioneers. There is much that is imposing, much that is hopeful, to be said concerning that mammoth concern, the W.C.S., and the various branches into which it has sprouted, and Earl Grey said it all with great force and lucidity. And yet the fact remains that when all that can be said has been said the present position of the co-operative movement is utterly disappointing. The lives of the great mass of the people are as untouched by its humanising influence as they were in the days before Robert Owen was born, and even in those towns where it is strong and well organised, its basic objects are lost sight of in the hunt for "ivi."

The general unrest agitating the ranks of industrialism is responsible for the present trouble in the building and kindred trades. The dispute with the painters has spread to the electricians and the engineers, who have declared a sympathetic strike until matters are adjusted. While the outlook is grave, and contains certain serious elements, there is a humorous side to the question. The Prime Minister's house is still undecorated, as the strikers are "out" against the Board of Works as well as private employers, and at the Colonial Office the clerks, deprived of electric light, have had to fall back on candles. The fountains in Trafalgar Square, however, are once more "playing," and we learn that some eighteen firms have already come to terms with their men. It is to be remembered that while the price of food has enormously increased, the rise in wages has been nothing like proportional, so that the purchasing power of a sovereign to-day may be said to correspond to that of fifteen shillings five years ago.

When will the travelling public be able to use the railways with reasonable safety? Only this week a case is reported in which a passenger in dire distress pulled the communication cord—with no results. The officials of the line stated that the cord was in perfect order, and, considered æsthetically, this may have been the case. The fact remains, however, that the cord did not act.

THE CASE FOR NATIONAL HOUSING

II.—HOUSING ON A LARGE SCALE * * BY L. G. CHIOZZA MONEY

I.

If we took housing in hand as a national question, and treated it as we treat the Navy, we could make our plans on a large and sufficient scale, and we should be in a position to call in aid in house-building, as we do in ship-building, the latest designs and the latest inventions. A ship and a house are alike in this, that they are of solid construction, capable of enduring for a long period of time. So intent are we upon getting the best ships that, although a Dreadnought may be well built enough to last for two generations, we turn it down in a very few years and replace it by a better contrivance. As things are, houses are allowed to drag on to a filthy old age. Not thousands, not hundreds of thousands, but *millions* of houses now stand in this country which are disgustingly dirty and actually soaked in disease. Merely to put one's head inside the front door of many of them is to encounter malodorous evidence that human beings are for many hours of the day living or sleeping under conditions which undermine health. Great towns contain miles of brickwork which it ought to be the first interest of the nation to demolish.

Let it not be thought that those condemned to live in such houses are alone concerned. It is the health of the community which is menaced. It is the whole community which is poor as long as the reproach remains. Under a policy of national housing it would be the duty of a Minister to survey and to replace and to rebuild, just as it is now the duty of the Lords of the Admiralty to survey our defences and to replace and to rebuild. Building construction is so simple, and, when properly considered, so cheap, that a modern nation should be able to rebuild its houses in whole or in part as soon as better housing methods or better domestic conveniences are discovered. At this moment, the majority of the sculleries of the country—to name only one illustration—are dirty and ill-furnished, lacking contrivances which would economise the time and the health of the poor women who work in them. As things are going, there is no reasonable prospect of improving this detail within fifty years. What is true of the scullery is true of the kitchen ranges, and of the parlour grates, and, indeed, of every detail of the house. And I speak not of the houses of the very poor alone, but of the great majority of our homes for all classes.

II.

'As to the question of space, barely one house in a thousand is provided with a decent garden. Are gardens popular? Are they needed? For answer turn to the extraordinary sale of cheap garden papers, and observe how these organs, circulating amongst people who have rarely more than a contracted backyard, have perforce to deal chiefly with the conditions of backyards, and to suggest devices and plans fitted for backyards. It is at once pathetic and magnificent what many people make of the wretched little enclosures which house-agents, whose hands are subdued to the colour they work in, dignify by the name of "gardens."

Working on an appropriately large scale, and handling space as it ought to be handled in the interests of the health of the nation, every family could be provided with ample garden space, and, it may be added, every family could purchase from State

nurseries, such as they have had the sense to set up in Hungary, fruit trees and beautiful flowering shrubs and vegetable seeds for the delight and profit of the million. It is not too much to say that, by organised effort, the whole of England, in town and country, in garden and hedgerow, could be made one beautiful garden in the lifetime of the majority of those now living.

It ought to be clearly understood that we throw away space and pay heavily for its wastage under present conditions. If you build houses in sordid rows with absurd backyards, you necessarily use up, for each acre of ground employed, a large proportion of space for roads to give access to the rows of houses. Roads are costly things, and the cost of an acre so developed is consequently great. If, on the other hand, you reduce the number of houses per acre, and group them round beautiful greens, you economise space, reduce road cost per acre, and consequently are enabled to give each family housed much more space for almost the same expenditure. It is a simple business proposition, which has been worked out in detail by Mr. Raymond Unwin, the well-known architect. He has compared the effect of developing ten acres of land in two different ways, the first with 252 houses crowded on ten acres, the other with 106 houses on the same space. Here is the result:—

COMPARATIVE COST OF DEVELOPING TEN ACRES OF LAND COSTING £300 PER ACRE (1) FOR 252 HOUSES AND (2) FOR 106 HOUSES.

	SCHEME 1. Houses in Absurd Rows.	SCHEME 2. Houses Grouped Sanely Round Open Space.
Number of Houses ..	252	106
Average Size of Plot ..	98 yards	398 yards
Cost of Roads	£7,942	£2,478
Cost of Land	£3,000	£3,000
Total Cost of Land and Roads per House ..	£43 8s. 6d.	£51 13s. 7d.
Equivalent Ground Rent per week ..	8d.	9½d.
Price of Plot per square yard	8s. 10½d.	2s. 7d.

Under the second scheme road-making is economised by making one road round the ten acres. The houses border an interior open space, in which there are six full-size tennis courts, a children's playground, and a bowling green. By the other, the ordinary method, the houses are ranged in ugly rows at great and unnecessary cost. Note the result. By the sensible and beautiful plan *the ground rent of each house is only three-halfpence per week more than in the other.*

III.

Such are the principles which might be employed if housing were a national policy and administered as we administer the Navy. Indeed, I have not pushed the advantages far enough, for under a national policy land could be secured outside existing towns *at its agricultural value*, and the cost of giving healthy space to every family reduced to a negligible quantity.

Fully as important are the advantages in point of building which are naturally possessed by a nation treating housing as a public duty. At present the

greater part of building is conducted by speculative builders, who have to work under conditions which handicap them at every point. They have to pay dearly for land, they have to handle space in small quantities, they have to borrow money at high rates of interest, they have to take great risks, and they often have to buy materials from hand to mouth in small quantities and not in the best market. Those who sneer at speculative builders should try their own hands at the game, and find out for themselves whether it is one that is easily played. Under present circumstances the speculative builder is a necessity, and we ought not to blame individuals when the trade is a regrettable necessity.

Let us rather contrast the position which the nation would occupy if it took the matter in hand. It would command *cheap money*. It would be able to *deal on a large scale*, and in some cases to handle materials at prices from ten to twenty-five per cent. less than is given by speculative builders. It would be to its interest to *build well*, with consequent great economy in the matter of up-keep and repairs. It would be able to supply houses so far *complete in point of fitments* (cupboards, window-seats, ingle-nooks, dressers, curbs, window fittings, etc.) that comparatively little movable furniture would be needed by the occupants, thus greatly conserving family incomes.

It could abolish the high rents which haunt so many families at this hour.

Let us see what rent the State would have to charge if it constructed a house costing £400—and for this price, working on a large scale, a beautiful little detached house standing in its own garden could be constructed—upon land, say, one-eighth of an acre, costing £30, the proportion of road-making, etc., costing another £30, total £460.

Borrowing money for the purpose at three and a quarter per cent., and repaying the loan in sixty years by equal annual instalments, including both principal and interest, the £460 of capital used in the building of the house would call for the provision of an annual sum of only £17 10s. 5d., *making the State the absolute owner of the house at the end of the sixty years*. The house being thoroughly well built, it should be sufficient to provide one per cent. to cover repairs, which means another £1 12s. per annum, making a total of £19 2s. 5d. Therefore, *if the State thus bought the house for itself, at the expense of its tenants*, it could let it for 7s. 4d. per week. That is to say, the rent which now often commands no more than a few sordid rooms would give a tenant such a home as is now enjoyed by few people even of the middle classes.

At the present time such a house—and it is rarely that one has the opportunity of renting a beautiful small detached house with a good garden—would be rented at at least £45 a year.

On the same lines a really good rural labourer's cottage on a quarter of an acre of land could be let for 3s. a week, that 3s. buying the house for the State.

IV.

But the case may be taken further. To my mind the State ought not thus to buy houses at the expense of its tenants. It should build houses as it builds battleships, with money provided out of revenue and not raised by loan. If it did that, it would be saving on account of the nation by investing in house property so much money every year, and upon its investment, in view of the vitally important nature of the case, it should be content to make a very small profit. Let us again consider our house and garden costing

£460, and see what the State from this point of view might make the rental. Suppose it content to take a gross three per cent. for its money, which might mean a net two per cent. Three per cent. upon £460 is £13 16s., or a fraction under 5s. 4d. a week. That is to say, the State, treating houses as a national and vital necessity, could build and let to a town artisan such a house as few members of the middle classes can now command at a lower rent than is now paid by many town-dwellers for a perch in a slum.

Imagine the State with a yearly Housing Budget of £10,000,000, *i.e.*, one-fifth of the present Naval Budget. This would enable it to build year by year a proportion of houses for all classes which would quickly change the aspect of life in town and country. Incidentally, the building trade would be steadied and changed from one of the most uncertain into one of the most certain of occupations.

There may be few who will go as far with me as building houses out of revenue. More will probably be found to consent to the conception of house-building out of loans to be repaid by the establishment of a sinking fund. By the latter method, to say nothing of the former, mighty things could be accomplished. The rebuilding of the nation is a simple business possibility.



PROPITIATION

THE short cut to the river is certainly through the stableyard and past the home farm. If you run all the way you can get there in five minutes—or seven, allowing for falls. Diccon usually ran, and he usually took seven minutes, because he was such a small boy. This afternoon he took fully ten minutes: you cannot even walk fast when you are carrying a large wooden engine and a full-sized Teddy bear.

He staggered along the footpath to the bridge and threw his red engine and the Teddy bear over the parapet into the water.

"There you are, God," he said. It was not a willing sacrifice; but he simply had to give God these things, so that Babs need not die. Perhaps the red engine and Teddy would take off His attention. Diccon hung over the parapet. Teddy spun wildly, with imploring arms, in the eddy below the bridge, till he sank, water-logged and drowned; the red engine rode far down the stream, wheels uppermost. They were the things Diccon loved beyond all his other toys. He comprehended suddenly the unspeakable emptiness of his life now that they were gone. But God despised half-gifts; nothing less than the best would satisfy Him; one knew that because of Cain.

Back came the small boy through the wet meadow to the house. It had been raining for days, and the nettles smelt horribly. He wondered whether Teddy had got to Heaven yet. He pictured the golden floor of Heaven, and Teddy sitting under the Tree of Life with its fruits, while angel-children played with him. Perhaps he had a small golden sailor-hat by now, and little wings growing; he had been such a good Teddy. He would be frightfully happy, of course. It was more difficult to imagine the translation of the engine.

The doctor's motor was still there. Diccon went in at the front door. There was no one about. The house was as still as still. Then he came suddenly on nurse. She was crying with great sobs. "Oh, Master Diccon!" she said. By this he knew that Babs had died, after all.

DORIS L. MACKINNON.

THE DRAMA AND SOCIAL REFORM

BY ARTHUR OWEN ORRETT

IT is unfortunate for the English drama that it has always been in the hands of a coterie. In Elizabethan times the poets cornered the stage, in Restoration times the wits, in the eighteenth century the actors, in the nineteenth the prudes. The danger now is that the social reformers will capture what is left of the theatre after the kinemas and music-halls have completed their depredations. Important indirect evidence in support of this assertion lies in the numerous letters which appear in the press, demanding a higher and more noble drama. It is a commonplace of public life that people who write to the papers are all reformers of one kind or another, and therefore it is fairly safe to assume that most of these correspondents have their eye on the drama as an engine to help them in their pet scheme of social regeneration. But direct evidence also is not wanting. There is the glut of suffragist plays (most of them, by the way, just as convincing as incendiarism, and much less dangerous), mainly written, produced, and supported by advocates of the "advanced" drama; then we have the dreary dramatic lectures of Brieux translated into English by the wife of the playwright, who is regarded as the leader of the new school; we have books written about the stage almost openly appealing, not for a theatre of ideas, but for a propagandist theatre. In fact, when we subtract from the patrons of drama the sugary romantics (a sadly depleted company, owing to the attractions of the much more heavily sugared drama of the picture-house) and the social reformers we find that the residuum is very small indeed.

It may be asked, Why should not the social reformer capture the theatre? What nobler use could the theatre be put to than to the cause of social enlightenment? In the first place, if the social reformers captured the theatre, they would only capture the dry husks. They would have to write for one another, for the people would refuse to go to the theatre to be lectured, just as they refuse to go to church. The theatre is primarily a place of entertainment. I know that this view is anathema to the zealots, who are exceedingly annoyed when their philistine friends air it for their benefit. They never think of replying: "Undoubtedly; but the musical comedy that entertains you bores me to extinction. I find Ibsen absorbing." Why do they not reply thus? Because in their heart of hearts they would dearly like to see that musical comedy, and it is Ibsen that bores them. They are between the devil and the deep sea. They have definitely refused to look on the drama as an entertainment; so they only go to plays from which they hope to get instruction. When they get instruction they feel exactly as if they had been listening to a debate: no better and no worse. When they see an Ibsen play they feel a sort of grudge against the author, because he neither instructs nor amuses them. In reality, Ibsen is the true dramatist (not because of the absence of humour in his plays, but in spite of it). He does not preach, except in the most abstract and rarefied sense—for instance, he constantly emphasises the all-importance of individuality; but he has a masterly insight into the springs of human action. He delineates character; his psychological studies are marvellously subtle. But psychology is the last thing the average social reformer thinks about.

Real drama would help social reform by stimulating thought, suggesting ideas, explaining character; the drama that shouts for reform of this or that abuse would make the stage a cockpit of contending factions (for there is always something to be said for every seeming abuse), and would eventually degrade authors into shrieking partisans. Take, for instance, Mr. Galsworthy. In "Strife," in order to avoid the appearance of partisanship, he does an egg-dance of impartiality, which is exceptionally clever, but which has the effect of making the play mechanical. In "Justice" he goes the whole hog, and indicts our prison system without mercy. We are triumphantly told by the social reformers that this play so worked upon the then Home Secretary that he at once caused various reforms to be made in the prison system. This may be so, but Mr. Winston Churchill, in spite of his exalted position, is only one man, and a mercurial, impressionable man, addicted to the *coup d'état*. There is no evidence that any great number of English people were moved by "Justice" to abhorrence for the punishment of solitary confinement. And genuine reforms can only be effected when they are demanded by the voice of the people, touched in heart and mind by the conviction of some great wrong. I do not say that solitary confinement, and, indeed, our whole penitentiary system, is not a great wrong. I only maintain that the nation is, as a whole, indifferent, and that the twenty-six performances of "Justice" probably touched no one who was not a convert already.

In "The Silver Box," on the other hand, Mr. Galsworthy is not so busy with his theme, which is the perfectly obvious one, that though money cannot buy justice it can buy the best legal advice. The play is certainly a social-thesis-drama, but the treatment is so general and unforced that the author has time to develop his characters. The result is that in Mrs. Jones, the patient charwoman, Mr. Galsworthy has given us a character far more pitiful and convincing than that of William Falder, the luckless victim of "Justice."

Drama should be a criticism of life, not of laws; of individuals, and only broadly of societies. Above all, a dramatist should never construct anything but character; in all else he must be a destructive force. There is an ancient parrot-cry, "Oh! anyone can destroy. It takes a genius to build!" To which I would answer, No one can destroy the abuses of society but society itself, and no one can put into society a spirit to remedy abuses save the man who lashes society with his deadly and destructive criticism. Reforms that come through the hypnotism of society by so-called constructive writers and statesmen are at best a patchwork, and at worst a running sore.

"EVERYMAN" ESSAY COMPETITIONS

IN next week's issue will be announced the result of Essay Competition No. I.—THE CIVIL SERVANT, and the Prize Essay will be given *in extenso*. The following week the winning Essay on "The Foreign Missionary" will appear, and in successive weeks "The Composer," "The Male Teacher," and "The Anglican Clergyman" Competitions will be decided.

THE MAN AND HIS WORK

VII.—THE MAN IN BLUE * * BY C. SHERIDAN JONES

HE stands calm and unmoved amid the press and swirl of the traffic in the Strand, holding back with one gesture of his huge, forbidding hand half a dozen motor-buses and a score of taxis, what time he directs an old lady as to her best method of reaching Back Street, Clapham, and assures another wayfarer with his eye that he may now cross the road in perfect safety. He is supposed to know the way to everywhere; to be familiar with every dilemma of life, and every Act of Parliament and Local By-law, which he certainly is not, and to be always calm, collected, and civil, which he generally is. He will show the same steady stolidity after he has been on duty all night as when he takes up his beat, and conveys a stray child to the station with the identical measured tread that is heard when on occasions he helps home a member of the Stock Exchange who has been dining not wisely but too well. Even when, in less prosperous neighbourhoods, where domestic differences are settled in the street, he parts husband and wife with something of the same stolid impartiality, though, he may be belaboured of both. I have seen him under all sorts and conditions of circumstances: thrusting back the Suffragettes, or marching at the head of their procession; saving lives at the risk of his own, when "Fire" has got ahead of the brigade, and he has forced a door to pull a child out of a burning room; or when he has plunged headlong into the river to rescue a drowning woman. I have seen him also under less favourable conditions; when angry, and, perhaps, spiteful, he is inclined to use force where none is necessary, and to be more than a little brutal. But I have never seen him flustered or at a loss for a lead, and on the whole he is an admirable representative of a race whose quiet capacity for action is not the least valuable of their characteristics, and whose sons often lose their tempers, but generally keep their heads.

He must be at least 5 ft. 10 in. in height, must have a chest measurement—for most forces—of 37 in., and must be certified by the police surgeon to be sound in heart, wind, and limb. The strain on his physique is necessarily a severe one. Wear and tear frequently develop flat feet and varicose veins in his legs, and, despite the fact that he is too often regarded as having an easy time, the ordinary constable has a march of some twenty miles or thereabouts during his nine or ten hours of duty, day or night. His responsibilities to the public are, of course, enormous; his pay, as I shall presently show, is by no means adequate, and he is very frequently the victim—I can use no other word—of a discipline that is often harsh and capricious to a degree.

First, let us see how many men are affected by the conditions I am about to describe.

The strength of our police force in England, Wales, and Scotland, as reported in recent official returns, was as follows:—English and Welsh counties and boroughs, 29,753; Scotch counties and boroughs, 5,495; Metropolitan, 17,911; City of London, 1,001; police employed at private cost, 1,479; making a total of 55,639.

Of these, the Metropolitan Police govern an area of 447,626 statute acres, or 699 square miles, and a population approaching 8,000,000 persons. It comprises 15,047 ordinary constables, 2,275 sergeants of various grades, 552 inspectors, and 32 superinten-

dents, in twenty-one separate divisions, which are indicated by letters A to Y, in addition to the division specially devoted to the River Thames, familiarly called the "Water Rats." These officers, from sergeants to superintendents, are all of them, it is most interesting to note, men who have been promoted from the ranks.

Under what conditions do these men, most of them of comparatively humble origin and of rudimentary education, fulfil the important duties that are entrusted to them by the community?

The pay of an ordinary policeman, on joining, ranges from 21s. a week in agricultural counties to 25s. in the largest of the great provincial towns and cities, and 25s. 6d. in the Metropolis. The maximum pay, reached by gradations extending from eight to twelve years, is from 27s. 6d. in counties and small boroughs to 35s. in a few of the largest boroughs. The Metropolitan maximum is 33s. 6d., and is therefore lower than in some provincial forces. In the Metropolis, however, a rent allowance, varying from 1s. 6d. to 2s. 6d. per week, is given in certain cases where a high rent is paid.

"The Metropolitan, in his first three years," says an authority, Mr. Kempster, the editor of that admirable publication, the *Police Review*, "is miserably underpaid. His rent-aid scarcely counts as pay, because he must pay a large rent to be near his beat. From his 25s. 6d. to 27s. 6d. a week his contribution of 6d. in the pound to the pension fund, and other small and almost compulsory subscriptions, are deducted. London living is very costly. Policemen's wives are forbidden to carry on any business, and if the husband gets into debt he risks dismissal, with loss of the pension for which he has already given years of service."

Contrasting these conditions with those of the artisan who, according to the Board of Trade returns, works fifty hours a week in summer and forty-eight in winter, the policeman with his six and a half days a week has distinctly the worst of it.

The pay of a skilled artisan in London averages 10½d. per hour, or £2 2s. 5d. per week of forty-eight and a half hours, and for overtime he is paid from time and a half to double time, according to the lateness of the hour. But a Metropolitan policeman—say, in his third year—only gets 27s. 6d. per week of at least fifty-eight and a half hours, making, with rent allowance, an average of 30s. a week, or less than 6¼d. an hour. Even when, after eight years' hard service, he reaches his maximum of 33s. 6d., he only receives something less than 7½d. an hour.

It must be admitted, however, that there are advantages on the side of the police which have yet to be stated. If his health and endurance will stand the strain, and if he has the good fortune not to be reported for some delinquency, he is sure of constant employment. If he falls ill, he has the advantage—sometimes reckoned as a disadvantage—of medicine and attendance from the police doctor, with wages paid, less a deduction of 1s. a day from his pay.

The policeman's chance of promotion is often a lottery, but every year he stops in the service he has put by for him, so to speak, something towards his ultimate pension, should he live to reach the end of

the twenty-five years, when he is entitled to claim it on securing the certificate of "approved service" from his Chief.

This prospective or possible pension may be regarded as postponed pay. It is well earned, and it helps to keep the men in the force! Scarcely a man would stay in it but for this accumulating bait, the chances and amount of which are gradually growing larger and nearer as the years roll by.

Many young men throw it up in the first year or two. If you asked them why, some would say: "I wasn't going to be messed about"; others, "I couldn't stand the night-work"; others, "I loved a lass, and we wanted to get married, and she was too nervous to stay in a house alone at nights."

But when a man has got married and settled, with a young family coming on, and police life has spoiled his chances for something better, and when, with every passing year, he knows that there's another year of his hard-earned pay saved up for him towards his pension, then he feels tied by the leg, and resolves to endure the wear and tear, and the night hardships; he keeps his weather-eye open, takes the risk of punishment or dismissal for a fault or mistake, and presses on for the chance of coming out at last, and drawing the postponed pay in the shape of the pension.

Unless a constable is injured in the performance of his duty so that he is totally disabled from earning his living, he has to serve fifteen years before he can claim any pension. But even after fifteen years he can only be pensioned in case he has to retire through certified incapacity, caused by infirmity of mind or body. Before that time the authorities may grant him a gratuity, but that optional "may" often works very unsatisfactorily.

It is quite possible for a police surgeon to return a man as unfit for further service a few months or even weeks before he has completed his fifteen years. In such a case, the constable's gratuity, averaging something under £100, is granted only at the discretion of his employer; whereas, if the surgeon, with the co-operation of the Police authority, mercifully allows the ailing constable to continue in the Force until his fifteen years are completed, the officer is entitled to a pension, averaging from £19 to £27 per annum, as of right.

And even though his work is monotonous it has its lights and shades. Visit the station when a small child is "in custody," awaiting for his or her anxious parents, and you will be tempted to say that, after all, the policeman's lot is a happy one. Two or three sturdy constables are entertaining the little stranger; the rest are playing billiards on an admirable table, and you may hear their laughter and applause in the charge-room. Even the new duties, and they are many, that have been thrust on the London police have a silver lining to their cloud of care and anxiety. Nowadays the police are required, not only to look in on public-houses and to see that they are properly conducted, but to keep an eye on those unlicensed establishments where gingerbeer and soda water are sold, in order to be sure that these beverages are not consumed on the premises after 10 p.m. And not only the most innocuous of drinks, the most respectable of citizens need watching nowadays, in case he is going to have a "bit on." For these new duties, the policeman gets no increased pay. But there comes, of course, the sense of added power, and a wider span of that intimate knowledge of other people's business which is one of the compensations of the force.

The chief grievance of the members is, as I have

said, the unreasoning and arbitrary discipline, of which they constantly complain. There is nothing so disheartening to a young and ambitious man as to find his hard work ignored because he is without influence in high quarters, and the element of nepotism is not absent from police forces. Of course, much depends upon the character of the chief officer, and his personal supervision and mastery of the details of management in all the branches of his establishment.

There are in many of the forces, including the Metropolitan, certain long service, merit, or reserve classes, carrying small extra allowances, and these favours are the cause of considerable discontent and jealousy among those men who have not become the pets of their immediate superiors, and whom it would be very difficult to persuade that they who are left in the cold are not in every way as eligible as—and sometimes more so than—those on whom fortune has smiled.

One other grievance of the police should be noted. Outside London the force are supposed to be under popular control—in counties by the Standing Joint, in boroughs by the Watch Committee. In actual fact, however, the real authority is vested in the Chief Constable, and the demand is insistent, first, that the Chief Constable should be appointed from inside, not from outside the force; and, secondly, that he should be amenable to the representatives of the local bodies, who are supposed to control Robert, but who, in actual fact, have no real authority over the Chief Constable—an official against whose decisions there is absolutely no appeal. The Police and Citizens' Association have for many years carried on a vigorous agitation against this anomaly, but so far without success. In other respects, however, the Association has been more successful. It has done admirable work in seeing that the ordinary workaday constable was enabled to purchase himself proper boots, and, above all its other triumphs, it secured for the policemen the inestimable boon of a weekly rest day.

It is often urged against the police that they persecute the poor. That I do not believe. That they display on occasions a determination to obtain a conviction at all costs is, I think, true, but that is due generally to an excess of zeal, from which we are none of us free. Also, I think it must be admitted that the habit of giving evidence blunts their sense of the sanctity of the oath, and once their *esprit de corps* is involved there is very little that the force will not attempt to see a comrade through. The results of this determination on no account to let each other down are at times amazing and unsatisfactory. Not only is the conduct of the Force in this respect open to question, but in many cases the magistrate who tries the case and hears the evidence shows a marked failure to appreciate the gravity of what has been sworn. In some instances a witness has been known to stretch the credulity of the Court to its utmost in his corroboration of a comrade's story. Most of us were shocked the other day that a constable swore, quite positively and deliberately, to a man being drunk and disorderly whom he had never, in fact, seen, as he subsequently admitted. He explained that it was "a mistake." To the astonishment of everyone concerned, Mr. de Grey, the magistrate, allowed this explanation to pass without comment.

But, on the whole, I think we may be proud of "the man in blue." Even now I never notice one without instinctively calling to mind the story I was taught when a boy, of how the constable whom the daring Fenian threatened with a revolver if he did not release his comrades, held doggedly on his course till death released him.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE PLIMSOLL LINE

BY OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER

III.

THE reasons for the undoing of the Plimsoll Line may be, nay, to a very large extent they are, "wropt in mystery." The Committee that destroyed Plimsoll's life-work was secretly appointed, and discharged its task perfunctorily and against time. Its conclusions have never been adequately discussed. No one can say precisely what guided the members in their decisions. Their deliberations were hidden from the gaze of the vulgar. But, as to their effect, there can be no manner of doubt whatever. The new rules, which they caused to be adopted by the Board of Trade, not only "ripped up" the previous decisions of the House of Commons, but they

Spelt Death to Thousands of British Seamen, who assuredly deserved well of the Commonwealth.

That is not a mere *ex cathedra* pronouncement. It is borne out by the facts. There are, alas! innumerable cases on record of vessels that, under the old conditions, sailed safely away to sea, and back again, whose crew, once the new rules were operative, went down to Davy Jones's locker—to leave at home desolate wives, stricken daughters, sorrowing sweethearts, tragic witnesses of the

Wrong That Had Been Done in the Name of Parliament,

though never with its consent, to men whose only fault had been their childlike obedience, their unflinching assent to the orders given them; who, "in the faith of little children, laid them down to die."

Do not think that I exaggerate or romance. Turn from my words to those of a staid, judicial authority, the Stipendiary Magistrate of Cardiff, Mr. T. W. Lewis, to whose lot it fell to give the findings of the Board of Trade inquiry into the loss of the *North Briton*, off Ushant, last year. This is what he said of the drowned crew:—

"Without a murmur or a cry they perished in the sea. Their lives were sacrificed to 130 tons additional freight. . . . Personally, I have no hesitation in saying that the reduction of the freeboard—that is, of the distance between the main deck and the old salt-water load-line mark—has greatly reduced a vessel's safety at sea, and I hold with the Court when it suggests that recent disasters call for a revision of the rules."

What are Those Recent Disasters?

Their name is legion. Ever since the Secret Committee, appointed at the behest of the shipowners, "bluffed" Mr. Lloyd George into signing their new rules, death has been busy with our seamen. The *North Briton* carried, before Mr. Lloyd George signed the new regulations, a "freeboard" of 1 foot 4½ inches. After he had been induced to sign them,

Her Freeboard Was Ten Inches Only, and she perished with only one survivor!

The case does not stand alone. In 1911, on December 1st, the *Amana* left Leith. She was never seen again. Before 1906, while the Plimsoll Line was still intact, she had a summer freeboard of 5 feet 9 inches and a winter freeboard of 6 feet ½ inch. Under the new regulations she was deepened in summer by 4 inches and in winter by 3 inches—and she went down with all hands!

Is that case not enough? There are others. The *Archtor*, a London steamer of 2,193 register, reduced her freeboard by 7 inches and her winter freeboard by

5½ inches. Alas! none know where that vessel is. The *Wingrove*, another London vessel, left Plymouth on December 18th, 1911. Who has seen her?

She Changed a Summer Freeboard of 5 feet 3 inches to 4 feet 10 inches

and a winter freeboard of 5 feet 3 inches to 5 feet 2½ inches. Her crew are—?

In all these cases, and in dozens of others, death followed the raising of the line—death in its grimmest, its most dreadful aspect: death, far away from home and wife and bairns, death on the pitiless ocean—to swell the profits of the owners, to save the officials of the Board of Trade from the trouble of investigation.

Again let me say that I do not exaggerate. Let the facts speak! The Stipendiary of Cardiff asserted that lives were sacrificed to extra cargo. That was in the case of the *North Briton*, where one of the crew, was saved.

What of Those Vessels in Which All the Crew Were Drowned?

There was the *Cargo Largo*. She sailed from Swansea on April 16th, 1911, loaded with coal and with a reduced freeboard. Davy Jones may have welcomed her crew. No living soul has seen them. Their homes are desolate. Their children have given up hoping that one of the long nights will bring daddy home again, and their

Women Mourn, Refusing to Be Comforted, ere they turn again to the task that the loss of the breadwinner has left them. "The sweet little cherub that sits up aloft to look after the fate of poor Jack" has forgotten these poor stranded victims of official ineptitude and callous neglect. The tide has flung up their poor battered corpses long ago, and the country that they served so faithfully has taken no account of their betrayal.

Are these cases solitary instances? Alas! no. There is a list, long, eloquent, unanswerable, that tells of vessels foundered or lost at sea—every one of which has had its load line reduced and its crew sacrificed! There is the *Gulf Stream*, the *Solway*, the *Bellwer*, and a dozen others. All of them had their load line reduced—all of them went down with all hands. Out of sixty-two vessels foundered or missing between January 1911 and May 1912,

Thirty Had Had Their Load Line Altered, and of seventeen there was recorded "no assignment." Facts like these require no comment. They had to be extracted from the official apologists much as a dentist pulls out teeth. But, once dragged out, their significance is unmistakable. They show beyond a shadow of doubt that the lives of the seamen are being sacrificed to the convenience of the owners.

There has only been one attempt, so far as I know, to resist this conclusion, and that was a feeble attempt, which miserably failed. It was sought to prove that for the six years before 1906 the foundering of ships at sea exceeded the number thus accounted for since. But as the return included vessels of 2, 4, 5, and 7 tons,

To Which the Load Line Does Not Apply, the figures were obviously valueless, and, in fact, as we shall see, the pretence that the new regulations spelt safety has since been abandoned.

If we wish to get at the bedrock facts, let us look at the following damning admission of the President of the Board of Trade, who in reply to a question in the House of Commons, agreed that "last year 3,000 seamen lost their lives in British ships, this being equal to a rate of 1 in 76, as compared with 1 in 106 and 1 in 112 for the two years preceding.

What was the cause of the increase?

BEBEL * * * BY SIDNEY WHITMAN

[MR. SIDNEY WHITMAN is one of the foremost living authorities on Germany and German politics. Educated in the Fatherland before the 'seventies, in the good old days of German plain living and high thinking, a friend of Bismarck, and on terms of familiar intercourse with the makers of the new Empire, Mr. Sidney Whitman has been for forty years in a position to study from the inside the progress of modern Germany. His recent book, "German Memories" (Heinemann), is one of the most valuable contributions to the study of our Continental rivals that has appeared in the present generation. His estimate of Bebel and of German Socialism, therefore, deserves the most careful consideration and the respectful hearing of the readers of EVERYMAN, even though they may not agree with the writer's conclusions.]

I.

THE death of this renowned Socialist leader has called forth so many exhaustive references to his wonderful career that little remains to be added under this heading, even by those who, like myself, once enjoyed the privilege of his personal acquaintance. That Bebel was a sincere and a worthy man, that as an inspirer, an organiser of the masses he was endowed with extraordinary political gifts, is admitted on all sides. But only those who have followed German history closely for the last fifty years are likely to be cognizant of the fact that he was a seer, a "far-seer" of remarkable perspicacity into the bargain. For the man who on the morrow of the great-events of '70-71 possessed the detachment of mind to foretell the disastrous results of the "Kulturkampf," who prophesied that Europe would inevitably become the armed camp which it is to-day, must indeed have been gifted with remarkable political prescience. And here it is that an opportunity presents itself to deal with certain widespread impressions regarding the sterile nature of Bebel's work as the recognised head of the greatest upheaval in the world of ideas of the nineteenth century. Some hasty conclusions are doubtless due to the apparent (but only apparent) lack of political results hitherto achieved by the German Social Democratic party, and this in spite of its growth in the course of forty years, from a single to one hundred and eleven parliamentary representatives who, it is not always remembered, represent 4,250,000 votes. This, under manhood suffrage, assuming that each voter stands for five units of the population (men, women and children), implies a representation of twenty millions of human beings, or close upon one-third of the inhabitants of the German Empire. That the significance of these stupendous figures is so little understood is capable of a natural explanation, at least as far as it applies to Englishmen. It is mainly due to the impressionist spirit of our age, which, dazzled by the histrionic, rarely recognises or appreciates results unless they are brought before it with dramatic suddenness, accompanied by the boom of cannon, the din of brass bands, the chief performer close to the footlights—the limelight of publicity full on him—roaring as loud as any cannon's mouth. For unless such be the accompaniment of events they are of little use to the "Special Correspondent," to whom the public is largely indebted for whatever knowledge it may possess of German affairs.

II.

'Alas! that it should so often be lost sight of, that Social Democracy deals not with physical forces, nor does its influence depend altogether on the parlia-

mentary votes of what Ibsen terms "a compact majority." Its domain is that of ideas, and its efforts are directed in the first instance towards the conquest of the mind, which, as every student of history should be aware, is a very slow process, beginning as it must with the mother in the nursery. We need only revert to the history of the Reformation in Germany—then, as now, the great battle-ground of ideas—to recall that it took more than two hundred years to develop results. What Social Democracy has really accomplished in Germany during the last forty years—let us call it the first stage of its development—can hardly be estimated by anybody who is not fairly familiar with the political and economic conditions of the German working classes fifty years ago. They were without cohesion and power, at least as compared with our own. Nor were the German middle classes in much better case, either in a political or in an economic sense. This is made abundantly clear by a study of the Revolutionary movement of 1848, which as far as a participation of the masses is concerned was of a parochial, not to say a village pump character, when viewed in conjunction with the contemporary upheavals in France and Italy.

Even more significant evidence of the political passivity of the German masses is furnished by the political struggle which preceded the Unification of Germany. The initiative was taken by monarchs and statesmen, and in the most critical period (1862-66) in open defiance of the public opinion of the country. Social Democracy has already wrought such a change here that similar action of an autocratic order is most unlikely to-day, although we must not forget that the danger of an insidious manipulation of public opinion is not by any means yet eliminated from German political life. It was against the consequences of such that Bebel only two years ago uttered a strenuous warning at Jena. This we should not forget, seeing that the Socialists constitute almost the only great political party which has remained—and may be trusted to remain—at heart immune to the chimera of militarism.

III.

I have said that the essence (das Wesen) of Social Democracy lies in the domain of ideas. This naturally implies that it appeals to the passions as well as to the reason of the masses. And here it is that the greatest achievement which is identified with the personality of Bebel comes in,—in his influence on the character of the masses. He has fostered the sense of unity and loyalty to a leader; he has raised the standard of conduct and inculcated the practice of discipline and self-control. Herein, political Germany, by the lack of consecutive social and political traditions, had hitherto been somewhat behind the great nations of our time. In this direction, and in his endeavours to obtain certain rights for the German people which Rudolf von Ihering postulates in his classical treatise, "Der Kampf ums Recht," it is that Bebel's life-work will probably prove to be most lasting. For here the Germans of to-day, in spite of their great position before the world, according to Ihering, have yet much to learn and to accomplish, whilst the English are in the front, foremost of all nations.

How little the formidable and far-reaching nature of this aspect of Social Democracy is generally realised is shown by a reference to Bebel made by one of the

English correspondents writing from Berlin, which I cite as typical of some prevailing misconceptions. "Bebel was possessed of as much courage and audacity as a German Parliamentary system will allow of." Some may be of opinion that political life in England no longer calls for or affords scope for that degree of personal courage and sincerity which Bebel possessed, and many others, too numerous to mention, are also doubtless endowed with. For if tested they might possibly fall little short of those of a Giordano Bruno, a Savonarola, or a Luther. That the progress of Social Democracy in Germany has hitherto been bloodless has certainly not been owing to the lack of the spirit of the martyr, but largely to the enlightened recognition that in our time, as distinguished from that of our forefathers, a struggle of ideas is more efficiently waged with the pen than with the sword. To draw therefrom the inference that Bebel—or, for the matter of that, thousands of his followers—lacked that courage which includes self-immolation, is to plead guilty to the ignorance of a tyro concerning the degree of heroism which every idea, at least among men, has always inspired in those who were sincere in their devotion to it. If the record of German Social Democracy has been one of peaceful agitation, and is likely to remain so, it is also due to the high standard of conduct which, in spite of the dross which floats on the surface of every movement, has hitherto distinguished the masses as well as the leaders of the Social Democratic party in Germany.

IV.

So much has been written concerning the futility of the parliamentary activity of the Socialists that a few concluding words in this connection may not be out of place. Anybody who has followed the course of social legislation in Germany during the last thirty years, more particularly as it has affected factory life and that of the soldier, must come to the conclusion that some of its most humane features have been due to pressure of the Socialists, or at least to the endeavour of the Government to forestall their demands, and thus to cut away the ground from their grievances.

Even the casual listener to the debates in the Reichstag, if open-minded, should be in a position to form a very different estimate from that which is commonly current. To see a Prussian Minister of War at bay, often at his wits' end, goaded on by the virulent onslaughts of the Socialist party into compromising admissions, can hardly fail to produce a strong impression that here tremendous forces are arrayed against the spirit of militarism in Germany to-day. It is as if we beheld the pen and its interpreter, the spoken word, the logos of debate, visibly pitted before our eyes against the sword, and the latter, with all the accoutrements of coloured cloth, spurs, jack-boots, and other stage properties, worsted in the fight! The fact being that more than one Prussian Minister of War has bit the dust and owed his downfall to the damage received in his jousts—his tournament feats—against his Socialist antagonists.

A minor reproach which has been levelled at German Socialists in general, and at Bebel in particular, is that they have hitherto held aloof from and refused to accept a responsible share in legislation. But proofs are not forthcoming that an acceptable part has ever been offered to the Socialist party, at least in Prussia: witness the antiquated franchise system still in force in the Prussian Diet. Besides, such an accusation is based upon the assumption that outsiders—and here must be included all the German political parties opposed to Social Democracy—are better

judges of its interests and prospects than the leaders who have achieved such phenomenal results within the short space of one generation.

V.

It is both easy and cheap for the outsider, the editor in his chair, to declare that "we have small sympathy with Bebel's theories: his views, as was but natural with a man of his upbringing (how about the upbringing of Luther and Spinoza?), were narrow and doctrinaire. Wide aspects of human nature, whole chapters of human history were beyond his ken. His notorious book, 'Die Frau und der Socialismus,' is proof enough of that." Alas! for the value of such dicta, they omit a consideration of the most important of all factors, the human equation, the essence of which has varied little in centuries, but the power of which seems likely to become a more and more storm-directing influence in the near future. Bebel's book on woman may be scientifically as worthless as is asserted by the *Times*. But it should be patent to every dispassionate student that a treatise which deals in a fervent spirit with the welfare of the women of the working classes, inculcates self-respect, and, above all, a higher sense of the responsibilities of motherhood, must be beneficial in its effects, and can only be superseded by works which trend in the same direction, all of which must be considered as rungs in a ladder of upward human development.

VI.

What the prospects of Social Democracy may be as regards its dogmatic tenets must necessarily be beyond the ken of any living man. They aim at a gradual "Umbildung der Geister," which an individual could only participate in if he himself were able to pass through and take part in its different phases: a task which would embrace a period far beyond the span of one short human life! Even Bebel himself in recent years confessed that he was unable to foretell the direction Socialism might take. He declared: "The goal is nothing; the movement is everything," meaning thereby the "human equation," the spirit of solidarity, of collective political action, of social sympathy and affinity among the toilers and the care for the cultural interests which Social Democracy, at least in Germany, has been the means of fostering. For the moment it may even be argued that Social Democracy, by the set-back it has given to Liberalism and the impetus it has imparted to reaction in Germany through the fear it has inspired among large sections of the community, has proved anything but an unalloyed element of progress. This, however, is probably a passing phase, as signs of recovery are not wanting.

If Bebel had done nothing but declare that henceforth a man's spiritual belief is a matter which concerns himself alone, and persuaded twenty millions of human beings to accept this declaration as gospel, his days on earth would have gone far towards assuring for him that meed of immortality which Goethe foreshadowed for himself in the words of Faust:

"Es kann die Spur von meinen Erdentagen
Nicht in Aeonen untergehen."*

This fundamental declaration of Bebel embodies a fuller emancipation of the human mind than centuries of clerical dogma have been able to effect. It forms part of a broad current of Pantheistic teaching and feeling which does not preclude or bar out the highest or the lowliest from appreciating the symbolic meaning contained in traditional Christianity.

*"The trace of my days on earth
Shall not vanish in æons of time."

THE SECRET OF OLD CORNILLE

BY ALPHONSE DAUDET

I.

FRANCET MAMAI, an old man who plays the fife well, and who spends an evening with me occasionally over a flagon of wine, related the other night a little village drama in which my mill played a part some twenty years before. The old man's story left me deeply moved, and I will try and tell it you as I heard it.

Imagine for a moment, dear readers, that you have a flask of wine before you, with the odour of it in your nostrils, and opposite you an old fife-player who is telling the story.

Our country, *mon bon Monsieur*, was not always the dead and songless land it is to-day. Time was when the millers flourished here, and for ten leagues round the people of the farms brought us their corn to grind. . . . The hills on all sides of the village were dotted with windmills, and right and left sails whirled in the *mistral* above the firs, and strings of little asses laden with sacks passed up and down the mountain paths; it was a pleasure to hear on the heights the regular chorus throughout the week of cracking whips and clapping canvas, and the "*Dia hue!*" of the drivers. . . . On Sundays we met together at the mills, and up there they stood us Muscadel, and the millers' wives were as fine as queens with their lace kerchiefs and golden crosses. I, for my part, brought my fife and played to their farandoles till pitch dark. Those mills, you see, were the blessings of the countryside.

Unfortunately, some people from Paris took it into their heads to set up a steam-driven mill on the Tarascon road—a marvellous affair, you know, and quite novel! Folks began to send their corn to these new-fangled dealers, and our poor windmills sank into disuse. For a little while they put up a good fight, but steam was the stronger, and one by one, *pécaire!* they were forced to shut down. . . . The little asses no longer plodded up the hills. . . . Our fine millers' wives sold their golden crosses. . . . There was no more Muscadel to drink and no more farandoles to pipe to. . . . It was in vain that the *mistral* blew, for the sails stretched gaunt and motionless. . . . Then, one fine day, the parish had these hovels rased to the ground, and in their place planted vines and olive trees. But in the general downfall one mill held its own, and continued to turn bravely at the top of the hill, flaunting its circling arms in the faces of the fellows who used steam. It was the mill of old Cornille, this very mill, in fact, where we are talking and drinking together now.

II.

Cornille was an old miller who had dealt in flour for sixty years, and was fiercely proud of his position. The erection of the steam-mill had driven him almost crazy. For a whole week he went through the village gathering the folks round him, and giving out that the people at the new mill aimed at infecting Provence with their flour. "Don't go yonder to them," he would cry; "those ruffians there use steam to make their bread, and steam is an invention of the devil, whilst I work with the *mistral* and the *tramontane*, which are the breath of the good God. . . ." and a lot more eloquence in praise of windmills, but nobody would listen to him.

Old Cornille was furious. He shut himself up in his mill, and lived alone like a wild beast. He went so far as to send away his little granddaughter Vivette, a

child of fifteen, who, since the death of her parents, was alone in the world save for her grandpa. The poor little thing was obliged to earn her own living by hiring herself out at the farms, working in the harvest fields or the silk nurseries or the olive plantations. And yet the old man seemed still very fond of the child. Often, when the sun was at its hottest, he would trudge the four leagues that separated him from the farm where she was working, and with her by his side he would pass whole hours looking at her and weeping. . . .

We countrypeople were of the opinion that the old miller had sent Vivette away out of pure stinginess, and that it certainly did him little credit to let his granddaughter drag herself thus from farm to farm, exposed to the roughness of the masters, and to all the miseries of young folks out at service. Neither did we approve of the manner in which a man of Cornille's reputation went about the streets—Cornille, who was once so full of self-respect, and who now had the appearance of a veritable gipsy, with bare feet and tattered cap, and smock all ragged. . . . To tell you the truth, we other old men were ashamed of him when we saw him come into Mass on Sundays; and Cornille knew it quite well, for he no longer had the courage to sit in the wardens' pew, but was always there at the bottom of the church, near the font, amongst the poor.

There was something of a mystery in the life of old Cornille. It was now some time since any of the villagers had taken him a sack of corn to grind, but the sails of his mill continued to whirl as merrily as ever, and in the evening you would meet the old miller on the road driving his donkey before him, saddled with huge sacks of flour.

"Good evening, maître Cornille!" the peasants would cry; "you are just as busy as ever?"

"Just as busy, *mes enfants*," the old man would reply, blithely; "by the grace of God, it's not work that I'm wanting."

And then, if you were to ask him where on earth so much work came from, he would lay a finger on his lips and answer gravely: "Not a word! I'm working for export . . .," and more than that no one could get from him.

As to setting a foot inside the mill—such a thing was not to be thought of; it was denied even to little Vivette. . . .

Whenever you passed by you saw the door closed, the great sails swinging round, the old donkey cropping the grass on the platform, and a big, gaunt cat taking advantage of the sun on the window-sill, and glaring at you with a forbidding air.

All this was very mysterious, and gave rise to much wagging of tongues. Everyone explained old Cornille's secret after his own fashion, but the general rumour was that there were more bags of crown-pieces than sacks of flour in that mill.

III.

At length everything came out, and in this way:

One fine day, as I played my fife for the dancing children, I noticed that the eldest of my boys and young Vivette were in love. At bottom I was not displeased, for, after all, the name of Cornille was held in honour amongst us, and I should have been glad to see this little chick of a Vivette running about my house. But, as our pair of sweethearts had occasion to see much of one another, I thought I would settle

the matter at once, for fear of accidents; so I climbed up to the mill to say a few words to the grandfather. . . . Ah! you can't imagine how the old rascal received me! I could not make him open the door; I explained my mission as well as possible through the keyhole, and all the while there was that lean wretch of a cat blowing like a goblin above my head.

The old man did not give me time to finish, but shouted in a surly voice that I should go back to my piping, and that, if I was anxious to get a wife for my boy, I could not do better than go to the steam-mills. . . . You can imagine how my blood rose at this ill-mannered treatment, but I had enough good sense to keep my temper, and, leaving the old idiot to his mill, I went back to tell the youngsters of my disappointment. . . . The poor lambs could not believe it, and asked me as a favour to let them go up together to speak to grandpa. . . . I had not the heart to refuse, and *prrrt!* off the young lovers went.

When they reached the mill old Cornille had that moment gone out. The door was double-locked, but the worthy old man had left his ladder outside, and immediately the pair were struck with the idea of getting through the window, just to see what there was in this wonderful mill. . . .

It was very strange, but the grinding-room was empty. . . . There was not a single sack, nor a grain of corn, nor the slightest wisp of flour on the walls or the spiders' webs. . . . There was not even that good warm smell of crushed corn that is the perfume of mills. . . . The driving-shaft was thick with dust, and the big, lean cat lay on it, asleep.

The lower room had the same air of desolation and neglect—a wretched bed, a few rags, a crust of bread on the stairway, and, in a corner, three or four burst sacks, spilling on the floor their contents of rubbish and earth.

That was the secret of old Cornille! It was *this* rubbish he drove along the roads in the evening to save the name of his mill, to make men believe that he still had his trade in flour. . . . Poor old mill! Poor Cornille! For years now the people at the steam-mills had filched away his business. The sails were always turning, but there was nothing for the stone to grind.

The children came back and told me tearfully of what they had seen. I was struck to the heart as I listened to them. . . . Without losing a minute, I ran round to all the neighbours' houses and briefly told them the whole affair. We agreed that the only thing to do was to take all the corn there was in the village up to old Cornille. . . . No sooner said than done. The whole village set out for the mill, and we reached the top of the hill with a procession of asses struggling under the weight of the sacks of corn—and *real* corn this time!

The mill door was wide open. . . . By it sat old Cornille on a sack of rubbish, his head bowed on his hands, weeping. He had just come back to find that during his absence the mill had been entered and his sad secret surprised.

"*Pauvre de moi!*" he was saying. "There is nothing left for me to do now but to die. . . . The mill is disgraced," and he sobbed as though his heart would break, addressing his mill in all sorts of endearing terms, speaking to it as though it were a living creature.

At this moment the asses climbed on to the platform, and we all started to cry at the top of our voices, as in the good old times:

"*Ohé!* you at the mill! . . . *Ohé!* maître Cornille!"
'And with that we piled the sacks up before the mill-

door, and the rich, red-brown grain trickled on the ground to left and right. . . .

Old Cornille opened his eyes wide. He reached down and took some corn in the hollow of his wrinkled hand, and cried, smiling through his tears:

"'Tis corn! . . . *Seigneur Dieu!* . . . Fine, rich corn! . . . Let me look at it."

And then, turning to us:

"Ah! I knew well that you would come back to me. . . . Those fellows at the steam-mills are robbers."

We made a movement to carry him in triumph to the village, but he stopped us.

"No, no, *mes enfants*; before anything else I must give my mill something to eat. . . . Just think! it is so long since it has had anything between its teeth!"

And tears started to the eyes of all of us to see the poor old man bustling to left and right, ripping open the sacks, giving an eye to the mill, whilst the grain crunched beneath the stone, and the fine dust of the ground corn flew up to the rafters above.

We have this to our credit: from that day forward the old miller never wanted work. And then one morning old Cornille died, and the sails of the last of our windmills came to a standstill, this time for ever. . . . Cornille died, and nobody took his place. What else could you expect, monsieur! . . . everything in this world must come to an end, and we must take it for granted that the days of windmills were passed, just like those of the barges on the Rhône, and Parliaments, and flowered jackets. . . .



THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA— ON THE LINKS

BEHOLD, Zarathustra walked upon the links, and beheld the tees, the bunkers, and the greens. And it was a great Festival Day, called the Day of the Cup.

And Zarathustra perceived men in bunkers, dealing mighty blows. And some were dim figures amid clouds of sand. And these men were athirst. But the Cup was not for them.

And Zarathustra said: Ye are of the Mob, ye men who smite in bunkers. Behold, ye are men of the third and fourth class. Verily a scourge is Zarathustra to men with great Handicaps. It is in the desert ye must wander.

And to the Mob Zarathustra said: Away, ye Rabble. Behold, I proclaim unto you Super-Man, Plus-Man. Ye have an itch, ye Handicap men, an itch for Scratch. But behold, Scratch is the bridge that leadeth unto Plus-Four. Verily for Super-Man, for Plus-Four Man, is the Cup. Lo! I am tired of your miserable wisdom, your "Slow back" and your "Keep your eye on the Ball." Lo! for too many years have ye uttered these incantations. Behold, the time has come to shout "Fore."—Where is the lightning to lick you with its tongue? Where is that insanity with which ye ought to be inoculated? Behold, I teach you Super-Man (Plus-Man): he is that lightning, he is that insanity.

Verily, have ye not heard that Bogey is dead, and that only the Plus-Four Man liveth? For the Plus-Man shineth the light on the eighteenth green.

And Zarathustra came to the putting greens, and beheld men putting. And he wondered greatly.

And Zarathustra spake to the men. Behold, brothers, I proclaim unto you the new wisdom. Putting is a spiritual thing. Verily, no longer do I speak to you of the "Will to Live" or of the "Will to Power," but of the Will to Putt. Brothers, be up. Three things lie heavy upon the spirit—a topped drive, a short putt, and a bunkered ball. Over all these will the Super-Man, the Plus-Man triumph. W. R. T.

EVERYMAN'S FRENCH PAGE

L'AVÈNEMENT DE LA DÉMOCRATIE.

AUX approches du dix-neuvième siècle commence en Europe la grande révolution moderne. Le public pensant et l'esprit humain changent, et sous ces deux chocs une littérature nouvelle jaillit.

L'âge précédent a fait son œuvre. La prose parfaite et le style classique ont mis à la portée des esprits les plus arriérés et les plus lourds les opinions de la littérature et les découvertes de la science. Les monarchies tempérées et les administrations régulières ont laissé la classe moyenne se développer sous la pompeuse noblesse de cour, comme on voit les plantes utiles pousser sous les arbres de parade et d'ornement. Elles multiplient, elles grandissent, elles montent au niveau de leurs rivales, elles les enveloppent dans leur végétation florissante et les confondent dans leur massif. Un monde nouveau, bourgeois, plébéien, occupe désormais la place, attire les yeux, impose sa forme dans les mœurs, imprime son image dans les esprits. Vers la fin du siècle, un concours subit de circonstances extraordinaires l'étale tout d'un coup à la lumière et le dresse à une hauteur que nul âge n'avait connue. Avec les grandes applications des sciences, la démocratie paraît. La machine à vapeur et la mull-jenny élèvent en Angleterre des villes de trois cent, de cinq cent mille âmes. En cinquante ans, la population double, et l'agriculture devient si parfaite que, malgré cet accroissement énorme de bouches qu'il faut nourrir, un sixième des habitants avec le même sol fournit des aliments au reste; l'importation triple et au delà, le tonnage des navires sextuple, l'exportation sextuple et au delà. Le bien être, le loisir, l'instruction, la lecture, les voyages, tout ce qui était le privilège de quelques-uns devient le bien commun du grand nombre. Le flot montant de la richesse soulève l'élite des pauvres jusqu'à l'aisance, et l'élite des gens aisés jusqu'à l'opulence. Le flot montant de la civilisation soulève la masse du peuple jusqu'aux rudiments de l'éducation, et la masse de la bourgeoisie jusqu'à l'éducation complète. En 1709 avait paru le premier journal quotidien, grand comme la main, que l'éditeur ne savait comment remplir, et qui, joint à tous les autres, ne fournissait pas chaque année trois mille exemplaires. En 1844, le timbre marquait soixante et onze millions de numéros, plusieurs grands et pleins comme des volumes. Ouvriers et bourgeois, affranchis, enrichis, parvenus, ils sortent des bas-fonds où ils gisaient enfouis dans l'épargne étroite, l'ignorance et la routine; ils arrivent sur la scène, ils quittent l'habit de manœuvres et de comparses, ils s'emparent des premiers rôles par une irruption subite ou par un progrès continu, à coups de révolutions, avec une prodigalité de travail et de génie, à travers des guerres gigantesques, tour à tour ou en même temps en Amérique, en France, dans toute l'Europe, fondateurs ou destructeurs d'États, inventeurs ou rénovateurs de sciences, conquérants ou acquéreurs de droits politiques. Ils s'ennoblissent par leurs grandes œuvres, ils deviennent les rivaux, les égaux, les vainqueurs de leurs maîtres; ils n'ont plus besoin de les imiter, ils ont des héros à leur tour, ils peuvent montrer comme eux leurs croisades, ils ont gagné comme eux le droit d'avoir une poésie, et vont avoir une poésie comme eux.

THE RISE OF DEMOCRACY.

ON the eve of the nineteenth century began in Europe the great modern revolution. The thinking public and the human mind changed, and as a result of these two collisions a new literature sprung up.

The preceding age had done its work. Perfect prose and classical style put within reach of the most backward and the dullest minds the notions of literature and the discoveries of science. Moderate monarchies and regular administrations had permitted the middle class to develop itself under the pompous aristocracy of the court, as useful plants may be seen shooting up under trees which serve for show and ornament. They multiply, grow, rise to the height of their rivals, envelop them in their luxuriant growth, and obscure them by their density. A new world, commonplace and plebeian, thenceforth occupies the ground, attracts the gaze, makes itself visible in manners, and stamps its image on the mind. Towards the close of the century a sudden concourse of extraordinary events all at once brings it to light, and sets it on an eminence unknown in previous ages. With the grand applications of science, democracy appears. The steam-engine and spinning-jenny raise in England towns of three hundred and fifty thousand to five hundred thousand souls. The population is doubled in fifty years, and agriculture becomes so perfect that, in spite of this enormous increase of mouths to be fed, one-sixth of the inhabitants provide, from the same soil, food for the rest; importations increase threefold, and even more; the tonnage of vessels increases sixfold, the exportations sixfold and more. Prosperity, leisure, instruction, reading, travel, whatever was the privilege of a few, have become the common property of the majority. The rising tide of wealth raised the best of the poor to comfort and the best of the well-to-do to opulence. The rising tide of civilisation raised the mass of the people to the rudiments of education, and the mass of citizens to complete education. The first daily newspaper appeared in 1709. It was as big as a man's hand, and the editor did not know how to fill it. Combined with all the other papers, it did not produce three thousand numbers yearly. In 1844 the Stamp Office showed 71,000,000 numbers, many as large and as full as volumes. Artisans and townsmen, enfranchised, enriched, and having gained a competence, left the low depths where they had been buried in their narrow parsimony, ignorance, and routine. They came on the scene, and forsook their workmanlike and super-numerary dress. They assumed the leading parts by a sudden irruption, by continuous progress, or by dint of revolutions, with a prodigality of labour and genius, in the midst of extensive wars, which were taking place successively or simultaneously, in America, France, and the whole of Europe, and which were founding or destroying states, inventing or restoring sciences, conquering or acquiring political rights. They grew noble, through their great deeds, and became the rivals, equals, and conquerors of their masters; they no longer required to imitate them, being themselves heroes. They also could point to their crusades. They, too, have gained the right of having a poetry; and, like them, they will have a poetry.

LITERARY NOTES

THE summer book-drought is all but over. Publishers' catalogues, which promise an autumn downpour, are gathering fast, and soon the deluge of new volumes will be upon us. Already, like the infrequent, substantial drops which solemnly herald the coming thunder-plump, a few weighty books have alighted upon our writing-desk.

Perhaps the most notable publication of the present week is M. Raymond Poincaré's "How France is Governed." This translation of the French President's work—executed by Mr. Bernard Miall—has been issued simultaneously with the original. The publisher is Mr. T. Fisher Unwin, and the price 7s. 6d. M. Poincaré has divided his subject-matter into thirteen chapters, dealing in turn with Civic Rights and Duties, the Commune, the Department, the State, National Sovereignty, the Constitution, the President of the Republic, the Ministers, the Chambers, Justice, Public Education, the Budget and Taxation, Military Service. As a distinguished Doctor of Law, a former Minister of Public Instruction and of Finance, and an ex-Prime Minister, the President brings exceptional knowledge and experience to bear upon his task; his previous works and his membership of the Académie Française guarantee a scholarly presentation of a fascinating subject.

On September 1 Mr. Fisher Unwin will publish two remarkable biographies of veteran scientists, of whom one is still alive, and the other died a little more than a year ago—Jean Henri Fabre and Lord Lister. Dr. C. V. Legros, whose life of Fabre ("Fabre, Poet of Science," 10s. 6d.) has also been translated by Mr. Bernard Miall, writes as an intimate friend of "The Insect's Homer," and for the preparation of this volume much valuable material has been put at his disposal by M. Fabre and his relatives. Dr. Legros offers this Life to the public as "at once an admiring commentary upon his work and an act of pious homage, such as ought to be offered while he lives, to the great naturalist who is even to-day so little known"; and M. Fabre himself, in a short preface, states that his "devoted disciple" has to some extent been able to replace "those 'Memoirs' which he suggested I should write, and which only my bad health"—M. Fabre will be ninety years of age on December 22 of this year—"has prevented me from undertaking."

"Lord Lister: His Life and Work" (15s.) is by G. T. Wrench, M.D. (Lond.), who, in his Introduction, insists that Lister was "emphatically far more than a great surgeon; he was far more the founder of modern surgery. He was a great philosopher whose thought never deviated from the central problem of life, the mystery and quality of vitality." Dr. Wrench's biography runs to nearly 400 pages—an allowance which cannot be considered over-liberal for a life so long (Lister was born in 1827 and died in 1912) and work so great.

Another outstanding biography which will appear shortly is a life of Mr. W. T. Stead. Mr. Stead left a large quantity of autobiographical material, and this has been embodied by his daughter, Miss Estelle W. Stead, in her volume, "My Father: Personal and Spiritual Reminiscences," which Mr. William Heinemann has in preparation. Mr. Stead occupied such a unique place in English journalism, and his death aboard the

Titanic was so tragic in its setting, that there should be a large demand for a biography by one who knew him so well.

Thanks to the inspiring influence of teachers like Professor Legouis and the late Professors Beljame and Angellier, France is happy in the possession of an enthusiastic body of students of English literature. These students wisely make no attempt to follow the example of Taine by preparing general histories of English literature. They pick out, instead, individual authors and write monographs, some of which are recognised, even in this country, as standard works upon the subject. Recognising this, English publishers are now giving English readers the benefit of these studies of English poets and prose-writers by French pens, and there is a steadily growing collection of translations of French works of this kind. One of the most brilliant French students of English life and literature is M. André Chevrillon, whose "The Philosophy of Ruskin" (translated by Mr. Andrew Boyle, 5s.) is being published by J. M. Dent and Sons.

Among the many novelists who lay their scenes in India, Mrs. Frank Penny has few equals. Next week Messrs. Chatto and Windus publish her new story, "Love in the Hills," which depicts life in Southern India among the Nilgiris. By the way, Mrs. Penny's "A Mixed Marriage" is among the latest additions to Messrs. Methuen's series of Sevenpenny Novels. Few writers can describe so subtly and so vividly the gulf which separates the white man and woman from the brown, and her treatment of the colour problem is always masterly.

South Africa, a rich field long neglected by the novelist, has of late figured prominently in fiction. The war, now that its grim reality is more remote, provides an endless store of romance. "The Dop Doctor," for instance, made skilful use of the siege of Mafeking, and other less noteworthy novels have dealt with other features of the same campaign. The latest novelist to realise the potentialities of South Africa is Sir Gilbert Parker, whose new novel, "The Judgment House" (Methuen and Co., 6s.), will transport its characters and its readers to the scene of the Boer War.

That clever writer of historical novels, Miss Marjorie Bowen, has turned her attention to the English Civil War, and in "The Governor of England" (Methuen, 6s.) tells the story of Cromwell from his rise to fame until his death.

It is proposed to erect in Foston Church a bas-relief portrait of Sydney Smith, and otherwise commemorate the life and labours of the rector who ministered there for nearly seventeen years (1811-1828). Last week a circular was issued outlining the proposals and inviting subscriptions. It is only seemly that there should be some memorial to the great writer and preacher at Foston, where he spent the best years of his life, and such is England's debt to Sydney Smith, in gravity and gaiety alike, that subscriptions should flow in like the Atlantic upon the Committee—who will certainly not copy Mrs. Partington. Subscriptions may be sent to William H. Carr, the Rectory, Thornton-le-Clay, Yorks; Ernest E. Taylor, Bannisdale, Malton, Yorks; the Sydney Smith Memorial Fund, the London Joint Stock Bank, York; or Messrs. Barclay and Co., Malton.

THE MEDICAL CONGRESS AND THE CURE OF CONSUMPTION.

Dr. H. W. G. Maekenzie, consulting physician to the Brompton Hospital for Consumption, in his speech at the Congress, in which he gave a general survey of the history and results of the tuberculin treatment, discredited its reliability in the treatment of phthisis in the following words: "It is for those who have strong faith in tuberculin as a cure for tuberculosis to make out their case. I speak as one not without experience. For a number of years I have used tuberculin in a large number of cases. I have used extract and endoplasm. I have given it orally and subcutaneously. I have given it at longer and shorter intervals. I have given it in repeated small doses. I have given it in gradually increasing doses. I have used it because I felt it ought to have a full trial. Among those who have expressed their belief in its usefulness are men of high standing in the profession, both in this country and abroad. With similar testimony as to the effects of any other remedy I should feel it my duty to use it. But after all the trials I have made I still feel uncertain as to the value of tuberculin. I do not feel that confidence in the power of tuberculin which would justify me in saying to every patient that comes to me with tuberculosis without secondary infection that I have a remedy in tuberculin which will surely benefit him. Tuberculin treatment is still on its trial. When all is said and done, we have to acknowledge that the results so far are not brilliant, certainly not convincing."

It is very remarkable that the speaker concluded his remarks by saying: "I hear of cures said to have been effected in private practice. I want to see them reproduced in our hospitals. There have been much theorising and talk. What is needed are practical proofs, deeds not words." He surely must be aware that practical proof was the very one thing Dr. E. W. Alabone asked for when he made application to the Brompton Hospital, offering to attend the patients, supply his inhaler, and inhalants, free of cost, and let a committee of medical men judge the results. Not only was this offer made, but Colonel Le Poer Trench, whose wife was cured of consumption by Dr. Alabone's treatment after having been pronounced absolutely incurable by the late Sir W. Broadbent, promised the Brompton Hospital £1,000 if the offer was accepted. The *Times* opened its columns to a long correspondence in connection with this generous offer.

Space does not permit us to give more than the following brief extracts from this lengthy correspondence, but any medical man or layman desiring fully to acquaint himself with practical proof, not words only, should obtain from the author the following books: "How the Cure of Consumption is Suppressed" (price 1s.), and "Facts Regarding the Open-Air Treatment" (price 1s.)—these can be obtained, post free, from Dr. E. W. Alabone, Lynton House, Highbury Quadrant, London.

Colonel Le Poer Trench writes as follows:—

"When my wife was undergoing the 'Treatment,' I heard that a Mr. Theobald—the brother of the Countess of Stamford—had some years since benefited very much by the 'Treatment,' so, when I met that lady, I asked her how her family came to place her brother under it. She told me that in their village in Hampshire there was a family consisting of father, mother, and three sons—fine young men! That the father died of consumption, and each of the brothers, on attaining the age of 20, was attacked in turn; that with the two eldest it ended fatally, but when it came to the turn of the third, her family—who in the meantime had heard of the Alabone cures—wrote to that gentleman and asked if he could do anything for the sufferer; that Mr. Alabone undertook the case and cured it; and that it was this incident

which gave her family the confidence to place her brother under the treatment. She added that this occurred some ten years ago, and that he is still in the enjoyment of good health."

This is confirmed by another correspondent's letter, in which the writer states:—

"To mention the subject of the 'Alabone Cure' to members of the profession is generally sufficient for it to be dismissed with the remark that 'the so-called cures are well known to have no existence in fact,' or 'they are only cases which would otherwise have been cured under ordinary conditions, or cases in which no disease could have originally been present.'

"Is it not pertinent in this connection to ask Sir William Broadbent for his explanation of the indubitable fact that in the case of a lady referred to in the letter of Colonel Le Poer Trench to you of August 31st, who, after careful diagnosis, Sir William himself practically condemned to die, stating that 'her lungs were so bad that nothing could be done for her,' the treatment which he now attacks with such virulence and contempt did, under Providence, bring about a complete cure, her lungs becoming 'perfectly well,' to use the exact words of her generous-hearted husband, who subsequently, with the noble desire of bringing similar benefits to others, offered £1,000 to cover the expenses of an official investigation of the treatment which must have brought such happiness to him—an offer unfortunately sneered at and ignored by those who alone were in the position to carry it out? A direct answer to this would be much to the point."

It seems that, however much facts may be needed, they are the last thing accepted when opposed to long-standing theories, but when the claims made by Dr. Alabone are supported by an array of facts substantiated by medical men, nurses, and cured patients in all professions and classes, it is impossible to ignore their claim to our most earnest consideration, the more so in view of the failure, admitted at the Medical Congress, of the many "treatments" which have fallen so lamentably short in arresting the ravages of consumption.

The testimony from medical men is perhaps the more convincing, especially if they themselves have been the victims of phthisis. A most remarkable case is that of J. Christian, M.D., M.R.C.S., R.N., who was dismissed the service, being in consumption. After trying other treatments from well-known specialists, he came to Dr. Alabone, when his condition was apparently hopeless with cavities in the lungs. He was perfectly restored to health, and started to practise his profession.

A well-known medical officer of health, whose son had previously been treated by two specialists, but got rapidly worse, decided to place him under Dr. Alabone's inhalation treatment, which he did with the happiest results; he perfectly regained his health, and after being cured for five years married, and is still as well as ever he was. An immense number of such cases could be quoted, but these will suffice.

The same satisfactory reports come from nurses who have been at sanatoria and seen the results of open-air treatment as contrasted with that of Dr. Alabone's.

In addition to the works previously mentioned, readers desirous of obtaining the best information on this subject are advised to read "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. Illustrated by numerous cases pronounced incurable by the most eminent physicians. 47th Edition. 171st Thousand. Price 2s. 6d., post free, of the Author.

MASTERPIECE FOR THE WEEK

WAGNER'S "MASTERSINGERS OF NUREMBERG." BY FLORENCE G. FIDLER

THOSE unfortunate people who regard Wagnerian opera as "regulated noise," and ignore it accordingly, miss a good deal from the sum of their literary knowledge. For Wagner was not only a musician, but a scholar and a poet; the libretto of each of his operas is a dramatic work complete in itself, and was, in several instances, printed and published some years before the music was produced.

"The Mastersingers of Nuremberg" stands out from the rest of Wagner's great dramas for two reasons: it is his only comedy, and the only work in which he gets away from legendary myth. Here he takes a definite historic period, places his scene in a real town, and fills his stage with delightfully human folk, some of whom actually existed.

In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries there existed in Western Europe, as is well known, guilds, brotherhoods, scuole, and the like, some religious, some social, others mere crafts associations. In certain German cities there arose the Sängerkünfte, or Singers' Guilds, which musically were the survival of the Minnesingers and Troubadours of two centuries before, but socially were part of the general guild system of the period, and confined exclusively to the burgher class. In the rich and art-loving city of Nuremberg, which lay right on the high road from Bruges to Venice, there was a very vigorous Guild of Mastersinging, the records of which are still extant. Its constitution was on the lines of the trades guilds of the time. Candidates were apprenticed to be taught, free of cost, by the elder members, and rose in rank by degrees from scholars to journeymen and so forth, the highest rank of all being that of Master. The rules of Mastersinging were numerous and dogmatic, both as regarded words and music, and were written out on a Tabulatur, which was the despair of all beginners. The whole jargon is pedantry of the most narrow-minded description, the effect of which must have been inevitably to crush out the best in any young genius; but only by fulfilling all the absurd conditions, and at the same time inventing a new tune, could a member attain the rank of Master. The most important member of the guild was the Marker, whose duty was to "mark" the faults of the candidates at the examinations. The usual meetings were held on Sunday afternoons, and on St. John's Day each year there was a great public competition.

Wagner, himself a victim of the pedantry that is always ready to sacrifice matter to manner, has seized on these quaint mediæval conditions to make merry over the conservative burghers and their absurd Tabulatur. For his central figure he has taken Hans Sachs, the celebrated cobbler-poet and mastersinger of the sixteenth century. It is impossible to be long in Nuremberg, that most delightful and picturesque old town, without being impressed with the vast importance of Hans Sachs, who shares the historic honours of the place with Albrecht Dürer. His house is close to the Frauenkirche, his monument is in the Spitalplatz, his harp is in the Museum, his poetry is in the Record Office, his grave is in St. John's Churchyard, and his portrait is everywhere.

This extraordinary man took an active part in the bold doings of brave little Nuremberg during the storm and stress of the Reformation. Many of his poems are full of bitter and ruthless patriotism; some are

keen satires against the immoralities of the convents and monasteries; while in others he tries to popularise the new religion by versifying passages and stories from the Reformation Bible. His great "Wach auf!" which Wagner introduces in his opera, must have been a topical song of the time, a veritable war-cry of the new faith. Later he wrote prose dialogues on such subjects as freedom and liberty of conscience, until at last he became so violent in his denunciations that the peaceful council ordered him to desist from religious subjects altogether. Thereupon he turned his attention to lyrical poetry, fables, plays, and books of proverbs, and in all produced, it is stated, the astonishing total of 6,205 works. It is recorded that some of his plays were acted in the Rathaus and the Marthe-kirche during his lifetime, and that he sometimes took part in them. But Wagner claims his poet's licence and gives us little of all this. His Hans Sachs is a kindly and wholly lovable prince of diplomatists, who is continually engaged in straightening out the tangled skeins in the lives of other people; there is no forcing, no bluster, but just that consummate management of the situation by sheer strength of character, tact, and far-sightedness.

The drama opens with one of the Sunday afternoon meetings of the guild in the Church of St. Catherine, on the Eve of St. John's Day. Pogner, the rich goldsmith and senior mastersinger, announces that for the principal prize in the next day's annual competition he will give Eva, his only daughter and heiress, as a bride, the only conditions being that the successful candidate shall be a mastersinger, and that the girl herself shall have a voice in the matter. The Masters, all sound business men, see at once the weak points in Pogner's grandiose proposition. "Why," asks the furrier, "should all married men be excluded thus?" "And why," asks the baker, "should the whim of a capricious damsel have any weight in so tremendous an affair as the election of a mastersinger?" The Town Clerk suggests reasonably that the maiden's choice and the mastersinger's election shall be kept separate. Hans Sachs suggests that the people shall have a voice in the decision, and raises a storm of disapproval. What! the *people* be allowed to judge! Then indeed would be an end to all true art! But Pogner and Sachs have a certain man in their thoughts all the time. The young noble, Walther von Stolzing, poor and proud, but a poet and musician, is the secret lover of Eva, and is liked by both the elder men. Eva loves him, and her father is not blind to the brilliance of so aristocratic a connection; Sachs admires and values him as an artist. But conservative exclusiveness was the very essence of the guild system, and there were many difficulties to be smoothed from the young lovers' path. The Masters consent to give the knight a first trial at once, and Walther is summoned. The Marker, who himself means to compete the following day, with a view to the daughter and the ducats (particularly the ducats), retires behind his curtains, and the trial begins. Needless to say, the competitor fails to comply with all the complications of the Tabulatur, and comes to grief hopelessly. That night, in despair, he seeks to entice Eva to elope with him. The ever-ready Sachs prevents this by the simple method of opening his window and letting a flood of

light pour across the path of the young couple, and then getting up a street riot, under cover of which he gets Eva home and drags Walther to his own house. The next morning he instructs the knight in the rules of the competition, and writes down the poem, which the young man extemporises on the spot. The paper is left lying on the desk, and falls into the hands of the unscrupulous Marker. The last act is the great trial of St. John's Day, held in the fields outside the city. The various guilds arrive with banners flying and trumpets blowing, and at last the Singers' Guild comes, with the banner of their patron saint, King David the Harpist, and the Masters in all their holiday finery. The trial is opened by the Marker, who uses Walther's song, but sings it so badly that the crowd howls him down. Sachs rises, and says that the song is good if properly sung, and suggests that the author of the poem shall show how it should be performed. Walther comes forward, sings the song successfully, is acclaimed the hero, and all ends happily with the crowning of Sachs himself by the happy young couple.

This, very briefly put, is the chief plot; there is a subsidiary love-story of Maddelena, Eva's maid, and David, the apprentice of Sachs, which is simply and sympathetically treated. But the drama is full of magnificent characterisation and rich comedy, which can only be adequately enjoyed in the original German. The various Masters are superbly done. The incomparable Sachs; Pogner, muddle-headed, always divided between his dignity and his love for his daughter; Beckmesser, the Marker and Town Clerk, malicious, vulgar, cruel and cowardly, yet showing himself always as a better educated man than the others; the buckle-maker, the grocer, the coppersmith, and the rest, all weighted with the pompous self-complacency of the substantial burgher, form altogether a gallery of portraits which may be studied side by side with those of Albrecht Dürer.

Above all there is the "great idea" which must exist in every work if it is to live—the idea of the struggle of genius with the ordinary conditions of life; the battle of the true and the pure against that conservatism and prejudice which tramples on everything it cannot understand; a battle which has always raged and which will always rage around the thing that happens to be newest in the stream of constant change which we call progress.



CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE.

PILLAR that through the hour of Egypt's glory
Saw earth crouch in the shadow of those kings
Of whom the dotting Nile babbles and sings,
Mocked by the pyramids and ruins hoary—
Hast thou forgot the pomp, the transitory
Triumphs? Amid the world's concretest things
Thou standest now and hearest murmurings
More potent than the Nile's loud oratory.

Ascends the voice of Labour, mutè no more,
And through the city's multitudinous roar
Speaketh the universal Voice, time-taught:
"Weighed is the worth of Egypt; this grey stone,
Yon desert tombs, slave-wrought, endure alone;
The blazoned might of kings is come to naught."

THOMAS SHARP.

MARY II., QUEEN OF ENGLAND.*

THE history of the house of Stuart has always exercised a unique and powerful fascination over all minds interested in the interplay of character and circumstance. The force of personality on the fortunes of a nation's life has never in the history of any family received a greater vindication. Mary, Queen of Scots, with all the disadvantages of her French and Catholic education, yet was able for five long years to keep in check the turbulence of an uncivilised Scotland. In a somewhat different spirit, and with utterly opposite aims, Charles II. kept himself on the English throne, and this largely by his extraordinary versatility of principle and practice coupled with the firm determination "not to go on his travels again." And finally the Young Pretender roused Scotland to a burning loyalty and devotion, not by any appeal to religion, or by the compelling power of any great principle, but entirely by the romance and wonder of his exploits and the charm of his own personality.

It is with great interest, then, that we turn to the life of another Stuart, of whom hitherto little has been known—Mary II. of England, daughter of James II. and Anne Hyde, and wife to William of Orange. In her we find the Stuart strain mingling with a strongly Protestant and bourgeois tendency. From her mother Mary seems to have inherited a strict adherence to principle, both in religion and in politics. Her mind was able, in a manner wholly alien to Stuart tradition, to grasp the abstract ideals of government. To take but one instance: "If princes do ill things," she writes, "they must expect that the world will take revenges on their memory, since they cannot reach their persons; that was but a small suffering, far short of what others suffered at their hands." "When she penned these words Mary had travelled far from the doctrine of divine right of kings to which her father was at this time acknowledging allegiance."

Yet with it all the Queen had still the charm and grace, both of person and of character, which place her in the true Stuart succession. Burnet says of her that "she carried that air of Life and Joy about with her that animated all who saw her." Her popularity among the Dutch was phenomenal, and it is doubtful whether William could have accomplished as much as he did in England without the influence which Mary exercised over the common people. "William ruled ably, and on the whole wisely, but with an air of patronising aloofness which courted opposition." It was the Queen who acted, to some extent, as intermediary between King and people. She supplied the figurehead, the centre of interest and affection without which no constitutional monarchy is safe."

The pages dealing with Mary's religious opinions are of great and permanent interest. Miss Sandars has given us a number of quotations from the Queen's letters to her father, and perhaps they reveal better than anything else the strength and beauty of Mary's mind. It was no easy task to write in the spirit of a respectful daughter and yet to convey her unalterable conviction of the truth of the Protestant faith. She argues at great length the value of reason and experience in religion, and claims that she is a Protestant "not because she has been brought up one, but because she was convinced by her own judgment that she was in the right path." She sums up her attitude towards Roman Catholicism by saying, "The Reformers did not leave the true Catholic Church, but only the errors that had crept into it."

* "Princess and Queen of England": the Life of Mary II. By Mary F. Sandars. 16s. (Stanley Paul.)

REFORMS IN OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS*

By EMERITUS PROFESSOR H. A. STRONG

(Concluded)

I.

WHAT is called a classical education is not fitted to develop either the intelligence or the taste for learning of every boy, and this fact should be looked boldly in the face. Far be it from me to under-rate the charm and inspiration which the great masters of style and thought must ever offer to those fortunate students who have the power and the leisure to peruse them with understanding. I most sincerely hope that Britain will always be the nursing home of a generation of classic scholars whose thoughts and whose style may be mightily influenced by the stately utterances of the philosophers, poets, and historians of classic times. But it is hard to believe that a mere smattering of any language or literature can prove of much intellectual value to those who acquire it; and it has always seemed to me that the scanty knowledge obtained by passmen at our universities would, in most cases, have been greater in extent and of more value to their after careers had they been free from the outset of their university life to apply themselves to some other branch of learning. In a word, the standard of entrance to universities should be raised, and more avenues to the degree granted. It is admitted on all sides that passmen and, generally speaking, those who are intent on "having a good time" at the university, must be accepted as inmates of such of the colleges at the older universities as are unable to attract a sufficient number of Honours men. It is a mere pious wish to improve this state of things until we shall, by some stroke of fate, be forced to become a more intellectual nation. But if the authorities at the universities would assume as a working hypothesis that every young man committed to their charge has a talent for some kind of learning, and that the attempt to drill all their pupils in the same way results in disaster, it would be possible to raise the standard in all subjects taught.

II.

It has been necessary to refer to the courses prescribed by the universities on account of the influence exercised by these on those prescribed at our public schools. The universities possess a very large number of scholarships and prizes, most of which are awarded on the ground of proficiency in classics. The public schools must perforce prepare their most promising pupils to gain their coveted distinctions, and they have to do this even although the bulk of their scholars may not intend to proceed to the universities. The private schools, again, have to follow in the wake of the public schools, mainly because these again offer large rewards in the way of foundation scholarships, which are chiefly awarded as the result of tests in classical knowledge. And it may be remarked with respect to these foundation scholarships, no less than with respect to those tenable at the older universities, that it seems in the highest degree unjust that the sons of rich men should be allowed to profit by funds intended to secure a good education for "poor scholars." I do not think that opulent parents should be permitted to allow their sons to accept such charity, even if they refuse to accept the actual pecuniary benefit.

* The first part of this article appeared in EVERYMAN of August 22nd.

It is quite possible to institute an enquiry into the circumstances of any parents who may propose their children as candidates for such scholarships, without any kind of loss of self-respect on the part of the parents. Whether or not it be advisable for any boys at the tender age of fourteen to undergo the strain and stress of competition is another matter, but it cannot be too often repeated that those who have most authority to speak on the matter are of the unanimous opinion that it is most unwise.

III.

The present writer, like Dr. Gray, was at Winchester, but some years before his time. When I was there our teaching consisted almost exclusively in the Classics. No English literature of any kind was taught, practically no history; there was one mathematical master for the whole school; the French class was a bear garden, and science was taught for one hour a week during one term by a lecture given to the whole school by a gentleman who amused us boys by the singular way in which he pronounced his words. In spite of this peculiar education I am glad to say that most of us succeeded tolerably well in after-life, but most of us, I imagine, felt on leaving school that they might have done better had they learnt more of different subjects. I fancy that some of the feeling which undoubtedly prevailed in the late fifties at Winchester still prevails at most of our public schools, viz., that it is more respectable to learn classics than any other subject; to study mathematics is permissible; to study French or science in my time would have been thought derogatory, even had it been possible. I feel sure then that before enthusiasm can be awakened in the pupils of our public schools for other subjects than the classics, a healthy and enlightened opinion must set in as to the value of every kind of learning. It is no easy task to eradicate old prejudices from our nation; it is, perhaps, more difficult to eradicate them from our public schoolboys, and from their teachers, than from any other class of the community. But it has to be done, and it is for the parents of boys to make them see the true perspective of knowledge in all its branches.

IV.

There is one reform in the system of the promotion of our public school masters which needs adoption. According to the present system, after a master has been for a certain number of years in his post, he is rewarded not by a rise of salary, but by the permission to keep a boarding-house, from which he is enabled to draw a very large income. Of course, before according him permission to open such an hotel, the headmaster has to satisfy himself that the master in question possesses the capacity for doing so. He has, besides his ordinary school work, to devote time to the duties of catering for his boys, amusing them, coaching them, doctoring them, and generally supervising them. He is responsible for their physical and moral well-being. It may well be imagined that the manifold calls on the time of a hard-worked housemaster cannot permit him much leisure for self-culture. But the worst part of this arrangement is that young and studious masters who may be profound scholars, and

(Continued on page 628.)

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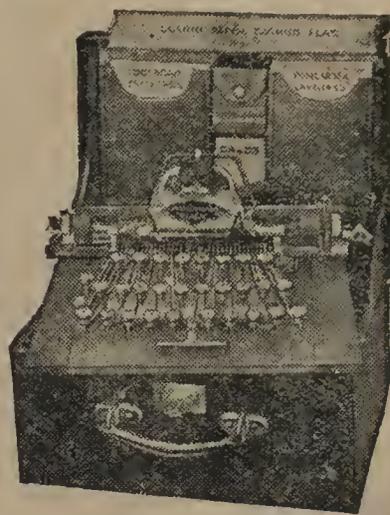
STYLE, HASTE, IMPATIENCE.

Affectation is the cause of a great deal of the bad handwriting which is forced upon us from time to time by young men and women over-bubbling with affected individuality. These would-be stylists, if put to it, could undoubtedly write

a plain, firm, and dignified hand, that would really show character; but they mostly prefer the style which shows neither character, dignity, individuality, nor consideration for the time or patience of others.

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of an unbusinesslike nature, cannot hope, under present circumstances, for any substantial reward for their services, and they may remain on their totally inadequate teaching salaries for years, and afterwards may be, and commonly are, discharged with either no pension, or at best a mere pittance. So, as things are at present, good scholars and keen students who are unable to check washing bills, and to cater for forty guests, should be wary of entering on the teacher's career.

V.

Dr. Gray's* remedy for the necessary reforms in education generally is to place our whole system under Government control, a drastic enough remedy. Personally, I should mistrust such a proceeding until our nation has followed in the steps of the nations of the Continent by choosing as Minister of Education a really well-educated man, of wide grasp and real enthusiasm. It seems to me that an educational council might well be called into being, on which the Government might be represented, but on which should be found as well our chief representatives of every department of knowledge.

* "The Public Schools and the Empire." By H. B. Gray, D.D. Williams and Norgate. 6s.

CORRESPONDENCE

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Owing to the large number of letters received it is necessary for correspondents to write briefly if their letters are to appear.

AN OPEN LETTER TO MR. JOSEPH FELS.

DEAR MR. FELS,—Like your countryman, Benjamin Franklin, one hundred and thirty years ago, you have left Philadelphia to convert our benighted British Islanders to the true political faith. I admire your philanthropic efforts. I am in entire concurrence with your diagnosis of the social evil. I am convinced, like yourself, that the Land Question is at the root of every political disorder, that it is responsible for the pauper as well as for the millionaire, for the reactionary as well as for the militarist. For all I know, the Single Tax may be the single remedy for every disease.

At the same time, I am amazed to find how little trouble either you yourself or your fellow-workers are taking to answer even the most obvious objections of the man in the street. For instance, you do not even stop to consider the following plain question, which most naturally occurs to the most superficial student: even assuming the Single Tax to be absolutely just, how are you going to make it efficacious? Henry George, in Book 8, chap 4 of his "Progress and Poverty," tells us that "the Tax on Land falls upon the owners of land. There is no way in which they can shift the burden upon any one else." Henry George takes this as an obvious assumption, but does not stop to prove it. I confess I do not understand why a tax on land, any more than any other tax, should necessarily and finally fall on the land owner. If the State imposes a tax on the land owner, he will shift it on to the farmer, who will deduct it from the wages of the farm-labourer. If the State imposes a tax on the land, on which my house is built, the landlord will simply add the amount of the tax to the rent. Unless you do away with the Capitalist, will not your Land Tax ultimately fall, not on the Capitalist but on the Labourer?—I am, yours very truly,

LAND REFORMER.

THE LAND HUNGER.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—If ever a class of labourers should pray to be saved from their friends it is the peasantry of Great Britain. No crueller panacea for the depopulation of rural districts can be devised than the proposal to put men on small holdings of comparatively sterile soil in our very uncertain climate, with produce selling at present values and labour and capital so expensive.

Mr. Chiozza Money never said anything truer than that back to the land is back to starvation. There must be some economics in the project, and if the smallholder is to pay even 3 per cent. on the cost of land and buildings he will not make a ploughman's wage. The *Times* recently had one of the most reliable and well-informed articles which has appeared in its columns on any particular industry, and it reluctantly admitted that agriculture is sick almost unto death. There is a strong demand for land, not that it is profitable, but because there are more would-be farmers than farms, and not ten out of a hundred are making 5 per cent. on their capital.

There is not an avocation in the world that yields so little on its capital. But it requires no prolonged apprenticeship, no examinations to pass, and young men appreciate the sporting, outdoor, independent life. At present land is unmercifully taxed compared with movable property, and while prices wane, outlays of all kinds increase. There is not a living wage in cultivating cereals and potatoes on a small scale. Where there is a near demand for milk and butter, a reasonable return can be got if one works like a galley-slave; but if he pays for the labour, the yield is not commensurate with outlays. It would be far easier to restore the country hand loom than to resuscitate small holdings in the northern portion of the King's dominions.

Horticulture with intense cultivation in the southern counties may be different, but "Back to the land!" will only do as an election cry.—I am, sir, etc.,
Edinburgh, August 12th, 1913. G. A.

MR. HYNDMAN ON INDIA.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Mr. Hyndman's article on India in your issue of June 6th is such a gross caricature of the actual facts and condition of affairs in this country that it is difficult to take him seriously. It is evident from the very first that he does not know what he is writing about, and is only concerned to string together a few sentences, repeating, parrot fashion, the shibboleths of his creed—"Disastrous influence," "Bleeding of India," "Frightful impoverishment," and so on.

To take his own points seriatim: (1) Mr. Hyndman must be a more unsophisticated individual than he gives himself out to be if he imagined the Indian students would *not* "cheer to the echo" when Bepin (not Begim, Mr. Hyndman!) Pal delivered his lecture in Caxton Hall; but that did not make what Bepin Pal said of any more value as a contribution to the question of the government of India than Mr. Hyndman's. And if Mr. Hyndman believes that Bepin Pal or the students represent Bengal, or Tilak the Maharrattas, then he is very, very far wrong. The so-called "educated natives" claim these gentlemen as leaders when they are not fighting among themselves; but the three hundred and forty odd millions of other natives infinitely prefer our rule, and know that there is not such a thing as "Britain's disastrous influence." If Mr. Hyndman had lived a few years in this country he would know that he is talking rubbish when he

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writes about the "greatest pauper warren," when he says we have done all in our power to "crush Indian initiative," etc., etc. What, asks Mr. Hyndman, goaded the Bengalis into assassination? Our abominable mis-rule." This is arrant nonsense. We here understood it was the "Partition of Bengal"; but we know better now that Mr. Hyndman has spoken.

Mr. Hyndman should read up the military history of India, and he would then know that there was a very considerable difference between the Bengal Sepoys who fought at Bhurtpore and, to use his own words, the "most contemptible of cowards and meanest of men" who are represented by the assassins he refers to. The Bengal Sepoy would soon put Mr. Hyndman right if he attempted to class the two together. But that is the mistake always made by one in the position of Mr. Hyndman, who knows nothing whatever of the country or its inhabitants, except what he has imbibed from the Bepin Pals who go home and pose as patriots.

(2) Bleeding of India. I am afraid Mr. Hyndman has divorced Lord Salisbury's words from their context; but whether that is the case or not, the following report on the Customs House Returns is a complete refutation of the cry about the "drain" or "bleeding of India." I have no doubt your Chancellor of the Exchequer would rub his hands and look round for more hen-roosts to rob if he had a balance sheet like this:

"The return of the exports and imports of India for 1911-12 are recommended to those who still have doubts as to the absurdity of 'the drain' theory.

"The total exports from British India in 1911-12 were of the value of £158,908,091 and the imports of £131,684,190.

"In other words, after paying for everything, India had £27,223,901 or Rs.40,83,58,515 left out of what it got for its exports, to spend as it liked.

"The people of India were nearly 50 crores of rupees to the good in the exchange of imports and exports.

"Few other countries can show a balance sheet like that of India."

(3) Government by State Capitalists. I do not know if I understand this phrase. It is high sounding, but means little. Does Mr. Hyndman have *very much* control over the spending of the national revenue? I'm afraid not, so he is just in the same box as the native of India. I agree with him in protesting against the spending of millions on an unnecessary capital, but for different reasons. Says Mr. Hyndman, "I regard our present rule in India as one of the greatest crimes ever committed," etc. My word, that is strong! but then who is Mr. Hyndman that his opinion should be voiced so loudly, and what does he know about it?

By means of canals we have brought millions of acres which were desert into rich and fertile land; we have spread a network of railways over the country, so that food can be quickly sent to any district threatened with famine; and, above all, we have brought peace and security to the millions of people never known previously in the country's history.

Mr. Hyndman may be correct when he says in his paper that the wisacres at home are living in a fool's paradise, but that is not the case here. We are fully alive to what is going on, and were it not for the Mr. Hyndmans at home, steps would soon be taken to put matters straight. But our hands are tied in the meantime.

In conclusion, let me assure Mr. Hyndman and your

readers that India was taken by the sword, and will only be kept by the sword.—I am, sir, etc.,
Calcutta, July 16th, 1913. ANGLO-INDIAN.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—The uncertainty of posts in this part of the world has deprived me of the pleasure of reading Mr. Hyndman and the first part of Mr. Lilly on "India for the Indians"; but perhaps I shall not be too late to offer a comment on Mr. Lilly's second instalment. If any contributor of yours sees fit to abuse the Welsh, Scots, or Irish, there is no great harm done; but circumstances make the wholesale abuse of the educated Indian peculiarly objectionable, especially in a paper which must be read by a great number of them.

Mr. Lilly objects to English education and to representative institutions in India; but, like all critics on these lines, he offers no alternatives. The old-fashioned style, supposed by critics of Mr. Lilly's type to be suited to the genius of the people, was for tyranny to be limited by revolt. We do not now allow the petty despot to be knifed, so we introduce tentatively the more gentle method of keeping him in check by giving the people the power to remove him by less sanguinary methods.

Now, with regard to anglicisation, there is more nonsense talked in disparagement of this than on any other Indian question. While the Japanese receives unstinted praise for his wonderful grasp of European language, thought, and civilisation, the Indian, who has grasped them to much better effect, is abused for his pains. Besides, the Indian's teachers being English, what else could they teach him? And if they had taught him nothing (Mr. Lilly's only alternative), in what way would he be the better for his ignorance? The Indian is abused for forgetting his own literature. What is the truth? The truth is that Sanskrit is studied more to-day than in any modern time, and that vernacular literature has improved precisely where English has been best studied. The great modern Bengali literature would not have existed but for the study of English, which people assume must have displaced the vernaculars, and proceed from assumption to assertion.

Mr. Lilly finds much learning by rote and little character-training in India. Does he not find the same thing in England? He finds education turning out young sceptics in India. Is there any country where he would not find the same thing? Mr. Lilly objects to the lawyers grabbing places at the Councils. Do not our Labourites make exactly the same complaint of the British Parliament? (That Mr. Hyndman and his tribe admire the Indian lawyer while they detest the British is only one of their little peculiarities.)

Finally, though tradition is powerful, there is nothing congenital in representative institutions. There must be struggles and disappointments in acquiring them, but the struggle will be over the peculiarly local details, not over the general principles, which can be learnt and accepted. To speak of educated India as "the Babus" is grossly inaccurate, and to dub educated Indians "unspeakable" is a slander. Give them unchecked authority, and they will be oppressive, like most people; but they are the most enlightened and liberal people of India to-day, though they so often find themselves abused in a Lillyan strain.

Mr. Lilly is slipshod even in his facts. The native princes do not rule two-thirds of India, and the Nizam is not "one of the most considerable"—he is the first.—I am, sir, etc.,
A. MORGAN YOUNG.

Kobe, Japan, July 28th, 1913.

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CHARLOTTE BRONTË'S LETTERS.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Your correspondent, "An Admirer of Charlotte Brontë," does not seem to me to have the penetration of Margaret Hamilton, who has written so clearly and sympathetically on these letters of Charlotte Brontë and M. Héger.

M. Héger was unmanly and unworthy of her letters; like most self-satisfied, all-important people, he cherished the glow these letters created in and around him by the impassioned tenderness of her spirit bowed with the pain of a finite heart that yearned.

M. Héger appears to me to be the portrait of the person Rochester in "Jane Eyre." From their first meeting she became a necessity to him; he felt and lived in her presence, but his mean, unmanly spirit kept her behind the scenes in his life; whatever goodness or greatness he achieved depended on her. He appealed to her pity, drew out all that was most womanly by the strange, sad undercurrent she felt in him; she could have mothered him. She could not reveal herself to him, but in the loneliness of her spirit he fascinated her, and the charm of her being welled up within her, and she found vent in either seeking his presence or in writing letters to him. How natural for a soul of Charlotte Brontë's cast!

Charlotte invested Héger with what was within her, and loved it in the person of Héger, but like the mighty deep, unconscious that he was only the mirror that held her spirit, as the sea, the sky. She loved in him only her own soul.

"I looked at my love; that feeling that was my master's—which he had created; it shivered in my heart, like a suffering child in a cold cradle; sickness and anguish had seized it; it could not seek Mr. Rochester—it could not derive warmth from his breast. Oh, never more could it turn to him, for faith was blighted—confidence destroyed!"

These words reveal the true thoughts and feelings Charlotte Brontë had for M. Héger. Héger, be he what he may, was what Margaret Hamilton says, "a spur to Charlotte's imagination," and if the letters have served any purpose, more than reawakening an interest in so sensitive and delicate a soul clothed with a body known as Charlotte Brontë, then we have to thank the friends of M. Héger for giving them to the publisher; but I am convinced Héger was incapable of reciprocating the spirit of Charlotte Brontë, and that he selfishly lived in the glow of the warmth that came to him through the letters from her presence. I may be wrong.—I am, sir, etc.,

JAMES MACBRIDE.

Glasgow, August 19th, 1913.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Among the mass of correspondence on this subject there is much that reveals an utter lack of appreciation of M. Héger. Hence my pleasure to read such an unbiased estimate as that from "An Admirer of Charlotte Brontë" in your latest number.

The writer says there are many reasons which may account for his not destroying the letters. May I suggest one, which, so far as I know, has not been mentioned? Does not the mere fact of his keeping the

letters indicate that, though he did not reply (save once), *he cared for them?*—I am, sir, etc.,

J. C. WRIGHT.

'Authors' Club, S.W., August 18th, 1913.

EVOLUTION AND SCRIPTURAL DOCTRINE.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Christianity, I think, means a belief in Christ, and personally I cannot see what Evolution has to do with Christianity or why it should menace a belief in Christ.

Had "Un Chercheur" put his question thus, "Do you think the average man's knowledge of Evolution would compel him to suppose that belief in *the creation of man* was menaced?" it would have been a different thing entirely, and in my experience I find that the Creation story is considered only a myth by not only ordinary men, but in the minds of quite a lot of clever Christian clergy.

Nowadays one rarely hears a parson preach on the subject at all, for, after all, true Christians only attempt to live up to the standard of Jesus Christ, and the various stories in the beginning of the Bible only interest them in the same manner as reading other ancient classics which contain stories of the creation and life of the various Roman gods. Apart from that, some of our cleverest men have attempted to prove Evolution, and have given some remarkable proofs too; but I have never heard of anyone attempting to prove the Creation or Ark story. If you ask the average local preacher if he believes it, he invariably tells you that "it's part of our religion to believe in it." Well, why believe the Creation story any more than some of the other mythical stories?—I am, sir, etc.,
Birmingham. C. D.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—"Un Chercheur" has evidently not considered how marvellously the hypothesis of Evolution as a whole—apart from the evolution of man and the stages through which he has passed as fish, reptile, and mammal—coincides with the more familiar Biblical account of Creation.

But as regards the difficulty of squaring the theory of Evolution with Scriptural doctrine, I too have asked, How are we to reconcile the thought with that of a divine origin, or with Pascal's words, "I created man holy, innocent, perfect"? The last two words one can understand better than the first where Evolution is concerned. "He was not then in the darkness which blinds him, nor subject to mortality and the woes which afflict him." "Such is the state in which men now are; there remains to them some feeble instinct of their *former state*."

How are we to consider a "former state" of such a nature in the same instant with a jelly speck, an amoeba, which extemporises its organs or pseudopodia?

Can it be that the Holy Spirit entered into man even as the germ of life entered into matter—a spiritual amoeba, minute yet perfect, because containing all the potentialities of a perfected spiritual being—of God Himself?

For if God is Home and we have a divine origin, surely it was in that great psychological moment during the course of Evolution, when God breathed into man's nostrils, that man, in becoming "a living soul" and partaking of the Divine Nature, knew Home, and was given *the chance* (those two words contain all the suggestion of the separate doctrines of Free Will, The Fall, and the Atonement) of ultimate perfection.

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And he knew Home not through experience—*an* experience, yes—but through a divine perception, through a ghostly inheritance.—I am, sir, etc.,
Birmingham. FLORENCE A. MARRIOTT.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—While here on a holiday I have been reading your issue of 1st inst., which contains a letter under the heading "Evolution and Scriptural Doctrine."

The writer of the letter suggests that Christianity is menaced by the teaching of Evolution. As is so often the case, it is necessary to define the terms we use. There is, first of all, Christianity as Christ left it, and which is found chiefly in the Sermon on the Mount and in the 15th chapter of Luke's Gospel. Then there is what to many people is Christianity, namely, the dogmatic theology of Paul containing the dogmas of the Fall, the Redemption, and the Atonement.

The theory of Evolution is now, I assume, accepted by all fairly educated persons, and with them the Pauline theology is simply untenable. But Christianity as taught by Christ Himself is not in the least degree menaced by Evolution. On the contrary, when once it is freed from the accretions of the theology of Paul, with which it has so long been overlaid and obscured, it will at last have a chance of showing what great things it can do for humanity.—I am, sir, etc.,
Kippford-on-Solway. VERITAS.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Your correspondent "Un Chercheur" propounds what to many may appear a somewhat difficult question. Nevertheless, as a student of Evolution I have not felt my Christianity seriously assailed; rather the other way. When Evolution became established as nature's law, sin, on the other hand, according to divine law, was not disestablished; not even the trite truism that "there has been no fall, but a rise," need trouble the mind. Instead of looking for Eden "south of the Euphrates," man locates that within his own breast, the tragedy of discerning "both good and evil" being the daily outcome of his own experience; and so the Fall, in the Biblical sense, remains a fact, *i.e.*, the consciousness of sin. Now, to come to God's remedy for sin we shall at once be up against the mind theologic. In this direction, however, Evolution has no discouraging message. There is no need to be pessimistic, "life being an ascent"; let us accept the aphorism. All through this ascending life man has received hints and premonitions of a helping hand, the developing and ever-expanding revelation of God Himself, culminating in Christ, His Incarnate Son; and so it comes about that in the light of Evolution man is called upon to act, so to speak, as co-worker with the Eternal, weaving out his own destiny in the terms of that Redeeming Love as presented to him in the sacrificial aspect of the life and death of Jesus Christ.

No; Evolution, rightly interpreted, need be no menace to Christianity. In the weighty words of Lord Acton, "If Evolution (Darwinism) be true, the religion that cannot accept it must be false."—I am, sir, etc.,
South Ayrshire. T. N.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—In comparing the evolution of man with Christianity, "Un Chercheur," together with a great number of people, makes a very serious mistake in thinking Evolution is contrary to Christian Ideals. Evolution deals only with the actual physical growth of man, whilst the Scriptures deal with the soul or spirit of man.

Surely Evolution strengthens Christianity by show-

ing that God does everything in perfect law and order.—I am, sir, etc.,
Lewisham. DONALD LATIMER.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Is Mr. Holby's question as serious as he thinks? "Has the Evolution of the Body anything to do with the Redemption of the Soul?" Can you conceive a degenerate blessed with the soul of a man who has lived a clean and healthy life? I say "No!" Even as environment affects humans generally, so, I consider, does the clay receptacle affect the ego. I grant that the body "is merely a tool with which the ego works," but that divine spark can be smothered by physical misuse. The body becomes the tool only when the soul has been raised above the gross inclinations. This apparent evolution of the soul compels me to ask, From what state of perfection did the soul fall? if, as Mr. Holby concedes, the body did evolve from matter.

Mr. Marsden's letter appears to me somewhat contradictory. He contends that "thinking Christian people do not presume to deny the theory of Evolution," yet believe "that the Creator made man perfect, and that man fell." He suggests the theory that Evolution dates from the fall of man; hence, at the fall, man became purely and simply an animal?

(1) I agree with D. F. B.-L. that Evolution is, *at present*, "scarcely more than a convenient basis for classification and analysis," but I think there is a good deal in favour of it becoming more than that. This, of course, takes one away from the question in hand, and might, if D. F. B.-L. would honour a young but earnest seeker, form a subject for private correspondence between us.

(2) If anything is to progress it is natural to expect many failures. One would not condemn a progressive church gathering because of the presence of one or two hypocrites.

(3) D. F. B.-L. forgets that man is capable now of taking the law into his own hands, and, in the words of Swedenborg, "God casts no one into Hell, but Evil Spirits cast themselves in."

(4) My answer to (2) constitutes an answer to the latter portion of this paragraph. "The survival of the fittest" does not necessarily mean the survival of "maimed wrecks."

Thanking you for allowing this debate to take place.—I am, sir, etc.,
Newcastle-on-Tyne, August 9th, 1913. UN CHERCHEUR.

CHINA AND OPIUM.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—In his article on "Private and Public Morality" Dr. Sarolea, in speaking of Great Britain and the opium trade, asserts that "she insists on compelling China to buy the poisonous drug. Millions of Chinese must, forsooth, be poisoned and stupefied in order that a few millionaire gentlemen from Bombay may further add to their ill-gotten shekels." If opium were not imported at the seaports of China, thousands of the older men, including many of high position, would die through privation of the drug, which they had been used to all their lives. The majority of opium smokers in China die at a good old age, with no visible effects of "the curse." But, I should like to add, the young Chinaman does not contract the opium habit, for there is a stigma attached to his doing so, an example that public opinion is far more effectual than much legislation. I understand that it is proposed that only the present supply of opium in India shall be imported into China.—I am, sir, etc.,

Bowdon.

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BOOKS OF THE WEEK

The author of *GRACECHURCH*, John Ayscough (Longmans, Green, 6s.), has given us a delightful series of sketches of village life. Many of them have the old-world charm and delicate humour of Cranford. But that is not all. In the later chapters of the book a deeper note is struck. It is first heard in "Lessons," when the small boy endeavours to go to Confession, and has to own to the priest that he is not a Catholic. "According to all Protestant theories, he ought then and there to have made me a Catholic: it did not seem to occur to him. . . . He was an elderly theologian and I was a little ignorant boy of eleven: it would not, I'm sure he thought, have been fair." Again it sounds in the conversation with Sextus. But it is in the last chapter, headed "A Farewell Party," that the author's love for Catholicism can no longer be kept silent. "The Gracechurch Papers," he says, "were never intended to embody the story of a boy's conversion to the Catholic Church." Intentionally or unintentionally, the later chapters certainly have that conversion as their chief interest, and I, for one, am glad of it. Mrs. Malone is too good a character to have missed. Her comment on the Confession incident is well worth quoting:

"Wormin' and oilin' to confess your sins, when the glory of the Protestants is that they kape their sins to themselves, and rot 'em. A quare Prodestant, and good luck to you."

§ § §

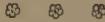
"It is bad to be hungry and homeless in England; it is worse to be hungry and homeless in Paris, as well I know—but what is it for a white man to be hungry and homeless in a land where every white man should be a model, an example, a standard-bearer—where every white man represents an Empire and stands for the ruling race, for the governing class, for the West?" The problem of the Englishman who has failed and gone under in India is not much written of or discussed. In his latest book, *FATHER GREGORY* (Longmans, Green, 6s.), Mr. Wren has shown some of the lures and failures of Indian life. His sympathies are on the side of the unsuccessful, who have broken the great commandment, "Thou shalt not be found out."

The first chapter is undoubtedly the most dramatic in the book. The horror of the situation when Joan Rayben comes in search of Durham, and is "answered by the sound of a horrible crowing bark—that was not the barking of a dog," can only be equalled in Kipling's "Bark of the Beast." We shall look forward to a consecutive novel from the pen of Mr. Wren. Perhaps in the interval his style may have become a little more concise.

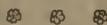
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The fertility of Mr. Phillips Oppenheim is amazing. At times we are tempted to wish he would restrict his output and devote more attention to his style. He has talents of a certain distinction in the direction of characterisation and dramatic effect, and if he would spend a little more time on the turn of a phrase, or devote more care to the polishing of a paragraph, the result would be more in consonance with his ability. *THE MISCHIEF MAKER* (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.) is likely to be a popular success; but the author should not rest content with this easy triumph. Brim full of sensations, bright and chatty dialogue, with occasional love episodes, the reading public are sure to ask for the latest novel from his pen. But the author should not remain content to be simply "a best seller." He has talents and capacities

that, were he to take pains, should place him well out of the ordinary serialist. Frankly, the present volume is mainly machine-made. Mr. Oppenheim is a clever craftsman, and his *olla podrida* of plot and counter-plot, beautiful adventuresses, and bold, bad scoundrels is a seasonable dish for the lover of fiction that does not call for thought or criticism. But the fact remains that he could do, and has done, better work, and the pity of it is that, as each succeeding volume issues from the press, we find the traces of fine style and clever characterisation grow more blurred and indistinct; and while the adventures of Sir Julian Portel and the tragedy of a consumptive girl makes good reading for a railway journey, fictional fare of this calibre is not likely to attract the notice of a real lover of literature.



Mary Lavender married a man much older than herself, and of a dominant disposition, when she was twenty. The fact that her husband was a very wealthy man did not, we are told, weigh with her in the selection, but the fact remains that, despite her lack of experience and gentle ingenuousness, she was not attracted by a suitor of smaller income or more insignificant position. A WILFUL WIDOW (Constable and Co., 6s.) opens with the death of the wealthy and tyrannical husband, and Mary is presented to us as free, unattached, and possessed of the means gratifying all her whims and fancies. She is, however, a widow with a mission, and, not content with spending her money on her own and other people's pleasures, helping those who need assistance at a critical moment in their career, she desires to reorganise the world and found a curious sort of Utopia. To do her justice, left to herself she would have been content to lead the life of a woman whose sympathies are as responsive as her purse; it is the advent of the inevitable Social Reformer, who happens to be inspired by love of her as well as devotion to his ideals, that makes the trouble. This trying person insists that it is her duty and his to inaugurate a system by means of which poverty and suffering, slums and sin, will be blotted out from the present scheme of the universe. The fashion he proposes they should bring this about is not original nor alluring. He suggests they should "set up a college or institution—call it what you will; but a place where men and women who wish to take up Socialism can be sure of obtaining a thorough good grounding in the subject, with maintenance during the period of study and positions in the movement afterwards. From there we can send out lieutenants to fight for our cause to all parts of the country, educated men and women, who have made Socialistic Research their special study." Miss Edith Moore would do better were she to write about the commonplace characters in her novel from an ordinary and domestic point of view. Then she might have something quite interesting to tell us. Social Reform, as she depicts it, reads more like a tract than a novel.



Mr. Thomas Nelson Page, in a volume of short stories, THE LAND OF THE SPIRIT (Werner Laurie, 6s.), has written a series of clever and arrestive sketches. He is most successful when he confines himself to American studies. "The Old Planters" is a story told with a commendable simplicity of style of the fortunes of Colonel Garnett and his wife and a boarding-house they ran in the town of Liberty. The colonel is a convincing study. Tinged with sentiment that yet retains a certain simple dignity, one can visualise the gentleman of the Southern States, with his rooted con-

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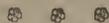
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viction that the ruin of society was the emancipation of the slave following on the war between the North and South, in which he had played a distinctive part. Fallen on evil days, he and his wife run the "Planters" for the benefit of Yankee drummers—the American term for commercial travellers. With a few swift touches the author shows us the gentle, well-bred, somewhat shrinking lady faced by the crowd of self-assertive young men, full of swank and ready to break out into derisive laughter at the old house and its pitiful lack of accommodation. "I was struck with the change the last quarter of an hour had made in the young men. In the interval all had brushed their hair and nearly all had put on clean collars. The Jew's crinkly curls glistened with the water that was still on them, while the heads of most of the others were brushed as smooth as energy and care could make them." The colonel gradually loses grip, and degenerates into what the drummers call "a dead man." Once, however, he wakes up, galvanised into the old fighting man who went through a battle with two shots in his side. A drunken nigger suddenly runs amuck, wounds a policeman, swears he will shoot anyone who attempts his capture, and barricades in a house at the end of a cul-de-sac. The colonel dodders on to the scene, a tottery old figure, half asleep, and, when he awakes sufficiently to speak, unduly garrulous. He insists on marching down the alley. "We heard the old fellow banging on the door, rap, rap, rap, with his cane, and caught his voice in a tone of command, 'Open the door instantly.' . . . The next minute the door opened, and we heard the old man's voice berating someone. A few minutes later two dark objects appeared at the end of the alley, and as they drew near the colonel's voice once more was heard, 'Mr. Constable, disperse that crowd and come forward and receive your prisoner.' I scarcely knew the voice, it had changed so. It had in it an unexpected ring." The crowd, full of the desire to lynch, rushed forward to seize on the nigger. But the colonel stopped them with a warning, sharp and high-pitched, "Stand back, every one of you! I'll shoot the first man that comes forward." The crowd fell back, awed by an indefinable something in the voice; the figure that kept them at bay, revolver in hand, was a very long way from the garrulous Garnett of everyday life, and men who hitherto had shrugged their shoulders, convinced he was at best more than three-parts a liar when he told them of his adventures in the war, suddenly fell back, credulous and ashamed. We wish Mr. Page had confined himself to sketches localised and made realistic by the atmosphere which he has a talent for creating, and by those swift touches, vivid and real, that make the characters alive and bring the setting of their lives vividly home to one. He has, however, gone far astray from American types. "The Stable of the Inn" is the story of Mary and Joseph, their journeying to Bethlehem, and the nativity of Christ. It is but rarely that an artist is able to recreate the atmosphere of centuries ago, and the author's talents do not lie in this direction. This, however, is but one blemish on a very clever book. The "Bigot," another story of an American type, is written with insight and imagination and a sense of style rare in a day when the art of the short story is neglected to an incredible extent. We shall look with interest for future work from the author of this suggestive volume.



Mr. George A. Birmingham is a perennial joy to reviewers. The problem novel, with its insistence on the nasty side of things, the machine-made romance, with its watertight compartments, each containing a sepa-

rate and distinct sensation, become a weariness equalled by that of the Biblical writer who complained that to the making of books there is no end. From the first page to the last GENERAL JOHN REGAN (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.) is brim full of humour, and its reading brings solace and relief to a mind jaded by innumerable volumes full of discourses about nothing. Ballymoy, the delightful village which forms the setting of the story, is characterised by Horace P. Billing as a "dead-alive, God-forsaken one-horse settlement." He is on the hunt for objects of interest, and mentions "General John Regan," the Saviour of Bolivia, and waits to be astonished and pained at the abysmal ignorance of the inhabitants. Ballymoy is quite equal to him, however; what they do not know he does not guess, and a game of spoof goes on between them with immense hilarity. Dr. Lucius O'Grady, the village doctor, plays a prominent part in the drama; he starts a committee for the proper celebration of the General's memory, and finally arranges for the erection of a statue to record the services of the great man to Bolivia, in the market-place of Ballymoy. The statue is paid for by Billing, who, on the occasion of its unveiling, makes a recantation and a speech. He commences by telling them what he thought of the village and its inhabitants when he arrived. "I got bitten with the notion of speeding you up a bit," he said, "because I felt plumb sure that there was not a live man in the place, nothing but a crowd of doddering hop-toads. . . . Well, gentlemen," said Mr. Billing, "I was mistaken, and I own up. There is one live man in Ballymoy, anyway. We haven't got a medical gentleman on our side of the Atlantic equal to Dr. Lucius O'Grady. He has run this show in a way that has surprised me considerable. He has erected a statue that will be an ornament to this town, and it is a pleasure to me to pay for it . . . and when I tell you that General John Regan never existed in Bolivia or anywhere else, you will be in a position to appreciate your doctor."

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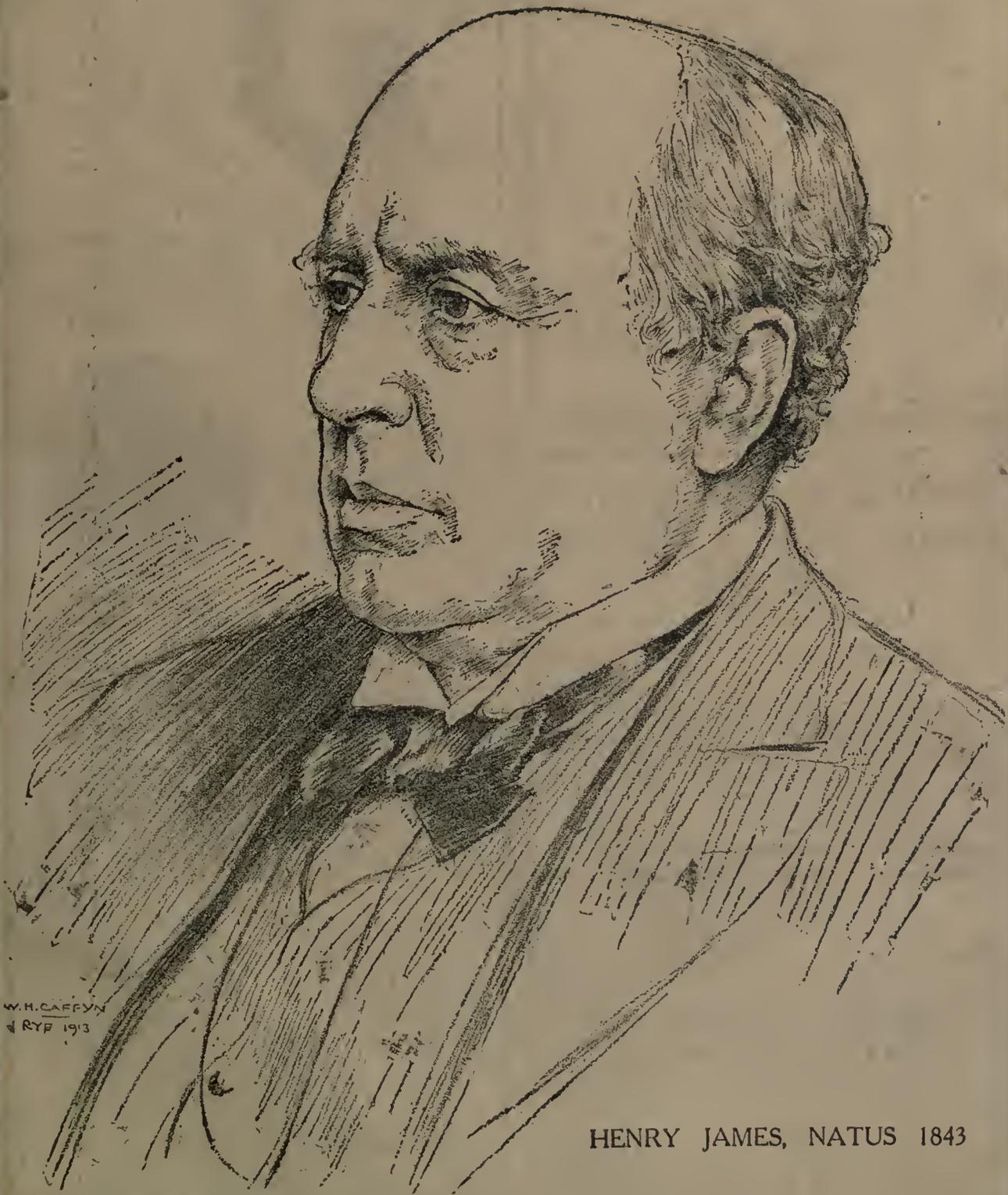
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HISTORY IN THE MAKING

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THERE has come a tragic termination to the horrors of the Dublin riots, with their sickening scenes of carnage, uproar, and disorder. Thirteen families have been discovered injured among the débris of some falling houses, and seven of their number are reported dead. Dreadful as the episode truly is, it almost tempts us to use the old theological phrase, "a blessing in disguise." For a time, at all events, the feud that has rent the city will be stilled and hushed in the sympathy which the warm-hearted Irish are sure to extend to these poor sufferers, and it is not a little touching to read that in the very streets where but lately riot raged, "anxious watchers were seen kneeling in prayer." It is, however, devoutly to be desired that the incident will not close without a searching inquiry. For thirteen houses to collapse suddenly, argues surely, that there is something rotten in their condition. Either they were jerry-built, or age has made them unfit for human habitation. It is of the utmost importance that the matter should be cleared up.

No little interest attaches to the report of the new model cottages which we learn from a contemporary are being built to the order of Mr. Rowntree, of York. Their importance lies in the fact that it has been found possible to complete them for £90. Hitherto it has been found impracticable to erect a suitable cottage for less than £150, which figure has, with the cost of the land, local rates, and other charges, often proved prohibitive. The new concrete cottages mark a very important step forward in that movement towards rural regeneration which is one of the most hopeful signs of the times.

The disaster on the railway at Aisgill raises several important questions. First and foremost, there is the disquieting circumstance that the engine of the first express failed to take its load up the gradient, thus

directly causing the accident. Why was this? The matter calls for the closest investigation. Scarcely less important is the fact that the driver and fireman of the second train, although they knew that another express was immediately in front of them, did not make sure that the signal had been seen. Then, again, there is the haunting fact that the victims were burnt to death, and at once the question arises, why cannot steps be taken to avoid these awful fires that so frequently follow these disasters? Cannot the companies be induced to build steel carriages, and make the woodwork and upholstery of their compartments non-inflammable? There is a tendency on the part of the railway directors to sacrifice everything to speed, and this is resulting in an appalling increase in the number of accidents. It is essential, therefore, that this particular tragedy on the line should be sifted with more than usual thoroughness.

The situation in Mexico remains unchanged. Opinion appears to be divided in the States as to the action of the President in refusing to recognise Huerta. The critics of the Wilsonian policy declare that the instructions issued to American citizens in Mexico to quit the country is in itself an insult that the southern Republic will not lightly overlook, and that a cardinal error was made in that a message was not sent requesting Mexico to protect the life and property of the American residents. A contemporary expresses this point of view in an interview with a New York barrister, who adds his opinion of President Wilson as follows: "There is no iron in the blood of his policy. There is nothing militant in telling your children to pick up their doll rags and go home. It does not satisfy the Anglo-Saxon blood. It may win everything else but the plaudits of this particular race."

The week has been a great one for aviation—probably the most momentous that has occurred in its history since that memorable day when Blériot flew the Channel, and when the unhappy Latham only fell short of repeating the feat by a couple of miles. In addition to the remarkable flight over the Irish Sea, which took place early this week, we have M. Pegoud's extraordinary performances on the new Blériot monoplane, on which, so we read, he "began leaping and curveting and playing a whirligig in the air." It was recently claimed for another heavier than air machine that it solved the problem of lateral stability, but if many pilots like Pegoud are vouchsafed us, this will be supererogatory. Even more remarkable is the report that reaches us from Paris of an aero 'bus, which seems to have proved quite successful. After this Mr. Hawker's wonderful feat looks quite tame, and it really does seem that we have advanced within measurable distance of victory over nature's most formidable element.

The report that there may shortly be upon the market a substitute for radium that, while possessing its curative qualities, can be obtained at a lower rate opens up a wide field of suggestion. The cures effected by the use of radium have been numerous and assured, and the relief its action has procured to hundreds of sufferers is one of the most remarkable phenomena of medical science to-day. Mesothorium, the substance in question, can be obtained by a secret process from monacite sand, found in large quantities in South America, each ton of sand yielding a grain of the element. If rumour prove correct, and the substitute is found to be as valuable as it is thought, the importance of the discovery cannot be exaggerated.

THE MAN AND HIS WORK

VIII.—THE CIVIL SERVANT PRIZE ESSAY BY H. A. POSTLETHWAITE

I.

"SUCH a steady young fellow! He is going in for the Civil Service."

Everyone knows the air of finality with which the maiden aunt, of legend and of life, sums up everything and everybody that come within her line of observation. In a word or a phrase she crystallises character, capability, and destiny; and the queer part of it is that her summing up, having regard to the limitations of language, is often admirably apt.

For generations maiden aunts have dubbed Civil Servants and would-be Civil Servants "steady," and for generations obedient nephews have lived up to the designation. No other word epitomises so neatly the capabilities and limitations of the Government clerk; no other word praises him so cautiously or damns him so gently.

II.

A single word may appear, at first sight, a trifle inadequate to sum up a vast body of individuals; and to venture on a survey of the characteristics of an imaginary "average" Civil Servant might seem to be about as profitable as to attempt to describe the size and weight of an "average" piece of coal. The frock-coated secretary, the tweed-clad junior, and the uniformed messenger are such essentially different types, drawn from points on the social scale so diverse, that generalisation cries its own warning. Each class and each grade, one would imagine, must be examined apart and judged on its own merits. The chiefs must be described as discreet, gentlemanly, and cautious; the juniors as methodical, courteous, and careful; the messengers as obedient, respectful, and attentive; and so on. But, no matter how minutely the analysis is conducted, the net result tends to show that, whether there be an "average" Civil Servant or not, the traits of all Civil Servants are remarkably constant. To be discreet, methodical, or obedient is to be but one thing, called by a different name according to one's place in society; to be gentlemanly is to be courteous, and to be courteous is no more than to be respectful; and one may not be cautious except by being careful and attentive. There is not one of the nine adjectives that is not included in the word "steady," and there is no class of Civil Servant that escapes that word's praise and condemnation.

III.

But although almost any description of a Civil Servant may be shown to resolve itself, by astute manipulation, into a mere elaboration of the word "steady," it can hardly be claimed that that word is in itself a full and sufficient description of the genus. The word does not identify; one may say that a man is little, and that everything about him is part of his littleness, but these particulars would not suffice to pick him out of a crowd.

Perhaps the most obvious outward characteristic of the Civil Servant is the shabbiness of his attire. The failing is, of course, part of his habitual steadiness. The Civil Servant, above all people, has a passion for the *status quo*, whether it be in respect to the hour of his luncheon or to the particular coat he wears in the performance of his official duties. He is perfectly satisfied with things as they are; to change entails bother; there is no absolute necessity for it; therefore why do it?

It is all essentially logical; that is the pity of it. The Civil Servant is not under the obligation of the merchant or the tradesman to "keep up appearances" for the sake of his business. His annual increment is in no way related to the smartness of his appearance. He has no incentive to beautify his person. All around him are colleagues just as delinquent as himself; the arguments of example and tradition are part of the atmosphere of his life; the blame is only partly his that he is the "worst dressed feller round town." But that makes it none the less deplorable.

IV.

Aspersions on the ability of the Civil Servant, his acumen and his energy, have been part of the stock-in-trade of the humorous journals ever since there have been humorous journals. They are not intended maliciously. Their authors realise, perhaps, how impossible it is to judge of the industry of the units in a Department from their output in blue-books and statistics.

Nevertheless, it must be admitted by those "in the know" that there is a basis for this humour. It is sad to relate, but it is true, that there are many Civil Servants who could use much more ink than they draw in official rations, and much more brain. But it is infinitely more sad (and no less true) that there are many who would be glad to do so. It is not necessary to try to apportion the blame in order to observe that in the Civil Service there is less incentive to exercise ability, and more temptation to "slack" through sheer boredom, than in any other profession.

But what a man does in particular circumstances is no criterion of what he can do. There have been, and there are, Departments where an official seven-hours' day is a thing to dream of and to smile at; where weeks are made to hold seven days, each of many hours' solid industry, and where the staff might be held up as an example by the most tyrannous of commercial slave-drivers. Yet there is no grumbling; chiefs and juniors bend their backs with a will. And not infrequently in such Departments men are heard to mutter, *sotto voce*, that "this is a jolly sight better than the old — Branch, where we had nothing to do but laze."

By other means, too, the Civil Servant vindicates his character as a worker. In the world of Literature he holds a place of which he may rightly be proud. There are many names entitled to respect that, once appearing daily in the official attendance book, now adorn the pages of publishers' catalogues. There are dramatic critics who still spend the hours of daylight at their desks in Whitehall (and King Edward VII. Street). There are hosts of minor lights living a double life: John Smith from ten to five; Algernon Snooks in the monthly magazines. It is confidentially asserted that a certain London Review (the boldness of whose opinions entitles it, perhaps, to a wider circulation than it has yet attained) perseveres in its existence only by reason of the gratuitous contributions of gentlemen who live on salaries provided in the Parliamentary Estimates.

In many lesser ways, also, the Civil Servant often finds an outlet for energies that are imperfectly exhausted in his official capacity. He is an office-holder in the Church or the Fabian Society; he spends his

annual leave on Salisbury Plain with the dignity of a stripe or two on a khaki tunic, and talks to rookies in words he wouldn't for the life of him use before his staff-officer at any other time; he is secretary of a tennis club, wins medals when he swims, or has a taste for boxing; he may paint a bit, or sing a bit, or have something to do with Toynbee Hall; or he may merely have a passion for rose-culture. But he is a glaring exception who has not some occupation outside his ordinary duties—some nice, interesting, steady occupation.

V.

As far as the purely personal virtues are concerned, the Civil Servant is, on the whole, very much the same as the rest of humanity. In one or two ways his environment affects him favourably, but not to any extraordinary extent. As a cog in an enormous, slow-moving machine, his life runs smoothly, and that cannot fail to have a soothing effect on his temper. He is far removed from the hurry and rush and petty bickering of commercial life; his salary is assured, and it is not essential that each shilling he can call his own should have been culled from the pocket of someone else by his own fingers. If he is of a frugal mind, he can frequently live within his income; his official worries stay inside when he closes the office door behind him in the evening; his colleagues are, as a rule, men with tastes similar to his own, and any annoyances that come his way are trivial. Granted that he is married (and that is no wild assumption), there is no serious hindrance to the cultivation of a mild and genial disposition and the acquisition of a pleasing degree of obesity.

It is a frequent cry that the chiefs delight to adopt an attitude of snobbishness toward their official inferiors. There is an element of truth in the allegation, but the vice is not so prevalent as the outcry it evokes. Some ultra-sensitive junior observes that his chief, engaged in conversation with a friend, fails to return his salute or neglects to bid him (and some twenty-nine others) good-morning as he passes them in a corridor. "Snob!" is the comment; and the twenty-nine, confident that if he is not a snob he ought to be, echo the libel. Sometimes it is true; even the best universities occasionally turn out men who cannot get over their amazing superiority to the rest of mankind. But all the snobbishness in the Civil Service is but a drop in the ocean of general good-fellowship.

A few years ago the peace of mind of the Civil Servant was seriously threatened; the introduction into official life of his sisters, his cousins, and his aunts was undoubtedly a revolution. But he has survived it. The ladies have not interfered with the even tenor of his way. They keep to themselves (perhaps one should say "are kept") and leave him to himself.

The Civil Servant is a steady young fellow when he starts, and, as a rule, he does not run off the tracks to any serious extent right up to pension age. He might dress better, and he might work harder on occasions—notably in August. He has ability, and he is even capable of "push." But he is quite a good sort as he is.



Next week will be published the result of Competition No. 3, "The Foreign Missionary," and in following weeks Competitions 5, 4 and 2 ("The Composer," "The Male Teacher," and "The Anglican Clergyman") will be decided.

RESULT OF "EVERYMAN" ESSAY COMPETITION

THE Prize of THREE GUINEAS offered by EVERYMAN for the best essay on THE CIVIL SERVANT has been won by

Mr. H. A. POSTLETHWAITE,
26, Elm Road,
East Sheen, London, S.W.,

whose paper is here reproduced. As in the case of THE MINER, competition was very keen, and the task of adjudication was rendered difficult, not only by the abundance of essays sent in, but by the remarkably uniform quality of the entries.

Most of the essays received are confessedly or presumably the work of actual Civil Servants. They reveal to us the Civil Servant as he appears to himself and to his own colleagues. It is typical of the Service to which the writers belong that studied moderation is the prevailing note of all these essays. Self-praise and self-blame are alike restrained. We are given no rhapsodies, no diatribes. The Civil Servant is too consciously cautious to give rein to his pen, to write in a fit of temper or of enthusiasm. His whole training forbids it. It is characteristic, too, of the Civil Servant that the regulations as to length, etc., laid down for EVERYMAN'S Essay Competitions have been far more strictly observed in Competition No. 1. than in any of the others.

The subject title, on the other hand, was not as closely adhered to as might have been expected, and many competitors dealt, more or less thoroughly, with "THE CIVIL SERVICE" instead of "THE CIVIL SERVANT." The chief difficulty, however, experienced by the essay-writers would appear to have been that of finding and depicting an average Civil Servant. As one competitor (Mr. Harold Skelton) remarks:

"In the appellation 'Civil Service' is comprised a diversity of occupations—their name Legion, and their characteristics differing as an archangel differs from a troglodyte. The Prime Minister who steers the ship of State, the messenger who delivers our telegrams, the girl who asks 'Number, please?' for eight hours a day, each plays his or her part as a Civil Servant. The official who watches the interests of his country abroad, from Mexico to Madagascar, and the officer who stands on guard at our insular gates to frustrate the smuggler, both rejoice in the name of Civil Servant. The clerk in a comfortable crib in the War Office, the postman on his daily round, the boy clerk who 'devils' away thirteen to the dozen, the lady typist in the London Custom House, the Chairman of a Royal Commission—these and a hundred others make up that much-envied class known as Civil Servants."

The essay of Mr. Herbert A. Jenkins, 5, Henshall Street, Chester, ranks next to the prize-winner's, and particularly able papers were also written by the following: Mr. Lewis R. Bunn, Birmingham; Mr. J. J. Cater, Dunoon; "D. J. C.," Dublin; Mr. John Scott, Leeds; Mr. Harold Skelton, Edinburgh; "The Civil Servant," Forest Gate, E.; and Mr. Charles L. de Wolff, War Office, London. A number of interesting essays were sent in by women Civil Servants. Almost every branch and grade of the Civil Service was represented, officers of Customs and Excise giving an especially good account of themselves. Considering the multiplicity and diversity of duties discharged by those who took part in the competition, the views expressed were remarkably unanimous. Indeed, the essays themselves go far to confirm the contention of nearly every competitor that the Civil Service, while demanding ability and stability, has little or no use for originality.

THE DEPOPULATION OF FRANCE

By W. S. LILLY

I.

THE prospect presented just now by France cannot be contemplated with satisfaction by lovers of that fair country, of whom I am emphatically one. First, her financial condition must be confessed to be deplorable. There is a huge deficit to be faced—a deficit of not less than £43,000,000—for the year 1913. The expenditure amounts to £240,000,000, the normal revenue to £197,680,000. More, there looms ominously, in the immediate future, the extra burden entailed by the new system of three years' army service—a burden which, in order to appease the Socialists, the Government last June declared should be placed upon the shoulders of the rich. It is not easy to see how effect can be given to that declaration. And if we come to the army itself, there can be no question that its *morale* has been gravely impaired by the anti-patriotic and anti-militaire propagandism of the anarchists. The doctrine of the Confédération Générale de Travail was clearly formulated at the Congress of Amsterdam by M. de Marmande, one of the French delegates. He emphatically insisted: "Anarchists are the declared enemies of all armed force in the hands of the State: army, gendarmes, police—yes, and the magistracy too—are abhorred by them. They invite their comrades to combat these tyrants by all means: by individual revolt, by refusal, isolated and collective, to serve, by disobedience, active and passive, and by a military strike." To inculcate their views among the troops, the International Anti-militant Association has disseminated, in the chief military centres, a large number of publications, the nature of which is indicated by their titles, such as *l'Idole Patrie*, *l'Enfer Militaire*, *l'Outil de Meurtre*. Stage plays, inculcating similar sentiments, have been composed, and also songs, some of which—for example, *A bas Biribi*, *Ne tire pas, petit soldat*, *l'Hymne à l'Anarchie*—have become very popular. Nor must we lose sight of the society called *Le Sou du Soldat*, which, posing as a work of fellowship, mutuality, and philanthropy, is really an effective instrument of disaffection and mutiny. It is not possible to know accurately how far this movement has as yet infected the French army, but it is a striking fact that in the year 1911—I have not been able to get later statistics—there were 2,548 desertions, and 9,786 soldiers were convicted of insubordination.

II.

But there is another and even worse sign of rottenness in the state of France. More important to any nation than even the fiscal system, or the army, is the family. For long years the depopulation of France has been progressing. We may say, indeed, that during the whole of the nineteenth century this process continued, with the regularity of a phenomenon governed by mathematical laws. If we take the ten decades of that century, the births for every 10,000 inhabitants exhibit a decreasing series. Thus in the first decade there were 323 births, in the second 316, in the third 308, in the fourth 299, in the fifth 274, in the sixth 262, in the seventh 261, in the eighth 255, in the ninth 232, in the tenth 222. And since 1900 the same graduation has continued. In 1910 the number of births for every 10,000 inhabitants

sank to 197, in 1911 to 187. Nor is there any reason for supposing that the process will stop; quite the contrary. M. Lavassour, in his book, *La Population Française*, tells us: "We must expect a further diminution." Dr. Bertillon goes further. In his precise and magisterial treatise, *La Dépopulation de la France*, we read the gloomy vaticination, "The decreasing progression will continue until the complete extinction of the race." And now, by way of comparison, let us look at the German Empire. There we find three births for every one in France. At the present moment France has 39,000,000 inhabitants, Germany 67,000,000. Even if the birth-rate continues as it is now in the two countries—and we have just seen that the tendency is for it to sink lower and lower in France—in twelve years' time, that is to say, in 1925, there will be two Germans for every one Frenchman, and forty years hence there will be five Germans for every two Frenchmen. By way of extending the comparison, let me add the total number of births in 1908—I have not been able to procure later figures—for the principal European countries was as follows:—

Germany	2,015,000
Austria-Hungary	1,913,000
Italy	1,139,000
The United Kingdom	1,145,000
France	792,000

I leave out of the question the prolific Russian Empire on account of its vast size. But it is significant that in Italy, with about half the area of France, the number of births is fifty per cent. greater.

III.

I take the figures which I have just put before my readers from a work recently published by M. Georges Rossignol under the significant title of *Un Pays de Célibitaires et de Fils Uniques*. M. Rossignol was a member of the Extraparliamentary Commission on Depopulation appointed in November, 1912, under the presidency of M. Klotz, the Minister of Finance, and his work is dedicated to his colleagues on that body. I cannot say that it possesses any considerable literary merit. Its claim upon our attention is of another—and indeed a higher—kind. It is a weighty collection of facts and arguments, stated with an energy of conviction that leads the author to apologise—quite unnecessarily, I think—for the occasional violence of his tone. I may add, to obviate misconception, that M. Rossignol is not open to suspicion as what is vaguely called a "clerical." On the contrary, he appears to be an admirer of the existing régime in France. He accounts "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity," "a sublime formula," as "summing up the sacred rights of the individual, the no less sacred rights of society, social amelioration, and the peace of nations"—a view upon which history supplies a curious comment. He venerates the *canaille* of 1793 as "great men," and is of opinion that Gambetta ought to be placed almost as high in the annals of his country as Joan of Arc. He is an admirer of *l'école laïque*. His testimony, therefore, as to the condition of France with regard to the important matter which he discusses, is not to be met with the insinuation that he is an enemy of the Third Republic. Indeed the ex-Minister Klotz, in an

inaugural speech to the Commission above mentioned, expressly recognised the chief facts on which M. Rossignol insists, and bewailed them as "a pressing peril, a state of things involving the life or death of France." Assuredly, these words are not too strong to describe the danger accruing to that country from her ever-progressing depopulation. I quoted just now some figures to indicate the extent of it. Let me exhibit it more succinctly by stating that in the twenty-two years from 1890 to 1911 the total increase of the population was 613, and that in eight of those years there was no increase at all but a decrease. The result of this depopulation is, as M. Rossignol easily shows, the decadence of France. To the establishment of this thesis he devotes the thirty-eight pages of a painfully interesting chapter. He quotes a sentence from Dr. Rommel's book, *Au Pays de la Reconche*, published at Geneva a quarter of a century ago: "France has gone back all along the line: everything in her is falling to pieces: everything is diminishing: she has no longer the courage to speed the plough, to maintain foreign commerce, or to breed children." This is the testimony of an enemy; but M. Rossignol acknowledges that it is true: truer even than when the words were written. The figure which France makes in the world, he says, is due to her past history and traditions—as it was with Holland in the eighteenth century. Her revenues are squandered by professional politicians, and perhaps there is something grand, Dr. Rommel grimly observes, when a nation on the brink of sinking (*sombrier*) throws its riches out of the window. Her commerce has largely passed into the hands of foreigners. And so has no inconsiderable portion of her soil—M. Rossignol estimates it at 45,000 square kilometres, a quantity equal to eight departments, and larger than the whole of Switzerland. In Marseilles there is a colony of 120,000 Italians: they fill the void made by French depopulation there.

IV.

Such, then, is the position of France with regard to this grave matter. A vast number of men do not marry, and of those who do, many decline to be burdened—that is the word used—with more than one child. It is rapidly becoming a country of bachelors and of only sons. But—and here M. Rossignol is on firm ground—it is not merely the quantity of Frenchmen which has declined: it is also the quality. "The bachelor," he writes—"I mean the hardened bachelor, he who will die in final impenitence—is not merely an egoist who makes himself his final end: he is often—too often—a debauched person: an agent of corruption." "A society composed of bachelors cannot be a moral society," he continues; "their presence, when they are numerous, lowers the moral tone of a country." And he adds, quite truly, that most of these confirmed bachelors manifest a contempt for women, engendered, no doubt, by the character of those with whom they consort: and that this contempt is a very sure sign of the decadence which they have diffused around them. And they lead French society as public officials, journalists, writers of fiction, or simply men of the world (*mondains*). They, with only sons, are the keystone of the social order, and they give the tone to public opinion.

"Only sons." M. Rossignol holds that they are quite as bad as confirmed bachelors, or even worse. They too are responsible for the slight esteem in which women are held. A married couple who so restrict their family will seldom find the only son a product of whom they should be proud. He is almost always spoilt as a child, and grows up sceptical, blasé,

and *blagueur*. Sceptical? Yes; he believes in nothing, not even in the family. He is averse from work, prone to self-indulgence, to which, indeed, he is from the first habituated. He wishes to make the most, for himself, of his patrimony as an only son. Is not that the future which his parents have prepared for him? Have they not taught him the lesson that enjoyment is the one end of life? Such is the outcome of what is called—with some injustice to Malthus—the neo-Malthusianism of to-day, as exhibited in the system of only sons. M. Rossignol stigmatises it as a dupery and an imbecility, and as an act of treason against the country.

V.

This article has already reached a normal length, but I must not end it without noticing the conclusion to which M. Rossignol points. He quotes with assent a dictum—perfectly true it is—from M. Bourda's book, *Le Patriote*: "A nation has no right to live longer than it has the force to live." The force of a nation is in a numerous, a vigorous population, sound physically and morally. M. Rossignol brushes aside contemptuously the dreams of doctrinaires concerning the fraternity of peoples. He knows too well human nature to doubt that the nations will follow in the years to come, as they have followed in the years past,

" . . . the simple rule, the good old plan,
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can."

Dipping into the future, far as mortal eye can see—and, indeed, further—he considers the dismemberment of France in a few decades quite possible, and draws a vivid picture of it in one of his chapters. How far his forebodings will be realised "only the event will teach us in its hour"; that is to say, will teach some of us, of whom I shall not be one. But M. Rossignol does not despair of his country. He thinks that though grievously sick, the sickness may be not unto death: that there are still remedies, if only they are applied in time. What they are, we will consider next week.

(To be continued.)



THE MUSIC OF THE HEART

GIPSY-BOY with the eyes of fire,

What do you sing to-day?

Who is the god who tuned your lyre?

Where did you learn your lay?

Songs of the broad highway I sing,

Of hills and valleys fair,

For you must know I am a king—

My realm, the open air.

The gods? Good sir, I know of none,

I know not what they be;

No blessings do I ask, save one—

To know that I am free.

My songs are as the songs of birds,

Unlearned, untaught by art,

Nor even feels the need of words

The music of the heart.

JOHN CARLTON.

THE LONDON TERMINI * * BY G. ALEXANDER

PERHAPS there is nothing more characteristic of the piecemeal and almost fortuitous way in which our extensive railway system has grown up than the position and arrangement of the London terminus stations. It is not so much that they are so aggressively non-artistic, forming in this respect, with but few exceptions, a strong contrast to those of most Continental cities. But it is rather that at some points, by their redundancy, they recall the days of competition gone mad, while at others they are planted on sites that support the principle of the public for the railways, and not the railways for the public. But in these days competition has been greatly sobered by the pressure of heavier expenses, larger wages bills, and such like persuasive remedies; while, on the other hand, the nation sees clearly that, whether the railways are to be in the hands of great companies or other ways of administering them have to be tried, they are a concern of national importance, and must exist mainly for the advantage of the public. Hence it may be worth while to consider whether we cannot improve the arrangement and lessen the number of these great collecting and distributing centres.

The very oldest London stations have almost passed out of sight. Bricklayers' Arms, Nine Elms, and Bishopsgate, the old Eastern Counties terminus, have become goods depôts, and nothing else. Fenchurch Street, it is true, still survives, with its narrow proportions and crowded surroundings. London Bridge terminus has grown in such a way as to be still most useful and not inconspicuous. Again, on the other side of the Thames, Euston, the important starting-point of our premier line, still faces the world outside with the imposing Doric portal it had when the L.N.W.R. was young, and the old legend "London and Birmingham Railway" is still to be read affixed to the wall. Of course, it has long ago outgrown its original dimensions, yet, with some sixteen platforms and well-organised traffic, it remains no unworthy headquarters of the company. And the only real difficulty is that it stands back rather far from the main road instead of abutting upon it. King's Cross bears upon it the stamp of a bygone age, and withal a sort of meanness and commonness that ill accord with the eminently respectable and remarkably efficient expresses of the Great Northern. St. Pancras is a really handsome and nobly conceived building. Marylebone probably meets to the full the purposes which it was designed to serve, and when we come to Liverpool Street we are introduced to a terminus unrivalled in extent, at least in London, and admirably organised. It has an immense traffic to provide for, and it does provide for it, if not with perfection, at any rate in a manner both intelligent and helpful.

The question must often have struck the mind of those interested in the subject whether something could not be done to make the terminus of the Great Western more central than it is. But, in default of any feasible plan before the public for carrying the station further in towards the centre of London, other attempts have been made to get over the difficulty in other ways, such as tube connections, railway omnibuses, and starting trains from Victoria to come in upon the main line at some distance from London. But it remains true that Paddington is the most out of the way of all the London termini, and the more the Great Western develops the more this is felt. There is one solution which presents, indeed, considerable difficulties, but which, if these can be overcome, would effect a mighty improvement in all the west-bound traffic of the Metro-

polis. This solution would be to cross Hyde Park by a tunnel driven in the direction of the present Paddington Station, placing the new terminus somewhere near Hyde Park Corner, perhaps on and near the present site of St. George's Hospital, which in any case is now to be relinquished. If it be said that an hotel is to be built on the hospital site, it may be remembered that a large terminal hotel seems to be looked on nowadays as a necessary part of the equipment of an important railway station. And there is one company which has already pushed its terminus inward to a more central situation, and that is the Great Eastern, with its extension from Bishopsgate to Liverpool Street. What the Great Eastern has accomplished with such excellent results might not be beyond the skill and enterprise of the Great Western.

When we come to consider the companies running southward from London we are faced with a quite different state of things. The South-Western, indeed, is patiently transforming Waterloo from a labyrinth of disjointed passages into an organised centre for its vast passenger traffic. But the South-Eastern has no fewer than six London termini, to some extent competitive, which can only be regarded as survivals of the old days when South-Eastern and Chatham and Dover contended for the lion's share of the Kent and Continental work. Surely this is an "embarras de richesses"; and, as a matter of fact, looked at from a broad standpoint, we should be all the better without half of these six stations. Victoria, Charing Cross, St. Paul's, Holborn Viaduct, Cannon Street, and London Bridge, all take passengers to the sea-coast and to the sea ports for the Continent; all take up precious space, and all combine to confuse the average traveller, who is not acquainted with the intricate system they subserve.

And if the London citizen who is anxious for the good order and comely appearance of his Metropolis has an opinion, it can hardly be that in these six buildings he has six architectural monuments which help to decorate the banks of the Thames. Far from it. Charing Cross, both bridge and station, stands like a black blot among its modern surroundings, and little better can be said of Cannon Street; while the other stations within the city escape a like condemnation, not on account of superior comeliness, but because they do not occupy quite such conspicuous sites.

It seems incredible that something cannot be done to bring about a simplification and better organisation of this confused scattering of the forces. If the South-Western, not to speak of other companies, manage so well with one terminus, the South-Eastern cannot surely require six. The traffic is less, the revenue is less; nothing save the outlay on salaries and upkeep can well be greater. In fact, it is quite likely that more than one feasible scheme could be worked out, evolving order from chaos, and saving time, space, and money. The few suggestions that follow are by no means exhaustive.

In the first place, London would gain largely, both in appearance and otherwise, if Charing Cross Station, with its unsightly bridge barring the Embankment, could be utterly abolished. The valuable and conspicuous site could be sold and devoted to handsome buildings in harmony with the surroundings. Mr. John Burns is supposed to have suggested a terminus in place of it on the south side of the river. And no doubt, if Victoria cannot be sufficiently enlarged and improved, the proposal for a terminus facing Waterloo holds the field. But if the South-Eastern Victoria

were treated with the broad liberality which the Brighton Victoria has received, it might well be that it would become an all-sufficient West-End terminus for the South-Eastern system.

And then we come to the City stations. If the Cannon Street terminus can be made to share the destruction invoked above upon the head of Charing Cross, so much the better. Another ugly railway bridge would then go, and we should be forced to have one large City station absorbing St. Paul's and Holborn Viaduct. But if this is not possible, then would it not be best to make short work of both these last-named mean and confusing stations? If Cannon Street is to be tolerated, it ought to survive as the chief City station for Continental and all southward-bound traffic. It is too great an eyesore to find acceptance on any smaller terms.

Of course, a great city like London can hardly be made or marred to any vital degree by its railway stations. Important as they are, they are but one department out of many. Still less does such a city exist mainly for them. We have got beyond the time when we will have them inflicted on us, when they do not justify themselves either by their utility or their magnificence. And each one has to be judged on its own merits. If we cannot say, "One company, one terminus," in all cases, we can cast off useless ones, and see to it that those which remain are well placed, orderly, and spacious.

Granting that for London one vast central station is, in spite of its manifest advantages, an impossible ideal, let us make for a safe but boldly conceived middle course between that ideal and the present reality of useless subdivision, dire confusion, and purposeless waste.



LITERARY NOTES

ENOUGH volumes have been written about the Boy Scout and Cadet movements to fill a good-sized book-case, and never have the various duties of citizenship been put before the rising generation so insistently and at the same time so attractively. Messrs. Longmans, Green and Co. have just issued "A Primer of English Citizenship" (1s. 6d.), for use in schools, by Mr. Frederick Swann, B.A., B.Sc.(Lond.), a publication with which teachers and educational authorities would do well to make themselves acquainted. Citizenship, urges Mr. Swann, is not for a moment to be "confused or identified with the gospel of the drum and the trumpet, or with the glorification of one's flag and country. Rather is it a reasoned exposition—not too complicated for young minds to grasp—of the system of Government under which we live, and of those institutions which are part of our national life." The chapter headings give a rough idea of the scope of the little volume:—His Majesty the King, Parliament, The Town Council, County and Other Councils, Rates and Taxes, Courts and Judges, Soldiers and Sailors, Schools and Scholars, The State and the Child, Masters and Men, England and the Empire, The Complete Citizen. Lest the perfervid Scot take exception to the title, we hasten to add that, owing to differences in their legal, ecclesiastical, and educational systems, separate editions adapted to Scotland and to Ireland are under consideration.



On September 11th Messrs. T. C. and E. C. Jack will add a seventh dozen to their People's Books (6d.). The subjects covered are as varied as they are inviting. The new volumes will be:—"Biology," by Prof. W. D.

Henderson, M.A.; "Sir William Huggins and Spectroscopic Astronomy," by E. W. Maunder, F.R.A.S.; "Kant's Philosophy," by A. D. Lindsay, M.A.; "England in the Making" (before 1066), by Prof. F. J. C. Hearnshaw, M.A., LL.D.; "The Monarchy and the People," by W. T. Waugh, M.A.; "The Experimental Psychology of Beauty," by C. W. Valentine, B.A.; "Goethe," by Prof. C. H. Herford, Litt.D.; "Spiritualism," by J. Arthur Hill; "Kindergarten Teaching at Home," by Two Members of the National Froebel Union; "The Stock Exchange," by J. F. Wheeler; "Coleridge," by S. L. Bensusan; and "The Crusaders," by M. M. C. Calthrop.



Next week Mr. Heinemann will bring out an English translation (by Mr. Paul V. Cohn) of Gobineau's "The Renaissance"—a sequence of five dramas or "historical scenes," as their author called them. Nietzsche once said of Count Gobineau: "He is the only European spirit I should care to converse with." And this translation should help English readers to understand why the German philosopher thus distinguished the French writer from his contemporaries.



Among newly published and forthcoming novels which, by reason of their authorship or their subject, or both, are certain to create widespread interest may be mentioned Arnold Bennett's "The Regent" (published yesterday by Messrs. Methuen, 6s.), in which Machin, the "Card" of the Five Towns, reappears and runs a theatre in London; John Trevena's "No Place Like Home," a novel in satirical vein, which reveals the wretched housing conditions of labourers and touches on Home Rule—the publishers are Messrs. Constable; W. L. George's "The Making of an Englishman" (also by Constable; ready in January), in which a Frenchman keenly, but not unkindly, criticises English character and customs; and H. G. Wells's "The Passionate Friends" (Messrs. Macmillan; September 12th), in which Stephen Stratton relates his love affairs, in order that his son may not fall into the same errors.



At a time when Mexico is attracting world-wide attention by its diplomatic duel with the United States, more than ordinary interest attaches to the publication by Messrs. J. M. Dent and Sons (10s. 6d.) of "The Republics of Central and South America." The author, Mr. C. Reginald Enock, discusses the resources, industries, sociology, and future of the Latin American Republics in a remarkably compact and comprehensive volume of some 500 pages.



Messrs. Howard Latimer, Ltd., have published an authorised translation (by Ellie Schleussner) of August Strindberg's "The Red Room" (6s.), a collection of some thirty short stories, whose daring and fascination caused such a stir in Sweden when they first came out.



"God's Future" is the striking title of a book on the "religious relation of Man to the Universe," by G. H. Harrop (published by Arthur H. Stockwell).



Several correspondents have written to point out that the last two lines of Shelley's "Love's Philosophy," reproduced in EVERYMAN of August 15th, (p. 561), should have read—

"What are all these kissings worth,
If thou kiss not me?"

HENRY JAMES * * * BY J. STEPHEN

A CERTAIN Mr. Jones, army tailor and art collector—to whom, by the way, we owe the Jones Collection in the South Kensington Museum—was, in appearance, like to the victor of Waterloo. His dress, gesture, manner of wearing his hair, and so forth, were possibly not intended to diminish the effect of the natural likeness. Reported to the Duke of Wellington how often Mr. Jones was mistaken for his Grace, the reply came: "Odd thing is that nobody ever seems to take me for Mr. Jones."

Mr. Henry James is one to whom many writers may be likened. He is not in the least danger of being likened to any other writer.

To one who, not so very long ago, was accustomed to see Mr. James' name always with the "Jnr." after it, and to one who had even contracted the habit of speaking of "Henry James, Junior," it comes almost with a shock to recall that the young novelist of the seventies and earlier eighties has already spent his sabbatical years, and, for the matter of that, that Stevenson, Henry James' friend and great admirer, had, if still he were here, at all events well entered on his. But shock or no shock, it is so. Henry James was born in the earlier half of 1843, twin brother of William, whose "Psychology," "Will to Believe," and "Varieties of Religious Experience" were at one time, and may still be, as popular reading as ever were Henry's novels. They were the sons of a father who had genius of a kind that keeps his name alive. One of a well-known English family declared of his father that he was a "Transcendental Quaker, with leanings towards ritualism," and it has been said of Henry James, Senr., that his form of religion was "a sort of Ishmaelitic Swedenborgianism." If that help anyone better to understand the sons, or, for the matter of that, better to understand the father, the dictum will not have been set down in vain.

Henry James is, by birth at all events, an American, and for all the long years spent in England, and for all that he is so much an exile from his native land, and so much in a hundred ways a European, he is still an American in England, as Stevenson in Samoa was still a Scotchman.

It cannot precisely be said that Mr. Henry James was other than a well-known, and, indeed, very well known, novelist in the later seventies. In 1875 he had already secured success with "Roderick Hudson"; and "The Americans," "The Europeans," "Daisy Miller," "A Bundle of Letters," "Washington Square," and "The Portrait of a Lady" were all written, and even published, before the eighties of last century were fully entered upon—that is to say, all of them considerably more than thirty years ago. And yet it seems as though Mr. James obtained his recognition as a man of letters—which is something much more than recognition as a novelist—only about the year 1884. The manner of that recognition's obtainment was thus: Mr. (afterwards to be Sir) Walter Besant had been lecturing at the Royal Institution, with characteristic breeziness, on his trade of literature and on its rewards. Incidentally, too, he had spoken of what might be called the technique of the novelist, though he seemed to think that this was a good deal mixed up with questions of fiddlesticks. Mr. James, in an article on "The Art of Fiction," written for *Longman's Magazine* of 1884, referred to Mr. Besant's interesting pronouncements, and said that it had been made apparent that many persons were interested in the art of fiction, and not indifferent to such remarks as those

who practise it might attempt to make. "I am therefore anxious," he said, "not to lose the benefit of this favourable association, and to edge in a few words under cover of the attention which Mr. Besant is sure to have excited."

Then, in an article, memorable for its own sake and memorable too because it produced "A Humble Remonstrance" from his friend Stevenson, Henry James set forth his beliefs about his art: his beliefs about his own art and the art of some of his brother craftsmen. One recollects, as though it were yesterday, some laughter that was as the crackling of thorns under a pot when Mr. James' statement about the novels of Dickens and Thackeray was quoted, or more likely misquoted. Here is the passage, "Only a short time ago it might have been supposed that the English novel was not what the French call *discutable*. It had no air of having a theory, a conviction, a consciousness of itself behind it—of being the expression of an artistic faith, the result of choice and comparison. I do not say it was necessarily the worse for that; it would take much more courage than I possess to intimate that the form of the novel, as Dickens and Thackeray (for instance) saw it, had any taint of incompleteness. It was, however, *naïf* (if I may help myself out with another French word); and evidently, if it is destined to suffer in any way for having lost its naïveté, it has now an idea of making sure of the corresponding advantages. During the period I have alluded to there was a comfortable, good-humoured feeling abroad that a novel is a novel, as a pudding is a pudding, and this was the end of it. But within a year or two, for some reason or other, there have been signs of returning animation—the era of discussion would appear to have been to a certain extent opened. Art lives upon discussion, upon experiment, upon curiosity, upon variety of attempt, upon the exchange of views and the comparison of standpoints; and there is a presumption that those times, when no one has anything particular to say about it, and has no reason to give for practice or preference, though they may be times of genius, are not times of development—are times, possibly even, a little, of dulness. The successful application of any art is a delightful spectacle, but the theory, too, is interesting; and though there is a great deal of the latter without the former, I suspect there has never been a genuine success without a core of conviction. Discussion, suggestion, formulation, these things are fertilizing when they are sincere."

Then Mr. James went on to say the thought that was in him: went on to liberate his soul. And from that day he has stood supreme as the exponent of the whole science of novel-writing, and very high as the exponent of the whole art. "I cannot," Mr. James said, "imagine composition existing in a series of blocks, nor conceive, in any novel worth discussing at all, of a passage of description that is not in its intention narrative, a passage of dialogue that is not in its intention descriptive, a touch of truth of any sort that does not partake of the nature of incident, and an incident that derives its interest from any other source than the general and only source of the success of a work of art—that of being illustrative. A novel is a living thing, all one and continuous, like every other organism; and in proportion as it lives will it be found, I think, that in each of the parts will be some of the other parts." Thus Henry James has thought, thus he has taught, and thus he has wrought.

MASTERPIECE FOR THE WEEK

MALORY'S "MORTE D'ARTHUR" * * * BY VIDA D. SCUDDER

I.

THIS "noble and joyous book" has a curious history. Finished in 1469 by an old knight who had fought in the French wars under that mirror of chivalry, the Earl of Warwick, it was printed by Caxton in 1485—the new art which was to help destroy the Middle Ages thus preserving for the future the record of their best delights. The book proved popular, but, after the last black-letter edition, in 1634, it dropped from sight and thought for nearly two centuries. Then reprints began, and slowly it made its way back into the general heart. Its best lovers at first took an apologetic tone: Sir Edward Strachey, in his preface to the Globe edition, said that few people could be expected to read it except boys. Tennyson handled its material with a cavalier freedom on which he would hardly venture to-day. The Pre-Raphaelites loved it and drew from its deep fountains, but it remained through the last century a book for the very few.

To-day interest in the rich treasures of mediæval literature, stimulated by excellent reprints and translations, is everywhere rising. We are learning to value the mystical writings of the ages of faith; to enjoy poets long forgotten, like Chrétien de Troyes and Wolfram von Eschenbach. And a considerable part of the English world, as more than one popular edition attests, is coming to love its Malory.

II.

Malory is in one way not original. In his day the older a story was known to be, the better it was liked, and there is a sense in which all the Middle Ages wrote this book. His material had mostly been thrown into literary form three centuries before his time, and the sources of it were more remote still. Nor does he always choose the best from these sources. Much that is charming in Arthurian romance he omits. He uses an inferior version of the Beguiling of Merlin, he degrades the Tristram story, and he fails to give any of those pleasant tales concerning the "enfances" of his heroes which prove the folly of saying that modern literature discovered childhood.

But Malory's glory is that he reduced by nine-tenths a chaotic mass of romances, and shaped it into one organic and unified work of art, noble in balance and proportion.

It may seem strange so to describe him. The impression this book makes on a casual reader is that of a wilderness full of agreeable trails leading nowhere in particular. But this is where the casual reader makes a mistake. He is misled by the enormous scale of the work, which causes him to lose himself in detail. Malory, either with unconscious instinct or conscious art, so selected and arranged his material as to give a centralised action, in which few episodes could be omitted without loss. The story he tells of the establishment of that fraternal symbol, the Table Round, of its central glories, of its tragic disruption, is possibly the nearest approach to an epic that England possesses; it is the tale in miniature of the rise and downfall of a civilisation; it presents with unmatched vividness the interplay of the forces that created the

chivalric ideal by their harmony, and destroyed it by their discord.

III.

This ideal centred in loyalty, which Professor Royce calls the mother of all virtues; and loyalty to the Middle Ages took three directions—political, personal, and religious. A knight was bound to be loyal to his overlord, his lady, and his God. Historically, if not logically, political loyalty came first—the binding force of feudalism, superbly shown in the Song of Roland, for instance, by the adoring devotion to Karl the Great. "L'Amour Courtois," loyalty to the Lady, entered later, from the South: it presents an odd blend of gay non-morality, illustrated, for example, in the little *Lais* of Marie de France, with such mysticism as transfigures the *Divine Comedy*. Loyalty to God or to the Church—the times did not discriminate—was always present, as a vast religious literature attests. But it had to enter the interior life of secular romance before it could produce the stories of the Holy Grail.

These fiery and vital loyalties were all essential to the perfect knight. When harmonised, they produced that fine "measure" which recalls the Hellenic attitude more than any other mediæval quality. But they harmonised seldom. Too often, they conflicted fiercely, each seeking to win control of the whole man. This conflict Malory depicts with epic sweep and dramatic fervour. It is the secret of his tragedy.

IV.

As prelude, he has to show the establishment of the chivalric ideal and its victory over external foes. This occupies seven books. He gets his characters in position—Arthur, Gawain, Lancelot, Guinevere. Romans and Saxons are subdued. Arthur founds the Round Table, and binds his knights at the solemn Feast of the Spirit by the great oath which they are to renew every year. Before this oath is taken Malory vividly suggests the disorder of a realm where no codes or standards of honour exist, by the dismal story of Balin; later, when chivalry is well established, the charming tale of Gareth gives us our starting-point—an unshadowed picture of knighthood in its gay early prime, unrent as yet by earthly passion or by spiritual anguish.

He then proceeds to present his three great types of loyalty, through the successive Pageants, as we may call them, of three figures: Tristram, Galahad, Gawain. Lancelot, to be sure, is the protagonist, but Lancelot, albeit his central position is clearly defined from the outset, is kept with subtle art in the background, while first Tristram and then Galahad fill the stage.

V.

Books VIII. to XI. are chiefly concerned with the prince of lovers and his lady, fair Iseult. Many another lover also wanders through these pages: Sir Lamorak, sighing after Queen Margawse; Alisander le Orphelin, wooing, according to strict mediæval propriety, Alice la Beale Pilgrim; and the entertaining, spirited Paynim knight, Palomides, who, in his hopeless passion for Iseult, illustrates the finest points of

the courtly code. And always in the background, Lancelot and Guinevere, their relation touched by hints now sympathetic, now sinister.

But the time comes when we cannot stand any more love-making, however lavishly mingled with good tournaments. Restiveness invades the court. We crave we know not what; it is time for Galahad and the Grail. In sudden reaction from earthly and sensuous passion, we follow through the ensuing books, XI.-XVII., the quest for a light behind the fleshly veil. It is an astounding transition; but the Middle Ages were familiar with just these extremes, these violent contrasts. How charged with sacramental mystery is the rarefied air, how full of strange and haunting imagery are the pages in which we pursue, "o'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent," the rosy, ever-vanishing star which is the armour of Galahad! With him, we begin "to tremble right sore when the deadly flesh perceives the spiritual things." The quest leads far from earthly life, far from the court of Arthur, into complete subjection to that ascetic and contemplative ideal which forever lured the Middle Ages away from human passion.

VI.

But the reaction, in romance as in real life, is too absolute, too abrupt. The knights return; and we have to learn how Lancelot—who in the Grail books has developed from a conventional figure into a living man—"fell to his old love again." Revenge and lust now ravage the realm. In these last books, the great tragic books, XVIII.-XXI., Gawain emerges into a new importance, as the chief instrument of the tragedy. He is in origin the oldest of the knights, and his Paganism clings to him. Malory allows him no lady-love, and when he enters the Grail quest he is sadly bored. Tenacious devotion to king and kindred is his one star; and against Lancelot, unwitting murderer of his brothers Gareth and Gaheris and betrayer of his king, he swears implacable vengeance. Holding his reluctant uncle Arthur to that pre-Christian code which identified honour with retaliation—a code fought by chivalry in vain—he forces the disastrous war with Lancelot which opens the way for the treason of Modred (in whom no loyalty of any kind is to be found), and so far the catastrophe.

VII.

Thus has loyalty destroyed loyalty; thus is the fair Order of Knighthood overthrown through the inward clash of the very life-giving powers that had created it. The tragic evolution of these last books is superb; yet they need behind them the full picture of the rise of chivalry and of its ruling passions presented by the earlier. For after the joyous externality of Book VII. we become gradually aware of deep inward moral confusion. We can hardly blame Tristram for his disloyalty to the contemptible Mark, and love, to the mediæval mind, is its own excuse for being; yet the tone of these books is low, and we feel that something is wrong. Our hearts follow Galahad; yet we realise that his type of religion avails curiously little in a world full of evil customs. Gawain is an interesting figure, and in some ways a fine one; yet his intent, so fiercely centred on avenging the wrongs of his king and his tribe, is the final cause of disaster. Lancelot, the greatest character-study in mediæval

prose, is alone open on all three sides of his nature: Arthur's "best knight," lover of Guinevere, precluded by that love only from passing all except his son in the quest of holiness. But, alas! his heart is the real battle-ground of these fighting loyalties. "His honour rooted in dishonour stood, And faith unfaithful kept him falsely true." Broken in the contest, there is nothing left him except to "dry and dwine away," a remorseful hermit in a devastated realm.

VIII.

The imagination has pictured few catastrophes more absolute and drear. Yet through the pitiful story shines an ever-brightening light. Reading Malory with open vision, we gaze down receding vistas of civilisation. Many traces can be found in him of pre-Christian barbarism. Hints abound of the primitive, blood-thirsty manners of the early Middle Ages. Reckless non-morality is common enough to justify certain harsh lines of Tennyson. None the less, there gradually emerges, through the controlling influence of the vow of knighthood, a lofty standard of merciful and courteous conduct, a delicate ideal of sentiment, and a fine sense of moral and spiritual values. We rise from level to level; through this one book, more perhaps than through any other English book, we are privileged

"To see the race fulfil

The spiral of its steep ascent, predestined of the Will."

IX.

And how wonderfully it is all told! With what wealth of delightful detail, what quaint charm of style, what phrases that through mere cadence "startle and waylay"! "Ye shall not find this day nor night, but to-morn ye shall find harbour good, and ease of that ye be in doubt of." Malory's external pictures are less bright than those in earlier romances; yet the brave mediæval world that he depicts is still full of enchantments, from the magic of Merlin and Morgan to the pure mysticism of the quest. The informing soul of romantic art, the spirit of adventure rules these pages. Now seeking rare possibilities of excitement and stir within the natural order, now pressing far beyond barriers of flesh and sense, it moves to all seeming at its own sweet will in wildest liberty. Yet through its wandering impulses, the great tragic action, illuminating in its development the fundamental life of the Middle Ages, advances steadily to its goal, obedient to that inexorable law which preserves the stars from wrong and imparts august reality to all deep books of the world.

"I HAVE, after the simple conning that God hath sent to me, emprinted to imprint a book of the noble histories of King Arthur, and of certain of his knights, after a copy unto me delivered, which copy Sir Thomas Malory did take out of certain books of French, and reduced it into English. And I, according to my copy, have done set it in imprint to the intent that noble men may see and learn the noble acts of chivalry, the gentle and virtuous deeds that some knights used in those days, by which they came to honour; and how they that were vicious were punished and oft put to shame and rebuke; humbly beseeching all noble lords and ladies, with all other estates, of what estate or degree they be of, that shall see and read in this said book and work, that they take the good and honest acts in their remembrance, and to follow the same. Wherein they shall find many joyous and pleasant histories, and noble and renowned acts of humanity, gentleness and chivalries. For herein may be seen noble chivalry, courtesy, humanity, friendliness, hardiness, love, friendship, cowardice, murder, hate, virtue, and sin."—*Caxton's Preface to "Le Morte d'Arthur."*

THE TRAGEDY OF THE PLIMSOLL LINE

BY OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER

IV.

IT used to be said about the Bourbons that they learnt nothing and forgot nothing! Experience, which, as somebody remarked, is a matter of capacity, not of dates, did not exist for them. There was nothing new to be learnt in the whole world. Hence they continued stereotyping their old blunders, until the conscience of mankind destroyed them.

This inability to reason from facts is not, alas, confined to royal houses. In our own day it has become characteristic of Government departments. None have shown it with more distressing clearness than the Board of Trade in this matter, this tragic matter, of the Plimsoll Load Line. The abandonment of the line has meant, as we have seen, the death of thousands of poor seamen, "the sacrifice," to quote Mr. Lewis, the Cardiff stipendiary, "of lives to cargo." That is a dreadful, a haunting fact.

But "Worse Remains Behind."

It is shocking to think of sailors being drowned like rats merely to save trouble for dilatory officials, or to bring more grist to the mills of greedy profiteers; dreadful to reflect that the lives of brave men are thrown away, merely because the heads of departments at Whitehall will not go into facts for themselves, and yield to the insistent pressure of influential ship-owners. That, I say, is reproach enough. But, bad as it is, one might feel almost reconciled to the loss of these men if one could feel that their sacrifice had not been in vain; that their tragic fate had at least the merit of ensuring their fellows reasonable safety at sea; that the department which had authorised the destruction of Plimsoll's life work had seen the error of its ways, and had taken to heart the fearful lesson that their fate made plain.

Alas! that is not the case. "As it was in the beginning, so it is now." The Board of Trade

Are Blind to all Experience

in this matter, and the complacent officials, unmoved by the disasters that have followed their mistakes, are hard at it repeating them!

Let me explain. When, after 1906, the appalling increase in the deaths of sailors at sea first became evident, Mr. Buxton's department refused all information. It was too costly a matter, questioners in the Commons were told, to find out how many seamen had perished after the new rules as to freeboard had been adopted. Then, as disaster followed disaster, and wreck succeeded wreck, the complacency of the department became a little less unruffled. Some inquiry did seem necessary, they admitted. Investigation was really desirable. There followed Mr. Wilkie's return, with its dreadful record of shipwrecked vessels and drowned seamen. The demand for inquiry became insistent. Even the dry bones of the Board of Trade were stirred. Mr. Buxton was impelled to action. He appointed a committee to inquire and report.

Now it is of the most supreme importance that the public should grasp firmly the fact that the Committee so appointed is for all practical intents and purposes valueless; it is indeed a hindrance, not a help, for it perpetuates all the worst defects of the Committee who inspired

The Undoing of Samuel Plimsoll's Life Work

For, as my readers will readily remember, when the Committee appointed by Mr. Joseph Chamberlain

reported, after two years' anxious consideration of the facts, they made at least one very striking recommendation. They said that whoever else fixed for the future the depth of the freeboard—i.e., whoever decided where the load line was to be drawn—the judges must not be

Officials of an Administrative Body;

they must be representative of the various interests involved, the owners, the underwriters, the ship-builders, and last, but not least—the seamen!

It was exactly that representative character which the Committee appointed in 1905—the Committee which did all the mischief—so obviously lacked. It is exactly that absence of representative status which the Committee of Inquiry recently appointed by Mr. Sydney Buxton perpetuates. The 1905 Committee failed because, in defiance of their predecessor's findings, they were not, they could not pretend to be a representative body. The Committee of 1913 must suffer from the same handicap. If Mr. Chamberlain's Commissioners were right in 1885, then the Committee ought to have representatives of the seamen upon it. The Committee of 1905 blundered egregiously because of the absence of the seamen's representatives. The latest Committee will suffer from the same defect.

The Case for the Seaman

will not be put in the course of its deliberations. The arguments of the man before the mast will not be heard. The arguments that passed muster in 1905 will go unchallenged before this new tribunal, who will enact the part of Satan approving sin.

"Ah, but," it is said, "if the seamen are not to be represented on the Committee, they can at least give evidence before it. There is nothing to close their mouths. All that they want to say before the Committee they can say fairly, freely and frankly, and the members can listen and take heed."

Thus says Mr. Buxton. But he forgets one fact.

The Committee is a Secret Committee,

its meetings will not be open to the Press, and, rightly or wrongly, the seamen will not give evidence before it.

They assert—with what truth I do not know—that they would be marked men if they did; that the more important their evidence was, the worse it would be for them. It would be heard in secret, and would excite no public backing. But the shipowners would hear, and—they would suffer.

In 1906 the Manning of Merchant Ships Committee—another child of the Board of Trade—complained of some cardinal omission. They said they had been called on to play Hamlet without the Prince of Denmark. No seaman, they said, could be got to give evidence before them, because no seaman who had anything worth saying felt safe in his job afterwards. And the Committee was stultified.

But the Board of Trade, like the Bourbons, repeats its mistakes. No seaman will serve on this new Committee, and its conclusions will be as valueless as the Committees of 1905 and 1906.

If the inquiry is to be effective, let it be public, and let a seaman sit upon it!

But a secret committee that listens only to the owners' case, what chance is there that it will undo the work—the dreadful work—of its predecessors of 1905?

Alas! the chance is small. The 3,000 seamen drowned last year in the ocean will find no champion at the board table of the inquiry. Their case will not be heard. They are dead, and dead men tell no tales!

“EVERYMAN” INTERVIEWS

LORD ROBERT CECIL ON THE DECAY OF PARLIAMENT

“THE House of Commons is losing, and rapidly, its self-respect. Something like creeping paralysis has set in at St. Stephen’s, and a sense of the decadence of Parliament oppresses almost everyone taking part in its proceedings.”

The speaker was Lord Robert Cecil, whose views on a subject that he has largely made his own I had been commissioned to obtain for the readers of EVERYMAN. Admittedly, Lord Robert is one of the most striking discoveries of this Parliament, and his speech on the amendment to the Address, dealing with this very question, profoundly impressed members, so that I was not altogether surprised at the vigour and directness with which this uncompromising Conservative—himself a keen constitutional lawyer and the last of a long line of distinguished Parliamentarians—assailed this ancient estate of the realm.

Lord Robert continued, “I am not talking now as a party man. This question of the impotence of Parliament cuts across all parties, and is sincerely regretted by many members on the Government side of the House. But, until certain fundamental reforms are carried out, they are as powerless as we are to change things. Let me give you a case in point, one that shows how seriously Parliament has deteriorated. In the old days, as is well known, the speeches of members produced direct results on the division. Wilberforce, for instance, changed some forty votes by his speech on the motion to impeach Melville. Later on, if we take the records of the Parliaments from 1875 to 1885, we find that the Government was defeated on an average some three or four times in a Session. Now, of course, a defeat never happens. It is not allowed to; the whips see to that. Of course, a snap division may go against the Government, but that is only a nine days’ wonder, and the Government soon reverses the decision. The truth is that a debate in the House of Commons has become the merest sham. The object of all discussions, of course, is to convince, and, while there was a possibility of this happening, a speech in the House meant something. Now it is not even listened to. Go into the Commons, and what do you find? Empty benches, with a few weary legislators scattered about in various attitudes of indifference and dejection. Presently the rest of the members will come in to vote—without having heard a word of the debate! All decisions on Government measures, in fact, are of the Cabinet, not of the House, which has ceased on such questions to be a deliberative assembly at all.”

“How does this state of things affect the members themselves?”

“They are getting very tired of it. And necessarily so. Can you imagine a contrast more ludicrous than that between the forms of the House and the actual facts as members know them? Members stand up and solemnly address and reason with each other, appealing for impartial consideration, for a vote on the merits of the question. Of course, they know that all that is on Government Bills an empty form! They nearly always know, almost exactly beforehand, what the division list will show, for they are perfectly well aware that the members they are appealing to will vote as they are directed by the party whips. Our debates have, in fact, lost all reality and sincerity, and we should vote just as well if we divided without going through the formality of discussion at all.”

“And you think that this is killing popular interest in Parliament?”

“Beyond doubt. It is a very remarkable fact that, with the disappearance of the private member as a force, especially since the guillotine and the kangaroo closure have reduced the proceedings in the House to a farce, less and less space is given in the popular Press to Parliamentary proceedings. Speeches of prominent men are more widely reported outside than inside the House. The platform is becoming more important than Parliament. The common attitude of the man in the street is infinitely less respectful than thirty or forty years ago. The unreality of the whole thing is becoming apparent to everybody. People are getting sick of the sham of it all, and are following our proceedings with less and less interest.”

“One may see the effects of this change of attitude in the extraordinary and quite spontaneous rise of Syndicalism in this country?”

“No doubt. And it will have even more serious and depressing consequences unless certain structural alterations are effected in the Constitution, with a view to restoring to Parliament something of its old authority which the Cabinet has usurped. The fact is that Parliament no longer represents the people. Apart altogether from the impotence of the individual member, we have to remember that opinion outside the House changes, and often rapidly, while inside St. Stephen’s it is fixed and stationary. Often the strength of parties in the House of Commons differs absolutely from the balance of opinion in the country, which may have shifted its ground since the election, or may be against some unauthorised addition that the Government have chosen to make to the programme on which they were elected. What is the result? Merely this: members are utterly out of touch with the opinion of the country, which they are supposed to represent, and are, of course, inclined more and more to rely on the party whips, on the strength and resources of the caucus; in a word, on the machine rather than on their own constituents. Now, the first step in any scheme of reform designed to save Parliament from the insidious decay that is now eating out its vitals is to restore that direct relationship between the members of the House and their constituents that ought never to have been lost.”

“And how can that be done?”

“Only by the referendum. If the House is really to represent the electorate there must be the power of referring its decisions to the electorate itself. It is futile to say that the referendum would destroy the responsibility of members of Parliament. On the contrary, it would restore it, for, if each member knew he would have to defend his vote on a great question before his constituents, he would take care that the vote would be defensible. He would not, in a word, vote under the crack of the party whip, thinking only of the convenience of the Cabinet, for he would know that, behind the Cabinet and the caucus and the rest of it, there would be the possibility of that final appeal to Cæsar. Of course, the appeal would be made but rarely, but its very possibility would make Ministers amenable to reason. Legislation would have to be watertight and defensible, not devised to suit some particular section of a chance majority, but so as to secure the approval of the whole people of the country. It would be more cautious and more conciliatory, and,

above all, it would contain only such provisions as were really acceptable to the common sense of members of Parliament. This would go far to restore to the House its old reality of discussion. Obviously, if a Ministry knew that there might be a referendum on their Bill, with a possibly adverse result, they would take very good care to see that it was thoroughly discussed, and that all reasonable objections to it were met and answered, and the whole tendency would be, instead of burking discussion, to encourage it."

"That is not the only alteration that you would favour?"

"By no means, though it is very important. Another very serious step that requires to be taken at once is to enlarge the scope and character of Grand Committees. I believe that all Bills should be discussed in Grand Committee, since a defeat there cannot involve the existence of the Government, who, if they find their proposals rejected, cannot pretend that they have lost the confidence of the House. Accordingly, members have some chance of really voting on the merits of the question, and speeches may thus prove of value. Again, the actual procedure in a Grand Committee—which precludes the employment of Government whips and the physical division into two bodies in the lobbies—adds to the freedom from party pressure. Finally, and most important, by the procedure of the Grand Committee, only those members who have heard the discussion actually vote, and so we are spared the spectacle of members trooping in who know nothing about the debate to vote "Aye" or "No," according as they are directed. I hold, therefore, that, at a fixed period, say two months after the commencement of a Session, the House should not sit, as a House, on Tuesdays and Wednesdays after questions. Members would be allotted to six Grand Committees, not less than eighty each, to which all Bills of every kind would be referred so soon as they had got through their second reading. Of course, in the case of very long Bills, like the Finance Act of 1909 or the Insurance Act of 1911, it would be necessary to divide them into two or more measures, each of which would go to a separate Grand Committee, which would have the power to retain, by special resolution, either the whole or any part of the Bill. The report stage, of course, would be retained in order to give Ministers a final control over the essential parts of the Bill, and for this stage there would, as a rule, be a special allocation of time.

"This reform would reintroduce into Committee that discussion of details which is so important a part of the work of Parliament, while, as I have explained, so far as second and third reading debates are concerned, members would have to think and to remember the great masses of the people outside the House who might be polled on the measure if it were inadequately discussed."

C. SHERIDAN JONES.



AN OUTCAST

SHE glided noiselessly past my table in the little café, and dropped with a low sigh of weariness into a chair in the corner where the gnarled boughs of an old chestnut tree swept down almost to the ground. The sound of her own sigh seemed to startle her, and she looked up apprehensively, as if ashamed of having so far betrayed her feelings. With uncertain, jerky movements she took off her gloves and laid them on her lap. Then she played nervously with the strap of her handbag till the waiter came to take her order. Her voice was husky and almost inaudible, and she did not venture for a while to raise her eyes. Every gesture, every line of her body, betrayed that painful

uneasiness in the presence of their fellows which afflicts those who always live alone.

Insignificant was the only word which would describe her long, thin face. It did not possess one distinctive feature, ugly or beautiful. The grinding forces of life had succeeded in effacing all trace of individuality, if she had ever had any. Her skin, in colour and texture, reminded one of a withered white rose, and the fine lines with which it was seamed deepened round the eyes and accentuated the weak droop of the mouth. Her eyebrows were high-arched, not proudly, but questioningly, sadly, as if she halted in pained surprise before the riddle of her life, and the deep-drawn lines that crossed her brow just under the temples emphasised the puzzled helplessness of her expression. Of her eyes I caught only fleeting glimpses. They were watery grey, dull and expressionless, but not unkindly.

I fell to wondering what lay behind that drab mask. It did not bear the stamp of any great sorrow, of one of those cataclysms which either crush a life completely or bring to light its hidden, unsuspected reserves of power. She could never have known that content which crowns the life in which pleasures and pains, ecstasies and tears, blend in one vibrant whole. She had held out her hands for the gifts of Life, and Life had passed her by unheeding, and she lived on between the grey waste of the past and the grey mist of the future, apathetic, resigned, save for that vague suggestion of a question in the lifting of her brows.

... At least, so I thought.

The café had gradually become more animated while I sat watching her. As she sipped her coffee she looked shyly round the tables from time to time, but without betraying a gleam of interest. Her first agitation over, she seemed totally indifferent to her surroundings. For one second, however, I noticed her eyes kindle as she glanced rapidly at something or someone behind me. She quickly dropped them, as though conscious of a fault, but her eyelids fluttered restlessly, and she looked once more in the same direction, as if drawn by some attraction stronger than her will. With an effort she turned away again, but her gaze moved back and remained:

At the table next to mine sat a couple, apparently bride and bridegroom. They were not handsome or interesting beyond the ordinary run of mortals, but they fairly glowed with life and joy. I could only see the young wife's profile. She was a slightly built little thing, with a trick of casting appealing, roguish glances at her husband, who gazed down on her with a mingling of passion and reverence that lent a real nobility to his honest, good-natured face.

And there *she* lingered on the fringe of that happiness, watching, watching, till from the dark corner where it slept her shrivelled, hungry soul crept into her eyes, and she, too, forgot all but the man and woman before her. A tremulous, tender smile played about her lips, slightly parted by her quickened breathing, and as the minutes slipped by the ghosts of her dead hopes rose again and passed before her—visions of a full life, of love, of a home that might have been hers, of children's clinging hands. So she dreamed, and the lines of her tired face seemed to smooth themselves away, and in her eyes there kindled a faint glow of youth.

Chairs clattered. The young people rose and tripped away, the little wife clinging close to her husband's arm. The hungry eyes followed them to the last, and then the veil descended once more as she mechanically lifted her glass to her lips, which vainly sought to master their trembling.

R. FRASER.

"The right eloquence needs no bell to call the people together, and no constable to keep them. It draws the children from their play, the old from their armchairs, the invalid from his warm chamber; it holds the hearer and steals away his feet that he may not depart."

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EVERYMAN'S FRENCH PAGE

LE MEURTRE DE THOMAS BEKET

LE roi fut saisi d'un de ces accès de colère violente auxquels il était sujet ; "Quoi!" s'écria-t'il, "un homme qui a mangé mon pain, un homme qui est venu à ma cour sur un cheval boiteux. Il insulte son roi, la famille royale et tout le royaume, et pas un de ces lâches serviteurs, que je nourris à ma table, n'ira me venger de celui qui me fait un pareil affront!" Ces paroles ne sortirent point en vain de la bouche du roi, et quatre chevaliers du palais, qui les entendirent, se conjurant ensemble à la vie et à la mort, partirent subitement pour l'Angleterre le jour de Noël.

Thomas Beket salua les Normands à leur entrée, et demanda le sujet de leur visite. Ceux-ci ne lui firent aucune réponse intelligible, s'assirent, et le regardèrent fixement pendant quelques minutes. Renault, fils d'Ours, prit ensuite la parole. "Nous venons," dit-il, "de la part du roi, pour que les excommuniés soient absous, que les évêques suspendus soient rétablis, et que vous-même rendiez raison de vos desseins contre le roi." "Ce n'est pas moi," répondit Thomas, "c'est le souverain pontife qui a excommunié l'archevêque d'York, et qui seul, par conséquent, a droit de l'absoudre. Quant aux autres, je les rétablirai, s'ils veulent me faire leur soumission." "Mais de qui donc," demanda Renault, "tenez-vous votre archevêché? est-ce du roi ou du pape?" "J'en tiens les droits spirituels de Dieu et du pape, et les droits temporels du roi." "Quoi! ce n'est pas le roi qui vous a tout donné?" "Nullement," répondit Beket. "Vous me menacez, à ce que je crois," dit le primat: "mais c'est inutilement; quand toutes les épées de l'Angleterre seraient tirées contre ma tête, vous ne gagneriez rien sur moi." "Aussi ferons-nous mieux que menacer," répliqua le fils d'Ours, se levant tout à coup; et les autres le suivirent vers la porte, en criant aux armes!

Les gens de la maison supplièrent le primat de se réfugier dans l'église. "Puisque c'est l'heure de mon devoir, j'irai à l'église," dit l'archevêque.

Pendant ce temps les hommes armés s'avançaient; une voix cria: "Où est le traître?" Personne ne répondit—"Où est l'archevêque?" "Le voici," répondit Beket, "mais il n'y a pas de traître ici; que venez-vous faire dans la maison de Dieu avec un pareil vêtement? quel est votre dessein?" "Que tu meures." "Je m'y résigne; vous ne me verrez point fuir devant vos épées; mais au nom de Dieu tout-puissant, je vous défends de toucher à aucun de mes compagnons, clerc ou laïque, grand ou petit." Les hommes d'armes entreprirent de le tirer hors de l'église, se faisant scrupule de l'y tuer. Il se débattit contre eux, et déclara fermement qu'il ne sortirait point et les contraindrait à exécuter sur la place leurs intentions ou leurs ordres.

Guillaume de Traci leva son épée pour frapper l'archevêque à la tête; mais le fidèle et courageux Saxon, le porte-croix, Edward Gryn, étendit aussitôt son bras droit afin de parer le coup; il eut le bras coupé, et Thomas ne reçut qu'une légère blessure. Un second coup renversa l'archevêque la face contre terre; un troisième coup lui fendit le crâne, et il fut asséné avec une telle violence que l'épée se brisa sur le pavé. Un homme d'armes appelé Guillaume Maltret poussa du pied le cadavre immobile, en disant: "Qu'ainsi meure le traître qui a troublé le royaume et fait insurger les Anglais." AUGUSTIN THIERRY.

THE MURDER OF THOMAS BECKET

THE king was seized with one of those fits of frantic rage to which he was subject. "What!" exclaimed he, "a man who has eaten my bread—a beggar who came to my court on a limping pack-horse—shall trample upon his king, upon the royal race, upon the whole kingdom—and not one of those cowards whom I feed at my table will rise up and deliver me from one who insults me!" These words did not fall from the king's lips in vain. Four men-at-arms of the palace heard and were struck by them. They conspired together by oath in life and death, and suddenly departed for England on Christmas Day.

Thomas Becket saluted the Normans at their entrance, and asked the purport of their visit. They made him no intelligible answer, but sat down and fixed their eyes upon him for some minutes. At length Renault, son of Ours, broke silence. "We come," said he, "from the king—that the excommunicated may be absolved, that the suspended bishops may be restored, and that you yourself may give an account of your designs against the king." "It was not I," answered Thomas, "but the sovereign pontiff himself, who excommunicated the Archbishop of York—and who, consequently, has alone the right of absolving him; as for the others, I will restore them if they will make their submission to me." "From whom, then, do you hold your archbishopric?" asked Renault; "from the king or from the pope?" "Its spiritual rights I hold from God and the pope, and its temporal from the king." "What! Then the king alone did not give you all?" "By no means," answered Becket. "You threaten me, I believe," said the archbishop, "but it is useless; were all the swords of England drawn against me you would get nothing from me." "And we will do more than threaten," returned the son of Ours, suddenly rising; the others followed him to the door, crying, "To arms!"

The people of the household entreated the primate to take refuge in the church. "Since it is the hour of my duty, I will go to the church," said the archbishop.

Meanwhile the armed men were advancing, and a voice cried out, "Where is the traitor?" Becket made no answer. "Where is the archbishop?" "Here he is," answered Becket; "but there is no traitor here. What are you come to do in the house of God in such a dress? What is your design?" "That thou die." "I resign myself. You will not see me fly before the edge of your swords; but I forbid you, in the name of Almighty God, to touch any of those who are with me, clerk or layman, great or little." The men-at-arms were then proceeding to drag him out of the church, scrupling to kill him there; but he struggled against them resolutely, declaring that he would not quit the place, and should compel them to execute their intentions or their orders on the spot.

William de Tracy lifted his sword in order to strike the archbishop on the head, but the brave Saxon monk, Edward Gryn, had his arm, which he had interposed to parry the blow, cut off, while Becket only received a slight wound. A second blow brought him with his face to the ground; a third clove his skull, and was struck with such violence that the sword broke against the pavement. One man-at-arms, named William Maltret, pushed the lifeless body with his foot, saying, "So perish the traitor who makes insurgents of the English!" AUGUSTIN THIERRY.

WHERE GERMANY LEADS

UNIVERSITY EDUCATION * * * * * By G. WATERHOUSE

I.

So much has been written in recent years about Germany's superiority over England in almost every walk of life that there is some danger of the British public closing its eyes and ears in disgust, and refusing to learn at all. Yet those who know Germany well are satisfied that this superiority is an indisputable fact, and nowhere more so than in education. It may be unpleasant for a country to discover its inferiority to another in so vital a matter, but it would be rank folly not to remedy the defect, and the quickest and surest way of finding this remedy is to study the methods of the fortunate rival, and seek to improve on them. The proud position Germany occupies in commerce to-day is due principally to what she has learnt from England during the last fifty years (and, of course, to a sane policy of protection). Let us realise that it is now our turn to go a-borrowing.

II.

Germany's system of university education is, by reason of the number of her universities, the strength of their staffs and the quality of the instruction given, a model to the world. The University of Berlin is second only to that of Paris with regard to the number of students (10,000) in residence, and second to none with regard to the reputation of its staff. There are, for example, ten ordinary professors of Theology, including Harnack, Deissmann, and Weiss, besides twelve extraordinary professors and lecturers. And yet the theological faculty is the smallest of the four. The legal faculty boasts twenty-four ordinary and extraordinary professors and eight lecturers, the medical faculty seventy professors and one hundred and twenty-six lecturers, and the philosophical faculty one hundred and eighteen professors and one hundred and eighty-seven lecturers. What economist has not heard of Wagner and Schmoller? What student of modern languages can afford to be ignorant of Brandl, Morf, Ebeling, Erich Schmidt, and R. M. Meyer? Are not the names of Eduard Meyer and Brückner synonymous with Greek History and Slavonic Philology? Wilamovitz-Moellendorff says, . . . What other European university provides twelve courses of lectures on Chinese, six on Japanese, thirteen on Modern Arabic, and seven on Turkish, in addition to such trifles as English, French, Italian, Spanish, Russian, Swedish, Danish, Polish, Sanskrit, Hebrew, Syriac, Assyrian, Aramaic, Egyptian, Finnish, Tibetan, Amharic, Ethiopian, Persian, Swahili, Hindustani, Guzerati, Haussa, Modern Greek, etc.? And yet Germany possesses twenty other universities, and Berlin by no means claims all the great men. Leipzig, for instance, has such well-known names as Wundt, Lamprecht, Brugmann, Sievers, and Windisch, to mention only a few.

III.

The object of the present article, however, is principally to detail the more material advantages enjoyed by the German student. I wish only to remark in passing that if the time has come for the British Government—and most of us think it has—to pay more lively attention than hitherto to university education in this country, the first, the most easy and directly beneficial step would be the gradual establishment at all the British universities of well-paid professorships in all subjects.

As all German universities are State institutions

they are managed on the same system, although those of one State sometimes differ from those of another in unimportant details. The academical year is divided into two Semesters, or half-years, the winter Semester lasting nominally from October 15th to March 15th, actually from the end of October to the end of February. Similarly, the summer Semester lasts nominally from April 15th to August 15th, actually from the end of April to the end of July. There is a break of about a fortnight at Christmas, and another of a week at Whitsuntide. There is no entrance examination, but a candidate for matriculation is required to furnish proof that his education has been of a sufficiently high standard to enable him to take the university courses. This usually means that he must have passed his Abitur, or school leaving examination. Foreign students must bring whatever certificates they happen to possess. The matriculation fee varies, from 13s. 9d. at Münster to 24s. at Erlangen, the usual amount, as at Berlin, being 18s. (cf. Cambridge £5 to £15 10s., Manchester £2). For a further compulsory payment of usually 1s. 6d. per half-year the student is entitled to medical advice from members of the staff, medicine and hospital treatment. Why is not this system in existence at all our British universities? Even if the payment were three times as high, the establishment of such a sick fund at Oxford or Cambridge, or even within a single college, would justify itself in one term. A payment of 15s., or less, per head per annum would easily cover the total amount of the bills received by undergraduates for medical attendance. For a further payment (optional) of four or five shillings a year the German student can use the University Reading-room, which, though on a much more modest scale than our Unions, is an eminently useful institution. The one at Berlin, for example, provides 250 newspapers, 200 magazines, and a library of 3,000 volumes. The Berlin student is, indeed, well supplied with libraries of all sorts. For half a crown per half-year he has the right to use the University Library (600,000 vols.) and the Royal Prussian Library (1,300,000 vols.), from both of which books may be borrowed in practically unlimited quantities. In addition, the German, French, English, and other institutes connected with the university each have their own departmental library. Professor Brandl's students, for example, have access to no less than 10,000 volumes on the language and literature of England, and the other modern language departments are equally well off. If we turn to another university, Leipzig, we find that the University Library (600,000 vols.) may be used for a payment of threepence per term, and similar conditions obtain elsewhere. The system of Seminars, or institutes with libraries devoted to a particular language or group of languages, is common to all German universities, and has been introduced with success at Cambridge by Professor Breul.

IV.

So much for the preliminary expenses. The charges for actual instruction will come as a shock to those familiar with the cost of education at Oxford and Cambridge. For a course of one hour per week for the Semester (about fifteen weeks) the usual fee is five shillings, for two hours a week ten shillings, and so on in proportion. The cost of two lectures a week for the whole year (about twenty-nine weeks) is therefore £1,

whereas the Oxford or Cambridge student would pay for a similar course (twenty-two weeks, owing to the three-term system) £3 3s., in addition to the various tutorial and college education fees. Of course, the fees for medical and scientific courses, which require the use of costly apparatus, are higher.

Ridiculously small as the above charges may seem, the sum required by the German student for subsistence is relatively more so. The college system is, of course, unknown, and of supervision by the university authorities there is none. The students live either with their parents or in ordinary lodgings. The price of a room, including light breakfast and attendance, varies from seventeen to thirty-five shillings a month, the average price being about twenty-five shillings. Food is equally cheap. In towns like Berlin and Leipzig a five-course dinner usually costs a shilling, or one and threepence, including a pint of beer and the waiter's tip. Indeed, barely a stone's throw from the Royal Palace, Berlin, the present writer regularly received five courses for sevenpence, and in the automatic restaurants in Friedrichstrasse he has supped sumptuously on a hot cutlet, two vegetables, bread, and a glass of beer for the same price. In the smaller university towns, *e.g.*, Göttingen, meals are not so cheap, five courses costing as much as eightpence. In Leipzig a similar dinner can be had for a shilling, as in Berlin, and those bachelor members of the English colony who assemble every day at noon in Zeitzerstrasse never cease wondering, as they feast on salmon and wild boar, how any sane person with even twenty-four hours' experience of a large German town could venture to spin yarns about black bread and horse-flesh. But that is another story.



CORRESPONDENCE

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—*Owing to the large number of letters received it is necessary for correspondents to write briefly if their letters are to appear.*

NEW ZEALAND AND DEFENCE.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—The Hon. Thomas Mackenzie, High Commissioner for New Zealand, sent a letter which appeared in *EVERYMAN* on August 22nd. He complains that this country is being "flooded with literature headed 'Warnings to Emigrants.'" One regrets his indignant tone. He has failed to realise that there exists a preponderating opinion among workers at home against conscription or compulsory military training, which became law in 1909 in New Zealand, so far as little boys and youths in their teens are concerned. Emigrants have a right to this information, which until April of this year has not appeared in the *Emigrants' Handbook*. I agree with the High Commissioner, "it is well to make it quite clear that New Zealand has a Defence Scheme in operation," and I would go further, and let it be known what this scheme is, how it is being administered, and the rigorous penalties again and again inflicted on voteless boys. On these points the High Commissioner is discreetly and intentionally silent. "It is well to make it quite clear." Surely there is a little inconsistency in complaining if, as he says, these "'Warnings to Emigrants' are really rendering a most valuable service"? To write with contumely of those who resolutely refuse to be compelled to submit to military authority and control as "a few stormy petrels" is undignified, even if it were correct. It is not, however, with the High Commissioner's opinions that I am concerned, but his statements. (1)

That the scheme meets with the "almost unanimous" support of Parliament and the Press is not, to those who know New Zealand and something of its politics, very convincing. It does not follow that this Act has the approval of the electors. For instance, three times over since 1902 there have been large and increasing majorities in support of prohibition, but the legislators ignore the decision of the people. All New Zealand knows that just before the Ward Ministry's return, in 1908, Sir Joseph was approached on compulsory service, and emphatically declared that he had no intention of introducing it into New Zealand. His words were, "I am convinced that New Zealand will never submit to conscription"; and at Fielding, shortly before he left for the Imperial Conference, he said, "A system of compulsory training in arms would mean the creation of the nucleus of a system of militarism which the country ought not to tolerate." This is exactly what the parents and the boys are rebelling against. It is a significant fact, which the High Commissioner is well aware of, that after twenty-three years of a Labour Government, under Seddon and Ward, Sir Joseph, the author of this Act, was defeated in 1911, and that Mr. McNab, the chief advocate of conscription, lost his seat. The present Massey Ministry only exists on sufferance, and represents about one-third of the voters. It will be eighteen months yet before the electors will have an opportunity to show whether they are for or against this law. The Act was passed without any mandate from the people, who are just finding out what it means. The High Commissioner knows that his statement that "it has been before the people at three elections" creates an utterly erroneous impression. His next point (2), the coming war—the proximity of New Zealand to Asia—reveals the spirit of fear, the taproot from which this law has sprung. Is it defence, or is it defiance? If defence, Mr. Mackenzie, why did you not, when Prime Minister, venture further, and enrol the adults, the voters, and aim at securing a tolerably effective force? To enrol the mere boys of the Dominion, many of whom have registered most unwillingly, some not at all, hundreds of whom are defying the law, and thousands abstaining from drills, is evidence of the unpopularity of this conscript law. The fiat has gone forth in this blatant letter of the High Commissioner's to both emigrants and Colonials alike who hate conscription and will have none of it, "New Zealand does not want you." (3) What of the emigrants who have returned to England? Those who know Peter Thomson, the second boy to be imprisoned in 1911 for conscience' sake—he has returned to Glasgow; or the Sellars, father and sons, are amazed that the High Commissioner should say, "New Zealand is heartily glad to be rid of them." They are the very type of emigrants the colony needs, and Mr. Mackenzie knows that they are. In making such an assertion, he is himself guilty of warning emigrants not to go. I wish he would be more explicit, and give "a few instances of those who quarrelled with Church, School, and Council." My friend, Mr. Alfred Brown, a member of the Society of Friends, writing from Christchurch, New Zealand, in February of this year, says, "I have seen about sixty-five to seventy boys who have been imprisoned. They are a good average lot of ordinary British boys, hating injustice and loving freedom: the sort of boys any nation may be proud of. Before their imprisonment many were church members, some in Sunday-schools, and some Sunday-school teachers." Will Mr. Mackenzie dare to say that Reg. Williams, Beary, Warrall, Nuttall, and others sent into military

(Continued on page 660.)



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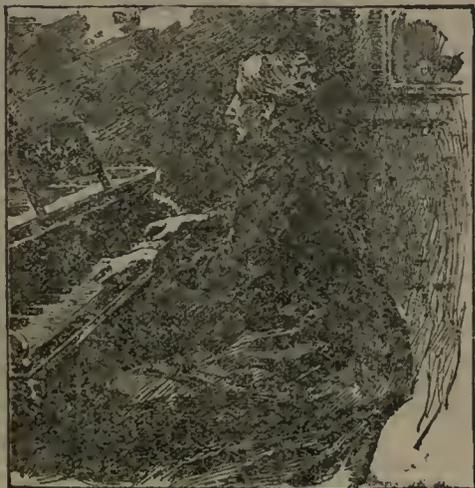
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detention on Ripa Island, in Lyttelton Harbour, on June 12th, under a military escort with fixed bayonets, are not decent, law-abiding fellows? These lads, rather than do what they believe to be wrong, have been repeatedly fined, their wages attached, have suffered imprisonment, some of them twice and three times over, are deprived of their civil rights when they become of age, and are ineligible for Government employment.

This forcing of conscience, frankly admitted, though defended with much reluctance by the Hon. Jas. Allen, the Defence Minister, is sure to fail. The *Lyttelton Times*, June 17th, tells the Government "it must face the facts." Its leading article, entitled "A Matter of Conscience," argues that "the genuine conscientious objector is every bit as much entitled to consideration as the genuine religious objector is; they stand on the same plane. Adhesion to some accepted form of religion before conscience can be taken into account is atrocious."

Mr. Mackenzie evidently thinks not. He cannot conceive of conscientious objectors; the New Zealand Defence law does not recognise them. "Get rid of them" is the indignant High Commissioner's sole solution.

(4) In the *Daily News*, on May 22nd, Mr. Mackenzie stated that the Sellars "were undoubtedly treated in the same way as other emigrants, and supplied with a book containing a statement that they were liable for military service." He again makes the same assertion.

I have had the actual copy of the New Zealand Handbook, No. 8, issued April, 1910, which was given to Mr. Sellars at the New Zealand Government Office, 13, Victoria Street. I do not say that the High Commissioner has any wish to deliberately mislead the British public; but if not, he is ignorant of what the book contained, which he certainly ought to have known. In the Handbook, page 35, under "Militia, Volunteers and Police," it states, "Besides a small permanent militia, there are several thousand *volunteers*. The ages between which males in New Zealand are liable to serve in the militia, *if required*, are seventeen and fifty-five years." The book contains no reference to the Defence Act, 1909, with its "universal obligation to be trained," beginning at age twelve (since altered to age fourteen in the amended Act of last year). No mention whatever is made of compulsory military training and service, or of the penalties, the rigorous penalties, which these lads had to endure. So eager were the authorities to punish these boys, they actually prosecuted the youngest before he was fourteen, and the summons had to be withdrawn. The High Commissioner's statement in this matter is, I regret, incorrect and unreliable. He will correct me if I am wrong. The High Commissioner charges the family with "taking upon themselves certain obligations which they have not fulfilled." The British public would like to know what justification there is for this charge. It does not appear in the evidence I have before me. (See the *Patea County Press*, February 7th, 1912, and September 6th, 1912.)

This whole Act and its results are deplorable in the extreme, as the statistics published by the Defence Department in the New Zealand Press, May 30th, 1913, clearly prove: "There have been 2,480 prosecutions for breaches of the law against territorials (conscripts eighteen years and over), and 959 against senior cadets, a total of 3,439." According to the previous return, the number during the seventeen months ending November 30th, 1912, was 1,577. It follows that from that date to the end of April there were 1,862

prosecutions. Thus the record for the last five months exceeded those of the preceding seventeen months by nearly 300, and yielded an average of eighty-five prosecutions a week. The population being only a little over one million, it follows that if conscription on the same lines were in force in the United Kingdom, and were as unpopular here as it is there, an average of 3,825 boys would be prosecuted every week, or an equivalent for the British Isles of 3,510 boys imprisoned and about 154,000 prosecutions for the twenty-two months. Even these figures, terrible as they appear to some lovers of liberty, are not complete. They do not include the number of boys who have evaded the law, or who have been imprisoned for speaking against the Defence Acts in public.

Your contemporary, the *Times*, asserts these figures are "most misleading," but is unable to show in what way. They are the New Zealand Government's statistics. To all of these defaulters there is but one remedy. An officer in Christchurch told one of the lads, "When we get you there (the detention barracks) we will make you drill, break your hearts, or drive you out of the country." The High Commissioner in London echoes, "Get rid of them."

History repeatedly shows that conscience cannot be forced, and the fact remains that in Australia and New Zealand militarism is driving its wedge into the living flesh of free institutions, and that civil and religious liberty are at stake.—I am, sir, etc.,

HERBERT CORDER,

Hon. Secretary, Defence Acts Committee of the Society of Friends.

THE LAND QUESTION.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—I am not in the least conversant with any of the intricacies, nor even of the simplicities, of the "Single Tax" question. Therefore I have no intention of unduly endeavouring to intervene in the challenge thrown out (in an open letter) by "Land Reformer" to Mr. Joseph Fels when I ask to be allowed to take an exception to an assertion, and be permitted to endeavour to nullify an implication conveyed in the letter.

The assertion that "if the State imposes a tax on the landowner, he will shift it on to the farmer, who will deduct it from the wages of the farm labourer," is not only an aspersion on the moral obligation of the farmer, but is an attribute more gross than callousness itself on the general principles of his character. May I therefore refute the assertion and eradicate the stigma by asking "Land Reformer" to prove that the imposition of the insurance tax has reduced the wages (generally, not specifically) of the farm labourers by threepence per week? Does the farm labourer now receive 17s. 5d. against the hitherto 18s.?

The sentence, "If the State imposes a tax on the land on which my house is built, the landlord will simply add the amount of the tax to the rent," seems to imply that it is almost impossible for the State to impose a tax on land which could not be transferred on to the shoulders of the tenant. The assertion is a mere truism of the general principle of commercialism. There are, nevertheless, enactments in present-day force, having reference to land, which act as a barrier to such principles.

Let me illustrate. The Inclosure Acts, 1845 to 1868, which made provision for the inclosure of commons, enacted that the land should be divided into parcels and conveyed as freeholds to certain persons. Nevertheless, one parcel had to be retained and held in trust for division into allotments for the labouring

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poor. The land retained was subject to a clear rent-charge not exceeding in the whole the net annual value of the allotment in its actual condition at the time of making the same, and the rent-charge was awarded to some person or persons in lieu of land.

Now the nullification of the implication is illustrated in the comparison of the payment of the poor rate. For explanation's sake, we will divide the common into four parcels, three of which have private ownership and the fourth is held in trust for the labouring poor. The first three plots are let at £20 per annum, with tenants paying rates. The fourth is also let at an accumulative rental of £20 (for it is enacted that the allotments shall not be let for a less rental than the average rent of land in the same parish or neighbourhood), but the poor rate is paid out of the rents.

The assessment of each plot is twenty pounds gross; but in making the net assessment the amount of the fourth plot is reduced not only by the percentage allowed for repairs, etc., but by the amount of the rent-charge, and the rent-charge is assessed to the owner as though it were land. It is consequently impossible for the owner of the rent-charge to transfer his obligation to any second person.

May I not, therefore, conclude that (after the completion of the land valuation under the Finance Act, 1909-1910) it would not be unreasonable for the State to fix a maximum rental based on the valuation, and the rentals be assessed for poor law or other purposes?—I am, sir, etc.,

BENNET EEDY,

Southampton, September 1st, 1913.

SATANISM AND CARDUCCI.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Whilst abroad, your issue of August 22nd chanced to fall into my hands, and I was interested to read the letters which my contribution appears to have provoked. I am wrong, your correspondents assert, in labelling Carducci a Satanist, and in support of this I am told that his "Inno a Satana" was not really a hymn to Satan. What is it, then? Again, they argue, even if it was, Carducci was undoubtedly a great poet, so why not erect a statue to him in Rome? At that rate, why not erect a statue to the late Mr. Oscar Wilde, shall we say, under the Admiralty Arch?—I am, sir, etc.,

BERNARD HAMILTON.

Jermyn Street, S.W., August 28th, 1913.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—After Mr. Bernard Hamilton comes Mr. Arthur Ebbels. To the one Carducci is a preacher of Satanism; to the other, he lived "on the borders of insanity." What will be the next wild statement? And does it not all show the necessity for some attempt to be made to bring the man and the poet Carducci before English people in some adequate form? Might not some of those who write trite books about Italy and the Italians turn their attention to this neglected task? Perhaps you, sir, will at least give us a portrait and a character sketch.

Shakespeare classes together "the lunatic, the lover and the poet," as being "of imagination all compact," but each with a difference. I venture to suggest that Carducci had no more affinity with the lunatics than Shakespeare recognised, and is no more to be written down as bordering on the insane than other great poets.

What are the relevant facts? After a youth in no way more wild or more disordered than that of other poets whom no one in their senses dreams of calling insane, Carducci held for about forty years the post of professor of Italian Literature in the University

of Bologna, and became one of the most honoured figures in Italy. In the year 1890 he was nominated a senator; in 1906 he was awarded the Nobel prize for literature. Are these the distinctions that fall to one who "lives on the borders of insanity"?

Baron de Bildt, the Swedish Minister in Rome, in making the presentation, referred to the "moral severity" of Carducci's lyrics, "the austere simplicity" of his life. In truth, no poet had a genius more virile, concentrated, disciplined and controlled.

It is difficult to conceive what Mr. Ebbels had in mind. If he refers to the cerebral congestion with which the poet was stricken in his last few years, which at the end made his life a torment, without, however, dimming the lucidity of his spirit, then one can only recommend greater accuracy and greater generosity of statement.—I am, sir, etc.,

H. W. W. McANALLY.

Woldingham, Surrey.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Owing to absence from home, I only read this day Mr. B. Hamilton's article on "Satanism" which appeared in EVERYMAN on August 8th. Italians will be grateful to F. N., Mr. E. J. Watson (who recently gave us a very effective translation of "Alle Fonti del Clitunno"), and Prof. Bosanquet for their magnificent defence of Carducci, the great poet of Italy. As F. N. aptly says, "In the 'Inno a Satana,' Satan is merely the symbol of rebellion against the restraints of freedom." At any rate, Carducci, in later years, made ample amends for that youthful outburst. Mr. Hamilton will, I am sure, be pleased to know that Carducci on various occasions sang the glories of the Catholic Church—to wit, St. Francis, in "Santa Maria degli Angeli," a finely chiselled sonnet, which to the reader will indeed appear as the outcome of a mystic mind. That magnificent poem, "La Chiesa di Polenta," ends with an Ave Maria which there is no exaggeration in saying that for classical purity it is far superior to the "Laude" of Petrarch and Politian on the same theme. The lines breathe a solemn peace throughout. I quote the last two strophes:—

"Un oblio lene de la faticosa
vita, un pensoso sospirar quiete,
una soave volontà di pianto
l'anime invade.

"Taccion le fiere, e gli nòmini e le cose;
ròseo il tramonto ne l'azzurro sfuma,
mòrmoran gli alti vèrtici ondeggianti
Ave Maria."

As to Satanic rites being performed in Italy and elsewhere, I have great doubts. If Mr. Hamilton wishes to infer that people in different countries propitiate, in the abstract, to Satan, we will believe him, for diabolical deeds are very frequently perpetrated in our midst. Lucifer has indeed been let loose in the world, "seeking whom he may devour." An Italian saying has it: "Il diavolo fa bôni affari" ("The devil is doing a large trade"), and it is too sadly true! But . . . de hoc satis. Wishing EVERYMAN all success, I am, sir, etc.,

A. VALGIMIGLI.

Manchester, August 25th, 1913.

CHINA AND OPIUM.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Mr. E. B. Whittall is entirely mistaken when he says in his letter to you in your last number that "the majority of opium smokers in China die at a good old age, with no visible effects of the 'curse.'" I have

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lived well on for half a century in China, and have had every opportunity of seeing the effects of opium smoking. These effects are plainly visible to those who know what they are, and I know from my acquaintance with hundreds of these smokers that no man can be a confirmed smoker of opium without its affecting him in a more or less serious degree, and, in the majority of cases, shortening his life.

Of course, naturally enough, different factors come into action and have to be accounted for in judging individual cases. For example, the drug has a more speedy effect on a poor man than a rich one, for the former has to take from his wages, which are barely sufficient to keep soul and body together, more and more money to buy his opium as the craving grows on him, while the rich man need not stint himself in food or clothing to buy his with, at first at all events. Again, a man of strong physique is able to resist the ravages of the drug longer than one who is weak. Yet again, there are men who determine to keep within certain limits in their smoking of opium, though, as in nearly all those addicted to vices, the will-power is much weakened in opium smokers. A man of this stamp, if rich and physically strong as well, may, and sometimes does, live for many years, but, notwithstanding, all opium exerts a seriously deleterious effect on him, and, finally, he often dies from some disease brought on by his indulgence in the vice. His death will then be attributed by those who do not know the facts of the case to the disease simply, whereas his long-continued habitual opium smoking has caused the disease.

There would not be holocausts of thousands of thousands of opium pipes in Chinese cities, and China would not be doing her best to suppress opium smoking, were the effects not most harmful to her people.—
I am, sir, etc.,

J. DYER BALL.

Hadley Wood.

THE MAN BEFORE THE MAST.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—I fear that Mr. Howes in his sidelights on the above article has missed the purport of my letter. My contention was, not that the Board of Trade regulations were too exacting *per se*, but that they were not relevant and to the point. Instead of refuting my statements and amplifying his assertions, your correspondent proceeds to describe the harrowing trials and grave responsibilities of the seafaring man, and to inform us that a man at sea has a soul—truisms that are well known and admitted by all. What is required is a more practical examination than that at present in vogue. Mr. Howes probably remembers the controversy aroused by the "Trattles" test case, instigated by the Merchants' Service Guild some five years ago. Here was a case of a seafarer who had failed to pass the eye-test, but who quelled all doubts as to the perfectness of his vision when put through a more practical test on the River Thames. 'All the colours really required to differentiate between at sea are red and green, and those without any shade of colouration. In the present tests candidates are asked to match different shades of woollen yarns. If the uninitiated stand near the jumbled mass it appears as one blurred whole, whereas if he stand a few yards away discrimination is appreciably simplified.

Finally, I should like to bear testimony to the continued excellence of your paper, which, by the wide range of its articles, makes an appeal to all classes and insures its mellowed longevity.—I am, sir, etc.,

New Quay, Cardigan.

E. A. DAVIES.

SOUTH AFRICAN FARMERS.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—I have read with interest the article which appeared in EVERYMAN for August 22nd, by Mr. Liddell Geddie, on "The Union of South Africa." Mr. Geddie's information as to the conditions obtaining in South Africa is, no doubt, excellent in many respects, but his statement that "in 1912 articles of food and drink valued at £6,359,000 were imported into the Union, a total which reflects little credit on South African farmers," demands an explanation; and, no doubt, if Mr. Geddie had been made aware of the circumstances which compelled the country to import such a total of food supplies during the period named, he would have mentioned same, or, at all events, would not have written this paragraph, imputing a character to the South African farmer the reverse of which would be nearer the actual fact.

If I state that a shipment of maize destined for a German port, and shipped from South Africa, had to be recalled while on the water owing to the continuance of a fierce drought, which held the country in its grip from north to south almost, and through which not alone did the farming community lose the season's crops, but hundreds of thousands of cattle, sheep, goats, and ostriches as well, the explanation necessary to Mr. Geddie's statement will be sufficiently obvious, while at the same time the character of South Africa's farming population fighting against drought, disease, and pestilence, and yet bringing about the measure of success acknowledged by Mr. Geddie, will be understood in its true light.

Further, Mr. Geddie's statement, showing a population of a million and a quarter, with half a million square miles of land at its disposal and only 2.3 per cent. of same under cultivation, might induce readers with agricultural leanings or knowledge to consider a country such as he describes virtually a paradise for the employment of their capital and energy.

Many years' work and residence in South Africa compel me to state that a bald statistical statement of this kind is manifestly unfair to the country concerned, as well as to readers of your paper. Even the apology for this condition of affairs contained in the statement that there are large tracts of land where the plough will never enter (this might mean the Kalahari desert) is not sufficient. An analysis of the actual facts obtaining in the very best farming districts of the country, where men with both knowledge and capital necessary to alter the conditions named by Mr. Geddie are to be found, would prove how futile his generalisations are when brought in touch with the actual practice of farming in South Africa.

In the eastern districts of Cape Colony, inhabited, for the most part, by English farmers (descendants of the 1820 settlers), there is sufficient evidence to be found proving how impossible it is, owing to conditions over which men have no control, to establish cultivation on a scale sufficiently extensive and secure as to mean independence from outside sources of food supplies even.

Take the year 1912 as proving this statement, when the Government of the country had to be called upon to prevent actual starvation amongst the black population in Pondoland owing to the failure of the country's food supplies through drought, and that after the lapse of almost a century's development of the Eastern Province of the Cape.

Finally, South Africa is a great country, but the most difficult country known to one whose agricultural work

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Professor Le D—, Fellow of the British Institute of Mental Science and Graduate of the American College of Sciences (Diploma and Honours), writes, March 3rd, 1913:—

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"LE D—."

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has brought him in touch with the farming interests of most European countries, and whose advice to possible English settlers there (no matter how brilliant figures or statistics may prove South African conditions to be) would be somewhat the nature of Mr. Punch's, until, at all events, personal experience shows the road towards securely investing one's capital in South African farming. It is almost an axiom in South Africa that a man cannot live decently on a farm of less than 4,000 to 5,000 acres, and this as the result of experience the writer can maintain as being true in essence.—I am, sir, etc.,
M. J. R.

London, W.

EVOLUTION AND SCRIPTURAL DOCTRINE.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—From one statement in his letter on the above I think your correspondent H. Heighton has not correctly grasped the "orthodox" doctrine of the Atonement. As set forth in the Bible, the Atonement reveals both the love and the justice of God. As I understand it, God is manifest in the flesh in the person of Christ, the Son of God, who bears in some inscrutable way, it may be, and in some sufficient measure, the penal results of sin. He may be said "by the grace of God" to "taste death for every man" (Heb. ii. 9). It is a perfectly voluntary arrangement on the part of Deity, and in a sense exalts the righteousness of God. Further, I think the idea of personal self-atonement for sin is impracticable.—I am, sir, etc.,
W. H. W.

(This correspondence is now closed.)



A GREAT SURGEON*

JOSEPH LORD LISTER was born in the Purple Chamber of Science. His father had been a short-sighted child, and, that he might see the landscape from his nursery window the better, was accustomed to glue his eye to an air-bubble which had become imprisoned in the glass. The air-bubble acted as a lens. This led him on to interest in lenses and their defects. In his time microscopes of high power always presented an image with blurred and prismatic outlines. These defects were by him overcome, and the law of aplanatic foci which he evolved enabled him to make the first perfect English achromatic microscope. For his scientific work he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, the society of which his distinguished son was to become President.

The younger Lister studied medicine at University College, London, and came under the influence of Sharpey, the distinguished physiology lecturer there of those days. To his friendship with Sharpey he owed his introduction to James Syme, the great Edinburgh surgeon, whom all men who read books know, if it were but that he is the Minto House Surgeon described by a famous pupil, Dr. John Brown, in the classic "Rab and his Friends."

Young Lister became James Syme's house surgeon in the old Edinburgh Infirmary—incidentally, too, his son-in-law. Dr. Wrench's book contains an engraving of a photograph of the old building, or rather of a part of it. That part is not, however, the surgical part, where Syme worked, and where, later, his son-in-law and successor in the Clinical Surgery Chair was to be the idol of students and patients alike. Those who wish to have a poet's picture of Lister as he was in

* "Lord Lister: His Life and Work." By G. T. Wrench, M.D. (London: T. Fisher Unwin.)

the days of his greatest might and popularity may read of him—the Chief, as he was always affectionately called—in W. E. Henley's "Hospital." It is by the way, but Dr. Wrench is not right in his dates. Henley was not "Lister's patient in the first weeks of his Edinburgh professorship." It was not till 1873 that Henley came to be under the great surgeon. It was in February, 1885, that Leslie Stephen called on Robert Louis Stevenson at Edinburgh, "and took me," writes Stevenson, "up to see a poor fellow, a sort of poet, who writes for him, and who has been eighteen months in our infirmary and may be, for all I know, eighteen months more." Here is the description Henley wrote of "The Chief":

"His brow spreads large and placid, and his eye
Is deep and bright with steady looks that still.
Soft lines of tranquil thought his face fulfil—
His face at once benign and proud and shy.
If envy scout, if ignorance deny
His faultless patience, his unyielding skill,
Innumerable gratuities reply.
His wise, rare smile is sweet with certainties,
And seems in all his patients to compel
Such love and faith as failures cannot quell.
We hold him for another Hercules,
Battling with custom, prejudice, disease,
As once the son of Zeus with Death and Hell."

All who remember Lister as he was in those days will bear witness to the fidelity of the portrait. It was a partisan's part, of course, to speak of Lister battling with prejudice and being scouted by envy. The defect of Dr. Wrench's book, over and above the many inaccuracies in dates and in statement of facts, is, indeed, that it is that of a partisan. Lister was right and wrong, as most men are who attempt to force a new theory and a new consequent practice upon others. And the opposition he had to endure was not all that of prejudice. Much of it was the opposition which succeeding brought about saner theory and simpler practice. It is not for the advantage of any that there should be claimed for any what is not justly claimable. Some of Dr. Wrench's passages—as where, for instance, he claims Dr. Thomas Keith's successes in surgery as being due to Listerian methods—are quite absurd. Dr. Matthews Duncan did not succeed Sir James Simpson in the Chair of Midwifery, and the statement, the circumstances being what they were, shows a singular lack of knowledge of the Edinburgh with which Dr. Wrench deals.



BOOKS OF THE WEEK

MR. LOUIS BECKE takes us once again to the South Sea Islands. His latest book, *BY REEF AND PALM AND THE EBBING OF THE TIDE* (Fisher Unwin, 6s.), lacks nothing of the virility and force that have made the author notable. Mr. Becke has mastered the art of condensing a whole drama within the limits of a few thousand words. There is sufficient material in some of the more forceful of his short stories to form the theme for a three-volume novel. One of the most arresting of the numbers is the study of a native woman who has white blood in her veins, and is moved to take terrible vengeance on her husband, himself an Englishman, for the slight he puts upon her. "The Revenge of Macy O'Shea" paints a conflict between the brutalised Englishman, an escaped convict, who has found a refuge in the land of the Tropics, and this daughter of a half-breed, who has grasped the fact that, as his legal wife, she is entitled to his respect, a respect unknown in those more languorous latitudes. She insists that if Macy carries out his threat and brings home to their hut another woman, that

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woman will pay for the insult with her life. "Macy of the bloodshot eyes and drink-distorted face gripped her wrists. 'Ristow's girl will be here to-morrow, and if you don't knuckle down to her it'll be a case of vamos for you: you can go and get a husband among the natives'; and he flung her aside and went to the god that ran him closest for his soul next to women—his rum bottle." O'Shea kept his word and brought home a native woman, for whom he paid a tum of oil, a bag of Chilian dollars, and much feminine finery. Sera welcomed her with a smile, and, holding out her left hand, said in the native language 'welcome.'

"'Why,' said O'Shea with mocking jocularly, 'that is a left-handed welcome, Sera.'

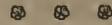
"'Aye,' said the girl with the White Man's blood, 'my right hand is for this,' and the knife sank home into Malia's yellow bosom."

There follows a terrible scene in which Sera is strapped to an upturned boat and, held firmly by the soft brown hands of the native women, is beaten with the lash used by the South Sea Islanders. Macy is made the arbiter of her fate, and he declares in favour of flogging rather than execution, as, if he killed her, he would lose her value as a slave. He watches "the white back turn black and then into bloody red," until a native trader shrieks out in pity and implores him to stop the torture. O'Shea responds that he does not mean her to die—"she shall live with one hand to plant Taro. He walked between the two brown women who held her hands. They moved aside and let her go. Then O'Shea swung his arm and the blade of the hatchet struck into the plank, and the right hand of Sera fell on the sand." And then, just at the breaking point, when the emotional stress has grown painfully tense, the author snaps the strain and rings the curtain down—Sera is dead. This sketch is one of others almost as vividly intense and poignantly dramatic. Mr. Becke has done nothing better than his present work.



Mrs. Bailey Saunders has written some charming books, notably "Saints in Society" and "A Shepherd of Kensington." Her latest departure strikes a fresh note. *THE PRINCE'S SHADOW* (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.) is the story of an uncrowned king, the rightful heir to Krongaria. Castel-Istra is the name this amiable gentleman adopts in his wanderings through Europe, and among other adventures, sensational and romantic, he falls in love with Clara Mullins. It is to be regretted that the author did not choose a more euphonious patronymic for her heroine. Mullins is a fatal word—fatal, that is, to the imagination. One visualises a somewhat phlegmatic and strong-minded female, whom the name "Clara" fits like a glove, and despite the author's attempts to invest her heroine with the attributes of charm and beauty, the image conjured up by "Mullins" is too firmly stamped upon the mind for the picture to change. Castel-Istra falls in love with this lady, and she proceeds to infuse him with something of her determination and resource. She creates in him some of the qualities she thinks he possesses, and in the end he is offered the throne of Krongaria by an enthusiastic and admiring people. Before this happens he has contracted a marriage with Mullins, and at first the reader imagines that, in defiance of Royal tradition, he will insist on the lady sharing his throne. Castel-Istra, however, is too practical for anything so wildly romantic; he dismisses the marriage asmorganatic, and takes as consort the daughter of a royal house. This marks the climax of his success. The discarding of Mullins proves his un-

doing: he loses his throne, is reviled by his people, and finds a belated refuge in a monastery. Clara, meanwhile, has consoled herself with her son, who is an infant phenomenon, and, despite his lameness, achieves in a miraculously short space of time, a European reputation as a musician. There is an atmosphere of unreality about the book that the author's skill in devising dramatic situations and her undoubted capacity for characterisation cannot dispel. The theme of the faithless prince and the sorrowing lady is outworn, and for the sake of the reputation that Mrs. Bailey Saunders has deservedly earned as a novelist of some distinction, we sincerely hope she will not again choose a princelet as a hero or wander into Krongaria for the motive of a romance.



It is rarely that a reviewer meets with a book of the calibre of *THE LODGER* (Methuen, 6s.). Mrs. Belloc Lowndes writes with a style at once distinguished and dramatic. Her phrasing has qualities of strength and freshness that lend themselves admirably to the treatment of the theme of her latest novel. The opening chapters are handled with consummate skill. She takes us at once into that atmosphere tinged with the hatred of debt and the determination at all costs to preserve external decencies that is so characteristic of a certain type of English people. Mr. and Mrs. Bunting were at one time servants in a big house as butler and lady's maid respectively. After long years of waiting, they married, started a lodging-house, and for a time did well. And then the tide of adversity set in, and we find them when the story begins within measurable distance of utter destitution. The house is still exquisitely clean, well kept, and furnished in the solid style affected by their class; but the fire burns low in the grate, there is but a glimmer of gas in the parlour, and the monetary resources of Mr. Bunting amount to 4½d. The stress of the situation is relieved by the appearance of an applicant for lodgings, one Mr. Sleuth, a man of the most refined appearance, and suggestive of an ascetic self-denial. He is none other than "The Avenger," the name bestowed on the perpetrator of a series of crimes similar to those perpetrated by "The Ripper" years ago. Mrs. Bunting realises that her lodger is indeed the man who perpetrates these ghastly outrages, but though her flesh creeps at the tales of horror in the newspapers, she is no sooner brought into contact with him than she feels a curious sort of sympathy and a certain awed respect at the length to which his convictions carry him. For "The Avenger" is a religious maniac, and murders his wretched victims in the belief that he is destroying sin by their extinction. Added to this is the knowledge that the money the lodger pays is the sole plank between them and penury. He rents all their available rooms, and Mrs. Bunting feels a curious gratitude towards the man who has saved her from the humiliation of the pawnbroker and the disgrace of debt, that even the knowledge of his atrocities cannot expunge. The psychology of this couple is admirably portrayed. One acquires an intimate acquaintance with the woman "in her neat black stuff dress and in her scrupulously clean plain collar and cuffs"; one can understand the indignation and self-reproach that engulf her narrow and upright soul when Bunting perpetrates the extravagance of purchasing a penny paper, leaving him with but 3½d. We leave it to the reader to discover how the story ends, and we will not dim the edge of the thrill awaiting them by disclosing the climax. Mrs. Lowndes has achieved a very notable success. She has written a

(Continued on page 670.)

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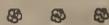
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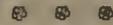


GOD'S CLAY (Fisher Unwin, 6s.) is a story of one Geoffrey Vance, married to a woman who, shortly after she becomes his wife, develops into a confirmed invalid. He contracts a platonic affection for Angela Clifford, and the lady returns his sentiment. Mr. and Mrs. Claude Askew do not suggest that their latest novel is intended to be amusing; but the interview between Geoffrey and Angela, when they discuss and analyse their mutual regard, is really quite humorous. "What we have got to renounce is any material manifestation of our love," says he; "and we must be stricter than an engaged couple, for I must not kiss you—not one kiss even. Our love must always be kept in strict subjection; we must never forget that God has put a flaming sword between us." While making due allowance for Geoffrey's irritation at an invalid wife, it seems hardly in accordance with his Galahad-like nature to refer to the unfortunate lady as a "flaming sword." As always happens in novels of this type, though life does not as a rule follow the example of fiction, the invalid dies, and Geoffrey marries Angela. Their relations after the ceremony are well in keeping with the interview before the "flaming sword" had been removed. "We are only going to have a fortnight's honeymoon, Geoffrey and I"—she blushed rosy red as she referred to her husband—"for we are so keen to start working together. . . . I want to extend the Shoppirls' Club, to start ever so many new branches, and Geoffrey hopes to enter Parliament at the next General Election, so that he must begin to nurse a constituency almost at once. . . . We shall dwell under our own vine and fig-trees; we shall live to declare the works of the Lord." After this it is a little baffling to discover that Angela has hit a man on the head with a poker, causing his death, and that the circumstance has entirely escaped her memory, she having acted under the influence of a blaze of wrath so righteous that for a time it blotted out her consciousness. These things are above the comprehension of a mere reviewer, but the authors of this astonishing book seem to be quite pleased with the heroine, and speak of the poker episode in the warmest terms. The story was written, we should say, for a serial, and doubtless will suit the taste of that portion of the public to whom this kind of literary fare appeals.



THE KINGDOM (Heinemann, 6s.). This novel is written with a sympathy and understanding that should appeal to the student of human nature. Father Bernardo is a Monk of the Order of St. Francis d'Assisi, and, having put away all earthly things by reason of an unreciprocated passion for his cousin Vittoria, he finds rest in a monastery. He is not long to be left in peace, for after seven years he is awakened from a false sense of security by the advent of his old friend Orlando Berardesca. He again meets Vittoria, but after much tribulation of soul renounces her, and she becomes the wife of his friend. The character of the old Guardian of the Monastery is finely portrayed, and his attitude, when Father Bernardo flees from the brotherhood, shows a keen knowledge of the complexity of the human heart. Mr. Harold Goad gives a clever reading of priestly psychology, and his sketches of peasant life have a notably poignant touch. The study of Linda, the cripple girl, who begs alms, and by the plea of her infirmity is the means of bring-

ing money to her home, is tinged with a certain tragic simplicity. Linda hears there is to be a great procession on the occasion of a special festival, and with the simple faith of a child she determines to ask the Lord Jesus to heal her infirmity when the Host passes her. Her old mother knows of this intention, and is determined to stop it, for how, asks she, is she to live if her child gets well? If she becomes healthy they will all starve. Wherefore she throws a shawl over the head of the girl just as she is about to voice her entreaty on the day of the festival.



AN INDIAN MYSTERY (Lynwood and Co., 6s.). Those of our readers who hunger after unadulterated melodrama in its crudest form will doubtless be no-wise disappointed in this volume from the pen of Mr. M. Henniker Andrews. There is very much to be desired in the way of style and treatment in the book. As the title indicates, the scene is laid in India, and concerns the strange disappearance of Frank Avenel and his wife Adela, and the abduction of his beautiful sister-in-law, Shirley. According to Mr. Andrews it would appear that the entire native population of India is comprised either of villains or fools, with the exception of one Mohammed Kahn, a faithful servant. And, on second thoughts, we are not so sure that the faithful Mohammed is not a fool, if a well intentioned one. The characters are wooden and unconvincing, the incidents badly strung together, and there is much padding. The book suggests that the author has attempted to depict life in a country and amidst surroundings of which he has no first-hand experience, but which lack of knowledge he has made strenuous efforts to supplement with the aid of an encyclopædia. Mr. Andrews is no more successful in his love scenes. "I wonder why he changed like that," she was asking herself. "He is like he used to be, and I fancied he liked me. Ah, perhaps he thought—" Her hands suddenly went up to her face to cover the rich blushes that swept from throat to brow. . . . "Yes, he surely thinks that I am beginning to care too much for him, and— Oh, how dare he."

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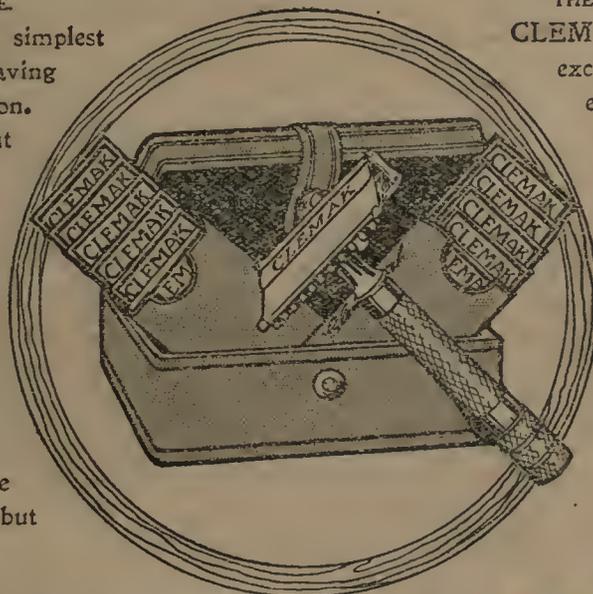
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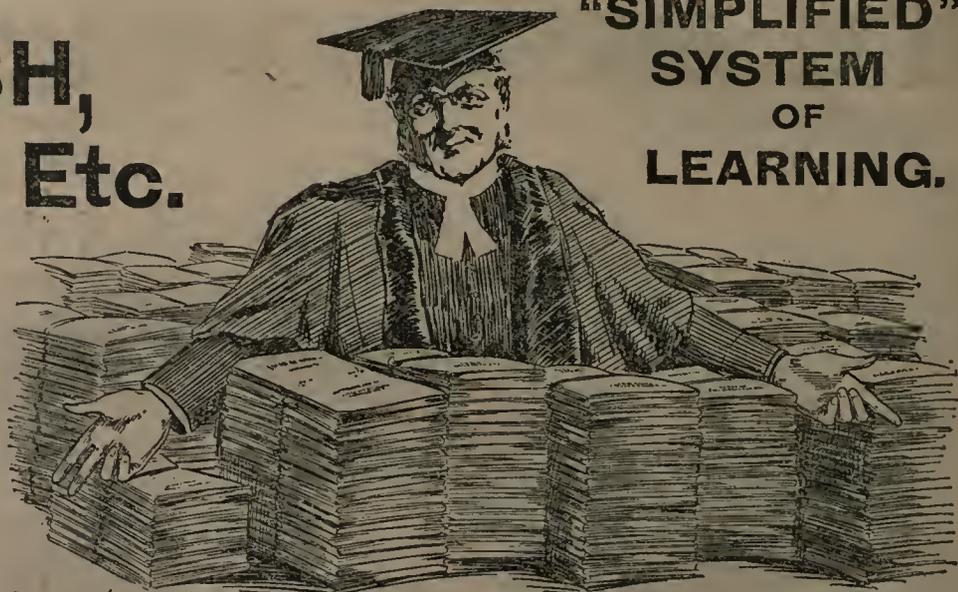
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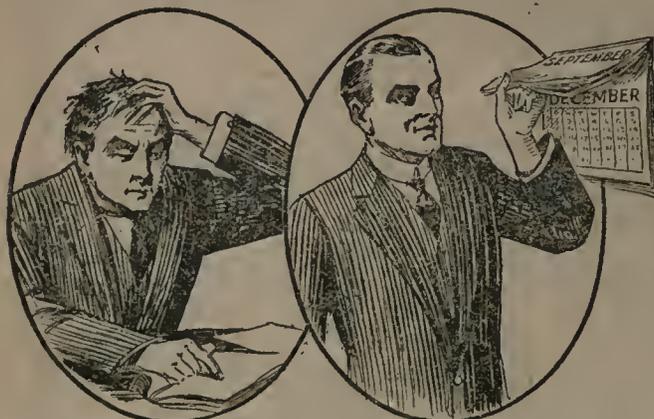
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No. 48. Vol. 2. [REGISTERED
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FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1913

One Penny.



MRS. ALICE MEYNELL

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HISTORY IN THE MAKING

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

MR. BALFOUR'S speech has led to much lively comment, and is not unlikely to be followed by a discussion of the highest political importance. The interest in the Home Rule question was largely on the wane, and it is a tribute to the personality and skill of the ex-Unionist leader that he has succeeded in forcing the topic to the front. Recently we directed attention to the speech of Lord Ashby St. Ledgers, who, on behalf of the Government, foreshadowed a general election after the Home Rule Bill had received the Royal Assent, but before it became operative. This course would have the advantage of placing the claims of Ulster before the electorate, and of at least postponing that Provisional Government of the North-East corner with which we are sometimes threatened.

The most notable public event since Parliament adjourned was the publication this week by a leading news agency of a "forecast" of the report of the famous "Land Committee" appointed by the Chancellor. Mr. Lloyd George has denied that the "forecast" is either authentic or inspired, but he virtually admits that some of its prognostications are at least approximately correct. It is obvious from these that in his coming Land Campaign the Chancellor will devote special attention to the question of low wages in agricultural districts, and their levelling up by Act of Parliament, which, with the more liberal provision of small holdings, are evidently to be important features of his propaganda. "The Single Tax" finds no echo in the "forecast," and it is more than doubtful if the taxation of land values will figure very conspicuously in the approaching struggle.

Once again the vexed question of the censorship of the libraries over contemporary fiction has been raised in an acute form by the action of the Libraries Association in regard to two new novels from the pens of Mr. W. B. Maxwell and Mr. Compton MacKenzie. The matter has been warmly and widely discussed

from many points of view, but it may be as well to point out that the action of the Association does not amount to refusing to supply the books to readers, who can still obtain copies by asking for them. All that is done is that the works in question are withdrawn from the regular lists. It may be doubted, however, whether the publicity that follows on this ban is not an adequate compensation by way of the gratuitous advertisement it affords the author. This discussion of the problem has elicited an interesting suggestion from the Authors' Society, to the effect that "a permanent committee, formed of publishers, authors, and representatives of the libraries, should sit twice a year, or oftener, to consider the desirability of publishing books laid before them. The decision of such a committee," the Secretary opines, "would be final and satisfactory to all parties."

We are threatened, it seems, with the possibility of yet another strike—and one of the most serious that could be attempted. The Report of the Holt Committee has given grave dissatisfaction to postal servants, who declare that its concessions are entirely inadequate. It is, of course, improbable that the men will readily adopt an extreme policy, especially as the last attempt to organise a postal strike proved a disastrous failure. On the other hand, it is significant that at a meeting of the London District Council Postmen's Federation, the Executive were instructed to "educate the members up to a strike policy." Should that be achieved, the prospect, from a business point of view, is too depressing to bear contemplation.

Clearly we are on the eve of the oil age. Oil fuel for the Navy is now a certainty for the immediate future, and for some time past the industrial world has been listening with interest to the accounts of the success achieved by the Diesel stationary oil engine. Now, it seems, we are to have a Diesel engine locomotive, which, built at Winterthur, in Switzerland, has, in a recent trial, achieved a speed of over sixty miles an hour. The adoption of oil locomotives on our railways would, of course, almost revolutionise the system, and though this may be looking a little ahead, there can be no question that the success achieved under the test is likely to have momentous results.

The criticisms to which the Olympic Fund has been subjected have had the welcome result of largely widening the scope of the committee's aims and objects, and the facilities for athletic training that it is intended to provide are no longer to be limited to the competitors at Berlin in 1916. It is clear, indeed, from the statement issued to the Press by Mr. J. E. K. Studd that the work of the committee will be national in character, and facilities for training will be offered to all classes. The committee have a rare chance of reviving that interest in healthy sports which has of late been largely vitiated by the entry into the realm of athletics of money-making considerations. Mr. Studd's association with its work is the best guarantee that the revival will be free from all undesirable elements. No man has done more than he to popularise sport at its best and to preserve its purity.

The passing of the Underwood Tariff Bill in the Senate of the U.S.A. by a majority of seven votes is an event of great importance, especially as, despite the slender Democratic majority, the measure was actually widened and the free list enlarged by the Upper Chamber. Wool, sugar, wheat, cattle, swine, and sheep are placed on the free list, and the duties in many schedules were reduced. The change of policy indicated is undeniably significant.

THE MAN AND HIS WORK

IX.—THE FOREIGN MISSIONARY PRIZE ESSAY BY FRANK D. JONES

I.

IT is well known that the foreign missionary has been pitied, despised and ridiculed. Such abuse is largely due to the fact that he has been misunderstood for lack of definite knowledge of his circumstances; hence a survey of his life and work may help to remove popular misconceptions.

The life of a foreign missionary to-day is very different from what it was only thirty years ago. Means of communication by steamship, railway, telegraph and post have reduced his sense of isolation. Whereas it once took months to reach his station, now it takes weeks or days, and he may regularly exchange letters with home. He is kept in touch with modern thought by the best weekly and monthly publications, generously posted to him by friends or by societies whose aim is to supply him with news.

In the old days he had to make shift and live in native huts or tents. Now he usually has a comfortable bungalow or well-built house, specially constructed and adapted to meet the requirements of the climate. He no longer has bare floors and wooden stools, but boasts the simple luxuries of carpets, easy chairs, and pictures. He has all the indispensables in the way of pots, pans, and cooking stove, and modern methods of packing tinned foods enable him to enjoy an English or Continental meal, either in Central Africa or the South Sea Islands. This inestimable blessing has made him to a certain degree independent of his surroundings, and, by preserving his health, has prolonged his life. The new method also of packing drugs in tabloid form has enabled him to carry a larger range of necessary medicines in a smaller compass.

II.

As the times have changed and the hardships are not so great, so the foreign missionary of the day is quite a different being from the veteran whose place he is taking. The veteran went out with more zeal than knowledge; he had virgin soil to break, unknown peoples to discover. The modern missionary goes with a good general education, with some idea of the great formative religions of the world, and a particular knowledge of the special district to which he is being sent—e.g., if to Africa he usually receives a course of lectures at the Livingstone College, Leyton.* Chosen for linguistic ability, his sympathetic understanding of human nature, and his all-round common sense, he is rarely bigoted or fanatical. As a handy man, he exercises his skill through the whole range of arts, scientific and domestic. He pays attention to his general health by taking regular exercise, the vital importance of which is drilled into him on arrival upon the "foreign field." Shooting, boating, tennis and croquet are some of his recreations.

Turning to his work in its four sections—the pioneering, the pastoral, the medical, and the educational—we have a glimpse of his qualities of heart and mind.

Each section overlaps the other, and the worker may have to do with all four.

III.

The greatest days of pioneering are over. Before Livingstone penetrated Africa, or Martyn journeyed

* Principal, Dr. C. F. Harford.

into Persia, or Morrison landed in China, little mission work had been done in those almost unknown countries. But there is still scope for such work. The pioneer usually spends his early days on the "field" in getting accustomed to the climate of the district, in acquainting himself with the characteristics of the known peoples, in studying outfits, in making plans for his journey, and in apportioning out his baggage. Climate and district determine his mode of travel. Passing up navigable rivers, he notes the depths, the currents, the cataracts, the turnings, the general landmarks. Or, penetrating inland in Africa, he observes the hills, the nature of the jungle, the marshes, the open country, the rivers and springs where good water can be procured, and collects specimens of rocks, plants, flowers and insects. Following up a river in subtropical China, he takes along with him native bearers to carry his baggage, provisions, and mountain chair. Having reached the extent of the river, he hires a native guide and marches on to the next village. As he arrives, curious natives with furtive eyes gather round the strange procession, asking what it means. They are told that it is a new teacher, come with a new teaching. The pioneer pitches his camp, for no one dares to offer the hospitality of a home. As he rigs his tents, table, and chairs, crowds of men and women watch, with ever-widening eyes, until they are convulsed with laughter as he uses his knife and fork.

Pioneering makes a man cosmopolitan, tactful, and firm, able to deal with servants. It develops courage and staying power. He gets accustomed to all sorts of experiences. He sleeps in native huts, partakes of native food, conforms in some cases to native dress, endures drenching rain, is suffocated with dust storms, is scorched with tropical suns, and frozen with arctic winds. He is undaunted by difficulties, ready to take the bull by the horns—e.g., in a hostile village, where the chief forbids anyone to take him in, or sell him food, he politely informs the chief that he will stay with him the night. The next morning the chief sends him away with a courteous invitation to return quickly. As he is borne along in his mountain-chair, he dreams of an awakened people emancipated from the bonds of superstition, contributing of their unfolding genius to the general knowledge of the world, and testifying of their experience with the Maker of all.

IV.

The new ground broken, he has yet to commence the real work. The dialect or language has to be learned, friendliness cultivated, and confidence established. Maybe the language has to be reduced to writing and a phonetic system adopted. Then follow the attempts at preaching and teaching, leading on to pastoral work.

Quite another type of work now opens out. This is a sphere in which there is room for the greatest abilities, but of a different order from those required in a pioneer. To live and be successful among a people demands constant study of their ways of thinking and their modes of life. If in the East the missionary seeks to understand the spirit of the Oriental, to appreciate and sympathise with his outlook, he has to forget his own forms of thought and learn to express himself in the figurative and courteous speech of his people. Similarly, if in Africa, he sympathises with and enters into the spirit of tribal taboos and tribal relationships,

Without pouring contempt upon them he tries to express his new teaching, linked on with and in relationship to the lore and traditions of the tribe. In his preaching he endeavours to appeal to the past experience of his hearers; hence he is wide awake for any knowledge of his people. Always he seeks to understand the moulding influences at work about him. Then he has to organise and educate his helpers, to arrange for new preaching places, to receive, examine, and, in some instances, baptise natives, to settle their disputes, advise them about their everyday affairs, and to appeal for them before a magistrate in times of trouble. He also carries his civilisation into their midst by building churches on sanitary lines, and advising the formation of small reservoirs and swimming baths in dry districts.

He takes photographs, makes slides, gives lantern lectures, exhibits films before the astonished eyes of the native, mystifying him the while with a gramophone. Yet amidst it all he has to fight against trickery and roguery, bear disappointments, and brave his abusers with a stout heart. He is also expected to send home articles for magazines, and sometimes finds the leisure to write books or become an authority on native languages. In isolated districts he plays the part of amateur doctor, attending to cuts and ulcers.

V.

As a rule, regular medical work is only done on mission stations of some years' standing, where a hospital has been built to secure thorough treatment. It is work demanding the greatest patience and determination. Any doctor knows the difficulty of getting patients to obey his orders. Much more difficult is it on the foreign field. Natives expect to be cured at once, and soon lose faith if recovery is not immediate. They will take too much medicine or refuse it altogether, undo bandages to see if a wound is healing, and ruin weeks of treatment by overfeeding. The doctor has also to fight the local prejudices and superstitions; e.g., natives come for treatment where amputation alone will effect a cure, and refuse it, fearing disablement in the future spirit world. Fearlessly he plods on, attacking dysentery, cholera, lupus, smallpox, and consumption, gaining knowledge and experience day by day, and meeting the craft of the native with a higher craft. He sets up electrical treatment, X-ray apparatus, introduces anti-toxins, builds sanatoria, insists on cleanliness, and ever remembers the soul as well as the body.

VI.

In our last section we find the foreign missionary thoroughly alive to the value of constructive educational work and the advantages gained in training the young. Both Sunday and day schools are being established, and well-trained teachers of both sexes are taking up these special duties.

The work is governed largely by the needs of the locality and the amount of money the "society" is prepared to spend. The educational missionary has to arrange small preparatory schools for both sexes, engage native teachers, equip the schools, devise regulations, determine curriculums, give lectures, and generally take control. In the case of the more civilised races, education is carried beyond the secondary school stage, and large colleges are established. China and India are notable instances of this. In such a Chinese college promising students are received from the day schools, pass through five years' training, and receive diplomas on reaching a definite standard of efficiency. The course embraces Chinese history and literature, mathematics, chemistry, physics,

principles of magnetism and electricity, Latin, French, English, logic, and art. The Principal organises the recreations of the students, and thoroughly enjoys their attempts at tennis and cricket. From such colleges students are going out into the provinces of China, taking up important positions in Post and Customs Offices, carrying with them the life-changing influences of the Christian schools. The greatest opportunities await the educational missionary.

VII.

Our survey will not be quite complete without a word about salaries. The figures vary in the different sections and under the different societies, ranging from £90 to £400, the average being about £200. According to district and circumstance, this may mean abject poverty or comparative luxury. In large cities missionaries are expected to entertain and join in the social life, whereas on up-country stations a visitor is an event of a lifetime, and, owing to the simple mode of life, expenses are correspondingly low.

Again, in the case of a married man on a tropical station, he may have to support a home in England for his wife and family or pay for his children's education among friends. As a rule, salaries on African stations are lower than on Indian or Chinese. There are a few workers on the field receiving no salary, who pay their way out of their private income. The integrity of such is beyond doubt.

It is sometimes asked why the missionary does not tell us more about his life. There is eloquence in his silence. Reticent about his work, he is the last man in the world to brag. Quiet and unassuming, he continues his chosen labours, having no consciousness of martyrdom. In all his work he remembers the spirit of his Master, and of him, as of his Master, it can truly be said, "He saved others; himself he cannot save." These words epitomise his life.



RESULT OF "EVERYMAN" ESSAY COMPETITION

THE PRIZE OF THREE GUINEAS offered by EVERYMAN for the best Essay on THE FOREIGN MISSIONARY has been awarded to the writer of the above paper,

Mr. FRANK D. JONES,
14, Conduit Road,
Sheffield,

who speaks from personal experience, having been engaged for some time in the mission field in China.

The majority of the Essays sent in deal with missionaries in India and in China. Only one competitor, a South African, ventures to attack the missionary. As might have been expected, many ladies at home and abroad took part in this Competition. Much interesting material is contained in the Essays received, but those who did justice to their subject were not very numerous.

The Essays of the Rev. C. Ryder Smith, Leeds, and H. Arthur Johnson, Sheffield, rank next in merit to the prize-winner's. We would also specially commend the work of the following:—

"A. B."; James O. Dobson, Durrington, Wilts.; Rev. James M. Macphail, Hillhead, Glasgow; John Naish, Kendal; Laurance E. Newell, Heaton Moor, near Stockport; G. L. Richardson, New Romney, Kent; M. Smith, Transvaal; Rev. John Torrance, Dailly, Ayrshire.

For announcement of New Competition, see p. 681.

THE DEPOPULATION OF FRANCE

By W. S. LILLY

(Concluded)

I.

AND now, resuming the study of M. Rossignol's book, upon which we entered last week, let us see what remedies he proposes for the depopulation of France. The one cause of it, he holds, is to be found in the *will*. Frenchmen either do not wish to have children, or they wish strictly to limit the number of them. Hence they remain bachelors, or become "neo-Malthusian" parents. Let us consider what he has to say about these two classes of—as he considers—traitors to their country.

And first of voluntary bachelors, by which he does not mean, of course, those who have good reasons—for instance, of health—for not marrying. "Le vieux garçonisme" which he has in view is a deliberately chosen state. The bachelors with whom he is concerned have, for the most part, determined, on starting in life, not to marry. The Baron Desforges, in Bourget's powerful novel, *Mensonges* is an excellent type of them. The lines

"I'm not a marrying man, my dear :
I go on another plan, my dear,"

sufficiently explain them. And their number is constantly increasing. "Paris," observes M. Georges Clement somewhat oddly, in a recent article, "is paved with bachelors, or at least certain quarters of Paris. You cannot take a step without meeting two or three." M. Klotz, in his inaugural address to the Commission on Depopulation, estimated the number of these celibates, over thirty years of age, throughout France, at 1,350,000; but M. Rossignol thinks that if you draw the line at twenty-five years, they amount to 3,000,000. He tells us of a public official, a friend of his, who on going to take up an appointment in the provinces, was embarrassed to find that he was almost the only married man in the official world of the department. And he gives us to understand that the case is by no means exceptional—quite the reverse, indeed. Hence France has been described as "a country in course of depopulation, governed by a committee of bachelors."

II.

Then, as to the smallness of French families, M. Rossignol admits that the title of his book, "A Country of Bachelors and of Only Sons," must not be taken too literally. If it were true *au pied de la lettre*, he observes, the population of France would be reduced in a century to two or three millions. The average number of children in each family is about three. And he urges that this is too little, when we consider the amount of infant mortality and the fact that 300 births yield but 192 adults. Nor is the reason of these small families open to doubt. There is a proverb which points to the explanation: "En fait d'enfants mieux vaut le couple que la douzaine"—two children are better than a dozen. A man, even in easy circumstances, with a large family is an object of ridicule. A poor man, similarly situated, is an object of blame. Zola, in his striking book, *Germinal*, tells us of the wife of a needy miner, who makes her appearance, accompanied by a little girl, before rich Madame Grégoire. "Is that your only child?" asks the lady. "Oh, no, madame," the

poor woman replies; "I have seven." M. Grégoire drops the newspaper which he was reading and, rising in indignation, exclaims: "Seven! Why? Good Heavens!" "Yes, it is imprudent," murmurs his wife. "I can't understand," observed a wealthy woman to our author, "why workmen earning five francs a day want to marry and have four or five children. I really have no compassion for people of that sort. They should be reasonable." Their betters set them an example of this reasonableness, and the example is ever more and more followed by the lower middles, the operative classes, the peasants. But we should always remember that in limiting the number of their offspring, French parents are not influenced wholly by egotism. They allege the interests of the children themselves. The fewer the children, it is argued, the better will be their outlook on life. And if, as we are taught by a well-known school greatly in vogue just now, "agreeable feeling" is the great object of our existence and the test of right and wrong, is not the excuse valid?

III.

The will of the individual, then, according to M. Rossignol, is the cause of the evil which he deplors: and to cure it, he justly observes, we must act upon the will. "Yes," he continues, "to act on the will, to push (*pousser*) French citizens to marry, and to have at least three or four children—that is what we ought to aim at." But what force can we bring to influence the will? M. Rossignol admits that the most compelling force which could be brought to bear would be the force of religion—nay more, that religious beliefs alone, perhaps, are capable of solving the problem. But he excuses himself from discussing this remedy on the ground that he does not possess such beliefs, that he is "étranger à toute croyance confessionnelle." He leaves, therefore, the employment of the religious argument to the ministers of the various cults. For himself, he is obliged to fall back on the argument from self-interest, which he considers "the most efficacious force for those who do not admit revealed religion." He goes on then to maintain that the family is, and always must be, the foundation of society, and he cites Colonel Roosevelt, M. Ferdinand Buisson, and Taine in support of that—to me self-evident—proposition. More, he preaches patriotism as a religion, or a substitute for religion—*la religion de la patrie*—and he preaches very well. He pleads for the purification of the lubricious literature of his country which exhibits "agreeable feeling" in its lowest form as the *summum bonum*, and vehemently denounces journals which subsist on vice and crime, and novels that revel in glowing descriptions of things which St. Paul thought it a shame even to speak of. If this popular literature is the expression of society, he asks, what must French society now be? He would make an end of alcoholism, which he describes—and rightly—as one of the great curses of his country, perhaps the greatest. He would levy on bachelors, after a certain age, a tax equal to the cost of maintaining three children in their state of life. He would give a vote to the mother of a family, and an extra vote to the father. He would assign an annuity to a mother after the birth of a fourth child,

and would bestow further assistance, if necessary, on the family. He would grant pensions to widows with children. He would give increased salaries to married public servants. He would levy a heavy succession duty on the estates of those who have less than three children. He desires "une bonne loi établissant que toute femme se livrant à la prostitution, en dehors des maisons tolérées, ou vivant en concubinage, serait condamnée à quelques mois de prison."

IV.

Now, what are we to say of these suggestions of M. Rossignol? For myself, knowing France pretty well, I must own that I strongly doubt the feasibility of any of them, and the efficacy of all of them combined, if, by a sort of miracle, they should be adopted. They seem to me to belong to the class of what Lord Bacon called "Atlantic and Utopian politics, which cannot be drawn into use." M. Rossignol rightly attributes the depopulation which he deplures to the *will*. I do not think his proposed laws, if he could get them passed, would act upon the will. There is a pregnant saying of Burke: "Manners and customs are of more importance than laws."

I am afraid that the conception of marriage expounded by Guy de Maupassant, in one of the least decorous of his novels, is deeply rooted in the mind of France: that "it is only an association of interests, a social bond, not a moral bond." So to regard marriage, is to debase it unspeakably, and to render it of small value to the commonwealth. I do not think you can compel people to produce children against their will.

"My dear Toby," said Mr. Shandy, touched by his brother's unbounded possession of 'the milk of human kindness,' 'my dear Toby, was I an Asian monarch, I would oblige thee, *nolens volens*, to beget for me one subject every month.' 'Now, I would not,' quoth my Uncle Toby, 'get a child, *nolens volens*, whether I would or not, to please the greatest prince upon earth.' I think the vast majority of Frenchmen will be of the opinion of "my Uncle Toby," especially as their country is by no means governed by the greatest prince upon earth, but by politicians who, I will content myself with saying—I wish to be courteous—excite no enthusiastic admiration among many of their countrymen.

V.

I am not, then, very hopeful about M. Rossignol's remedies for the mischief which he rightly deplures. It is a very deeply seated mischief. The truth of the matter is that life in France is dominated by a spurious individualism. This is the issue of her first Revolution, which was a gigantic effort to translate into fact the speculations of Rousseau. The true foundation for the State is not the individual, as Rousseau and his disciples thought, but the family. The result of their great mistake is to exalt selfishness into the place which ought to be occupied by self-sacrifice. The egoistic instinct has triumphed in France at the expense of the social instinct. This fact M. Rossignol, indeed, discerns, and he has expressed himself about it in weighty words, which may serve to end what I have to say about him and his book. "If there is one point upon which everyone is agreed, it is the necessity of opposing some dyke to the hideous individualism of our times." "Chacun pour soi"—everyone for himself—is a false doctrine, fatal to national as to individual soundness. The true doctrine is that a man exists for something beyond and above himself: for the family, for civil society, for his country.

"EVERYMAN" READING CIRCLES

THEIR FUNCTION AND ORGANISATION

AGAIN and again it has been suggested to us that the usefulness of EVERYMAN would be largely increased by establishing in every important centre of the kingdom an EVERYMAN Reading Circle. Again and again readers keenly interested in our journal have volunteered their kind services. From the beginning we have realised the value of those suggestions, and early last winter we had a competition on the "Best Methods of Organising Reading Circles." Now that EVERYMAN is about to enter upon the second year of its existence, and has become, we are proud to say, a recognised literary institution, the time has come to act on the lines suggested by our readers, to accept services which have been so generously offered, and to enlist them in the good cause of democratic education. We therefore propose at the earliest possible moment to establish EVERYMAN Reading Circles in as large a number of towns as possible, for the purpose of interpreting the masterpieces of literature and of discussing the burning public questions of the day.

It is, of course, understood that each club shall be autonomous, self-governing and self-supporting, with its own rules, its own programme, its own committee, its own lecturers. At the same time it will be the function of EVERYMAN to give guidance, both inside and outside its columns, and especially to act as a centre, focussing all the efforts, establishing efficient co-operation, recording the work which is being done, submitting and discussing suitable topics for debate, and, wherever possible, organising lectures, opening competitions and offering prizes, and eventually publishing the best papers which have been read before the EVERYMAN Reading Circles. In addition to the special page which will be devoted to the work of those Circles, we shall publish every week a column giving practical advice and direction on books and topics suitable for discussion, and suggesting on which lines those books and questions can best be treated.

When the local committees of the Reading Circles are constituted, we shall be very pleased if their secretaries will communicate their names and addresses, together with a provisional programme for next winter's work. And whilst the Circles are being organised we shall gladly welcome any suggestions which may interest local centres, and shall be more than pleased to aid the organisers in their work by all means in our power. It is obvious that those Reading Circles can only be the practical success which we expect them to be through the hearty co-operation of our regular readers. With their assistance, we shall, before long, have established all over the country a network of intellectual associations, communing in the appreciation and love of whatever is best in literature, and of whatever is most vital in politics and religion.

BERNARD SHAW'S "LION"

I.

MR. BERNARD SHAW'S new play, "Androcles and the Lion," at the St. James's Theatre shows him at the top of his bent. He dons with tremendous gusto the suit of motley that of all his disguises fits him best, and then, without any effort at all, begins to make us merry. And it is a very merry (if at times rather bewildered and at other times pleasantly shocked) audience at the St. James's. He uses all the tricks of professional humorists, but mainly (being Shaw) he relies upon the first thing that comes into his head. Like most jesters, he presumes upon his position, but, like all jesters, he is privileged, so that we are willing to take from him what we should never take from anyone else. The badge of folly that he wears labels all his folly for what it is, and whatever he says or does is excused. And that is well, for the aim of his wit is at those who listen to him. He has the audience in his eye whenever he speaks. It is an old tale now to say that he is a good shot. He is too practised a hand at discovering the weaknesses of men not to get a good hit. He makes us all feel a little bit foolish. He touches our cherished pretences, he shows up our inconsistencies, he assumes to have no reverence for our gods. But he is not always grinning. He is serious and wise, and, like the fools of Shakespeare, has many half sad, even half mad, things to say, so that he sets us wondering why he should be a jester at all.

II.

In his latest play, produced for the first time last week, Mr. Shaw takes for a plot the old fable of the slave who encounters a lion with a wounded paw, from which he extracts a thorn. Some time after, the slave is thrown to the lions, when the lion he had befriended recognises him, and, instead of eating him, caresses him. The fable gives Mr. Shaw a plot and a title; he makes the slave a Christian tailor, introduces Cæsar and the Christian martyrs, and makes the whole thing, like the subjects of his own lectures, a starting-point for a series of remarks upon the ideas and social and religious practices of our own time. By introducing the lion he makes the play definitely a burlesque. Unless, as I have said, we are ready to accept Mr. Shaw in his character of jester, we shall not know what to make of the burlesque. We shall perhaps think the fun elementary and stale when it is not rude, the serious things we shall be in danger of thinking to be rather bad jokes, and, like some of the critics, we may be stupid enough to feel some of the remarks to be blasphemous. You can see what a splendid opportunity a subject like the Christian martyrs gives Mr. Shaw for turning the exercise of his considerable gifts of satire and irony upon modern Christians, and you can be sure that he is not the man to miss such an opportunity. But, preserving your sense of humour and not being scared at plain speaking, you will find nothing objectionable in the use Mr. Shaw makes of his opportunity. He says some straight things and some provocative things, all of which he covers up in the explanatory note in the programme: "The twentieth-century Christian need not regard the Christianity of the early Christian martyrs as having much to do with his safe and eminently respectable Sunday profession of faith." As a matter of fact, Mr. Shaw gibes at us, not at the early Christians. He sees reality in their religion, and wherever Shaw finds reality in religion he does it justice and treats it with reverence. You get this trait in Shaw's character in this play, in "Fanny's First Play," and, indeed, in every play that he has written. Religion fascinates him when it is real. When it is

merely conventional or fashionable, then he gets wild. The Christians in Mr. Shaw's play are admirable, with the exception of Spintho, who gets eaten by the lion by mistake, and even he is an old acquaintance. None of them are caricatures. For the first time on the stage we get martyrs who are convincing, simple and fine. Certainly there is not one of them of whom the modern Christian need feel ashamed.

III.

But it is not the Christians, but the lion that is the chief character. The "liny-piny" makes the play. From the time that his first yells are heard in the jungle at the opening of the play to the cheerful dance at the fall of the curtain, the lion keeps us happy and amused. He is a magnificent animal that must make Drury Lane envious. Never has a pantomime seen such a natural and human beast. His groans and roaring and innocent gambols, his smile, his damp nose, make him friendly and fearful at the same time; like Cæsar, we are not afraid of him, and yet would not have Androcles leave us alone. It is the lion that is the key to the play; when he chases Cæsar up the stairs to his imperial box at the arena, we are warned not to be too serious. It is merely a play. It is merely folly. It is the lion's skin that Mr. Shaw himself wears. His aspect is terrible, but his actions are kind. He roars until the Christian trembles, but he will not eat him. He makes Cæsar run for his life, but he does him no harm. Mr. Shaw has put himself into many plays, but never so well as in this one.

IV.

The production of the play by Mr. Granville Barker is another triumph for that excellent artist. With the aid of Mr. Albert Rothenstein, who was responsible for the decoration (as in the "Winter's Tale" at the Savoy), he has produced a thing of beauty that all who care for originality in the theatre will enjoy. The play is worth seeing for the staging and decoration alone. Nowhere in the English theatre will you find anything approaching it for interest and for genuine art. The acting, as in everything Mr. Barker is concerned with, was perfect. I do not know that I have ever seen any of the players to better advantage, though none of them had very much to do. One of the strange things about the play was the easiness and rapidity with which it played. It was over before we knew where we were, and yet we were not out of the theatre early. That at least is a testimony to the way in which it holds the attention.

I cannot say as much for the play that preceded it, "The Harlequinade," by Dion Clayton Calthrop and Granville Barker. This is a charming sentimental fancy, just a little too long-winded not to bore the audience very slightly. How the gods came down to earth in the long past and went back the day after to-morrow is what "The Harlequinade" relates. And it is all very good and pleasing, and if there were time one could write a good deal upon it. It hardly has the spontaneity of Mr. Shaw's play; it is, indeed, frankly self-conscious, and, as such, will doubtless appeal mainly to self-conscious people. Anyone could see Mr. Shaw's play and enjoy it, even children; but I am not sure what children would make of this play, though the Clown and Columbine and Harlequin should be old friends of theirs.

If you go to the St. James's ready to be surprised and charmed by things that the ordinary theatre knows nothing of you will have a delightful evening. I envy you; I want to go again. But don't go looking for a play like the one you saw last, for you will be disappointed.

C. B. PURDOM.

THE POETRY OF MRS. MEYNELL

BY ERNEST RHYS

I.

IN the single leaf of what must be the briefest autobiography on record, which Mrs. Meynell wrote for an importunate editor some years ago, she said laconically, "Spent a great part of my youth in Italy." The sequel to this is to be found in one of her later poems, "The Watershed," written between Munich and Verona on a journey south when the north and the northward rivers seemed to be striving to hold the traveller back. The last stave runs:—

"But oh the unfolding South! the hurst
Of summer! Oh to see
Of all the southward brooks the first!
The travelling heart went free
With endless streams; that strife was stopped;
And down a thousand vales I dropped,
I flowed to Italy."

The inter-play of the spirits of England and Italy upon the minds of the English poets has always been, since the days of Chaucer, or of Wyatt and Surrey, a stimulating one. Mrs. Meynell's first book, "Preludes," which appeared in 1875 with drawings by her sister (who became famous afterwards as the painter of "The Roll Call"—Lady Butler), has a sonnet, "Spring on the Alban Hills," which again is characteristic. In it the spring is pictured coming over the Campagna "with a full heart silently," and we shall find this phrase a clue to much that is distinctive in her lyric style.

II.

Ruskin, a critic whom any poet would be glad to evoke, paid good tribute to two poems of this early volume; one of them, "San Lorenzo's Mother":—

"I had not seen my son's dear face
(He chose the cloister by God's grace)
Since it had come to full flower-time.
I hardly guessed at its perfect prime,
That folded flower of his dear face.

There is one alone who cannot change;
Dreams are we, shadows, visions strange;
And all I give is given to one.
I might mistake my dearest son,
But never the Son who cannot change."

When we turn from these lines to their successors in her recently collected "Poems" (Burns and Oates, third edition, 1913) we see that it is not a large achievement, counted in pages or weighed in ounces, that appears in the whole book. We might suppose its contents the final residue of many leaves never published and deliberately rejected and put aside; and even as it is, some of them have the air of an almost unwilling utterance. Not one is the product of idle occasion or of the desire to write because there is a subject anxious to be published and a public eager to read:—

"I shall be silent in those days desired
Before a world inspired."

These lines, too, are predictive, and have proved to be so surely so that they may be fairly looked upon as the key to a self-confession.

III.

We may count it as part of the religious inspiration of her poetry that there is an air as of something held back, a spirit and an element in reserve, about this writer. It adds to our pleasure in reading any verse to know that, with all its savour of rare viands and uncommon vintages, there is a rarer feast that has not been broached. On another score one might test the economy of her art by watching its use of one favourite symbol—the SEA. She has a love for sea-imagery, which has often led her to work out most musically the old analogy between the sea-tides and the human under-tides that they seem to imitate or to govern. This may be seen in the two poems from the earlier volume reprinted in the complete edition, "Regrets" and "The Visiting Sea." Another, and a very sympathetic sea-piece, in a different interpretation, may be seen in a later page, where the lyric picture called "A Poet's Wife" occurs. But what is notable in this, as in all her verse, is that, while her writing is never exuberant, it is full of emotion. It is the impulsive naturalness of the confession in "A Letter from a Girl to her own Old Age" that makes it, with its passage from a girl's feelings to the swift intuition of old age, so wondrous affecting. It was Ruskin, again, who was moved by it to call its last verse "perfectly heavenly"; and the two last stanzas ought perhaps to be given, for the sake of those who do not possess the book, and in order to explain his superlatives:—

"Pardon the girl; such strange desires beset her,
Poor woman, lay aside the mournful letter
That breaks thy heart; the one that wrote, forget her.

The one that now thy faded features guesses,
With filial fingers thy grey hair caresses,
With morning tears thy mournful twilight blesses."

IV.

Mrs. Meynell's sonnet, "Renouncement," won the praise, we may add, both of the elect, and the simple lovers of poetry, and a connoisseur in sonnets, the late William Sharp, added it long ago to his anthology, "A Century of Sonnets." There, again, the lines are as idiomatically right as the poetic reality of the ideas they convey is sure:—

"I must not think of thee; and, tired yet strong,
I shun the love that lurks in all delight—
The love of thee—and in the blue Heaven's height,
And in the dearest passage of a song.
Oh, just beyond the sweetest thoughts that throng
This breast, the thought of thee waits hidden yet bright;
But it must never, never come in sight;
I must stop short of thee the whole day long.
But when sleep comes to close each difficult day,
When night gives pause to the long watch I keep,
And all my bonds I needs must loose apart,
Must doff my will as raiment laid away,—
With the first dream that comes with the first sleep
I run, I run, I am gathered to thy heart."

But to understand in full the measure of Mrs. Meynell's faculty, and her play of ideas, we must turn to her essays. There indeed lies matter for another tale.

LITERARY NOTES

Boys' books, we all know, are generally devoured with equal gusto by girls if they are of the right sort—both the books and the girls we mean. And the best boys' books of all are capable of being read with thorough enjoyment by the boys' parents as well. Such is the underlying principle of a new series launched by Messrs. Wells Gardner, Darton and Co., the "Fathers and Sons Library." These enterprising publishers "believe the time has come when older boys no longer want to be treated as children and furnished with books got up in the very decorative fashion of the nursery, and we believe also that men enjoy a good boys' book just as much as boys enjoy a good novel of adventure." Mr. John Barnett's latest story, "The New Guv'nor," was issued last week in this series, which will include stories by Mr. Masfield and other writers of mark.

Messrs. Chapman and Hall will publish at an early date "Jean and Louise," by Antonin Dussère, a peasant of Auvergne, who has been "discovered" by Marguerite Audoux, herself an obscure seamstress until not long ago, when her remarkable story, "Marie Claire," made her name known on both sides of the Channel. Antonin Dussère, a true son of the soil, has, we are told, received no education beyond what he has been able to cull from books bought cheaply on market days, and read during his hour of afternoon rest in the fields, when, for a brief interval, the sound of his threshing machine was silenced. Yet upon this slight foundation he has built up a literary style which is able to reflect, in terms of the most vivid and haunting realism, the simple life around him, with all its hitherto unvoiced joys and sorrow, its dumb humours and tragedies.

A new translation of Heine's "Atta Troll" has been made by Mr. Herman Scheffauer, who needs no introduction to readers of EVERYMAN. The book, which will be published by Messrs. Sidgwick and Jackson, will be illustrated by Willy Pogany and Horace Taylor, and will contain an introduction and notes by Dr. Oscar Levy.

Mr. W. R. Lawson, who, as chairman of the Railway Shareholders' Association, writes with no small experience and authority, has prepared a volume on "British Railways," in which he discusses such questions as State control, nationalisation, Board of Trade supervision, obstructive legislation, labour unrest, recognition of trades unions, traders' grievances, electrification, etc. The book will be published by Messrs. Constable and Co., who have in preparation another work of interest to political economists—"Good and Bad Trade," by G. R. Hawtrey. Mr. Hawtrey sets out to explain those elements in the modern economic organisation of the world which cause the great and almost rhythmical fluctuations in trade, and argues that these wave-motions are due to disturbances in the available stock of money—"money" including every species of purchasing power available for immediate use, whether in the form of legal tender or credit.

Victor Hugo must have received not a few love-letters in his long life. A little bundle of 15,000 letters addressed to the poet by his devoted friend, Juliette Drouet, has just been brought to light. These are being sifted and selected by a committee of French scholars, and will be published simultaneously in Paris, London, and other capitals of Europe. The copy-

right for the English version has been secured by Mr. Stanley Paul. The discoverer of the letters will supply a monograph on Victor Hugo, as reflected in these fascinating love-letters.

Cecil Rhodes has no lack of biographers. The latest addition to the ranks is Mr. Gordon le Sueur, who was for many years intimately associated with Rhodes. "Cecil Rhodes: the Man and his Work," will be published by Mr. Murray.

The Kaiser's jubilee year has naturally witnessed a crop of biographical studies and appreciations—or depreciations. Messrs. Methuen this week add to their number "William of Germany," by Stanley Shaw, LL.D. (7s. 6d.), who has spent the last twelve years in Berlin as a close observer of the Emperor and his Empire. Dr. Shaw brings his study right up to the present day, and even glances into the future when he says, "if his spring was boisterous and his summer gusty and uncertain, a mellow autumn gives promise of a hale and kindly winter."

Another jubilee publication of the week is "The Story of the C.W.S.," being the jubilee history of the Co-operative Wholesale Society, Ltd., 1863-1913, by Percy Redfern, editor of the *Wheat-sheaf*. The volume, which is issued by the Co-operative Wholesale Society, Ltd., is a bulky one of well over 400 pages, and its historical survey will appeal to all interested in the co-operative movement.

NEW ESSAY COMPETITION

"EVERYMAN" AND THE CHANNEL TUNNEL

TIME and again the project of a Channel Tunnel has been mooted, but hitherto no British Government has seen its way to endorse such an undertaking. The scheme is now once more under official consideration, and many arguments, old and new, *pro* and *con*, are being adduced by soldiers, sailors, and civilians. In the light of recent international developments—the Entente Cordiale and the European Race of Armaments—the probable rôle, in peace and in war, of an English Channel Tunnel is being discussed afresh; and it is of supreme importance to this country that no argument on the one side or on the other should be overlooked.

EVERYMAN accordingly offers a Prize of TWO GUINEAS for the best Essay, constituting

A Plea For or Against the Channel Tunnel

Papers must not exceed 2,000 words in length (exclusive of a brief synopsis), and must reach the

COMPETITION EDITOR, "EVERYMAN,"

21, Royal Terrace, Edinburgh,

not later than October 17th. "Channel Tunnel" should be marked in the corner of envelopes. Essays sent in should be carefully paragraphed, and must be clearly written, preferably typewritten, on one side of the paper only. All entries shall become the exclusive property of the Editor, who cannot undertake to return any MS.

Next week will be published the result of EVERYMAN Competition No. 5, *The Composer*, and in subsequent issues Competitions 4 and 2 ("The Male Teacher" and "The Anglican Clergyman") will be decided. The result of the "Robespierre" Competition will also be announced in next week's issue.

MASTERPIECE FOR THE WEEK

WHITE'S "NATURAL HISTORY OF SELBORNE" * * BY LIDDELL GEDDIE

I.

IN 1789 there appeared in London the first edition of "The Natural History and Antiquities of Selborne, in the County of Southampton," by Gilbert White, who stated in his preface that he wished to lay before the public "his idea of a parochial history, which, he thinks, ought to consist of natural productions and occurrences as well as antiquities." At the first blush it may seem incongruous that a book so detached, so full of peace and repose, should have been published in the year of the French Revolution, "in a most eventful and portentous period"—to quote Gilbert White himself (who abhorred "the dangerous doctrines of levellers and republicans")—"when wars, devastations, revolutions, and insurrections crowd so fast upon the back of one another that a thinking mind cannot but suppose that providence has some great work in hand!" On second thoughts, however, we must recognise in "The Natural History of Selborne" a leading text-book of that revolution which, at the close of the eighteenth century, swept not France alone, but all Europe. Who, indeed, preached the "Return to Nature" more sanely, more impellingly, than the curate of Selborne? Who rebelled against the self-sufficiency of the eighteenth century more effectively than Gilbert White the naturalist, Gilbert White the antiquarian?

In him the Romantic Movement had one of its most distinguished pioneers. His whole life was encompassed in the eighteenth century—he was born in 1720 and died in 1793—but his work belongs rather to the nineteenth century in matter and in spirit. Only the form is of the eighteenth century, and there is no reason to deplore it. Letter-writing was a fine art in these days. And Gilbert White was a born letter-writer as well as a born naturalist. The epistolary form of his "Natural History" has nowadays a pleasing piquancy. There is nothing stilted about these letters; notwithstanding the "nicety" of their expression, they are, almost without exception, genuine letters, actually sent to correspondents, and only collected in after times when at last their writer screwed his courage to the publishing point.

II.

"It has been my misfortune," writes Gilbert White early in his book, "never to have had any neighbours whose studies have led them towards the pursuit of natural knowledge; so that, for want of a companion to quicken my industry and sharpen my attention, I have made but slender progress in a kind of information to which I have been attached from my childhood." This absence of a neighbour of kindred tastes was certainly unfortunate for Gilbert White, but for posterity it was perhaps the reverse. Had he found at his own door some fellow-naturalist to share his walks and observations he might not have felt the necessity of conducting the correspondence afterwards edited as "The Natural History of Selborne." As it was, he had to rely upon his own unbounded enthusiasm and the intermittent favours of the post.

No matter where Gilbert White had resided, he would have found something worth observing and reporting. By good luck he was located, well-nigh throughout his life, in a region full of interest for the antiquarian and the naturalist. For the zoologist, the botanist, the geologist, the meteorologist, Selborne had peculiar charms; and our only cause for regret is that

it lies inland, for, as Gilbert White remarks, "if fortune had settled me near the seaside, or near some great river, my natural propensity would soon have urged me to have made myself acquainted with their productions."

Since White's day the number of parish monographs has been legion, but Selborne remains in a class by itself. Read but the opening chapters of "The Natural History," in which the parish of Selborne is described in detail, and, even though nature study has no appeal for you, you will understand why this corner of Hampshire is world-famed. White loved his fellow-men as well as birds and trees, and nothing escaped his vigilant eye and painstaking pen. How simple, yet how quaintly impressive is the following picture:—

"The village of Selborne, and large hamlet of Oak-hanger, with the single farms, and many scattered houses along the verge of the forest, contain upwards of six hundred and seventy inhabitants.

"We abound with poor; many of whom are sober and industrious, and live comfortably, in good stone or brick cottages which are glazed, and have chambers above stairs; mud buildings we have none. Besides the employment from husbandry, the men work in hop gardens, of which we have many; and fell and bark timber. In the spring and summer the women weed the corn; and enjoy a second harvest in September by hop picking. Formerly in the dead months, they availed themselves greatly by spinning wool, for making of barragons, a genteel corded stuff, much in vogue at that time for summer wear; and chiefly manufactured at Alton, a neighbouring town, by some of the people called Quakers. The inhabitants enjoy a good share of health and longevity, and the parish swarms with children."

III.

We have no portrait of Gilbert White, but with "The Natural History of Selborne" before us, what need have we of one? In his book he painted his own portrait. Not that it is egotistical. On the contrary, Gilbert was painfully shy and modest. Directly, he tells us next to nothing about himself. Practically the only personal allusion is when he confesses:—

"Frequent returns of deafness incommode me sadly, and half disqualify me for a naturalist; for, when those fits are upon me, I lose all the pleasing notices and little intimations arising from rural sounds; and May is to me as silent and mute, with respect to the notes of birds, etc., as August. My eyesight is, thank God, quick and good; but with respect to the other sense I am at times disabled, 'And Wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.'"

Indirectly, however, he tells us enough about himself to make us love him as a true and trusted friend. On every page we can clearly trace his water-mark, the image of a man ever kindly, ideal, poetical, retiring, observant, shrewd withal, methodical and precise.

IV.

Gilbert White was no trained scientist. He was an outdoor naturalist, a naturalist by instinct, an observer and recorder rather than a student and investigator. And so his place in Literature is far higher than his place in Science. Yet his contribution to Science was no insignificant one, and by its inspiration of others—Darwin, to mention only one—"The Natural History of Selborne" transcends itself as a scientific treatise. Had it ranked higher in the realm of Science, his book might very well have ranked lower in the domain of Letters. It would certainly have been less popular, and would not improbably have fallen into the abstruseness, prolixity and "dryasdustness" which Gilbert White was so careful to avoid.

V.

The secret of White's success is easily read. He had the gift—vouchsafed to how few!—of holding a faithful mirror up to Nature. He found all sorts of trivial things fascinating, and he had the invaluable art of interesting others in what he himself found captivating. Thus the random jottings of this "venerable vegetable," as White once playfully called himself, have a universal appeal and a perennial charm. What a relief it is to leave this hustling twentieth century of ours and wander into the secluded garden of "The Wakes," there to watch the laborious peregrinations of Timothy, the tortoise; or, under the gentle Gilbert's guidance, stroll through Wolmer Forest, observe the migration of birds, or note the rainfall day by day. Open the "Natural History" where you will, and the Selborne scribe will straightway persuade you that the world, our everyday world,

"is so full of a number of things,
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings."

Take, for instance, the half-dozen letters dated 1775. In March Gilbert White writes to Pennant, expressing the hope that "some future faunist, a man of fortune, will extend his visits to the kingdom of Ireland, a new field and a country little known to the naturalist." "The manners of the wild natives," he adds, "their superstitions, their prejudices, their sordid way of life, will extort from him many useful reflections." In June he sends to his other correspondent, the Hon. Daines Barrington, an exquisite little dissertation on gossamer, beginning, with characteristic precision:—

"On September the 21st, 1741, being then on a visit, and intent on field diversions, I rose before daybreak: when I came into the enclosures, I found the stubbles and clover grounds matted all over with a thick coat of cobweb, in the meshes of which a copious and heavy dew hung so plentifully, that the whole face of the country seemed, as it were, covered with two or three setting nets, drawn one over another. When the dogs attempted to hunt, their eyes were so blinded and hoodwinked that they could not proceed, but were obliged to lie down and scrape the incumbrances from their faces with their forefeet; so that, finding my sport interrupted, I returned home, musing in my mind on the oddness of the occurrence."

Then, in August, he writes to the same correspondent on "the wonderful spirit of sociality in the brute creation"—a perfect essayette on Gregariousness. In October his theme is gipsies; in November he finds a congenial topic—rush candles, a subject he had "considered with some degree of exactness"; and in December he discourses in most engaging fashion on an idiot boy who had lived in Selborne twenty years before, and who, "from a child, showed a strong propensity to bees; they were his food, his amusement, his sole object."

These are but samples, picked haphazard, but they give some indication of the variety and type of subjects on which Gilbert White loves to muse, to borrow his own expression. His favourite themes, of course, were the migration of birds, martins, swallows and swifts, and that most English of topics—the weather. But, no matter which of his hobby-horses he mounts, we may always count on a delightful outing in Gilbert White's company, for, as his good friend Mulso wrote to him, with prophetic insight, in 1776, long before his book was published: "No man communicates the pleasure of his excursions or makes the world partake of them in a more useful manner than you do. . . . Your work, upon the whole, will immortalize your place of abode as well as yourself." What other man in the whole range of English literature has inscribed his name on the roll of the immortals by virtue of a single book, published in his seventieth year?

THE ENGLISH NOVEL*

IN the preface to his book on "The English Novel,"* which has just been added to the Channels of English Literature Series, Professor Saintsbury remarks that it is "somewhat curious that there is, so far as I know, no complete handling in English of the subject of this volume, popular and important though that subject has been." Now, it is undoubtedly the case that those who, for whatever reason, wished to trace the genesis and evolution of the novel, as a form of English literature, have hitherto found no satisfactory textbook to serve as a guide. The works on a large scale bearing on the subject were out of date or too general; those on a small scale were inadequate and scrappy.

But is this absence of a complete and authoritative monograph on the English novel so "curious" as Professor Saintsbury would make out? The very popularity of the novel makes the task of describing its growth and narrating its history particularly difficult and uninviting for the literary critic of standing who is prone to consider anything "popular" beneath his notice; and only the boldest of bibliophages could sit down to read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest the whole Gargantuan feast of novels which, for the past century and a half, publishers have been laying before successive generations of insatiable customers. Professor Saintsbury, however, far from being daunted by such an arduous undertaking, simply revels in it, and there can be no question that his long experience as a book reviewer and his scholarship as a professor make him exceptionally fitted for the task.

Not that the volume is everything that could be desired. The restrictions (in point of size, scope, etc.) of the series to which it belongs no doubt account for many omissions in the book, and the author himself admits that he "would have liked to deal with so large a matter in a larger space." It is no use turning to Professor Saintsbury's volume for a comparison of the English novel with the novel of other lands. He makes no mention of the contribution to the English novel—that is, the novel in the English language—made by American writers; and of living novelists (save Mr. Thomas Hardy) he has nothing to say, on the score that their work can never be satisfactorily treated in such a book, "first, because they are living, and, secondly, because it is not done."

But, this apart, Professor Saintsbury does ample justice to his subject. He lays bare the foundation of the novel in Romance, between which and the novel he refuses to draw a hard-and-fast line. One chapter suffices to survey the Old and Middle English periods. The second carries us from Lyly to Swift, and prepares us for the novel proper of Richardson, Fielding, Smollett, and Sterne. The work of these pioneers he ably analyses, showing how "in almost exactly the course of a technical generation—from the appearance of 'Pamela' in 1740 to that of 'Humphrey Clinker' in 1771—the wain of the novel was solidly built, furnished with four main wheels to move it, and set agoing to travel through the centuries." The minor and later eighteenth-century novel is next discussed. Scott and Miss Austen, appropriately enough, get a chapter to themselves. To their successors as far as Thackeray the same space is allotted. The term "Victorian" in our superior days is so frequently used as an epithet of contempt, that it is refreshing to read Professor Saintsbury's high praise of the mid-Victorian novel. The concluding chapter covers the "Fiction of Yesterday," and takes us to Meredith and Stevenson and the close of the nineteenth century.

* "The English Novel." By Prof. George Saintsbury. 5s. (J. M. Dent and Sons.)

EVERYMAN'S FRENCH PAGE

LE PÉLÉRINAGE DU CHRÉTIEN

COMME je voyageais par le désert de ce monde, j'arrivai dans un lieu où il y avait une caverne. Je m'y couchai pour prendre un peu de repos, et, m'étant endormi, je vis en songe un homme vêtu d'habits sales et déchirés. Il était debout, tournant le dos à sa propre maison. Il avait un livre à la main, et il était chargé d'un pesant fardeau. Je vis ensuite qu'il ouvrit le livre et qu'il y lisait. Bientôt il se mit à pleurer et à trembler, de sorte qu'étant tout effrayé, il s'écria d'un ton triste et plaintif: "Que faut-il que je fasse?" Dans cet état, il retourna chez lui, et se contraignit, aussi longtemps qu'il lui fut possible. Mais comme sa tristesse augmentait de plus en plus, il ne put se contenir longtemps; ainsi il leur découvrit bientôt ce qu'il avait sur le cœur, et il leur dit: "Ma chère femme, et vous, mes chers enfants, que je suis misérable, et que je suis à plaindre! Je suis perdu, et le pesant fardeau qui m'accable est la cause de ma perte. J'ai d'ailleurs un avertissement certain que cette ville où nous habitons va être embrasée par le feu du ciel, et que les uns et les autres, moi, et vous ma chère femme, et vous mes chers enfants nous serons misérablement enveloppés tous ensemble dans cet épouvantable embrasement, si nous ne trouvons pas un asile pour nous mettre à couvert; or, jusqu'ici je n'en vois aucun."

Il arrivait aussi qu'en allant par la campagne les yeux fixés, selon sa coutume, sur son livre, il était extrêmement en peine, et j'entendis qu'en lisant il s'écria tout haut comme auparavant, "Que faut-il que je fasse pour être sauvé?" Je remarquai d'ailleurs qu'il tournait les yeux, tantôt d'un côté, tantôt de l'autre, comme un homme qui cherche à s'enfuir; cependant il ne quittait point la place, parcequ'apparemment il ne savait où aller. Sur cela je vis un homme, dont le nom était Évangéliste, qui s'approcha de lui, et qui lui demanda pourquoi il poussait des cris si lamentables. "Monsieur, lui répondit-il," je vois par le livre que j'ai entre les mains que je suis condamné à la mort, et qu'ensuite je dois comparaître en jugement. Je ne saurais me résoudre à la première, et je ne suis nullement préparé au dernier." *L'Évangéliste:* "Comment ne pouvez-vous pas vous résoudre à la mort, puisque cette vie est mêlée de tant de maux." *Le Chrétien:* "C'est que je crains que le fardeau que je porte ne me fasse enfoncer plus bas que le sépulcre, et ne me précipite jusqu'au fond des enfers. Or, monsieur, si je ne suis pas seulement en état de souffrir la prison, combien moins pourrais-je soutenir le jugement et en subir l'exécution? Voilà ce qui me fait pousser tant de gémissements." *L'Évangéliste:* "Si tel est votre état, pourquoi en demeurez-vous là?" "Hélas!" répondit le Chrétien, "je ne sais où aller." Là-dessus l'Évangéliste lui donna un mémoire en parchemin, où étaient écrites ces paroles: "Fuyez derrière de la colère à venir."

Le Chrétien lut ce mémoire, et aussitôt il demanda à l'Évangéliste, en le regardant tristement, "Où est-ce donc qu'il faut fuir?" Alors l'Évangéliste lui dit, "Voyez-vous bien, de ce côté-là, une petite porte étroite?" Cet homme lui répondit, "Non." L'Évangéliste lui dit, "Ne voyez-vous pas, du moins, une lumière, brillante au milieu de l'obscurité?" "Il me semble," répliqua-t-il, "que je la vois." "Eh bien," dit l'Évangéliste, "attachez uniquement les yeux sur cette lumière, marchez droit à elle, et alors vous verrez bientôt la porte étroite. Quand vous y heurterez, on vous dira ce que vous aurez à faire."

PROEM OF "THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS"

As I walked through the wilderness of this world, I lighted on a certain place where was a den, and I laid me down in that place to sleep; and as I slept, I dreamed, and, behold, I saw a man clothed with rags, standing in a certain place, with his face from his own house, a book in his hand, and a great burden upon his back. I looked, and saw him open the book, and read therein, and as he read he wept and trembled; and, not being able longer to contain, he brake out with a lamentable cry, saying, "What shall I do?"

In this plight, therefore, he went home, and refrained himself as long as he could, but he could not be silent long, because that his trouble increased; wherefore, at length, he brake his mind to his wife and children, and thus he began to talk to them: "Oh, my dear wife," said he, "and you, the children of my bowels, I, your dear friend, am in myself undone by reason of a burden that lieth hard upon me: moreover, I am for certain informed that this our city will be burnt with fire from heaven; in which fearful overthrow both myself, with thee, my wife, and you, my sweet babes, shall miserably come to ruin, except (the which yet I see not) some way of escape may be found whereby we may be delivered."

Now I saw, upon a time, when he was walking in the fields, that he was (as he was wont) reading his book, and greatly distressed in his mind; and, as he read, he burst out as he had done before, crying, "What shall I do to be saved?" I saw, also, that he looked this way and that way, as if he would run; yet he stood still, because (as I perceived) he could not tell which way to go. I looked then, and saw a man named Evangelist, coming to him, and he asked, "Wherefore dost thou cry?" He answered, "Sir, I perceive, by the book in my hand, that I am condemned to die, and after that to come to judgment; and I find that I am not willing to do the first nor able to do the second." Then said Evangelist, "Why not willing to die, since this life is attended with so many evils?" The man answered, "Because I fear that this burden that is upon my back will sink me lower than the grave, and I shall fall into Topet. And, sir, if I be not fit to go to prison, I am not fit to go to judgment, and from thence to execution; and the thoughts of these things make me cry." "Then," said Evangelist, "if this be thy condition, why standest thou still?" He answered, "Because I know not whither to go." Then he gave him a parchment-roll, and there was written within, "Fly from the wrath to come!" The man therefore read it, and, looking upon Evangelist very carefully, said, "Whither must I fly?" Then said Evangelist, "Do you see yonder wicket-gate?" The man said, "No." Then said the other, "Do you see yonder shining light?" He said, "I think I do." Then said Evangelist, "Keep that light in your eye, and go up directly thereto, so shalt thou see the Gate; at which, when thou knockest, it shall be told thee what thou shalt do."

THE GROWTH OF THE SINGLE-TAX PRINCIPLE IN WESTERN CANADA

"THE most striking feature in a study of tax reform in Western Canada is the strong trend throughout the entire country in the direction of the single-tax principle. That so far it is working satisfactorily wherever tried is generally admitted, even by opponents of the principle. In no district in which the principle has been applied is there any noticeable desire to return to the old system. From present indications it is safe to predict that within the next ten or twenty years the single-tax principle will be adopted by every taxing district in Western Canada."

The above extract from the 1912 report of the Minnesota Tax Commission (U.S.A.) is an unbiased summary of the situation here.

For the past twenty years the policy of decreasing taxation on improvements, and increasing it on land values, has been gaining in popularity and practice, and each year sees some further development along this line.

There are no taxes upon farm improvements, stock, grain, buildings, machinery, etc., for municipal purposes in the whole of Western Canada, comprised of the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta, and British Columbia.

In the whole of this vast district farm land of equal value pays equal taxes, whether it is improved or unimproved.

The practice of exempting improvements from taxation is also spreading to the towns and cities. In British Columbia the municipalities have local option in taxation, and the majority of them raise their revenue by a tax on land values only.

Land Taxation In British Columbia.

Vancouver, the metropolis of British Columbia, is the largest city in Canada which exempts buildings and improvements on land from taxation. The first step toward exemption was taken in 1895, when the assessment on improvements was reduced to 50 per cent. of their full value. This was followed in 1906 by an additional decrease of 25 per cent., and in 1910 entire exemption was brought about. The result was magical. There was an immediate advance in local prosperity, splendid buildings at once began to take the place of shacks, and the city grew in population by leaps and bounds. Ten years ago it had a population of less than 27,000; to-day it exceeds 150,000. In 1901 the assessed value of the land was less than 23,000,000 dollars; to-day it exceeds 100,000,000 dollars. That the marvellous growth of the city is entirely due to its taxing system is not claimed, but that it has stimulated and aided such growth is generally admitted.

After watching the operation of land value taxation in Vancouver for one year, the neighbouring city of New Westminster adopted the same system. This is how the movement grows. The greatest argument in favour of the municipal single tax is the thing itself. It is a case of the survival of the fittest. In Western Canada the practice of taxing land values only has grown because it has demonstrated its efficiency. Those towns and cities which have adopted this system have reaped their reward in more and better buildings, more business, and increased population.

Evidence of this fact can be secured from building records, which show that those municipalities which exempt buildings from taxation record a greater increase in the number and value of the buildings erected than those municipalities which tax buildings.

So satisfactory has the system proved in municipal

affairs in British Columbia that it is now proposed to extend it into provincial affairs. The Hon. Price Ellison, Finance Minister, in his Budget speech for this year, said it was the aim of the Government "to reach a point where our revenues will be derived from the natural resources of this province."

Taxation In Alberta.

Travelling eastward, we reach the province of Alberta, in which land value taxation is compulsory both in rural and urban municipalities, with the exception of one or two cities operating under special charters. Edmonton, the capital city, operates under a special charter, but had adopted land value taxation before the compulsory legislation was passed. One of the most striking examples of the way in which the municipal single tax brings land into use occurred in Edmonton. Prior to its adoption by that city the Hudson's Bay Company held a large tract of land near the centre of the city idle. When taxation was placed on land values only, the company found it unprofitable to keep this land, and consequently sold a large quantity of it in small parcels.

In Saskatchewan.

Travelling eastward again, we reach Saskatchewan, in which province the single-tax principle is far advanced. As before stated, farm improvements are exempt from taxation, but, in order to discourage land speculation, the legislators of this province have gone a step farther. At the last session of the Legislature an amendment was made to the Rural Municipalities Act, by which each Rural Municipal Council will levy a surtax of ten dollars per quarter section on the following lands, beginning in 1914:—

"1. The land of any owner or occupant not exceeding 320 acres which has less than one-quarter of its area under cultivation, unless such owner or occupant is an actual resident upon the said land;

"2. The land of any owner or occupant exceeding 320 acres, but not greater than 640 acres, which has less than one-quarter of its area under cultivation;

"3. The land of any owner or occupant exceeding 640 acres, but not greater than 1,280 acres, which has less than one-half its area under cultivation;

"4. The land of any owner or occupant exceeding 1,280 acres, but not greater than 1,920 acres, which has less than one-half of its area under cultivation;

"5. The land of any owner or occupant exceeding 1,920 acres."

The aim of this Bill is to tax the non-resident land speculator, and also to tax owners of large estates. It is heartily approved by the farmers of Saskatchewan, who passed the following resolution at their last annual Convention:—

"That this Convention heartily approves of the recent provincial legislation, rendering it obligatory that all rural school and municipal revenues of the province be raised by a tax on unimproved land values;

"And, further, that we recognise that land speculation is one of the worst evils to-day existent in Saskatchewan, and we are therefore in accord with the recent 'surtax' provision, by which the speculator will be more heavily taxed than the *bona-fide* farmer;

"And, further, that we consider that the most equitable method of raising all public revenues is by a tax upon unimproved land values."

These farmers evidently do not think that "the single tax will hurt the farmer." The towns and cities of Saskatchewan have power to adopt the municipal single tax by easy stages. The Assessment Act

stipulates that buildings must be assessed at 60 per cent. of their value, and land at its full value. Any city or town may reduce the assessment on improvements 15 per cent. each year until improvements are totally exempt from taxation. Regina, the capital city, has this year reached the stage where buildings are only taxed on 15 per cent. of their value. Practically all of the towns and cities in Saskatchewan are following the same policy.

In Manitoba.

In the province of Manitoba we find that although, as usual, farm improvements are exempt from taxation, little progress has been made in the urban districts.

Winnipeg, the capital city, with a population of 200,000, did secure a change in its charter in 1909, by which improvements are assessed at two-thirds of their value, and land at its full value. There is a steady demand for a change in the Assessment Act which will give the towns and cities local option in taxation, but no action in this direction has been taken by the powers that be.

In Eastern Canada an active campaign for local option in taxation is being carried on by the Tax Reform Association of Ontario. On January 1st, 1913, the association succeeded in getting the following question submitted to the ratepayers of Toronto:—"Are you in favour of applying for legislation to assess buildings, business tax, and incomes on a lower basis than land?" This was carried by a vote of about 4 to 1.

I have a number of resolutions passed by organisations representing labour unions, manufacturers, farmers, and others, showing a widespread demand for the extension of the single-tax principle, but, as I have already exceeded the space limit of this article, I must leave what is recorded here to stand or fall on its own merit.

F. J. DIXON

(Secretary of the Canadian Land Values Taxation League).

A GERMAN STUDENT

HE was a budding philologist. His head was crammed with roots and prefixes, with learned terms, and learned arguments. He could convince the Englishman that he possessed but a superficial knowledge of his own language. He could trace back the pedigree of a word till it became unrecognisable—in fact, he could have convinced the Sphinx itself of ignorance. His appearance was youthful, but his talk was profound. I wondered, was he young, or was he merely a machine for an unlimited reception of strange and obsolete languages?

Among the subjects on which he was prone to enlarge, he showed quite an informed ignorance on the habits of English undergraduates and English school-boys. "They don't know what hard study means," he said, a smile of ineffable superiority scornfully flitting over his face. "Sport is what they learn—cricket and football they do take seriously—but they don't spend hours over the proper construction of a Greek line, as we do at our gymnasiums. I have heard"—and he laughed—"a tutor from an English public school sends his pupil up to college with the report: He has an excellent place in his cricket eleven, and he also knows a little Latin."

It was impossible not to join in the laugh over the national inferiority of the British schoolboy. Here stood 5 ft. 8 in. of learning without sport; the deduction seemed conclusive. Where we, in our islands,

write sport in capitals, they write Greek and Latin and a hundred other sciences in equally big letters.

I began to feel quite ashamed of the inferiority of our English system of training the young, till my student became confidential; and by and bye something, which was not bound up within the limits of a grammar or a lexicon, began to show itself. The real individual peeped out in all its unvarnished nakedness. It was rather a ferocious and surprising youth who put his eager question:

"Have you heard anything about our duelling?"

"Heard!" I echoed. "I have seen with my eyes more than enough of it. Why, Munich is a study in scars and bound-up heads and ugly gashes! One has only to walk once through the streets to jot it down on one's mental tablets as a characteristic feature of your university town. You, at least, have no scars," I added, looking critically at his fresh young face.

"I have one coming off in a fortnight."

"A duel?" I cried.

"Yes! Such fun! Would you like to see it?"

It was an offer to be declined with measured thanks; and, as a matter of fact, it was but a joking proposal, for outsiders are not admitted to the "sport." Only the committees "d'honneur" are present. These decide the merits of the case, and determine whether the cause is grave enough to warrant a duel.

"This is to be a serious affair," pronounced my student gaily.

"But it wouldn't go so far as killing your opponent?"

"That does happen sometimes, but not often; we shall, one of us, be pretty badly wounded before we yield. Oh! it is such fun, such glorious exercise!" said this contemptuous derider of sport. "Perhaps one of us will get a broken nose or a cheek laid open. Have you seen the student who has lost his nose?" he asked eagerly. "He looks rather odd."

I was happy to be able to say that my acquaintance with university students was limited to the possessors of noses; and then I tried to find out the reason for this particular fight in prospect, or at least the ostensible reason. It was, indeed, trivial, without the shadow of any very deeply, darkly mysterious ground behind. The real cause was love of "sport."

The challenger had pushed my student's chair in a public restaurant. Whether intentional or not, it was taken as a deliberate insult, and requited by the bellicose philologist with a blow, which, of course, became at once a grave "casus belli."

"Were you bound to strike him?" I asked.

"No, if he had not been a student, for we only fight with students or officers. But he did it on purpose; he made an excuse for a duel, which I accepted."

I wished him well out of the affair as I said good-bye to my warlike friend, and I looked at him with pitying eyes. Perhaps before we met again my Adonis would have lost his beauty; and the clear-skinned blooming face, which was now so charming in its youthful insolence, would no longer be the face that I knew.

"Bravo!" I murmured to myself, as he went gaily on his way. "Bravo for the English lad who has a good place in his school 'eleven,' and bravo for the good old English 'sport.' Long may it live!"

A. G. SHERIDAN.

VOLUME II. OF "EVERYMAN"

THE second volume of EVERYMAN will shortly be ready, handsomely bound in cloth, at the price of 3s. 6d. Including some of the most notable contributions to literature, it continues the traditions of the paper, and should form, with Vol. I., the nucleus of an interesting and valuable collection. Applications should be sent 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. II. (Nos. 27 to 52) is now in preparation.

THE CURE OF CONSUMPTION.

DR. EDWIN W. ALABONE'S TREATMENT.

WE feel that the public at large do not fully realise the importance of the fact that the problem of the curability of consumption has been solved. In the past it was everywhere accepted as a truth that tuberculosis was a disease which resisted all medical efforts. Numerous attempts were made from time to time to gain a mastery over this terrible malady, but they proved failures. All is changed since then, and a successful treatment for consumption now exists; the honour of the discovery belongs, as leading authorities gladly admit, to Dr. Edwin W. Alabone, of Lynton House, Highbury Quadrant, London, N.

His system of inhalation has proved to be of priceless worth, and, because of its especially meritorious nature, it has compelled an amount of attention from those of the medical profession who have put it to the test, and they are unanimous in acknowledging it to be the only method of permanent cure for phthisis.

In marked contrast to the success achieved by Dr. Alabone's method, there stands the established fact that the so-called "open-air cure" for consumption as carried on in our sanatoria, has ignominiously failed to accomplish the wonderful results that were first claimed for it. Notwithstanding what may be said to the contrary, patients from these institutions who are sent out as cured invariably relapse into their former condition; the strongest evidence in support of this assertion is to be found in the statements made by those who have sought in vain for a restoration to health by entering a sanatorium. It must be admitted by anyone that such persons are able to form definite and unbiassed judgments in regard to the measures adopted there, seeing that they have had first-hand experience of what life inside a sanatorium really means to consumptives.

Below is an extract from a letter—picked out at random from the very great number which have been received on this subject.

The most noticeable point, however, in regard to all the letters to hand, including those from physicians and nurses, is the reference to the specific inhalation treatment (the only one which actually attacks the seat of the disease) promulgated by Dr. Edwin W. Alabone, who has for many years indefatigably followed up the extraordinary success which has accrued from its adoption. After all, there is no real reason for surprise that the outstanding feature of the letters should be the reference in them to his treatment, seeing that by its employment in their own cases they were *completely cured* after they had undergone the sanatoria treatment with no permanent good result, for in the majority of cases the patients were in a far more advanced stage of the disease than when they first entered a sanatorium.

H. S—, of Great Grimsby, who was, as numbers of others have been, completely cured of consumption by Dr. Alabone's treatment, says, in writing of his experience of open-air measures for dealing with consumptive patients: "For a time I seemed to benefit by the fresh-air treatment, but my trouble returned, and both my lungs were so seriously involved that the

doctor said they were too bad for the open-air treatment to do me any good." H. S—'s lungs were not so bad that the treatment under consideration could not effect a cure. What they could not do for this patient at the sanatorium was done thoroughly by Dr. Alabone's treatment.

As before pointed out, the chief desideratum in a sanatorium would seem to be that patients should gain in weight. As must be obvious, much more than mere gain in weight should be borne in mind when dealing with cases of consumption. The supreme aim of the persons in charge at our sanatoria should be to try by all possible means to cure their patients, and if one kind of treatment was not suitable to any particular case, then they should resort to all other known treatments, rather than allow the patient to die. It is therefore to be regretted that Dr. Alabone's treatment is not adopted in all sanatoria and hospitals, and so enable the sufferers to receive the benefit of his discovery.

The extract quoted above, which is identical with statements that could be given from the letters which have been received from many other persons if space permitted, constitutes conclusive evidence in proof of the fact that the open-air cure treatment alone is *not* a remedy for consumption.

It is pleasing to note that Dr. Alabone's system of inhalation is now being used in all parts of the world, and is practised with the best results by a very great number of medical men; a long article, showing how successful this treatment is was recently published in *The Parsi*, the leading Indian paper, written by an Indian physician who came to England to qualify, but who was attacked with phthisis, and in spite of sanatoria and other treatments he got worse, till his life was despaired of. In this condition he placed himself under Dr. Alabone's immediate care, with the result that in a few months a vast improvement was manifest, which continued till he was perfectly cured. He finished his medical studies here, and is now in perfect health, practising in India. The article referred to should be read by any who might be sceptical as to the results of the treatment he underwent at Dr. Alabone's hands.

Any of our readers desiring further information regarding this specific treatment of phthisis and other diseases of the chest should obtain copies of the books mentioned below.

"The Cure of Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, and Other Diseases of the Chest" can be obtained, post free, for 2s. 6d., from the author, 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, and in its 47th edition, 171st thousand. Other works by the same author: "Testimonies of Patients, with Comments on the Open-air Treatment," price 1s.; "Infamous Conduct," price 6d.; "How the Cure of Consumption is Suppressed," price 1s.; "Facts Regarding the Open-air Treatment," price 1s.

HOW LONDON DINES

By JOHN K. PROTHERO

A GENERATION back the middle-class Londoner regarded his daily dinner as a function inseparably connected with domesticity and the family circle. On high days and holidays he might feast at the *Café Royale*, the *Holborn*, the *Criterion*, take a trip to *Greenwich* for whitebait at "The Ship," or drive out to "The Star and Garter"; but, as a general rule, the work of the day over, hungry citizens, from six o'clock onwards, trooped from the City and the West End to their homes, in confident expectation of a solid and satisfying meal. Nowadays the home is by no means regarded as a necessary environment. The Englishman, to a large extent, has overcome his attachment to the ceremonial repast of soup and joint, pudding and cheese, served with a certain solemnity and great gaps of silence, and has acquired the habit of eating in public, enjoying a varied menu to the accompaniment of music and laughter and softly shaded lights and dainty flowers. Pretty women in charming gowns smoke their cigarettes over the wine, and the Londoner appreciates the picture and has long ago forgotten to be shocked.

We have become

Continentalised in the Art of Dining,

and innumerable *cafés* and restaurants have sprung up to meet the demand.

Some of the most popular of these are old-established in the affections of their clients, and, while they cater for present-day requirements, still conserve intact that feature of bygone days which has helped to make the house famous—some special dish, perhaps, in which the chef is known to have surpassed himself, and whose glory increaseth from year to year and from decade to decade; or, it may be, some rare beverage, the preparation of which defies imitation. Of recent years, since the Londoner has got into the way of "feeding out," and the regular habitués of smart dining-places have found themselves swamped by an eager and rejoicing host of invaders, who, sybarites all, reckon little of the nice distinctions of epicures, the lustre of these superb achievements has got itself a wee bit blurred. Yet the glory abideth. Who that has tasted that mystic decoction "No. 1" at "Pym's" can ever forget its mellifluous charm? Or, lives there a man with palate so dead that he has not rejoiced in the toasted cheese for which the City "Simpson's" is famous—as famous almost as its great parent establishment in the Strand for its edition de luxe of

The Roast Beef of Old England!

"Pym's," like most City places, is notably a luncheon house, and from twelve to two you will find the rooms thronged with well-to-do City men—solicitors, warehousemen, buyers in big houses, company promoters, accountants meet at the tables sacred, by long association, to their use.

"The Cheshire Cheese," most famous of Fleet Street houses, is notable for its wonderful pudding, of which the chief excellencies are steak, kidney, and larks marvellously compounded. On "pudding day" an inexhaustible supply is procurable for half a crown. The rooms are homely and low-ceilinged, the tables narrow, with long wooden settles on each side, the food well cooked and savoury. Of a winter's evening, when the darkness closes in upon the courts and alleys of the City, "The Cheese" is at its best. A huge fire blazes in the grate, candles in tall sconces shed a soft yet cheery light on the tables set with blue china, two-pronged forks, and rudimentary sugar basins.

"The real old style, sir," as a waiter explained to an American who complained it was not "high-toned" to eat your food from a dish, and demanded a plate. At this time of year, Yankee pilgrims to the shrine of Doctor Johnson are greatly in evidence, and the work-a-day pressman finds himself somewhat crowded out.

From "The Cheese" to "Simpson's," in the Strand, is a little more than a stone's-throw. There also we find old English fare the chief attraction on the menu. The rooms, however, like the service, smack of the baronial hall of feudal times. Huge joints on silver dishes are wheeled from table to table, with a carver in attendance, who "cuts" to please your individual taste, and by custom immemorial receives twopence a head for his trouble. Fish and poultry succeed the joints in a never-ending procession, and your meal is served with a precision and dispatch unequalled.

But restaurants have become famous for their diners as well as their dinners. Years ago Carlo Pellegrini made "Pagani's" illustrious what time he used to haunt the shades now thronged with the princes of the "rag trade"—then crowded with celebrities whom he subsequently immortalised in his famous series of "Vanity Fair" cartoons. In our own time, the "Restaurant du Mont Blanc," that temple of Soho Bohemianism, where good fare and good company meet, has added similarly to its fame. For was it not here that Messrs. Belloc and Chesterton planned their memorable book on "The Party System," and launched campaigns that left the arm-chair politician prostrate? I suppose, however, that it is at "The Savoy" that most of the great men of the newspaper world are to be seen—if not at dinner, then during the luncheon "hour," which extends from soon after twelve till long past three. Here, looking down on

The Silver Streak of the Thames,

editors forget the cares of the times as they listen to the voice of the latest journalistic arrival. Here the Napoleons of the advertising world discuss campaigns that a decade ago would have seemed impossible. Here are to be seen, four days out of five, most of the notabilities of Fleet Street, who have found sufficient time to pass the allurements of "Sweeting's" and taxi up to the palace on the Embankment. The theatrical world is in evidence at supper; the leading lights of musical comedy, with optimistic actor-managers and ambitious young playwrights, novelists, and artists, look in at times; Joe Simpson, the greatest black-and-white man of the day, may occasionally be seen.

"The Cecil" has a different clientèle. It is a great house for Masonic dinners, public dances, and colossal banquets, one of the most important functions being the Irish Ball on St. Patrick's night, when the leaders of the Home Rule party and their enthusiastic followers may be seen dancing till the small hours of the morning.

"Romano's," the other side of the Strand, is a favourite with City magnates, theatrical folk, journalists, and Bohemians generally, including the students from King's College over the way. The opulent ones of the earth dine on the first floor, where they pay huge sums for food that, served in the grill-room downstairs, can be obtained at a twentieth of the cost. First-rate food it is, too, with plenty of good talk.

But you must go to Soho to find a paradise of cheap dinners and bon mots.

There is a delicate intimacy, a suggestion of cama-

raderie, in the very atmosphere of these smiling places, oases of welcome in a desert of streets. From their hospitable doors, tucked away in a maze of winding ways and wondrous alleys and courts, bright lights flash a greeting, pleasant and well-ordered rooms offer a refuge to the weary of spirit, the light of purse, hungry for food, aching for companionship. The padrone, genial and urbane, smiles you a welcome, be you ever so shabby or forlorn; his wife gives a greeting from her seat at the desk; the waiter finds a place at your favourite table, orders your special dish, showers on you the courteous attentions that are the salt of dining out. A babel of foreign tongues is round you. A pretty actress, known to you by picture-postcard fame, is talking to a German eating red cabbage with his knife, that by a miracle does not cut him. A shabby-looking man in black, whom you know as a "ghost" in the museum, sits facing a fair-haired typist and a bank clerk. Five shillings will cover the cost of the young couple's dinner, including the light claret they are drinking, the coffee and the cigarettes. I have known an impecunious journalist sit for three hours in a Soho café, writing his "copy" the while, at a cost of fourpence—threepence a plate of soup and a penny the waiter. The padrone made no objection; when the journalist chanced on a bit of luck he would surely return

And Order a Sumptuous Spread.

"The Boulogne," larger, more opulent, is as friendly as the smaller cafés, and a marvellous "table d'hôte" of four courses is served at an amazing price. Here was held the dinner celebrating the first night of a fairy play that afterwards took London by storm; while at "The Gourmets," at the corner of the next street, there used to meet each evening a little coterie of literary men, including Edgar Jepson and Bart Kennedy, long since grown famous.

"Pinoli's," in Wardour Street, owes its fame largely to the tomato soup that is its speciality, and to the welcome given by the house to commemoration dinners and suppers generally. Football and cricket clubs here hold their annual beanfeast, and New Year's Eve is celebrated with less elaboration and expense than characterise the preparations at "The Ritz" and "The Carlton," but with a geniality and a festal atmosphere lacking in the more opulent of London's dining places.

The grill-room at "The Trocadero," dear to the heart of music-lovers by the magic of

The Incomparable Jacobs

and his violin, is a favourite place of the young man about town.

The half-crown "Fill you up," as the *table d'hôte* is called, is satisfactory in all respects, and the huge crowds of "diners out," recruited from every phase of London life, make a never-ending kaleidoscope of movement and colour. Here also comes our country cousin up for the day, who entertains fond memories of former trips to town, save when "The Holborn" proves the superior attraction.

It is with a little shock of surprise that one turns from these Soho restaurants, cheap indeed, but so bright, so neat, so well ordered, and each with that curious mark of distinction that makes all of them an institution—one gets a little shock, I say, if one turns to the establishments where the workman has his dinner. The prices are not so very different. In Soho you can do yourself really well for 2s. or even less. The workman will pay nearly half that upon occasions for his dinner and drinks, the former including a plate of meat, say beef and mutton, for 6d., with two "veg." or some special greens for another 2d. or 3d., and a pastry, usually a fruit tart with cream, for

another 2d., standing him in all from 8d. to about 1s. The food, as a rule, is good; the cooking not so good, and the service and accessories depressing to a degree. The tablecloths are dirty; the knives and forks dull and blunt. One is crowded, crabbed, confined. The harsh voice of the waitress grates on the ear; the habits of one's vis-à-vis are far from nice. Even in the eating-house chiefly patronised by those aristocrats of labour, the compositors, one gets a little jarred at the haste with which the food, excellent and palatable, is devoured.

G. B. S.'s description of a certain famous vegetarian restaurant leaps to one's mind. "At most vegetarian places," the great man once averred, "you get

Ninepennyworth of Food to Three of Tablecloth.

Here," naming a certain famous vegetarian house, "you get ninepennyworth of cloth to three of food—which is really all you want." I think something like this happens where the workman dines out. At those of his establishments which I have visited I found the food admirable, but in many cases I could not eat it. Perhaps it is a pity that the workman does not contrive to take his womenfolk out to dinner with him on occasions. Perhaps it is a pity also that we have nothing in London like "The Maison du Peuple" in Brussels, where the workman gets admirable food, quite nicely served and at a moderate charge.

Quite one of the most interesting attempts that has yet been made to supplement some of these deficiencies in working-class catering was made some years ago under the inspiration of Queen Alexandra, which has since materialised in the Alexandra Trust. The Trust is a distinct success, and supplies excellent meals to its patrons at a charge of only a few pence. For 4d. a factory girl can obtain a well-cooked, cleanly served hot meal, with vegetables. At the premises of the Trust you may see in the spacious dining-rooms hundreds of good-tempered, smiling workers, all joyous, if a little noisy. The rush at mid-day is overwhelming, but it is a striking proof of the popularity of the institution that order and discipline are well maintained. This is an indication of what could be done by organised effort throughout London to meet the ever-increasing demand for good food,

Well Cooked, Cleanly Served, at Reasonable Rates.

Talking of vegetarian restaurants reminds me that, although more than one vast fortune has been spent in endeavouring to popularise them in London, they have never, so to speak, caught on, and I can remember quite a number of establishments, where three-course dinners were supplied for 6d., which have gone into the *Ewigkeit*. But "The St. George's," St. Martin's Lane, where in his bachelor days G. B. S. was to be found nearly every afternoon, and where you can still get the best coffee in London, is one of the few vegetarian houses that flourish, though Mr. Eustace Miles has proved incontestably that there are a vast number of people quite prepared to dispense with the succulent steak and the glutinous soup. At his unique establishment, surely the most remarkable that even London can boast, one may digest one's dinner listening to a lecture on the Greek Trilogy, or a disquisition by the host himself on health and beauty.

The restaurant is

Much More than a Mere Eating-house.

It has become a great social centre, a rallying-ground for all those who call and confess themselves by the generic title of "advanced"; and whatever views one may take of the sufficiency of its clientèle, there can

be no question of the excellent organisation that its management displays.

Dining at the House of Commons used, when that institution was still "the smartest club in London," to be great fun, but a certain well-known Irish member, who made it a rule to dine early, had a happy knack, when roused against the Saxon, of spoiling one's dinner. He would wait till the soup had been served and a spoonful or two tasted. Then he would saunter away into the Chamber, and, finding it deserted, would demand "a count," with the result that the members would have perforce to leave their tables and their guests—to come back some ten minutes later to cold plates and impatient friends, with their own tempers spoiled for the evening. Mr. Gladstone, it is on record, dined but once at the House during his Parliamentary career.

Sometimes dinners and their after-celebrations last far into the night. They still tell the story at "The Cecil" of Barney Barnato's record order, which, accepted close upon midnight, took nearly all night to consume. But, perhaps, these long-drawn-out feasts are becoming rather more things of the past even among the *jeunesse dorée*. It is no longer fashionable to go home with the milk in the morning. There is still one victim of the dining-late habit left in our midst, however. It is not until the lights are out at "The Ritz," not until everybody has gone home from "The Carlton," that he may even think of food. All the evening has seen him passing hither and thither up and down town. Often he is for hours at a stretch without food or stimulant, as, with strained face and tense nerves, he negotiates the traffic. But at last the morning comes, and in the shelter on the way home the taxi-driver sits down to one of the hardest-earned dinners served in London.



CORRESPONDENCE

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Owing to the large number of letters received it is necessary for correspondents to write briefly if their letters are to appear.

SOUTH AFRICAN FARMERS.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—“M. J. R.” takes me to task for the assertion that “in 1912 articles of food and drink valued at £6,359,000 were imported into the Union, a total which reflects little credit on South African farmers,” and reminds me that 1912 was a year of drought in South Africa. Granted. I took the figure for 1912 as the latest available annual total. I am quite willing to substitute for it the corresponding figure for 1911 (when there was no drought), viz., £6,336,000. In 1910 the total was £5,934,000, and in 1909 £5,552,000, so that, instead of diminishing, the Union's importations of articles of food and drink have been increasing during the last few years, although there has been no very substantial addition to the population. Of course, a certain proportion of these imports consists of articles which cannot be produced in South Africa, but the fact remains that the Union is importing to-day many eatables and drinkables which could be and ought to be supplied by South African farmers.

May I quote the following from the report (issued in 1912) of the Commission appointed by the Union Government to inquire into the conditions of trade and industries in South Africa—a body which cannot be suspected of being prejudiced or ill-informed:—

“This country cannot be said to be in a thoroughly sound condition when it imports the following pro-

ducts in large quantities:—Corn and grain, £880,000; flour and meal, £705,000; fruit (dried or preserved), £71,000; sugar and sugar products, £495,000; vegetables, fresh, £17,000; preserved, £30,000; butter and butter substitutes, £227,000; cheese, £133,000; milk, £351,000; eggs, £49,000; hams and bacon, £234,000; lard, £45,000; meat and poultry, £68,000; meat (preserved), £88,000; total, £3,401,000. Only when the great bulk of these products is produced in this country can we be said to be progressing.” The Commission goes on to explain that these figures represent only the cost in the country of purchase, and that the South African public actually pay far more for these imported articles.

That South African farmers have great difficulties to contend with I need no telling; that, despite these difficulties, considerable headway has been made in recent years, I stated plainly. But when every allowance is made there can be no question that agriculture is still very backward on the whole in South Africa. Nor can there be any doubt that a much greater percentage than 2.3 of the Union's area is capable of cultivation. South Africa, owing to its deserts, its mountains, and its native population, will never be able to absorb vast numbers of agricultural settlers like Canada and other parts of the Empire. I am not conscious of having written anything which would tend to represent the country as a paradise for would-be farmers among EVERYMAN'S readers. But I do believe there is room—if not need—on the South African soil for a goodly number of suitable agriculturists from the Mother-country.—I am, sir, etc.,

LIDDELL GEDDIE.

SATANISM AND CARDUCCI.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—After Mr. Bernard Hamilton and Mr. Arthur Ebbels comes Mr. H. W. W. McAnally. But he, of course, makes no wild statements. He merely admits that Carducci suffered towards the end of his life from cerebral congestion. He has evidently never read the description of the poet by his own countryman, Mantegazza. Mantegazza wrote that “at times his face is a veritable hurricane; lightnings dart from his eyes, and his muscles tremble.” This is, of course, quite compatible with sanity, though it may not unfittingly be said to “border” on another condition, and may also help to explain the title of Carducci's hymn. That title, to my mind, does not betoken a balanced judgment.

However, it was no part of my design to discuss the life or work of Carducci. I wrote to draw your readers' attention pointedly to the kind of evidence Mr. Bernard Hamilton relied on for Satanism in London. His letter of the 28th ulto. does not discuss this matter, which I think eminently prudent, and we are entitled, therefore, to dismiss the whole accusation as unfounded. That I am sure all readers of EVERYMAN will agree is the right conclusion to draw.—I am, sir, etc.,

ARTHUR EBBELS.

Epsom, September 6th, 1913.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—My good friend E. J. Watson—first English translator of the poet's finest Ode—is well able to meet the absurd charge of Satanism brought against Carducci on the sole strength of the “Inno a Satana,” and indeed your correspondent A. Valgimigli provides ample refutation of the calumny. But surely the last sentence in Mr. Bernard Hamilton's letter of September 5th is as irrelevant as it is (no doubt uninten-

tionally) a trifle "priggish," to say the least. It is in poor taste, and seems "dragged in" to create prejudice in the minds of the unthinking. Englishmen have been ever slow to raise up memorials in marble in honour of great literary genius, partly perhaps because they have been too prone to confuse genius with its possessor, art with the artist's morality. Hence statesmen in statuary are more conspicuous than poets or prose-writers on the pedestals near the Admiralty Arch. An immoral statesman is nothing, of course! Indeed, some say they are quite common. We judge them by and honour them for their achievements. Yet we demand of the great artist, in verse or prose or pigment, that he shall not only have accomplished a great work, but that he shall have lived a blameless private life as well. The contest is unequal. It is not so in all countries. "Salomé" was being acted in Paris while its author lay languishing in a sorrowful English prison. It seems as if genius, apart from respectability, could not be recognised in England. But what of our charity? If I am wrong, perhaps Mr. Hamilton will explain his allusion? For myself, I know no reason, other than the one suggested above, why Carducci in Rome, or Wilde in London, should not be honoured in our national memory by permanent tributes to the beauties of their special creation.—

I am, sir, etc.,

R. N. G.-A.

September 6th, 1913.

REFORMS IN OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Although the question of the present education of boys is constantly being discussed, the very able article by Emeritus Professor H. A. Strong must specially arrest the attention of all parents who read EVERYMAN. The extraordinary lack of practical knowledge acquired after years of study in public schools and universities has been brought most vividly before me these holidays. I am of French birth, but have always spoken English, and can hold a fairly correct conversation in German. At the seaside place where I am staying with my family there are several schoolmasters, one the head of a well-known preparatory school, the other the head of a large boys' school with 250 pupils, and several others. Not one of them is able to join in the conversation we hold with our sons or their friend, a young French student, who spends the holidays with them for the sake of improving their French. This fact does not seem to trouble these scholastic gentlemen at all. On the contrary, they spend several hours a day instructing their own sons in Greek and Latin, and when I suggest they should entertain a young Frenchman in the same way they say it would be "such a nuisance, and, besides, modern languages are not much use in exams." Of course they are not, and as long as the present system exists they will never be. Why should our boys spend more than half their school life learning Greek and Latin, which few of them ever use, when they would thoroughly enjoy reading the classics in a good translation, in which way they could become familiar with them in a short time? Will no one ever start a practical modern school where "les langues vivantes" will replace the dead ones? Can one imagine anything more incongruous than the sight of these pedagogues standing quite dumb among a dozen practically educated children under seventeen years of age, who can, several of them, speak three languages, and whose reports from an English public school bear this phrase: "Latin weak; is frankly bored with the subject"? And no wonder!—I am, sir, etc.,

A PRACTICAL MOTHER.

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558, Caledonian Road,

Holloway, London, N.

PASSING OPPORTUNITIES!

Dear Friend,

Summer is quickly passing. With it the opportunity of giving others a holiday at the seaside or in the country. I am spending part of my holidays on the river, and already the boatmen are beginning to put away some of their boats for the winter. Going over Messrs. Huntley & Palmer's Biscuit Factory I found one department busy preparing orders for Christmas! Just signs that summer is passing, and with it the opportunity of giving a Summer Holiday to the needy.

There are not a few old people in London who years ago came up from the country. The possibility of visiting their old home and birthplace is out of the question unless the railway fares are paid. In not a few instances this has been done, and has brought genuine pleasure to the old folk.

On my return to Holloway I am arranging to take a large party of aged ones for a long day's drive into the country. This was done last year, and many who were too old and infirm to go away enjoyed a comfortable drive to the woods, and did full justice to the good things provided.

All this means expenditure. We therefore appeal for funds to enable us to continue this charity. £5 will send five adults for a fortnight; £1 5s. will give one a couple of weeks; 12s. 6d. send a needy one away for a week. Cost of day's drive and entertaining for one old person, 3s.

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NEW ZEALAND AND NATIONAL DEFENCE.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—As one who has spent some time in Australia and New Zealand with the express object of studying the system of national training in arms enforced by law in those countries, and of studying how far this training can be considered to be an asset, morally, physically and mentally, to the citizens of those countries, and as one who has studied the physical and moral training carried out by L.C.C. elementary schools, boys' clubs, Cadet and Boy Scout troops, in these islands, I feel that Mr. Herbert Corder has unconsciously evaded, and at the same time misrepresented, the real question of National Defence in New Zealand. I would therefore wish to give, as briefly as possible, the conclusions which I have formed from my studies and to qualify some of Mr. Corder's remarks. The system has its abuses; it has also, which Mr. Corder does not admit, its very solid advantages.

To me, the root of discontent in those areas where insubordination and cases of non-attendance were most flagrant was this—the officers and those appointed to carry out the scheme were quite unsuitable. It is of the utmost importance that the officers in charge of the lads should be men chosen, not only for such skill at their work as will command respect, but also for such a character as will radiate a constant and strong influence. Very few areas are officered by such men. They are, however, not lacking, as is instanced by the many Scoutmasters who have by their own sympathy and strength of character drawn together and have held bands of boys who voluntarily submit to discipline.

Up to the age of fourteen (as Junior Cadets) the training given to the boys does not involve that in the use of arms. It is "national *physical* training," in such manly, health-giving, and disciplinary exercises as drill, gymnasium, swimming, boxing, running, etc., much on the same lines as exists in our Boy Scout troops. Schools are subsidised by the State for the performance of these exercises. Nothing of the kind prevails in our schools. In rare instances masters arrange teams and matches for a few selected boys, whilst the physical training meted out by the State is as inadequate as it is inappropriate.

From fourteen up to eighteen years of age the boy becomes a Senior Cadet. He is then instructed in the use of arms. The time seems premature, but since most boys of our breed have, thank Heaven! a craving for adventure, the carbine in his hand is a veritable pleasure. But, more important, the boys have a new interest in life, other than loafing in the streets or "looking on." In many "areas" the Cadet Corps have become the club, and a few keen and unselfish officers of the right stamp have given their time to arranging "inter-area" matches of every description. Membership therefore gives to them a morale and an esprit de corps enhanced by friendly rivalry in sport, of which our boys, unless they happen to be members of a Boy Scout troop, mission, or some other semi-charitable organisation, know nothing.

With regard to prosecutions under the Defence Acts, parents know that it does no boys harm from the ages of fourteen up to eighteen—the most impressionable age of youth—to be subject to discipline. In this country they have unfortunately far too much time at which they are entirely independent of any form of control. Boys do not rejoice in disciplinary measures, hence the prosecutions under the Defence Acts. They are in most instances simply cases of "shirking," backed up by parents who are either unable, or who refuse, to exercise their parental authority.

There are cases of "conscience," I admit; but few boys have their characters so far developed, or have judgment sufficiently right or wrong, to be able to decide whether military exercises are religiously justifiable or not. The refusals to perform drills have almost invariably been ordered by the boys' parents.

On inspection days I was most impressed by the pride shown by parents in their "soldier lads," in their bearing, physique, and steadiness, and proud, too, of the youth and hope of their nation. Why, too, has Australia inaugurated such a policy as that of "White Australia," if it cannot, if need be, be enforced? Aggressive nations do, unfortunately, still exist, even in our Western civilisation. It is the duty of citizens to prevent such aggression as far as is in their power. This power lies, for the time being, in submitting to instruction in the proper uses of defensive weapons.

You have said, sir, that "children are a national asset of the highest possible value," and "it is good business to maintain our racial supremacy, upon which our industrial supremacy ultimately lasts." Such training as is carried out by Boy Scout troops, if standardised and placed on a national footing, and in co-operation with the elementary and secondary schools, would, I am led to think, be of "the highest possible value," physically, morally, and mentally, to the youth of this nation; and its obliteration would be a national disaster to New Zealand and Australia. I firmly believe that the Boy Scout movement is destined perhaps to remodel the Empire and the world on a basis of humanitarianism. It is the nucleus of a great citizen organisation of men and women bound together by the strongest cords of national unity. Let New Zealand and Australia amend their Defence Acts and improve their machinery; but I would ask Mr. Corder and his sympathisers to inquire and find what incalculable good some form of organised citizenship—such, for example, as exists in the Boy Scout movement—may do for the youth of a nation, morally, mentally, and physically.—I am, sir, etc.,
CIVIS.

"THE CASE FOR NATIONAL HOUSING."

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—I am sadly disappointed. I have hitherto regarded Mr. L. G. Chiozza Money as a practical social reformer, and, having read his articles on "The Case for National Housing," I discover him to be an impracticable visionary. We are asked to imagine a Government Department producing and letting at under 5s. 4d. per week a detached house, costing £460, including land, roadmaking, "and complete in point of fitments" (cupboards, window-seats, ingle-nooks, dressers, curbs, window fittings), and equal to an average house rented at £45 per annum.

Is there any allowance in this remarkable estimate for the army of officials that would inevitably arise? In what readily accessible and happy locality is it possible to obtain an eighth of an acre at £30? More amazing still is the allowance for repairs to this house of dreams, £1 12s. per annum! Imagination fails to conceive the delightfully picturesque ruins that would be handed over to the State at the end of sixty years.

Or, again, consider the State as a landlord, as the writer suggests, on a basis of a 3 per cent. profit, on an expenditure of £10,000,000, the deficit in about two years would be £100,000, and go on increasing. Do houses never get old or wear out, or are these houses to be built of some hitherto undiscovered material? Does not the taste for certain neighbourhoods change, or ideas of living alter, and that in less than sixty years? What would be the position of the State

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Dans l'Année en Cours

L'ŒUVRE DE SHAKESPEARE

EST ÉTUDIÉE ET COMMENTÉE EN 12 ADMIRABLES LEÇONS

par

M. JEAN RICHEPIN

de l'Académie Française.

to-day that was the owner on a basis of a 3 per cent. profit of some of London's nearer and older suburbs?—I am, sir, etc.,
ARTHUR F. USHER,
London, E.C., September 3rd, 1913.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—May I be permitted to make a few remarks relative to Mr. Chiozza Money's £460 house and garden described in your issue of the 29th inst.?

Mr. Money states that a house and garden costing the State that sum, and let at a weekly rent of 7s. 4d., will become at the end of sixty years the absolute property of the State. The 7s. 4d. per week is to be charged to cover the repayment of the loan, with interest, viz., £17 10s. 5d. per annum, and £1 12s. for repairs—together, £19 2s. 5d. But what of the rates? In the parish in which I live the poundage is 8s. 6d. (not including a water rate), and a house let at 7s. 4d. would pay on an assessment of £11 10s., i.e., £4 17s. 9d. per annum. But the assessment of a house is not necessarily based on the actual rent paid, but, in the words of the Union Assessment Act, "the rent at which the hereditament might reasonably be expected to let from year to year, etc."

Now, in the opinion of Mr. Money, the house under consideration would command a rent at the present time of £45 per annum at the least. Accepting these figures as correct, then at 8s. 6d. in the £ on the rateable value, viz., £37 10s., the sum to be paid for rates would be £15 18s. 9d. per annum. Who would pay this? If paid by the tenant, then the comparisons made are fictitious and misleading; if paid by the State, a loss to the State of this sum annually.

I need hardly point out to any having knowledge of the requirements necessary for the upkeep of a house costing £400 and the fence of a large garden that £1 12s. yearly for these purposes is quite inadequate. If, however, this is to be the niggardly policy of the State as a landlord, then in sixty years' time there will be a good many dilapidated houses, and slums will not have become things of the past. I might mention that there are such outgoings as taxes and insurance; but I leave it at this.—I am, sir, yours, etc.,
August 30th, 1913. W. R.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Mr. Chiozza Money in these articles deserves so fully our gratitude for working out theoretical principles of reform, and so alluring is the prospective castle in the air that one is almost sorry to blow upon it. But upon his scheme in Article II. for a detached house, to be self-supporting, whilst it is being bought for the State at 7s. 4d. per week, may I point out the following omissions in the calculation?—

Cost of sewers and sewage disposal, which are absolutely indispensable for an area largely developed by houses standing on one-eighth of an acre; cost of re-decoration, which in a small house, with small rooms, is necessarily heavy—external painting alone, without any structural repairs, would absorb the greater part of the allowance he makes for repairs; cost of official supervision in building and management afterwards, which would undoubtedly be more than private management; and I may add that he makes no mention whatever of rates, which must be paid over and above by the tenant, although his readers might inadvertently compare the 7s. 4d. per week with rents which now include rates.

Government already lends to co-partnership and other building schemes for housing the working classes two-thirds of the money at 3½ per cent., and whilst they do achieve a form of development more

varied than that of private enterprise, they do not at present succeed in giving any considerable benefit over private enterprise in larger or better accommodation. In this district the maximum rental for the house mentioned would be £30 per annum, and not £45.—I am, sir, etc.,
August 29th, 1913.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—I have read with great pleasure Mr. Money's articles—in my opinion, the most valuable contributions, from a constructive point of view, so far made to EVERYMAN. His scheme strikes at the root of the greatest evils afflicting the country. In improving the housing of the poor we prevent the causes of disease and obviate plastering the effects, which latter course we are pursuing at the expense of millions annually, with hospitals and sanatoria, and the much-to-be-ammended Insurance Act.

Give men in the black trades baths in their houses. Why enforce sanitary factories and permit insanitary homes?

I suggest that a society be formed under the auspices of EVERYMAN to develop Mr. Money's scheme of National Housing and bring it prominently before the public. I believe Mr. Money's scheme is a most statesmanlike and humane proposal, and the Government possessing the sanity to place such a scheme on the Statute Book is deserving of the esteem and reverence of Everyman and his posterity.—I am, sir, etc.,
FIAT LUX.

August 29th, 1913.

MR. HYNDMAN AND INDIA.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—As one who has spent some years in India, may I endorse what "Anglo-Indian" says *re* the benefits of British rule in that country?

A little more than ten years ago the wild forest uplands of the Central Provinces were only accessible to those who were willing to rough it a great deal; the people—aboriginal Gonds and Baigas—were among the most backward of India's people. Now, thanks in great measure to the work of the British Government, combined with tact, sympathy, and infinite patience on the part of the official "log," the old order of things is passing away, and one can travel far in those Provinces, seeing contentment and progress everywhere.

Many lakhs of rupees have been spent on irrigation tanks, even in the most out-of-the-way places, so that the dread of famine is largely a thing of the past. The opening of the Satpura Railway enables farmers to send their grain to all markets. Formerly these people used to burn valuable jungle, their method of cultivation being to sow their seed in the charred earth. They have now been taught wiser methods of cultivation, and the work of preserving the jungle and exporting its produce finds employment for hundreds of people. The opening up of the country by railway and the manganese industry have been the means of bringing work and comfort to thousands who formerly only knew poverty and care. Primary schools have been opened in every district—sometimes by the missionary, in other places by Government—so that illiteracy is becoming less and less common.

I have often met the Deputy Commissioner and other officials leaving the usual roads and walking over many miles of jungle growth in order to reach the more isolated villages, and getting first-hand information of "things as they are." At all times the people

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were assured of a sympathetic hearing, and frequently a man's taxes have been remitted when he has had the farmer's “bad times.”

Speaking as a missionary, I have always found the members of the Indian Services to be men who had the highest good of India's people at heart. To see an English gentleman, as I have seen—one who had had a brilliant university career, and was possessed of ample private means—patiently spending hours in a small and stuffy court, with the temperature at 116 deg. in the shade, trying to get the truth in a matter where a rich man was oppressing a poor man, shows why the great majority of the people of Hindustan are more contented and happier than ever in their history, for the presence of the British Raj means that oppression must cease.—I am, sir, etc.,
R. BARROW.

Liverpool.

GERMAN UNIVERSITIES.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Having read with interest the article by Mr. G. Waterhouse on the German universities, I should like to take exception to a few points. No doubt, Germany has profited in her industries for some time by her protection, but to-day, of course, things are quite different, and we cannot by any means call “her policy of protection a sane one.” Quite the reverse. This is, however, a chapter for itself. Is, however, I must ask, Germany really “leading” with regard to university education? True, compared with Oxford and Cambridge, students can live cheaply, *i.e.*, on £75 to £100, and some of them manage to do so. But what about universities in Scotland and U.S.A., where, as I hear, university education is free?

Germany may have excellent professors and lecturers, especially as regards medicine, chemistry, etc., but we should not forget that science is not quite “free.” Professors and lecturers who have come to conclusions not quite to the taste of the “higher and highest” persons have not found fair play (cf. cases David Strauss, Drews, and others). Mr. Waterhouse says, “Supervision by the university authorities there is none.” This is not quite correct. When the “Freie Studentenschaft” in Leipzig asked members of the different parties for lectures on a certain theme, the lecture of the Social Democrat was prohibited. This apart from the preference which is given to the “incorporated” students wherever possible.—I am, sir, etc.,
EDD. SCHMIDT.

London, September 5th, 1913.

THE COLONIES AND CONSCRIPTION.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—May I express my appreciation of the letter of the High Commissioner for New Zealand? In my opinion the Colonials are to be warmly congratulated on getting rid of an undesirable type of “man”—the weakling who is so lacking in manliness and spirit as actually to pose as a martyr, simply because he is expected to perform certain obligations in defence of his country. It is really pathetic to read the accounts of the persecutions these poor, timid souls have endured in resisting the hardships of military service. By the way, the matter of the twenty-eight shillings, with food and accommodation, does not figure in the homesick wanderers' thrilling tale. The modern woman, on reading these tales of woe, must seriously ask herself a question: if the time is far distant when members of her sex may be called upon to perform certain duties—duties which are shirked by so many highly strung, self-indulgent effeminate who persist in calling themselves men.—I am, sir, etc.,

PATRICIA WOODLOCK.

JOHN BRIGHT*

JOHN BRIGHT is the most inspiring figure in the last century, if not in the whole history of our English politics. His persuasive genius makes him a supreme example to those who would influence popular opinion, his honesty is a standard of public life in general. Further, he was endowed with a political judgment which has often been approved and never falsified. If we disagree with such a man it can only be with some presumption and possibly some pain. When his views do not always find acceptance in our own generation, we may well inquire how far this is due to misinterpretation or changing circumstance, how far to an actual cleavage of opinion.

The key to Bright's life-work is found in the ideal of freedom. He set out to free our trade, our church, our land, our diplomatic methods, and, above all, through the agency of the franchise, our people themselves. The large measure of his success will be appreciated by any reader of his biography, but far more by one who has also studied the whole course of our political development, and especially the conditions of present-day progress. It is only in the light of these that Bright's position becomes clear, and thus only that the whole working of his mind is laid bare. To engage our national energies in a battle against poverty and distress, gratuitously refusing at the outset to strike the shackles from our feet, was, Bright declared, an obtuse policy. The first great contest of his life proves how right he was. Senseless charity to tinker at social reform when at a stroke the Corn Laws could be repealed and every road to improvement made easier! Precisely the same attitude is to be observed in all his further operations.

At the same time State activity becomes something more than mere mechanical adjustment when the land and education are under review. Interference is advocated to a degree which would surprise those who glibly call him in support of a policy of social lethargy. Often, in fact, there is a complete misreading of his views. At any cost, he would have this country liberated. She was to have, in the first place, no artificial restrictions upon her progress; in the second, she was to be given certain positive facilities. The latter included a comprehensive franchise and an improved education; the former, reforms in our fiscal, diplomatic, and land systems. To effect even a part of this work meant such an era of legislative energy, and such a disregard of pure conservatism as popular government in this country had never contemplated before.

The idea, then, that Bright in any way deprecated legislative activity per se cannot be too strongly condemned. He had, moreover, a very high respect for Parliament, and an unwavering belief in her future capabilities.

If we bear all this in mind, and at the same time appreciate how wise was his opinion that a more free life was the condition of a more healthy one, we shall be better able to estimate his views upon State interference in general.

Now, unless Bright had foreseen that future legislation would tend increasingly to impinge upon the lives of the people there would have been no point in his earnest advocacy of an extended franchise. It was, rather, just because he had this anticipation that he laid so much stress upon the vote. He expected and he must have desired vital reforms; he only asked that they should be demanded, and in some measure

* "The Life of John Bright." By G. M. Trevelyan. 15s. (Constable.)



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outlined, by those whom they were to affect. In this respect Bright is to be labelled under no particular school, he is simply an uncompromising democrat.

Representatives of many types of political thought here part company with him; but the paradox is that those who most loudly claim the title of democrat are often among their number. If the worth of Bright's judgment anywhere emerges, it is in his belief that reform must follow popular opinion, if it does not actually draw its inspiration from it. Legislation modelled by the few may be of higher merit than that which the many will immediately approve; but compulsion has an injurious effect upon the body politic which more than counterbalances the good for which it is invoked. To bring acceptance to his principles, Bright was compelled first to convince the country. He could only break the aristocratic domination by educating the electorate, and we may venture to say that he would have been willing to do it by no other means. He cleared the path to reform, and he may at least enjoin upon us an observation of his methods, when their necessity has by his very success become less clear.

If Bright thought too little of benevolent legislators, a worse tendency is to think too much of them. But the reformer need have no quarrel with him. Let "Education" be the watchword of future progress, and "laissez-faire" may be erased from the political legacy of John Bright.

On the other hand, it is possibly not so much in any of his declarations as in the whole history of his acts that Bright offers a criticism of our Parliamentary system. He entered the Cabinet late in life, under a feeling of duty, and he never felt at ease there. The ties of office came too late to be congenial to him; perhaps they would never have been found acceptable. Yet we must again remind ourselves of the peculiar circumstances of his life. The whole marvel of the man lies in his having advocated measures far ahead of his time, and this with such persuasive power that he brought his contemporaries into line with himself. Office in itself had no attractions for him, but the dislike of office did not prevent him from accepting it if he could thereby secure the objects he had at heart.

A condition of independence is freedom of choice. Bright and Cobden were independent because they had in their own unfettered genius a force rivalling that of Cabinets. They might choose upon which to rely—their free agency alone, or the party instrument which would in its use limit their personal power.

Lesser men, no less honest, have not this choice; they must needs join with a party to carry out their aims, while they may truly believe that to stand aside altogether would be a betrayal of their faith.

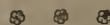
Yet more puny men, to whom neither course is open, fall back on criticism, and call it independence. Our generation may well pause to look back at the conduct of a man who, though so short a term in office, was seldom out of power. Too confident in success, too bitter in failure, our public men have need of his example.

Fortunately Bright's latest biographer has given to the nation a clear narrative of his life, recognising that his acts need little comment and his character no adornment. His sharp image will endure. Read of him, and you must love him as only a small band of statesmen are loved. Such are Alexander Hamilton, Turgot, and Cobden, Bright's closest friend. They have a quality intangible and precious; for in them the warm heart and the stern principle are both dominant, yet never in conflict. They are men "made of flint and roses."

R. B. W.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

MADAME MARCEL TINAYRE has written a very charming novel from an essentially feminine point of view. Miss Winifred Stephens is responsible for the translation, which is admirably done, and loses but little of its style in the English language. Madeleine is a charming widow of thirty-five, with two children. Her marriage is not romantic, it was "arranged," and though her husband proved clever, considerate, and affectionate, she never felt for him a tinge of passion or of love. In possession of means, and still good-looking, she surveys men and things from a leisurely standpoint, and her reflections are witty and shrewd. Her description of women at bargain sales is inimitable: "I saw faces which were truly feminine, models by nature and expressive of brute primitive instinct; women of twenty with faces more delicate than a white rose, yet convulsed with anger and covetousness. I saw soft, maternal faces grow as hard as the countenance of Agrippina or Athaliah. I caught glances as sharp as knives, as black as streets of ill-fame at midnight, as grey and shifting as a storm-sky. Grins of anger and smiles which looked as if they would like to bite, revealed the bird of prey, the little wild beast, which, though lulled, is never tamed, and crouches ready to spring in the heart of the most attractive civilisation. . . . Desire must be gratified, victory won, possession achieved, ere the little wild beast will return to its lair. Only then will woman once again put on the mask of amiability and go away satisfied." The author's reflections on marriage are witty and cogent, as is her criticism of the suffragettes; but it is in those matters more intimately affecting the every-day life of the normal woman that she is at her best. "The woman of to-day when she lacks love lacks everything. She no longer believes in the compensations of eternal life, in the ineffable consolation imparted by the presence of her god. Barren griefs drive her to despair. Even her chastity, defended against man's desire, no longer appears to her the most heavenly of the virtues." The conclusion is interesting, though, in relation to the English woman of to-day, hardly convincing. What the author has to say about clothes is of more general interest: "Instead of conforming to fashion, an intelligent woman makes fashion conform to her. Frequently all that is needed to preserve the individual harmony of figure is the lengthening of a skirt, the widening of a sleeve, the raising or lowering of a belt." MADELEINE AT HER MIRROR (John Lane, 6s.) should appeal to a large number of women and not a few men.



Mr. Robert Hichen's latest novel, *THE WAY OF AMBITION* (Methuen, 6s.), is one of the strongest, most convincing pieces of work he has accomplished. Since the days of the delightful book, "The Prophet of Berkeley Square," the author has assumed an ever-increasing seriousness of view that at times has become tinged with a certain fatalism. "The Garden of Allah" persisted in tragedy, the author never gave his characters a chance to escape from the net of determinism that closed in upon them. In other of his novels, brilliant and clever though they are, one feels a certain lack of perspective; a ceaseless craving for notoriety falls on the characters like a blight; the modern craze for movement infects the most careful of his studies; an absence of repose mars some of his most telling effects. In this his latest novel there is a spaciousness of view, the insistence on petty aims that animated the characters in his former works to the destruction of

(Continued on page 700.)

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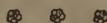
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more permanent things, is not present in this story of ambition. It is a tale of a simple man, content to practise his art without recognition, desirous only to produce the best and finest music, indifferent whether or no he gains popular admiration and recognition. Claude Heath, the musician in question, meets Charmian, whose beauty arrests him, and he responds to her influence. The woman suffers from a detestation of the ordinary. "Secret ambition worried her mind and made her restless in body. When she looked at a crowd she sometimes felt an almost sick sensation, as of one near to drowning. Oh to rise, to be detached from all these myriads. To be a part and recognised as apart! Only that can make life worth living." The result of her marriage with Claude is fatal both to his art and to a chance of their happiness. She forces him into the arena of competition, compels him to strive for a cheap and easy success. The result is failure, blank and absolute; but it is in his treatment of the fiasco that the author shows a breadth of view absent from his former novels. He shows the impermanence of popularity, the insignificance of easy applause, and we leave the musician and his wife with a sense of the reality that they have found. "I have had my lesson," says Charmian. "I have seen the truth both of myself and of Claude. But I shall always wish Claude to succeed, not in my way but in his own, and I think he will. . . . All he went through in New York has changed him; he is a much bigger man than he was when we left England." And the author means what he says; Claude is a big man, though a hopeless failure.

The author of "Carnival" has struck a new note in his latest novel, **SINISTER STREET** (Martin Secker, 6s.). It is a far cry from the charming Columbine, the flower of the London streets, to a public schoolboy, but throughout the two novels runs the same strain of passionate belief in youth. Only a very young man could have penned the tragic conclusion of the Columbine, and only a young man could have so faithfully recalled the sentiments and opinions of the boy he used to be. The title, suggestive of dark and shadowy things, is explained by a quotation from Keats: "The imagination of a boy is healthy, and the mature imagination of a man is healthy; but there is a space of life between, in which the soul is in a ferment, the character undecided, the way of life uncertain, the ambition thick-sighted." It is in debatable land that Mr. Compton Mackenzie places his hero, and complexities of spirit, the aching desires and vain imaginings that beset a youth in the transition period, are faithfully and sometimes poignantly portrayed. The chapters dealing with his life at St. James's contain some of the most vital and convincing passages. The description of the school, and the characterisation of certain of the masters, suggests that the school might be St. Paul's, at which, we believe, Mr. Mackenzie was a student. There is, perhaps, a paucity of incident in a book devoted specifically to "youth," and overmuch of self-analysis, but the freshness and charm of the style balances the occasional lapses from the story.

The antithesis of Bergson's philosophy is expressed by Julien Benda in **THE YOKE OF PITY** (T. Fisher Unwin, 5s.). It is a study of emotional morbidity, and while the argument is based on the idea that it is impossible to lead "The Life of the Intellect" trammelled by human affections, it merely succeeds in proving that the undue indulgence of introspection with too little strenuous employment leaves a man's nature unbalanced, gives a twist to his soul, and dulls the

clarity of his brain. Felix forms an attachment for a married woman; Madeline does not love her husband, and even her affection for her boy is dulled by the resemblance to his father. A creature of refined instincts and feminine attractions, Felix is the first person who has shown her the slightest pity or commiseration. She feels for him a torrential passion, to which he responds, and the two drift into a liaison that holds nothing of permanence, being based solely on sexual attraction. The tie irks him in the inevitable fashion, but, though he longs to break away, he cannot form the resolution to end the intrigue. He realises that she will suffer the miseries of a desolate heart, anticipates all she will go through, senses each pang until he is practically obsessed with the throes of another's suffering. When at last he breaks away, Felix decides to dedicate his energies to the study of the "abstract." The flesh is too strong for him, however, and he marries a woman, quiet, self-contained, who makes no great demands on him or on herself. She never attempts to penetrate into the mysteries of his studies, and he finds ineffable joy in his contemplation of existence, tempered by occasional interludes of affection. And then his mental balance is once more upset. His little daughter develops hip disease and becomes permanently crippled. Felix suffers in anticipation all the bodily torments and spiritual isolation she will feel, and so great a hold does this passion of pain obtain over him that he finds himself unable any longer to exercise the fierce tension of the mind, "in its grasp of an idea, in holding it against the hundred ideas which would gather round it and try to beat him back; all these cherished powers of his were now for ever lost and submerged in the action of his heart." And even when Suzanne gets better—still he is not happy! Nor is it likely that such a man could be happy either in the abstract world or the emotional.



O PIONEERS! (Heinemann, 6s.) This is a book that repays the reader for a more careful study than usually accompanies a novel. The author, Willa Sibert Cather, has centred the story in Nebraska, and the characters, mostly Scandinavian, are, in a subtle fashion, curiously typical of the new country, while they retain certain traits of their Viking forbears, who set sail from their native shore bent on the conquest of other and far distant lands. It is primarily the record of a contest between man and the soil, which stands to him for all the more desirable things in life. In this case the hero of the story is a woman, Alexandra by name, who, against heavy odds, and in opposition to the advice of her friends and her family, adopts the most modern methods in the cultivation of the farm left to her in trust by her father. A woman of strong affections and clear intellect, Alexandra is sufficiently independent to defy in some degree the conventions as understood in that lonely and remote spot. She takes as her assistant on the farm a man whom her brothers regard as an adventurer, and not until they tell her with a certain frank brutality that she regards Carl more as a prospective husband than as an overseer does she consent to terminate the association. Her younger brother, Emil, does not share the opinion of his elders; he realises that the brothers, who have already married and settled, have an eye to the future possession of the land that Alexandra has cultivated with a shrewdness and assiduity amounting to genius. The story of Emil and his infatuation for Marie Shabata is portrayed with an emotional force and reticence eminently typical of a country frozen by the winds from the farthest north, scorched

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by sudden blinding spells of heat. Marie is a delightful creature, with the temperament of a Carmen and the charm of a woman used to the companionship of the sun, the wind, and the rain. Bohemian by birth, she finds the phlegmatic temperament of her Swedish husband eminently difficult to live with. She and Emil fall in love with the irresponsibility and spontaneity of two children. It is a tragic idyll, and has a terrible ending. Frank Shabata discovers them together, shoots them both, and is sentenced to ten years' imprisonment for the crime. Alexandra marries Carl at the finish, and her closing words are typical of the spirit of the Pioneers, who have won dominion over the land they set out to conquer: "The land belongs to the future, Carl; that's the way it seems to me. . . . We come and go, but the land is always here. 'And the people who love it and understand it are the people who own it for a little while."



Mr. Arnold Bennett, in his latest novel, *THE REGENT* (Methuen, 6s.), has chosen that period in a man's life when on the threshold of middle age he finds he has lost the zest that is the inevitable accompaniment and compensation of youth, and for the moment finds his taste jaded, his capacity for adventure dulled. It has been said that between forty and fifty is a most dangerous age for man; for the first time, perhaps, he grows conscious of, and remembers grudgingly the years of work he has traversed, and questions the worth of what he has accomplished. Alderman Machin, known and admired to all the Five Towns, finds himself at forty-three comparatively unelated by the success of a coup in rubber, by which he nets £341. Deprived of exhilaration by a mysterious stroke of Providence, Machin finds relief from his gloom in a sense of grievance. It awaits him on the threshold of his home, and takes the form of "a dilapidated hand brush. He gazed at that brush with resentment. The offensive object would have been out of place at night full in the lobby of any house. But in the lobby of his house—the house which he had planned a dozen years earlier, to the special end of minimising domestic labour, and which he had always kept up to date with the latest devices—in his lobby, the spectacle of a vile, outworn hand-brush at tea-time amounted to a scandal." He hugs his sense of injury, recalling the fact that a short time back he had presented his wife with a marvellous electric vacuum-cleaner; "you simply attached this machine by a cord to the wall like a dog, and wave it in mysterious passes over the floor, like a fan, and the house was clean!" Machin's sense of grievance starts him off on an adventurous quest which takes him to London, and lands him with an option over a plot of land near Piccadilly Circus, where he erects a theatre called "The Regent," comes in contact with many strange people and weird things, and has a narrow escape of falling head over ears in love with a charming girl named Elsie April, to the danger of forgetting his wife Nellie and the bairns. He succeeds in keeping his admiration within bounds, and by a master stroke introduces Mrs. Machin to Miss Elsie. The meeting is delightful. Machin, who has transported his family to London, is wheeling the baby's perambulator, his other olive branches, three in number, trotting behind. Romance cannot survive the shock, and things regain their true perspective for the man and for the girl. How Machin made his theatre pay, by what a hair-breadth chance he escaped failure and snatched success from the very teeth of adversity, Mr. Bennett recounts with the racy humour and grip that make his romantic fantasias a joy to read.

Miss Isabel Clarke has evidently been a faithful student of the literature of the desert, notably Hichin's "Garden of Allah." *THE SECRET CITADEL* (Hutchinson and Co., 6s.) is a romance tinged with the mystery of solitude, but, though reminiscent of other authors, there is a certain charm about the descriptions that encourages the reader in his quest for a plot somewhat belated in development. It would be interesting to determine whether the author would not be more successful were she to concentrate on the art of a short story rather than allow herself the luxury of a big canvas.



LIST OF BOOKS RECEIVED

- Biggs, J. T. "Leicester: Sanitation versus Vaccination." (National Anti-Vaccination League.)
 Benda, Julien. "The Yoke of Pity." (T. Fisher Unwin, 5s.)
 Bullen, A. H. "Lyrics from Elizabethan Song Books." (Sidgwick and Jackson, 1s.)
 Bullen, A. H. "Lyrics from Elizabethan Dramatists." (Sidgwick and Jackson, 1s.)
 Birkenhead, Alice. "The Story of the French Revolution." (Harrap, 3s. 6d.)
 Birkenhead, Alice. "Heroes of Modern Europe." (Harrap, 3s. 6d.)
 Bankside Acting Edition of Shakespeare for Schools. "King John." "Julius Cæsar." "As You Like It." (Wells Gardner, Darton and Co., 6d. each.)
 Hallard. "The Idylls of Theocritus." (Rivingtons.)
 Hamilton, Cosmo. "A Plea for the Younger Generation." (Chatto and Windus, 2s. 6d.)
 Hallows, R. W., Edited by. "Madame de Ségur." (Clarendon Press, 1s.)
 Joy, John C. "The Emperor Marcus Aurelius." (Catholic Truth Society of Ireland.)
 Jebb. "The Britannic Question." (Longmans, Green, 1s.)
 Jackson, Murray Crosby. "A Soldier's Diary." (Max Goschen, 10s. 6d.)
 Le Roy. "A New Philosophy—Henri Bergson." (Williams and Norgate, 5s.)
 Norman, C. H. "Essays and Letters on Public Affairs." (Frank Palmer, 5s.)
 Penn, C. D. "The Navy under the Early Stuarts." (The Faith Press, 5s.)
 Robinson, M. Fothergal. "The Spirit of Association." (Murray, 6s.)
 Raine, G. E. "The Real Lloyd George." (Allen, 1s.)
 Squire, J. C. "The Three Hills." (Howard Latimer, 2s.)
 Sidgwick, Mrs. Alford. "The Grasshoppers." (Hodder and Stoughton, 7d.)
 Shipley, A. E. "John Willis Clark." (Smith, Elder, 10s. 6d.)
 Spencer, Sherwood. "The Flood of Youth." (A. C. Fifield, 1s.)
 Sutherland, William. "Rural Regeneration in England." (Methuen, 2s.)

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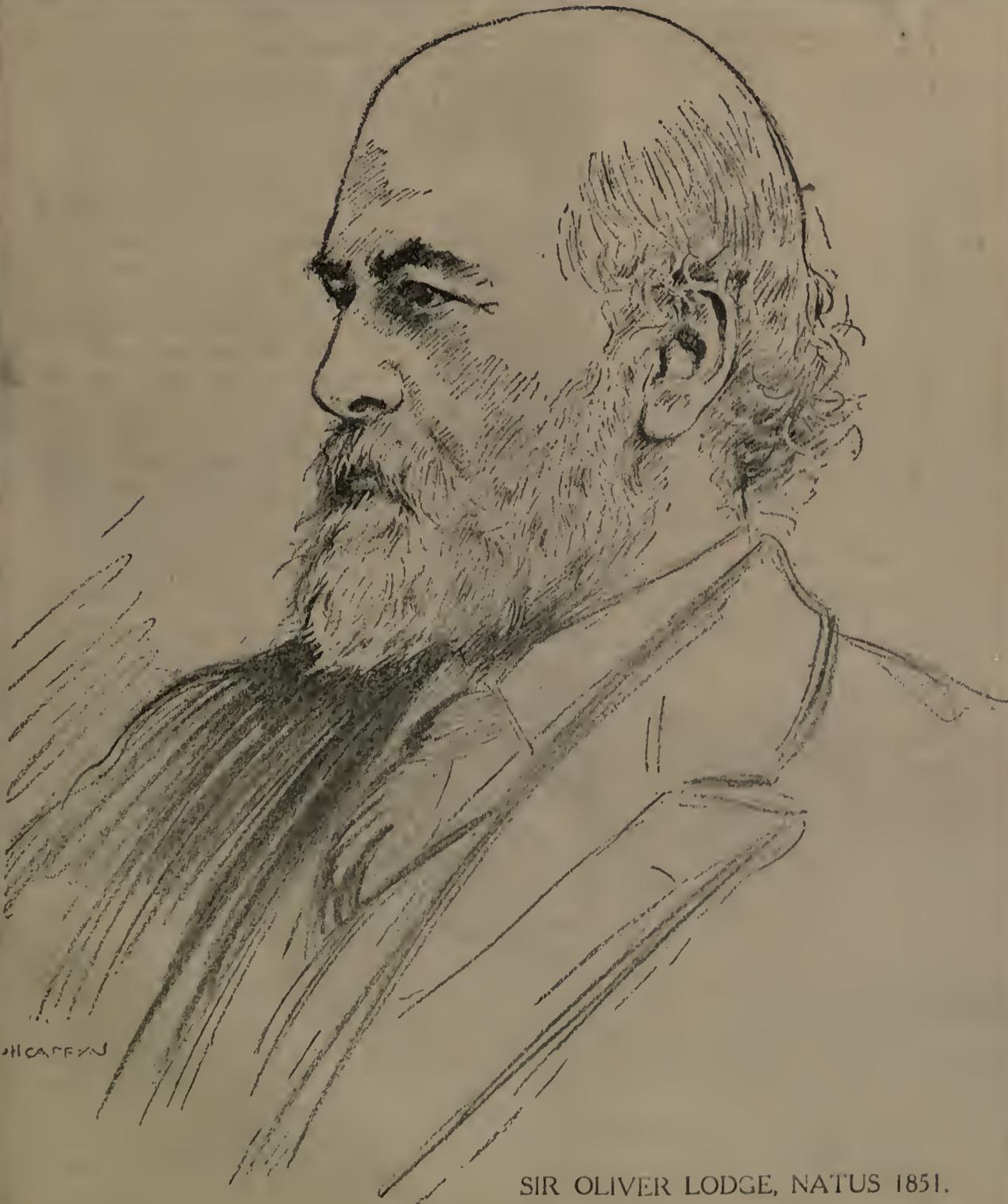
EVERYMAN

His Life, Work, and Books.

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FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1913

One Penny.



SIR OLIVER LODGE, NATUS 1851.

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HISTORY IN THE MAKING

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

LORD LOREBURN'S appeal for a Conference on Home Rule has not carried us much further. Both sides have rejected the proposal with emphasis. Yet it has sufficient vitality, as we think, not to be thus summarily disposed of. It is more than probable that the suggestion, which is no new one, will be revived, and at no distant date, and the party that rejects it out and out is likely to lose considerably in public opinion. The fact is that the average Englishman still inclines to the view that an effort should be made to settle the Irish question "by consent." If that effort fails, then he is prepared to solve the problem himself. But there is no doubt that he thinks it should be made, and there are not wanting indications that it will be.

Once again we are threatened with an entire dislocation of industry, an upheaval that is bound to bring ruin to thousands of wage-earners who are no parties to the original dispute. The facts are simple. The strike at Dublin, and its attendant consequences, have profoundly impressed organised labour. What is the result? Three men on the L. and N.W.R. refuse to handle traffic from Ireland's capital, and, almost immediately, we read that 5,000 men are "out." Tomorrow it may be that the five have become fifty thousand, and already we are told by a leading London daily that "the Transport Workers all over the country are threatening to break away from all control, and that a general upheaval becomes every day more menacing." It is, of course, profoundly to be hoped that this cataclysm may be avoided. All the same, the prospect is by no means reassuring, and with strikes at Manchester, Blackburn, Pontypridd, and London, it is, unfortunately, only too probable that another serious industrial struggle may result. "The solidarity of labour," the electric sympathy which spreads from the ranks of one industry to another, is one of the awkward facts which our civilisation has to assimilate. But assimilated it must be.

The final settlement of the war in the Near East must prove a bitter disappointment to all who had hoped that the area under Turkish mis-rule had been enormously reduced, and who saw in the Treaty of London a chance for those new nations whose development the "Sublime Porte" has for so long retarded. According to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, Turkey not only recovers Adrianople, but she retains Kirk Kilisse, while, according to our contemporary, the future frontier will include in European Turkey a very considerable tract of territory to the west. "It comes to this," says the *Pall Mall*, "that the Turkey in Europe provided for in the arrangement between the Porte and Bulgaria will be at least twice as large in area as that laid down in the Treaty of London." This is, indeed, a disappointing conclusion to a war that at first seemed destined to end for ever the rule of the unspeakable Turk in Europe. It is certain also to be followed, sooner or later, by the renewal of hostilities. Once having held the prize of freedom within their grasp, these vigorous young peoples are not likely to relinquish it for ever.

The article by Mr. W. V. Drummond in the *North China Herald* sheds a lurid light on recent events in the "flowery land." According to this writer, who speaks as one having authority, corruption in Peking is worse than ever. The revolution, in fact, has failed to effect its principal object, and the President, Yuan-Shi-Kai, is a helpless tool in the hands of the money power. The Peking Government is intent on raising the customs duties $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., in order to furnish security for fresh loans, and the *morale* of the whole country is suffering grievously. Meanwhile, Sun Yat Sen, the author of the Revolution, remains in exile, and his plans and his whereabouts are alike unknown.

Spelling Reform, that last infirmity of noble minds, has come prominently before the British Association, who, in the intervals of reassuring the public as to the merits of black bread, and their members of the certainty of a future life, have thrown themselves vigorously on to the horns of this vexed question. The results are not reassuring. Dr. Myers, who undertook to explain this very latest reformation to his brother scientists, was more interesting than convincing. Thus we read that "He drew all sorts of odd things on the blackboard—a chair with a beard on the seat. That was a vhrwlbhastt. There was a box—quite out of drawing. That was a holmleigh. The cat-owl on legs was a pnedrheuff. A sort of dying bladder, in its last stages of deflation, was a kearlrough, and a saucepan, shaped like a cottage loaf, was a durch-roam." We do not know how these results were arrived at. Nor do we greatly care. We are satisfied that sooner than adopt them the happy English child will continue to spell c-a-t, cat. It is so much more convincing than a pnedrheuff, though it is free from any glamour that may linger round the owl.

Once more attention has been powerfully directed towards the evil of that "unregistered dentistry" which has become one of the scandals of our time, and is a positive menace to the health of the people. It appears that there are now no less than 25,000 unqualified dentists, as against 3,500 qualified practitioners, and, apart from the deplorable results that often ensue to the teeth of their victims, these unregistered dentists are not allowed to employ qualified anaesthetists, or rather, the latter are not allowed, by the rules of the medical profession, to act for them. The consequences are, as we have recently seen, frequently tragical.

DR. EMILE DILLON: A GREAT IRISH JOURNALIST

By WILLIAM LATEY

SOMEONE asked the late Mr. W. T. Stead, "Whom do you deem the most brilliant living journalist, present company excepted?" Smiling at the after-thought, he answered, "A little man who hides his light under a bushel and shuns the public gaze as the plague, but is the honoured friend of sovereigns and statesmen. I take off my hat to Dr. Dillon."

This was at least fifteen years ago; but the close of the present Balkan Wars finds Dr. Dillon adding fresh lustre to a name already famous throughout Europe. Flitting from capital to capital, he keeps his fingers on the pulse of events, and, fortified by the confidences of his friends in the Chancelleries, has illumined the intricacies of the international situation from week to week. During the abortive Balkan conference in London, Dr. Dillon was the only man able to give the outside world a true conception of what was going on, beyond the studied vacuity of official communiqués. Guided by a statesmanlike discretion, he told as much of the truth as it was good for the world to know.

Indeed, as he once told the present writer, it is only by reticence that a journalist can win confidence. "What is told you for publication and what for your own private information," he said, "is generally left to your own nice sense of discrimination. Never let your zeal for a 'scoop' make you forget, first, that you are a gentleman, and, secondly, that you will have closed more than one useful channel of intelligence, both to yourself and the journal you represent, by a breach of confidence. Be judicious always in what you print."

What has this man done to whom Mr. Stead took off his hat? Dr. Dillon is probably unique in having written leading articles in English, French, German, and Russian newspapers with equal ease. He has studied at the universities of seven European countries, and is a graduate of three. He is on intimate speaking terms with all the living European languages, and is learned in all the dead, with the possible exception of Armoric. Dr. Dillon is not only a Pressman, but a linguist, diplomatist, and littérateur as well, and has attained pre-eminence by means of unceasing toil, daring enterprise, and a spirit of adventure.

Now in his sixtieth year, he is almost as alert and vigorous as the youth who set out from Dublin (his birthplace) to win his spurs. With his mother's milk he seems to have imbibed a taste for the ancient languages of the East, for at the tender age of eight we find him studying Hebrew. His mother, be it said, was pure English, and his father a Celt of Erin.

After taking the degree of Doctor of Oriental Languages at Louvain, he returned to St. Petersburg, where he had been tutoring, and opened his journalistic career in a characteristically audacious manner. The Russian professors had just published a history of Sanskrit and Zend. The young student of twenty-six, who had made a hobby of these particular languages, coolly proceeded to write a review in a Russian paper, tearing the professors to tatters. So incensed were the pontiffs at the University that they refused him the degree he desired of Master of Oriental Languages; but he took the train to Khar-koff, and secured his degree there, together with a fine repute as an authority on old Armenian.

His advent into British journalism was by way of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, his scholarly style drawing

instant attention. Then, in 1890, a series of articles in the *Fortnightly Review*, signed "E. B. Lanin," exposed unregenerate Russia so nakedly and faithfully that they caused a sad commotion in the Tsar's Ministerial circle. About this time he became attached to the *Daily Telegraph*, which for years has had the benefit of his services as a very special correspondent.

Dr. Dillon's exploits are legion. His vivid portrayal of the Armenian atrocities in 1895 sent a thrill of indignation through Christendom. He has a talent for disguise, his polyglot tongue enabling him to pose as the native of almost any country in Europe. In the garb of a Cossack officer, he penetrated Armenia, and saw for himself the devastation wrought under the ægis of the Red Sultan. He risked his life several times, for the Sultan's emissaries had orders to prevent by poison or pistol his ever leaving the country.

One of his coups was an interview with a condemned Kurdish chief, who, after butchering and burning helpless women and children, made the mistake of attacking a Turkish post. Doomed to die within two hours, this villain, who gloried in his misdeeds, was induced by Dr. Dillon, by means of copious bribes to his guards, to give details of his atrocities, some unfit to be printed.

It was this harrowing narrative in the *Telegraph* which brought Gladstone from his retirement to Chester, where he thundered, as he had thundered nearly twenty years before, at the iniquities of the callous Turk.

Further adventures befell Dr. Dillon in Crete during the insurrection which precipitated the Greco-Turkish War. While disguised as a fighting Greek monk, with rifle and bandolero, he had an encounter over which he has often chuckled since. The Concert of Europe then had as anxious a problem in Crete as was later to confront them in Scutari. A meeting took place between the Italian and Austrian Admirals on the one hand and some of the Cretan leaders on the other.

The sham monk filled the double part of interpreter and advocate, and he looked so fierce and forbidding in his warlike array that Admiral Canevaro thought it safer to relieve him of his rifle for a while. Perhaps the cream of the joke was that the two admirals, little imagining that this peasant monk was all ears and understanding, freely exchanged opinions in German, and later were astonished to find their views truly reproduced in the English Press.

At the end Admiral Canevaro reverently asked for the priest's benediction, which Dr. Dillon gave piously and conscientiously, especially as he hoped that he had converted the plenipotentiaries to the policy of annexation. Thus Dr. Dillon's leaning towards a finger in the diplomatic pie revealed itself. Then also was laid the foundation of his close friendship with M. Venizelos, now the leading statesman of Greece.

After dealing with the Dreyfus affair in brilliant style and reporting the trial single-handed, five to six columns a day, he sailed for the East, and in 1900 entered Pekin with the Allied troops, having survived great hardship from heat and flood on the march. He was nearly drowned in the Peiho River, and was being finally dragged down by the weight of his heavy cloak when a coolie caught him by the wrist just in time.

Once again he was to send a thrill through the hearts of those who read of the excesses of some of the European troops in the Chinese capital.

Dr. Dillon had made his home years before in St. Petersburg, and had become a familiar if unobtrusive figure in the sparkling salons of that city. Few portals remained shut to him, and the Tsar and his Ministers never failed in their graciousness to this gifted man. The writer remembers with what satisfaction he used to con the pages of Dr. Dillon's copy of the *Daily Telegraph* at his place in the Bolshaya Konushenaya—for Dr. Dillon was the only private person in St. Petersburg allowed to receive an uncensored newspaper, wholly free from Brunswick black.

Dr. Dillon has found his influence at Court very useful on occasion. The Russian Customs on the frontier is known for its severity. Once he was taking an extra large supply of new clothes with him, fresh from his London tailor, and was challenged. It is recorded that in similar circumstances a young Englishman named Labouchere overawed a crusty German Customs officer by inditing an indignant telegram to Bismarck, who would not have known him from Adam. Dr. Dillon, however, was in fact a personal friend of the Minister of the Interior, who by telegraph speedily relieved him of any further embarrassment.

While waiting, however, he saw a poor Russian relieved of the brand new pair of trousers which he was wearing. The wretched man could not pay the duty, having expended almost his last kopek on his fare. He could go neither forward nor backward, and looked the picture of misery. After thus asserting the might and majesty of the Imperial laws, the officials proved themselves good fellows at heart by clubbing together and, with the help of one or two waiting passengers, realising the amount of the duty and a bit over, so that the shivering wretch had restored to him the new trousers with a rouble or two in the pockets.

At the end of the nineteenth century far and away the most prominent man in Russia was M. Witte, and Dr. Dillon, in some masterly interviews, was the first to give a tangible idea of the character and policy of this arresting personage. At that time he looked upon the Kaiser and Witte as the greatest men in Europe. It is telling no vital secret to say that the Russian statesman often turned for advice to Dr. Dillon throughout the difficult negotiations at Portsmouth, U.S.A., and Dr. Dillon handed his own fountain pen to Count Witte to sign the Treaty of Peace between Russia and Japan in 1905. Similarly it was with his pen that the recent Treaty of Peace at Bucharest was signed.

Largely owing to his unrivalled influence, Dr. Dillon was able to send home immediately a full and graphic account of the terrible scenes in St. Petersburg on "Bloody Sunday," January 22nd, 1905, when 4,600 people were killed or wounded by troops in the streets. To this day one can see the marks of the bullets fired at the unarmed crowd who came to present a humble petition to their "Little Father."

By that time the voice of democracy was calling loudly at the gates of Tsarskoe Selo, where the Tsar lived surrounded by guards. At first Dr. Dillon's powerful pen was all in favour of a Constitution, but he found (he has since explained) the reformers so extreme and menacing in their demands that his attitude changed.

He played a more important part than is generally known in the Balkan crisis of 1910 as an amateur statesman, being as much a friend and confidant of Count Aehrenthal, the Austrian Minister, as of M. Isvolski, the Tsar's Minister for Foreign Affairs.

His thirst for hot news again led him into a tight corner in October, 1910, during the revolution in

Portugal, which robbed Dom Manuel of his throne. At that time every priest was a suspect, and when Dr. Dillon emerged from a Dominican monastery at Oporto a furious crowd of marines and peasants raised a hue and cry. "Shoot him," they yelled. "He's a priest in disguise!" Rifles were already levelled and fingers at the triggers when he shouted in Spanish, "Long live the Republic!" and thus pacified the mob.

Dr. Dillon's race is not yet run, but his intimate association with the Courts of Europe must mean that his most weighty secrets, like those of Lord Knollys', will not be given to the public in our time.



RESULT OF "EVERYMAN" ESSAY COMPETITIONS

AFTER much cogitation on the part of the Competition Editor, EVERYMAN'S Prize of THREE GUINEAS for the best Essay on THE COMPOSITOR has been given to the writer of the paper appearing in this issue—

Mr. F. T. SOUDEN,
"Thornville," Fulwood Hall Lane,
Preston.

The number and the excellence of the Essays sent in, as in the case of "The Miner" Competition, were alike surprising, and bore gratifying testimony to EVERYMAN'S ubiquity, popularity, and influence. Papers were received from all parts of the British Isles, from big cities and small country towns, and every aspect of the compositor's work was discussed in clear, concise, and illuminating fashion. London was best represented; from Edinburgh, which prides itself on its position as a centre of the printing trade, disappointingly few entries were forthcoming.

Particularly good Essays were contributed by E. Symes Bond, Louth, Lincolnshire, and Fred J. Williams, Willesden. We would also single out for special mention the papers of the following:—"Artemidorus," Southwark; S. T. Ashbolt, London; B. G. Bannington, London; Arthur T. Brake, Bodmin; W. H. Driffield, London; Allan Gibb, London; James Graham, Leicester; James G. Lyon, London; J. B. Mannix, Bolton; Paul Sherard, London; B. J. Sturgess, London; T. E. Summerton and D. Walls, London.

"ROBESPIERRE" COMPETITION

THE Prize offered by EVERYMAN for the best short Essay on "THE INTERPRETATION OF ROBESPIERRE'S CHARACTER IN CARLYLE'S *French Revolution*" has been awarded to

Mr. WM. K. ANDERSON,
3, Ashton Terrace,
Glasgow,

whose paper is reproduced on page 722. The Essays of "Audax" (Pontefract) and J. Craig Walker (Leeds) rank next in value. Good work was also done by the following:—Charles R. Green, Liverpool; "Mary McSwein"; L. H. Smith, Bristol; H. Somerville, Leeds; L. Thomas, Coventry; May Tucker, Ashburton; Llewellyn E. Williams, Purley. The majority of the competitors found Carlyle's portraiture of the "Sea-green Incorruptible" prejudiced and unsatisfactory.

For announcement of New Essay Competition, see p. 717.

THE MAN AND HIS WORK

X.—THE COMPOSITOR * * PRIZE ESSAY BY F. T. SOUDEN

I.

THE compositor may in a special sense be called "the midwife of men's thoughts." For though he neither begets nor bears them he is in chief measure instrumental in producing them to the world, and thus giving them whatever chance of life and longevity they possess.

Perhaps he values himself accordingly. At any rate, this is certain: compositors as a class live more aloof from all other classes of weekly wage-earners than do any of those classes among themselves. In part this condition is imposed upon them. The thousands of compositors engaged on morning journals have little opportunity of cultivating social intercourse with their fellows in other employments whose work ends near the time when theirs begins. But as affecting the whole class, this aloofness undoubtedly springs from a less artificial and more direct cause. It is in the main intellectual. The compositor is bound, by the nature of his occupation, to be a man of superior intelligence. In the first instance, he was probably chosen for it, or chose it himself, because he possessed a certain type of mind—because he had an alert intelligence, was readily receptive of ideas, and perhaps combined something of the cosmopolitan sense which derives a pleasure in knowing—if only fragmentarily and miscellaneously—how the great world of human affairs is moving. At any rate, these are characteristic traits.

II.

Like the omnibus driver who took his holiday on the box beside another driver, the compositor's chief recreation is newspapers. There is a plethora of them in most offices. Often enough in an interval a man who will shortly be setting news for his own paper will be studying that which has come in a more or less beribboned condition from the sub-editor's room. One man I knew rejoiced in the remnants of a Webster's Abridged after it had closed a useful but variegated career in the proof-reader's closet.

By necessity in all cases, by choice in most, a constant stream of ideas is flowing through the compositor's brain. They irrigate it as water irrigates land. Most, no doubt, evaporates, but much also remains. Some fertilises. On the salient questions of the day the compositor has generally a considered opinion. He is not, as a rule, voluble about it, even among his comrades; indeed, often reticent. But, inveigled into argument, it is remarkable from how many sources of information he can draw to maintain a principle, to expound a doctrine, or to advocate a policy. Generally it will be found that his ideas, gathered over a wide field, often at wider intervals in time, and one would suppose chaotic enough in the mass, are evolved, and march in a rough sort of sequence. Though the compositor may never have opened a page of Whately or Mill, he has gained the habit of logical arrangement by the regular practice of setting from manuscript with that distinctive quality, just as the children of educated parents speak correct English by most frequently hearing it. For it must not be assumed that the operation of type-setting (commonly now in newspapers by the linotype machine) is purely mechanical. The compositor is obliged to follow the sense of what he is setting, even when the copy is fair and well punctuated, since only by doing so can he save himself from the "outs" and "repetitions" which anger the proof-reader and overseer, curtail his own

output, and mar his reputation for "cleanliness." With long-continued practice the act becomes more or less subconscious, but with a subconsciousness that never really sleeps. He develops also an instinct—a sort of second sense, if I may call it so, rather than a cultured virtuosity—not only for accuracy in the use of words, but of the multitude of staple quotations in use. "I don't exactly know how this is wrong, sir, but I feel somehow it *is* wrong," was the observation addressed to his amazed and also amused editor by a veteran of the craft, who had seen with chagrin his original query of a quotation in a leader passed over by editor, proof-reader, and overseer alike. "Feel it in your bones, perhaps," was the editor's dry comment. "No, sir, in my brains," he corrected solemnly. An undefined doubt, however, sent the editor to his authority, with the result that not only was the phrase found to be wrong in itself, but, in its application as amended, quite grotesquely wrong. When so many "howlers" are fastened on the "intelligent compositor," it is only just to indicate the "howlers" not of his concoction which he is the medium of suppressing.

III.

I hope I have given some idea how keen is the compositor's interest in his work while engaged in it. It is that of the man who looks not only to a mechanical efficiency of 6,000 to 8,000 "ens" (approximately letters) an hour, but to the mental efficiency which will invest all his work with final accuracy. Such a man is necessarily differentiated from the man who, in the modern division of labour, turns out, say, so many chair-legs an hour. The intellectual atmosphere in which he lives, moves, and has his being, the broad horizons which bend towards him with their revealing or reflecting lights—which give him so much of the far sight and the near—touch him to a sense of larger issues in the world than the man whose working life is narrowed to "the daily round, the common task," having no such "windows into the infinite."

And this may explain somewhat the aloofness which I have remarked as the compositor's general characteristic. There is ordinarily so little common ground on which he and his social equals can meet. Perhaps, too, something of the ancient feeling which elevated printing into an "art and mystery" clings to him still. And in this respect it is curious that whilst most other crafts are open to observation or are readily accessible, the printing office yet remains a veritable *terra incognita* to all but the relative few actively connected with it.

It is proper to state that, as a rule, the working conditions of the compositor are excellent. A material advance has been made within the last twenty or thirty years. The greater proportion of the larger metropolitan and provincial offices have been enlarged or rebuilt partly to meet the requirements of enormously augmented circulations, partly to comply with the more exacting factory laws, and partly, it would seem, because newspaper proprietors take a pride in raising stately structures which shall be both a symbol and an advertisement of their journals' influence. Light, space, and air are not spared, even on extremely valuable sites.

A great modern newspaper office hides a little world within itself, with its various ranks and conditions of workers, its vivid personal interests, jealousies, rivalries, and ambitions. Yet here, where probably more

jar and fret and worry are caused in a single day than in most other industries in a month or a year, a spirit of true *esprit de corps* prevails. For one thing, all are directing their energies to a common end in which all are vitally concerned. One may be a very big wheel or a very small pinion in the working machinery; the same relentless power drives all equally, and that is time. It may almost be said that every definite act in a multitude of different operations has its significance by the movements of the hands across the clock face. For a quarter of an hour lost at the end may throw a whole costly edition of a morning journal on the dust heap. But so perfect is the organisation, so accurate is the adjustment of part to part, and of each part to the whole in, perhaps, the most complex and highly co-ordinated of modern industries, that this truly bad quarter of an hour rarely arrives, and then only by the most extraordinary and unforeseen accident.

IV.

Upon the compositor rests not a little of the responsibility for maintaining this efficiency. For working assiduously, as he is obliged to do, throughout the long night, it is often towards the close, when his eyes are tiring from much straining upon manuscript under the electric light, when his fingers are beginning to ache from the constant manipulation of the linotype keys, and when he feels more especially the peculiar enervation which comes from sitting close to a pot of always molten, gas-heated type-metal, that a call is suddenly made upon his very best energies. A batch of late "copy" has been received that a hurried consultation of the chiefs decides "must go in." The compositors' "takes," which were previously running out to a comfortable three, four, or more folios, are cut down to half a folio, a quarter folio, three lines, two lines. Now, more than at any time during the night, it is important that he should make no mistakes, for there may not be time to correct them; he must calculate his spacing, so as to avoid a wide hiatus between each of the words in one line and a barely perceptible division between those in the next; and he must do all in double-quick time. For the overseer or stone-hand is waiting impatiently to take his lines of type hot from the machine, drop them into the column, close all up, and send the "forme" careering on its trolley to the stereotyping room, probably with a more than usually devout sigh of thankfulness, as he throws an anxious eye upon the clock, that he is "just in time and that is all." But even on ordinary nights there is invariably some sort of rush at the end. More copy is set than the pages will hold, and the excess has to be hurriedly cut out in proof by a sub-editor, to return in greatly mangled shape to the compositor to be pieced up in type accurately, and with as few "over-runs" as possible.

Very much the same thing happens to the compositor engaged on evening papers, and, as there are several editions instead of one or two, of a somewhat aggravated character. But the experienced compositor has served an apprenticeship to thrills, and is not in general greatly discomposed by them. And he learns the value of quickness with coolness in emergencies, and the temperament thus begotten stands him in good stead in other places than the composing-room.

V.

The conditions of the compositor to-day are widely different from those which prevailed before machine composition became general. He is often something of a mechanic, and, in small offices, does take entire charge of his machine. But where four or more

machines are installed, it pays to keep a special mechanic, as much to avoid breakdowns as to repair them more effectively when they occur. The compositor on the linotype is, therefore, more or less tied to his occupation, as well as to the particular type of machine. For there are several competing machines, especially the monotype, which is, in fact, two machines with two distinct processes, one of composition proper and the other of type-casting.

The old-time news compositor-at-case has to-day found his last fleeting refuge on one or other of the smaller weeklies, usually at an indifferent wage. But his brother, the "display" compositor, is rather more flourishing than before—not merely because of the vast increase in printed matter, nor because no machinery can possibly evict him, but because the growth in public taste has both raised and widened his calling. His trade has really evolved into an art. He has to be an artist in conception and execution. Unfortunately, his wages, though they have advanced, have not proportionately advanced, except in rare instances upon uniformly the highest class of work. That is probably because the supply of ability has proved equal to the demand, owing to the generally superior education the youth receives before entering an office, not unfrequently extended afterwards in night classes. Pecuniarily the positions of both linotype compositor and jobbing compositor are much on a level. Competent men may be reasonably sure of a minimum of 36s. a week, though less is paid in some small non-union offices. The best men command more, rising to anything between the figure named and more than double. On piece-work, on leading dailies, "swifts" will make up to £4 or more a week. But they are, as a rule, the cream. Vacancies, when they occur, are keenly competed for, and, naturally, the best men secure them.

There is hardly a more hard-working and there is certainly not a more thrifty and self-respecting class of the community. Candour compels one to own that it was not always so. But other times, other manners—and other beliefs upon which manners are essentially founded. That was a time when there was supposed to be much virtue in beer, when beer and brains were assumed to have some mysterious affinity. The compositor is well in front in that evolution, which has widely changed personal convictions and habits to-day. And if the test of efficiency be applied, his work in volume or quality will be found not behind that of any other class or country with which it may be compared.



THE GRAINS THAT RUN THROUGH

Do you think sometimes of the hours that we spent
In our childhood's years of gold,

When we foolishly thought 'twas the world that was
young,

And ourselves who were old?

Do you think sometimes of the days of our youth

And the warm glow of the mind,

When it seemed that 'twas we who alone had found
light,

And the world that was blind?

Ah, folly of childhood, and blindness of youth,

You only reckon the years,

But the grains that run through in the sand-glass of
life

Are the laughter and tears.

JOHN CARLTON.

EARL PERCY'S NEW READING OF BRITISH HISTORY

I.

THE *National Review* published in a recent number an article by Earl Percy on the Voluntary System in British history, which should rank as one of the most remarkable pronouncements of recent years. There is one advantage in being the son of a duke: you can speak out with a frankness utterly impossible to the man in the street. If a mere commoner were to say about the achievements of the British army and of British military history one-tenth of the candid truths expressed in the *National Review*, he would be denounced as a traitor and as a slanderer of the nation's glory. Earl Percy, on the contrary, will be praised, and rightly so, for saying fearlessly what he believes to be true. Earl Percy's ulterior purpose is to plead for Conscription. With that plea we have nothing to do. What we are concerned with for the present is the new reading of British and Continental history, and the two contentions which he presses on the reader with a formidable array of facts.

His first contention is that the so-called voluntary principle of military service has never been voluntary at all, and that compulsion forms its very essence. And the second contention is that the so-called voluntary principle, spurious and hypocritical as it is, has broken down all through the course of British history.

II.

Let us consider Earl Percy's first proposition. He argues that the whole subject has been "overlaid with misconceptions, with empty sentiment and loose phraseology," and that "it has resulted in the glorification of an empty and ignoble sham"; that freedom has nothing to do with our system of military service, that the British soldier has really never been free to enlist, that in the past he has been driven into the army by the compulsion of the press-gang, just as at the present day he continues to be driven into the army by the compulsion of unemployment and starvation.

"When the plunder of the Spanish Main begins to diminish, the press-gang is instituted by Charles I. to provide the necessary crews for the Fleet, and from 1625 onwards this inevitable offspring of the voluntary system is used in every emergency to fill our armies and navies. When the New Model Army was formed in 1645 neither religious enthusiasm, nor love of freedom, nor the promise of regular pay proved sufficient to raise the paltry total of 22,000 men required by Parliament. No less than 8,000 had to be 'pressed.' So that more than a third of that army described by Mr. Fortescue as 'the finest force in Europe at that time' was not recruited by the voluntary system at all, but by the most unjust form of compulsion that can be conceived.

"The press-gang, which had temporarily fallen into abeyance under the Commonwealth, had been revived by Charles II., and henceforth it became a permanent recruiting agency for both services. In spite of the popular fear of Louis XIV., of Jacobitism and of Popery, the 23,000 men who followed William III. to Flanders in 1692 were composed of the lowest classes. In order to maintain them in the field, kidnapping pure and simple was sometimes resorted to. This army, though it fought splendidly, was consistently unsuccessful. It was beaten at Steenkirk and Neer-

winden, and the taking of Namur was the only redeeming feature of the war. So many Dutch and English standards were captured by the French that the Prince of Condé called William 'the Upholsterer of Notre Dame.'

"In 1703, a clause is inserted in the Mutiny Act 'empowering the Queen to order the delivery from gaol of capital offenders who had been pardoned on condition of enlistment.' Whether this is a voluntary or compulsory system we can leave the 'passionate admirers' of the former to say.' At any rate, 'the competition for this class of recruit was so keen that a regular poster was kept to ensure that every regiment should profit by the windfall in its turn.' 'In the later years of the war the sweepings of the gaols were in particular request.' Another method was, to quote Mr. Fortescue again, 'the discharge of insolvent debtors from prison, who should serve or procure another to serve in the fleet or army'; another was a Recruiting Act empowering justices of the peace to 'levy as recruits all able-bodied men who had no visible employment or means of subsistence.' In practice this affected everybody who was not a voter. Even this was not enough; bounties were increased, and every parish received £3 for a recruit thus obtained. The abuses of the recruiting system became so bad that the system broke down completely in 1711. It is curious to note that an Act was brought in to compel every parish and corporation to supply a certain number of recruits, but was dropped as unworthy of a free country. Apparently a legalised press-gang was considered eminently worthy of a free country! In spite of all these measures, vast numbers of boys and old men were enlisted, who went sick at once; the burden of getting men was chiefly thrown upon officers, who had to make good out of their own pockets the loss of recruits through sickness and desertion, and the Colonial service was so unpopular that wholesale desertion could sometimes only be averted by concealing their destination from the troops."

Even more interesting is the way in which the voluntary system worked during the war of the Austrian Succession in 1741.

"The ranks were filled in great measure by professional criminals, who passed from regiment to regiment spreading everywhere the infection of discontent, debauchery, and insubordination. . . . Week after week deserters were brought out into Hyde Park, tied up to the halberds, or simply to a tree, and flogged with hundreds of lashes.' With regard to our Colonial possessions, they were garrisoned by militia raised by themselves; but in the case of the West Indies, 'the ranks of the militia were kept full by continual exportation of white "servants" from England, that is to say, of men, women, and children saved from the gaol or the gallows . . . trepanned by scoundrelly crimps, or kidnapped bodily in the streets and spirited, as the phrase went, across the Atlantic.'"

The great French war, which began in 1793 and which culminated in Waterloo, is often represented as the triumph of the voluntary principle. This is how Earl Percy reads one of the most glorious pages of British history:—

"When France declared war we had only 15,000 men in these islands. In order to raise a force for

service in Holland recourse was had to enormous bounties, but even so, the vast majority were weakly boys and old men. In 1794 our forces in Flanders amounted to 30,000 men, one of the worst armies we had ever put in the field! Practically anyone who could produce a certain number of recruits was given a commission. 'Rich speculators bought the required recruits for their sons from the crimps at so much a head. The men so procured were infamous, and the officers not much better!' These officers were so ignorant of their most elementary duties that they had to receive instructions from their Austrian comrades. Many of them found the 'ennui' of a campaign insupportable without the company of their mistresses, who obstructed the line of march with the baggage of their vast establishments. Sir R. Wilson describes how morning after morning men convicted of drunkenness were brought out, tied to the halberds, and mercilessly flogged, the proceedings being superintended by officers who had not yet recovered from the preceding night's debauch. With the exception of the Guards and a very few other regiments, who distinguished themselves by such exploits as that of Lincelles, the record of the army is little short of disgraceful, and the campaign ended in total disaster. After this we took no serious part on the Continent for thirteen years. We proceeded instead to carry out our time-honoured policy of inducing other nations by means of subsidies to engage in a life and death struggle with our enemies while we reaped all the benefits."

Even Wellington's army does not find favour with Earl Percy.

"Although we were giving bounties of from £16 to £40, we could only provide Wellington in the Peninsula with an army which he described as 'the scum of the earth.' They were, in fact, frequently the sweepings of the gaols. Colborne, who fought all through these campaigns, said that a battalion was fortunate which did not possess fifty per cent. of irreclaimables in its ranks."

III.

If we are to accept Earl Percy's explanation of history, the voluntary principle has been an unmitigated failure from the days of Cromwell down to the days of Wellington, and voluntary enlistment has always been a hollow sham, and the armies recruited on that principle have never been equal to their task. But it may be objected that the press-gang and the crimp is entirely a thing of the past and irrelevant to the present political issues. Earl Percy does not think so. If the voluntary system was a sham yesterday, it is rank hypocrisy to-day.

"Some may think that because the crimp, the press-gang, and flogging are things of the past we are better off than our ancestors. On the contrary, we obtain exactly the same elements as before. Here is what another passionate admirer, Sir Ian Hamilton, says in a book written at the bidding of Lord Haldane to advertise the system. See how he does it: 'The majority of eighteen to nineteen-year-old recruits enlist because they have just ceased to be boys and are unable to find regular employment as men. About four-fifths come to us because they cannot get a job at fifteen shillings a week. . . . The reluctance of employers to take weedy, overgrown youths of seventeen or eighteen . . . is good for recruiting.' In the Annual Report on the Health of the Army for 1909 it is stated that ninety per cent. of our recruits enlist because they are out of work, and that many are, in consequence, in poor condition from want of food.

An officer with unrivalled experience of recruiting stated, in a recent lecture at the Royal United Service Institution, that five per cent. joined from a love of adventure or desire to see the world, the remainder owing to pressure of misfortune of various kinds. Seventy per cent. enlisted literally because they were hungry. He described them as 'conscripts of hunger.' We know, on the authority of Colonel Seely, that one volunteer is worth ten pressed men. Will he tell us how many pressed men one 'conscript of hunger' is worth? As it was in the days of Queen Anne, so it is now. Only we get even worse results. Let us compare the South African War with the War of the Spanish Succession, just two hundred years before. Both taxed our resources to the utmost. The latter lasted ten years, the former two years and eight months. The highest number we maintained abroad in the War of Succession was 50,000. This we did for about one year. The highest number in South Africa was about 250,000. This also for about a year. Taking the population of these islands in 1704 as eight millions and in 1900 as fifty millions, for the Dominions must be included, we find that we not only endured a much longer strain two hundred years ago, but put an even greater proportion of our population into the field. Now let us compare the fighting capacity of our 'volunteers' at these two periods. In both wars there were 'regrettable incidents' and surrenders. Of Almanza, in 1707, Mr. Fortescue says: 'The British alone lost 80 officers killed and 236 captured, of whom 92 were wounded. The sixth regiment had but 2 officers unhurt out of 23, the ninth but 1 out of 26, and other regiments suffered hardly less severely.' The rank and file suffered in proportion. At Brihuega they lost 600 out of 2,500 and all their ammunition before surrendering to a force ten times their strength. That is how the gaol-birds, the insolvent debtors, the pardoned deserters, and the victims of the crimps and press-gang fought two hundred years ago. Anyone who wishes can compare the history of their defeats and surrenders with those of our five-shillings-a-day volunteers in South Africa. It is better not to set it down in cold print."

IV.

It would carry us too far to examine critically Earl Percy's new reading of British history, but when the heir of one of the great names of English history, who is also a distinguished officer in the British army, feels in duty bound to make such unpalatable statements, it gives one furiously to think. At the same time, the trend of thought started by Earl Percy's brilliant generalisations may lead the reader much further than the author intended, and in a very different direction. Earl Percy has written his striking demonstration with the object of advocating Conscription and with a view to rousing the military spirit of the nation. But it is questionable whether Earl Percy's article is at all calculated to serve the cause of the military party. It seems much more likely to serve the cause of peace. It would not be rash to prophesy, at any rate, that Earl Percy's argument will be much more frequently quoted by the pacifists than by the champions of Conscription. And the reason is a simple one. If Earl Percy is right, the military factor, which plays so important a part in the traditional interpretation of British history, will sink into insignificance. The most famous British victories will cease to be the epoch-making triumphs glorified in text-books. If Earl Percy is right, the greatness and prosperity of Britain owe very little to those military achievements which, in his opinion, only exist in the conceit of sham patriotism.

SIR OLIVER LODGE

BY H. STANLEY ALLEN, M.A., D.Sc.

"HE that is growing great and happy by electrifying a bottle," wrote the great Dr. Johnson, "wonders how the world can be engaged by trifling prattle about war or peace." The Doctor's sarcasm fails of its point when applied to the subject of our sketch, for here we have a man of science, a man who can originate and carry out experimental investigations of the most complex nature, who is yet in the best sense a man of the world.

Sir Oliver Lodge is one of the few scientists whose name is familiar to the general public. In a vote recently carried out by a contemporary with a view to selecting the ten men in this country whose presence would most be missed, he was the only scientist whose name was mentioned in connection with the list. It is only by slow degrees that the man in the street is beginning to recognise how great is the debt which he owes to the man of science, but if slowly yet surely that indebtedness is being realised, and as we shall see it is such men as Sir Oliver who are bringing home to the public its obligations.

Sir Oliver Lodge was born in 1851 at Penkull in Staffordshire, and was educated at the Grammar School at Newport (Salop), and at University College, London. That he was no perfunctory scholar is shown by an illuminating remark which he has placed in the preface of one of his own text-books—"It is by thinking one's self on a subject that it becomes really known to one's self; it will never be really known if we only try to understand and remember what the book says." At the age of thirty he was appointed Professor of Physics at University College, Liverpool, and it was whilst he occupied this chair that much of his most important scientific work was done. From Liverpool, where he came to be honoured as one of its most distinguished citizens, he was called in 1900 to Birmingham to occupy the high position of Principal of the great University, whose growth and enterprise redound to the credit of the Midland city.

Honours have been showered upon him. He has received an honorary degree from almost every University in the Kingdom. He was awarded the Rumford Medal of the Royal Society in 1898, and was knighted in 1902.

To understand the way in which Sir Oliver Lodge has gripped the imagination of his countrymen, we must not only look at the imposing presence and the magnificent brow, which render him such a prominent figure, whether in the courts of his University or in the meetings of the Royal Society, but we must consider the fact that he has dared to be outspoken on subjects which many scientific men deem it prudent to avoid. When he addressed a vast working class audience in the Victoria Hall, Sheffield, one Sunday afternoon, three years ago, on problems of the Old Testament, it was wonderful to watch the intent eagerness with which each word of the closely reasoned speech was followed, and to hear the applause which greeted his declaration that "the man-made evil" of the world must be abolished.

He has ventured, too, to tread the thorny paths of psychical research, and it is significant to mark the facts that he was President of the Physical Society of London in 1899-1900, and was President of the Society for Psychical Research from 1901 to 1904.

As a writer and as a speaker Sir Oliver Lodge possesses the rare faculty of expressing complicated and involved results in simple yet precise language,

whilst bringing his point home by means of some familiar but vivid illustration. He is reported to have said that he thinks slowly, and in public speaking he conveys the impression that each word is weighed, and the import of each sentence is carefully thought out. Thus his utterances are at once lucid and impressive.

In the realm of physics his name will always be closely associated with the properties of the mysterious æther of space, the æther which is so puzzling, alike to the layman and to the physicist, that the late Lord Salisbury once said that it was merely the nominative case of the verb "to undulate." Sir Oliver Lodge has discussed the question of the relative motion of matter and æther, and has tried to find out whether moving matter has any influence on the velocity of light in its neighbourhood. Though experiments of the most accurate kind were performed, no effect of this nature could be observed. As he has said himself, "A bare fact is nothing, or little, till it is clad in theory." It is the theoretical bearing of these results that gives them their great importance. "It is the extreme omnipresence and uniformity and universal agency of the æther of space that makes it so difficult to observe." "Its curiously elusive and intangible character, combined with its universal and unifying permeance, its apparently infinite extent, its definite and perfect properties, make the æther the most interesting, as it is by far the largest and most fundamental, ingredient in the material cosmos."

Sir Oliver has also carried out investigations on other subjects, including atmospheric electricity, and the motions of the ions in electrolysis.

Nor has he been unmindful of the practical applications of science, for whether it is a question of the clearing away of fogs, or of the growing of plants under the influence of electricity, his interest is keen, and his power of adapting means to ends remarkable. He repeated and extended the experiments by which Hertz demonstrated the existence of electro-magnetic waves, and thus carried out experiments in wireless telegraphy some years before Marconi developed the commercial use of this method of signalling. He has since effected many improvements in the apparatus for transmitting wireless messages. In all such experimental investigations, it is well to bear in mind the truth of the Bantu proverb, "You cannot count the forests in an acorn."

In an age of scepticism he has stood out stoutly for belief—belief not only in the religious but in the philosophic and scientific sense. While many prominent thinkers of the day have written in a spirit of agnosticism with regard to our scientific ideas as to the nature of matter, or electricity or æther, Sir Oliver Lodge stands for the more courageous, the more daring belief that we *can* arrive at some understanding, though it may be imperfect, of the realities of the physical universe.

In the memorable address which he has just delivered from the Presidential Chair of the British Association, he has pleaded eloquently for the principle of Continuity, not alone as applied in physical science, but as applied in the spiritual world in life after death. "We are deaf and blind to the Immanent Grandeūr, unless we have insight enough to recognise in the woven fabric of existence, flowing steadily from the loom in an infinite progress towards perfection, the ever-growing garment of a transcendent God."

MASTERPIECE FOR THE WEEK

THOMAS HARDY'S "TESS OF THE D'URBERVILLES." BY MARGARET HAMILTON

It has been said that Thomas Hardy is a pessimist, that in the whole range of his work he never yet has let a woman break through the iron law of convention without exacting a penalty of blood and tears; that he has a predisposition against his heroines, and that even when there is a reasonable prospect of the solution of her difficulties in a happy marriage, he makes fate in impish fashion intervene. We have all of us lived through that terrible hour of waiting so poignantly painted in "Far from the Madding Crowd," when the pretty creature goes to meet her lover Serjeant Troy at the wrong church, and watches with piteous eyes for the face that holds for her all that makes life worth the living, and we endure her sickness of suspense, the crashing sense of doom, when at last she realises that he will not come. And all the time, within a stone's throw, he is waiting at the altar rails, hungering to make good the wrong that he has done her, aching to make the girl he loves his wife before the world.

There is tragedy here, indeed, but of the pessimism that sears and scars one cannot find a trace. It was inevitable that the girl should not meet Troy at the appointed place. The same light-hearted carelessness that launched her on the episode that proved her undoing was responsible for her failure to comprehend the directions that meant so much.

The same sense of inevitability is present throughout "Tess of the D'Urbervilles." The qualities that spell her disaster are present from the first. The same loyalty that makes her so passionately faithful to her first ideal of Angel Clare is responsible for her final yielding to Alec; the self-sacrifice that makes her work as a common farm hand in the fields rather than bring discredit on her husband's name prompts her decision to accept the protection of the man who can relieve—not her—but her family from the grinding poverty that engulfs them.

Loyalty is the mainspring of her nature. It is in response to its appeal that she first goes to service. She realises the money she will earn may save the family much suffering, and in defiance of those instincts that rebel at the suggestion, she consents to go as maid in the house of Mrs. D'Urberville, who, with her son, has assumed the ancient name of its original owners. Her own feelings are never engaged in the episode with Alec; from the time she sets foot in the house she is conscious of a certain spiritual revulsion against him, a revulsion that only the knowledge of the necessities at home induces her to overcome. From the first he is inflamed by her beauty, and, later, touched to finer issues, realises in some faint degree the strength and purity of her soul. He meets Tess on her arrival, and immediately lays siege to her in the coarse fashion he affects.

"He loosened rein, and away they went a second time. D'Urberville turned his face to her, . . . and said in playful raillery, 'Now, then, put your arms round my waist again, as you did before, my beauty.'

"'Never!' said Tess, independently, holding as well as she could without touching him.

"'Let me put one little kiss on those holmberry lips, Tess; or even on that warm cheek, and I'll stop—on my honour, I will!'

"'Will nothing else do?' she cried at length in

desperation, her large eyes staring at him like those of a wild animal. This dressing her up so prettily by her mother had apparently been to lamentable purpose."

It has always seemed to me that one of the most tragic things about Tess was the fact that from her earliest childhood she realised she could not look for help from her parents, but must contrive in some fashion or other to assist them. That is the one persistent strain throughout her life; her feckless father, the inimitable Sir John, rich in comedic value, was of no earthly use in the practical affairs of everyday life; her mother, a placid home-keeping creature, had no desires beyond the hope of keeping a roof over her children's heads, and finding sufficient food to keep them strong and healthy.

It was no self-indulgence that made Tess stay at The Chase. Alec's advances offended her sense of the fastidious, and, had she followed inclination, she would have left the comforts and luxuries of her surroundings, and returned to the tumble-down cottage with her feckless father, mismanaging mother, and the children.

In my view the author makes this clear in the interview between Alec and Tess on the eve of that catastrophe that, to quote Mr. Hardy's own words, "was to divide our heroine's personality thereafter from that previous self of hers who stepped from her mother's door to try her fortune at Tantridge Poultry Farm."

They are together in the forest, and Alec designs to soften her mood by recounting what he has done for her people.

"'By the by, Tess, your father has a new cob today. Somebody gave it to him.'

"'Somebody? You?'

D'Urberville nodded.

"'Oh, how very good of you that is!' she exclaimed, with a painful sense of the awkwardness at having to thank him just then.

"'And the children have some toys!'

"'I didn't know—you ever sent them anything!' she murmured, much moved. 'I almost wish you had not—yes, I almost wish it.'

"'Why, dear?'

"'It hampers me so.'

"'Tessy, don't you love me ever so little now?'

"'I'm grateful,' she reluctantly admitted. 'But I fear I do not.' The sudden vision of his passion for herself as a factor in this result so distressed her that, beginning with one slow tear, and then following with another, she wept outright."

The charge of weakness time and again has been brought against poor Tess; but that she was capable not only of the passion of self-sacrifice, but of resolute action and clear logical thought, is proved by the stand she takes up when her poor baby—the child of her unmerited suffering and misery—is in the throes of death. The baby has not been baptised, and in the stillness of the night, "when thoughts stalk outside reason, and malignant possibilities stand rock-firm as facts," she was shaken by fears of the little one's future. "She thought of the child consigned to the nethermost corner of hell as its double doom for lack of baptism and lack of legitimacy. Saw the archfiend tossing it with his three-pronged fork like the one

they use for heating the oven on baking days, to which picture she added many other quaint and curious details of torment taught the young in this Christian country."

The picture of the young mother alone with a dying child, racked by unimaginable horrors, tortured with the conviction most pregnant to a mother's heart, that it was for her sin the child would suffer, is to me one of the most poignant things in the book. And then across her misery comes an idea, daring but at the same time full of wonderful solace. She will save her child the tortures of hell, rescue the sweet little body from the cruel flames, snatch him from the devil, at whatever cost to herself. Ignorant, uninstructed, yet aflame with mother-love, she dares a possibility fraught with the terrors of the unknown; she will baptise the child, even if it damn her own soul.

"Sorrow, I baptise thee in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

And it is this woman who has been called weak and vain.

It is in the phase that follows, when Tess goes to work at Crick's Dairy Farm, that one is fain to call upon the author to stay his hand. Angel Clare, one realises from the moment he appears, has neither the courage nor the strength necessary to the heroine's proper complement. She gives him her whole love, lavishing on his blonde and somewhat effeminate head a woman's devotion with an almost maternal patience of his fads and whimsicalities. This is the picture the author paints of her at the moment love of Clare has filled her life. "She had stretched an arm so high above her coiled-up cable of hair that he could see its satin delicacy above the sunburn; her face was flushed with sleep, and her eyelids hung heavy over their pupils. The brim-fulness of her nature breathed from her. It was a moment when a woman's soul is more incarnate than at any other time; when the most spiritual beauty bespeaks itself flesh; and sex takes the outside place in the presentation."

That she should love him is, to the girl, inevitable; that he should return that love, and, crowning mystery, seek her for his wife, fills her with joy at once terrible and amazing. "With pain that was like the bitterness of dissolution, she murmured the words of her indispensable and sworn answer as an honourable woman, "Oh, Mr. Clare—I cannot be your wife—I cannot be!"

Not without great heartsearching and struggle does Tess give way; even when at the last she yields and accepts the chance of a happiness transcendent in promise, it is as much the thought of what Clare will endure if she refuses him as desire for her own happiness that influences the decision. And though she lets him marry her in ignorance of what had happened with Alec, she confesses the truth the very evening of their wedding, gratefully responsive to his own spasm of confession—a confession that to her innocent mind is pregnant as the one she has to make. In the chapters that follow, when Clare, with the petulance of a child disappointed in a new toy, rushes away from England, careless as to what happens to the young creature he has made his wife, Tess attains the full development of her character.

It is open to her to make an appeal to Clare's parents, and to claim from them protection, if not a home. But loyalty to the husband who has left her will not permit her to ask his family's help. Once, indeed, tried to the verge of desperation by Clare's silence, hungry for news of her beloved, she makes a pilgrimage to the vicarage, determined to ask news of him. It is one of Hardy's tragic walks, when by

sheer force he compels you to trace each step of the road, realise the hopes and fears, the sickening sense of the passionate pilgrim.

The family are away; Tess's journey has been in vain; the efforts she has made to appear neatly gowned and well shod in their eyes are useless; her efforts flung back in her face. "She took off the thick boots in which she had walked thus far, put on the pretty thin ones of patent leather, and, stuffing the former into the hedge by the gate-post, where she might readily find them again, descended the hill." It is these boots that the family from the parsonage discover in the hedge. "Thrown away, I suppose, by some tramp or other. . . . What a wicked thing to do! I will carry them home for some poor person." And Tess, who has heard all this, retreated down the hill.

Even then she does not lose faith that in the end her husband will come back to her, forgive her, and take her as his wife. Meantime she will work to keep herself, and ask help from no man; and to this course she would have held but for the family misfortunes, which once again play so desperate a part in her history. The feckless father has died; the mother, with her children, has neither plans nor hope. They turn to Tess for assistance, and Tess, true to her passionate loyalty, does not fail them. A last appeal she makes to Clare in one of the most wonderful letters in literature. "The daylight has nothing to show me since you are not here, and I do not like to see the rooks and starlings in the fields because I grieve to miss you who used to see them with me. I long for only one thing in heaven or earth or under the earth—to meet you, my own dear! Come to me—come to me, and save me from what threatens me! Your faithful, heartbroken Tess."

But he does not come and he does not save her, and because of her little sisters' and brothers' and mother's needs she goes to Alec, believing that her husband will never come back, and that though life holds nothing more for her, she can still make smooth the path for her people—the people for whom she would lay down her life.

The conclusion of the tragedy comes swiftly; the woman's patience breaks; face to face with reality at last, her vision stripped of the mists of sacrifice, cleared of that lust for giving that has enthralled her so long and with such fatal results, she strikes a sudden quick blow, revenging at a stroke the cruelty, the injustice, the wanton hurt that have been meted out to her.

Alec, who has "torn her life all to pieces," meets with his due reward.

And at the end, when the tragedy is played out, and Tess has paid the forfeit of her life, paid it gladly for the sake of the last days she spent with Clare, the man at whose feet she had lavished all the strength of her devotion; at the last, I say, when Clare watches for the hoisting of the black flag that tells the tale of Tess is over, the dominant impression left upon the mind is that throughout the piece as throughout life "the woman pays."

It is the conclusion of the whole matter.

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EVERYMAN'S FRENCH PAGE

LES DERNIERS JOURS DE DRYDEN

"LA FÊTE D'ALEXANDRE" fut une des dernières œuvres de Dryden; toute brillante et poétique, elle était née parmi les pires tristesses. Le roi pour lequel il avait écrit était détrôné et chassé; la religion qu'il avait embrassée était méprisée et opprimée; catholique et royaliste, il était confiné dans un parti vaincu, que la nation considérait avec ressentiment et avec défiance comme l'adversaire naturel de la liberté et de la raison. Il avait perdu les deux places qui le faisaient vivre; il subsistait misérablement, chargé de famille, obligé de soutenir ses fils à l'étranger, traité en mercenaire par un libraire grossier, forcé de lui demander de l'argent pour payer une montre qu'on ne voulait pas lui laisser à crédit, priant Lord Bolingbroke de le protéger contre ses injures, vilipendé par son boutiquier quand la page promise n'était pas pleine au jour dit. Ses ennemis le persécutaient de pamphlets; le puritain Collier flagellait brutalement ses comédies; on le damnait sans pitié et en conscience.

Il était malade depuis longtemps, impotent, contraint de beaucoup écrire, réduit à exagérer la flatterie pour obtenir des grands l'argent indispensable que les éditeurs ne lui donnaient pas.* "Ce que Virgile a composé," disait-il, "dans la vigueur de son âge, dans l'abondance et le loisir, j'ai entrepris de le traduire dans le déclin de mes années; luttant contre le besoin, opprimé par la maladie, contraint dans mon génie, exposé à voir mal interpréter tout ce que je dis, avec des juges qui, à moins d'être très-équitables, sont déjà indisposés contre moi par le portrait diffamatoire qu'on a fait de mon caractère."†

Quoique bien disposé pour lui-même, il savait que sa conduite n'avait pas toujours été digne, et que tous ses écrits n'étaient pas durables. Né entre deux époques, il avait oscillé entre deux formes de vie et deux formes de pensée, n'ayant atteint la perfection ni de l'une ni de l'autre, n'ayant point trouvé dans les mœurs environnantes un soutien digne de son caractère, ni dans les idées environnantes une matière digne de son talent. S'il avait institué la critique et le bon style, cette critique n'avait trouvé place qu'en des traités pédantesques ou des préfaces décousues; ce bon style restait dépaycé dans des tragédies enflées, dispersé en des traductions multipliées, égaré en des pièces d'occasion, en des odes de commande, en des poèmes de parti, ne rencontrant que de loin en loin un souffle capable de l'employer et un sujet capable de le soutenir.

Que d'efforts pour un effet médiocre! C'est la condition naturelle de l'homme. Au bout de tout, voici venir la douleur et l'agonie. La gravelle, la goutte, depuis longtemps, ne lui laissaient plus de relâche; un érysipèle couvrit sa jambe. Vers le mois d'avril, 1700, il essaya de sortir; son pied foulé se gangréna; on voulut tenter l'opération, mais il jugea que ce qui lui restait de santé et de bonheur n'en valait pas la peine. Il mourut à soixante-neuf ans.

* On lui payait dix mille vers deux cent cinquante guinées.

† *Post-scriptum* de la traduction de Virgile.

DRYDEN'S LAST DAYS

"ALEXANDER'S FEAST" was one of Dryden's last works; brilliant and poetical, it was born amidst the greatest sadness. The king for whom he had written was deposed and in exile; the religion which he had embraced was despised and oppressed; a Roman Catholic and a Royalist, he was bound to a conquered party, which the nation resentfully and distrustfully considered as the natural enemy of liberty and reason. He had lost the two places which were his support; he lived wretchedly, burdened with a family, obliged to support his sons abroad; treated as a hireling by a coarse publisher, forced to ask him for money to pay for a watch which he could not get on credit, beseeching Lord Bolingbroke to protect him against Tonson's insults, rated by this shopkeeper when the promised page was not finished on the stated day. His enemies persecuted him with pamphlets; the severe Collier lashed his comedies unfeelingly; he was damned without pity, but conscientiously.

He had long been in ill-health, crippled, constrained to write much, reduced to exaggerate flattery in order to earn from the great the indispensable money which the publishers would not give him.* "What Virgil wrote in the vigour of his age, in plenty and at ease, I have undertaken to translate in my declining years; struggling with wants, oppressed with sickness, curbed in my genius, liable to be misconstrued in all I write; and my judges, if they are not very equitable, already prejudiced against me, by the lying character which has been given them of my morals."†

Although he looked at his conduct from the most favourable point of view, he knew that it had not always been worthy, and that his writings would not all endure. Born between two epochs, he had oscillated between two forms of life and two forms of thought, having reached the perfection of neither, having kept the faults of both; having discovered in surrounding manners no support worthy of his character, and in surrounding ideas no subject worthy of his talent. If he had founded criticism and good style, this criticism had only its scope in pedantic treatises or unconnected prefaces; this good style continued out of the track in inflated tragedies, dispersed over multiplied translations, scattered in occasional pieces, in odes written to order, in party poems, meeting only here and there an afflatus capable of employing it, and a subject capable of sustaining it.

What gigantic efforts to end in such a moderate result! This is the natural condition of man. The end of everything is pain and agony. For a long time gravel and gout left him no peace; erysipelas seized one of his legs. In April, 1700, he tried to go out; gangrene of the foot resulted. The doctor would have tried amputation, but Dryden decided that what remained to him of health and happiness was not worth the pain. He died at the age of sixty-nine.

* He was paid two hundred and fifty guineas for ten thousand lines.

† Postscript of Virgil's works as translated by Dryden.

LITERARY NOTES

OF biographies of the German Emperor there is no lack, although, of course, until his life and reign are ended no definite and standard work on Wilhelm II. can be expected. With his English mother, however, it is different, and in the forefront of their autumn announcements Messrs. J. Nisbet and Co. place a Memoir on "The Empress Frederick" (15s.). This will be published in October, and claims to be "the first sincere and complete life of the Empress Frederick to appear in either English or German, and it will undoubtedly remain the standard biography until (if ever) her private diaries and letters are given to the world." The writer—whose name for some reason is not given—has had access to a part at least of the Empress Frederick's private correspondence; he has consulted the principal memoirs and reminiscences of her time in both German and English; and he has received valuable assistance from her personal friends. Thus the book, though not an official life, bids fair to be an important historical work, shedding much light on a most interesting personality, and on events closely concerning two great nations.

* * * * *

In their autumn catalogue Sir Isaac Pitman and Sons give pride of place to a new Brontë book, "In the Footsteps of the Brontës" (16s.). The author is Mrs. Ellis H. Chadwick, whose memoir on Mrs. Gaskell is well known. Mrs. Chadwick naturally pays special attention to Charlotte and Emily Brontë's residence in Brussels, and she has obtained authoritative information dealing with that period, which reveals the reason for the long delay in the publication of the letters written by Charlotte to M. Heger. A notable feature of the book will be its illustrations, among which are a number of hitherto unpublished photographs.

* * * * *

A volume on "The Great Antarctic," by Mr. John Mackie, will be published immediately by Messrs. Jarrold and Sons. A subject so fascinating, and a pen so popular, will make a most readable book.

* * * * *

Those who have read or heard of Miss A. C. Caton's translation of Otto Ernst's "Roswitha," that charming study of childhood, will be glad to hear that this work is now being brought out in separate parts at a popular price. The first part, "Roswitha's Day," will appear on October 1, and deals with the period when that fascinating little lady was three years old. This will be followed later by "Roswitha and Philosophy," which relates to the time when Roswitha had attained the mature age of four.

* * * * *

Another interesting book of a different kind concerning children is a little volume, attractively got up by Messrs. Longmans, Green and Co. (3s. 6d.), called "Simple Garments for Children" (from four to fourteen), by M. B. Synge. The book is no ordinary dress-making manual, but a practical plea for the protection of children who suffer from a superabundance of clothing, often of an unhygienic type.

* * * * *

A remarkable volume entitled "The English Convict" has just been issued by the Prison Commissioners (9s.). The volume deals with the result of an examination that was started in 1902 by the medical authorities in our convict prisons. The measurements and physical characteristics of the prisoners are

minutely recorded, and the material collected will no doubt be extensively studied by both supporters and opponents of Lombroso's contention that criminals are a type by themselves.

* * * * *

Messrs. Constable will shortly publish a book giving an account of the cannibal tribes of the north-western tributaries of the Amazon, by Capt. T. W. Whiffen, N.P., 14th Hussars, F.R.G.S., F.R.A.I., who spent several months travelling in the "Putumayo" districts. The book is of particular interest as a careful study of the life and customs of the Indian tribes which in the interval are said to have been almost exterminated. Captain Whiffen fortunately made acquaintance with tribes of these peoples before they were affected by outside influences. So primitive were these forest-dwellers that they possessed only wood or stone implements, and some knew no method of producing fire. The illustrations are from photographs taken by the author.

* * * * *

As usual, Messrs. Adam and Charles Black are bringing out during the autumn a number of finely illustrated volumes. Perhaps the most interesting of these is a book on "The Banks of the Nile" (20s.), painted by Ella Du Cane, and described by Prof. John A. Todd, formerly of the Khedivial School of Law, Cairo. In this work Egypt of to-day is depicted by pen and brush. The book also contains a bibliography and a chronological summary of the history and existing monuments of each period.

* * * * *

A volume of hitherto uncollected essays and criticisms by James Russell Lowell will be issued shortly by Messrs. Nisbet.

* * * * *

A selection from the correspondence of the late Professor Dowden is being edited by his widow, who invites those who possess any letters of literary value written by that distinguished scholar to submit them to her for consideration (at Rockdale, Orwell Road, Rathgar). The letters will be published by Messrs. J. M. Dent and Sons, who are also bringing out a volume of Dowden's poems.



NEW ESSAY COMPETITION

AS announced in last week's issue, a prize of TWO GUINEAS is offered by EVERYMAN for the best Essay, constituting

A Plea For or Against the Channel Tunnel.

Papers must not exceed 2,000 words in length (exclusive of a brief synopsis), and must reach the

COMPETITION EDITOR, "EVERYMAN,"

21, Royal Terrace, Edinburgh,

not later than October 17th. "Channel Tunnel" should be marked in the corner of envelopes. Essays sent in should be carefully paragraphed, and must be clearly written, preferably typewritten, on one side of the paper only. All entries shall become the exclusive property of the Editor, who cannot undertake to return any MS.

Next week will be published the result of EVERYMAN Competition No. 4, *The Male Teacher*, and the week after Competition No. 2 ("*The Anglican Clergyman*") will be decided.

“THE TRAGEDY OF NAN”

THE revival of Mr. Masefield's "Tragedy of Nan" at the Royal Court Theatre is a matter of unusual interest to all who care for the drama as a picture of life translated into terms that make it unmistakably artistic. The staging and acting is thoroughly adequate to the simplicity of the action, and, for its naturalness and sincerity, the more difficult to appraise. Miss Rooke was sincere and unaffected, not once trespassing into the melodramatic, to which the part of Nan offers some temptation. Mr. Rosmer as Dick Gurvil well supported her, nicely realising the none too courageous idealist in the lover's part. Mrs. Tapping earned the mead of her ungrateful rôle in inspiring a hearty repulsion for the grudging, malicious Mrs. Pargetter, and Mr. Roberts, as Gaffer Pearce, the half-mad, half-prophetic old fiddler, happily suggested the supernatural element with which his speeches are charged. He who has long known the drama becomes in time moved to all the surprises of novelty, as well as callous to the charms of the familiar. Wherefore when the hardened habituë of the theatre finds himself moved as he is not commonly moved on witnessing a drama, it is in the nature of things that he seek a reason.

"The Tragedy of Nan," like Mr. Masefield's earlier "Campden Wonder," is a domestic story laid among the small tenantry of a western county. The effectiveness of both plays lies in their minute and homely realisation of the simpler manners and the more elemental passions that animate a rural folk; and in both the tragedy is referable directly to a malevolent human will. Did not record attest the faithfulness of the story to the actual historical fact, few could believe in the possibility of so dogged and determined a wickedness as that of John Perry in "The Campden Wonder," who swears away the lives of his own mother and brother, and dies after them himself for a crime that has never been committed. It is too late in the history of art and the drama to quarrel now with any man for the choice of his subject. We are concerned not with this, but with the art itself, the drawing, with the faithfulness of shadow and light. "The Campden Wonder," in its terrible reality, save for the bitter irony of the futility of the excellent Parson, is unrelieved by a single ray of light. And we accept it as a picture in chiaroscuro. Indeed, the reading or witnessing of a performance of it leaves the hearer hopelessly dejected. There is pathos in the poor old mother's fate, so terrible, so needless; and there is an element of the heroic in the suicide of Mrs. Harrison in the sequel. But both are merely victims of circumstance and the crimes of others; there is neither lift nor light in their fate. And it is thus always with merely realistic art.

In "The Tragedy of Nan" the malevolent motive force is furnished by Mrs. Pargetter, who is possessed of a grudging hatred for her niece, the unhappy Nan, not dissimilar to John Perry's hatred for his brother. Nan, it will be remembered, is an orphan, whose father, though really innocent, ended his life on the gallows. The Pargetters have given her a "home"; but Mrs. Pargetter, jealous for her own daughter, finds nothing good that Nan can do, and never ceases to remind her that her father "was 'ung at Glorster, like the thief 'e was." In the upshot, Nan's uncle is estranged, her cousin Jenny, whom she has trusted, betrays her, and she is robbed of the man who has declared to her his love by the ingenious Mrs. Pargetter. Distracted with all this, she is sought out by an agent of the court, who declares her father's innocence, and brings her fifty pounds in satisfaction

of the wrong done her. Her contemptible lover seeks a return to her affection, now that fortune and a good name have returned to her, but she kills him with a knife, and goes out to find peace and death in the harvest tide. These details will not seem impertinent if we mark in them the difference of this story.

Nan is no mere victim led to slaughter. She is a glorious, full-blooded woman, with a capacity for love, generosity, and sacrifice within her. She is young, though she has lived with sorrow; and she sees things straight, howsoever dark and crooked the ways about her. Idyllically beautiful is the scene in which she accepts the proffered love of Dick, rising to the words, "Now loose me, darling; I have had my moment, I have been happy"; and poetic is the symbolism of the rose and the unbinding of her hair. Tragically effective is the scene in which, when all her world has fallen to ruin about her, the supreme insult is offered in the "blood money" for her father's innocent sacrificed life.

NAN (*going to the money bag and cutting its tape*):
Yes. We'll settle. Look at it. Look at it. (*She pours the gold into a heap.*) Gold. Gold. Little yellow rounds of metal. Fifty little yellow rounds of metal. This. This is for a man's life. Oh, you little yellow rounds that buy things. Look at 'em. Hear 'em. (*Pause.*) Don't you speak to me (*intensely*). There was a strong man, a kind man. He was forty-nine years old. He was the best thatcher in the three counties. He was the sweetest singer. I've known teams goin' to the field stop to 'ear my dad sing. And the red-coats come. And a liar swore. And that strong man was killed. Sudden. That voice of his'n was choked out with a cord. And there was liars, and thieves, and drunken women, and dirty gentlemen. They all stood in the cold to see that man choked. They stop up all night, playing cards, so as they should 'ear 'is singin' stopped. For it goes round the voice the cord do. And they draw a nightcap down so as 'e shan't see 'is girl a-erying. (*Pause.*) And for that, I get little yellow round things. . . .

You 'ad me in your power. And wot was good in me you sneered at. And wot was sweet in me you soured. And wot was bright in me you dulled. I was a fly in the spider's web. And the web came round me and round me, till it was a shroud, till there was no more joy in the world. Till my 'eart was bitter as that ink, and all choked. And for that I get little yellow round things.

But above even this supreme tragic moment, expressed with not a word too much, is the subtle charm of the supernatural which runs through the drama in the maunderings of Gaffer Pearce, the old fiddler, as to his "little white vlover," whose memory he has cherished these sixty years, and his prophetic prattle about the bride whom he has met, the "gold rider," and "the tide that be comin' for some on us." It is this bright thread shot through the sombre texture of the tragedy that raises the story of Nan above the level of merely realistic art, to give to it the vitality, the uplift that belongs to things imaginatively realised.

Mr. Masefield's art in all that he has done is the art of experience. His poetry is coined out of his heart, and rings with the sincerity of the actual, the thing that can really happen.

This does not, of course, mean that Mr. Masefield's poetry is, all of it, autobiographical; much of it is, we know, of that best autobiography that tells not the things that have happened to a man, but the thoughts, the hopes, and aspirations which contact with this visible world and the men and women in it have quickened in the author's brain into an artistic form. In this day of effort and contortion, it is good somewhere to meet with so steady and so sincere a reading of life as is "The Tragedy of Nan."

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THE SHADOW-SLAYER * * BY HERMAN SCHEFFAUER

It was just after dawn, when the world seems a sweeter and a better world and the coming day still bears in its breast something of the promise of Eden.

My friend Willmott, the keeper of the El Norte Rock Lighthouse, sat beside me on a bench in his little garden to the left of the tower. The great lamp had been extinguished but half an hour ago. The low rumble of the clockwork that turned its iron bed was still. Willmott's assistant, old Owen Hughes, came out of his little cabin.

"Owen, you had better polish up the Killer to-day," cried Willmott.

He tossed him the key to the iron door of the lighthouse tower, which he always kept locked. Turning to me, Willmott remarked:

"Owen gave the name of the Shadow-Slayer or Killer to the lamp. We've been calling it that ever since."

"Joe! Joe!" shouted the old Welshman.

A slovenly, sleepy Indian appeared, and the two went into the tower. In a few moments they reappeared, carrying the huge brass lamp and the lenses of the beacon light. Owen, setting down the lamp, gave back the key to Willmott.

Then, with tam-o'-shanter set aslant upon his head, the rosy-faced old man, with his clear blue eyes and curling beard of grey, began to polish the squat oil receptacle and thick-ribbed crystals. The sun arose over the mountains of the coast, and the brass and glass stood winking fiercely in the young sunshine. As the old man polished away, with smooth, caressing motions, he chanted in a clear voice a fragment of some old sea ballad:—

"When the villagers lay slain,
And the sobbing maids were ta'en—
Over the seas we harried 'em—
The rovers of the main!
We boarded and we carried 'em,
And split their hull in twain!"

To the rolling, triumphant words he gave something of the rhythm of the seas and the shout of the surge.

"It must be a song of the old world," I said to Willmott.

"Well, it's nothing if not that," Willmott replied in his soft voice. "Owen tells me that his father, who was fisherman and village poet in some hole of a place in Wales, wrote this ballad on an old story of the chase of Morgan ap Morgan, pirate. Owen's full of songs of that sort. And, what's more, he's full of his own stories—crowded with uncanny things out of his own life and fancies. Owen's got something of the power of the bards and seers of the Cymry. To you, to me, to Han the cook, to Joe the Indian, this is El Norte Rock, off the Humboldt coast of California, but to our unacclimatised Owen it is just as much some little island with a haunted ruin near the Welsh coast. We are fairly certain that this light shines on the Pacific, but Owen is able to twist his mind into believing that it shines over St. George's Channel! Some days he forgets his English, and begins talking Welsh. The Chinaman and the Indian go shy of him in a certain mood—when he's "fey," as he calls it. Then he sees visions, hears voices, and so on. You're right about the song—Owen's an old-world man."

"But," I asked, "what brought him here, of all places?"

After a moment of hesitation, Willmott replied:

"Oh, he knew my mother in the old country. She

was Welsh, you know. Then, eight years ago, I ran across him in San Francisco. The old boy became quite attached to me—says I always remind him of my mother. I found him steady and faithful, and so I asked him to come up here—after everyone else had refused."

Willmott, gazing mournfully before him out of his large brown eyes, sank into one of his strange, inscrutable spells of silence. I knew that he was thinking of the day when his defeated love for a woman had driven him to seek the seclusion of this lonely rock. After a while, he rose and said:

"I must be getting away."

He vanished into his little cottage. A little later he came out equipped for his journey to the mainland. Once a month this hermit keeper of the light made a trip to the nearest town. This was Pinnivay, which lay twelve miles inland from the coast, and was connected by a coach route with the nearest railway. It was enough for him, this monthly touch with a fragment of the outer world—enough, since the hopes of his heart had gone to wreck in the city by the Golden Gate.

Swinging his battered valise, Willmott walked to a derrick-like structure at the edge of the cliff. At the foot of this stood a stout, iron-bound basket, connected by a rope to the beam above. This rope ran down to a windlass with a crank on each side.

Owen and the Indian seized each a handle of the windlass; the basket was swung over the cliff. Willmott grasped my hand, saying, with a strange, sad wistfulness in eye and voice:

"Good-bye, Hubert. You'll forgive me for leaving you, not so? I'll be back to-morrow evening."

He stepped into the basket, holding fast to the guide-line. As the rope unwound from the creaking windlass and the pulley, the basket sank with him a hundred feet down the face of the cliff to the crumble of rock that lay piled raggedly about its bottom. Here a low and narrow spit of stone, half a mile long, connected the Rock with the mainland. When the sea ran high, the waves broke furiously across this natural mole. The derrick-hoist was the only means of access to the top of the Rock. Above the framework of the hoist there hung a small ship's bell. From this a signal wire ran down the face of the precipice to within a man's reach at the bottom.

We watched Willmott make his way hardily along the neck of jumbled stone, reach the shore, then disappear in the pines. I was now left alone upon the barren Rock with old Owen, the Chinese cook, and the Indian factotum.

El Norte Rock was a huge block of basalt, over an acre in extent, a black cube established grimly in the sea. About the base of its brutal walls lay a litter of smaller scarps and cusps of rock. The islet was situated a mile off the wild, dark-forested hills of the northern coast. In these fastnesses I had hunted deer for a month, and then come hither to spend with David Willmott the remaining fortnight of my leave of absence from my battery at the Presidio Reservation. David had been a crony of mine in the days when we both attended the old Jesuit school in San Francisco.

The lighthouse, a white, hexagonal tower, forty feet high, stood close to the edge of the stony plateau, whose surface lay almost a hundred feet above the sea. Close to its base nestled Willmott's little cottage, clean and fresh, with a tiny garden before it where flowers grew in soil brought from the mainland and

fertilised with guano from the rocks. The flowers glowed with a strange brilliance in the pure, dustless air. Close to the cottage, but with its weather-beaten wall of redwood almost in line with the abrupt face of rock, was a small cabin, occupied by Owen Hughes. In the foreground a low, divided shed made a shelter for the Indian and Chinese. Overhanging the lee of the Rock stood the gallows-like contrivance of the hoist.

Out over the sea, which lay extended in sun-lashed silver and shifting indigo, a long, fluctuant black line curved in the air close to the water. From north to south it ran as far as eye could pierce, now thickened and now thinned, but never broken. To the eye it resolved itself into myriads of black dots.

Every dot was a bird. This endless swarm of flying creatures followed the coast-line at a certain distance out, as though its aerial path lay prescribed and defined, bending in as the shore bent in, setting a margin to the headlands as they jutted out. To south, the long line, seen from its rear, lay like a black bar athwart the purple promontory. During the two days I had been on the Rock, this procession of sea fowl had continued south. It never rested; it flowed on and on, a constant current of life above the currents of the sea, interminable, unflagging, without hurry and without pause. Far from the north the cloud of wings came pouring down, millions upon millions, ordered with precision, compact as an army, obedient to its chieftains and to some vast, mysterious impulse, some call of climate, some deep, resistless instinct in each tiny heart.

The birds puzzled me; I turned to Owen. He paused in his polishing, and bent his lucent blue eyes upon the distant line. A gentle smile played across his features. His eyes grew dreamy.

"Though I've looked upon the birds," said he, "for ten long years, I've never heard 'em named. But I remember when I was a lad the same long lines of black sea fowl came winding out of the north along the Welsh coast. And the good fisher-folk told how these were the shrinking souls of the damned let loose out of torment for a space to look on the places of their sins done in the flesh. And the bigger fowl you see flying along in convoy they said were arch-devils to mark that none escape. On fair days, late in the fall of the leaf, there would come flying south biggish flocks of beautiful, snow-white birds, large of body and long of wing. These they called halcyons, and some albatrosses—"

"But the halcyon is a kingfisher and not a sea-bird," I broke in.

"And they were naught but the souls of the blest—angel-beings come from Paradise to visit their old haunts of happiness. As they flew they always keened sweetly—a sad note. For out of the eyes of these birds looked the souls of milk-white maids, guileless children, hoary and sainted men, golden striplings, dear mothers, and truest lovers. And—"

Old Owen drew his vague, open eyes from the sea and fixed them earnestly upon my own.

"When one of a pair of lovers betrothed happened to die, the spirit of the dead, in the shape of the bird, would come winging low in the last hour to find its mate on earth. 'Twas to warn it, you know, then to guide it on its way to bliss."

"All this was told me by a lame shepherd on a night I'd saved him from a drunken weaver. He was a harper, and played the old true melodies of the Eisteddfod."

Owen bent once more to his work, but no longer hummed or sang his songs. Suddenly a brisk puff

of wind swept over us, and there came the sharp, metallic clang of the lighthouse door as it flung itself shut in its iron frame. Owen gave a cry of alarm and sprang to his feet.

"Great God! we're locked out of the tower! Davy's got the only key! And he'll not be back till to-morrow night! It's death to the ships without a light—and the sack for all of us. And, look! there's a storm piling up in the north-west."

He pointed to the sea in the north-west quarter. Above the living stream of the birds, above the sun-dazzled floods beyond, pressed low upon the blurred and smoky horizon, stood disturbed shapings of lead-coloured clouds, bearded with black. Mingling her smoke with the threatening vapour-hulks, I saw a steamer making south, as if fleeing before the looming peril. I then turned my gaze upon the snowy, six-sided tower, which lifted its head of glass and its red helmet of a roof so calmly above the desolate rock and scurrying flood. The October sun seemed to grow wan and cold as it rested upon this silver sentinel of the sea.

Owen divined my thought.

"There's no ladder to reach the glass," said he. "The panes be heavy plate, double, and set in brass, and the pivot-sashes be bolted from within. Davy was uncommon proud of the strutting strength of the glasses!"

My eyes wandered to a thick spar that lay near the tower, a boom lost from some sloop.

"We might batter down the door with that," I remarked.

"Must!—must!" he replied.

He called the Indian and the Chinaman. The four of us lifted the heavy timber, hugging it close, then retreated some ten yards from the tower. At a word we ran the boom full tilt against the door. The tower shook, but the door stood firm. But at the third assault it yielded, the hinges flew apart, and the iron panel fell clattering into the tower.

At the same moment, following upon the sudden draught, we distinctly heard the slamming of another door above us, from within. Owen's face grew tragic.

"It's no use!" he said dolefully. "That does for the light. It's the door to the light-cell—it's of steel, with Davy's patent lock upon it. And there's not room enough betwixt it and the wall to swing a sledge-hammer a foot. There'll be no light in the tower to-night!"

"A big fire might serve the purpose of the light," I suggested. Owen shook his head.

"When I was a boy, and the old naked whale-oil flares were loth to light," he replied, "we'd burn a beacon on the head. But the fires beguiled the ships and led 'em wrong; there were wrecks."

Silence fell between us. The Indian lay down and rolled himself into another lazy posture. The Chinese carried the disembowelled fish into the house. I knew the brain of the weird old Welshman was wrestling with the problem. At last he spoke:

"When our Davy rebuilt the tower there was a lordly sheet of glass left over, which I set in the wall of my cabin against the sea. 'Twas clear as water and without a flaw. I can set my telescope there, and peer at the ships in the foulest weather. So that's given me an idea—if you'll please to follow, sir."

He led the way toward his cabin. It was a neat abode, decorated with odd shells and filled with stuffed birds and fish, old engravings and well-worn books. One corner contained Owen's trim little bed. The room was lighted by one large, brilliant sheet of glass,

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forming almost the entire west wall. In this, without a blemish, the sea and sky stood framed. The sill of the window was only six inches from the floor.

"Here," said the old man, pointing to the window and to a solid table before it, "here we might rig up the light. It's only a shift, but it will serve. The lamp set here and some of the prisms in their frame in front of it, and yon big mirror behind it, and we'll have a good glare. But"—and he seemed once more to be plunged into perplexity—"it's a half-minute flash—an intermittent light—the Norte Rock! A steady light would be a lie to the ships out yonder."

Like the flash of the light itself, a practical inspiration seized upon me as I caught sight of the wide green blind which lay coiled above the window. I lowered it, shut out the daylight, counted thirty seconds, then raised it. Owen beamed with satisfaction, and laughed mellowly.

"Fine! fine!" he exclaimed. "When I put up that blind to keep out the summer sun, I'd no thought it would ever be used to keep in and let out the beams of the Shadow-Slayer!"

(To be continued.)



CARLYLE ON ROBESPIERRE

PRIZE ESSAY BY W. K. ANDERSON

CARLYLE was not the type of man to do justice to Robespierre. Himself a genius, a great eye ever fixed on the horizon, and taking in the mountain peaks of humanity in its range, he had not that elasticity of accommodation that could enable him to conceive the colourless mediocrity of the valleys, and see what subtle power may be hidden there. Author and subject differ so widely in their mental qualities and capabilities that the mental field-glass of the former would have needed an exceptionally fine adjustment to have afforded him a well-proportioned view of the latter.

If one imagine the two men meeting, there would be a sort of natural antagonism between them from the beginning.

When you come to think of it, Carlyle never wrote the life of any man at any length who had not outstanding talent. Cromwell, Voltaire, Goethe, Burns, Mirabeau and the others—all were clearly masterful men, each in his way doing what was expected of him. But the more subtle qualities apart were not easily within Carlyle's field of vision. I wonder how long it took him to see Abraham Lincoln, who had the same rare combination of insight, patience and outward unattractiveness—though with humour to relieve—as Robespierre. As long as it took Seward; or longer, like Stanton perhaps? Anyway, we find an ill-proportioned figure of Robespierre in his "History of the French Revolution."

Dyspeptic Carlyle is struck by the "atrabiliar" colour of his subject, and never ceases to see him through green spectacles from beginning to end. The qualities of immediate expression, attractiveness, charm, oratory, originality, being absent in this man of colourless personality, Carlyle finds him "seagreen," "tallow-green," finally as "Green Vengeance"; a "more insupportable individual, one would say, seldom opened his mouth in any Tribune. Acrid, implacable-impotent; dull-drawling, barren as the Harmattan wind," while the qualities of longer range, morality, incorruptibility, earnestness, patience, faith, which he did possess, are become terms of reproach, "straitlacedness," "Incorruptibility" with a capital I, "anxiousness," and the "seagreen Pontiff" at the feast of the Deity.

Yet Mirabeau, who had a nearer view, said of him, "This man will do somewhat; he believes every word he says." And the public trusted him for precisely those characteristics which with Carlyle are an object of scorn; it was only when his faith had degenerated to the uncontrolled and pathological momentum of fanaticism that they failed to support him.

A "mean meagre mortal"!

A man who had a longer, more wearing period of Revolutionary service than either Mirabeau or Danton, who could be looked to with confidence when the weary Danton slackened off, who bore the humiliation of sarcasm, the disquietude of ridicule, the distress of insult, without a murmur, and died not worth a sou!

The epithet will not do.

It is no doubt true that Robespierre had not nearly the attractiveness or capabilities of Mirabeau or Danton, that in the light and shade of prominent characters of the Revolution he often cut an ungainly figure, that he was finally guilty of ambition and the most appalling excess; but it is also true—and it is here that Carlyle's emphasis fails—that with, and in spite of, all his natural deficiencies he took a consistent and leading part in a drama unique in the history of the world, that for a period he consolidated and directed the Revolutionary movement amid a sea of unspeakable intrigue and corruption, and, impoverished by his own enthusiasm, finally died a violent death prefaced by many hours of physical torture, borne at least with the dignity of silence.



MR. GALSWORTHY'S NEW PLAY, "THE FUGITIVE,"

AT THE ROYAL COURT THEATRE

CLARE DESMOND, the "fugitive," is the latest incarnation of the "femme incomprise." Her husband does not understand her. She understands him only too well. He is honest and kind, and even generous; but there is absolute incompatibility of temperament between his conventional, commonplace, prosaic nature and her unconventional, poetic, fiery and aspiring soul. On the advice of her literary friend, Mr. Malise, Clare decides to revolt and to bolt, to leave her home, or, as Malise calls it, to "spread out her wings," and like a stormy petrel to defy the tempest. She tries to earn her living as a shopgirl, and she miserably fails. She then offers her services as a typist to Malise, and having in the meantime come to love him, she accepts his offer to live with him. But the prosaic husband does not accept the arrangement, and determines to institute divorce proceedings which would ruin her lover and wreck his career as a journalist. She decides to sacrifice herself and to leave her lover, but rather than return to her husband, who proposes an amicable separation and offers to settle an allowance on her, she prefers to take to the streets. The last act shows her in a house of ill-fame, starting on her new life. But her whole nature rebels at the first contact with loathsome reality, and she poisons herself in the restaurant.

"The Fugitive" has many elements of a great play. It has many dramatic situations. It has sincerity and power and boldness. The plot is skilfully constructed, working up steadily from a somewhat halting beginning to a striking and original climax, the death scene in the restaurant.

Yet the play has glaring weaknesses, and the drama often comes dangerously near to being a melodrama.

St. Barnabas Vicarage,

558, Caledonian Road,

Holloway, London, N.

PASSING OPPORTUNITIES!

Dear Friend,

Summer is quickly passing. With it the opportunity of giving others a holiday at the seaside or in the country. I am spending part of my holidays on the river, and already the boatmen are beginning to put away some of their boats for the winter. Going over Messrs. Huntley & Palmer's Biscuit Factory I found one department busy preparing orders for Christmas! Just signs that summer is passing, and with it the opportunity of giving a Summer Holiday to the needy.

There are not a few old people in London who years ago came up from the country. The possibility of visiting their old home and birthplace is out of the question unless the railway fares are paid. In not a few instances this has been done, and has brought genuine pleasure to the old folk.

On my return to Holloway I am arranging to take a large party of aged ones for a long day's drive into the country. This was done last year, and many who were too old and infirm to go away enjoyed a comfortable drive to the woods, and did full justice to the good things provided.

All this means expenditure. We therefore appeal for funds to enable us to continue this charity. £5 will send five adults for a fortnight; £1 5s. will give one a couple of weeks; 12s. 6d. send a needy one away for a week. Cost of day's drive and entertaining for one old person, 3s.

Donations may be sent direct to me at above address.

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FRANK SWAINSON.

The psychology is often primitive, and the character of Clare is absurdly inconsistent or rather incoherent. She is in turn impossibly and sublimely heroic and miserably feeble and futile. Mr. Galsworthy may reply that Clare is not a type and an abstraction, but just an ordinary fragile woman, with high aspirations and noble impulses, and that her inconsistency is part of her character. The result is, unfortunately, that with such a character the thesis of Mr. Galsworthy becomes unconvincing. And if the writer further replied that he does not want to convince us, and that "The Fugitive" is not an Ibsenite problem-play, we can only say that ninety-five out of a hundred amongst the audience actually must read into the play a very definite argument, namely, that until middle-class women are taught to earn their living, there is little alternative for them between domestic slavery and economic slavery or prostitution. The Socialist thesis first expounded by Bebel in his famous classic may be true, but Mr. Galsworthy has not chosen the best way of persuading us of its truth.

"The Fugitive" was warmly received by a full and appreciative house. Mr. Galsworthy is very happy in his interpreters. Miss Irene Rooke plays a formidable part with subtle art and compelling charm. She is ably supported by Mr. Rosmer in the exacting role of the somewhat rhetorical and conventional journalist. Mrs. Tapping, as the charwoman, relieves the tension of the tragedy with irresistible humour.



CORRESPONDENCE

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Owing to the large number of letters received it is necessary for correspondents to write briefly if their letters are to appear.

THE CASE FOR NATIONAL HOUSING.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—I am delighted with the letters on housing which appear in your issue of September 12th, for they show how fresh is the subject even to thoughtful people, and that few yet dream of what is easily attainable. I especially thank the correspondent who terms me "visionary." It is by vision that the world progresses, and there is no practical existing thing, from a spade to an aeroplane, that did not begin as a dream and excite the unwise to derision. I remember that just a few years ago, when the *Daily Mail* first offered a big prize for flying, it was mocked at by some of its contemporaries—the very papers which now have to publish the winning of such prizes. 'Twas ever thus.

As to rates, why should I make my housing proposals conform to our absurd rating system? Must I fit national housing to a system which no other great nation tolerates? One thing at a time. The simple answer to your correspondents on this head is that we ought to have a local income tax system, as in Germany, by virtue of which very poor people pay no local income tax at all, while poor people pay a little, and the rich pay much more than they do here.

As to officials, no army of officials would be needed; on the contrary, national housing would call for a much smaller number of "officials" than now exists. Speculative housing as now carried on is worked by

The Rev. Frank Swainson (St. Barnabas Vicarage, 558, Caledonian Road, Holloway) requests us to acknowledge receipt of the following sums in aid of his "To See the Sea" scheme, outlined in a previous issue of EVERYMAN: McK. B., 12s. 6d.; Lela, 12s. 6d.

an enormous army of middlemen (officials), all paid for in rent, and not one-tenth as many would be required if housing were done by the State.

As to houses wearing out, and taste changing, these are points not against national housing, but for it. Mr. Usher must try to see that the mass of decayed and obsolete houses now standing, is *now* a national loss, and that this national loss would be avoided if national housing obtained. Of course, houses would have to be rebuilt just as we rebuild battleships, and it would not be loss to rebuild, but gain, just as when a business man gains by scrapping an old machine and buying a new one.

As to cost of land, not only is it possible to buy land at £240 an acre in many accessible localities (I have bought it for less), but the State can take compulsory powers to buy land for housing at its agricultural price, which is negligible, and Mr. Runciman actually proposes to do this (see his recent speeches). A well-to-do friend of mine is just building a house on land, fifty minutes from a London terminus, which he has bought at £150 an acre. Moreover, the State can make any land in reason accessible by providing simple transport facilities, which raises another important national issue. It can act where individuals are helpless.

As to repairs, there was of course a clerical error in my article, which I regret to have overlooked, but it is a negligible factor in the case. I allowed one per cent. for repairs, and one per cent. on £400 is of course £4 a year. I have always lived in houses built specially for me, and my repairs have been less than this.

As to insurance, I am glad a correspondent mentioned this, for it shows how commercial ideas stultify thought. Let my correspondent reflect that the nation does not insure its warships. Insurance is the *protection of an individual* by pooling risk.

As to "empties," these are a trouble to an individual house owner, and they may even be a trouble to a municipality. To the nation they would be no trouble, for the whole of the nation at any given time must be living in houses, and therefore empties average as a negligible matter. The fact is that if the State began to build on the lines I have indicated the State houses would be hunted for, just as the houses at Bournville are hunted for.

As to sewers cost, this was included in my estimate of £240 an acre for developing the building land.

As to building a house at £400, I have before me a beautiful plan of a detached house at this price full of good notions, specially got out for me by a well-known architect. I could build it commercially for £400, and the State could do much better. Readers should not imagine that I wrote without data.

Lack of knowledge, lack of vision, lack of faith—these are the causes of the slow progress of democracy.—I am, sir, etc.,

L. G. CHIOZZA MONEY.

September 13th, 1913.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Do you not think the scheme I propounded at least twenty years ago, under the title of "Household Right," much preferable to Mr. Chiozza Money's? I will briefly explain it. I proposed that every householder should become the owner of his house in sixteen or twenty years by paying his rent to the State, who would during that period pay it to the landlord. To provide for moving from one house to another, or from one town to another, I suggested that whatever amount a tenant had paid in one place should be carried to his credit in the next. I also entered into the

(Continued on page 726.)

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question of entail, and found, in conclusion, that there could be no succession of ownership except in the case of a widow who was prepared to carry on a renewal of the tenancy. Details for legislation would, of course, have to be worked out.—I am, sir, etc.,

Durham,

JOSHUA BIDWELL.

JOHN BRIGHT.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—In your issue of August 29th occurs the following sentence:

"Mentally, we have travelled far from the position which John Bright affirmed some fifty years ago, when he stated that adulteration was a legitimate form of competition."

John Bright never stated anything of the kind.

I have been waiting to see if you would retract, and apologise for, this outrageous defamation of one of the noblest men that ever figured in British (or any other) politics. Instead of doing so, there comes this week, in the form of a review, an appreciation, meant to be laudatory, of the statesman who, according to a writer in EVERYMAN, actually declared that adulteration was a *legitimate* form of competition.

The John Bright who defended fraud is the same man as the John Bright whom at about the same time the *Spectator* described as "the Republican conscience of the House of Commons."

As I knew something of John Bright, heard many of his speeches, and for forty years closely followed his great career, I resent very strongly your groundless and uncalled for disparagement.—I am, sir, etc.,

JOHN ELLERTHORPE,

London, S.E., September 13th, 1913.

CHINA AND OPIUM.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Dr. Sarolea, in his striking article on China and the Opium Traffic, talks of "England compelling China to buy the poisonous drug." Surely, having made a study of this very important subject, he must be aware that no insistence and no persuasion are in the slightest degree necessary. The confirmed opium toper, whether he uses the drug in the form of smoke, as an eater, drinks it in the form of laudanum, etc., or injects it subcutaneously, most certainly requires no coaxing to help him to indulge in a habit he is powerless to give up. When the use of opium becomes a habit, it, in the vast majority of cases, is a disease, and can only be cured when treated as such. The system becomes saturated with the toxic poison; in most cases the victim is compelled to take it in increasing doses, and the sudden stoppage of the usual supply leads to prolonged and agonising suffering, or immediate collapse and death.

Used in what may be termed moderation no great harm results; indeed, men live to a great age in China under such conditions. But, just as in the case of the alcoholic subject and the heavy smoker of tobacco, the man who over-indulges in opium, in any shape or form, eventually becomes either a nervous wreck or an imbecile.

So far as China is concerned, possibly something may be done by education to prevent the rising generation becoming devotees at the shrine of the poppy. It would be not only futile but fiendishly cruel to cut off the supply suddenly from those already addicted to its use. The supply, if any good result is to be hoped for, must be gradually reduced. It is

doubtful, however, if even the most determined and strong-willed man can entirely overcome the habit *unaided*.—I am, sir, etc.,
 DESMOND MORETON.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—A prolonged study of this subject obliges me to confirm the view strongly expressed by Dr. Sarolea in EVERYMAN of August 22nd: it is a dismal chapter in British dealing with China, and the sooner it is finally ended the better for China, for us, and for humanity at large. In your issue of August 29th Mr. Whittall puts in a plea against prompt and speedy prohibition. I should like your readers to know that the Chinese Government began its reform in a gradual way, but that experience has shown them that a reform of this kind must be carried out quickly, and not by a long-drawn process. General Chang, for example, has told us of an uncle of his own, who had forfeited his position, coming to ask for a fresh start. "Not unless you abandon your opium smoking," said the nephew; "come again in three months." Thus stimulated, the elderly man braced himself up, reappeared in three months, received a small Government post, and is now on the upward march. Multiply this instance manifold, and you have the way of reform as the Chinese have learnt it.

Second, Mr. Whittall has his doubts as to the degree of evil in opium smoking, and he thinks that it is exaggerated by abolitionists. For those who share his doubt, let this fact be considered: the strong and independent empire of Japan neither suffers any of its subjects to be an opium smoker, nor permits any foreign nation to export it into Japan. Is not this evidence which it is useless to gainsay? And if so, why should not China be free to do the like, as its Government and all its leaders most earnestly desire.—I am, sir, etc.,
 A. CALDECOTT.

THE DECAY OF PARLIAMENT.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—I have read your interview, Lord Robert Cecil on the above, with some dismay. He knows perfectly well that for hundreds of years laws have been passed to suit the upper classes, and the poor and middle class have been gradually but surely robbed of their heritage. Where are now the common lands that belonged to the people?—given over to the country squire!

The nation grew utterly sick of trying to get Bills through the House of Lords. *Every* Tory Bill went through with a polite bow from their Lordships. Will Lord Robert name *one* that did not?

Now he is in tears!

I have voted Tory, but I have found that the Liberals are doing more good for the nation, hence my change of attitude.

Lord Robert complains of the Liberals obeying the party Whip. Does not he and his party do the same?

New times, new Bills. He must realise that the nation has entered a new era, never, I trust, to turn back.—I am, sir, etc.,
 OBSERVER.

"EVERYMAN'S" POLITICS.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—I have taken every number and recommended EVERYMAN to everybody—but are you degenerating into Toryism?

The Cecilian contribution (the interview with Lord Robert Cecil) of last week is flagrantly partisan and nothing else. The Cecils think all the time wasted when all their family are not deep with both hands in the national exchequer. "Hinc illæ lachrymæ."



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They had in Elizabeth's time the most distinguished of her flunkies in their family, and since then have fairly become rampant with presumption.

Then in the article about German superiority it is said that they—the Germans—have a "sane" system of Protection. Should not this have been "insane"?

Frankly, if you lose the Liberals, you will have few readers but Socialists, for the Conservatives have not sufficient intelligence to appreciate you. They prefer the pious and ponderous platitudes of the *Spectator*.—

I am, sir, etc.,

ALFRED LISHMAN.

Malton, September 8th, 1913.

THE PLIMSOLL' LINE.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

DEAR SIR,—I have read with interest and also surprise the articles upon the "Tragedy of the Plimsoll Line." I remember Mr. Plimsoll during his parliamentary campaign in Liverpool. In the second article (issue of August 22nd) you say that Mr. Lloyd George, as President of the Board of Trade, "authorised the rules that destroyed Plimsoll's life-work." I have always thought that an Act of Parliament could only be undone by another Act of Parliament. How then could the Board of Trade destroy the Load Line Act? Then, again, cannot the same Board of Trade restore the Load Line Act? Information upon these two points will be welcome. (N.B.—Do any shipping companies observe the old rules?).—I am, sir, etc.,

Wavertree.

A. W. BLUNDELL.

CARDUCCI AND SATANISM.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—I have just finished reading the "Life of St. Francis" ("Everyman's" 1s. edition). His praise, it seems, has been sung by Carducci in his "Santa Maria degli Angeli." If the poet really had a genuine love for St. Francis, he could not, at the time of writing the poem, have held the same sentiments which animated him when he produced his "Inno a Satana." Why? Because the Jehovah of the priests, who is to be conquered by Satan, is the Christ of the altar, in whom, and through whom, St. Francis gained all his victories against Satanic powers. Therefore, either Carducci had completely altered his attitude towards the Church, and of necessity her priests, or he chose the beautiful life as material for a sonnet merely in order to catch the popular imagination. The "occult wave" which is creeping over Europe seems to point to some form of Satanism giving life to it.—I am, sir, etc.,

M. JORDAN

Manchester, September 8th, 1913.

DUMAS' PLACE IN LITERATURE.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—My letter seems to have aroused much criticism, which to attempt to answer in detail would be impossible. However, the point which both Messieurs Dozat and Senequier and Mynherr Endepols make most of is the comparison of the style of the authors more directly in question, i.e., Dumas and Balzac.

To deal with this I think the quickest way would be to quote from a few critics who have greater insight and knowledge of this subject than the average person can hope to obtain, and their statements will have far greater weight than mine.

Firstly, let us take the views of a man who has studied both authors—Mr. W. E. Henley. To quote from his essay on Balzac; in his final summing up he says: "He was the least capable and the most self-conscious of artists, his observation was that of an

inspired and very careful auctioneer; he was a visionary and a fanatic, he was gross, ignorant, morbid of mind, cruel of heart, vexed with a strain of Sadism that makes him on the whole corrupting and ignoble in effect. But he divined and invented prodigiously, if he observed and recorded tediously, and his achievement remains a phantasmagoria of desperate suggestion and strange affecting situations and inordinate effects." In another essay on Dumas: "An artist at once original and exemplary, with an incomparable instinct of selection, a constructive faculty not equalled among the men of this century.

"An understanding of what is right and what is wrong and a mastery of the materials which in their way are not to be paralleled in the works of Sir Walter himself."

To more particularly emphasise this point with regard to Balzac's style, may I quote from Taine, who has collected a few specimens of Balzac's literary style? "All the manufactories of intellectual products have discovered a spice, a special ginger, which is their peculiar enjoyment. Thence the premiums, the anticipated dividends; thence the rape of thoughts which, like slave merchants in Asia, the contractors of public wit wrest half hatched from the paternal brain and undress and drag to the feet of their brutish sultan, their Shahahabam—this terrible public, who, if not amused, cuts off their head by taking from them their feed of gold."

In another place: "Caroline is a second edition of Nebuchadnezzar; for, one day, like the royal chrysalis, she will pass from the fur of the caterpillar to the ferocity of the imperial purple." Again: "She allowed that smile of resigned women to escape her which would split granite." Elsewhere he speaks of the "fluid projections of looks that serve to touch the skin of a woman"; of the "atmosphere of Paris, in which seethes a simoon that swells the heart"; of the "co-efficient reason of events"; of "pecuniary mnemonics"; of "sentences flung out through the capillary tubes of the great female confabulation"; of "devouring ideas distilled through a bald forehead"; of "abortions in which the spawn of genius cumbers an arid strand"; of "the philosophic moors of incredulity"; of "a town troubled in its public and private intestines."

The above form indeed a "beautiful page of perfect French" (!), and these are only a few examples; many other specimens are easily to be found.

Let us now take another view of this question of Balzac's style as noted by Saintsbury. "Balzac's characters are never quite human. Despite his noble prefix, he cannot conceive or draw either a gentleman or a lady. His scheme of human character is altogether low and mean." Again, from Lawton's life of Balzac: "His characters always appear mechanical, none of them are free agents. . . His gamut of feminine physiology seems to be limited, very limited. Women of the finest mind he neither comprehended nor cared to understand."

Truly, to judge from the above extracts, "the scanning eye of modern criticism is *not* deceived."—I am, sir, etc.,

PERCIVAL F. HINTON.

FOREIGN MISSIONARIES AND THEIR WORK.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Mr. F. D. Jones's essay on the work of the foreign missionary in the present day, full of interesting information as it is, seems to refer entirely to one class of workers in the mission field. Incidentally he states that before Morrison landed in China little mission work had been done in that country. Dr. Morri-



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son went out to Canton by way of Macao in 1807. It was in 1583—more than two centuries earlier—that Matteo Ricci landed at Macao, as the pioneer of the modern missions of China, and he and his successors did great things. Morrison, in his own preparation for work in China, wisely profited by the labours of these Catholic missionaries. In the "Memoirs of Robert Morrison, D.D., by his Widow" (vol. i., p. 134), we read how on his voyage out to the East he "sat him down patiently to the Jesuit harmony of the Gospels composed in Chinese, and copied out every syllable of it for his own future use."

The Catholic missions of China form at the present moment an organisation extending through the whole country. The baptised native Catholics under their care number nearly a million and a half, the increase in the last thirty years being about a million. None are baptised until they have been subjected to a long term of instruction and probation as catechumens. The number under instruction in this way at present is over 390,000. Thus the total of adherents, baptised and unbaptised, is over a million and three-quarters. The current issue of the "China Year Book" shows that the non-Catholic organisations and agencies, some ninety in all, claim altogether 167,000 baptised native converts, and adherents who bring the total up to 324,890 in all. This total is less than that of the catechumens alone of the Catholic missions.

It is obvious from such results that there is something to be said for the methods of the Catholic missionaries. Their rule is to live the life of the people, to identify themselves with them. The annual allowance or salary to a Catholic missionary in inland China is about £20 sterling. Like St. Paul, these pioneers have neither wife nor child, and so are able to do without "salaries ranging from £90 to £400"; houses furnished in the European style, European fare, and the rest. And it is not only in China that men of the same type, following the same methods, are obtaining strikingly large results. This is an aspect of missionary enterprise of which Mr. Jones's interesting essay says nothing.—I am, sir, etc.,

A. HILLIARD ATTERIDGE.

London, September 12th, 1913.

INTERNATIONAL MORALITY.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—The under-current of thought in the latter half of the interesting article on "Private and Public Morality," by Dr. Sarolea, in EVERYMAN of August 15th, suggests that the standard of national morality which the Briton is supposed to set up for himself has been judged by the European standard. The article on the whole appears to be written through criticising un-English rather than through self-examining English spectacles. To see ourselves as others see us is always wholesome; but we sometimes take exception to the conclusions drawn. We do not deny Blücher his due at Waterloo. There are even Frenchmen who deny that they suffered defeat in that battle. Wellington looms larger in our eyes for the self-same reason that Bismarck occupies a larger place in German national life than Gladstone, or Cavour and Garibaldi in Italy than Cromwell. Blood is universally thicker than water. To be bone of our bone is more than to be our neighbours over the garden wall.

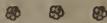
We are accused of defrauding and maligning humanity by monopolising virtues. The accusation is exaggerated. In any case, who can deny that disaster to the British race would spell catastrophe to humanity's greatest interests? The idealist knows that the influence for good exercised by our govern-

ment of other lands outweighs any disadvantages it may bring. Why are the natives of the Lado Enclave so anxious to cross the border into British territory? To come lower down the Nile, is the righting of the wrongs exposed by Slatin Pasha, Father Ohrwalder, and Neufeld a piece of forgotten history? Is it reasonable to blame us for the fact that the growth of German armaments is the result of our own measures of self-defence? To cast such a stone is as illogical as to say that we alone are responsible for finding ourselves on an island which requires defence! The "good European," if he had been truly "good," would never have invaded our shores and complicated matters by trespassing on the soil of the aboriginal inhabitants. We may be "bad Europeans," but we do not forget that there are other "bad Europeans"; we even question whether there is any nation at present which can be called a "good European." While we do not maintain, however, that two blacks make a white, we demur at being judged by a standard bolstered up to hide its own many seamy sides, whereof the coup d'état of ante-Crimean days, the presumption of Austria in the "affaire" of Bosnia and Herzegovina, the scandal which drew forth the memorable "J'accuse," the insults to which British travellers on the Continent were subjected in 1900-02, the German haggling over Samoa, and the Belgian disgrace in the Congo are but a few glaring examples.—I am, sir, etc.,
H. S.



BOOKS OF THE WEEK

IN THE EUROPEAN IN INDIA (Stanley Paul, 12s. 6d. net), Mr. Hervey, the well-known author of that interesting book, "Comeos of Indian Crime," sketches twenty sorts of European men, twenty sorts of European women, and twenty aspects of life on a hill-station. To each sketch is attached a little tale by way of illustration. The author, in a kindly but forcible manner, will drive his readers—and they will be many—to the conclusion that after all the European in India is not so very unlike the European in Europe; and, in the process, he will provide them with multitudinous scraps of curious information. It is, for instance, delightful to find that in India the custom of capping a neat retort with a classical quotation still survives. The dialogue must surely be very true to life, and the style is almost too easy. We strongly recommend this book to all retired Anglo-Indians. Certain pages, we are convinced, will bring back to them with a startling realism their own past experiences.



Mr. G. B. Burgin has written a certain number of novels that, while lacking dramatic force, have been characterised by an atmosphere pleasingly typical of middle-class life. His latest departure, THE LOVE THAT LASTS (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.), is based on an old theme, and the characters are well worn and more than a touch unreal. A plot that includes an adopted son, heir to a disreputable baronet of old but impoverished family, seems curiously out of date for the present day, and the figure of Levi Shielmann, the misunderstood but benevolent Jew, savours of the type of romance in favour half a century ago. The figure of the curate, the small but sturdy young man who braves the onslaught of a ferocious blood-hound and trembles and shakes at the approach of a young housemaid, is neither impressive nor believable. The same atmosphere of unreality hangs round the figure of Reba, who, consumed by an overwhelming

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passion for Gaston, the adopted son of Levi, never reveals to him a hint of her affection. Thus does Reba speak to the man she loves: "It may be that I have not been diligent, have not been faithful in well-doing, have thought more of self than I should have done. Underneath this calm surface, this quiet upbringing, I feel myself a woman; and yet I am shut out from all the joys of womanhood by the duties I cannot leave, the paths by which I have surrounded myself." It is not a matter of surprise that Gaston is considerably mystified by this exordium, and hurries off to meet the woman he wishes to make his wife. Beatrice, though a conventional character, is a flesh-and-blood woman, and, having mastered her dislike of Levi, is content to marry his adopted son, though she by no means hides her delight when she learns that he is in fact the offspring of the disreputable baronet. Once the tangle of paternity is mastered, those who have a weakness for old-fashioned plots and stereotyped developments may find pleasure in reading Mr. Burgin's new novel.

• • •

THE DRAGON, by M. P. Shiel (Grant Richards, 6s.), is a variation on the plot of "The Yellow Danger," by the same author, a novel which has achieved the dignity of a sixpenny edition. The Prince of Wales and Li Ku Yu fight at school. Li becomes dictator of China, sets Europe aflame, and invades it with half the population of China. Finally, the Prince of Wales, with the aid of the Redlike Ray and other futurist implements of warfare, drives the Chinese back to their homes with prodigious slaughter. Personally, we prefer the finale of "The Yellow Danger," in which the Chinese fleet, if we remember rightly, was enticed into the maelstrom, while the Chinese army was destroyed by the introduction of cholera germs. For those who swallow strange diplomacies, the newest aeroplanes, palpitating hates, desperate loves, and the fighting of battleships that may be found in Jane, this book will provide an extravagant feast. And Mr. Shiel's imagination is marvellous; unfortunately, so is his style. His epithets are strained to crudeness, his sentences cramped and fantastic, though his "tushery" is full-flavoured. But his wit—let the reader judge.

"You were only sixteen?"

"Hardly more. Before I knew anything he had me off my feet."

"Say crushingly defeated."

"Yes! Ah, if I could only say those sorts of flashing, swift things like you!—you'd think more of me."

Perhaps. But a very excellent book of its kind.

• • •

The success of "George A. Birmingham's" humour lies in its fatuity, for he realises that the funniest things are the things that we often say are too silly to laugh at. Mr. "Birmingham's" humour is silly because it is unconscious, and it is unconscious because it is serious. In a way, THE ADVENTURES OF DR. WHITTY (Methuen, 6s.) is very like Dr. Leacock's "Mariposa," but where Dr. Leacock has just a touch of the extravagant, "George A. Birmingham" has just a touch of the obvious. But in both cases the telling of the stories makes the crooked paths straight. In "Dr. Whitty" it is not merely the telling in the Irish that makes us laugh at ourselves for laughing over such a threadbare theme as the troubles of a honeymoon couple. If Dr. Whitty had arrived in Ballintra at noon, walked slowly round the graveyard, and departed at one, we should have smiled in a way that is more appreciative than laughter had "George Birmingham" had the telling of the tale. It must be something in the ink. We have put "Dr. Whitty"

on our special shelf beside "Spanish Gold" and "The Red Hand of Ulster." We can give him no better introduction.

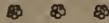
• • •

MRS. DAY'S DAUGHTERS (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.) is a domestic type of story likely to be very popular with a certain class of readers. It is the history of a middle-class family fifty years ago, and the point of view of the young people is in striking contrast to the philosophy of the flapper of the present day. The story opens with a description of a New Year's party: "They would as soon have thought of having supper without trifle, tippy cake, and syllabub in those days as of finishing the evening without Sir Roger. Dancing had begun at 7.30. The lady at the piano was drooping with weariness. Violin and 'cello yawned over their bows; only spasmodically and half-heartedly the thrum and jingle of the tambourine fell on the ear." The mention of the tambourine sets the date to a nicety. The picture of the host, William Day, "of too restless and irritable a temperament for the rôle of looker-on," as the performer on that instrument defines in startling fashion the great gulf between the period when people gave parties in their own house, no matter what upheavals of furniture were occasioned, and the present time, when the ambition of the middle-class hostess is to entertain her friends in a restaurant. William, who "loved noise," embezzles money belonging to one of his clients, is arrested the day after the party, committed for trial, and, rather than stand imprisonment, commits suicide. There follows a period of suffering for the family, during which Deleah, the youngest daughter, plays Providence, and takes the burden of decision from her mother's weak shoulders. Deleah is the burden-bearer of the household, and not the least of her charms is the fact that she is unconscious both of her good looks and her sweetness of disposition. She is her eldest sister's unconscious rival, and, one after the other, Bessy's admirers succumb to Deleah's fascinations. A melodramatic note is struck, somewhat out of keeping with the tenor of the story, in the suicide of the grocer's assistant who kills himself for love of Deleah. The book ends with the marriage of the heroine to a rich baronet worthy of the girl's attractions. The novel lacks the grip of some of Miss Mann's earlier work, and has little of the reality that characterises her Norfolk studies; but the story is fresh and wholesome, and should achieve a certain popularity.

• • •

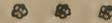
Mr. Conningsby-Dawson gives us an arresting study of the boyhood of one Dante Cardover. THE GARDEN WITHOUT WALLS (Heinemann, 6s.) commences with the hero's first impressions: "It happened about six in the morning, in a large red room. A bar of sunlight streamed in at the window, in which dust-motes were dancing by the thousand. A man and woman were lying in bed; I was standing in my cot, plucking at the woman with my podgy fingers. She stirred, turned, rubbed her eyes, smiled, stretched out her arms, and drew me under the bed-clothes beside her. The man slept on." Nothing, we are told, recorded in the book carries one much farther. The scene is symbolic: a little child, inarticulate, early awakened in a sunlit room, vainly striving to make life answer questions. The strength and weakness of the novel lie within that sentence. Up to the period when Dante grows to manhood the desires and emotions, the impressions life leaves on him, are recorded with notable fidelity and strength. His

boyish longing to escape from the confines of the Stoke Newington garden into the world of glamour beyond, the adventures in which he embarks with Ruthita, his small girl chum, strike one as the real right thing. The chapters dealing with the children's sojourn with the gipsies, their life in the forest, Dante's adoration of Lily, the fortune-teller, are written with a vividness that makes one visualise the scene and characters with startling clearness. The latter part of the book is not so convincing. Dante drifts into a phase of morbid self-analysis. The problem of sex dominates his life; he is for ever dissecting the attractions of the different women with whom he comes in contact, and is never content to accept love and comradeship without question or a fatal reservation, which in the ultimate works his undoing. Uncle Obadiah, nicknamed the "Spuffler," is a clever piece of character drawing. An easy-going nature, he is in effect a man who has never grown up, never passed from the irresponsibility of boyhood to the settled determination of later years. He is by temperament a vagabond, and by vagabond we mean one who, to adopt the definition of the dictionary, "wanders idly." Dante is drawn towards this uncle, and at first sight seems likely to develop the same wandering tendencies; but a life devoid of monetary worries and irksome duties prevents the growth of those qualities that go to make a perfect vagabond. After a series of love affairs, wherein he inevitably misses the right woman, he finds himself—alone. Vi, the married woman on whom he has wasted years of devotion, finally decides to break with him. Ruthita, who loved him faithfully since childhood, has found consolation in a husband, and all that remains to this hero of a thousand romances is his faculty for interrogating the universe!



The author of amiable books centred round heroes of blameless life and stereotyped virtues, Mr. Morice Gerard has made a new departure in *THE HEART OF A HERO* (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.). This novel purports to be the love story of General Wolfe, and, whatever qualities may be wanting in the author, he cannot be said to lack courage in the selection of his subject. It needs considerable boldness to select for hero an historical personage who has already been sketched by a master in the art of fiction in one of the greatest novels of English literature. Thackeray's picture of the hero of Quebec on the eve of that memorable feat of military genius is one of the most graphic things ever penned. One sees the tall figure, immovable in its dignity, imperturbable in its disdain of fear; one hears the clear voice repeat Gray's "Elegy," of which he said he would rather be the author than take Quebec. There is nothing of the glamour that invests this study in Mr. Gerard's narrative, nor, indeed, would it be fair to look for a touch of genius in a writer so far removed from a literary giant in stature. The pity is that the author has chosen an episode that inevitably challenges comparison, and has treated it in a style that recalls certain masterpieces of fiction, and suggests a fugitive likeness in mannerism that accentuates the weakness of drama and the inadequacy of characterisation. To write successful historical novels calls for qualities of imagination of a high order. To bring before the reader the atmosphere of bygone times needs a mind responsive in the highest degree to suggestion. These qualities the author does not possess, and to attempt a novel whose main interest lies in the personality of General Wolfe is to challenge criticism and invite comparison of a kind that ensures defeat.

Mr. Gerard would do better to return to the easy paths of present-day people, of whom he writes in a readable style, with occasional flashes of genial humour.



The author of a *Lame Dog's Diary*—a very charming chronicle of a man of modern times—treats in his latest novel of the open spaces of the earth. *SNOW UPON THE DESERT* (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.) is graphically written. Mr. MacNaughten has caught the atmosphere of the hill country of India, and against the background of its mystery has painted the character of English men and English women in bold colours, tinged with a certain sentiment that carries conviction. "England is womanish in this thing also, . . . where her sons go they plant memory-scented lavender bushes; also geraniums and daisies in diamond-shaped flower-beds and straight borders, loyally preferring these to the greater abundance of the tropical growth around them." The quotation is from the introduction to the novel, and stands for the motive of the drama. The scenes in which the heroine is placed, the situations in which she finds herself, are exotic in atmosphere, tropical in emotion, but throughout the descriptions of passion runs that sober regard for English morals and English manners that is somehow typical of the English ideal. The study of Mrs. Antrobus is perhaps the most successful and at the same time the most subtle that the author has created. Pleasure-loving and at times selfish, there is a vitality and vividness about her that extorts forgiveness and affection from the most critical reader as from the most prejudiced of the many friends and enemies she made in India; and long after the image of Hercules Lascelles—who, by the by, is too charming a girl for so impossible a name—has faded from the remembrance, the picture of the woman who was possessed by an eternal hunger for things spiritual and a perpetual enslavement by things temporal stays with one. "We forgave her much after she was gone. Mrs. Antrobus was missed in India." The author has made a big stride in his literary career with the production of this book, and we shall await with interest and expectation his next development.

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FRIDAY,
SEPTEMBER 26, 1913.

[REGISTERED AT
THE G.P.O.]

Edited by CHARLES SAROLEA.

ONE PENNY.



MRS. ANNIE BESANT,
NATA 1847

For Character Sketch, see page 743.

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HISTORY IN THE MAKING

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

UNDOUBTEDLY the great overshadowing event of the week has been the review by Sir Edward Carson of the Ulster "Volunteers"—a ceremony that, as he boasted, was illegal from first to last, and which positively bristled with incitements to rebellion. There can be no question that these preparations for civil war on the part of the more militant spirits in the north-east corner have reached a point when it is essential that the Government should take action. However earnest and uncorrupted may be the motives of these patriots—and no one doubts their sincerity—it is impossible to suppose that their speeches and proceedings can be for ever ignored. At the moment, of course, the air is full of talk of compromise, and it is certain that the Government will hesitate a long time before excluding that solution of the gravest problem they have so far had to face. Even so, Ulster cannot expect immunity from the law.

The decision of the Parliamentary Committee of the Trade Union Congress to send a relief ship to Dublin with £5,000's worth of provisions appeals strongly to the imagination. There is, when all is said and done, something electric in that "solidarity of labour" of which this is so striking an indication. Not since the 'Australian Trade Unionists' cabled £10,000 to John Burns, then leading the London dockers in their memorable fight, has one had such a heartening illustration of that generosity and sympathy which makes labour kin the world o'er. On the whole the week has done well for the Trade Union movement. The recognition of the 'busmen's union is a distinct victory for combination, one that a few years ago would have seemed impossible, also, let it be noted, that, for the first time in their history, railway managers have met the representatives of the railwaymen's unions in person!

The death of Patrick Ford from pneumonia removes from the scene not only one of the most striking figures associated with Irish Nationalism, but also an influence that has tended to make a settlement of that vexed question difficult. Ford was a dynamitard; at

least he was found to be something very much like it by the judges who constituted the Parnell Commission. But, narrow and fanatical as was his vision, no one doubted his sincerity or patriotism. He is the last of a generation, and with him we may say that there passes away that hatred of Great Britain which at one time poisoned our relations with the sister isle. Let us hope that in the brighter day which has dawned the misunderstandings of the past will fade away.

The splendid achievement of M. Garros, the French aviator, in flying across the Mediterranean Sea from Europe to Africa, a distance of 485 miles, which he accomplished in 7½ hours, marks a great advance on anything that has yet been done in the development of aviation, and is likely to give an immense impetus to oversea flight. It is feats like these, which show us that we are moving forward towards the conquest of the air, which reconciles us, or helps to do so, to the dreadful roll of heroes who have perished—not, we are glad to think, wholly in vain.

One of the most notable conferences that have been held in England for many a long day is that now taking place in Birmingham, under the auspices of the Brotherhood Association. "Fellowship," said the late William Morris, "is life, and the lack of it death." A true word, but none the less one marvels at the extraordinary success achieved by the associations, which have caught on all over the country. The fact is, of course, that, as somebody pointed out, there is no loneliness so terrible in the world as that of a young man who is a stranger in a great town, and the Brotherhood Association is the only organisation that attempts to meet this human, crying need of our civilisation. It is satisfactory to note that the organisation is spreading to Canada and throughout the Empire.

We hear so much nowadays of the low wages earned by women, that it is distinctly refreshing to learn that in one occupation, at all events, the well-educated young Girton girl is assured of excellent prospects and positively munificent pay. One of our leading men of business has offered to take several sweet girl graduates into the shops which his busy brain directs, and has mentally awarded them salaries that must appear almost fabulous. On the other hand, some of this gentleman's rivals express doubts as to whether college ladies could stand the strain of shop life. Who can tell? One thing at least is certain. The girl who leaves one of the 'Varsities with an expensive education can earn to-day little more than, say, £150 to £200 a year, and unless we are to conclude that education is so much mere waste, this shows a lack of adaptability on the part of our commercial system that needs rectifying.

No little interest attaches to the formation of a Woman's Municipal Party, which, we learn, has recently taken place in London. The new organisation has been brought into existence largely as a protest against the uniform neglect of the claims of women by both parties in municipal politics, and it is likely to achieve very valuable results. The organisation consists of women of all political parties, and it is intended to map out the metropolis into a number of districts, each with its separate agent. Speakers and canvassers will be supplied to women candidates without distinction of political colour, and a determined effort made to impress the arm-chair politicians with a sense of the importance of the woman's vote.

THE MAN AND HIS WORK

XI.—THE MALE TEACHER * * PRIZE ESSAY BY JOHN E. STEWART

I.

THE teacher of to-day shares with the clergyman a need which is not felt by the professions of law or medicine, in the necessity for a restatement of his position and province. He bears about with him the burden of his ancestry, which shows him to be something of a mongrel. His earliest ancestors were Churchmen, while those more recent were semi-clerics like the parish schoolmaster, and the rather less pious off-scourings of all the other professions, with the addition of men whose physical or mental incapacities precluded them from the ordinary respectable avocations, and filled the ranks of teachers with weak-minded males, veterans of the wars, and the lame and the halt in general. Such descent has to be lived down by a vastly different body of men attached to a vocation in which women outnumber them by five or six to one, and in face of political prejudice and social hypocrisy which practises a creed of fervent belief in education by despising and reviling the teacher and other agents of it. It is necessary then for the teacher to make clear his position, and assert his privilege.

II.

The teacher's ancestors knew little or nothing about the need for definite preparation. Some had preparation for other callings, most had none at all. The teacher of to-day is a craftsman and a scholar, a man with a specially professional training on a basis of general culture, prepared not only for the school, but for life, and therefore fitted for bigger and better things than the medical or legal professor, whose general training is usually of a shallow nature compared with his depth of narrow specialisation. The teacher sees life whole, and touches it at a great many points, although the limitation of human capacity permits him to confess without shame that he lives on the surface of many deep springs of thought and action. His training embraces scientific observation and research, physical, chemical, and psychological; he is trained in art and in crafts; language, literature, and music are all opened to him, and in virtue of his prospective calling he becomes interested in physiology, in hygiene, in social conditions generally, and in problems of genesis and child-development in particular. Such a training should fit a man for the noblest work and the highest respect of a community. He goes forth from college and the model school with a worthy ideal of his calling—and proceeds to find out certain things. For the sake of conciseness and good order let us look at the teacher's position with regard to what it ought to be, what men think it to be, what it actually is in the class-room, its social aspect, its rewards and its prospects.

III.

Education is the nation's affair. It is admitted to be the most important of social endeavours. The teacher, theoretically, is the most considerable influence in society, and his responsibility is ideally so grave that thinking of it ought to overcome him. The teacher in the abstract is something noble and sublime, to be held in all reverence and cherished for his work's sake; but when we take the man who is the concrete representation of this ideal personage we

discern a difference. The average man looks upon the male teacher as something less than a proper man, which is to some extent accounted for by ancestry and the predominance of women teachers. The business of teaching is held—not always tacitly—to be an unworthy employment for a man of capacity, and business men consider him doomed to the continual company of his inferiors, and unfitted for meeting (as they themselves do) his peers in the battle of life. A kind of pity for the man teacher is nourished by others who do not go the length of scorning him, and this is due to the ultimate attitude of adults to child-life, akin to the pity with which a bachelor views his married brother's pains to amuse, instruct, or chastise his little ones. The sentiment is more general than will be admitted, that the custody of children is derogatory to the dignity of manhood. That is an ignorant view, based on the assumption that the child is simply an incapable adult, which he is not, but a living, developing being, completely a vital entity at any stage.

Nevertheless, if we look into the class-room we shall find much that would seem to strengthen this view. Much that the teacher has to do is on the face of it petty and trivial. Too often he is forced to become a kind of nursemaid policeman with academic distinction, but this is due to neglected parental responsibility, bad educational theories and red-tape practice, and the terrible chaos in which the teacher becomes involved in trying to keep his teaching in line with the ideals of life and progress in face of social ignorance and apathy, and the demands and counter-demands of imperial and local authorities. He must in all things become as a little child, and in doing so it is possible enough he may lose something of the wisdom of the world, which wisdom is just the barrier to that simplicity of mind and heart which was made the test for discipleship by Him in Galilee of old who said, "Except ye become as little children, ye shall not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven." This getting at the child's level need not be a condescension nor permanent intellectual descent, but its effect becomes ultimately a question for the psychologist.

One aspect of the teacher's work is to be deprecated, and that is the amount of clerical work which the increasing "mandarinism" of the Education Department and general legislation entail upon him. The routine of this filches much of the buoyancy and enthusiasm which are the salt of good teaching. Already in the daily round of corrections and registration there is sufficient of this soul-destroying work. Another difficulty of the class-room is the attitude of the parent. In all his lessons on obedience the teacher gives the parent his place, but how often does a teacher discover that his pupils have been bred to disrespect for their teacher, and often incited to open rebellion! Many working men's wives look upon the teacher as a natural enemy to be deceived and insulted at will, and the better-off people employ a kind of patronage which is an even greater insult, besides taking means which their public influence affords to revenge themselves upon a teacher for something that has occurred in the course of his duty. A higher professional standing would obviate much of that.

The teacher's hours are the envy of many men, and his holidays of as many more. These, of course, are

made to meet the needs of children, but they are necessary for the teacher too, in the best interest of education. Anyone who has had experience of the average tradesman can decide whether his easy attentiveness is at all comparable with the extreme concentration that is necessary in teaching, and the mental strain of preparation and presentation. In the holidays teachers are recuperating physically from a long nerve strain. Very often they use the vacation for the widening of their experience and professional qualifications, and teachers are always ready to acknowledge their opportunities for recreation and culture. The majority of them are anxious over their professional life to a fault.

IV.

Socially, the great handicap upon the male teacher is his lack of a universally acknowledged professional standing. The test men make of professional dignity is the fee which the professor can command, and viewed thus the teacher is a poor enough professional specimen. Law and medicine have always jealously guarded the approaches of their profession. With teaching it has been far otherwise, and so many unqualified persons have found their way into its ranks that to claim professional status is to be laughed at. This is again partly a result of ancestry and partly a result of the external control of entrance to the teaching profession and the insane economies of local authorities. The teacher has not the professional freedom of law or medicine. He is ruled by the State and by a local authority. The State may delegate its supervision to a competent board, but the local authority is usually quite unfitted for realising the importance of dignifying the teacher's profession, and joins with the public it represents in demeaning him. For a man with a high professional training to be entirely subject to a body of place-hunting amateurs is a serious business for him and for education. A third-class clerk in the Education Department's Office can command more salary than the average teacher, because the belief in education is insincere and the teacher is not a professional man. The result is seen in the succession of teachers. Rarely have we two generations of male teachers in the same branch of a family. A male teacher will have his daughters into his profession, but how seldom, as in the ministry or the law, do we have son following father in what is theoretically the noblest of professions, but which, under bad influences, becomes the meanest of trades!

The kind of school in which he teaches and the class he instructs are also factors in the teacher's social standing. A teacher in a slum school, though he be there the missionary of God, is despised or pitied. The secondary school teacher with an honours degree is preferred to the primary teacher, although of these two each is as vital as the other in his own sphere. The primary teacher, says Professor Findlay, "is an artist and a craftsman"; the secondary teacher is perhaps less of that and more of a scholar.

Another prejudice which teachers are gradually wearing down is quite consistent with the view men have of his office—"Non vitæ sed scholæ." The teacher, good citizen though he be, has been almost unanimously excluded from the preferments of citizenship and participation in local government. His individuality in politics and religion has been carefully repressed, but that is passing with the growing consciousness of the teacher himself that, while he may work out his destiny in the school-room, he must not be excluded from the forum if fate should beckon him thither.

V.

The clamant need, as was hinted at the outset, is a new statement of the male teacher's position, complete emancipation from ancient prejudice, and a clear acknowledgement of his professional status by the medium of largely increased remuneration. The present male teacher, let it be admitted, is not always the best man that can be got, but he is usually the best man that can be got for the money, and when this is realised adequate remuneration will attract to the teaching profession men adequate to the responsibility of their great calling, and capable of asserting their professional prestige among all classes.

But while this is a moral necessity, there are rewards which cannot be counted in gold. The teacher who realises the privilege of his office can afford to let the cynical pity of the "wise" men fall to the ground. To have the moulding of future men and women in one's hands, to win the respect and love of children, and a place among the kindly memories of grown men and women, are things that quite outshine the little annoyances of the class-room and the pettiness of the great world. No teacher who is worth a fig could cast a balance and find it on the wrong side so long as he himself can believe in the dignity of his office and the vital function of the school in the evolution of society.

All the signs, however, point to an increased attention to the teacher. It has even been suggested that he become a civil servant. This is not the place to discuss such a proposal, but the male teacher will welcome gratefully only such reform as brings with it larger public recognition of his importance to the State, and of the need for removing every handicap to the full and free expression of his disciplined personality.



RESULT OF "EVERYMAN" ESSAY COMPETITION

THE writer of the above paper,

Mr. JOHN E. STEWART, M.A.,
37, Kildonan Street,
Coatbridge,

has been awarded the Prize of THREE GUINEAS offered by EVERYMAN for the best essay on "The Male Teacher."

The entries for this Competition were frankly disappointing in quality. Few showed a proper conception of the subject; fewer still revealed any originality. It is noteworthy that, like the prize-winner, the "runner-up" (a St. Andrews gentleman who does not wish his name published) comes from Scotland. The most diverting essay, naturally enough, is sent from Ireland (by Mr. F. E. Hodder, Belfast). The paper of Mr. W. H. Counsell, Cambridge, displays most originality, but is somewhat outside the scope and purpose of the Competition. Sound work was also done by W. D. Anderson, Newcastle-on-Tyne, and Harry Blackman, London.

Among those whose essays rose above the average may be mentioned Wm. Ferguson, Glasgow; Frederic Garfield, Plaistow; Herbert Leather, Manchester; John Joseph Murphy, Manchester; Æneas J. Murray, Dublin; John Naish, Kendal; W. Nicholas, B.A., Edinburgh; H. Pickering, London; T. K. Slade, B.Sc., Southampton; and "Walford."

For subject and conditions of new Essay Competition, see page 747.

WHY I WENT TO PRISON

BY GEORGE LANSBURY

IN April of this year, I was summoned to Bow Street on information supplied by one of the inspectors connected with the political department of Scotland Yard. The summons stated that I was a person who had made certain speeches which were likely to cause breach of the peace and damage to property, and I was called upon to show causes why I should not find sureties for my good behaviour. The case against me rested entirely upon quotations from speeches, one at least of which had been delivered months before. Not a scrap of evidence was adduced to show that any single person had been incited, or had committed any outrage following upon my speeches. As a matter of fact, the fact that my speeches became known was due to the presence at the meetings addressed of shorthand writers connected with Scotland Yard. And it was on the evidence supplied by these gentlemen, each of whom admitted that his report was not a verbatim one, that the magistrate called upon me to enter into my own recognisances for £1,000, and to find two securities for £500 each, to be of good behaviour for a period of twelve months.

I appealed against this decision first of all on the ground that the statute of Edward III., under which I was charged, did not apply, and, secondly, that because of this the magistrate had no jurisdiction in the matter. This appeal was heard in the early days of August, and dismissed by the judge who, while giving no opinion as to whether the magistrate had authority under the said Act, laid it down that because it had been assumed that magistrates had such authority for some centuries past, it would not be prudent or wise to upset what had been an established custom for so long. I therefore appeared again at Bow Street before Sir John Dickinson, and was given the option either of finding the securities or of going to prison. I elected to go to prison, and for the following reasons:—

First of all, I deny the right of magistrates to put any man or woman away in default of sureties when no real offence is proved against him. My reason for this is that Sir John Dickinson expressly said, and Mr. McKenna afterwards confirmed it, that I was convicted of no crime, and was therefore not in the ordinary sense a person who ought to go to prison. This being so, I claim that it is the right of every Englishman before being cast into gaol to be tried by his peers, and if found guilty then, of course, to suffer any punishment the law metes out; but this usurped power of the magistrates to close the mouths of disagreeable people is one which may be used and, in my opinion, is used in a very arbitrary manner indeed.

Secondly, I refused to find the securities because, in my opinion, those responsible for the administration of the law in respect of political offences showed bias and prejudice in my case, and took proceedings against me, while at the same time they allowed men like Sir Edward Carson, the late Duke of Abercorn, Mr. Bonar Law, and Mr. F. E. Smith to deliver both in Ireland and in this country inciting and incendiary speeches in connection with the Home Rule controversy, speeches which in Ireland had resulted in Mr. Winston Churchill being prevented speaking in Ulster Hall, and also occasioned fierce racial riots in the streets and workshops of Belfast. My contention

was, and is, that if we are to have punishment for political offences, then those punishments must be inflicted all round.

There is a subsidiary reason also in what I did. And that had connection with the case of Queenie Gerald. No one, least of all myself, wishes to place this woman in a more unpleasant position than she has been, and I only mention her name because it is necessary for the explanation of my case. This lady had been found guilty of certain offences which, in the eyes of most people, are offences which at any rate call for some action on the part of the community. The only sentence passed upon her was a sentence of two months in the second division, accompanied by a suppression on the part of those in authority of all information in connection with the case. Especially was this so in regard to the names of her patrons, and I considered the time had arrived when a public protest should be made against such maladministration of justice, and so I took the opportunity of being before the magistrate to emphasise the fact that my whole attitude towards them was very much prejudiced by the fact that, in my opinion, justice in this country had ceased to be blind, and that the kind of sentence meted out to one person and another depended very much upon the social status either of the persons themselves or of their friends. So the conclusion of the matter was that I was sent down for three months.

The sequel to it all was just this. Feeling very strongly that I had been unjustly sent to prison, and being quite certain in my own mind that justice was not being meted out even-handedly in our country, I determined to resist the sentence to the full strength of my power, and I adopted the only weapon an individual has against the executive, that is, the weapon of passive resistance. I did no fighting or quarrelling, but from the moment I entered prison to the time I came out I took no food, and only two or three tiny drops of water. The result was that after three days I was released, and have not been again imprisoned. I think these facts in themselves show quite clearly the justice of the position I have taken up, for they prove conclusively that the Government themselves admit that I am not a person who should have gone to prison, and they also admit, as they tacitly admit in the case of Sir Edward Carson and his friends, that we all have a right to express our opinions, and by every means in our power to get them adopted.

Since my case has been discussed and settled by the courts, I have often been asked what I would do myself if placed in a position of power. My simple answer is this, that I believe repression is always the very worst weapon that a tyrant or a Government can use. I believe that when a nation is afraid to allow its citizens to give free expression to whatever opinions they may hold, that nation is in a pretty bad way. We in England have boasted in days gone by of our freedom of speech. I put up my fight against my prosecution because I believe that freedom of speech, freedom to utter the truth that is in us, was in danger of being suppressed. I was determined, as one man, to fight the thing out to the bitter end. I believe in days to come people will marvel that in the year 1913 a Liberal Government thought it worth while to attempt to suppress this right which many of our fathers fought and died for.

THE DISINHERITED

I.

I SAW a million rabbits
Where a thousand men might be,
Yet a bent and ancient husbandman
Was the only man to see.

And amazement leaped to a question:
"What manner of land is this?—
Voiceless and vermin-ridden,
Empty and man-forbidden,
Where the field hath forgotten the harvest,
And the furrow forgotten the plow."

(The face he turned was a Viking face,
His hair was white as the white sea-mew,
And his eye was a Viking blue.)

"I remember the time, m' marster,
When the countryside was filled
With flock and herd and folk, sir,
And a mort o' the soil was tilled;
But the lords o' the land dwelt elsewhere,
And the rents were racked and short,
So the land was leased to a millionaire
Who coveted it for sport."

"And where are the folk, O ancient friend,—
The heritors of toil,
Who clogged with their impoverishment
The profits of the soil?"

'What comes o' the birds, m' marster,
When the breath o' the winter blows!
Some o' them live and some o' them die,
And nobody counts or knows:
A many a man's turned vagabond,
And many a woman worse;
Many a young 'un's over the sea,
To be shut o' the landless curse;
And the old, they wait in the poorhouse
Their turn in the parish hearse."

II.

I saw a hundred gentlemen
Where a million men might be,
Yet gentlemen and serving men
Were the only men to see—
Save one of a tattered raiment,
Who quickened his steps from me.

But I flung out a word and checked him:
"What blight-bitten land is this?—
Wasted and weed-perverted,
Barren and man-deserted,
Where the forest reconquers the farmstead,
And the meadow succumbs to the moor."

(The stamp of his race was on his face,
As he stood there, stark and stern:
He spoke—and I heard;
But my fancy ran, far past the man,
To the clans at Bannockburn.)

"Time was—and I mind it well, sir—
When yon braes were dotted thick
With herds of kye and sheep, sir,
And many a cotter's rick;
But the laird o' the land dwelt elsewhere,
And the rents were racked and short,
So the land was sold to a millionaire
Who coveted it for sport."

"If the braes be all for the huntsman's call,
And the fallows won for the hound and gun,
Why tarry here, O landless one?"

"I was born in a crofter's cot, sir,
Not far frae where we stand,
And every year I gae m' way
Back to the bit o' land;
And I sit b' the road and remember,
Where I played as a bairn alone;
Then I look for the housie, and find there
Just a crumblin' cairn o' stone.

"They call me a tramp, and I am, sir,
And a thief when I needs maun be,
Since to beg at best and steal at worst
Is the trade that is left to me;
For the honest work I ken, sir—
The toil of the croft and the mere—
Was taen when they ousted the crofters
To re-forest the land for deer."

III.

I saw a million lackeys,
In the pomp of a liveried land,
Smug with the scorn of the flunkey
For the grime of a callous hand.

And my thought made bold to a question:
"What manner of brood is here?—
Servile and supple and slavish,
Stealthy and subtle and knavish;
Helotry feathered of peacocks,
To grace us at board and at bier."

(The eyes that I turned to clouded
With a bitterness that crowded
Into the answer I heard.)

"These are men of our manufacture,
Branded as national ware;
Whatever they be, we made them,
Whatever their shame we share:
Yet their sires were English yeomen,
Who measured with mates or foemen,
For these are the issue of men who stood
Shoulder to shoulder with Robin Hood."

IV.

I saw a million starvelings,
In the streets of a hundred towns,
And a million sotted fingers
That clutched at the draught that drowns.

And my doubt made bold to a question:
"What manner of men be these?—
Stunted and meagre and craven,
Brutal and rum-enslaven,
Abasing themselves to the stranger,
And whining their mendicant pleas."

(The eyes that were on me glittered
With the flash of a thought embittered,
And the voice spoke as before.)

"These are men of our manufacture,
Branded as national ware;
Whatever they be, we made them,
Whatever their shame we share:
Yet their sires were English bowmen,
And 'tis an evil omen
That such are the heirs of the men who bore
The brunt of the burden at Agincourt."

VORLEY WRIGHT.

ANNIE BESANT * * * BY C. SHERIDAN JONES

I.

THIRTY years ago, on a certain July afternoon, a remarkable event took place within the precincts of the House of Commons—an event that served to stamp the impress of a woman's personality on the British people. Inside the Chamber itself there was being enacted one of the fiercest episodes that marked the long and dramatic struggle then being waged by Charles Bradlaugh—a struggle, crowned, as we know, by a complete victory for the member for Northampton. Outside, blocking the traffic, thronging the corridors, passages and lobbies, was a crowd of many thousands, not Londoners only, but sturdy miners from the North, factory hands from Northampton, Lancashire lads from the mills, all of whom had come flocking to London in their tens of thousands to "back Charlie." To control them there was only a handful of amazed policemen, and when the rumour ran from lip to lip that their hero was being ejected by force, the few constables on the spot—there was no time to get reinforcements—despaired, for the mob, angry, sullen, and masterful, surged up into the central lobby, and, with a roar, faced about to rush the Commons. "Nothing can save it," said an old officer on duty at the doors. For the first time since the days of Lord George Gordon the Imperial Parliament was going to be stormed.

It was then that the incident I refer to occurred. A slight, rather fragile woman advanced from behind the police, who told her that she was attempting the impossible. But she went on. She held up her hand; she spoke, quietly, simply, effectively, scarcely raising her voice, and with only that one forbidding gesture. Even as she spoke the crowd paused, listened, hung back, and within a couple of minutes had drawn off orderly and subdued. That woman was Annie Besant.

II.

It must seem to Mrs. Besant nowadays a far cry indeed from those times of storm and stress; of riots and demonstrations; of repeated by-elections and prosecutions; of science classes to artisans and of fierce polemical journalism. To-day she has, to quote her own words, "struggled through the storm and found Peace beyond"—Peace and the Theosophical Society! To-day she is the central figure of a faith whose cardinal doctrine is serene detachment from the mundane affairs of life; whose message to man is to rise above the very causes in whose service her energies were poured out like water. The arch materialist has become the greatest force for occultism in the modern world; the eloquent champion of the people a firm adherent of aristocracy. And yet those who know her best see through all these and the other startling changes that have marked her life one thin but golden thread of consistency. Annie Besant is at once the child and the victim of a sympathy that causes her always to think of herself, her position, her logical justification even—last. "Looking back over my life," she once said, "I see that its keynote—through all the blunders and the blind mistakes and clumsy follies of the past—has been a longing for sacrifice to something felt as greater than the self. It has been so strong and persistent that I recognise it now as a tendency brought over from a previous life and dominating the present one. The efforts to serve have not been painful acts of self-denial, but the yielding to an overmastering desire. We do not

praise the mother who, impelled by her protecting love, feeds her crying infant and stills its wailings at her breast; rather should we blame her if she turned aside from its weeping to play with some toy. And so with all those whose ears are open to the wailings of the great orphan Humanity. I now know that it is those wailings that have stirred my heart through life—that drew from me, as a child, alluring pictures of martyrdom, breathed into the girl the passion of devotion, and sent the woman out into the world to face scoff and odium."

III.

It is in these words that we have the key to all the kaleidoscopic transformations that have marked her wonderful career; that changed her from a *devotee* of Dean Stanley to a colleague of Bradlaugh, and then again into the disciple of Madame Blavatsky. But through it all she was obsessed with that passion for service which has, consciously or unconsciously, marked all really strong souls; that antithesis of indifference which is the essence of greatness. "To follow it," she has well said, "is not the act of a deliberate and conscious will, forcing itself into submission, and giving up with pain something the heart desires, but a joyous springing forward along the easiest path." It is this resistless, this ever-flowing sympathy that has given Mrs. Besant her unmatched power as a speaker, a power that has not perhaps been equalled in this generation, and which places her far above any other woman orator that I have ever heard. The cadence of the voice, the beauty of the gestures, so sparingly used, the wealth of language and amazing power of illustration, even the marked lucidity of the argument—all these are as nothing to the strange, hypnotic power which compels her to lose her own individuality in that of the audience, sitting silent and intent—to wake at the conclusion of her speech with a start as though released from a spell.

IV.

This intense interest in the world around her has carried Mrs. Besant far beyond her platform successes, wonderful as these have been. Her industry is almost devouring. Her power of application nothing short of astonishing. Turn to the catalogue at the British Museum and you will find no less than eight pages devoted to her works—works on subjects as varied as, to take some at random, "Occult Chemistry," "Legends and Tales," "Trade Unions," "Heat, Light and Sound." Her mind is wonderfully accurate, tireless and retentive, and she absorbs and arranges the most complex facts with a rapidity and sureness that probably only Mr. Gladstone ever approached. It may be doubted, however, if, on the critical side, she is anything like so well developed. A practised debater, she can in argument easily out-match most of her opponents; but, probing some of her later works, one finds again and again that logic is sacrificed to rhetoric. Yet she is always well grounded in the grammar of the science she is elucidating. Her science hand-books are even to-day, and after more than thirty years, among the best for students, and as an exponent of Theosophy and occultism she is, of course, unapproached by either writer or speaker.

V.

But it is more, far more, in her personality than in her writings that Mrs. Besant is a force. One may question, indeed, if fifty years hence any one of

the memorable volumes that she has poured forth will be recalled. But very certain is it that no one who has ever met her or heard her speak can fail to remember the striking impression that she leaves, even on the least responsive of mankind. When she was identified with doctrines that seemed abhorrent to thousands of well-meaning folk, the simple dignity and calm repose of her bearing brought her thousands of adherents; men who had come to break up her meetings were stayed by that quiet, intent look which quelled the mob at Westminster, and were won over by a few words from that wondrous voice.

And yet, despite all these triumphs, Mrs. Besant always remained a true woman. There is a delightful touch of feminism in her autobiography which is well worth recalling. She relates how, even in the days of her greatest platform triumphs, shyness never left her. "I shrink from a quarrel in the home," she writes, "although a good fighter in public; when I have been lecturing and debating with no lack of spirit on the platform, I have preferred to go without what I wanted at the hotel rather than to ring and make the waiter fetch it; and, as the young mistress of the house, I would let careless work pass rather than bear the pain of reproving the ill-doer." Yet, as we have seen, she could on occasions display astounding courage, wonderful firmness.

VI.

One of the greatest triumphs of Mrs. Besant's life was her splendid leadership of the match girls of the East End, who, with Herbert Burrows, she brought out on strike against conditions that were probably unequalled for injustice. Mrs. Besant made the cause of the girls known to all England, and their success was practically the commencement of the modern movement for women's Trade Unionism. Her pamphlet, "White Slavery in London," stirred the nation profoundly, and led, after many years of agitation, to the abolition of that appalling industrial evil—"phossy jaw." The struggle was a desperate one. The cause of the girls seemed at first hopeless. For a fortnight Mrs. Besant worked as she had never worked before in her life, and then it was that the Match Girls' Union won recognition, and one of the most notable movements of modern times received a stimulus that is not yet exhausted.

VII.

It was from movements like these, from helping the dockers, from pleading for woman suffrage and for the poor, from organising the unemployed and helping to fight for Free Speech in Trafalgar Square, that Mrs. Besant turned to Theosophy. When she found it, it was a discredited cult, with few supporters, almost exclusively of one class; with its organisation preyed on by charlatans and its message ridiculed and misunderstood. Mrs. Besant changed all that. She made Theosophy a force in two hemispheres. She interested the people in spiritual matters as they had not been interested since the days of Wesley. Thousands of men and women to-day think of her with gratitude and affection as having changed life for them and given a new significance. Thousands have been led to think on a spiritual plane for the first time through hearing her speak.

In an age of materialism and indifference she has won converts by the hundred for a religion that was derided almost before it was known. I do not believe that there is any other man or woman alive to-day who could have survived the attempt, still less achieved the thing.

EVERYMAN AT THE THEATRE

"MARY GOES FIRST" AND THE PARTY SYSTEM

I.

I SUPPOSE that it will come with something of a shock of surprise to those of my readers who in matters theatrical take their opinions from the daily papers when I say that Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's new play—the first, by the way, that he has given us for over five years—is the most serious and purposeful effort in dramatic realism that has redeemed the London stage for many a long and empty day. Brilliant, amusing, satirical; all these epithets "Mary Goes First" has won from jaded critics and blasé first-nighters. But that the play holds a serious message for our generation, this fact has so far escaped the lynx-eyed vision of our dramatic augurs, some of whom are, if I may say so, a good deal better acquainted with the theatre than with the world outside which it is supposed to depict, and are more concerned with what happens on the stage than in real life. What do they know of drama who only drama know? The result is that a play in many respects remarkable for its boldness and sincerity is in some danger of being regarded as unimportant and conventional, though decidedly amusing.

II.

The fact is that our view of what constitutes seriousness and realism has become perverted. To be serious means, alas! to many playgoers to be dull, and to be dull is, I need hardly say, for Mr. Jones an impossible achievement. Realism has been so divorced from its true meaning that, to the man in the street and his brother of the stalls, it connotes something abnormal. The neurotic lady who in Ibsen's masterpiece leaves her husband—and her children—to go out into the night, resolved upon the solution of mental problems that have baffled the intellect of the ages; or Suderman's young artist, who "could do anything"—except work—to these and their like we readily give the name realistic and consider them with the intentness that reality always extorts. In point of fact, of course, they are purely symbolical figures, and have little direct relation to the ordinary workaday lives of ordinary workaday people, most of whom do not count the Divorce Court or its preliminaries among their troubles, and are as blissfully unconscious of the thralldom that exacerbated Nora as the critics are of the real significance of Mr. Jones's comedy.

III.

For, unless I am greatly mistaken, the comedy is in the true sense realistic in that, first of all, it does deal with problems that concern all of us vitally. Politics, as I once heard somebody say, is one of those things that you cannot leave alone. The tax-collector knocks at the door of all of us. To-day he may bring with him an insurance stamp. To-morrow—who can tell?—he may demand another threepence in the income-tax, and we may read in the papers that "the day" so long toasted, we are told, of German officers has come, and that our "Dreadnoughts" are lined up in the North Sea. You may, like the easy-going manufacturer that Mr. Jones depicts, vote politics a bore. But it is necessary; it is real; it comes home to us in a thousand ways—more pressing and more important than the income-tax; more imminent than that war which threatens the more that it recedes. And it is with politics, and politics in their most important aspect, that "Mary Goes First" is concerned.

IV.

I suppose that most of us who have been keen upon them in the past, who, like the writer, have taken long railway journeys to address excited audiences, or got wet through to the skin to bring up recalcitrant voters—most of us, I say, have during these latter years sickened somewhat at the hollowness and artificiality of what has got to be known as the Party System. The easy change of "convictions," or, rather, the deplorable lack of them; the cynical usage of the voter as a mere pawn in the game, whose prizes are honours and whose stakes are £ s. d.; the power of the machine over the man, of the caucus over the conscience—all these things, we know, are beginning to disgust, to alarm, even to paralyse earnest men of every shade of opinion and of every possible point of view. They have been denounced in dozens of speeches and criticised in innumerable pamphlets. But till now they have never been brought home to us as only the *actualité* of the stage can bring them home. To Mr. Jones belongs the honour of performing this difficult feat. He has lifted a corner of the curtain that hangs like a pall on English politics, and has shown us the truth; has shown us how the thing is done, how the trick is worked, how, in a word, the great political parties are "run" in the constituencies. As always, the truth has many facets. Hence the play is amusing, wonderfully diverting, and arresting to a degree. But to all real patriots, to all who care for the future of their country, nay, to all who are concerned for our civilisation, the play has a supreme, a compelling interest.

V.

It is by taking the lid off Walkinstal, a second-rate provincial town devoted to snobbery and the leather trade, that Mr. Jones reveals to us so much that is evil and secret in English public life. He does this by introducing us to Mr. Felix Galpin, a young solicitor, whose business it is to know everybody who is anybody in the leather town, and who, therefore, chief among his acquaintances counts the Whichellos. The husband is an admirable type of the easy-going, happy-go-lucky Englishman, with a flourishing business, a seat on the Town Council, and a passion for golf. It is in the restless ambition and the tireless energy of his wife Mary that we get the *motif* of the play. When the story opens she is aflame with indignation. For long her social pre-eminence in Walkinstal has gone unchallenged. But a rival has risen and must be crushed in the person of Lady Dodsworth, whose husband has just "earnt" a knighthood by the expenditure of several thousands on a sanatorium. This changes life for Mary, and when Lady Dodsworth, and not she, is chosen for the presidency of the Factory Girls' Protection Society, her cup of bitterness is full to overflowing. The rest of the play is devoted to her struggles to get even with the Dodsworths, and her success in going one better and capturing for her husband a baronetcy not only gives the audience infinite amusement, but it affords one a very vivid insight into the strange and mysterious recesses where politics are manufactured and candidatures decided upon, where the silver whisper of the syren counts for a good deal more than the thousand-throated plaudits of the electors.

VI.

Mary has many formidable obstacles to contend with; chief among them is her husband. How to inspire that easy-going, good-natured, and, above all, eminently sane man of the world with some of her own furious ambition; above all, how to make him really hate the Dodsworths as she hates them, that

seems beyond her. For Whichello obstinately refuses to quarrel with the pompous Sir Thomas, or, for the matter of that, with anyone else, and even when the women have violently quarrelled and a libel action threatens, he is still propitiatory and amiable. Then Mary hits on a masterstroke of dissension. She deflects the conversation towards politics, having first subtly suggested to her husband that Sir Thomas is too domineering, and is, in fact, trying to sit on him. At first the suggestion falls on deaf ears, and while the men discuss the quarrel between their wives they are more or less guided by the spirit of sweet reasonableness, and the rupture that Mary longs to provoke seems quite remote. Suddenly Sir Thomas admonishes Whichello for crossing him in other matters, and at once the fat is in the fire. The women and their differences are forgotten. The men are at grips on their own account. Instantly the combative instinct that the most amiable Englishman carries about him somewhere is roused in Whichello. He repudiates alike Sir Thomas and the Tory party, and Mary is overjoyed when she hears him announce his willingness to stand as Liberal candidate for the borough. She sees victory ahead—and honours. Mr. Felix Galpin, the young solicitor, who is in love with her sister, undertakes to bring his old friend, Mr. Harvey Betts, the assistant Liberal whip, down to Walkinstal, and to interest him in the contest. The seat is to be won, and Mary is jubilant.

Then commences some of the finest comedy of the play. For Whichello is not in the least in sympathy with Liberalism. He will not give Chorley, the Labour leader, more than five minutes, and can hardly be got to see Borrowdale, the leading Non-Con, and, finally, after his wife has worked day and night on his behalf, he plunges her into the depths of despair by announcing, with decision, that Sunday golf being "barred" to him as Liberal candidate, he is going to "chuck up the sponge."

Then it is that Mary's real resourcefulness is made apparent. Her husband won't stand, but her brother-in-law-elect, the young solicitor, needs only one thing to enable him to do so—money. They will find that, and in return get the consideration which she is after. The Liberal Whip assents. Mr. Felix Galpin, a nebulous nothingarian, becomes at once an earnest Liberal, and when, two years later, he has won the seat, Mary's husband receives the baronetcy, and she goes first again.

VII.

That, in outline, is the story of the play; admittedly a slight one that at times hangs only on a thread. At the "Playhouse," of course, it is set off by that wonderful deftness of dialogue of which Mr. Jones is a master, while some of the situations, notably that in which the men forget their wives' grievances to quarrel over politics, are among the best contrived that he has given us. The acting, too, does much for the play. Miss Marie Tempest as Mary Whichello is irresistible. Mr. Llewellyn is admirable as the Whip, and Mr. George Skelton as Tamlin, the old-fashioned solicitor, is wonderfully convincing. But when all that can be claimed, alike for the acting and for the purely artistic qualities of the play, has been claimed, is there not something of supreme and paramount interest in the narrative it discloses? I think so. When the representation of a constituency like Walkinstal can be moulded to gratify the silly ambition of a shallow-minded woman of fashion, all is not well with our democracy. That is why every reader of EVERYMAN should see the play.

CLIFTON YORK.

MASTERPIECE FOR THE WEEK

BOSWELL'S "TOUR TO THE HEBRIDES WITH SAMUEL JOHNSON." BY LIDDELL GEDDIE

I.

"How, Sir, can you ask me what obliges me to speak unfavourably of a country where I have been hospitably entertained? Who *can* like the Highlands?" None but Samuel Johnson could have given so crushing a reply to a harmless, conventional question. None but the eighteenth century could have paraded such an utter lack of appreciation of the "land of the mountain and the flood."

When we remember how wedded Dr. Johnson was to London, how radically prejudiced he was against Scotland, how unsuited was his unwieldy frame for "roughing it," and how abhorrent to his age were the "rude mountains" which shut out the view, we must ever marvel that Boswell succeeded in making the mighty Rambler cross the Tweed, proceed along the East coast to Inverness ride over by Loch Ness to the Western Isles, explore Skye, Coll, Mull and Iona, traverse Argyle, and finally cut across the Lowlands from Ayrshire to the Scottish capital. When we remember, further, that during the "Hundred Days" Johnson spent in Scotland under Boswell's guidance, the weather was anything but clement, that only twenty-eight years had elapsed since the Highlands were convulsed by the '45 Rebellion, that many of the Lexicographer's prejudices were nevertheless broken down or softened by the visit, and that Johnson, in after years, often declared this trip "the pleasantest part of his life," words absolutely fail to express our admiration for Boswell, the instigator, impresario, Baedeker, courier, chronicler, and fidus Achates of the Tour.

II.

Tours were fashionable in the latter half of the eighteenth century, and so were Journals or Diaries—kept, as often as not, with an eye to ultimate publication. But of all the Journals which then saw the light, none can compare with the "Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides with Samuel Johnson, LL.D.," by James Boswell, Esq.

We dare not contract that title. We cannot call it Boswell's "Hebrides"—because there is very little about the Hebrides in the Journal. The Hebrides are but a background, but a foil for Boswell's real theme—to wit, Samuel Johnson, LL.D. Sam. Johnson bulks more largely, is far more imposing to Bozzy's eyes than Ben Nevis itself. Not that Boswell had no liking for fine scenery or talent for describing places and customs. We need only read his account of the island of Coll to see that had not his colossal companion overshadowed all, we might have had a very entertaining and useful guide-book from Boswell's pen. Boswell himself had no doubt as to the most valuable part of his book—the numerous conversations in which Dr. Johnson took part, all faithfully recorded by that prince of reporters, James Boswell, Esq.

Johnson always declared that "he was not come to Scotland to see fine places, of which there were enough in England; but wild objects,—mountains—waterfalls,—peculiar manners; in short, things which he had not seen before." Boswell, on the other hand, set out on the trip, not so much to show the Highlands to Dr. Johnson as to show Dr. Johnson to the Highlands, not to see "wild objects," but to study at close quarters and in strange surroundings what for him was the embodiment of civilisation—Samuel Johnson.

The object of his Journal, therefore, was not to extol or to expatiate on the Western Isles, but to magnify his companion. In an Advertisement to the Third Edition, Boswell writes in characteristic vein:

"It would be an idle waste of time to take any particular notice of the futile remarks, to many of which a petty national resentment, unworthy of my countrymen, has given rise; remarks which have been industriously circulated in the publick prints by shallow and envious cavillers, who have endeavoured to persuade the world that Dr. Johnson's character has been *lessened* by recording such various instances of his lively wit and acute judgment, on every topick that was presented to his mind. In the opinion of every person of taste and knowledge that I have conversed with, it has been greatly *heightened*; and I will venture to predict, that this specimen of the colloquial talents and extemporaneous effusions of my illustrious fellow-traveller will become still more valuable, when, by the lapse of time, he shall have become an *ancient*; when all those who can now bear testimony to the transcendent powers of his mind, shall have passed away; and no other memorial of this great and good man shall remain, but the following Journal, the other anecdotes and letters preserved by his friends, and those incomparable works, which have for many years been in the highest estimation, and will be read and admired as long as the English language shall be spoken or understood."

J. B.

London, 15th August, 1786.

III.

Boswell lived in a time of great portrait-painters. What Reynolds and Gainsborough and Raeburn achieved with the brush, he achieved with the pen. Better than any canvas, however *réussi*, his pages set before our eyes literally a "speaking likeness" of Dr. Johnson and his friends. Talking of biography, Johnson once said he did not think that the life of any literary man in England had been well written. Had he been spared to read Boswell's "Life," he would doubtless have qualified the statement. But he read the "Journal," which is a foretaste of the "Life," and we know—Boswell makes sure of that!—that he thought very highly of it. And no wonder! "Dr. Samuel Johnson's character, religious, moral, political and literary, nay his figure and manner, are, I believe" (says Boswell), "more generally known than those of any man." What was true in Johnson's own day is true in ours. We know more of him than of any other figure in our literature; and it is Boswell that we and Johnson have to thank for this. How many read Boswell's "Life"; how few read Johnson's "Lives of the Poets"! How many read Boswell's "Journal"; how few read Johnson's "Journey to the Western Islands," which deals with the self-same Tour!

IV.

Boswell was a hero-worshipper indeed, but he was no idle flatterer. So great are his admiration and affection for Ursa Major that he does not hesitate to set down his faults as well as his virtues; he has no fear that his readers will love and respect the great man a whit the less. Nay, he counts on endearing Johnson to us by reason of the very defects and foibles which he chronicles so minutely. Here is his description of his hero's outward appearance:

"His person was large, robust, I may say approaching to the gigantick, and grown unwieldy from corpulency. His countenance was naturally of the cast of an ancient statue, but somewhat disfigured by the scars of that *evil*, which it was formerly imagined, the *royal*

touch could cure. He was now in his sixty-fourth year, and was become a little dull of hearing. His sight had always been somewhat weak; yet so much does mind govern, and even supply the deficiency of organs, that his perceptions were uncommonly quick and accurate. His head, and sometimes also his body, shook with a kind of motion like the effect of a palsy: he appeared to be frequently disturbed by cramps, or convulsive contractions, of the nature of that distemper called *St. Vitus's* dance. He wore a full suit of plain brown clothes, with twisted-hair-buttons of the same colour, a large bushy greyish wig, a plain shirt, black worsted stockings, and silver buckles. Upon this tour when journeying, he wore boots, and a very wide brown cloth great coat, with pockets which might have almost held the two volumes of his folio dictionary; and he carried in his hand a large English oak-stick."

The full-length portrait and character-study of Johnson which Boswell favours us with at the beginning of his *Journal* is supplemented on every page thereafter by little thumbnail sketches of the most vivid and diverting kind. We are shown "Doctor Major" in his serious moods and in his playful humours, we see him cross, we see him merry, we see him sublime, and we see him ridiculous. Now he is discussing theology or high politics with a parish minister or a Highland chief; anon he is sitting with a Celtic belle perched coquettishly on his knee! One moment we watch him pulverising his opponent in a solemn argument; the next we find him gallantly presenting a copy of "Cocker's Arithmetic" to his landlord's daughter. It was the only book he had with him, and Boswell—who plied Johnson with questions like a child—must needs know how he came to buy such a book at Inverness. "He gave me a very sufficient answer. 'Why, sir, if you are to have but one book with you upon a journey, let it be a book of science. When you have read through a book of entertainment, you know it, and it can do no more for you; but a book of science is inexhaustible.'"

'And so is Johnson's flow of talk. He can hold forth on every subject, and Boswell feeds him assiduously with topics, like a mill, for the edification of his hosts and fellow-guests. Johnson, for his part, is as interested in what he sees and hears as the Scottish Highlanders and Lowlanders are in him; and Boswell rubs his hands with glee at the success of his great venture. What joy unspeakable he derives from the sight of Dr. Johnson conversing with Flora Macdonald, or sleeping in Prince Charlie's bed, listening to the pipes with his ear close to the drone, sampling whiskey (in place of his usual lemonade) in order "to know what it is that makes a Scotsman happy," laying down the law to all and sundry on every conceivable subject, jibing at Scotland, Scotsmen and Bozzy in particular (whose leg, if the un-Johnsonian language may be permitted, he dearly loved to pull), and everywhere leaving the same impression, so admirably summed up by one of his Highland hosts, Mr. Donald M'Leod, who said: "When you see him first, you are struck with awful reverence; then you admire him; and then you love him cordially."

V.

Boswell, happily, had an infinite capacity for taking snubs. As Burke said, he had so much good humour naturally, it was scarce a virtue. To Johnson he was an invaluable companion, this ingenuous, boyish, consequential, fussy, devoted, warm-hearted fellow, shrewd yet simple, conceited yet ever considerate; "whose acuteness," Johnson assures us, "would help my inquiry, and whose gaiety of conversation and civility of manners are sufficient to counteract the inconveniences of travel in countries less hospitable than we have passed."

It is not surprising that these wayfarers were so attached to one another; each was a big man for all his littlenesses. There is one passage in the *Journal* which is infinitely touching, and which reveals in a flash all the weakness and the strength of the two friends. When nearing Glenelg on the mainland opposite Skye, Boswell started to ride ahead, so as to have everything ready for Johnson at the inn when he arrived. Johnson, tired, no doubt, flew in a passion at being left behind, called Boswell back and trounced him severely. Poor Bozzy only made matters worse by pretending to take his scolding lightly, and the irate Johnson declared, "Sir, had you gone on, I was thinking that I should have returned with you to Edinburgh, and then have parted from you, and never spoken to you more." Next day Boswell writes—and the passage deserves to rank with the quarrel scene between Brutus and Cassius—

"I had slept ill. Dr. Johnson's anger had affected me much. I considered that, without any intention, I might suddenly forfeit his friendship; and was impatient to see him this morning. I told him how uneasy he had made me, by what he had said. . . . He owned he had spoken to me in passion; that he would not have done what he threatened; and that, if he had, he should have been ten times worse than I; that forming intimacies would indeed be 'limning the water,' were they liable to such sudden dissolution; and he added, 'Let's think no more on't.' BOSWELL: 'Well then, Sir, I shall be easy. Remember I am to have fair warning in case of any quarrel. You are never to spring a mine upon me. It was absurd in me to believe you.' JOHNSON: 'You deserved about as much, as to believe me from night to morning.'"

The reader of Boswell's *Journal*, then, finds two road companions strangely dissimilar, yet each a genius in his way, and the further he journeys with them the better will he like their company; the more heartily will he be inclined to echo Johnson's remark on perusing Boswell's "Journal": "The more I read of this, I think the more highly of you."

ON his favourite subject of subordination, Johnson said: "So far is it from being true that men are naturally equal, that no two people can be half an hour together, but one shall acquire an evident superiority over the other."—*From Boswell's Life of Dr. Johnson.*



NEW ESSAY COMPETITION

As announced in a recent issue, a prize of TWO GUINEAS is offered by EVERYMAN for the best Essay, constituting

A Plea For or Against the Channel Tunnel.

Papers must not exceed 2,000 words in length (exclusive of a brief synopsis), and must reach the

COMPETITION EDITOR, "EVERYMAN,"

21, Royal Terrace, Edinburgh,

not later than October 17th. "Channel Tunnel" should be marked in the corner of envelopes. Essays sent in should be carefully paragraphed, and must be clearly written, preferably typewritten, on one side of the paper only. All entries shall become the exclusive property of the Editor, who cannot undertake to return any MS.

Next week will be published the result of EVERYMAN Competition No. 2, *The Anglican Clergyman.*

EVERYMAN'S FRENCH PAGE

UN PORTRAIT DU PURITAIN

LE Puritain passait lentement dans les rucs, les yeux au ciel, les traits tirés, jaune et hagard, les cheveux ras, vêtu de brun ou de noir, sans ornements, ne s'habillant que pour se couvrir. Si quelqu'un avait les joues pleines, il passait pour tiède. Le corps entier, l'extérieur, jusqu'au ton de la voix, tout devait porter la marque de la pénitence et de la grâce. Le puritain discourait en paroles traînantes, d'un accent solennel, avec une sorte de nasillement, comme pour détruire la vivacité de la conversation et la mélodie de la voix naturelle. Ses entretiens remplis de citations bibliques, son style imité des prophètes, son nom et le nom de ses enfants, tirés de l'Écriture, témoignaient que sa pensée habitait le monde terrible des prophètes et des exterminateurs. De dedans, la contagion avait gagné le dehors. Les alarmes de la conscience s'étaient changées en lois d'Etat. La rigidité personnelle était devenue une tyrannie publique. Le puritain avait proscrit le plaisir comme un ennemi, chez autrui aussi bien que chez lui-même. Le Parlement faisait fermer les maisons de jeu, les théâtres, et fouetter les acteurs à la queue d'une charrette; les jurons étaient taxés; les arbres de mai étaient coupés; les ours dont les combats amusaient le peuple, étaient tués; le plâtre des maçons puritains rendait décentes les nudités des statues; les belles fêtes poétiques étaient interdites. Des amendes et des punitions corporelles interdisaient même aux enfants "les jeux, les danses, les sonneries de cloches, les réjouissances, les régales, les luttes, la chasse," tous les exercices et tous les amusements qui pouvaient profaner le dimanche. Les ornements, les tableaux, les statues des églises étaient arrachés ou déchirés. Le seul plaisir qu'on gardât et qu'on souffrit était le nasillement des psaumes, l'édification des sermons prolongés, l'excitation des controverses haineuses, la joie âpre et sombre de la victoire remportée sur le démon et de la tyrannie exercée contre ses fauteurs. En Ecosse, pays plus froid et plus dur, l'intolérance allait jusqu'aux derniers confins de la férocité et de la minutie, instituant une surveillance sur les pratiques privées et sur la dévotion intérieure de chaque membre de chaque famille, ôtant aux catholiques leurs enfants, imposant l'abjuration sous peine de prison perpétuelle ou de mort, amenant par troupeaux les sorcières* au bûcher. Il semblait qu'un nuage noir se fût appesanti sur la vie humaine, noyant toute lumière, effaçant toute beauté, éteignant toute joie, traversé ça et là par des éclairs d'épée et par des lueurs de torches, sous lesquels on voyait vaciller des figures de despotes moroses, de sectaires malades, d'opprimés silencieux.

IL y a une autre sorte de gloire, qui est une trop bonne opinion que nous concevons de notre valeur. C'est un' affection inconsiderée, de quoi nous nous cherrissons, qui nous represente à nous memes autres que nous ne sommes: comme la passion amoureuse preste des beautez et graces au subject qu'elle embrasse, et fait que ceulx qui en sont esprins treuvent, d'un jugement trouble et alteré, ce qu'ils aiment autre et plus parfaict qu'il n'est.—*Montaigne, "De la Presumption."*

* 1648; trenté en un jour. Une d'elles avoua qu'elle avait été à une assemblée où étaient cinq cents sorcières.

THE PURITAN

THE typical Puritan walked slowly along the streets, his eyes raised towards heaven, with elongated features, yellow and haggard, with closely cropped hair, clad in brown or black, unadorned, clothed only to cover his nakedness. If a man had round cheeks, he passed for lukewarm. The whole body, the exterior, the very tone of voice, all must wear the sign of penitence and divine grace. A Puritan spoke slowly, with a solemn and somewhat nasal tone of voice, as if to destroy the vivacity of conversation and the melody of the natural voice. His speech stuffed with Scriptural quotations, his style borrowed from the prophets, his name and the names of his children drawn from the Bible, bore witness that his thoughts were confined to the terrible world of seers and ministers of divine vengeance. From within, the contagion spread outwards. The fears of conscience were converted into laws of the State. Personal asceticism grew into public tyranny. The Puritan proscribed pleasure as an enemy, for others as well as for himself. Parliament closed the gambling-houses and theatres, and had the actors whipped at the cart's tail; oaths were fined; the may-trees were cut down; the bears whose fights amused the people, were put to death; the plaster of Puritan masons reduced statues to decency; the beautiful poetic festivals were forbidden. Fines and corporal punishment shut out, even from children, games, dancing, bell-ringing, rejoicings, junketings, wrestling, the chase, all exercises and amusements which might profane the Sabbath. The ornaments, pictures, and statues in the churches were pulled down or mutilated. The only pleasure retained and permitted was the singing of psalms through the nose, the edification of long sermons, the excitement of acrimonious controversies, the harsh and sombre joy of a victory gained over the enemy of mankind, and of the tyranny exercised against the demon's supposed abettors. In Scotland, a colder and sterner land, intolerance reached the utmost limits of ferocity and pettiness, instituting a surveillance over the private life and home devotions of every member of a family, depriving Catholics of their children, imposing the abjuration of Popery under pain of perpetual imprisonment or death, dragging crowds of witches* to the stake. It seemed as though a black cloud had weighed down the life of man, drowning all light, wiping out all beauty, extinguishing all joy, pierced here and there by the glitter of the sword and by the flickering of torches, beneath which one might perceive the indistinct forms of gloomy despots, of bilious sectarians, of silent victims.

THERE is another kind of glory, which is an over-good opinion we conceive of our worth. It is an inconsiderate affection, wherewith we cherish our selves, which presents us unto our selves other than we are. As an amorous passion addeth beauties, and lendeth graces to the subject it embraceth, and maketh such as are therewith possessed, with a troubled conceit, and distracted Judgement to deem what they love, and find what they affect, to bee other, and seeme more perfect, then in trueth it is.—*Florio's Translation.*

* 1618; thirty in one day. One of them confessed that she had been at a gathering of more than five hundred witches.

IS ROMANISM ON THE DECLINE ?

BY HECTOR MACPHERSON

I.

IN a recent book, Father Graham—a Presbyterian clergyman who went over to Rome—admits that, so far as Scotland is concerned, Romanism is making no headway. As he puts it: "Out of a population of 5,000,000, we number only a little over half a million; of these more than 380,000 are within the arch-diocese of Glasgow, and nine-tenths of them are not Scots. The educated and professional classes, the moneyed and employing classes, the ruling and governing classes, even business men, and the best class of shopkeepers and tradesmen and workmen are practically all Protestant; to Catholics are generally left the poorest, least 'respectable' and most unremunerative forms of employment. They are like the 'whelps that eat of the crumbs that fall from the table of their masters.' In the city of Glasgow, for example, with more than 300,000 of a Catholic population, you could easily accommodate in a third-class carriage all the Catholic men who occupy positions of public prominence, trust, or responsibility in the city."

II.

Father Graham consoles himself with the thought that while Scotland is practically stagnant, "England forges ahead"; while "America advances still more quickly with 30,000 converts a year." As regards England, the Tractarian movement undoubtedly acted as a feeder to the Roman Catholic Church, which, both in numbers and prestige, received great benefit when Cardinal Newman "went over." But a perusal of Mr. Joseph McCabe's book, "Decay of the Church of Rome," will convince the reader that there is no sign to-day of Roman Catholicism "forging ahead." According to Mr. McCabe, the Romish Church in England has gained amongst the titled—the wealthy classes—but to an appalling extent it has lost among the poor. He says: "To-day the number of deliberate seceders amongst the Catholic middle-class and alert workers increases enormously. They are found in thousands in all parts of the country. Even the clergy, in spite of the great struggle that follows secession and the almost invariable calumny and bitterness that punish, abandon the Church in a remarkable proportion."

A striking evidence of the decline of Roman Catholicism in England is seen in the lowering intellectual prestige of the Church. In this respect the influence of the Tractarian movement has spent its force. "Where," says Mr. McCabe, "in the Catholic England of to-day are the successors of Wiseman, Newman, Pugin, Ward, Hope-Scott, T. Arnold, Coventry Patmore, Aubrey de Vere, and Lord Acton?" The Modernist movement might have allured to Rome a certain number of intellectualists, but all hope of this is cut off by the stern repression of the movement by the Vatican. Before the statistics produced by Mr. McCabe can be discredited Father Graham will need to produce something in the shape of evidence more substantial than rhetorical generalities.

III.

In regard to America, Father Graham produces no authority for his statement about 30,000 converts a year; he simply repeats the current opinion in Roman Catholic circles about the great progress of Romanism

in America. This legend is not of yesterday. So long ago as 1836 a Roman Catholic Bishop of Charlestown, in a congress at Lyons, felt compelled to rebuke the inflated statements with regard to the progress of the Church in America. He frankly stated that instead of gain there was serious loss; within fifty years, he said, millions had been lost to the Church. Father Graham may say that since 1836 a great change has taken place, and that in America Romanism is rapidly making headway. Well, let us come nearer our own time. At the Roman Catholic Congress in connection with the Great Exhibition of 1893 Miss Elder, a niece of Archbishop Elder, of Cincinnati, spoke of the losses sustained by the Church, and put them at twenty millions. Apart from that, does Father Graham mean to assert that the spread of Roman Catholicism in America partakes of the nature of a conquest in the sense of conversions, that is, genuine additions to the Church? As a matter of fact, the great mass of the American Romanists are not converts but emigrants, transferred from some other branch of the Church—from Ireland, Austria, Italy, France, Canada, Mexico, etc. And what is significant, the clergy list is made up largely of Irish, German, French, Italian, and Polish names.

IV.

What is the intellectual status of American Roman Catholics? Father Graham talks of the great things the Church does for learning and science. How does his rhetoric contrast with the statement of Mr. McCarthy quoted by Mr. McCabe: that of the 448 Universities and Colleges in the United States only 61 are Roman Catholic; of 52,794 young men passing through a collegiate course only 5,052 are Catholic, and of 3,762 graduated students only 166 are Catholic? The Papacy is clearly not conspicuously furthering learning in the United States. The facts go to prove the truth of the conclusion reached by Mr. McCabe in his suggestive volume, after an exhaustive statistical analysis, that the Roman Catholic Church in America is largely recruited from the illiterate emigrants who flock into the country. How does the case stand in professedly Roman Catholic countries like Italy, Spain, and France? Those who are in a position to know tell us that "there can hardly be any doubt, from the confession of Catholics themselves, that Catholicism has small hold on the educated classes," and that "the professional classes and the great majority of the University students are, and have been for many years, either indifferent or hostile." The Italian Church, we are told, will soon be a body of 20,000,000 illiterates and children controlled by 24,000 clerics and dependent laymen. In Spain and Portugal the same movement of the educated mind away from the Church is recorded. The Church is said to have lost more than fifty per cent. of the Portuguese who can read, and the revolt gains with the spread of education. In his attempt to minimise the influence of the Reformation Father Graham says "that what Rome lost then she has since recovered a hundredfold in other lands."

V.

The other lands where, according to Father Graham, the Church has made conquests which more than repair the havoc of the Reformation include Spanish America. How do the people stand in the

scale of intelligence? Are they in a position to give intelligent study of Romanism, or are they at the stage of ignorance and credulity most favourable to the missionary efforts of the Papacy? One-third of them, we are told, are aborigines or negroes, in whose minds Romish doctrines mingle with pagan beliefs and practices. A third are half-castes; less than one-third are whites of a lower type than the Spaniards and Portuguese. Of the remainder, the majority are either indifferent or hostile to the Romish Church. The truth seems to be that the secessions are in strict proportion to the spread of education. In the Latin worlds, including the new lands which Rome claims as a set-off to the losses of the Reformation, the Papacy succeeds only when she can keep her devotees in ignorance. Rome thrives on superstition and declines in presence of knowledge, to which she is as hostile to-day as in the dark ages.

VI.

In Germany, as in France and America, the Modernist movement is making its influence felt. There we have professors in Roman Catholic universities deliberately rejecting the claim of the Pope to be the supreme lawgiver of the world and to universal sovereignty. In reference to this, Dr. Wahrmund, Professor of Canon Law in the University of Innsbruck, says: "The Bishop of Rome, in the year of salvation 1902, is represented as the absolute lord, limited by no earthly authority, as the despot of the whole world. Never have intellectual limitation and blind fanaticism risen to such a prodigious lie." In regard to the unchangeability of the Church, to which Father Graham and the superstitious section pin their faith, Dr. Wahrmund has the following: "The pious legend that the Catholic Church, from the beginning to the present day, has not altered at all can only be maintained by him who either does not know or accepts as true the historical forgeries by which it has to be supported. If we were to let a Christian of the third century see the Catholic Church of to-day, he would certainly not be able to recognise in it the Church of his time." Consider, too, the frank criticism of the Papal idea by the late Father Tyrrell: "If the Pope to-day were to arrogate to himself all that was said to St. Peter and the apostles, he should consistently arrogate inspiration and wonder-working." He favoured "the abandonment of the claim to an oracular power by which the Pope becomes the mouth-piece of God."

VII.

In a letter to a French friend, Father Tyrrell used the following outspoken language: "I believe in the Roman Catholic Church in so far as it is Christian and Catholic; I disbelieve in it so far as it is Papal." He goes on to say that in it he sees two spirits struggling for supremacy, Christ and Anti-Christ; and at present Anti-Christ is uppermost. What a contrast between the violent internal conflicts of the Church of Rome, the war of antagonistic views, with Father Graham's dream of a united harmonious Church in which every believer sits contentedly under the Papal vine and fig-tree, none daring to make him afraid!

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Meanwhile, the authorities at the Vatican are under no delusion. They know better than Father Graham that the Papacy is engaged in a life-and-death struggle. How are they meeting it? In the usual way, by the creation of artificial thunder in the shape of Encyclicals. In the old days Rome had no difficulty in resorting to the Inquisition and similar methods of suppressing what it deemed to be heresy. To-day the conditions are entirely altered. The Vatican is controlled by the spirit of Italian and Spanish Romanism, and is not a match for the independent spirit which manifests itself in American, German, and French Romanism. The Encyclical in old days meant the close of the campaign against heresy; to-day, as has been shown, it means the beginning of a campaign. Assailed by Protestantism without and Modernism within, the Roman Church is face to face with a crisis which threatens to the Papacy a more serious disruption than that of the Reformation period. In his book on Newman, in the "World's Epoch Makers" series—the most masterly and penetrative study of the great Cardinal that has yet appeared—Dr. Sarolea describes the situation in the following luminous sentences: "In the face of the reactionary attitude of the Roman Curia, a spirit of insubordination is spreading to every branch of the Church. Although France remains the centre of the movement, no country is escaping unhurt. And from the laity revolt has extended to the clergy: numberless are the priests who have made common cause with the innovators. Most disquieting of all omens, even the Jesuits, the spiritual bodyguard of Rome, are infected with the new spirit, and it is an English Jesuit, ex-Father Tyrrell (since deceased), who is one of the leaders of the Modernists.

"The conservative section amongst Roman Catholics may nourish the fond hope that the Church will emerge from this crisis as she has ever done before—*Deus dabit his quoque finem*. They forget that the present situation is without any analogy in history. As long as scientific truths were a monopoly of an insignificant élite, Rome could silence a troublesome opposition. But to-day, when a ubiquitous Press brings the discoveries and conclusions of modern research within reach of the millions, any attempt to quell spiritual rebellion is doomed to failure. . . . The present crisis can only end in a complete transformation of the ancient Church and in the concession of what Thiers once called 'the necessary liberties,' or in a schism which would be the disruption and dissolution of Catholicism."



EVENING CALM

A GOLDEN warmth suffuses all the west;
The sun is low: and one bright, trembling star
Sparkles above the purpling mountain's crest.
The bleatings of the sheep from folds afar
Steal softly o'er the mist-enchanted lake.
The rooks fly home across the drowsy leas:
A blackbird whistles from a distant brake,
Answered by some sweet songster in the trees.
And Heaven and Earth seemed merged—serenely
one—

A symbol of that calm that is to be.
For in this hour, when Nature's Rest is won,
The Soul is hushed into tranquillity:
And feels within the twilight mystery
A sense of God, and Immortality.

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THE SHADOW-SLAYER * * BY HERMAN SCHEFFAUER

(Concluded)

AT intervals the menacing, huge billows broke like thunder against the bastion of the rock and flung up towering pillars of torn and hissing spray, as if to rear a mocking effigy of the helpless lighthouse. The vanguard of the storm was upon us.

El Norte Rock stood like a defiant fortress amidst the pother of the hurricane. When the night closed thick upon us, we lighted the great lamp. It poured its splendour into the heart of the storm, a sphere of incandescent fire, battling with darkness, with the elements, and with death. Soon a torrid heat filled the unventilated little cabin. We thereupon set the door a little ajar, holding it in place with the broken fluke of a small anchor. The large mirror shielded our eyes from the intolerable lustre of the lamp and its withering heat. In the shadow of this shelter we sat and talked. At regular intervals old Hughes pulled upon the lengthened cord of the green blind. When he raised it we knew that a blazing star and sheaf of rays severed the night as they sprang out across the raving sea to the ships. It was as though we sat as arbiters at some august tribunal of life and death.

"You have known David long?" I asked.

"Ten years or more." After some moments he added:

"Long before that I knew his mother."

Then there was silence again, and only the tempest spoke. But soon, as if yielding to an inner urging, Owen resumed:

"I knew his mother before he was born—long before she came to this land and married Willmott. The bones of some of our common kinsfolk are now lying in holy ground near Pontardulais. I knew her for the fairest, sweetest woman in all Wales. We grew dear to each other, and were betrothed. Lucy was learned in all the fable and folklore of the land. O God, sir! she was a sweet child with a woman's heart and head! Some said she was eerie—a weaver of white magic—which is all wrought out of goodness and blessings. One summer's day, on the green waters of a bight, we saw a flock of large birds, white and lovely as swans. Lucy was sore moved at sight of 'em—said it was a glad thing for our love. She stretched out her arms, then folded 'em across her breast, saying she longed to clasp the beautiful birds. Halcyons she called 'em, and sang a stave of an old song. 'Twas fair with the thought of the golden weather, brought out of Paradise by the halcyons for all true lovers, and told how their white souls and red hearts would be joined in death by the homing of such birds. When Lucy had done with the lay, the tears were breaking from her eyes. Then and there she embraced me, making me swear by the shining sea-fowl that I'd come to her as she to me—in the last hour. But now it's she that will come to me—when my hour comes."

Owen's head of tarnished silver sank low; his voice rang strangely remote, and his hand hung down, forgetful of the cord of the blind. I gently relieved him of this and resumed the task of meting out the light. Was it a human sob I heard, or only one of the minor notes in the gigantic orchestra of the storm? There were lulls and pauses in the tempest. The little house shook in the embrace of the blast. Owen spoke on in a tremulous voice:

"An evil tongue came between us while I was gone

on my first long cruise in a British frigate. There was another woman, who told Lucy I was dead. When I came back she had gone across the water to America with a band of emigrants. I never saw her again. But, years after, a kinswoman of hers told me that Lucy learned at last that I was still living, and so felt all the old longing and love for me come upon her. But then she was wife to Willmott. She was a good wife to him, but a sad woman till her death"—his voice sank to a forceful whisper—"for she never loved him! I came to California. Then, eight years ago, in the city, I chanced upon Davy, her son. Grew to love the lad. I'm minded of Lucy by Davy all the time. His voice is hers, his eyes are hers—or I'd not be here now on this God-forsaken rock with him and the two painted heathen!"

A strange swishing and pattering against the window was audible at times. It was a sound too sharp for rain.

I stood up, and saw the white spray of the charging billows in the deeps hurtling up against the glass. As I looked, there was a flash of wings in the field of light without, and a sea-gull flattened itself with a thud against the window, crumpled limply into a battered mass, and then fell into the deeps.

"A bird!" I cried, astonished; and Owen answered calmly:

"A gull astray in the storm. Sometimes they come full flight, thick as hail against the glass of the lighthouse, like moths into a candle-flame, and bash their skulls by hundreds. I've seen the base of the tower covered four deep with 'em."

"Willmott would be terribly worried," I said, "if he knew that the light was not burning in the tower."

"When he finds it out," replied Owen, shaking his head, "he'll come back at once, whether he be in the woods or the town. He can see the tower light for miles along that mountain road. He'd come right through the night and the storm. The thought of the light being dead would drive Davy mad. He'd not stop to think of his own life—it's the lives of the ships to him. He'd go to the stake for duty, sir—a noble soul! Heaven send he don't find that key till to-morrow!"

The great lamp sang and hummed as if in mockery of the elemental uproar it defied. The air of an August noon throbbled in the place. All the overwhelming, desolating sense of loneliness these two men must feel at times stoke upon me. And there was something in the simple Owen that was yet, for all his frankness, most unfathomable. The mysterious flocking of the birds and the glimpses of ancient superstitions still ruling the child-like soul of Willmott's assistant were given a ponderous emphasis and sinister meaning by the terror of the night and the torment of sea and sky. I felt stirring in me the seeds of an unknown alarm which had shamed me even as a boy, an alarm that had remained absent even amidst close-pitching shell-fire in battle. It was the blind brute savage that slept within my civilised heart. Once more he was waking and biting deeply upon the nerve of fear as he muttered to his hellish gods. I sought to engage the old Welshman in further speech, to make him roll forth some brave sea-song, but he answered more and more vaguely as, like a wounded, worried thing, the night crawled on.

At last, lifting his eyes, which, distended with dreams, had remained fixed before him, he said:

"The thought of the halcyons has taken me back to the home-country there——"

A sudden cracking sound, like a pistol-shot, broke sharply upon our ears. The wide expanse of glass in the sash was split diagonally in two! I sprang to my feet. We stared at the bright crack.

"The heat of the lamp inside, the cold spray outside, has cracked it," I said at length, as if to reassure myself; "or the straining of the frame, or the push of the wind."

Owen still stared in silence. He shook his head, his jaw fell, an expression of pitiful awe and fear came into his eyes.

"'Twas a fair glass," said he, "and must have cost a deal of money. But 'twas no heat that burst it, nor warping, nor wind. Do you know what it was, sir?"

His voice was hoarse; in awestruck tones he brought forth the words:

"A finger from the beyond! It's an old omen that has heaven's truth in it—a foretelling of the end. But when two be present, there's no telling whose life is marked."

"Well, don't worry! Perhaps it's mine," I said with a laugh.

"We call it being fcy," Owen went on; "so—

so—

"Penrhyn the fisherman sat by the firelight,—
The low fire, the red fire, the fire upon the stone;
The sudden snap o' casement glass fell on his ear by
night,—
The wind's cry, his wife's cry, the wife that left him
lone.

Penrhyn the fisherman is one that walks in fey,—
His boat calls, the nets call, adown the flood goes he;
The fishing-fleet at evening came homing o'er the bay,
An empty boat, a broken oar, two halcyons on the sea."

The old man chanted the lines in a wild and solemn manner, and as if almost oblivious to my presence. All that had been born and bred darkly into his Cymric blood now came welling to the surface. He rose and began pacing to and fro in the narrow space behind the table, muttering to himself and whispering to unseen, haunting presences. Suddenly he stopped, lifted his finger, and exclaimed:

"Hark to that! Don't you hear the voice?"

"No," I replied, weirdly oppressed.

"There it is again, calling, calling afar!"

"It is only the storm," I shouted, as if to muster up defiance towards a whole world of Owen's unhappy ghosts.

His fine, grave face twitched with some vast emotion and wonder. A light such as might dower the eyes of martyrs at the last moment lived in his widened pupils. His gaze was bent curiously upon the glass. I, too, stared at the cracked pane, a growing terror upon me.

"It's a voice," he repeated hollowly, "a woman's voice crying, 'Owen! Owen!' A woman I know. And now I hear the bells—bells of buoys, bells of steeples——"

Then, stretching wide his arms, he advanced towards the window, tears rolling from his eyes, his breast heaving with some passionate tumult, crying aloud in anguish into the distance beyond the walls:

"I hear you! I see you! Come to me, come back, come back, my loved one; for God's love of love, come back to your Owen!"

There he stood in the fierce glare of the lamp, struck with sudden ecstacy, dead to time and place, a

ghostly grandeur, an unearthly brilliance upon him. And, as I stood in an almost equal fascination, there came a mighty swoop of the winds, the cabin rocked and groaned, and the straining glass shrieked as it grated along its broken edges.

Then from the outer darkness, dazzling in the flood of the projected rays, flashed a white shape in a flurry of spray. There was a crash of glass, the shattered pane opened inward like two leaves of an unhinged door, and for an instant I saw the snowy apparition of an immense bird with wide-extended wings. Then the wind and the spray were in my face, the lamp went out, darkness and havoc and storm were in the cabin. Amidst a chaos of tumbling lenses, the overturned lamp, tables, and chairs, fluttering pinions striking blindly, and pictures torn, flapping, from the walls, I heard Owen calling out into the sea. Then a heavy body struck me in the chest, and hurled me backward into the outer night, through the door, now opened wide by the wind.

Half stunned, I regained my feet. The darkness was alive with fiery wheels of writhing colours called up in my brain by the intense light so swiftly extinguished. The Indian and Chinese came running towards me with lanterns.

We entered the cabin. Ghastly havoc was there, the floor brimming with sea-water and oil from the broken lamp, and littered with glittering fragments of broken glass. The stuffed birds and fishes were lying amidst the wreck. Feathers were still whirling in the air, the coverlet of Owen's bed, as well as the walls, were spattered with blood from the breast and wings of the gigantic bird. But of man or bird there was no sign. The great hole where the glass had been gaped black and dreadfully before us, a thunderous throat into the storm, a portal yawning into the unknown. Through this door of death Owen had passed into the world of his desire; he had gone forth on the wings of the halcyon with his dream.

The Indian darted swiftly out of the room. I followed, and saw him run to the windlass by the derrick. The bell was swinging and ringing feebly! The redskin shouted down into the darkness, then he and Han began to turn the groaning crank of the windlass. Their arms and features of bronze and gold, their set teeth and grim, distorted faces, glowing in the ruddy shine of the lantern light, gave them the look of demons lifting a fellow-spirit out of some clashing pit.

The basket appeared. From it, dripping with the sea, his black hair plastered over his bluish face like seaweed over a stone, his streaming clothes shaped to his trembling, fainting frame, Willmott staggered, a wreck, an effigy of himself, a pitiful thing, chewed in the maw of the tempest and spat forth again into life. He clutched me, his eyes stared; he cried in that high, musical voice of his, the voice, his mother's voice, which had called Owen to his end:

"The light! the light! Didn't you—didn't you hear the bell? Didn't you hear me call?—Owen! Owen!"

I held him firmly, but he tore himself loose. Tottering, reeling, and tugging madly at his pocket, he made his way to the door of the lighthouse. Vainly, with palsied and quivering hands, he sought to insert in the lock the thin, corrugated key. It slipped from his fingers and fell tinkling on the stone step. Then, inert, and heavy-weighted with his drenched clothes, the keeper of El Norte Light crumpled gently into a heap as he sank, fainting, at the foot of the ghostly tower—at the foot of the iron duty whose voice had drawn him through the storm.

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LITERARY NOTES

No University is complete nowadays without a Press of its own. As a rule, the works issued by such Presses are, like those of the learned societies (such as the Early English and Scottish Text Societies, Historical Societies, and so forth), caviare to the general publisher as well as public. Thus the ordinary publisher has no reason to resent the invasion of his domain by the academic authorities; and the Universities, for their part, have the satisfaction of knowing that, if their publications are not of a popular and paying kind, they are promoting the cause of knowledge, encouraging the research work of their own staff and students and of scholars elsewhere, and taking advantage of one of the few legitimate and convincing forms of advertisement open to educational institutions of their standing.

Since its inauguration, the Publications Committee of Manchester University has shown remarkable judgment and enterprise, and the new volumes to be issued this week by the Manchester University Press will doubtless add to the prestige of the University. These include a second edition (with additions and emendations) of Professor Sedgefield's "Beowulf," a second impression of Professor Lugaro's "Modern Problems in Psychiatry" translated by Drs. Rows and Orr, Professor Canney's "Materials for Hebrew Composition," and "Naval Mutinies of 1797," by Conrad Gill, M.A., lecturer in Economic History in the University of Belfast. Mr. Gill has specially studied the bearing of these mutinies on social and political history, and traces the disaffection which brought them about to the revolutionary and humanitarian movements of the day.

Another interesting historical work dealing with the same period will be published shortly by Messrs. Constable and Co.—"The Dépôt for Prisoners of War at Norman Cross," by Thomas James Walker, M.D., F.R.C.S. This dépôt in Huntingdonshire was the first, and for twelve years the only, prison specially constructed for the custody of prisoners captured in the revolutionary and Napoleonic wars between 1799 and 1815.

Among the new books to come this autumn from Mr. Philip Lee Warner are a number of sumptuous volumes on art, archæology, and literature. In October will appear "The Book of the Dead: the Papyrus of Ani" (scribe and treasurer of the temples of Egypt about 1450 B.C.), in two volumes (£2). It is now nearly twenty years since the last edition of this work by Dr. E. A. Wallis Budge, Keeper of the Egyptian and Assyrian Antiquities in the British Museum. A completely new edition, at a reduced price, has now been prepared; supplementary chapters and sections have been added from the funeral papyri acquired by the Museum Trustees since 1892; the translations have been rewritten and the notes corrected and amplified; and the greater part of the Introduction has also been rewritten. The same publisher will bring out in October, in his series of Handbooks to Ancient Civilisation, "Antiquities of India," an account of the History and Culture of Ancient Hindustan, by Lionel D. Barnett, M.A., Litt.D., Keeper of the Department of Oriental Printed Books and Manuscripts in the British Museum (12s. 6d.); and, during the autumn, the second and third volumes of Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales," in the illustrated quarto series of the Riccardi Press Books.

A new edition (brought up to date) of Bernard Shaw's "Quintessence of Ibsenism" was published the other day. Messrs. Constable now announce a new edition of his "The Perfect Wagnerite" (3s. 6d.).

* * * * *

Mr. Heinemann will publish immediately a volume of poems entitled "The Knave of Hearts," by Arthur Symons, written during the years 1894-1908, uniform with the author's Collected Poems, issued twelve years ago.

* * * * *

The latest addition to Messrs. Constable's useful series of Modern Biographies is "Paul Bourget," by Ernest Dimnet, author of "Les Sœurs Brontë" and other works.

* * * * *

The whitewashing of notorious historical characters goes on apace. A year or two ago Claverhouse found a fervid champion to write his life, and now William Augustus, Duke of Cumberland, has found a vindicator in Mr. Evan Charteris, who has had access to the Cumberland papers at Windsor, and throws fresh light on his character in a book to be published by Mr. Edward Arnold.

* * * * *

Those who know and admire the work of Mr. W. L. Courtney as critic, journalist, dramatist, philosopher and poet will open with no small hope and curiosity the collection of short stories from his pen which is issued this week by Messrs. Chapman and Hall under the title "The Soul of a Suffragette."

* * *

CORRESPONDENCE

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Owing to the large number of letters received it is necessary for correspondents to write briefly if their letters are to appear.

THE DEPOPULATION OF FRANCE.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—I have read with great interest the article by W. S. Lilly on "Depopulation of France."

Being myself in sympathy with France and the French, I can join heartily with Mr. Lilly in deploring the sad state of affairs which undoubtedly exists in France at present.

Let us inquire for a moment the causes of this tendency of the Frenchman to remain celibate. M. Rossignol tells us that it is due to the lack of "will." What does this mean? Evidently we must interpret this as lack of "will to marry"; and marriage, according to him, should culminate, essentially, in a prolific production of children. True, we, as rational human beings, accept this as a definition of marriage; but what are we to say to the "vieux célibataire" who tells us that he finds the necessary sexual stimuli and satisfaction with "la femme se livrant à la prostitution" and in "les maisons tolérées," as M. Rossignol calls them. With this we must immediately see the fundamental difference between the man who resolves never to marry and produce, and the man who does marry and does produce.

Dr. Otto Weininger, that remarkable author of "Sex and Character," in differentiating between the woman with the prostitute instinct and the one with the mother instinct, says, "Die eine sieht nur den Mann, die andre sieht das Kind." We may, I venture to say, apply this similarly to the confirmed bachelor and the marrying man. The one sees only the satisfaction of his sexual appetite; the other, whilst satis-

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Dans l'Année en Cours

L'ŒUVRE DE SHAKESPEARE

EST ÉTUDIÉE ET COMMENTÉE
EN 12 ADMIRABLES LEÇONS

par

M. JEAN RICHPIN

de l'Académie Française.

fyng his natural instincts, also sees before him the sublime happiness of parentage. I think that herein lies the crux of the whole question, and it makes our problem all the more difficult.

Suppose for a moment that M. Rossignol's proposed unpractical reform measures have become law, and that we have made all marriageable men marry. Let us go a step further, and suppose they have all at least three or four children. What is the obvious result? Ill-treatment of both wife and child, frequent visits to bagnios, concubinage, and, I firmly believe, final abandonment. *En bref*, what I wish to impress is that where the parental instinct does not exist it is useless to enforce marriage. We should rather advocate a healthy system of training and suggestion to the child, by which it will be brought up with a feeling of its responsibility and duty as a propagator of its kind. Efforts have been made to establish such a system, but it is still in embryo. Far more strenuous work must be carried out before any sensible effect will be noticed. We recognise the dangers that beset the child in going through such a system, but, as I have said, the idea is still in its infancy.

The main point is that only by educating the child can we hope to influence the man. Congratulating Mr. Lilly on his able article, and wishing EVERYMAN every future success,—I am, sir, etc.,
Belfast. MORITZ GOLDBLATT.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—While confessing my inability to understand in what way Mr. Lilly or any of his readers are affected if it be proved that by the year 3913 A.D. the French race will have disappeared from the face of the earth, I think that perhaps something may be learned from the discussion of France's falling birth-rate, and am willing to help therein with a little impartial criticism of Mr. Lilly's views.

I would point out that, although Mr. Lilly (quite rightly, I think) places no faith in the remedies proposed by M. Rossignol, he seems to have nothing better to offer himself. His criticism of M. Rossignol's proposals, that you cannot compel people to produce children against their will, is unanswerable; but I would suggest that neither can you prevent a free community of normal men and women from producing children—that even "the most compelling force" of religion is incapable of doing that. I would further suggest that, if people will not produce children for themselves, neither will they for an abstraction variously designated "civil society" or "their country." Is not the common sense of the matter that children are produced, as the young of any animal are produced, by the force of an instinct inherent in all animal life? And if this force fails to produce its usual effect, does it not argue that there is something seriously wrong (that is, unnatural) in the conditions under which the people are living? The evident anxiety of thinking people to arrest the decline is a tacit admission that they feel that decline to be an indication of something wrong, for which somebody (perhaps themselves in some degree as citizens) is responsible. Otherwise there would be no reason for them to trouble about the matter.

Neither M. Rossignol nor Mr. Lilly seems to have any suspicion that the cause may be largely economic, but that there is a strong presumption that it is so the following quotation from a recent book by a German writer, Dr. A. Grotjahn, will show:—"How strong is the physical reproductive power of the French nation even to-day, when it can take its course unchecked by economic considerations, is proved by the example of the village of Mardic, near Dunkirk. This is a colony

founded by Louis XIV., with a system of land tenure which does not permit of private ownership in the soil. The men of Mardic marry, on an average, at twenty-four years of age, immediately after having passed the obligatory service in the Navy. When a new family has thus been founded it receives for exclusive use, but not as private property, a plot of land of twenty-two acres and a section of the shore for net-fishing. . . . The families may leave to their children the land handed to them in usufruct, but they may not divide or mortgage it. The result is that Mardic possesses a prosperous population, free of material cares, which does not rack its brain on behalf of its children's fate, while the rest of the peasants and fishermen of France are particularly anxious in this respect. The births amount to 43 per 1,000 of the inhabitants, a figure which is not surpassed by any civilised people." The contrast with the general state of things in France is sufficiently striking to suggest the direction of more attention to the relation between the birth-rate and fundamental economic conditions.—I am, sir, etc., A. CLARK.

Penistone, September 15th, 1913.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—The most notable utterance in Mr. W. S. Lilly's study of M. Rossignol's "Depopulation of France" is, I consider, in the last section. He says, "The true foundation for the State is not the individual, as Rousseau and his disciples thought, but the family." In considering the question of the diminishing birth-rate the social reformer should fix his mind on the family group. If restriction had affected all classes in equal proportion the result might even have been beneficial, and a stronger, healthier race resulted. The fact is otherwise. So great has been the diminution in the size of families in all except the mechanic and labouring classes that it might almost be said that the future race is to be found in the slums and mean streets. This disproportion in the size of families within the last thirty years has created a new social inequality. The poor family, averaging perhaps five children, has become, relatively to other families, very much poorer. It is surely only right that this new inequality should be recognised and rectified, if possible. It is obvious also that the national value of these poor families has immensely increased now that other families are so much smaller. All M. Rossignol's proposals for easing the lot of those burdened with many children are worthy of careful consideration. If Mr. Lilly has succeeded in impressing on your readers that the family is the real unit for consideration, he has done good service.

To judge by their actions, public authorities are not desirous of remedying this inequality. The London County Council does not build for the large families the houses or flats necessary for health and decency. By its policy of "deterrence" (called familiarly the policy of "choke 'em off"), the poor-law authorities deliberately deprive these poor families of the medical aid and nourishment to which they are legally entitled. And now education reformers ask that, without any compensation, the elder children should be kept at school two or three years after attaining a bread-winning age!—I am, sir, etc., J. E. WATES.
Brockley, S.E.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—A *propos* of the very interesting article by Mr. W. S. Lilly on "The Depopulation of France," it appears to me that this often declaimed and ubiquitous question is viewed from a standpoint which, to

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say the least, is not practical. It certainly does not seem feasible to approach the subject entirely from the standpoint of "amor patriæ," and to say that childless marriages and neo-Malthusian parents are dominated by a "spurious individualism" and that the "egoistic instinct has triumphed in France at the expense of the social instinct" is, in my opinion, exaggerated nomenclature.

Whilst admitting that the family is the foundation of the State, it cannot, at the same time, be supposed that the *ego* gives pride of place to a constitutional machine which we call the State. Marriages are older than States, and surely any question of national utility is not, nor can it possibly be made, to rank *pari passu* with a marriage bargain.

It is proclaimed, with a certain amount of truth, that progress in numbers means progress in wealth, power, and civilisation, and a prolific offspring amongst the labouring population does spell prosperity by filling the workshops and factories of those who control the wealth, power, and civilisation, and, at the same time, have no personal regard for the burden of a large family for the benefit of the State.

To suggest that the State should be the chief objective in contracting a marriage is, in my opinion, absurd. A man's income will only bear a limited responsibility, and who is to say that a man with scarcely sufficient to keep himself and his wife should add a family to his liabilities? If his income permits it, all well and good; but who can point the finger at the man who has a small income and an equally small family, and suggest that he is not dealing fairly with the State in limiting his responsibilities to his means, instead of building up the State by producing "citizens" who he knows well can only become dependents of the kings of steel, coal, cotton, mines, and railways? He would then be unable to provide for them sufficiently to make them decent yeomen, with their wills and spirits unbroken by the existing system of competition and fighting for wealth and "power."

I think the question is one that should be left to the practical common sense of the people.—I am, sir, etc.,
W. J. B. ADAMS.

Fulham, S.W., September 16th, 1913.

"EVERYMAN'S" POLITICS."

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Your name is EVERYMAN. The meaning of your name is clear. Your mission is most clearly stated. No man can mistake it. Mr. Alfred Lishman has forty-nine numbers of you. He does not know your name. Or, he cannot comprehend its meaning. Your representative character is lost to him. You justify your name. You live up to your title. If your pages were closed to one-half of mankind you could not be EVERYMAN. If you only represented one phase of human life your name would be a misnomer. You would then be "Partisan." Although EVERYMAN may be "Partisan," "Partisan" cannot be EVERYMAN. That is why you are EVERYMAN. Some time ago a Conservative reader complained that you had too much Radico-Socialism in you. You appropriately replied that your pages were open to Everyman, and if one-half failed to take advantage of your columns it was not your fault.

If Mr. Lishman would take the trouble to look through previous numbers, he will find Liberalism and Socialism adequately represented by such stalwarts as Chesterton, Shaw, Vandervelde, and Chiozza Money.

Further, your recent Land Reform symposium was preponderantly Liberal.

After all, it is refreshing to read the views of those

opposed to oneself. By slavishly sticking to one creed one gets narrow-minded and bigoted. At the outset EVERYMAN disclaimed any political mission. The reason you have attained the powerful position you enjoy is because you are the tool of no political party.

You have successfully filled a void. Believe me, there is no void in party politics. Politically you would be an excrescence. As you are you please the majority. Change, and for a time you would please an insignificant minority of bitter partisans.—I am, sir, etc.,
O. LEWIS ABBOTT,

Flixton, September 19th, 1913.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—What a sinner you are! In your issue of November 22nd last you are accused of introducing the cloven hoof of Roman Catholicism, and in the same issue another correspondent complains of your *anti-Roman Catholic* obsession. Again, May 23rd last, (Rev.) F. Docker threatens to warn his Protestant friends against your paper's unfair controversial tactics; then, July 25th, E. H. is sick of your articles by Mr. G. K. Chesterton. At last you are asked by Mr. Alfred Lishman if you are degenerating into Toryism, a question which he practically answers in the affirmative in the next clause of his letter—truly an awful transformation—and lo! your correspondent is numbered amongst the prophets, for he prognosticates that "if you lose the Liberals you will have few readers but Socialists." Well, for my own part, I am a Conservative, and therefore, according to A. L., one of those who "have not sufficient intelligence to appreciate you" (evidently he thinks he has); nevertheless, I have always *thought* I was able to do so, and many of my Conservative friends in this city maintain the same view with regard to themselves. But without a doubt Wisdom is no longer to be found at the fountain of Mimer, but lies concealed in the Liberal camp.

Respecting his gratuitous insults to the Cecils, from whence does he obtain his information that they "think all the time wasted when all their family are not deep with both hands in the national exchequer"? Was it the Cecil family or was it the Liberal party who voted themselves £400 per annum each out of the national exchequer, without the permission of the country?

To my mind, you have faithfully carried out the promise given in your message of October 10th, 1912, and all men who are not tainted with intolerance and bigotry will, I think, coincide with this opinion, and be ready to contribute their testimony to your unbiased attitude.—I am, sir, etc.,
ROBERT H. SMALLEY.

Manchester, September 19th, 1913.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—I trust you are duly terrified by the dire but "rubbishy" threats of Alfred Lishman, whose wrath at reading your interview with one of our most gifted "Tory" leaders amounts almost to frenzy. He is so dogmatic, too! If one is a "Tory," one is lost! If EVERYMAN does not become a mere Radical "rag," its circulation will drop to "nil," since the Conservatives lack intelligence to appreciate its excellence! He says he has "recommended EVERYMAN to everybody"! I congratulate him on his unconscious humour, but deny his statement. I may also inform him that EVERYMAN's circulation amongst poor benighted "Tories" is very large indeed.

As to Alfred Lishman's aspersions of the Cecil

(Continued on page 760.)

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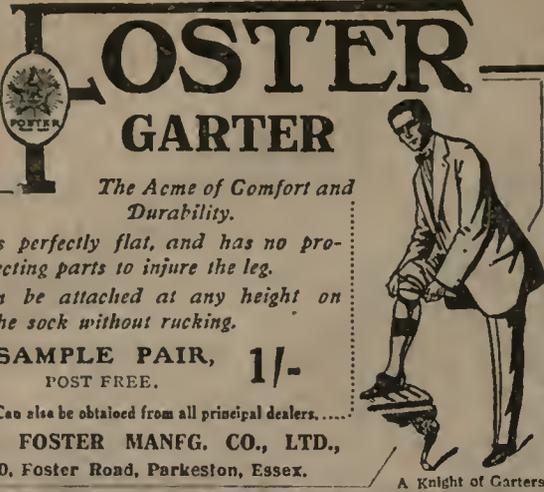
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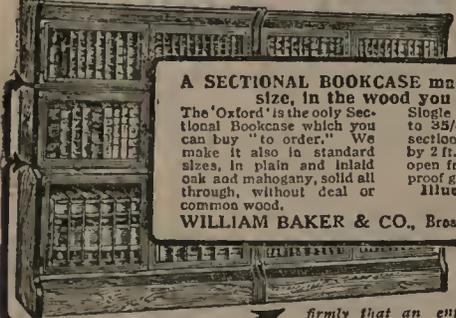
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family, let them pass; for the ignorance betrayed is as pitiable as the narrow bigotry displayed by the writer. But let us assume (what is, in fact, utterly untrue) that the article in question was "flagrantly partisan." What then? Must EVERYMAN refuse to admit any "partisan" article into its sphere of discussion? Surely not. "EVERYMAN, his Life, Work and Books," would be an ironical title indeed if such were its narrow policy. EVERYMAN wants to get as many "partisan" writers as possible—even Mr. Lishman, if he can write—irrespective of their creed or politics. There is a wide gulf between Lord Robert Cecil and H. M. Hyndman, Cecil Chesterton and James Adderley, Monsignor Benson and again Lord R. Cecil; yet this circle of writers, splendid "partisans" every one of them, have all made brilliant contributions to your unique and admirably impartial columns. The whole quest of wisdom depends on the maxim, "Audi alteram partem," which is evidently most obnoxious to your Maltonian correspondent, whose only care is to see his own face in the journalistic mirror—and no one else's.

EVERYMAN is a literary and cosmopolitan review, and, so far as I know (and I thank heaven for it), it has no avowed politics. But, even if it had, I would remind Alfred Lishman that the wise editor admits his opponents to his pages. If Mr. Lishman will consult statistics, he will also find that quite a number of Englishmen are "Tories," as he calls those who, perchance, dislike "Bethesda" in the schools, for instance; while history shows that Great Britain's destinies have been quite reasonably safe in the hands of such well-known degenerates as Pitt, Chatham, and Beaconsfield, besides a respectable number of Robert Cecils. So I, too, will "recommend EVERYMAN to everybody," à la mode de Lishman, whose "bugbear" I would desire to be, and faithfully yours,

September 19th, 1913.

ANTI-TROGLODYTE.

P.S.—EVERYMAN naturally wants Everyman's politics—or none.

[The above are only a few of the many letters we have received in the same strain.—EDITOR.]

THE VOLUNTARY SYSTEM.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—As a soldier I have read with great interest Earl Percy's new reading of British history in your issue of September 19th, and my first feelings were pride in belonging to a people the so-called offscourings of which have played such a splendid part in history, and in having formed part of a system which has been able to turn such unpromising material to such good account. But the article has also suggested another view of our voluntary system. If, as Earl Percy states, 80 per cent. of our recruits enlist because they are out of work and hungry—in other words, because they have fallen behind in the struggle for a livelihood under existing civil conditions—at any rate, our present system utilises this material, turning presumably bad citizens into undoubtedly good and useful soldiers. So long as sufficient numbers can thus be obtained, this would seem more economical than an indiscriminate compulsion, under which numbers of men endowed with qualities of civic value to the State would be diverted into a system which is notoriously well served by the apparent civil failures.

A point often brought against our system is that large numbers of men are annually discharged from the Army only to swell the ranks of the unemployed. No one asserts that every time-expired soldier becomes unemployed. But say 25 per cent. do; it would

be instructive to know how many of the original 80 per cent. would have become steady, skilled workers. From the unflattering description given by Earl Percy, one may assume very few. Our system should be given credit not only for finding the best use for the 80 per cent. during a term of years, but also for having fitted a percentage of them to become steady and, in many cases, skilled workers on return to civil life. Conscription, with our large population and moderate military needs, could not utilise the whole of our resources, and it is quite certain that the undersized, underfed failures would be the last to be enlisted, and, being thus debarred from the one service they could render to the State, would largely swell the ranks of unskilled and erratic labour.—I am, sir, etc.,

September 19th, 1913.

MAJOR.



ARMINIUS VAMBERY

MANY years ago, on the completion of a most interesting stay in the Turkish capital, I called upon an Englishman high up in the service of the Sultan (then Abdul Hamid II.) to say adieu. When I entered, my friend was deep in conversation with a somewhat remarkable looking man, in some language or other quite unknown to me. I was casually introduced without catching the name, and, in consideration of my ignorance, the language was at once changed to English, and the former topic resumed. Even then it was pretty well Greek to me, as it dealt with parties high up in office in the Ottoman Empire. I remained an interested listener, and as the conversation developed, I said to myself, "There is only one man you can be, and that is Arminius Vambery."

At that time Vambery was a frequent visitor to the Turkish capital, and had the reputation of being a confidential go-between, carrying strictly private communications from the various European powers direct to the Sultan, to whom he had private access. When I saw him he had just visited Yildiz Kiosk for some such purpose, and spoke in confidence, but somewhat freely, of his friend the Sultan.

Not even the renowned Von Moltke could compare with Vambery in his linguistic knowledge, and the latter had none of the taciturnity and solemn silence of the great Prussian Field Marshal. By the age of sixteen he knew Hungarian, Latin, French and German, English, Russian, Servian, and other Slavonic tongues; also the three Scandinavian languages were acquired before (at the age of twenty) he went, with some knowledge of Turkish, to Constantinople. In that, probably the most polyglot of all capitals, where Europe and Asia almost meet, he learnt in six years some twenty Oriental languages and dialects.

In 1902, finding myself in Budapest with a friend, I suggested a call upon the famous Professor of Oriental languages. After climbing up three flights of stairs in a back block of flats, we found ourselves in a modest plain reception-room, where we had a courteous and hospitable welcome. In reply to my enquiry, "Have you been recently to visit your friend on the Bosphorus?" our host said, "I go no longer to Yildiz Kiosk. I have seen too much! With my own eyes there have I seen men led out to instant execution. I value what is left of my life too greatly to trust myself in the power of so capricious a tyrant."

The conversation turned on England and English politics. Queen Victoria was not long dead, King Edward VII. not long crowned. He had known both intimately, and spoke freely of them. "Your late

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Queen was a great and noble woman," he said. The fact in her career that impressed him most was that when over seventy she had begun the study, with the aid of a munshi, of Hindustani, in order that she could herself write to and speak to her Indian subjects.

"Your King, too, King Edward, is a real good man," said he. "Do you know that he has, when Prince of Wales, come alone here to visit me, climbed those three long stairs to my humble abode, and sat on an ottoman drinking his cup of tea, and chatting to me just as you are doing now?"

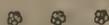
I kept up an intermittent correspondence with Vambéry, and not long since I had a letter written by him in English of a style that I should be glad to be able to claim as my own.

JOHN MCEWAN.



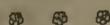
BOOKS OF THE WEEK

THE UNFORGIVING MINUTE, by Irene Burn (Fisher Unwin, 6s.), is a story of India. In this book the author tries to catch that glamour of the East that so few writers have succeeded in introducing. Mrs. Flora Annie Steel, in that beautiful love idyll, "The Hosts of the Lord," has painted the passion of India, the tragedy that lies beneath the imperial purple and flaming gold of its panoply with rare and consummate art, but with that exception we can recall no modern writer who has been able to transport us to the country of subtle and enervating charm with such complete success. The attempt in the novel under consideration falls hopelessly below the mark. There is an insistence on phrases; we are perpetually reading that "the snow shone out in a splendour for which the English language has made no due provision," and, as is usual in a novel of this type, the "rains commence" and "the rains cease" with monotonous regularity. The characterisation is conventional, and the military element is painfully suggestive of the melodrama popular some decades ago, in which the hero, when not engaged in rescuing defenceless women from savage hordes of bloodthirsty natives, is protecting a dangerous pass in the mountains against overwhelming odds. We are also treated to bursts of eloquence on that out-worn theme "the white man's burden"; we learn that there are queer things tucked away in it, "dirt and insects, fever, plague, cholera, starvation. And when he faints beneath it few in England know or care. But while strength lasts his feet do not falter, he presses onward to some dim goal far off: he may reach it or not; meanwhile, he is playing the game, while the Radical member of Parliament talks—talks." Why the author should suppose that Radicals alone express their views through the medium of speech we do not understand. We can assure her that "talk" is not confined to that particular political section, and that quite a number of Tories, Labour members, and Socialists have a great deal to say on India and other matters.



Mr. Eden Phillpotts has published a volume of short stories entitled THE OLD TIME BEFORE THEM (John Murray, 6s.). He takes us once more to Dartmoor, the setting for most of his work, and we feel again the witchery of the land, and the influence it holds for the men and women who dwell within the shadow of the moor. Mr. Phillpotts shares with Mr. Thomas Hardy the capacity for creating peasants of a racy, almost Shakespearian, humour, and it is notable that

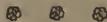
the inimitable rustics he creates belong to a generation well within the memory of man. Some of them, indeed, are of the present-day—witness the inimitable Billie Bles, one of the most delightful actors in that clever story "The Children of the Mist." The present volume is a collection of tales told around the hospitable hearth of an old inn. "'The Plume of Feathers,' or 'Just the Plume,' as we most often call it, lies down to Widecombe in Dartmoor; 'tis a terrible ancient place, and a good few of us old chaps spend our evenings there." "For Valour" is one of the cleverest sketches in the book. It is the tale of a man who has cowardice so deeply ingrained in his soul that at the very sight of combat his blood turns to water; but at the same time he is haunted with passionate desire to be a hero. "'Tis a terrible queer trick of nature as makes a man always hanker for the gift denied him," declared Butt. "If us had money, us wants health; if us have our health, we cry out for money; the farmer would like for to be a sojer; the sailor longs for the plough; the parlourmaid longs for the cooking; the cook wants to go in a bar." This happened to be the case with Andrew Blackaller, who desires to play the hero with a strength equalled only by his cowardice. Andrew, journeying across the moor, is robbed by a tramp, who "grabbed his purse, and gave him a sharp shove that pushed him backwards out of his trap." He shrieked for help—your coward has always good lungs—and, as luck would have it, Policeman Joel Ford heard his cries and stopped the tramp in his adventurous career. "The rogue was a big, heavy man, and Ford, though tall, was a light weight, thin as an adder, and no match for the sturdy villain he stopped." Joel, however, does not give in, and puts up a very good fight, until the rogue fetches him a crashing blow which stretches him upon the ground. Meanwhile, Andy "crept nearer in fear and trembling, only to see the policeman getting the worst of it. . . . Like a leaf he shook, and in a voice quavering in the wind he bleated loud and long for help." And then with inimitable art the author brings another character upon the scene—one, Sally Champion, who, possessing all the courage Andrew lacks, throws herself into the fray, "and hitting a swinging crack in the jaw as would have felled a sheep at the least. No open fingers like a female, mind you, but a good clenched fist, and all her shoulder weight behind the hit. Her arms were like iron along of her wall-building, and afore the thief could get up and go for her, she hit him again." At the conclusion of the combat the rogue is taken prisoner through the prowess of Sally, and Blackaller receives back his purse. He saves the policeman's hurts with a matter of £5, and finds solace for his own cowardice in Sally's courage. Convinced that she will be a proper mother for any man's children, he takes her to wife. "She was a female and a proper brave one, and that was all he cared about; and he longed to have her in his house as the crown of the establishment." The book is instinct with quaint humour and occasional sharp dramatic effects. Its style is admirable; indeed, Mr. Phillpotts could not, we think, achieve anything that was not polished in phrase. The book is a complement to that inimitable volume, "Widecombe Fair."



Messrs. Fisher Unwin have given us two interesting volumes of the EARLY CORRESPONDENCE OF LORD JOHN RUSSELL, 1805-1840, edited by his son, Rollo Russell. The whole key-note to the life of this great reformer lies in the declaration of equality which he made in 1831 when bringing forward his great Reform Bill: "You must show that you are deter-

mined not to be the representatives of a small class, or of a particular interest, but to form a body who, representing the people and sympathising with the people, can fairly call on the people to support the future burdens of the country, and to struggle with the future difficulties it may have to encounter." It is in the light of this declaration that we must view all his efforts at enfranchisement, his desire for justice to Dissenters, his interest in Catholic emancipation, and his broadminded policy towards the Jews. In a word, he believed in equality, and his means to gain that end were "the abolition of unfair privileges, oppressive taxation, corrupt practices, . . . and the extension of liberty, wealth, education, and peace."

The two volumes before us are, perhaps, a trifle disappointing, in view of the great achievements, the world-wide interests, and the compelling personality of Lord John Russell. In the first place, a considerable proportion of the letters are written to Russell, and shed no light on the character of the recipient, but are merely of general historical interest; and, again, to anyone who knows the speeches of Russell, the letters given in these volumes seem of very secondary importance as a revelation of the personality and ideals of the man. But as a contribution to the history of the Great Reform Period in English history, the book has undoubtedly its value, and we are grateful for the able summary of the early life of the reformer, which occupies the first hundred pages of volume one.

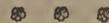


Of late years there has been an extraordinary increase in the publication of Memoirs, Diaries, and semi-historical works of all kinds. The movement is, on the whole, beneficial, enabling the reader to gauge, in some degree, contemporaneous opinion of the events and characters of history. But it has its obvious dangers, and the editor of such a work ought to be unsparing with his blue pencil. In the preface to Fisher Unwin's new publication, *SOCIETY, POLITICS AND DIPLOMACY, 1820-1864*, PASSAGES FROM THE JOURNAL OF F. W. H. CAVENDISH (15s.), we find, "I trust these memoirs will not be found by readers to be wholly devoid of interest or amusement." The humility of the editor ought, perhaps, to forestall criticism, and we can assure him that we were not wholly bored; but the justification for publishing a book of this sort ought, we feel, to be slightly less negative in character. Many of the comments of Mr. Cavendish are extraordinarily futile, when seen in the cold light of print. "We visited the Royal Apartments, which are very fine, but the silver-gilt plate exhibited greatly required cleaning." "The neighbourhood of Leipzig is famous for larks, of which we had plenty for breakfast and dinner," and endless statements as to the parties and Royal functions at which he was present. On the other hand, there are passages of some importance, especially in the latter half of the book. Evidently France and French diplomatic manoeuvres were prominent among the diarist's interests; the pages dealing with the French Revolution of 1846, the marriage of Napoleon III., and the Crimean War deserve attention. We should, however, have lost but little if the book had been condensed to half its present size. A ruthless use of the blue pencil is one of the chief duties of an editor.



Mr. W. L. Courtney has given us a clever study of a certain type of woman. *THE SOUL OF A SUFFRAGETTE* (Chapman and Hall, 6s.) paints Una Blockley and all for which she stands with amazing reality. We have all of us known her, the woman of

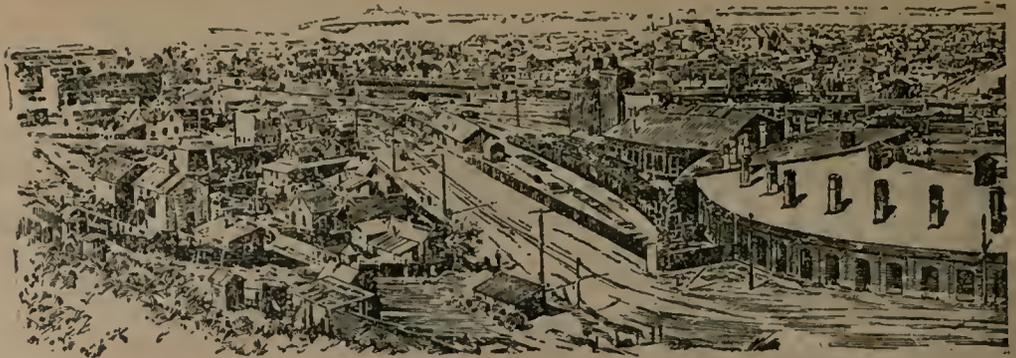
five-and-thirty who has chanced on the dull side of things, who accepts life as a duty rather than as a joy, and feels in an unconscious fashion that in some inscrutable way she has been wronged. And then there comes to her a vision of the delectable mountains: "She was set on fire with the ideal championship, a cause, a wonderful new gospel of femininity, something which would redress the uneven balance and bring greater justice and fairer dealing in the world"; and as she listened her burdens seemed to fall from her. She thought she was of consequence, that there was something for her to do; work that mattered, not the dull routine that grinds on as a machine from day to day. Everything would be put right in the best of all possible worlds once women were given the vote, and, fired with the exultation of a devotee, Una throws herself heart and soul into the cause. The spirit is brave and willing, but at first the flesh shrinks from the ordeal. She finds great difficulty in screwing up her courage to a striking point when it comes to breaking the window of a harmless little jeweller, and almost runs away with the deed undone. The last moment resolution comes to her, and she smashes a pane of glass, and finds herself surrounded by an indignant crowd, who show signs of hostility. She is rescued from the mêlée by a stranger, who takes her home and establishes a footing with the family. Friendship ripens into affection, and at first one hopes that Una will abandon militancy and decline on marriage. The crown of martyrdom, however, proves too strong an attraction. She breaks with her lover and accepts a call for active service. She is deputed to throw a bomb into a Cabinet Minister's house, the said house being empty save for two caretakers and a cat. The explosion is very ineffective and the damage inconsiderable. Una, however, is arrested and sent to prison, where she practised the hunger strike, suffered unendurable agonies of mind and body, and came out of gaol with nothing to look forward to "except the pitiful career of the chronic invalid." She is left with the dying fires of her enthusiasm for comfort, and prison life as a reflection. She might have been a happy wife and mother, but her call to militancy came at a time of dull things. Other stories in the volume show the same qualities of insight, and are written with the polished style and distinction that individualise Mr. Courtney's work.



The author of the "Rosary" has written a new book, which will doubtless be as popular with her readers as her previous efforts. *THE BROKEN HALO* (Putnam, 6s.) serves up the same set of sentiments that served for the "Rosary" and other of her most popular novels. The hero of the story is Dick Cameron, and his halo is his belief. He meets with a variety of sentimental adventures on his pilgrimage, loses his heart to a somewhat anæmic if fascinating syren whom he christens the "little white lady." She suffers from heart disease, and it is Dick's mission as a medical man to appear at the critical moment with a powerful restorative. There is also a vicar who is called "the fallen idol," behaves in a melodramatic fashion, but in keeping with his title, and a long-suffering and devoted servant of the name of Ellen, who waits on the little white lady hand and foot. Dr. Dick marries the syren, not, we regret to say, for her fascinations, but by reason of her money. After the ceremony he grows to care for her very deeply, and his halo, rather the worse for wear, reappears. Not, however, until his wife dies is it restored in its entirety. The author closes the story with the sug-

(Continued on page 766.)

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See Daily Express,
June 12th, 1913.



HOW FORTUNES ARE BEING MADE FROM INVESTMENTS IN CANADIAN LAND.

The following extract is from the London "Daily Express," dated June 12th, 1913.

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"Express" Correspondent.

Montreal, May 31.

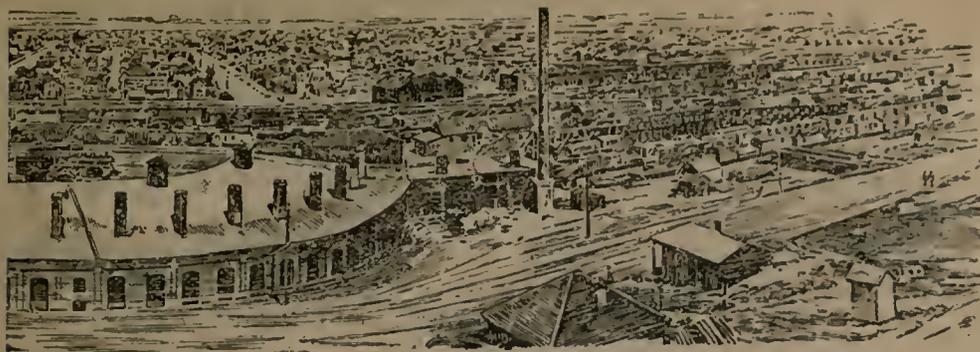
A block of land in Edmonton, Alberta, changed hands a few days ago for £100,000; twenty-one years ago the same block was sold for £5. These figures tell the story of a Canadian real estate boom without a parallel on the American Continent, and probably without an equal anywhere.

There is scarcely a clerk, shopkeeper, or wage-earner of any kind who has not feverishly invested his savings in a piece of land, hoping for a quick "turnover." It is estimated that in Winnipeg alone there are dozens of men who have made fortunes owing simply to the enormous rise in values due to the boom.

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	1910	"	= 4,000
JAN. 1913	"	"	= 12,000
NOW	"	"	= 16,000

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SOME EXTRAORDINARY OFFICIAL FACTS.

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"The Daily Telegraph," 15th July, 1913, under the heading AMERICAN TARIFFS, quotes the Governor of Massachusetts:

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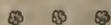
Dear Sirs,
Please send me full particulars and plans of Medicine Hat, in Sunny Alberta, without any cost or liability to myself.

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"Ev. 2."

gestion that Dick may find consolation in marriage with Margaret, the wife of the fallen idol; in other words, the rector of the parish.



WHEN LOVE CALLS (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.) is a melodramatic story of adventure and crime, and as such it must be judged. It has no claims to delicate characterisation, and its psychology is often in thought. But it is written with a verve and go that carry the reader along, and though we may stop to criticise the probability of the wonderful incidents that occur at intervals in the course of its development we are sufficiently intrigued to continue reading. It is written in the first person, and Mr. A. W. Marchmont has used the form to advantage in working out certain aspects of the mystery. The love interest is subsidiary, but of sufficient vividness to give opportunities for several daintily written scenes. We confidently recommend the book to those who like somewhat startling plots and a story of action.



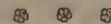
Sir William Magnay has published some adventurous stories in novel form, and has written several successful serials. THE PLAYERS (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.) is a new departure, in which the author definitely scores. The book is written with a lighter touch and sense of humour lacking in his previous novels, and the characterisation is careful and convincing. Mr. Pomfret, "millionaire and former proprietor of the world-renowned establishment known as Samuel Pomfret and Co., is distinctly a creation. He finds an insuperable difficulty in enunciating his h's, and flies to Mr. Mowbray Gore, Professor of Elocution, for remedy in this deficiency. "Damn the letter H!" said Mr. Pomfret. "Don't," objected his tutor, speaking from the height of perfect—perhaps too perfect—elocution, and with an easy command of the baffling consonant; "it is the most elegant letter in the alphabet. What would the English language be without it?"

"None the worse as I can see," returned his pupil with impatience. "I got on very well without it for fifty years, and made a million of money. The letter Haitch—"

"Aitch," murmured the professor.

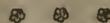
"Aitch would never have helped me to 2s. 6d. more."

The struggles of Mr. Pomfret to fit himself for polite society and for Parliament make excellent reading, and the author is to be congratulated on his latest book.

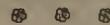


MY WIFE'S HIDDEN LIFE (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.) does not bear the name of the author. It is perhaps as well, for his own sake, that the book is anonymous, as there is very little in it which one can praise. It is written in the first person, and is supposed to be the revelations of a husband concerning his wife, whom he feels he never really knew. The husband is a vain person of commonplace ambition and views, and the style in which the book is written fits the picture. He describes himself just: "I was five feet seven inches in height, and had the well-knit figure of a man who relieves sedentary by active outdoor life in his leisure. My face was irregularly featured, and though the fashion for clean shaving had just come into vogue my mouth and chin did not suffer thereby. I went to bed satisfied on the whole with my looks, which had hitherto not caused me much concern." We wish that the revelations of the wife's hidden feeling had contained her opinion of the attractions which caused her husband such complacency. There is much padding in this volume, and what little story there is lies hidden under a mountain of praises. On the whole, it is a

tiresome book, and the psychology of the misunderstood wife is overshadowed by the vapourings of the pretentious husband.



Mrs. Alfred Praga has written a bright and readable book. LOVE AND £200 A YEAR (Werner Laurie, 2s. net) explains the mysteries of housekeeping on a small scale, and estimates the proportion of income that should be spent on table-cloths, huckaback towels, glass-cloths, etc. The advice is sugared by occasional departures into story land, and the adventures of the young couple who set up house on the princely income of £200 a year are told with a certain vivacity and charm. Excellent recipes are scattered through the volume, and Cynthia is made to perform feats of domestic economy, and to produce an excellent dinner at a phenomenally small cost.



The October issue of "Rosenblum's Anglo-French Journal" is an exceptionally good number. This unique periodical, published by Rosenblum's Language Institute, 26, High Holborn, is designed to help English-speaking people read French without that perpetual and tiresome reference to a dictionary which makes the study of a foreign language so wearisome a task. Extracts from the best French authors are included in each number, as well as topical articles relating to French politics and the affairs of everyday life. Commercial correspondence is a special feature, and a course of practical French grammar is included. The journal is as useful to the veriest beginner as the more advanced student, as the translations are graduated according to the capacity of the reader, some articles being rendered in idiomatic French, while others are translated word by word, so that those but just commencing can follow very easily. Practical and useful, the journal is invaluable to all those who desire to attain a working knowledge of the French language. A specimen copy will be sent on application to the publishers, price 1½d.

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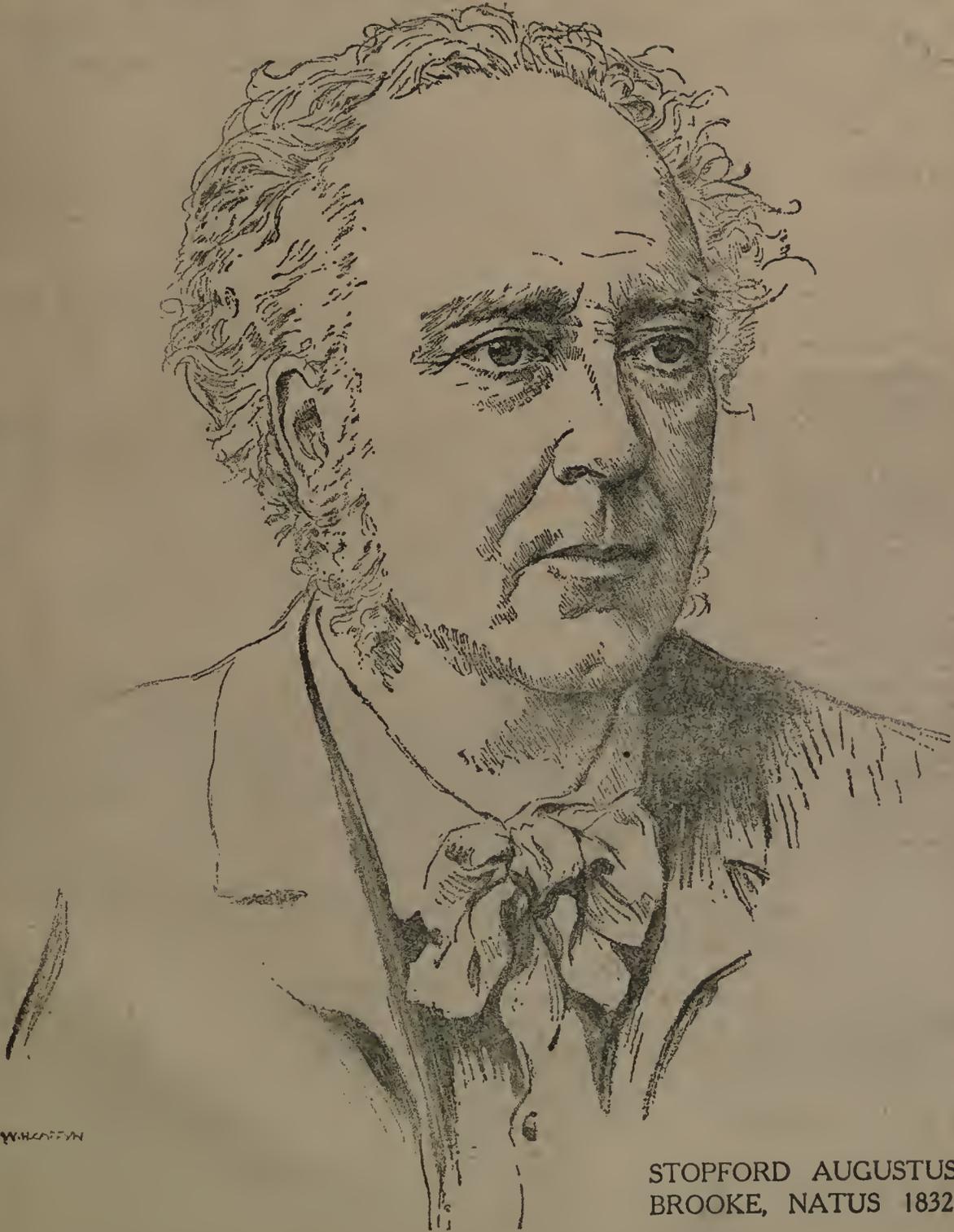
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HISTORY IN THE MAKING
NOTES OF THE WEEK.

UNDOUBTEDLY the most important event of the week has been the offer by Ulster to withdraw opposition to the Home Rule Bill—on terms. Following immediately on the "reviews" and demonstrations presided over by Sir Edward Carson, and almost coinciding with the "Island conference" of Ministers, it may well be that the offer marks an epoch in the history of the Irish question. According to the *Daily Mail*, Ulster is prepared to let the Bill go through provided that the north-east corner is left out of the measure, and that the inhabitants, Nationalist and Orangemen alike, are under the sway of the Imperial Parliament. It remains to be seen whether this proposal will be acceptable to the Irish leader. Last Session Mr. Redmond dismissed it in the historic phrase of Parnell, "We cannot spare a single Irishman." It remains to be seen whether that view has been modified by subsequent events. If so, we are in a fair way towards settlement by consent. But will that settlement stand the test of time?

Unusual interest is likely to attach to the proceedings of the Church Congress, which was opened on Wednesday by the Primate. It is practically certain that at no distant date legislation in regard to further facilities for divorce will be introduced to Parliament, and it is anticipated in certain quarters that not only will the position of the Church be reaffirmed, but a strong appeal made to Nonconformists to join in an effort against the proposals which, it is believed, will emerge from the Royal Commission on the subject.

We have not had long to wait for the first beneficial results of the new American tariff. Already English

trade is benefiting. According to the editor of the *Ironmonger*, millions of pounds' worth of goods are now lying in bond in the United States ports waiting the signing of the Bill. Among these are quantities of iron and steel articles manufactured in this country. Many English firms are appointing representatives in the United States, and the Midlands anticipate quite a boom in many of their industries. The removal of the 10 per cent. duty on boots and shoes will, of course, make a considerable difference to our export boot trade.

Although it attracted far less attention than it deserved, the Conference of Class Teachers, held last week at Portsmouth, was remarkable for the vigour with which it tackled questions of profound importance alike to teachers and pupils. The President denounced unsparingly the wasteful and depressing system under which a teacher is put to instruct large, unwieldy classes, so numerous that they are quite beyond the power of any one human being to manage. He also touched with real feeling on the cruelty of subjecting a starving child to the strain of tuition, and pleaded for further feeding facilities. There can be no question that, until these and other basic reforms are initiated, much of the money spent on public education is so much waste.

A decision of no little interest to the travelling public was given in the City of London Court this week, when Mr. Herman Cohen, a barrister, sued the London, Brighton and South Coast Railway for the return of excess fare paid under protest. Mr. Cohen was travelling back to London from Brighton with a week-end ticket on Saturday when he was compelled to pay the excess fare. The solicitor for the company insisted that the conditions attaching to the purchase of the ticket were clearly printed thereon, but the Registrar held that a passenger was not bound to read them. The effect of this decision, if upheld on appeal, is likely to be little less than revolutionary as regards excursionists and "trippers."

Yet another fall in the birth rate. The Registrar-General's return, issued a few days ago, is distinctly disquieting, and, coupled with the increase in the emigration figures, gives furiously to think. Last year nearly 400,000 people left these shores, and the flood of emigration is not yet on the ebb. A contemporary points out that one result of this exodus from England is that in the hosiery trade employers cannot obtain sufficient labour, although wages have risen considerably. That, of course, is not an unmixed evil, but certain it is that there is something at once pathetic and ironical in the spectacle afforded by a nation whose labourers are leaving by the shipload and whose land is going out of cultivation.

News comes from America of a remarkable educational experiment which has been initiated at the Bryn Mawr Girls' School—"the Girton," as it is described by a contemporary, "of the States." An open-air school has been built in the grounds consisting chiefly of a roof with glass sides. Fires are not to be permitted, and the girls must in winter keep warm by wearing Eskimo suits of fur. It is a theory of the head mistress, Miss Carey Thomas, that an open-air life builds up the physique and constitution of a girl as nothing else does, and she claims that her plan will be found to evolve the finest types of womanhood. We shall see.

THE MAN AND HIS WORK

XII.—THE ANGLICAN CLERGYMAN ❖ ❖ PRIZE ESSAY BY THE REV. S. C. CARPENTER

I.

THE English people are sadly the slaves of their terminology. But, on the other hand, the English mind is so far logical that the terminology is sure to have some relation to the facts. In this case the relation is historical. The label describes the ancestors of the existing facts; it accurately indicates what the bottle once contained. The humiliating circumstance that the ministers of the Church of England are known by the dull and clumsy name of clergymen is due to the fact that they used to be dull and clumsy people.

II.

Two centuries ago the Vicar of Wakefield was a good specimen of the parish priest, and even Jane Austen's Mr. Henry Tilney was by no means below the average. The Evangelical Revival, which raised so many levels, awakened a considerable section of the clergy, but did not permeate the whole body. The reason was partly because the Bishops contrived to push off most of it into Dissent, and partly because a certain intolerance and some unpleasing mannerisms aroused in those who had not fallen under its spell, not merely theological disagreement, but moral distaste. Much ground remained unbroken.

When Newman appealed to his "brethren in the Sacred Ministry" to "magnify their office," and hailed the Bishops, to their intense amazement, as "our Holy Fathers, the representatives of the Apostles, and the Angels of the Churches," his words fell on doubtful ears. The Bishops were incredulous. "I pray thee, of whom speaketh the prophet this? Of ourselves or of some other men?" The inferior clergy had likewise lost their spiritual self-respect, and mildly deprecated the sacerdotal franchise claimed in their behalf. But in twelve years the movement spread through the ministry, and when, in 1845, came the great *débauché*, it went on at another less learned, more popular, and, incidentally, less clerical level in places like London, Brighton, Leeds, and Frome. The ritualistic slum-parson is now a familiar and popular type.

Side by side with the Oxford Movement there was another two-fold wave of reformation. In both its aspects it was largely the creation of that great soul, Frederick Maurice. As a Liberal, Maurice, with the help of Tennyson, the Broad Church poet, was a great power with the laity fifty years ago. In some mysterious way the modern clergyman, in spite of not having read Maurice and of having (rightly) substituted Browning for Tennyson, has slowly and cautiously imbibed much of the more positive part of Maurice's teaching. Although more orthodox, he is commonly more liberal than the layman.

In the other direction the Maurician influence has been even greater. The ideals of the Christian Social Union are now largely the ideals of the clergy. It is not a question of politics. In politics they are divided. The country clergy, like most countrymen, who do not happen to be Nonconformists, are Conservative. The town parson is often Radical, sometimes Socialist. But parsons everywhere have learned to care for the material welfare of the people. They are reformers, workers, enthusiasts, and sometimes experts, on Housing, Wages, Temperance, and the like. And it is all the fruit of their faith. Their interest in the condition of the sons of men springs from their belief in the Son of Man. Their allegiance to Christ

makes them care for the observance not only of Sunday, but of Saturday afternoon.

Thus the influences of Wesley, Newman, and Maurice, the three great Church reformers of the last two centuries, have created the modern clergyman. No one can ever hope to understand anything in England, least of all the clergy, until he appreciates tradition.

III.

It cannot be said that the mediæval tribute, *clerus Anglicanus, stupor mundi*, which indicated, apparently, a degree of erudition at which creation itself was justly staggered, is applicable to present circumstances. In the matter of learning the clergy, as in other things, contrive nowadays to avoid either of the two extremes. They may still be classed among educated, but not, as a rule, among well-educated, men. Their Public School career gave them three things—a strong but unequal sense of honour, a glowing but attenuated patriotism, and a conviction that the Greek of the New Testament was less than classical. Their University education must be divided into official and unofficial. The unofficial part of it gave them a sense of Churchmanship and a faculty for asking questions; the official part, if they were fortunate, a good introduction to Biblical criticism and to Theology as far as A.D. 461. Their Theological College did not last long enough to teach Theology to those who came straight from a Classical or Mathematical or Poll Degree, but it gave them a point of view, and in another respect it was invaluable.

It was invaluable for its devotional training. Its educational efficiency was impaired through shortness of time, inequality of previous training, and the necessity of preparing for examination, but it taught them what the jovial but not very democratic life of the University had failed to teach them—that Christians were joyous brothers and that prayer was a reality. It was not only the encouragement and example of "Princeps," "Vice," or "Chapper," but the devotion of the other men. If other men, of like passions, with the same Norfolk jackets and turned-up flannel trousers as themselves, could spend half an hour daily in meditation, keep a strict rule of life, and still be men of games and Homeric laughter, why could not they? It was the Theological College which converted them. That is why Cuddesdon means more to some of them than Trinity. It had a more intimate effect upon their life. The parish priest is often so absorbed in parochial, and sometimes non-clerical, duties that he abandons some of his primitive practice. His theology is often terribly behind-hand, and his devotions do not maintain the orderliness of that golden year; but until he loses all remembrance of the life so gently yet so faithfully presided over by a Drury, a Burrows, a Johnston, or a Randolph, his ideal will be to be a man of God.

IV.

The other part of his equipment, the knowledge of men, is much better than is commonly supposed. For business, in the sense of actual finance, he has, with notable exceptions, little aptitude. He is sometimes lazy and careless over this, and sometimes it is a grievous duty, conscientiously discharged. But in human affairs he has a wisdom all his own. His desire to have relations with all the people in the parish, and his inveterate, excellent habit of making plans for

the benefit of everybody he knows, have given him deep insight into human nature. Those whom circumstances—or a supposed capacity—have made the recipients of many secrets have only themselves to blame for lack of wisdom. For the springs of human conduct have been laid bare to them, and they can always digest and co-ordinate their knowledge into wisdom on their knees.

In the modern wave of appreciation of the value of education the parson has been a leader. Modern democracy, or the sense of the value of the ordinary person, has been much aided by his patient work. In the discovery of the supreme worth to the community, firstly, of children, secondly, and only in part consequently, of women, he has been a pioneer. His democracy is not always quite disinterested; he is human, and cannot altogether escape from the desire of increasing the numbers of *his* congregation, *his* Bible-class, *his* C.L.B., but, on the whole, he is much more disinterested than the political electioneer. Why? Because to his natural selfishness and love of power he has added, by the grace of God, a true love of souls, that is, characters, and a true zeal for their perfection. In spite of his parochial outlook and his limited sympathies, he is a servant of men. That he has a point of view, that he faces his public when he ministers the Word or Sacraments or gives them personal advice, that he is, in fact, a sacerdotalist, is an unmixed good; it is the essence of professional efficiency.

V.

The real complaint that can be made about the clergy is that they are not professional enough. It is not that they do not work. They get up earlier in the morning than most men of the class they are supposed to belong to. They constantly have evening work which keeps them out till ten. Few of them are idle. And this though their work is not done in an office under supervision, and their earnings do not depend on their activity. But they do not organise their labours or economise their time and strength. Their sermons, much more sincere than the speeches of politicians, are much less effective, because they have not taken time to think out their topic and to put it in the most persuasive way. Some of them read badly; some sing out of tune. Of some country clergy the remark once made, no matter where, is true: "The parsons round here are very good fellows, but not very spiritual." Of some town parsons it is true that they cover their parish with a network of organisation, and have no time to get to know their people. Others are too anxious to be breezy; they are always shaking hands and cracking jokes with their parishioners, and they forget to be ambassadors of God. Others are too polite in sick-rooms, and consider the feelings of the relations rather than the sick man's soul. Others, again, are too tactful—so eager to be thought broad-minded and unshockable that the counsel of God remains unspoken and their presence has not its consecrating effect. But, on the whole, they perform, without much glory and without any great reward, an invaluable service to the community. If they only paid a little closer attention to business, and cared a little less what critics, genial or sardonic, said about them; if, in a word, they believed their own religion just a trifle more, they would be irresistible, an army terrible with banners.

For they have many natural advantages. The Bishop with his season ticket and his pleasant smile, the Dean with his scholarly features and his old-world courtesy, are an attractive pair. The Canons are said to disagree in Chapter, but Cathedral Chapters contain a good proportion of the brains of the Church,

and they represent a spiritual force. The Rural Deans—not least the most remotely rural—are invariably gentlemen. The Vicar is liked because he is a kind, hard-working man, living in the sort of house and on the sort of scale that people like to see. His wife is a heroic soul, much too severely criticised. She is expected to do two people's work, and does it very well. And she would like—of course she would!—to be better dressed, but "the children are so frightfully expensive, and one *has* to do some entertaining." So she makes the Great Renunciation. The curates, "poor men, furnished with equanimity, living noisily in clergy-houses," are known to be what they would themselves describe as "keen."

To sum up, it may be said that the modern incumbent is neither proud nor greedy nor unduly rich. And if the modern curate is still pale it is not because he is a prig. The Anglican clergyman could face a Referendum with some confidence. And I think that most of his parishioners will speak up for him at the Day of Judgment.



RESULT OF "EVERYMAN" ESSAY COMPETITION

EVERYMAN'S Prize of THREE GUINEAS for the best Essay on THE ANGLICAN CLERGYMAN has been awarded to the writer of the above paper,

The Rev. S. C. CARPENTER,
Selwyn College, Cambridge.

Most of the Essays sent in on this subject were middling good; none were brilliant; all were respectable. Mr. A. C. Martin Cross, London, in a clever Essay, confined himself exclusively to the financial side of the Anglican clergyman's calling—a side which, strangely enough, the prize-winner—practically alone among the competitors—leaves untouched. "Beta's" paper might have gained the prize had it shown less sign of hasty composition and adhered more strictly to the word-limit prescribed. Another particularly good contribution came from Broadstairs; the writer does not wish his name disclosed.

Commendable Essays were also received from the following:—F. M. Ellis, Bournemouth; F. England, Airdrie; Rev. A. Foulkes, Steventon Vicarage, Berks; Rev. Bernard M. Hancock, Woking; Rev. A. J. Humphreys, Accrington; Rev. E. K. Venner, Chelmsford; Rev. H. A. Wilson, Kingston-on-Thames. Fewer ladies than might have been expected engaged in this competition; good Essays, however, were written by Mrs. E. M. Hardy, Rochford, and "A Parson's Wife," Liverpool.

This is the last of the series of six competitions organised with a view to furthering Everyman's knowledge of the concrete conditions of life in representative professions and industries. In every case the vast majority of the Essays came from men actually belonging to the profession or engaged in the industry under discussion. As one competitor writes:

"The discovery of new worlds has always been a specially absorbing occupation. Every trade and profession has a 'world' of its own. This is true of such industries as the growing of tea or strawberries, no less than of such professions as the stage or the bar. But each of these 'worlds' is more or less an unknown continent to those without. It is therefore a most happy thought of EVERYMAN to get the inhabitants of each 'world' at least to know of the other 'worlds.' It will also be of the utmost practical value, when we remember that though each sphere of work is a 'world' of its own, it is not a 'world' by itself."

Besides helping to make Everyman better known to himself, this series of competitions has given repeated and most gratifying evidence of the number and variety of homes where EVERYMAN is welcome.

THE RUSSIAN POLICE AND THE PRESS

BY GEORGE RAFFALOVITCH.

IN the House of Commons this year, at the time when a somewhat fictitious agitation was going on in a section of the Press about the treatment of political prisoners in Portugal, Mr. King asked the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs "whether he would inquire of our Ambassador in St. Petersburg as to the alleged treatment of political prisoners in Russia; whether, as indicated by interpellations in the Duma, political prisoners were flogged, loaded with chains, and kept many days in the punishment cell; and whether, in view of the bad effect on public opinion of these allegations being allowed to go without denial, he would urge the British Ambassador in St. Petersburg to bring this matter before the Russian Government without delay."

Mr. Acland, who replied, said: "I have no knowledge of the allegations in question. The hon. member asks me to make proceedings in the Duma relating to internal affairs the subject of diplomatic representations; if so, we must admit from foreign Governments representations founded upon questions put in the House of Commons about our internal affairs—a proceeding that no British Government would submit to."

Yet, in April, in reply to a somewhat similar question relating to political prisoners in Portugal, Sir Edward Grey had declared that "abuses must have a very unfavourable effect upon public opinion and sympathies."

Many a time has the prison system of Russia been investigated by people interested in the matter, professors of sociology, doctors, clergymen, and others. Roughly speaking, it can be said that the "criminal prisoner" is not worse treated than in other countries, better indeed than in many. The "political" prisoner is, on the other hand, dealt with in a manner that is altogether peculiar to Muscovite methods. This is not so much a question of justice, although Heaven knows the Muscovite idea of justice is amazing enough to the English mind, as it is one of the enormous power of the police. When I say police, I mean one of the three or four bodies which are comprised in that name, and which work in different channels. Whenever they clash, and that is not seldom, they do not clash at one another's expense, but at that of the taxpayer and their quarry.

People are wont to speak of the Russian bureaucracy as of an all-powerful body ruling the country, but that is not quite the case. There are 435,000 bureaucrats; only 91,000 of them receive more than 1,000 roubles (£104) a year. This alone shows that the evil of the Russian system of Government cannot be attributed altogether to the bureaucracy. It is the police that do the harm; I will even say more: it is the police that rule the country.

Not that the police are better paid. If they were we should not witness every day their intolerable abuse of power. Every householder and shopkeeper takes as a matter of course the periodical visits of the petty police officials who go from house to house, from shop to shop, claiming their "graft." As M. Alexinsky remarks in his book, "Modern Russia": "The higher officials do not take that trouble, their graft is sent to their homes."

If this were all, and one had merely to pay one's

footing, so to speak, it might be a laughable matter, but the police have many other strings to their bow. It is seldom that a day passes without some abuse of power on their part being commented on. They control public meetings. We need go back no further than July 14th, 1913 (on the very day when the French nation commemorates its freedom); the Chairman of the Congress of Commercial Employees received a list of subjects which, he was informed, the chief of police had forbidden to be discussed either at the general or at sectional meetings of the Congress. The list of topics was as follows:—

1. General social disorganisation and the struggle against it.
2. The participation of the democracy in the organs of self-government.
3. The history of the development and the essential facts of unemployment.
4. Cultural work among Jewish employees.
5. The influence of the strike of 1905 on the actual and legal position of waiters, and the destructive influence of Reaction on the rights of the waiters' society.
6. The vicissitudes of the project of the Ministry of Trade in its various stages.
7. The legal disabilities of the proletariat.
8. The legal position of Jewish employees.

No meeting of any description can be summoned without permission of the police—not even an annual meeting of a small joint-stock company. But, even when sanctioned, the meeting must be held in the presence of a police-officer, who has the right to stop any speaker and close the meeting when he likes.

In Moscow, for example, a meeting of waiters was recently held for the purpose of preparing instructions to delegates who had been appointed to the Congress of trade employees. One of the instructions declared that the waiters were a part of the proletariat. This description called forth a warning from the police-officer who was present. A new resolution was then put before the meeting, which declared that the employees in the restaurants of Moscow cherished no hope that the legislative Chambers, as at present constituted in Russia, would ever improve their lot. This proved too much for the policeman, who at once declared the meeting closed.

The police carry the same methods into every one of their dealings with the public. Prince Meschersky wrote, not long ago, in the *Grajdanim*, a Conservative organ:

"Under the conditions prevailing now, the following might well be a true picture from life:—detective agents board a battleship at night to arrest a gang of non-commissioned officers who—can there be any possible doubt?—are ready to carry out, that very night, a conspiracy against their superiors. The agents find most of the sailors fast asleep. Those whom they have come to arrest in the very act of preparing the crime are fast asleep too, undressed and unarmed. But the disappointed agents declare that, owing to their precipitation, they had not given time for the sailors' criminal design to ripen.

"Such an excuse, supported by nothing but ground-

less hearsay, easily suggests that the 170,000,000 inhabitants of Russia might find themselves to-morrow in the same predicament. At the caprice of the detective agents, all may be hastily arrested, before even their intention to attempt some unknown political crime could be brought to light. Here lies the tragedy of the situation. Nobody requires from the Okhrana sections, or the Police Department, or, still less, from the agents picked up in the street, any proof in support of suspicion or accusation, and nobody is made responsible, even for evidently false charges.

"Nor is this all. I declare, on the authority of respectable Gendarmerie officers, that it is a sacred tradition of the Okhrana and the Political Detective Department to cast suspicion on exemplary and respected Gendarmerie officers, and to set them down as indifferent to the service, merely because they refrain from making arrests. On the other hand, favour is shown to those who can boast of the greatest number of arrests per annum. It is not the quality but the quantity of the persons arrested that is the important thing. The question of the substantiation of accusations is a secondary consideration."

An incident took place recently in the Government of Kursk which might be astounding in any other country. A case was proceeding in which a private individual named Haykin was suing a railway company. A police officer entered the court and ordered the constables by whom he was accompanied to arrest the plaintiff on the ground that, being a Jew, he was not entitled to reside at Plutiol.

It was in vain that the presiding judge pointed out that Haykin had come there in obedience to a summons from the court, and that no arrests could be affected in a court of law without the order of the presiding judge. The Commissary of Police paid no attention to these remonstrances. Haykin was carried off to the lock-up, and the judge had to suspend the sitting.

In 1907 the Russian police cost (officially, that is, for the "graft" is to be added) fifty-seven and a half million roubles; in 1912 fifty-nine and a half millions; the estimate for 1913 was sixty and a half millions. Add to this the special corps of gendarmes, with an estimated cost for 1913 of seven and three-quarter millions. It is interesting at this point to mention that the expenditure for the elementary schools throughout an Empire of 170,000,000 was sixty-seven million roubles. The cost of maintenance of the prisons is estimated for this year at thirty-seven and a quarter millions, plus one million four hundred thousand roubles for the military prisons, and nearly two-hundred thousand roubles for the naval prisons.

The police must justify their existence. When there is no case they must needs make one, and that is being done on every hand. The police-made mutinies, the police-made political plots are brought forward, and it is seldom that the police are reprimanded for their "provocations." Of course, criminal proceedings are started now and then against police inspectors who are guilty of the worst offences, but most of them escape scot free.

For instance, a constable named Yejikoff, of the Balashov district, was committed for trial at Saratov for having thrashed in the street the village headman and two peasant women for their inability to tell him where to find his sabre, which he had lost when intoxicated. This requires no comment.

When we come to the question of the Press we cannot help feeling deep sympathy for the Russian journalists. Not a week passes but newspapers' editors are fined in respect of some of the articles they

publish. Often the whole edition is confiscated, and fines of five hundred roubles are frequent. The offence is usually political. In one week this year the *Bourse Gazette* was fined five hundred roubles for publishing an article relating to police activity in the country; the *Utro*, of Kharkov, a hundred and fifty roubles for commenting on the conference of the heads of the Russian detective departments. The *Golos Moskvy*, was fined two hundred roubles for an article on the Holy Synod, and Tolstoy's pamphlet, "Divine and Human," first published in 1907, was confiscated this year. The publisher is being prosecuted.

The *Pravda*, one of three Progressive papers which have just been suppressed, first appeared in April of last year. During the first year of its existence it was confiscated on forty-one occasions and fined a total sum of 7,700 roubles (£770). Three of its editors, moreover, were sentenced to imprisonment for three months without the option of a fine. In May of this year the journal was confiscated no fewer than twenty-six times.

A new Press Bill has been brought forward, but the best that can be said of it is that it is not much more detrimental to editors than the present system. Whatever its outward appearance, the result will be to increase the power of repression of the police.

Without a "black Cabinet" the police would be somewhat hampered in their duties. It was admitted this year in the Duma by the Government that the *Okhrana* may use postal officials to watch the correspondence of suspects. We knew already that there were many "suspects" in Russia, but it is difficult to realise that the special department at the St. Petersburg post-office examines 40,000 letters a day, and that there are similar departments in every large town. This inquisition is carried to such a length that not very long ago Mr. Lopukhin, whose name is well known in London, and who was Director of the Police Department, found among Mr. Plehve's papers copies of his own correspondence. There is the classical story of the Scotch father whose son was living in Moscow, and who sent him a money-order, which he mentioned in his letter. When it was opened by the Post Office the money-order was lost. Judge of the surprise of the Scotch youth when he opened his letter, which was, of course, somewhat late, to find a handful of Russian banknotes, which were dated only the day before. *Se non e vero.*



NEW ESSAY COMPETITION

AS announced in a recent issue, a prize of TWO GUINEAS is offered by EVERYMAN for the best Essay, constituting

A Plea For or Against the Channel Tunnel.

Papers must not exceed 2,000 words in length (exclusive of a brief synopsis), and must reach the

COMPETITION EDITOR, "EVERYMAN,"

21, Royal Terrace, Edinburgh,

not later than October 17th. "Channel Tunnel" should be marked in the corner of envelopes. Essays sent in should be carefully paragraphed, and must be clearly written, preferably typewritten, on one side of the paper only. All entries shall become the exclusive property of the Editor, who cannot undertake to return any MS.

THE PILGRIMS OF WATLING STREET

NOTE.—The Watling Street Pilgrims, members of the National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies, left Carlisle on June 18th. A meeting was held at Stratford on July 16th. Before July 16th my interest in the demand for Women's Suffrage was academic—in the vaguest sense of the word. I have tried in the following pages to analyse what I thought and what I saw.

W. H. L. W.

WE drove along the grey road to the market-place of the old town, for there was the gathering of the women. Buttoned and rosetted, I gained the freedom of the company, and in a little while I was cursing in all the tongues I know those journalists and tattle-bearers who had played the slanderer. Where I had looked for stern, harsh-featured women, childless and unsexed, with humour lost in hysteria and bitterness bred of despair, I found—what I shall tell.

Except for a woman with the toothache there was nothing of the serious. The market-place gurgled with brave laughter. The picnic spirit crushed all else. Some were fat—two were very fat—some were thin—two were very thin—and all laughed.

But there was a little cloud, and it was just the size of a man's hand. For round these women strayed a few men, who slipped facetious sneers and praises on the bodies of the women. Blinder than Pilate, there was nothing else they could see in that company. And of the little cloud two things may be said. I stood on the horizon of Time, and in their words I perceived the illimitable cause, the precarious future and the dragging present of the movement. Again, for a second, I distrusted my own sex and shivered in the sun of my confidence. Certain unpleasant tales held for me a new, disquieting significance. Then there came a serious, brown-faced boy, ragged and shoeless, but rosetted like myself. We smiled at each other, the whistle shrilled, and I tramped, thoughtless and happy, out of the market-place and along the grey high road. And as we tramped we talked.

Up and down the company I wandered, and first made search for bitterness, but found none. There were elder women with grave faces, dressed neatly and marching in measured time. They told me in straightforward narrative, sanely, almost coldly, of their march through Hanley—how they had walked through streets fantastic in their meanness; how they had seen dirt and a crawling degradation—the thought of it still darkened their eyes; how haggard, half-naked women and squat, verminous children had pelted them with filth and filthier invective; how the monotony of a hostile stare had dulled them into a greater tiredness than all the stretching miles of harsh cobbles—all this they told me without bitterness, but with a sort of frozen enthusiasm; and each, when she had told me, would finish with her credo: "But we shall change all that."

For a mile I tramped and suffered the supercilious giggles of those that passed by. And the empty idiocy of those giggles drove out the joyousness of the pilgrimage. So I went to a large, witty woman, who was tired and walked in little spurts, and I told her what was simmering in my mind. She only laughed a big, round laugh that left her red and scant of breath. "The poor sillies!" she gasped, cheerfully waving her paper at a man on a bicycle, who shouted a curse as he pedalled vigorously into the nothingness that he deserved. I laughed after a moment. We laughed together, and all the brave company laughed with us.

So we tramped, and I went in search of reason narrowed by a single faith. There was a girl with a body

that swung to the lilt and rhythm of a marching tune. She spoke of great books, and others joined in our talking. Now, there are some of us who sit round a fire together of an evening, and smoke together, and are very clever together. But the cleverness we covertly admired, the putting together and the pulling apart, suddenly seemed hollow, since what these women said was full of clear thinking—an honesty of thought. For they did not think of the world in terms of suffrage, but suffrage in terms of the world.

So we came to a friend's house, and lunched in the garden. There were ladies, factory-hands, maids, authors, typewriting girls, graduates, but no one sneered at the manner or talk of another. Then old songs were played, and, looking round on faces that were beautiful and faces that were ugly, I saw in each the longing for home and soft things. But the whistle shrilled, and soft things were forgotten. For a moment I imagined a drawing-room full of women chattering like the little spoons in their saucers, talking at each other, rivalling each other—year following year of teas and tattle. Then I looked again at my friends of the company. Surely they are the great artists of the world; in putting soft things behind them, in knowing what they believe and in showing it, they are creating a new race and swinging the world round. No man or woman can do more.

Again we took to the white high road, and in a little while we came to a green that was in Stratford. There we sat and joked, waiting for those who were tired and had come slowly. Then, when all the company was assembled, we raised our banners and marched into Stratford singing a song. So we came to Stratford.

First, there was an hour of business. With a cool and rapid precision hospitality was shared, orders detailed, arrangements made, and the next day's march outlined. This done, we raised our banners again, and behind a band we marched to the church; there we laid a wreath on the tomb of Shakespeare. And as the elder women laid the wreath on the tomb we sat in the body of the church. The quiet of it drugged me, and after the mocking of the crowds the church itself seemed to mock.

Christianity has raised women from degradation, implanted the spirit of chivalry in men's hearts, and given men a pity for the weak and the oppressed. So said my self of yesterday. Then there flitted dimly before me the women of Hanley, haggard and half-naked, their squat, verminous children, their filth and squalor. For a moment I doubted, until I remembered how Christian men reverence the supreme woman, Christ's mother. Again there passed before my mind the men in that old market-square, and other men of Stafford, who had thrown brickbats, stones, and rotten eggs at my friends of the company. For a moment I doubted, until I remembered how eagerly Christians hug to their hearts the saying of their Lord, that he that is without sin should cast the first stone. But the doubt persisted, for I saw a man in a lordly park who took a knife and ripped up the clothing of a girl, till, naked and bleeding, she was cast out, and another who proudly waved a piteous scrap of clothing and offered it for sale. The doubt grew very strong, for surely in some holy book I had read the story of a Man whose raiment was divided among His enemies. Perhaps in our country they admire those that divided the raiment; perhaps, despite their Master's words, Christians still cast stones, not only at sinful but at

innocent women; perhaps they have even forgotten that Christ's mother was a woman. The answer came clear. They have been free so long that they have forgotten to be free; they have been Christians so long that they have forgotten to be Christians. My self of yesterday returned, and the dreams ran away like frightened children. So we went to church in Stratford.

Two waggons were set in the midst of a crowd of men. There were navvies with stiff, childish faces, young chestless clerks with pale cheeks and silly lips, townsmen of good standing who had come seriously to listen, and a few bovine police, whom, for the sake of their good name, I will not further mention. Many, it seemed, were frightened of their chivary, for they had drunk much good beer to support it. Darting in and out among the crowd, countering rudeness with a smile, were women selling papers, ribbons, badges. There was a handful of rosetted men; a North Countryman who for many days had tramped with the women, because he thought it was the duty of a man to protect women from his fellows; a poet who was brave enough to believe in woman, the humanist; a dear, drunken fellow, very dirty and very drunk, who fought with us arm to arm; a boy in immaculate flannels—to him women were dancing machines, but clerks and navvies unspeakable animals; and a big, quiet man. In front of the further waggon was an old woman, twisted like her stick. The mob was eagerly patronising, full of its own humour. The men with rosettes stood a little stern, looking quickly every way at once. And the smiling women darted in and out, always selling, always smiling.

The women on the waggons began to speak, and at first the pale, chestless clerks shouted silly nothings for the sake of the shouting, turning to each other for laughter, bent on admiring themselves. But the women were very annoying, for they went on speaking, and seemed to care nothing for these clerkly jokes. No clerk who had walked out of nights in the vulgar dusk could allow these women to ignore his wit. No navy who was lord of his own home, who drank when and what he liked so long as his wife bore him brats and kept his house, would allow this denial to the insistence of his shouting.

So the shouts became a roar and the jokes a curse. The crowd yelled and surged against the waggon. The old woman shrieked harshly that she was being crushed against the wheel, and hit out stupidly with her stick. In front of the waggon the rosetted men had gathered, together with the dear, drunken fellow and the boy in immaculate flannels. Shoulder to shoulder they shoved back the mob of men, fiercely appealing for fair play. The old woman crawled away with tremulous curses on her lips. From the waggon a girl who had played the friend to man and woman for dreary years in a dreary slum shouted against the crowd that jerked violently towards the waggon.

So the women slipped down from the waggon, and the crowd went on yelling and heaving, until it had discovered there was nothing against which to heave and yell.

Then, in the darkness, the silent waggons were wheeled away, and men drank together and talked together of their famous victory. For it was a Christian town, and a town of fame in the humaner arts.

But the women who were humanists went wearily to bed, and in the morning tramped to find new chivalry in man, and talked of things that are a little greater.

W. H. L. WATSON.

LITERARY NOTES

IN the original series of English Men of Letters, the editor, John Morley, not being Irish, did not venture to include a single woman-writer among the thirty-nine literary celebrities selected for treatment. The only concession to the sex was the entrusting of one volume—Sheridan—to a woman, Mrs. Oliphant. In the new series issued by Messrs. Macmillan a more generous policy has been adopted, and the term "Men of Letters" has been interpreted so as to embrace women as well as men. George Eliot, Fanny Burney, Maria Edgeworth, and Mrs. Gaskell have already found able biographers, and next week will be published a monograph on Jane Austen, by Mr. F. Warre Cornish, Vice-Provost of Eton College.

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A second batch of twenty volumes in that invaluable series, Bohn's Popular Library, is being issued this week by G. Bell and Sons. The new volumes (1s. each) are: "The Early Diary of Frances Burney, 1768-1778," two volumes; Carlyle's "History of the French Revolution," with Introduction by J. Holland Rose, Litt.D., three volumes; Emerson's Works, Volumes III. and IV.; "Tom Jones," two volumes; Jameson's "Shakespeare's Heroines"; "The Thoughts of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus"; Mignet's "History of the French Revolution"; Montaigne's Essays, three volumes; Ranke's "History of the Popes," three volumes; Trollope's "The Warden," with Introduction by Frederic Harrison; and Trollope's "Barchester Towers."

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The completion of Messrs. T. C. and E. C. Jack's "British Bird Book" is a notable event for all ornithologists. The work, which has been several years in progress, is issued in twelve sections (10s. 6d. each), or four volumes (36s. each), and contains 200 plates in full colours from original drawings, and 200 photographs. The editor, Mr. F. B. Kirkman, has had the assistance of leading ornithologists, bird artists, and bird photographers, and both the ordinary edition and the limited *édition de luxe* (21s. per section; £4 4s. per volume) are sumptuous books of great artistic and scientific value.

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'Another new volume that will interest bird lovers is Mr. M. D. Haviland's "Bird Life on the Wing," announced for early publication by Messrs. Black.

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Messrs. Headley Brothers are adding to their Books for Garden Lovers a volume on "Garden Trees and Shrubs" (12s. 6d.), by Walter P. Wright, F.R.H.S. This will be uniform with the beautiful "Alpine Flowers and Rock Gardens" issued recently by the same publishers. Mr. Wright has divided his subject into four parts—The Beauty and Value of Shrubs and Trees; Practical; Selective; and Descriptive. The book will contain nearly a hundred plates specially prepared by eminent artists.

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There are few books in English dealing in a general way with British Universities. All the more welcome, therefore, should be the volume published this week by Messrs. W. Heffer and Sons—"A History of University Reform" (10s.). The author is Mr. A. J. Tillyard, M.A., St. John's College, Cambridge. He traces the Reform movement from 1800 to the present day, and throws out suggestions towards a complete scheme of reform for his own University.

STOPFORD AUGUSTUS BROOKE

CRITIC AND CLERIC

HOW we used to loathe Stopford Brooke! Not the man, Stopford Brooke; indeed, it never occurred to us that Stopford Brooke was a man. To us Stopford Brooke was a book—only that and nothing more—a “Primer of English Literature,” an instrument for forcible feeding in the hands of an antiquated teacher. On the eve of Leaving Certificate Exams. and Inspectors’ Visits we were primed with Stopford Brooke *ad nauseam*. We were shamelessly egged on to commit Stopford Brooke to heart, and, although some twenty years have elapsed since then, whole pages of Stopford Brooke still remain seared upon our memories. Were I casually to ask any of my old classmates what they thought of Byron, the response, I feel sure, would come automatically: “The position of Byron as a poet is a curious one. He is partly of the past and partly of the present. Something of the school of Pope clings to him; yet no one so—” Stopford Brooke has left its mark. One of my school-fellows never mentions the name of Browning without adding *à la* Stopford Brooke a parenthetical “Whose wife will justly share his fame.”

Not till after we had left school did we realise that Stopford Brooke was a man. And the more we read of him and about him, the more was our prejudice and resentment against Stopford Brooke broken down. We saw that we had been visiting on the book and its writer the iniquities of the teacher. With relief and not a little contrition we found that the text-book, after all, was excellent, although the use made of it had been revolting. In a word, we recognised that, if we had been shamelessly “crammed,” we had at least been crammed on wholesome fare.

For Stopford Brooke, whatever he may seem to the immature, appeals to the adult mind as, on the whole, an eminently sane and sound critic. There is nothing bilious or bellicose about his criticism. It is always succinct—witness the aforementioned “Primer.” It is always scholarly, as one might expect from the brilliant graduate of Trinity College, Dublin. It is always marked by strong individuality, yet is never egotistical. It is always helpful and suggestive. While systematic, it is never stodgy and dull, as your systematic, professional criticism is so apt to be. An ardent Irishman, Stopford Brooke has imagination in abundance, and a rich poetic and artistic vein, but he never allows himself to be betrayed into hasty, impulsive judgments; never lets words or tropes run away with him. He has a true literary instinct. Because he himself thoroughly enjoys the good things of literature he is anxious to make his readers share his pleasure; and because he has a rare gift of expression he succeeds *à merveille*.

Supplement these endowments with a robust faith and a musical voice, and you have the makings of a fine preacher and inspiring lecturer. Stopford Brooke’s sermons, we can well believe, used to attract crowded congregations in London long ago. Nor was their fame ephemeral. Their form and matter fitted them for publication, as few sermons are in these days; and in Stopford Brooke’s list of works, sermons and devotional subjects outnumber, if they do not outrival in popularity, the purely literary volumes.

With the reasons which made him break away from the Anglican Church in 1880 we have here nothing to do. What alone concerns us is his quality as a teacher and a preacher. In both capacities he shows the same

characteristics—a “high seriousness,” an unflinching optimism, an infectious fearlessness, a cultured eloquence. And so, in his literary lectures, we find him preaching the noble sermons, as in his inaugural address to the Shelley Society:—

“For myself, I wish that subject matter (the redemption of man) were always before the hopes and in the hearts of men. I wish the faith in it were as strong in the lives of present men as it was in the life of Shelley. The life of the poor would then be brighter, and their endurance of the iniquity of society easier. Hope would create from its own wreck the thing it contemplates. A more spiritual life would balance our materialism. The making of wealth and comfort would be less the religion of England. The idleness and worldliness of man would be more shamed into work and into simplicity. It is the nature of a great faith and hope to make life simple. Philosophy would be less narrow, science less insolent, scepticism less vain, and that opinion—the ultimate result of having neither faith nor hope nor love—that this world is the worst possible world, cease to be the last refuge and the last repose for the heart of man.”—(“Studies in Poetry,” 1907.)

Similarly, in his sermons we come upon passages worthy of the most finished literary essayist; witness the following from a sermon preached on the last Sunday of the year:—

“Some of you who are young are but beginning life. How will you live it; what shall be its means and motives? That is the gravest question as you look forward over the unvoyaged sea of years to come. And we, who are older, are glad to welcome you as you come out of the harbour of home into the tumbling billows of the main. For many years now we have sailed the seas of life, and our ships have been driven to various shores and troubled with the siege of storms, and seen strange islands and strange adventures in diverse seas, from arctic unto tropic; change and interchange of watching and labour and rest. Sunshine and shadow is life; but yet the rough sailing has been better than anchorage in a stagnant calm. Movement and passion have been our comrades; trouble has rushed into joy, joy that prophesied sorrow and fulfilled the prophecy; darkness that sunlight of a new dawn divided; rest that the labour of the tempest rescued from sloth; steady steering in the gale, to keep which true every power was tested to the last resistance; sweet harbourage where we refitted our ship, and heard, when all had been done which was needful, the singing of the land-wind in the tree tops which called us to hoist sail for a new voyage, and which to hear filled us with joy. This has been ours, and to this—to life with all its change—we welcome you.”—(“The Gospel of Joy,” 1898.)

Stopford Brooke—it seems unnecessary, somehow, to preface a respectful “Mr.” or “Dr.” or “Rev.” to the familiar title of our schooldays—Stopford Brooke was born in 1832—the year in which Goethe and Scott died. His “Primer,” which boys and girls study to-day, had a place in the school-bags of their parents before them. It was first published away back in 1876, and when it appeared Matthew Arnold praised it in one of his “Miscellaneous Essays.” And yet we young whipper-snappers at school used to detest and despise it—because our English master failed to make it human!

VOLUME II. OF “EVERYMAN”

THE second volume of EVERYMAN will shortly be ready, handsomely bound in cloth, at the price of 3s. 6d. Including some of the most notable contributions to literature, it continues the traditions of the paper, and should form, with Vol. I., the nucleus of an interesting and valuable collection. Applications should be sent 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. II. (Nos. 27 to 52) is now in preparation.

EVERYMAN'S FRENCH PAGE

EDMUND BURKE

BURKE n'était point entré au Parlement, comme Fox et les deux Pitts, dès l'aurore de la jeunesse, mais à trente-cinq ans, ayant eu le temps de s'instruire à fond de toutes choses, savant dans le droit, l'histoire, la philosophie, les lettres, maître d'une érudition si universelle qu'on l'a comparé à Lord Bacon. Mais ce qui le distinguait entre tous les autres, c'était une large intelligence compréhensive, qui, exercée par des études et des compositions philosophiques,* saisissait les ensembles, et, par delà les textes, les constitutions et les chiffres, apercevait la direction invisible des événements et l'esprit intime des choses, en couvrant de son dédain "ces prétendus hommes d'Etat, troupeau profane de manœuvres vulgaires, qui nient l'existence de tout ce qui n'est point grossier et matériel, et qui, bien loin d'être capables de diriger le grand mouvement d'un empire, ne sont pas dignes de tourner une roue dans la machine." Par-dessus tant de dons, il avait une de ces imaginations fécondantes et précises qui croient que la connaissance achevée est une vue intérieure, qui ne quittent point un sujet sans l'avoir revêtu de ses couleurs et de ses formes, et qui, traversant les statistiques et le fatras des documents arides, recomposent et reconstruisent devant les yeux du lecteur un pays lointain et une nation étrangère avec ses monuments, ses costumes, ses paysages et tout le détail mouvant des physionomies et des mœurs. A toute ces puissances d'esprit qui font le systématique, il ajoutait toutes les énergies du cœur qui font l'enthousiaste. Pauvre, inconnu, ayant dépensé sa jeunesse à compiler pour les libraires, il était parvenu, à force de travail et de mérite, avec une réputation pure et une conscience intacte, sans que les épreuves de sa vie obscure ou les séductions de sa vie brillante eussent entamé son indépendance ou terni la fleur de sa loyauté. Il apportait dans la politique une horreur du crime, une vivacité et une sincérité de conscience, une humanité, une sensibilité, qui ne semblent convenir qu'à un jeune homme. Il appuyait la société humaine sur des maximes de morale, réclamait pour les sentiments nobles la conduite des affaires, et semblait avoir pris à tâche de relever et d'autoriser tout ce qu'il y a de généreux dans le cœur humain. Il avait noblement combattu pour de nobles causes : contre les attentats du pouvoir en Angleterre, contre les attentats du peuple en France, contre les attentats des particuliers dans l'Inde. Il avait défendu, avec des recherches immenses et un désintéressement incontesté, les Hindous tyrannisés par l'avidité anglaise, et "ces derniers misérables cultivateurs qui survivaient attachés au sol, le dos écorché par le fermier, puis une seconde fois mis à vif par le cessionnaire, livrés, à une succession de despotismes que leur brièveté rendait plus rapaces, et flagellés ainsi de verges en verges, tant qu'on leur trouvait une dernière goutte de sang pour leur extorquer un dernier grain de riz." Il s'était fait partout le champion d'un principe et le persécuteur d'un vice, et on le voyait lancer à l'attaque toutes les forces de son étonnant savoir, de sa haute raison, de son style splendide avec l'ardeur infatigable et intempérante d'un moraliste et d'un chevalier.

* "Recherches sur l'Origine de nos Idées du Beau et du Sublime."

LES difficultés, si j'en rencontre en lisant, je n'en ronge pas mes ongles ; je les laisse là, après leur avoir fait une charge ou deux. Si je m'y plantois, je m'y perdrois, et le temps : car j'ai un esprit primesautier.—*Montaigne.*

EDMUND BURKE

BURKE did not enter Parliament, like Fox and the two Pitts, in the dawn of his youth, but at thirty-five, having had time to train himself thoroughly in all matters, learned in law, history, philosophy, literature, master of such a universal erudition that he has been compared to Bacon. But what distinguished him from all other men was a wide, comprehensive intellect, which, exercised by philosophical studies and writings,* seized the general aspect of things, and, beyond text, constitutions, and figures, perceived the invisible tendency of events and the inner spirit, covering with his contempt those pretended statesmen, a vulgar herd of common journeymen, denying the existence of everything not coarse or material, who, far from being capable of guiding the grand movements of an empire, are not worthy to turn the wheel of a machine.

Beyond all those gifts, he possessed one of those fertile and precise imaginations which believe that finished knowledge is an inner view, which never quit a subject without having clothed it in its colours and forms, and which, passing beyond statistics and the rubbish of dry documents, re-compose and reconstruct before the reader's eyes a distant country and a foreign nation, with its monuments, dresses, landscapes, and all the shifting detail of its aspects and manners. To all those powers of mind which constitute a man of system he added all those energies of heart which constitute an enthusiast. Poor, unknown, having spent his youth in compiling for the publishers, he rose, by dint of work and personal merit, with a pure reputation and an unscathed conscience, ere the trials of his obscure life or the seductions of his brilliant life had fettered his independence or tarnished the flower of his loyalty. He brought to politics a horror of crime, a vivacity and sincerity of conscience, a humanity, a sensibility, which seem only suitable to a young man. He based human society on maxims of morality, insisted upon a high and pure tone of feeling in the conduct of public business, and seemed to have undertaken to raise and authorise the generosity of the human heart. He fought nobly for noble causes : against the crimes of power in England, the crimes of the people in France, the crimes of monopolists in India. He defended, with immense research and unimpeached disinterestedness, the Hindoos tyrannised over by English greed, and the "remaining miserable last cultivator, who, after having his back scored by the farmer, has it again flayed by the whip of the assignee, and is thus by a ravenous, because a short-lived, succession of claimants lashed from oppressor to oppressor whilst a single drop of blood is left as the means of extorting a single grain of corn." He made himself everywhere the champion of principle and the persecutor of vice ; and men saw him bring to the attack all the forces of his wonderful knowledge, his lofty reason, his splendid style, with the unwearied and unrestrained ardour of a moralist and a knight.

* "An Inquiry into our Ideas of the Sublime and the Beautiful."

IF in reading I fortune to meet with any difficult point, I fret not myself about them ; but after I have given them a charge or two, I leave them as I found them. Should I earnestly plod upon them I should loose both time and myself ; for I have a skipping wit.—*Florio's Translation.*

EVERYMAN'S GUIDE TO THE BEST BOOKS

I.—HISTORY OF THE PAPACY

A.—BIBLIOGRAPHY

THERE is no period of history, not even the French Revolution, which better repays the labours of the student than the history of the Papacy. There is none which raises so many questions of universal interest, which is so closely bound up with the political and moral developments of modern Europe; there is none which makes a stronger appeal to the imagination and to the intellect.

1. The famous essay of Macaulay on Ranke's "History of the Popes" still retains its value, and may yet serve as a general introduction for the beginner.
2. The masterpiece of Ranke (three vols. in Bohn's and Bell's Library), which Macaulay discusses, has only been partly superseded by later research.
3. There is an excellent little summary in the Home University Library, 1s. (Williams and Norgate), by Dr. William Barry, from the Liberal point of view. It is one of the most illuminative volumes in an admirable series.
4. The same gifted author has given us a more comprehensive view of the subject in a volume in the "Story of the Nations" series (T. Fisher Unwin).
5. There is a great deal of invaluable and otherwise inaccessible material in Fleury's "History of the Church," that wonderful monument of erudition by the most truthful of Catholic historians, which ought to be much more read than it is.
6. Nor ought we to forget von Reumont's learned "History of the City of Rome," which has done for the Liberal Catholic what
7. Gregorovius' equally learned "History of the City of Rome" has done for the Protestant student. (Excellent English translation published by Bell.) The titles of both books are really misleading. They are in reality exhaustive histories of periods of Papal history.
8. Bishop Creighton's "History of the Popes." Although lacking in charm of style, it gives us an excellent and, on the whole, sympathetic account.
9. A lighter and brighter and more Liberal treatment of the subject will be found in John Addington Symonds' "History of the Renaissance."
10. I would strongly recommend the monographs of Villery on Savonarola and Machiavelli (2s. 6d. T. Fisher Unwin), which both throw a great deal of light on the Renaissance period.
11. The Danish Bishop Nielsen has given us in his "History of the Papacy in the 19th Century" the only complete record since the French Revolution.
12. An interesting controversial book, which, however, should be read with a great deal of suspicion,

is Count von Hoensbroeck's (the ex-Jesuit's) "Das Papsthum."

13. Much more remarkable are the controversial studies of the founder of the Neo-Catholic Church, Döllinger, especially his book published under the pseudonym of "Janus," "The Pope and the Council."
14. On the subject of Vaticanism and the relations between the Vatican and the State, by far the best works are "L'Église et le Vatican," by Emile Ollivier, the famous French statesman who has just died, and
15. Laurent, "Études sur l'Histoire de l'Humanité," a mine of historical and political lore, which many a student exploits and explores without taking the trouble to express his indebtedness to the owner of the mine.
16. In conclusion, every reader ought to study the work of the greatest contemporary Catholic historian, Pastor's "History of the Popes" (English translation, published by Longmans), a monument of learning and veracity, which proves that the Vatican has given up its time-honoured policy of hushing up and economising the truth. Unfortunately Pastor's masterpiece only covers about a hundred and fifty years, albeit the most interesting period of the history of the Papacy.

We intend to give similar bibliographical directions on subjects raised in the columns of EVERYMAN. The Editor will be grateful for any suggestions pointing out glaring sins of omission and commission.

B.—QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. How would you describe the Papal Government? Is it an aristocracy or a monarchy, absolute or constitutional, or a democracy?
2. In what respects has the Papacy changed through the ages? (Age, nationality, forms of election, constitution of the Sacred College of Cardinals.)
3. In what measure has the Papacy served the cause of civilisation?
4. Has temporal power strengthened or weakened the Papacy?
5. Discuss Dante's judgment of the Papacy.
6. Sum up the curious history of Nepotism and the rise and fall of Papal dynasties.
7. Describe the relations of the Papacy to the other Italian States.
8. Have the Popes been pre-eminent in sanctity or theological learning, or have they not rather been distinguished by worldly wisdom?
9. In what sense may the Papacy be described as being to-day "the greatest moral force of Christendom"?
10. The Papacy is described as an international institution. In what measure have the national elements—Greek, Italian, French, Spanish—affected its history?

THE BOGEY OF SEX ANTAGONISM

BY PROF. J. ARTHUR THOMSON AND MARGARET R. THOMSON

A BOGEY is a terrifying invention, devoid of reality, but capable of doing no end of mischief. One of the latest is the "sex antagonism" discovered by Mr. Walter Heape, a well-known embryologist and investigator of the physiology of reproduction, and set forth in a recently published book (Constable, 1913) which bears the name of his bogey. After a brilliant and subtle discussion of the origin of exogamy and totemism, Mr. Heape sums up thus: "It follows, if I am correct, that just as exogamy is a practical effort to satisfy a Male sexual impulse, so totemism arose from a desire, is designed to satisfy a Female maternal impulse. These two divergent impulses are at the root of sex antagonism; they exert their influence on all the laws which govern sex relations in all social communities, and are never divorced from the minds and from the actions of all healthy men and women." And on this basis he proceeds to the analysis of present day conditions. The unrest of to-day, he maintains, is due to Racial Antagonism, Class Antagonism, and Sex Antagonism—the last the most fateful of the three, for it is a family war, "strife as selfish, as brutal, as bitter, and as unrestrained as that shown in any class war between men alone."

What is the significance of the "present sex war," or, as we should say, the modern "woman's movement," (of which anarchistic violence has been a deplorable but intelligible epiphenomenon)? We must not ask the combatants what their motives are—they are too excited; nor the generals what their aims are—they have lost sight of strategy in the embarrassment of mistaken tactics; we must ask Mr. Heape. And he tells us that "no matter what each of the various sections of that movement declares, no matter what is the avowed object of the actions of any one of them, it is obvious that the driving force is engendered by desire to alter the laws which regulate the relations, and therefore the relative power of the sexes."

There is a pleasing air of finality about this pronouncement! Moreover, it is always satisfactory to have things clearly labelled, even when we do not understand them, and Mr. Heape has supplied us with labels to which we may refer the vagaries both of the Male and the Female. (We spell them with capitals because Mr. Heape does, and he is an expert. But if he had written man and woman, instead of Male and Female, would he not have been saved from the "biologism" into which, in spite of his recognised ability, brilliantly displayed in this book, he has fallen?)

But to return to our labels. That of the male reads "Exogamy," for he must go a-roving, a-roving! That of the female reads "Totemism," and it means the desire for well-endowed children and a secure home. The sexes are different down to the ground, or, rather, to the egg, and no Acts of Parliament can annul what was settled in the Garden of Eden. Social environments are ever changing, and the changes affect the two sexes differently. There is, therefore, disturbance and dissatisfaction, and these engender antagonism—antagonism to any object which may be fastened on as the cause of the disturbance. So the Females fasten their antagonism on Mr. Asquith, and the Males on Mrs. Pankhurst, and Both on Mr. George.

Mr. Heape has taken over, from Mr. Frazer of

"The Golden Bough," a fine picture of the primitive savage woman striving for more "say" in the firm or symbiosis which had come about [Praise be!], and of the more or less complacent male blocking up the door. This, he says, is true to life to-day. "Sexual antagonism in the earliest days was little, if at all, different from what we are now experiencing." (We should hardly venture to quote this if it were not written by a really big biologist whom we hold in the highest esteem, except when he talks about the modern Woman's Movement.) What is wrong to-day? Simply, according to Mr. Heape, what has been wrong recurrently throughout the ages—a crisis of "sex antagonism," brought about by organic or biological causes. The male wants more liberty, for he is disturbed and damaged by being compelled to suppress his strong generative impulse [perhaps a little more simple living and a little less selfish bachelordom may be recommended without priggishness]; hence modern Exogamy! When a man marries his cook, that is the exception that proves the rule.

Similarly, according to Mr. Heape, the female is disturbed and damaged because she is leaving or is forced to leave the straight path of maternity. She plays hockey, and her recessive masculine characters develop. She shrinks from marrying the "brute beast Man," as the suffragist writer termed him, and she becomes the hysterical spinster of the militant corps, apt to be dangerously excited, apt to be antagonistic even to the interests of mothers.

All of which strikes us as perverted interpretation. There is doubtless a sex factor in the so-called sex war, but it is not the driving force with the great majority. We adhere to our belief that the driving force is the desire—the deliberate and conscious desire—to alter those social, economic, and political conditions which have in the past tended to prevent so many women from living anything like a complete human life, from being much more than an effective domestic animal or a delicious "sex-parasite." Economic changes have made it unprofitable for the daughters to remain about the home engaged in the discharge of domestic duties now often fictitious, and have also opened up suitable careers and occupations; educational opportunities, too, have made economic independence possible, and have given women more confidence and freshened self-respect; men of goodwill have become ashamed of their complicity in a patriarchate régime which has long outlived its justification—hence, we believe, what Mr. Heape calls "the present sex war," in which, by the way, many personally happy men and women are actively interested on *both* sides. And as to the spinsters, on whom Mr. Heape, in his theoretical pre-occupation, is so hard, among them are our sisters, and the sisters of mercy, and the sisters of the poor, Plato's children of the spirit, of whom the world is not worthy, in whom both love and maternity have been sublimed, and have found an expression no less real that it is self-detached.

In the course of civilisation man has developed a family sense which has knit him in sympathy with woman, and therefore led him to more understanding. Woman has become more of a free agent, more of a social person, more of a player and less of a pawn in

the game of life, (of course, the clever women have been *the* players from first to last), more of a citizen in short, and she also has been led to more understanding. Faults enough there are still on both sides, but surely between the extremes of pathological luxury on the one hand, and pathological poverty on the other there has consistently been, what there is now, a vast body of men and women, happily wedded, working together with goodwill, making allowances and securing happiness, without any thought of "sex antagonism." Exogamists they are, if you will, in so far as that is expressed by genuine falling in love; totemists, if you will, in so far as that is expressed in the desire for the best endowment of the children. They are the evidences of the fact that, deeper than the bitterness that sometimes, naturally enough, besets those on whom badly regulated social changes have enforced celibacy, deeper than the repressive instincts of "the head of the house" or the bullying instincts of the imperfectly civilised "masterful man," deeper even than the self-sacrificing devotion of those who feel that a continuance of present conditions is inconsistent with their self-respect, is the primeval love of mates and their natural co-operation in the business of life.

We have ventured to express our admiration of Mr. Heape's interpretation of the *origin* of Exogamy and Totemism; and we agree entirely with his practical conclusion that "a woman's usefulness, her value to society, and therefore her power and her happiness depend, not on her likeness to but on her dissimilarity from man." We have, in fact, said the same thing ourselves! We think, however, that Mr. Heape has launched into these present-day troublous seas a bogey-craft called "Sex Antagonism," and, frankly, we would sink it. As regards clear thinking, our main point is that the threads of sex have been caught up and intertwined with so many others that, although the importance of no set of threads can be disregarded, the attempt to refer this or that movement to purely physiological, or purely psychological, or purely economic factors is an illegitimate abstraction and bad science.



WANTED — CONSUMERS' LEAGUES

BY OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER

ONE of the most valuable and stimulating suggestions that have fallen from the lips of Social Reformers for many a long day is the organisation on practical lines of those Leagues of Consumers which have elsewhere produced such remarkable results.

The idea of such leagues is by no means new. In America they have worked wonders. In France they have made their influence felt. Switzerland, Holland, Italy—all have their consumers' movements. But Great Britain, the first industrial country to organise the producer, still lags behind, with the result that the efforts of the Trade Unions to raise what are called real wages are often checkmated.

The great railway strike of 1911, for instance, while it forced wages up a peg or two, resulted in a legalised raising of charges, which must mean that prices will rise ever higher; and, to take another example, while the coal strike was partially successful in getting some of the miners an advance, the price that the nation had to pay for this essential of industry was increased out of all proportion.

In a word, Labour gained with one hand, and at

"NERVES AND THE NERVOUS."

PRACTICAL HEALTH-TALKS BY A PHYSICIAN.

ALL who suffer from "nerves"—a term which covers a multitude of ills—should find comfort and practical assistance in a book called "Nerves and the Nervous," which is written in non-technical language for the instruction of the lay-reader.

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COMMON SIGNS OF DISORDERED NERVES.

A continued feeling of tiredness is, in fact, one of the commonest symptoms of nerve weakness. "Those who are fit and well," says the writer, "find it difficult to imagine the condition of a person who is never able to feel fresh, but is continually weighed down by that terrible feeling of slackness, which betokens that his nerve-energy is at a low ebb."

"Hundreds of nervous people," continues the author "are continually taking strong so-called tonics without deriving any permanent benefit from them. Thus, after persevering with such medicines, they begin to think that their case is hopeless, and that they will never recover their health, energy, and lost tranquillity of life."

Among the measures recommended are electricity, massage, and psychotherapy—that is, mental treatment by means of "suggestion," etc.

But as the author points out, the first stage in all such methods must be "a course of nutritive treatment directed to building up the weakened body, improving the blood, and restoring the debilitated nerve-centres."

The difficulty has hitherto been to devise a "course of nutritive treatment" which should fulfil these conditions. Within the past few years, however, the resources of modern chemistry have been invoked with triumphant success. We have now a preparation in powder form which has completely revolutionised the nutritive treatment of nervous diseases. This preparation is known as Sanatogen, and it is now invariably prescribed for all cases of nerve weakness because experience has shown that it may be relied on, in Sir Gilbert Parker's words, for "feeding the nerves, increasing the energy, and giving fresh vigour to the overworked body and mind."

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the cost of terrible sacrifices, only what it was compelled to relinquish from the other. That anomaly, I shall presently show, Consumers' Leagues could end.

Before I do so, let us see what hopes there are of such leagues proving successful. As it seems to me, there are two great factors in their favour. First,

They Appeal Irresistibly to Women,

and women, once they are really interested in anything, are a good deal swifter to take action than men. Second, they deal with definite, concrete evils in a definite, concrete way. Those evils, the twin curses of adulteration and high prices, are known to all of us, and, as I believe, the most effective way of fighting them is through these new organisations.

I will take adulteration first. Legislation has proved largely impotent in this matter. In fact, it has actually retarded reform. While the institution of standards has compelled all dealers to respect a certain minimum, these standards have been set so low, as actually to legalise a certain amount of adulteration, and this involved in many cases a reduction of quality. Take, for instance, milk. The legal standard of richness is 8.5 of non-fatty solids and 3 per cent. of fat. Much milk is naturally above this quality. But, it has been found, so says the M.O.H. for Kent, "that scientific methods are being employed to bring down the quality of milk to the extreme margin." From Cardiff, Portsmouth, and Rhyll come similar complaints. At Denbigh, butter formerly supplied with 12 per cent. of water, has now dropped to the lower legal standard of 8 per cent. Everywhere it is obvious that legal enactment fails to protect the consumer against adulteration; often it increases the evil.

But Consumers' Leagues show us a more excellent way. Not only could they protect their members against adulteration, but they could fight those high prices under which thousands of middle-class families groan to-day. However, the story of the leagues in America gives us the answer.

In America there are sixty-three Consumers' Leagues in twenty different States of the Union.

Their Principal Weapon has been

the White List—and the boycott. Let me explain, when the leagues were started care was taken to organise them extraordinarily well. They caught on. They were joined by thousands of women. They were "boomed" in the papers, and the result was that, in every town where they appeared, there was a positive competition for their custom among the tradesmen who served the town—a determination to please the members at all costs. The leagues, in fact, did not need to rely upon the "boycott." Their mere formation made them a power in the land. They were able to insist on fair prices and "good goods."

Sometimes, indeed, their power became so excessive that the tradesmen themselves combined to raise prices against them. But the threat on the part of the Consumers' League to organise a competing store proved potent enough for the members to win victory, and there is no doubt that, once having gathered a huge army of purchasers together into one body—the different local leagues were federated into a most powerful central association—the promoters of these Consumers' Protection Societies had a weapon which made them

Formidable Opponents Indeed

to any tradesman of the get-rich-quick variety. In a word, just as the Trade Unions have caused the pro-

ducer to be considered, so these Consumers' Leagues have compelled the retailer to recognise the claims of the consumer and to meet them so far as he can.

In Great Britain such leagues would have an immense future. The middle-classes have long been cut off from direct action in politics; the Consumers' Leagues locally would give them a unique chance of making themselves and their influence effective. There is not a town to-day that has not its Trades Council or its Trades Unions. But, so far as I know, there is not

One Solitary Example of a Consumers' League in existence.

Yet can there be any doubt whatever that such leagues would not command respect? They could focus an amount of enthusiasm, discipline, and, *above all*, of purchasing power such as no other organisations are able to control. We must remember that it is as consumers that the people are to be chiefly victimised in the future. Wages have risen during the last ten years—but prices have risen higher, and will rise higher yet. Does anyone doubt that, if the same vigilance and determination had been put out from the consumers' as from the producers' side, prices could not have been kept down, even as wages have been forced up? There is no question about it. The fact is that the divorce between consumer and producer has proved a curse to labour and to the community, and it will be impossible for the wage-earners to obtain a

Real Advance in their Position

until they are united, not only as producers, but as consumers also.

Over and over again it has been found that organised labour has, by mere pressure and the threat of a strike, forced wages up. I venture to prophesy that, when the time comes and the Consumers' Leagues are found to be going concerns, the same pressure, intelligently and vigorously applied, can force prices down.

And they will have this crowning advantage. Woman, the home animal, cannot take an active part, as a rule, in a struggle to raise wages; she is keenly interested in an effort to lower prices. And she is, as I have said, readier, keener, more resourceful than man. She will fight for her children as no man fought yet, and, united with other women, she can make these leagues a power in the land.

Of course, it may be said that, as in America, so here, the small retailer and the trustified store may unite against the Consumers' League in maintaining prices that are artificially high. But do not let us forget that it is always possible to develop these Consumers' Leagues into actual competitors with the profiteers that they are formed to watch. The Woolwich Co-operative Society had but small beginnings. Some workmen at the Arsenal clubbed together for a chest of tea! That was the origin of one of the mightiest Co-operative Societies in the world.

Let no one think, therefore, that the possibilities of such leagues are limited to mere local pressure upon tradesmen. Facts prove the contrary. During the great national coal stoppage of two years ago prices rose to famine pitch. Slag from the pithead was sold at 10s. per ton; genuine coal at 45s. But the Coal Consumers' Society continued to supply their members at the ordinary rate! If nothing else in this article convinces, this illustration should suffice. The consumer has only to organise to win valuable economic advantage. If he will not do that, then the blame must be on his own head.

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MASTERPIECE FOR THE WEEK

PASCAL'S "THOUGHTS"* ❁ ❁ BY CHARLES SAROLEA

I.

THE launching by Messrs. J. M. Dent and Sons of a French "Everyman's Library" is the sensational event of the publishing year. It is now four years since Messrs. Nelson brought out their French Collections, over the literary fortunes of which I had the honour to preside until I assumed the onerous responsibilities of EVERYMAN. The "Collection Nelson" has become world famous, and has marked a new epoch in the French publishing trade. The Scottish invasion of France is now followed up by an English invasion. The "Collection Gallia" is continuing the work of its predecessor on a different and, I think, a more ambitious and comprehensive scale, and with an ampler scope. It is placing at the disposal of all lovers of French literature exquisite shilling editions of French classics. Immediate success has already justified this bold undertaking. The Collection was only issued a few weeks ago, and already the little volumes are to be seen on every village bookstall in France and at every leading bookseller's on the Continent.

II.

It was in the fitness of things that a library of French classics should begin with one of the immortal masterpieces of the language, a masterpiece which, more than any other, can claim the credit of having first fixed the standard of French style. Of Pascal's "Thoughts" there have been editions innumerable, but the present shilling edition is likely, for many years to come, to be the favourite one with the reading public. It represents the joint labours of the three leading Pascal scholars of France. Monsieur Boutroux, the master of Bergson, and leader of the new school of French philosophy (and, by the way, a close relation of President Poincaré), and Monsieur Victor Giraud, the eminent sub-editor of the *Revue des deux Mondes*, have both contributed illuminative Introductions. As for the critical text of the edition itself, it has been established by Monsieur Brunschvigg, and is the result of ten years of benedictine labour and ingenious research.

III.

English students of French literature often overlook the very important fact that there are two entirely different strains running through the whole course of French literature. The most conspicuous writers are, no doubt, men of the type of Rabelais, Montaigne, Molière, Voltaire, and Anatole France, who give us, in sparkling and epigrammatic style, that incisive criticism of life which Matthew Arnold, in his famous essay on "The Literary Influence of Academies," considers as the chief function of the French mind, and who represent the purely intellectual and artistic outlook, which is so often divorced from and opposed to the moral view. It is this unbroken continuity of masters of wit and irony which has given currency to the theory that the French mind is naturally of a sceptical, cynical, and flippant turn, and that it has none of the earnestness and depth of the Teutonic mind. That theory of the superficialness of the French mind is itself based on a most superficial study of French

literature. For every serious student of literature knows that, along with those masters of wit and irony, every generation of French literature has produced a succession of masters of ethical and religious thought—men of the stamp of Calvin, Bossuet, Rousseau, Châteaubriand, Lamennais—characters of intense earnestness and passionate fervour. Of those representative teachers and preachers, Pascal is perhaps the greatest, as he is certainly the most striking, personality in the Golden Age of French literature.

IV.

About the exact chronology of that Golden Age of French literature there is still, I think, a great deal of confusion of thought. To the majority of critics even to-day that Golden Age is pre-eminently the age of Louis XIV. On the contrary, to a small minority the Golden Age is the age of Richelieu. I believe that it is the minority which is right. For it is the age of Richelieu which is truly the age of reconstruction and creation. It is the age which produced everything that is greatest and most original in French culture. It is the age of Richelieu which saw the rise of the French monarchy in its modern form. It saw the establishment of the French Academy and of Port-Royal. It saw the foundation by Descartes of modern French philosophy. It saw the foundation by Corneille of the French drama.

To that age Pascal may be said to belong—a giant in a generation of giants. It is true that when the "Provincial Letters" appeared Louis XIV. had already been the nominal King of France for thirteen years. But at that date he was only eighteen years of age, and his personal rule had not begun. And it would be absurd if Louis XIV. were allowed to appropriate the fame of a writer whose genius owes all its characteristics to the discipline of an early day, and whose writings glorify every cause which it was the policy of Louis XIV. to destroy.

V.

Born in 1623, from a legal stock, belonging to the middle class, like Molière, Bossuet, and Racine, like most of the great writers of that so-called "aristocratic" age, a native of Auvergne, a country of extinct volcanoes and hardy mountaineers, Blaise Pascal was brought up in an atmosphere of piety and learning by a father of keen scientific tastes. The incidents of his education recall to us some of the circumstances in the upbringing of John Stuart Mill. A wonder child, with a marvellous disposition for mathematics, Pascal, at the age of sixteen, amazed even Descartes by his treatise on conical sections. It is to be noted in this connection that Pascal's training was almost exclusively scientific, and it is certainly remarkable that this supreme master of literary style never read more than one book of secular literature, namely, the "Essays" of Montaigne, whole pages of which are incorporated in the "Thoughts."

Blaise Pascal had to pay the penalty of his morbid precocity and of the perilous overstrain of his mental faculties. At eighteen years of age his health broke down, and we are told that after this breakdown he never knew one single day without suffering. It was under the influence of his illness and of his chance acquaintance with the Jansenists that his first "con-

* "Pensées de Pascal" (in Collection Gallia, 1s., J. M. Dent and Sons). Introduction par Emile Boutroux et Victor Giraud. Texte de Brunschvigg.

version" took place. He became a fervid Port-Royalist, and converted his family to his faith.

The effects of this first "conversion" did not last, and for the next few years Pascal was diverted from exclusive absorption in religion by the distractions of society and by his interest in scientific pursuits. To this time belong his famous experiments confirming the theories of Torricelli.

In those early days Pascal little resembled the saint and enthusiast he was to become in later days. He was worldly and aggressive. He quarrelled with Descartes. He quarrelled with his admirable sister Jacqueline, and wanted to prevent her from entering the convent, partly for sordid financial reasons. During those brief years also Pascal mixed freely in Parisian society. He was a friend of libertines and freethinkers. He thought of marriage, and it is presumed that to this period belongs the "Discourse on the Passions of Love." It has also been held by many biographers that the object of Pascal's love was the sister of his friend, the Duke of Roannez, but all we know about the relations between Pascal and the Duchess of Roannez is that it was on Pascal's advice that the young lady renounced the world and entered the monastery of Port-Royal.

A carriage accident near the bridge of Neuilly, in which he was saved from imminent death by a miracle, together with a moral and intellectual crisis, brought about Pascal's second "conversion." He left Parisian society and joined the solitaries of Port-Royal. He espoused their cause against the Jesuits, and in 1656 he hurled against the Reverend Fathers the first of his eighteen "Provincial Letters." A second miracle, by which his niece, Marguerite Perrier, was cured by the touch of a thorn from the crown of Jesus Christ—a relic preserved at Port-Royal—convinced Pascal that, in defending the Port-Royalists, he was on the right side, and that Heaven was in his favour.

But a two years' ardent controversy proved too much for his highly strung constitution, already undermined. His health was ruined beyond recovery. But, together with incurable illness, ineffable happiness had come to him. Henceforward Pascal is really a newborn man. Hitherto he had been worldly; henceforth he is free from all mundane passion. He had been hard and pugnacious; he now becomes meek and charitable. He had been restless; he is now serene and smiling. He is only hard against his own self. To use the words of Professor Lanson, he "persecuted his poor body with incredible refinements of cruelty." He died in 1662, on August 19th, at thirty-nine years of age, leaving behind him the fame of one of the supreme mathematicians and physicists, as well as of one of the supreme thinkers and writers of French literature.

VI.

One must accurately recall the conditions under which Pascal's "Thoughts" were composed in order not to be misled by their character. Although conceived under the inspiration and obsession of one systematic idea, and of one settled plan, the "Thoughts" are but the disjointed notes, *disjecta membra*, scattered leaflets and sibylline leaves composed by an incurable invalid during the short luminous intervals in the course of a painful and lingering illness. Those leaflets, written with a trembling and fever-stricken hand, in almost illegible writing, were collected with pious care by the solitaries of Port-Royal, but they were of so bold and original a nature, and contained so many hostile references to the then all-powerful Jesuits, that the peace-loving Port-

Royalists found it necessary to expurgate all the controversial passages. It was only in our own day that the French philosopher, Victor Cousin, discovered the original manuscript, and conclusively proved that the edition of Port-Royal of 1670 had mutilated and distorted the meaning of the writer. The first revised edition based on the manuscript was published in the forties, and tried to reproduce the original plan and design of Pascal. But it must be admitted that the attempt was an impossible one. The secret of Pascal was buried with him, and all editions, even the present one, are bound to be more or less arbitrary. The "Thoughts" of Pascal are not only one of the most impressive ruins of world literature, they are also one of its most perplexing mysteries.

VII.

It has long been assumed that the "Thoughts" of Pascal have nothing in common with the "Provincial Letters," that they are devotional rather than controversial, and that the author has transported his demonstration of the truth of the Christian religion into the sublime atmosphere of philosophical and mystical contemplation. This is not so. The "Thoughts" do not constitute a breach of continuity; they are a sequel to the "Provincial Letters." They are still strongly aggressive. Pascal is still bitterly anti-Jesuitic, and, what is more, he has become more pronouncedly anti-Roman. No doubt he is emphatically anti-Protestant, speaking with horror of the heretics who reject auricular confession. But he speaks with even greater horror of the tyranny of the Papacy. And assuredly the philosopher who again and again, in a treatise which professes to be an apology of Christianity, goes out of his way to attack his opponents cannot be said to move in the serene region of pure devotion and mystic detachment.

VIII.

We must leave over for a second paper the discussion of Pascal's demonstration of the Christian religion, which is the prime object and purpose of the "Thoughts," and we take the liberty of referring to a chapter on the subject in our recent book on Cardinal Newman (T. and T. Clark, Edinburgh). We only wish, in conclusion, to draw the attention of the reader to what seems to us most truly original and epoch-making in Pascal's work. Critics have too much emphasised the duality between the scientist and the theologian. I do not see that the contradiction is as far-reaching as is generally supposed. To Pascal Science and Religion are certainly different in their object; they are not essentially different in their methods. So far from Religion being opposed to Science, in Pascal's conception it becomes itself subject to scientific treatment. Religion ceases to be an abstract logical system, or a footnote to history, or an exercise in higher criticism. It becomes experimental. To adopt the terminology of William James, used by Dr. Barry: "Religion becomes a variety of human experience." The philosophy of Religion is the interpretation of the deepest intuitions and emotions and aspirations of spiritual life. And Pascal applies all the power of a marvellous intellect to the observation and analysis of those spiritual phenomena. Nor are we pressing an accidental or artificial analogy when, in connection with Pascal, we use the vocabulary of William James's famous book. For Professor James, like Professor Boutroux and Bergson, came directly or indirectly under the influence of Pascal's genius. Pascal is really the Father of Modern Pragmatism, and the "Thoughts" of Pascal may be considered as the first as well as the most profound contribution to the new philosophy of Religion.

THE GREAT UNREST AMONG MODERN WOMEN

In the "Christian Commonwealth" of Wednesday (Oct. 1), began a series of Articles setting forth the causes and consequences of the Great Unrest Among Modern Women. Each Article will deal with a special phase of the question, supported by facts and figures, and the authority of experts. The inquiry raises a number of important questions bearing upon industrial life, home life, religion, education, and the professions; the physique of the nation, the physical and mental nature of women, and the production and care of children; the future of womanhood, and the protection they need by means of the vote, legislation, and an enlightened public conscience. As it touches modern life at all points the inquiry will have great interest for all men and women.

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"Special Interview with the Bishop of Birmingham."

"On Wearing the Crown of Thorns." By Dr. ORCHARD.

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THE OTHER SIDE OF GERMAN UNIVERSITY EDUCATION

By E. A. PARKER

IT is, in part, as a supplement to Mr. Waterhouse's article in *EVERYMAN* for September 5th, on "Where Germany Leads," that I should like to add a few plain facts from personal knowledge as student in England and lecturer in an Austrian university. Briefly, Mr. Waterhouse has painted in the high lights of the picture and left out the shadows. Germany's so-called superiority to England, he says, is shown "nowhere more than in education," but there is no mention made of the child-suicides committed in appalling numbers in every great German city by youths who are crammed so as to pass the leaving examination, or "Abitur," and be freed from a year's military service or gain entrance to a University—and who fail; no mention of the hatred which German Old Boys cherish to so vast an extent for the old school where their heads were ground to powder in a way that would instantly raise a storm among English parents if their boys were treated so. (That grinding is the system's fault, not the very worthy German master's.)

I.

Then, Germany's commercial success is attributed partly to her borrowings from England. True; the success is due to the practice of German firms sending picked men to study English methods in factory and forge, and bettering these methods on the men's return, and also—and here we in England might well imitate—to the grand system of technical instruction given in colleges of University rank. We have such institutions, but not half enough, nor are ours to be compared in size with the German.

II.

As for number of universities, do not England's eleven universities and thirteen university colleges for a population of 44,000,000 compare well with Germany's twenty-one universities for 66,000,000? Indeed, if the number of universities in a country count for anything, surely Italy, with her twenty-one for 32,000,000 of population, ought to outstrip Germany in intelligence.

We are bidden admire the strength of the German university staffs—while unhappy Rostock has for many years appealed to the German Government in vain to support an English lecturer. On the other hand, Austria (synonymous with Germany in these matters), at another University, gives full support to a learned professor of certain Oriental languages who never gets a student! Behold the impartiality which obtains at State-supported universities, and also the call for some of these outlandish languages, for the teaching of which Germany is so magnified!

III.

On the material advantages that German students are said to enjoy, Mr. Waterhouse has much to say. With the suggestion on medical attendance at a low rate I am glad to be heartily at one with him. On other points, comparison with England is illuminating. Four or five shillings a year, it is said, gives a German student entrance to his university reading-room, and five shillings more entitles a Berlin student to browse in the University Library of 600,000 vols. and the Royal Prussian Library of 1,300,000 vols., while there lies also a departmental library at his com-

mand. If Birmingham be taken as the matching instance, there the student has access to the club, to a University library of 75,000 vols., his departmental library, the City Lending Library of 60,000 vols., a reference library of 250,000 vols., and a Shakespeare collection—the first in the world—of 15,000 vols.—all free.

One other most interesting point is the relative lowness of lecture-fees in Germany. This is very true and striking. The immediate result is an influx of students without parallel in England. And those students? A German professor, who honours me with his friendship, has described to me how his lecture-room at Vienna was invaded on cold winter mornings by numbers of wretchedly poor students, quite unconnected with the lecture being given, who stole in for warmth's sake. He, kind-hearted man, let them stay, but there's a commentary on the quality of numbers!

Then, after these masses of students leave their Alma Mater, what do they do? There cannot be head-work for so many, not even clerkships. Will they turn to manual labour? Not likely. "Dig I cannot, to beg I am ashamed." And so Prussia has annually to import 300,000 labourers of Polish and Slav extraction to harvest her crops, while these poor, half-baked scholars sink slowly to the under-dogs, and leaven the down-trodden with a spirit of anarchy and revolt. The German Ministry of Education knows that problem well.

IV.

Last point of all, with the question of comparative cost of rooms and living I confess total inability to cope. So far as I myself have experience, quality of rooms and food being the same, rates of living are practically the same in Germany and England, though places differ widely, living in Vienna costing half as much again as in any other Austrian city, to my knowledge.

It is as well, perhaps, that the English colony of Leipzig, "feasting on salmon and wild boar" in the Zeitzerstrasse, should be ignorant of the proven fact that in certain quarters of Berlin poverty-stricken folk creep after dark to buy for themselves at butchers' shops meat we should not give to dogs. Here, then, is a person—sane, I hope—who, with rather more than "twenty-four hours' experience of a large German town," can talk of horseflesh and black bread, for the latter I have eaten in Prussia, and the former—who knows?

In conclusion, may I thank Mr. Waterhouse for much learnt from his article, which I implicitly believe, so far as it goes? It is, however, these wretched bright-sides and half-truths about Germany and other things which make "the British public close its eyes and ears in disgust, and refuse to learn at all." Too many people in England now have inside knowledge of Germany to be disturbed by cries about our brother-country's surpassing advantages. Whatever we think of such advantages, we know of great disadvantages, and State-supported education has its full share of the latter, especially under German bureaucratic rule.

Does Mr. Waterhouse know the saying of a renowned German professor, published quite recently with other views of great Germans on their educational system, that if a German gymnasium-trained youth and an English public-school boy were dropped together in a land of black savages, the English youth would instantly set about ruling them, while the German would be quite content to be his clerk?



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CORRESPONDENCE

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Owing to the large number of letters received it is necessary for correspondents to write briefly if their letters are to appear.

IS ROMANISM ON THE DECLINE?

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—I would desire to publicly thank Mr. Hector Macpherson for the many fascinating articles he has in the past (and will have, I hope, in the future) contributed to EVERYMAN from time to time. His recent article on Romanism seemed to be particularly brilliant. He opens his subject on Romanism in Scotland.

Might I trespass on your space with a few facts relative to the condition of Roman Catholicism in England?

(1) At the Wigan Roman Catholic Conference, 1891, Abbot Snow said, "We cannot with any show of reason expect many conversions in the midst of the spiritual wreck and ruin that we see amongst Roman Catholics; we scarcely dare to ask others to join a society of men of whom we ourselves are ashamed." Father Powell again declared "that while the population of London had increased by a million in twenty years, the number of Roman Catholics publicly baptised had only increased eleven annually."

Rev. T. S. Mitchell, in the *Roman Catholic News*, August, 1890, said, "We must not be under the impression that we gain ground. We are fast decreasing, and if we go on as we are, England will never be Roman Catholic. During the last forty years we have lost a million souls."

Cardinal Manning years ago reckoned the Roman Catholics in England at 1,400,000, and Cardinal Vaughan gave the same return in his Pastoral, June 12th, 1898. Of those about one million were Irish, 100,000 foreigners, and only 300,000 English!

(2) If this be so in England, it is certain that there is a steady decrease in Roman Catholic countries. Look at the Latin races. Even Dr. Barry wrote in the *Catholic Union Gazette* (February, 1897), "The despair of the (Roman) Church are the so-called Latin nations. I need not dwell upon a painful and familiar subject."

Rome terms France "the eldest son of the Church." At a recent census, out of 37,000,000 (with 650,000 Protestants), no less than 7,500,000 returned themselves as "of no religion." This is an interesting example of the result of freedom after years of spiritual bondage and corruption under the dominion of Papal Rome. The loudly-boasted increase, therefore, proves to be a fallacy when subjected to these facts. Rome still parades Newman and Manning before the public, but she omits to mention Dr. Dollinger, A. W. Hutton, and many others who have "come out." It has been calculated (S.P.C.K. Statistics) that relatively to population more Romish priests have become Protestants in the last fifty years or so than Anglican clergy have seceded to Rome.

But "Dum loquimur, fugerit invida ætas," let Rome learn from the Past, if she would succeed in the Future!—I am, sir, etc.,

Bristol.

FREDK. R. P. SUMNER.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—The "No-Popery" Tract to which we are treated by Mr. Macpherson in your issue of September 26th is a delightful instance of those reactionary symptoms which he so strongly condemns, and it contains, moreover, quite as many gratuitous assertions to the square inch as its predecessors of sixty years ago.

The points he raises are too numerous for treatment in a brief letter, but as instances of the untenable nature of his arguments I may quote those on England and France.

With a blind faith in the ignorance of his readers, he quotes the oracular McCabe:—"Where . . . are the successors of Newman, Patmore, De Vere, and Acton?" (etc.). They are, among others, Francis Thompson, Alice Meynell, John Ayscough, Mgr. Benson, Cecil Chesterton, Belloc, and Shane Leslie. There can be no talk of lowered intellectual prestige with such names as these to choose from. He further states (again echoing Mr. McCabe), "Even the clergy . . . abandon the Church in a remarkable proportion." I am afraid someone's leg has been pulled. It is in effect a remarkable proportion, but remarkably low, and I challenge your contributor to show that the total is anything like as great as that of the addition to the clergy from conversions.

As regards France, Mr. Macpherson is still more behind the times. In the face of the considerable improvement in spiritual conditions in the French Church, which has been noted on all hands, and in the face of the notable revival of Catholic literature in France during the last ten years, his position is absurd. The Catholic forces summed up in the great name of Brunetière triumphed over the irreligious elements in French literature almost a decade ago, and now it is Champol and Bazin (to cite no more) who hold the virile French mind to the exclusion of Zola and all his works.

May I, in conclusion, remind Mr. Macpherson that Modernism is dead? He complains that the Church was not elastic enough to contain it; but on the impossible supposition that Catholicism had embraced this error, would he not have been the first to hurl at us the reproach of inconsistency? It has always seemed to me that such discourteous extremists as Mr. McCabe are chiefly irritated because the Church had too firm a grasp of Christian first principles to commit the suicide for which they piously and vainly wait. Oh, the blessed words progress and education! But it was by education that the Jesuits saved Christendom at the Reformation, and in view of the panic-stricken letters on Social Reform, which appear in your excellent columns, one would think a little reaction by way of a change might result in true progress after all!—I am, sir, etc.,

H. ROBBINS.

Birmingham, September 27th, 1913.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—It was with keen satisfaction that I read "Is Rome on the Decline?" I took the publication of the article as an indication that EVERYMAN is maintaining its particularly striking feature of allowing all sides to have their say. But it was with downright amusement that I noted your contributor's proofs of his thesis. Cannot the effulgent Protestant intellectuality of Mr. Macpherson allow him to realise that no quantity of unproved assertions like the following, "We are told that the Italian Church will soon be a body of 20,000,000 illiterates and children," carry any weight except with the muddle-headed? It is, however, to his credit that he does condescend to attempt to give one tangible fact. He quotes a Mr. McCabe, who in turn refers us to a Mr. McCarthy. The wonderful fact, the credit for having discovered which Mr. Macpherson and Mr. McCabe humbly and admiringly put on the shoulders of Mr. McCarthy, consists in asserting that American Roman Catholics must be a particularly ignorant body, because out of a total of 448 American Universities these Catholics can only

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claim sixty-one Universities as their own. But what of these American Universities? The readers of EVERYMAN will remember a recent article which indicated that so lax were the American regulations governing the formation of American Universities, that most of the Universities in that country consisted of little girls' schools, village academies, and, we suppose, "Squeers" institutions.

Getting away from great facts like that belonging to the three Macs, let us have a look at a few weighty opinions. Mr. R. J. Campbell, the notable new-theology minister, declared in the course of an interview a short while since that the thing which impressed him most in the religious life of America was: "The growth of the influence of the Roman Catholic Church since I was last there in the States, nine years ago. The Press shows more deference to Romanism than it does to Protestantism. Boston, once the home of Puritanism, is now under Catholic domination. On Thanksgiving Day the President of the United States, although not himself a Catholic, attended Mass at the Catholic Cathedral." Dr. Gore, the Anglican Bishop of Oxford, has stated that: "There is hardly anything in Europe which interests me at this moment so much as the great spiritual revival which we see taking place in the French Church. The French Church is in many ways vindicating its claim to be the Church of the country in directions which surprise us. Though doubtless the Church has lost influence in many ways, there has been, and I believe will be, a great revival."

The gentlemen quoted above are not Roman Catholics. Neither are they unfrocked priests with a stock of malignant tales of the sort usually found in the repertoire of people of the discharged-servant type. If they have any axe to grind, it is the non-Catholic one. Can anybody read what they have to say without drawing the conclusion that Roman Catholicism is not on the decline? Surely it is plain that Catholicism has not such a black outlook as Mr. Macpherson would have us believe. Mr. McCabe, upon whose testimony Mr. Macpherson in his article so much relies, has stated that: "During the protracted existence of the Church of Rome it has encountered and triumphed over many kinds of opposition. It emerged victorious from its secular struggle with polytheistic Rome and with the destructive Hellenism of Alexandria; it met confidently and rose upon the flood of barbarism that poured out over Southern Europe; it guided its fortunes safely through the age of iron that followed, and then controlled the fierce intellectual activity of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries; it subdued and repressed the Renaissance, and almost compensated its losses in the great Reformation." Is a Church of this kind likely to fail in the future? Lord Macaulay, a non-Catholic, did not think so. He believed that Roman Catholicism would last as long as the race of men. Another non-Catholic, Mr. H. G. Wells, one of the acutest thinkers of the present day, has even gone so far as to express the opinion that: "We are on the verge of one of the greatest Catholic revivals the world has ever seen." Can, I ask, all these distinguished gentlemen be wrong and Mr. Macpherson right?—I am, sir, etc.,

F. J. ROBINSON.

London, S.E., September 26th, 1913.

INTERNATIONAL MORALITY.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—In reading the interesting letter of your correspondent "H. S." in the issue of September 19th I was compelled to recognise how true are the words of Pythagoras, "It is necessary to get out of the body to

think," and how aptly they apply to our British nation. "H. S." complains of Dr. Sarolea's criticising through un-English spectacles, but I maintain that it is a far graver error to examine the nations and their comparative morality through wholly English spectacles, for thus we get a still more inadequate and one-sided view of the situation. I consider Dr. Sarolea quite right in his opinion on our monopolising of virtues. The average Britisher has the blank audacity to regard the outside world as being deeply indebted to us for all its morality. This is not only national arrogance, but injustice; for justice and liberty, for instance, were preached and practised, to some extent, centuries before Britain was heard of. How, then, does the world owe us a debt for these virtues? Toward the end of the letter we are given a list of the lamentable misdeeds of other nations; but are we innocent and spotless that we should condemn them? Is our record blameless? I fear not. The "glorious Empire on which the sun never sets," and of which we boast so much on every May 24th, was not annexed by spotless hands and without bloodshed, nor has it been retained by fair and just methods. We, as a nation, are too arrogant, too much inclined to judge others by our own standard, and too heedless of Christ's advice and warning in such matters (Matthew vii. 1-5). If the writer desires a standard by which to judge the nations of the world, let him not look to the strongest military nation, nor any other nation, but to the promised perfect nation, built up on Christ's ideals; and when our nation is faultless when compared with this, then, and not till then, shall we be justified in judging our neighbours.—I am, sir, etc.,

J. B. G.

JOHN BRIGHT.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Mr. Ellerthorpe, in your issue of September 19th, affirms that John Bright never stated that adulteration was a legitimate form of competition. May I ask Mr. Ellerthorpe for proof of his affirmation, for he gives none? I take it that he will not also affirm that he heard every public word that Mr. Bright uttered. I have a most distinct and definite recollection of the reported statement being made by Mr. Bright many years ago, and of the outcry there was at the time.—I am, sir, etc.,

HERBERT BURROWS.

London, N.

"MARY GOES FIRST."

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Mr. Clifton York, in his article on this play in your columns, seems to find in it a political moral of supreme importance. What is the story in its political aspect, in short? A rich man supplies money for his wife's "brother-in-law-elect" to become Parliamentary candidate as a Liberal. The candidate specially works up his subject and gets elected by a constituency which previously returned a Tory. That is to say that it is the case of a man with little or no principles who manages to persuade an electorate to let him represent them in Parliament simply for the honour of his being an M.P.

Such a case is not an uncommon one now, but neither has it ever been an uncommon one; and it cannot easily be shown that Parliament has in the long run been very unworthy of the country. The man may make a good or a bad representative; but the question vital to the nation is whether or not the electorate has been free to choose a man, if it preferred one, with less adaptable principles. The

(Continued on page 792.)

EMPLOYMENT AFTER EDUCATION.

The Views of the Duchess of Marlborough, a Solicitor-General, and Presidents of Chambers of Commerce.

Supreme Award, Section J., FESTIVAL OF EMPIRE.
Gold Medal for Secretarial Training. Gold Medal for Special City Course.

The Festival of Empire.—For the first time in its history the claims of the College itself, as apart from the achievements of its Students, have been subjected to the rigorous ordeal of a searching examination by a British Jury. Of the Public Institutions represented at the Great Festival of Empire, which was perhaps one of the greatest conceptions of modern times, the unique distinction of the Sole Award for Secretarial and Commercial Training—that of the Gold Medal—was conferred on Kensington College by the Council, which, it will be remembered, consisted of H.R.H. Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, His Grace the Duke of Norfolk, His Grace the Duke of Devonshire, His Grace the Duke of Argyll, and a long list of illustrious personages.

Kensington College, it will be remembered, is "the only Institution in the world which enters into a Binding Contract to provide for every Student when qualified a choice of satisfactory appointments from which to select a congenial career."

Solicitor-General's Opinion: It does not seem so very long since this College attained its majority, when Sir Samuel Evans, then Solicitor-General, speaking from the Chair, said, "That part of the Educational system of this country which is deficient in many respects from the public point of view appears to me to be admirably done by this College." Sir Albert Rollit, on the same occasion, stated his opinion that "The College has solved one of the greatest and the most difficult of all Educational problems—that of securing Employment after Education."

The Duchess of Marlborough, who had previously watched the Students at their work with the keenest interest, commended the practical nature of the Instruction given. The Students, she considered, were not only capable of filling posts, but they were also guaranteed a good start in life.

Mr. James Munford, the Director, said there was not a single Student seeking an appointment, and such was the demand for the services of the College Graduates, that it was impossible to meet it adequately.

A Knight of the Legion of Honour and Ex-President of the British Chamber of Commerce in Paris, in opening Winter Term, said he was very much gratified to have this opportunity of saying that Kensington College stood first and foremost in its work for the preparation of young men and young women for an active and successful career.

That eminent orator, The Dean of Carlisle, said on another occasion: "Kensington College differs from any other I have heard of, inasmuch as it not only educates the Students, but provides positions for them in the world afterwards."

TRAINING.

Practical training for the practical duties of life is the keynote of all work at Kensington College. Special attention is given to Modern Languages. Gratifying successes at the London Chamber of Commerce and other Public Examinations eloquently testify to the thoroughness of the training in this and, in fact, all departments of the Curriculum. Not long ago the Travelling Scholarship offered by the Salters' Company, value £25, was captured by a College Student. Double Distinctions in both the Oral and Written part of the languages are the rule rather than the exception.

Sir Francis Fleming said: "There are many questions of more or less importance engaging the attention of the public at the present time, but I venture to think that there is no question which occupies public attention more deserving of our most careful consideration than that of education. There is little use in training boys and girls during the infant years of lifetime, and in spending money and time and attention upon their education, if at the termination of that time they are cast into the world with no idea as to what they are going to do and no idea of the position which they are going to fill. The object of this Institution is not only

to give a higher education, which is absolutely necessary, but also to find a position in life for those who have been thus educated. It not only puts the finishing touch to the picture of education, but it finds the frame in which to put that picture so as to keep it from harm and so as to preserve it from decay."

MODEL OFFICES.

When they have finished their academical studies in the College Schools of Languages, Book-keeping and Accountancy, Shorthand and Typewriting, and have passed the necessary tests, they are transferred to the Model Offices, where for a Term they undertake the practical work of the College, thus being trained in all the duties appertaining to a Secretary, acting alternately as Reception Secretary, Telephone Secretary, Postal Secretary, Orderly Secretary, Accountant, English and Foreign Correspondent, and Superintendent of the Office; in fact, they receive such a training that it is perfectly safe to say cannot be obtained elsewhere.

KENSINGTON COLLEGE DIPLOMA.

When they have given sufficient practical proof of their ability to discharge their duties in a thoroughly efficient manner, they are granted the Kensington College Diploma, which may be truly said to be more valuable than the diploma of any other institution in the world, seeing that the holder thereof possesses the right of introduction to a dignified and remunerative appointment.

State Inauguration by a Lord Mayor of London.—Never before in the annals of any College has such a thing been known as the State Inauguration of Term by a Lord Mayor of London, yet such was the honour recently paid to Kensington College.

In a practical, sound, and businesslike speech, his Lordship alluded to the novel work which, under the able direction of Mr. Munford, during the past twenty-five years the College has been carrying on. Not only, he went on to say, did the College train the rising generation in all practical subjects necessary to achieve success, but it positively guaranteed—and this was the novel and unique feature of the College—to provide a satisfactory appointment for every qualified pupil.

GUARANTEED APPOINTMENTS.

The trouble at Kensington College is not to secure appointments for the candidates, but to keep pace with the ever-increasing applications for the services of College Graduates.

The work of this unique institution certainly carries comfort to the hearts of the parents and guardians who entrust their charges to its care.

MOTTO.

The motto adopted by the College is one suggested by the Right Hon. the Earl of Lytton, when speaking from the chair at a recent Distribution, it being a variation of Dante's inscription over the Gates of the Inferno. His Lordship suggested that the appropriate motto to inscribe over the Portals of Kensington College was, "Have every hope all ye who enter here."

The attached coupon, addressed to Miss Eva Munford, Secretary, Kensington College, 34, Gloucester Gardens, London, W., will bring by return of post an Illustrated Prospectus containing full particulars of the Guaranteed Appointment System, similar to that graciously accepted by Her Majesty Queen Alexandra, together with an illustrated souvenir similar to that also graciously accepted by her Royal Highness Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll.

CONSULTATIONS.

Mr. James Munford, F.R.C.I., the Director, is ever ready to give his advice on the subject of a suitable career for boy or girl to all bona-fide applicants personally or by post. Appointments may be made by telephone—4348 Padd.—or otherwise.

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Dear Madam,

Please send me an ILLUSTRATED SOUVENIR of the 21st ANNIVERSARY OF KENSINGTON COLLEGE, and a copy of the Illustrated Prospectus, and Chartered Accountant's Certificate, stating the number of appointments offered each Pupil from which to select a career.

Please let me have your advice as to—

- (a) HOW LONG THE TRAINING WOULD TAKE.
- (b) HOW MUCH IT WOULD COST.
- (c) THE NATURE OF THE APPOINTMENTS GUARANTEED.
- (d) THE APPROXIMATE INITIAL SALARY.

This is merely a request for information, and does not involve me in liability of any kind.

FULL NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

DATE.....

To Miss EVA MUNFORD, Secretary, Kensington College, Bayswater, London, W.

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The prize of Three Guineas offered by EVERYMAN for the best essay on "The Male Teacher" has been won by Mr. John E. Stewart, M.A., a student of the School of Authorship. The winning essay appeared in last week's issue. Once again this proves the thoroughness of S.O.A. training, and the practical nature of the courses offered. S.O.A. students are winning recognition everywhere, and in a surprisingly short time. Some of them have actually had articles accepted by leading journals before they had finished the course—and they had never written anything previously for publication.

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City of London College, White St., Moorfields.	Ancient Literature.	W. H. Hudson.
Westminster Abbey.	Westminster Abbey.	Allen Walker.
Lectures in Historic London Buildings.	History and Architecture of London.	Allen Walker.
St. George's Hall, Hart Street, Bloomsbury.	History of Classic Architecture.	Allen Walker.
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author of the article seems to suggest, not that money has and has always had too much influence in political elections—he probably would have had the majority of men in agreement with him if he had—but he seems rather to suggest that £ s. d. has more influence now than ever before, and seems to think that the play points to the same conclusion. He is surely quite wrong, for M.P.s now get a good living wage, and consequently the electors have a better opportunity of electing the best man, and the nomination of the Whip and of the party headquarters is less likely than previously to be influenced by money considerations. The author concludes that "all is not well with our democracy," but, whether he be right or wrong, he does not convince that the play is typical of political cases which are more frequent now than in the past.

But if Mr. Henry Arthur Jones can, by means of this play, improve upon the past in the *bonâ-fide* representation of the democracy in Parliament, he will deserve well of his country.—I am, sir, etc.,

ERNEST LOXLEY,

London, E.C., September 25th, 1913.

THE PLIMSOLL LINE.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—For Mr. Blundell's information I would quote the *Shipping Gazette* of Wednesday, September 10th, 1913. The article is too long to quote in full, but the following will give Mr. Blundell the truth of the matter:—

"In 1893 the proportion of masters and seamen who lost their lives in wrecks was 1 in 134, or .74 per cent. In 1903 it was 1 in 233, or .43 per cent., and in 1905 1 in 249, or .40 per cent. In 1906, the year in which the present loadline came into force, it was 1 in 341, or .29 per cent. In none of the succeeding years, except last year, when 672 seamen went down with the *Titanic*, was the percentage greater than .40 per cent. In 1909, indeed, it was .31 per cent., and in 1908 and 1911 it was .33 per cent. Last year, with the *Titanic* figures included, it was .53 per cent.—a percentage which was exceeded, it should be noted, by no fewer than seven of the years prior to 1906. As we have said, we do not suggest that the loadline has anything to do with the greater safety which these figures show. We submit, however, that they are quite convincing disproof of the allegation that since the free-board regulations of 1906 came into force the lives of men have been sacrificed in order to enrich ship-owners."—I am, sir, etc.,

M. HUNTLEY.

Roker, Sunderland, September 22nd, 1913.

NATIONAL HOUSING.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Mr. Money has answered his critics in the masterly way that only Mr. Money could. But it now appears that Mr. Money's scheme was not intended for the present time, but for some future time, after three other large measures of reform have been carried out, namely, a reform of the rating system, the adoption of compulsory purchase of land at its agricultural value, and the provision of cheap transport by the State. As each of these three appears fairly remote, it would rather seem that Mr. Money has begun at the wrong end in bringing out his housing scheme at the present moment. One might perhaps be excused for wondering, in parenthesis, why, if the State can take power to buy land at less than its actual value, it cannot go all the way and take the land for nothing.

If space permitted, I would not mind debating every

one of Mr. Money's points, but it will be enough to take two or three of the most important.

As to repairs, Mr. Money admits the error in the figure, but he forgets that the error was carried forward, and then when the correction is made the rent of the house becomes 8s. 3d. per week, or £21 10s. 5d. per annum, which means also an annual charge of 5s. 4d. for inhabited house duty, besides other incidents (as things are at present, that is). As Mr. Money is comparatively a young man, and he "has always lived in houses built specially for him," he has probably always abandoned them before the repairs became heavy.

As to insurance, it would be more correctly described as a distribution of the cost of repairing accidental damage. In the case of State undertakings, of course all costs are distributed, but the charge has still to be met. That is to say, the State must either pay the cost of absolutely preventing any accidental destruction of its property or bear the loss when it is so destroyed.

When a battleship is sunk we must either pay the price of a new one in additional taxation or be minus a battleship.

As to price of land, it is presumed that the operations of the State would not be confined to within fifty minutes of the London termini.

Here, in a small township of 3,400 inhabitants, on the edge of the Yorkshire moors, there is no land obtainable for building at less than double Mr. Money's price of £240 an acre. Mr. Money should not imagine that he has a monopoly of data.—I am, sir, etc.,
A. CLARK.

Penistone, September 22nd, 1913.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—I withdraw my opinion of Mr. Chiozza Money. He is not an "impractical visionary," but an "impractical predatory visionary."

Nor do I like his timidity. Is land too dear? Acquire it at agricultural value. Are rates too high? Call them "local income-tax" and raise them. Is fifty minutes from town too far away to house the democracy? Build a fleet of passenger aeroplanes and add the cost "to the local income-tax." Are bricks and tiles too dear? Buy them at the cost of unburnt clay.

Just one deft touch of imagination and difficulties vanish. Happy State! No empties, no insurance, no cost of rent collection, no visits from sanitary authorities on account of infectious disease, no flitting or dirty tenants, drains and plumbing, always well-behaved, no cracked coppers or broken ranges, no leaky roofs. One per cent. per annum will cover these and many other items, and provide for the ultimate scrapping of these desirable residences.

But the discovery of the detached house costing £400, "complete in point of fitments" and of the rental value of £45 per annum, is as epoch-making as the invention of motors or aeroplanes. It must not be allowed to be buried in the comparative obscurity of your columns.

Mr. Money must arrange to read a paper at the R.I.B.A. on "Dream Dwellings" in conjunction with his architect, who might follow with "The Visionary's Villa."

As one of the poor democracy who pays local and other income-tax, I trust our progress may continue slow until wider knowledge, clearer vision, and sounder finance point to saner progress.—I am, sir, etc.,
ARTHUR F. USHER.

London, E.C., September 19th, 1913.

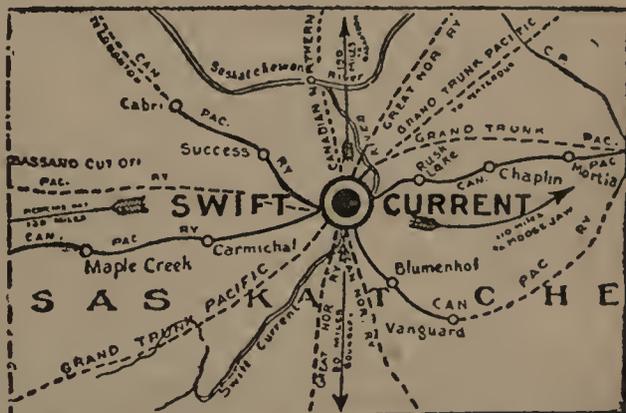
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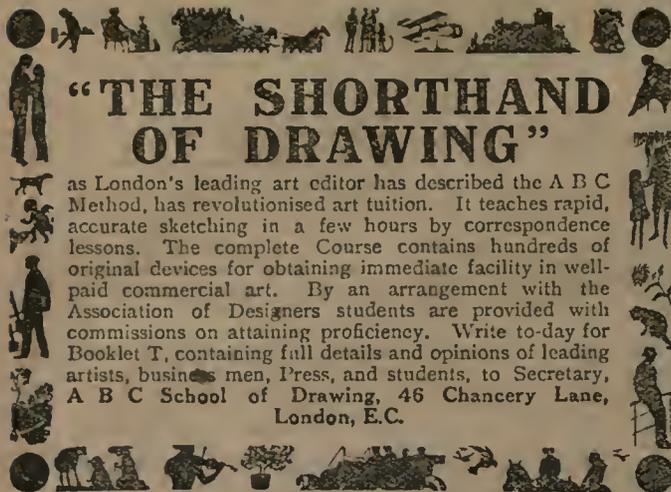
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24 HISTORY LECTURES BY ARTHUR JONES, M.A., on THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

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CHARLOTTE BRONTË'S LETTERS.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Your correspondence column relating to Charlotte Brontë not yet being closed, I venture to suggest that the following extract from a letter written by her in the same year, and apparently either the same month, or only one later than the one describing to the professor her fast-failing sight, be inserted for the benefit of those readers of your pages who as yet have not familiarised themselves with her "Life" as presented to us by Mrs. Gaskell. Thus she writes to a friend:—

"Ten years ago I should have laughed at your account of the blunder you made in mistaking the bachelor doctor for a married man. I should have certainly thought you scrupulous over-much, and wondered how you could possibly regret being civil to a decent individual, merely because he happened to be single, instead of double. Now, however, I can perceive that your scruples are founded on common sense. I know that if women wish to escape the stigma of husband-seeking, they must act and look like marble or clay-cold, expressionless, bloodless; for every appearance of feeling, of joy, sorrow, friendliness, antipathy, admiration, disgust are alike construed by the world into the attempt to hook a husband. Never mind; well-meaning women have their own consciences to comfort them after all. Do not, therefore, be too much afraid of showing yourself as you are, affectionate and good-hearted; do not too harshly repress sentiments and feelings excellent in themselves, because you fear that some puppy may fancy that you are letting them come out to fascinate him; do not condemn yourself to live only by halves. . . ."

For my own part I have felt there has been something sadly lacking from all the articles written about Charlotte Brontë's correspondence with Professor Heger. To me, there seems to have been a total disregard of any Higher Power influencing and directing the hearts and minds of these two. May it not be that the all-guiding hand of God Himself arrested any outward sign of response and laid upon the lonely genius of the moors the heavy burden of unsatisfied heart-craving, lest by winning one atom of return for the immeasurable admiration she herself bestowed the strong heart of Charlotte Brontë should ever condemn itself as unworthy?

Reading one of these letters in the original French:

"Cette faiblesse de vue est pour moi une terrible privation; sans cela, savez-vous ce que je ferais, Monsieur? J'écrirais un livre et je le dédierais à mon maître de littérature, au seul maître que j'aie jamais eu—à vous, Monseigneur! Je vous ai dit souvent en français combien je vous respecte, combien je suis redevable à votre bonté, à vos conseils. Je voudrais le dire une fois en anglais. Cela ne se peut pas; il ne faut pas y penser. La carrière des lettres m'est fermée. . . . N'oubliez pas de me dire comment vous vous portez, comment madame et les enfants se portent. Je compte bientôt avoir de vos nouvelles; cette idée me sourit, car le souvenir de vos bontés ne s'effacera jamais de ma mémoire, et tant que ce souvenir durera le respect que vous m'avez inspiré durera aussi. . . ."

It strikes me that the real spirit of the letters can only be judged rightly in the language in which they were written. The tender, musical terms of homage and regard in French suffer terribly when translated into our blunt, insular tongue. In any case, the translation of this particular letter omits to give us the sincere expressions of esteem and remembrance with which the writer closes.

Surely in these days, when such lives as Charlotte Brontë's are rare, those who would censure the one gleam penetrating the sullen gloom surrounding life in the Haworth parsonage—the joy of writing exquisitely phrased letters to the one being she had met whose intellect was at all on an equal with her own—must

be possessed of minds as gross and calumnious as they are ignominious and contemptible.

I read Charlotte Brontë's Life for the first time seven years ago on leaving school. She was then, and still is, my ideal of English womanhood; and the whole volley of articles, letters, criticisms, etc., which these subsequent revelations have produced have aroused in me a most nauseating sense of indignation.—I am, sir, etc.,

G. DAVIS.

Wandsworth Common, S.W.

[This correspondence is now closed.]

"TO SEE THE SEA."

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—I have to acknowledge the sums of 8s. from W. W. R. and 2s. from R. J. on behalf of my "To See the Sea" scheme.—I am, sir, etc.,

St. Barnabas' Vicarage.

FRANK SWAINSON.



BOOKS OF THE WEEK

THE WORLD'S DAUGHTER, by Cyril Harcourt (John Lane, 6s.), is written in the first person, and deals with an obvious and conventional type of woman. The story suffers severely from the form in which it is written; it needs the genius of a Thackeray to create a character sufficiently strong to tell other people's histories and, at the same time, preserve the aloofness which is essential for the success of a narrator. The difficulty that meets an author at the outset is just this: a first-person story must not emphasise the qualities of the teller of the tale, and yet, if his personality is too colourless, no one will care to read the book. It is the latter pitfall in which Mr. Harcourt has fallen. Throughout the piece Jerry is a colourless, almost inane individual, and his lack of grip is emphasised by the extreme stress laid on the heroine's strength of will. Ursula is supposed to be a modern tom-boy, one of those fictional characters that, stereotyped and unreal, are trotted out at intervals to bolster up a feeble plot. For the rest the story is written in a fairly easy style, with glimpses of humour and an occasional flash of characterisation that make us regret the author should have selected the out-worn theme on which he has based his performance. The lightness of touch carries one along from page to page, so that, even while we criticise, we go on reading. There is an occasional lapse into the melodramatic which at times touches the *bizarre*, notably the interview between Jerry and the woman of Piccadilly Circus, to whom, of all persons in the world, he turns for advice as to the best course to pursue in relation to the girl he hopes to make his wife.



Mr. A. C. Benson is more notable as a man of letters than as a novelist. When, however, he issues a work of fiction, one is sure to find a volume provocative of thought and distinguished in style. WATER-SPRINGS (Smith, Elder and Co., 6s.) opens with a felicitous description of Beaufort College, Cambridge. He sketches the old courtyard with the ivied buttresses and mullioned windows until the scene rises before you, and you visualise the charm of the place. The story centres round Howard Kennedy, Fellow and Lecturer to the College. A man of singular charm of personality, liked by the undergrads and esteemed by his contemporaries, he finds himself at forty years of age conscious of that feeling of dissatisfaction which comes on men verging on the middle period of life.

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He feels he is without any vital interest, and the advent of Jack Sandys increases the discontent. Jack is a great favourite with Kennedy and with most other people. He is a typical study of youth, with all its limitations, crudities, and vanity, but possessed of that vital desire to know "real things" that carries a young man so far along the road to success. The chapters dealing with life at the 'Varsity are among the best in the book, and it is with regret that we leave the College for a small country village, whither Kennedy goes to visit his aunt and incidentally analyse his spiritual condition. Mrs. Graves, the aunt in question, is a delightful old lady, who is described as making "religion an art"; but, while her particular philosophy is admirably adapted to her own requirements, it does not suggest anything very hopeful or new. She tells Kennedy that the great thing to do is to develop the power of loving so that individuals will count but little as compared with the fact that they are there to be loved. She explains that it does not hurt her to feel that a future life may separate her from all those she cares for, so long as there are other people on whom she can lavish her affection.

"It is the power of caring that matters, more than the power of caring for particular people. . . . You see, I do not believe . . . in memory lasting. . . . When I die, I do not feel sure that I shall have any recollection of you or Maud or my own dear husband. . . . But I have learned how to love, and you have learned how to love, and we shall find others' souls to draw near to us as the ages go on; and so I look forward to death calmly enough, because wherever I am I shall have souls to love and I shall find souls to love me."

Kennedy finds a cure for the vague discontent that troubles him in the love of Maud, Jack's sister, whom he marries to his own and his aunt's contentment. The psychological analyses of the author are brilliantly thought out and expressed, and it is hardly necessary to add that the book is written in a leisured, scholarly fashion, characteristic of Mr. Benson. But, while the spiritual experiences of Kennedy are admirably dealt with, that portion of the book that deals with life at College remains the most convincing.

• • •

Miss Cynthia Stockley has published a book called *THE DREAM SHIP* (Constable, 6s.). It is a very mystical kind of book indeed, and at times the symbolism is of so involved a character that it is difficult to determine whether the author is alluding to things as they are or as they appear in the realm of imagination. The hero of the novel is an Irishman given over to dreams which have so strong a hold on him that he is in danger of living in a world of illusion. He is shocked back to reality by meeting one Valentine, a marvellous woman, who combines physical beauty of a rare order with unique mental attributes, and fascinations of so fatal a character that no man can resist her. She is in effect the type of syren beloved by novelists of a certain school; and one is used to find her in the guise of an adventuress. Miss Stockley goes one better, however, and depicts the woman as an entirely good as well as infinitely charming person. She is by way of being a journalist, and her abilities are stupendous. The tale of her excellences, indeed, becomes a trifle boring; such a woman never lived, on land or sea, and, as conquest follows conquest, one longs that some accident may happen to this universally adored one. Westenra, the chief mystic of the story, the Irishman above referred to, finally carries off the prize; the lady, who has already been married and whose matrimonial experiences have not been of a pleasing nature, decides she will leave the world she has dazzled so successfully and retire

to South Africa, where she spent her early girlhood. Westenra, who has occupied his leisure time in making scientific discoveries calculated to revolutionise the world of industry, and is in the running for the Nobel Prize, abandons his studies at her behest and accompanies her to the Dark Continent, there to trek into remote regions where no man has trod, to hunt big game, and lead generally an idyllic existence. On the whole, our sympathies go out to the mystic, and we hope that Valentine will give her fascinations for a time a rest.

• • •

It is not often we meet with an author who has mastered the art of writing fairy stories of the type that boys and girls appreciate and eagerly devour. Mrs. Kathleen Clare Watson has written some charming tales which form the first volumes of the *WONDERLAND SERIES* (Jarrolds, 1s. net.). The author has realised the necessity of investing the things of everyday life with the magic potentiality that for every child lurks in familiar objects. A chair that will suddenly turn into a dragon appeals to a child much more than the advent of a fantastic creature of which he has never heard. "The Flying House," perhaps the best of the three stories, gives the genuine thrill. The adventures of the boys who go to the magic cottage are of the kind that small people dream about and hope one day to emulate, and their fearful joy when the cottage suddenly and without warning flies through the air is the real right thing. "Sea Foam," being the adventures of a doll, makes a dainty story. The children of the tales belong neither to the goody-goody type nor to the more modern cult of precocious infants; they are ordinary wholesome children, and the calmness with which they accept the magical happenings is eminently realistic. Mrs. Watson is to be congratulated on having achieved a very difficult thing. She writes real stories for real children, and brings that suggestion of mystery into her work without which no fairy story can exist.

• • •

We are accustomed to regard Mr. Maurice Hewlett as pre-eminent in the world of romance. Ever since his inimitable novel, "The Forest Lovers," his admirers have expected from him stories set in a by-gone age. He has pre-eminently the capacity for creating an atmosphere, and sets his theme with such consummate skill that we visualise not only the characters, but each detail of their surroundings. Prosper Le Gai is as much alive as any hero of modern days, yet the tale is never marred by any suggestion of other times than those in which he lives. The same magic touch is found in the "Queen's Quair" and "The Song of Renny." In his latest novel, *BENDISH* (Macmillan, 6s.), Mr. Hewlett makes a new departure. The story is laid in the time of William IV. and the period is that immediately preceding the passing of the Reform Bill. We are taken into an atmosphere of politics—a far cry from the green glades of the forest of mystery—and introduced to wire-pullers and intriguers galore. Bendish is a young aristocrat of brilliant attainments and quick emotions who throws himself headlong into every passing phase of interest. It is in effect a study of prodigality as applied to character. Swayed by each passing gust of enthusiasm, Bendish chops and changes, suiting his political course to the wind of temporary advantage. The character of Roger, the stolid young Englishman whose native honour and fidelity out-match the other's more showy gifts, is admirably drawn. He wins the girl on whom Bendish has finally decided to bestow his affections, and wins her at a time when the prodigal

(Continued on page 798.)

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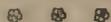
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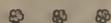
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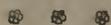
feels the most need of her sympathy. He has veered from one side to the other in the matter of reform, and at the final stage is rejected by both parties. It is when he realises that he is discredited in politics that he decides to go to Rose—one of those charming and feminine creatures that the author knows so perfectly how to draw. Brilliant as is the dialogue, witty with epigram and paradox, clever as is the novel as a whole, we are still ungrateful enough to wish that Mr. Hewlett would return to his old love and exchange the world of politics for the country of romance—a country of which he is the king.



Mrs. Elinor Glin writes in a bright style, if it occasionally deflects into a chatty channel. This author scored a merited success with the "Visits of Elizabeth," since when she has worked a little too assiduously at the same vein. *THE SEQUENCE* (Duckworth, 6s.) is written in the first person, and contains the usual reflections on society, with clever descriptions and sly thrusts at the conventions. The story is told by Guinevere, a woman with a tiresome husband and a love affair that occupies much of her thoughts and many pages of the book. The complications are many, and the tangle is only straightened out at the last page. We will not forestall the author by dwelling at large upon the plot. Mrs. Glin is a law unto herself, and she has secured a public that readily endorses her point of view. This story, however, is not equal to that of her previous novels. We find phrases like the following, "A strange, wild, weird joy is exalting us," constantly recurring. Indeed, adjectives of the most variegated hue pepper her pages profusely.

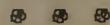


THE SPANISH MARRIAGE (Chatto and Windus, 6s.) is fairly successful as a historical romance. Miss Helen Mary Keynes has a happy knack of description, and though her situations are somewhat stereotyped and her plot conventional, her characterisation is careful and occasionally convincing. The mother of the hero, Lady Compton, is admirably portrayed, and the young man's antagonism against his stepfather is one of the most convincing things in the book. On the eve of her son's departure, for the first time the woman breaks down and shows him something of what she has suffered. "Lying on her palm were three small, jewelled buckles, and with a sudden stab of pain the boy recognised them for the last of those his mother had worn at her wedding seven years previously. Little by little the others had dwindled, one going to buy the boy's clothes, another to pay the repairing of the roof, and now she gave her last to him." The period of the story is 1623, and the time is well suggested. The introduction of Buckingham is a mistake, as the author has not succeeded in convincing us of his reality. She would have done better to have confined herself to characters devoid of historical importance.

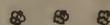


Mr. C. H. Norman's volume of *ESSAYS AND LETTERS ON PUBLIC AFFAIRS* (Frank Palmer, 5s. net) will interest many who are unable to find themselves in agreement with some of the opinions expressed. Indeed, there are some opinions so expressed in maintaining which Mr. Norman will, we fancy, find himself in a very small minority indeed. But there will be no difference of opinion about the evident sincerity of the author or about his power of incisive writing. He lays about him with considerable vigour, attacking judges, politicians, soldiers, newspaper proprietors, and clergymen with an impartial and comprehensive anger. It is fair to add that it is

quite impossible to read the book without realising that this anger is the product of a very real, if sometimes not discriminating, sense of justice. It is also fair to say that the author succeeds in drawing attention to a number of very real abuses, and that, indeed, no one who desires to get a clear view of the manifold evils of modern civilisation can afford to neglect this volume. The book would be more effective if Mr. Norman had a better sense of proportion. His principal fault is that he will constantly pass on from the able exposure of some genuine abuse to what appears a rather reckless attack upon all established institutions, good or bad. But there is enough in the book that is new and valuable to justify its title as a book that ought to be read.



Beginning with the October 1 issue, the *Christian Commonwealth* will devote a series of special articles to an investigation of the prevalent unrest among women. An endeavour will be made to set forth the causes and consequences of what is known as the Woman's Movement, and in the course of the inquiry many important questions bearing upon industrial life, home life, religion, education, the professions, etc., will be discussed.



An interesting programme of the University Extension Lectures for the coming session has just been issued by the University of London, South Kensington. In addition to the central courses, which will be delivered in the University Buildings and in the City, lectures will be given at about fifty local centres in different parts of London and the suburbs, including Literature, Science, Art, History, Architecture and Economics. It is interesting to note that in the direction of teaching of a non-vocational character most important work is being done by the Board, and attention is directed to the excellent group of courses arranged for diplomas in History, Literature, Economics and Social Science, and the History of Art. These extend over a period of four years, and pursue to a high level the study of each subject.

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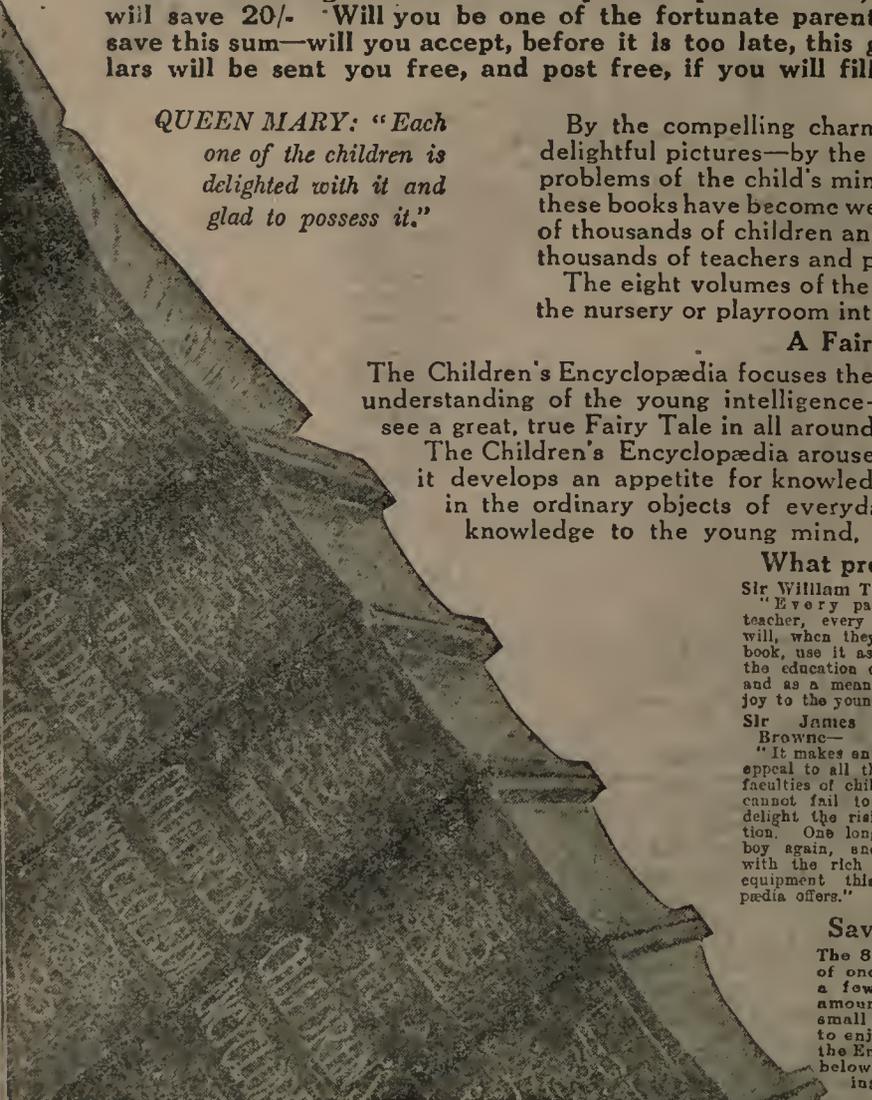
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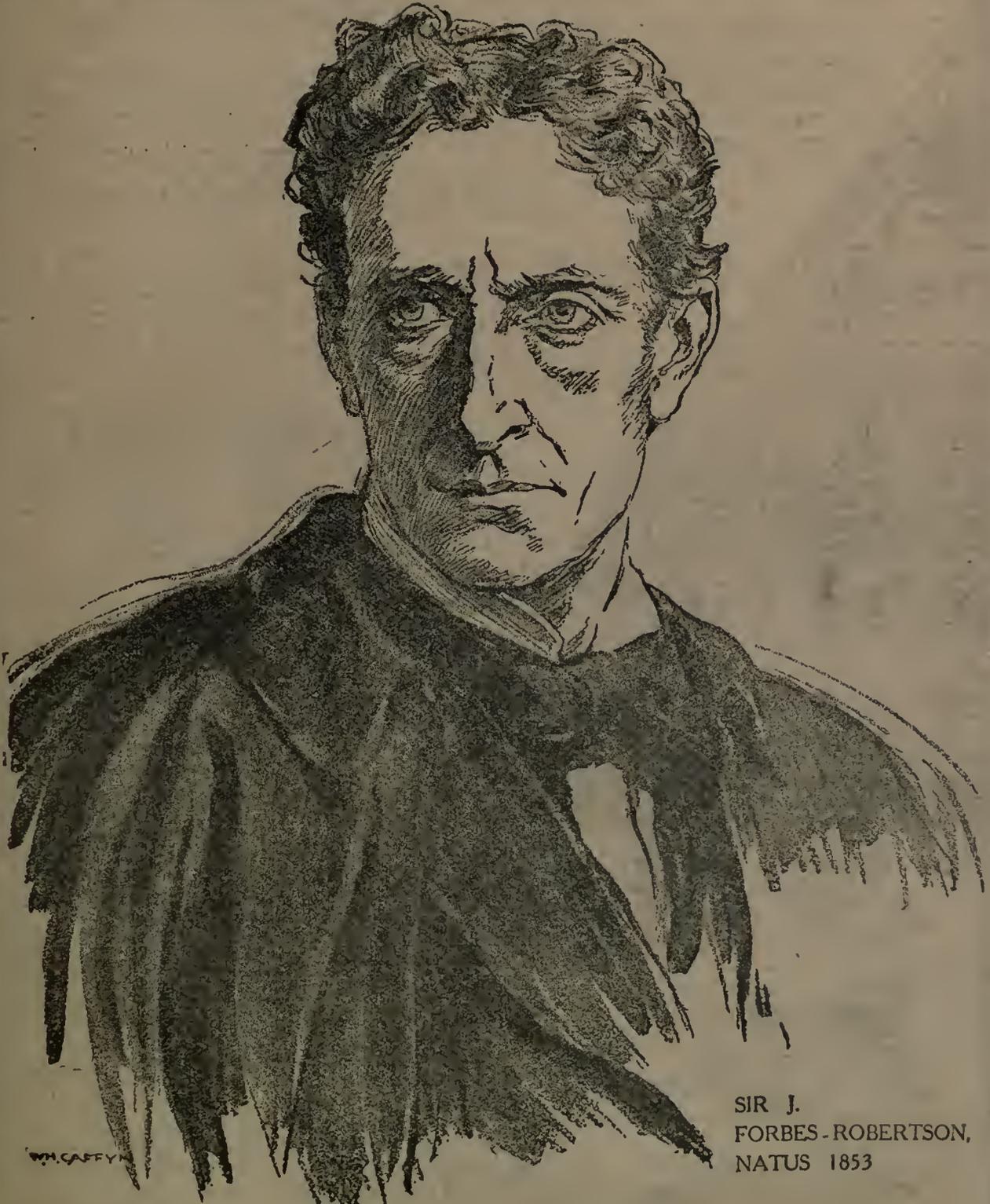
His Life, Work and Books.

FRIDAY,
OCTOBER 10, 1913.

[REGISTERED AT
THE G.P.O.]

Edited by CHARLES SAROLEA.

ONE PENNY.



SIR J.
FORBES-ROBERTSON,
NATUS 1853

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HISTORY IN THE MAKING

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE Home Rule crisis still absorbs public attention to a quite extraordinary degree, and although Mr. McKenna's speech on the question shows the Government to be in an unyielding mood, the air is still charged with rumours of compromise and conferences. It is alleged, on what appears to be good authority, that the King has held a series of informal conferences with the leaders of both parties, and that as a result a Round Table meeting will take place about the middle of next month. Time will tell!

The Home Secretary's promise of legislation to enable prisoners who are fined for petty offences to pay these by instalments is good news indeed. The Act is to be of a compulsory character, and practically insists that magistrates are to give poor offenders reasonable time to pay. As Mr. McKenna pointed out in his speech, the Home Office has done its best to impress upon the occupants of the bench the extreme desirability of not sending a man to prison merely because they have not at the moment sufficient money upon them to meet his demand. They have, however, consistently ignored these recommendations, with the result that many a home has been broken up, and many a poor man driven to a career of crime. The new Bill will force the magistrates to do of necessity what they should have performed of grace. It is quite the best thing that Mr. McKenna has done since his somewhat chequered career as Home Secretary commenced.

The spectacle that Dublin affords is one surely that has scarcely ever been approached, let alone equalled, since our civilisation began. The whole city, men, women, and children, are starving, and the only relief that reaches them from the outside is the food ships sent, with splendid generosity, by the Trade Unionists of Great Britain. It is childish to pretend that this is the result of Syndicalism. It has been caused by sweating wages and housing conditions that are perfectly appalling. Whatever mistakes Mr. Larkin and his associates have made, they have at least established

that fact, and their struggle against inhuman conditions has united every section of the Labour party. The miners are giving £1,000 a week. The co-operative bakers at Glasgow are arranging to despatch several hundred loaves, and the Trade Union Congress has promised £10,000.

An unlooked-for result has just attended the operations of the Aliens Act, whereby undesirables are excluded from Great Britain. There has just been sentenced to deportation one Harry Kemp, who happens to be not only an American, but a poet of some distinction. Witness the following verses:—

"I sing the song of the great clean guns that belch forth death at will.
'Ah, but the wailing mothers, the lifeless forms and still!
I sing the song of the billowing flags, the bugles that cry before.
'Ah, but the skeleton's flapping rags, the lips that speak no more!
I sing the clash of bayonets, of sabres that flash and cleave.
'And wilt thou sing the maimed ones, too, that go with pinned-up sleeve?
I sing acclaimed generals that bring the victory home.
'Ah, but the broken bodies that drip like honey-comb!
I sing of hosts triumphant, long ranks of marching men.
'And wilt thou sing the shadowy hosts that never march again?"

Surely a man who can write thus is not quite the undesirable we want to get rid of?

"Prophecy," said George Eliot, "is the most gratuitous form of error," and we are sometimes tempted to hope that the saying should prove uniformly right. There are some prophecies whose fulfilment one contemplates with dread. The same week that threatens "trousers for women" within ten years menaces us with the rival of bright and brilliant textures for men. Heliotrope socks are to be followed by gorgeous waistcoats and perhaps crimson coats. All that we can think of to say is—help! If this is to be, as we are told, the first fruit of an electric age and rarefied atmosphere, we feel disposed to start a league for the conservation of smokiness.

It is, to say the least, distinctly unfortunate that Lord Salisbury's speech at the Church Congress on "Housing Reform"—a subject in which he has shown a genuine interest—should have contained a gratuitous and foolish reference to baths in workmen's cottages being unnecessary and unwelcome. A hundred years ago, no doubt, it was possible to regard a bath as something of an exotic. Squire Weston or even Tom Jones may have indulged but rarely in that daily tub which nowadays most Englishmen appreciate. But we are no longer living in the eighteenth century, and the plain fact is that a bath has become an indispensable necessity to health and to that pride of person which is the best protective against disease. Any housing scheme that omits its provision is not worth the paper it is written on—even though backed by Lord Salisbury.

Mr. Henry Arthur Jones is rendering excellent service to the nation by the stirring addresses which he has been delivering this week "up North" on the need for an improvement in the theatre. The veteran playwright laid especial stress on that neglect of Shakespeare which is one of the most distressing features of the age. It does seem, however, that there are really signs of a stirring of the dry bones, and we note as a sign of grace that the Lord Mayor of Sheffield promised Mr. Jones the warm support of that city in his crusade.

THE NATIONALISATION OF RAILWAYS

BELGIUM'S EXAMPLE ❦ ❦ BY M. EMILE VANDERVELDE, M.P.

(Leader of the Belgian Labour Party)

I.

LAST March Mr. Asquith received a deputation of the Parliamentary Committee of the Trades Union Congress, and, among other things, the delegates asked the support of the Government in favour of the nationalisation of mines and railways.

The Prime Minister's reply was not exactly encouraging. He declared himself flatly opposed to the nationalisation of mines, and as for the railways, without being quite so hostile, he objected that, even if the transfer took place under favourable conditions, before a year was over the State administration would find itself at grips with a coalition: merchants would demand the lowering of rates; the railway staff would demand higher salaries and shorter working hours; hence there was every chance that, in the long run, all the advantages contingent upon the taking over of the railways by the State would be more than counter-balanced.

II.

That there is a germ of truth in this objection we have no intention of disputing.

Wherever the State has taken over the railways, the first years have been full of difficulties, for many reasons, notably because the public and the staff showed themselves more exacting than under the previous régime.

But this stage is long since past in Germany, in Switzerland, and the Scandinavian countries. In Italy, despite difficulties of all kinds that tend to make the working not very profitable, things are getting on not so badly. Even in France, where there was such an outcry at first when the State acquired the Chemin de Fer de l'Ouest, the situation is already satisfactory, or nearly so. And for Belgium, of which I intend to speak at greater length in this article, if the management of the railways, in many respects, leaves something to be desired, no one would dream of denying that, for the public and the personnel alike, the State administration is far preferable to exploitation by the companies.

Thus, in December, 1911, the Minister of Finance, in criticising certain details of organisation in the management, declared: "To-day no one could think of taking the running of the railways out of the hands of the State and entrusting it to private individuals." And the Premier corroborated in these terms: "*That would mean provoking a revolution!*"

III.

True—for the very reasons indicated by Mr. Asquith—the Belgian State Railways are not, and have never been, a very brilliant affair from the fiscal standpoint, the point of view of earnings.

Some people have thought differently. Owing to faulty bookkeeping the conviction was held that the railways were bringing in substantial profits to the Treasury. The Minister for Railways, M. Vanden Peereboom, called himself the "foster-father of the Minister of Finance." M. Helleput, one of his successors, declared that "the railway was a veritable milch-cow for the State." And on the strength of these assertions members of Parliament never ceased demanding reductions of railway rates

for industry and commerce, increases of wages for railway employees, their electors.

But in his Report on the Railway Budget for 1900, and subsequent reports, M. Renkin, the Prime Minister, maintained that people had been labouring under a delusion in imagining that the railways were a generous source of revenue for the State; in reality the situation was not nearly so bright as the accounting system adopted by the administration gave reason to believe.

In Belgium, you see—unlike Switzerland, for example—there is no industrial railway budget separate from the State budget. The railway budget, in the form in which it is submitted to Parliament, is in no way a conspectus of the situation of the railways, but a bare statement of working costs, containing only expenditure estimates for the financial year. True, in its annual report the administration publishes a table of financial results comparing the net earnings of the system with its expenses, but the Reporter for 1900 maintained that this balance sheet was based on a fictitious basis, exaggerating the profits actually realised by the working of the railways.

At all events, since 1906 new rules have been adopted for the railway accounts which come much nearer the truth; and applying these new regulations retroactively to the past seventy years, the administration put the total actual surplus at 44,218,631 francs. But since then, several years having shown a deficit, the total surplus of the State railways does not exceed thirty million francs (c. £1,200,000).

Thirty million francs net profit, all charges being met, in seventy-five years' working! What better proof could there be that the yearly surpluses are not very big, and that the excess of revenue over expenditure generally just suffices to discharge the year's financial obligations?

IV.

From the fiscal point of view therefore—contrary to the experience of the Prussian railways—the advantages which State ownership offers in the case of the Belgian railways are wellnigh negligible, and if one strikes an average the profits of the system amount to a few thousand pounds per annum.

But were it otherwise—and to make it otherwise the administration need only raise rates—the profits of the railways would be merely a tax in disguise on the transport of passengers and goods. Now, we hold with M. Hubert, Reporter on the Railway Budget in 1905, that such a tax is unjustifiable, and that, as far as possible, the railways should be run at cost price.

"Railways," declared M. Hubert, "are not made to be a source of indirect taxation; they are, above all, a public service; that they demand full remuneration for the service rendered is no more than fair, and it is impossible to give advantages to travellers and transporters at the expense of the Treasury. But when expenses have been covered, as well as interest and sinking fund charges on capital, the surplus ought to be devoted to improvements of the service, reduction of rates, raising of wages or salaries, beginning with the lowest."

Such, then, in principle, is the railway policy of the

Belgian State: run as near as may be at cost price; cancel any surplus in favour of the staff and the public.

We must now inquire whether the staff and the public really do derive benefit from this policy.

V.

And, first, the staff.

All other conditions being equal, the State in a democratic country tends to treat workmen better than private companies, because its employees, enjoying political rights, are in a position to use them so as to have better salaries given them or shorter working days.

But if the employées of the Belgian State Railways are, generally speaking, better paid than are, or were, the men in the service of the Belgian companies—there are two or three of these left—their situation, nevertheless, is far from being entirely satisfactory.

In the study which he has made of the salaries of the French Nord and the Belgian State Railways, M. Devys ("Les Chemins de fer de l'Etat belge," Paris, 1910) shows that wages are decidedly lower in Belgium than in France. But he very fairly points out that living is much cheaper in Belgium, so that the difference of the nominal wages is not proportionate to the difference of the real wages.

Nevertheless, one thing is certain—the bourgeois State in Belgium pays its employees poorly enough.

Only one ought not to forget, on the other hand, that workmen in State employ have more security, and are, perhaps, subjected to less strenuous work than in private industries.

As the Reporter on the Budget of 1907 remarked: "The workman or the petty functionary who enters the public service sacrifices the hope of a higher salary to the advantages of a permanent billet, with promotion, slow but sure, and a pension guaranteed. Hence those who prefer not to endure intensive labour enter State service; it follows that the State employs a larger staff than the companies, and consequently it is induced to pay them worse."

We must, however, note with M. Devys that if the workmen of the Belgian State are worse paid and more numerous than those of the French Nord line, that is no proof that their work is not so hard.

The true cause of the numerically greater importance of the Belgian staff is the more moderate tariffs of the Belgian State, which have developed traffic to enormous proportions; hence the necessity for a corresponding increase of staff.

VI.

And this brings us to the second point—the advantages which State ownership affords the public in general.

It is indisputable that the State, not having as its main object the realisation of profits, accords to the public much greater advantages and facilities than do private companies.

From this point of view nothing could be more instructive than a comparison of the Belgian railways and the French railways.

The trains in Belgium are more numerous. The system is constructed in such a manner as to give satisfaction to all districts, even where the lines built are far from productive. The carriages on the branch lines are more comfortable. Finally, the rates are not so high.

"One need only," says M. Devys (p. 166), "have travelled ever so short a distance on the French lines and on the Belgian State system to perceive the clear advantage of the latter over the former. Since the

suppression of first-class compartments and the substitution of reserved seconds, the second-class carriages have become as luxurious as firsts in France, and journeys cost much less. And the passenger who one day observed to us in Lille station, 'It is delightful to travel in Belgium; it costs nothing,' seems to us to sum up in a word the comparison which no traveller in the two countries can avoid making."

Here we cannot think of giving figures. Those who take a special interest in the question will find them in the book of M. Devys, who sums up in these words:

"The conclusion to which we are forced by this study of Belgian tariffs is that they are very moderate; lower to a marked degree than French passenger rates, they are only slightly cheaper for the transport of goods. But the traffic, heavy in the case of passengers, and short-distance in the case of goods, demands a very large staff, costly material, and running expenses far higher than those of other lines, and notably of the French companies."

VII.

What we have said must not be read as an apology for our management of the railways. No one knows its weak sides better than we do. For long years we have been demanding, in this matter, the separation of the State-Government and the State-Industrial; that is to say, the autonomy (as in Switzerland) of the railway administration, the establishment of industrial accounts, the representation of the staff on the administrative body, the abolition of a régime of excessive centralisation, and an often hidebound bureaucracy.

But, if reforms are needful—some, by the way, seem to be on the eve of accomplishment—no one, we repeat, dreams of turning back, of reverting to the old régime of private companies, with their competing systems, or their amalgamations constituting private monopolies, the inconveniences and abuses of which England knows so well.

For proof of this I need only refer to the very interesting statements made on November 10th, 1908, before the Royal Economic Society by Sir George S. Gibb, ex-director of the North-Eastern Railway. This unimpeachable witness declared that for years his study of railway questions, as well as his practical experience, had convinced him of the advantages of a well-regulated system of monopoly, and that he could not wholly disapprove of a plan which would procure for the country the advantages of this well-regulated system of monopoly, in whose efficacy he believed, *even if this system had to be established under the form of State ownership.*

Competition, to his mind, creates more evils than it abolishes, particularly the imperfect and half-hearted competition which exists in England so far as railways are concerned, competition which cannot be established freely on a commercial basis. He recognised that it was impracticable to bring about a unification or a very extensive combination of railways, with a wide range, under the existing system of private ownership.

Are not such words conclusive, coming as they do from a man in the business? Competition ends in monopoly; monopoly ought to be regulated in the general interest; this regulation, to be efficacious, demands the appropriation of the railways by the State, or rather by the collectivity. This evolution has already taken place, or is in progress, in all parts of the Continent. Sooner or later, it may be safely predicted, the same solution will prevail in England, in the form, probably, in which it has been adopted in South Africa and in Australia.

THE REAL COLLAPSE OF FEMINISM

BY MARGARET HAMILTON

[To realise that sex antagonism, so deftly explained away by Professor Thomson in his interesting and able article, does exist, and is a very present thing in the Woman's Movement of to-day, it is only necessary to look at the facts. The pioneers of Feminism in the 'eighties and 'nineties were untouched by any taint of resentment against man as such, and enlisted in their ranks a whole army of enthusiastic masculine supporters. Novelists, dramatists, poets, painters, speakers, and thinkers of all classes were enrolled under their banner, and voiced the gospel of the new Feminism with a trumpet call.

Men of European reputation lent their names and prestige to the movement, emblazoning the cause upon the pages of the world's great literature. Ibsen, Sudermann, Thomas Hardy, are only a few of those who supported woman's emancipation, and in terms of unrivalled force and eloquence demanded her remission from the shackles of the conventional morality that for years had meted out to her crushing punishment for acts regarded as venial in man.

But—and in this, it seems to me, lies the essential difference between the feminism of that day and its sterile descendant of the present time—woman asked for expansion of liberty, freedom of thought that she might develop her mind, her body, and her character; that she might fit herself to exercise a stronger and more beneficent influence on the generation

She was Called Upon to Mother.

She desired to acquire tolerance of judgment, to learn moderation of desire, and to discover the secret of comradeship which is the foundation of natural and healthy relations between the sexes; and she asked these things that she might be better fitted to bear and bring up her children.

Motherhood was regarded by the feminists of that day as woman's ultimate expression, and it was to fit her for that expression that she cried out for the demolition of those social conditions which stultified her energies and stifled her capacities; and that this was so we have only to turn to the literature of that period to ascertain.

Ibsen, who wrote the gospel of feminism in letters of fire, sent Nora out of her Doll's-House, away from her husband and her babies, not that she might found a colony of women or head a crusade against man, but that she might learn to be a better mother, a more efficient wife. Sudermann, in "Magda," crashes home the lesson of the play when, from her varied and somewhat sordid experiences, his heroine emerges cleansed and triumphant by reason of her motherhood. She wrings forgiveness from her critics by the strength with which

She Fights for her Child,

and all the injuries she has received from and inflicted upon man are expiated by her possession of the child for whom she has paid so dearly. Tess, sacrificial, blind to her interests, unselfish and devoted, never rises to such heights as when she braves supernatural powers and herself baptises her baby.

Lyndall, in "The African Farm," refuses to marry her lover on the ground that she does not feel for him a strength of devotion it is in her to bestow. She never questions the fact that wifehood and motherhood are states in which woman realises herself most

completely, and while we may criticise and question the philosophy of the feminist movement of those days, no one can seriously deny that, in the main, their conduct was founded on a principle which, even if it were mistaken, was sincere.

The gospel of feminism at that time was no path of roses. Canon Barry, in his clever novel, "The New Antigone," sketches a woman of the finest type, who refuses to marry the man she loves, because she thinks that only by perpetuating freedom of contract can a union between man and woman be desirable. She lives with him as his wife, but declines to permit any legal ceremony, and the lover, despite his embarrassment and mortification, assents. This course brings on her head a series of social slights, amounting almost to persecution, but because she thinks it right she refuses to give way, and not until events change her opinion and alter her principles does she admit that marriage is the only possible solution.

Sarah Grand, in "The Heavenly Twins," shows us

The Same Thing from a Different Angle.

Evadne discovers a discreditable episode in her husband's past, and, convinced that a man who could have done what he had done would prove a most undesirable parent, refuses to live with him as his wife. This course separates her from her family, and incurs the odium of her friends. She persists in her resolution, however, and is upheld by the consciousness that, motherhood being the highest function of woman, she would be committing a sin if she had a child by a man she could not respect.

To-day we find in the Woman's Movement an entire absence of enthusiasm for maternity. The apotheosis of the spinster the woman who, by some curious process of reasoning, maintains that to bear a child is to derogate from the dignity of her position is the underlying aim of the suffragettes. Man is the enemy who seeks to filch her liberty, to impose on her the yoke that is the symbol of submission. And this antagonism to man includes an antipathy to those women who—to quote one of their own phrases—"have betrayed the cause and got married." It is, in effect, an indictment of nature vented on man; a burning resentment against the fate that caused the spinster to be born a woman.

It is this sex antagonism, the expression of the underlying revolt against motherhood, that is responsible for masculine attack on the movement of to-day. The older feminism drew support from all classes and kinds of men eager to help woman to obtain greater liberty; and the cause of their support is easy to determine. The feminists of the 'eighties and 'nineties glorified maternity, attached to it an importance which, though it sometimes led them into strange extravagances, had its roots in one of

The Strongest Passions of Human Nature.

Grant Allen, in his portrait of "The Woman Who Did," paints for us a mother crucified on the cross of her belief. Like the heroine of Canon Barry's novel, she refuses to marry her lover, and, as will be remembered, persists in her determination to the end. She is involved in the bitterest sufferings, she is maligned for her belief, and endures the obloquy meted out to the social Magdalen.

One may deplore her conclusions, dislike her opinions, deny her premises, but the fact remains that she was persecuted for righteousness' sake, inasmuch as she was punished for adherence to the doctrine that a woman was likely to be a better wife and mother were she tied to the man of her choice by love rather than law. She was concerned to fit herself for maternity, in the belief that motherhood is the most important thing of a woman's life.

To-day that belief is non-existent in the ranks of feminism. And its absence is responsible for the steady tide of masculine opposition. It is no question of votes or no votes for women. The suffrage was part of that programme of the 'eighties which enlisted the support of all sorts and conditions of men, not only dramatists and novelists, men of genius and talent, but simple and unlettered men, members of the middle class and of the working class also.

Where is that support to-day?

What Man of Genius

has concentrated on the suffrage? What attention do the militants attain from any considerable body of workmen or men of the middle class? I shall be told of resolutions at Trade Union meetings, of votes of sympathy moved at Socialist gatherings. Resolutions were passed in plenty when feminism was a real and a vital thing; but, at that time, they materialised into supporters; to-day such resolutions are of academic value only, and barren of result.

In every department of the woman's movement you find a practical advocacy of the cult of childlessness. Those bodies which advocate State interference between parent and child among the poor inevitably include among their most ardent propagandists a number of women who, devoid of offspring themselves, endeavour to take away the children of their fellows, and in order to discourage maternity penalise those unfortunate women who have followed their primitive instincts and borne their husbands a family.

The cry of the older feminism was the right of the mother to the child, and a considerable section of what was then termed the advanced movement held that it was better to dispense with a legal tie, inasmuch as the law gave an illegitimate child to its mother, while a lawful wife was dependent on her husband's decisions in regard to the child's upbringing. But the cry of the spinster has drowned the voice of Rachel weeping for her children, and on all sides are the same signs to be read.

Side by side with the glorification of childlessness the absence of comradeship has made itself felt. In the 'eighties and 'nineties woman desired greatly to be accepted by man on terms of friendship. She demanded freedom for herself, but at the same time did not seek to curtail his liberties. She did not superintend his music-halls, nor try to deprive him of his drinks. On the platform she debated with him with commendable moderation and lucidity; freedom of discussion was a plank in her platform, and the fiercest opponent of feminism was given a courteous hearing, encouraged to state his views, and invited to ask questions.

What Happens at the Suffrage Meeting of To-day?

Criticism is shrieked down, questions are limited and carefully revised by the chair, the case for the opposition is never allowed to be put. The gag that the feminists of the 'nineties removed from woman, the militants seek to impose on all opponents of their views, male or female. Again and again have they been asked why the mother of a family should be

denied the vote they seek to obtain for a wealthy spinster. Again and again they have been challenged as to the political distinction between the wife of a poor clerk and the wife of a banker, and why the fact that the latter owns property should make all the difference. These questions have invariably been unanswered, save by the stereotyped reply that they demand votes for women on the same terms as men. But, in the very essence of things, their demand differs. A married man, as householder, held the vote years before the lodger franchise came into existence. Why, then, is the married woman to be held of less account? I suggest that the reason is to be found in that sex antagonism that has given rise to the cult of spinsterhood, which has grown up within the last decade to an incredible extent, and though as yet motherhood is not openly despised, it is tacitly regarded as a less desirable condition than childlessness.

And if there should be any question as to the accuracy of my statement, I draw the attention of my readers to a very salient fact. The militants have carefully excluded the married woman from their suffrage Bills, except in so far

As she Possesses Property.

It has been said that the cause of this exclusion of the wife was to be found in an undemocratic spirit, but I believe the reason lies far deeper than the desire to glorify the rich at the expense of the poor. It is a deliberate attempt to *penalise marriage, and to punish a woman who becomes a wife*. For clearly the only practical way in which a married woman can be qualified to vote is through her husband, and it is precisely the existence of a husband that sets the sex antagonism of the militants aflame.

You find this antagonism underlying their literature, their speeches, and their propaganda. The spinster is glorified at the expense of the mother. Over and over again the disabilities of marriage as such are preached and the joys of childlessness trumpeted. It was left to Mr. Dickinson to adjust the monstrous injustice levied against married women by the militants. In his Bill the member for St. Pancras suggested wives should be qualified as such, and the militants were forced to accept his position, but I repeat that no suffrage Bill emanating from the militants themselves provided for the wife, save and except she possessed property.

The Cult of the Childless,

in the very essence of things, must meet with masculine opposition, and just as the feminism of an older date produced a rich harvest of literary and dramatic achievements, so the women's movement of to-day, with its tacit glorification of the spinster, is barren of all results. "Ye do not gather grapes from thorns, nor figs from thistles," and until the feminists realise that women's chief and most important function is to bear children, they will advance their cause not a whit.

Where is your great drama of the suffrage? What novelist has produced an immortal work preaching the gospel of the vote. The epic of the hunger strike has yet to be written, the lyric of the childless still to be sung.

Feminism has been betrayed in her own house, and her enemy is woman. In its very citadel has the cause been slain. On the altar of spinsterhood the offering has been laid, and in the name and to the glory of the barren woman have the sacrificial fires been lighted.

"EVERYMAN'S" GUIDE TO THE BEST BOOKS

Owing to pressure of space, No. II. of this series will not appear until our next issue.

HENRI FABRE, THE FIELD NATURALIST

PROVENCE, that land of the Troubadour, is to-day happy in the possession of two great poets, two veteran masters—Frederi Mistral and Henri Fabre. Applied to Fabre the scientist, the designation "poet" is no misnomer; Victor Hugo, 'tis said, dubbed him "the Insects' Homer"; Edmond Rostand greeted him as "the Virgil of the Insects"; and his disciple, Dr. C. V. Legros, has not hesitated to inscribe on the title-page of his admirable biography,* "Fabre, Poet of Science." While Mistral watched, conjured up, and recorded in verse, in his beautiful mother-tongue, the romance, the tragedies and comedies of his fellow Provençals, Fabre no less intently, no less sympathetically, no less movingly, observed and chronicled the idyll and the epic of animal life in the country of his birth. He who had himself so long sustained the struggle for existence, succeeded in identifying himself, as few men have been able, with the joys, the toil, and the travail of the insect world; and, a true interpreter of nature, he cannot but appear before us as a genuine poet.

It was an inviting but a far from easy task that Dr. Legros undertook when he began to prepare a life of Fabre, a life, to quote Fabre's own words in the preface he contributes to the volume, "not exempt from many cares, yet not very fruitful in incidents or great vicissitudes, since it has been passed very largely, in especial during the last thirty years, in the most absolute retirement and the completest silence." All the more credit for his achievement, therefore, is due to Dr. Legros, who has proved himself worthy of the task entrusted to him.

Fabre was and is no misanthropist, but he has always been singularly independent of his fellow-men. To this indomitable spirit of independence, indeed, may be attributed at least some of the neglect from which he suffered. Friends, of course, he had—among them John Stuart Mill, his neighbour at Avignon—but his most valued, life-long friends were the crickets, the bees, the ants, the caterpillars, the tiny things that skip and creep and fly. To their homes his visits were countless and prolonged:

"Seated for hours before a sprig of terebinth, his eye armed with the magnifying glass, he follows the slow manœuvres of the terebinth louse, whose proboscis cunningly distils the venom which causes the leaf to swell and produces those enormous tumours, those misshapen and monstrous galls, in which the young pass their period of slumber."

"He watches by night, by the dim light of a lantern, to copy the Scolopendra at her task, seeking to surprise the secret of her eggs; to observe the Cione constructing her capsule of goldbeater's-skin, or the Processional Caterpillar travelling head to tail along their satin trail, extinguishing his candle only when sleep at last sets his eyelids blinking. He will wake early to witness the fairy-like nocturnal resurrection of the silkworm moth; 'in order not to lose the moment when the nymph bursts her swaddling-bands'; or when the wing of the locust issues from its sheath and 'commences to sprout'; no spectacle in the world is more wonderful than the sight of 'this extraordinary anatomy in process of formation,' the unrolling of these 'bundles of tissues, cunningly folded and reduced to the smallest possible compass' in the insignificant alar stumps, which gradually unfold 'like an immense set of sails,' like the

'body-linen of the princess' of the fairy-tale, which was contained in one single hemp-seed."

Here, truly, we see an "inimitable observer," as Darwin called him, a naturalist who is at the same time a poet and a philosopher. "Geometers are made," wrote Fabre to his brother in 1852, from Corsica (where, with a salary of £72 a year, he held the Chair of Physics at the College of Ajaccio), "naturalists are born ready-made, and you know better than anyone whether natural history is not my favourite science." Two years earlier, in 1850—and it is hard to realise that Fabre, who is still alive, was already twenty-seven years old when the nineteenth century was at its turn—Fabre had written to the same correspondent in characteristic vein: "The infinitesimal calculus of Leibnitz will show you that the architecture of the Louvre is less learned than that of a snail; the eternal geometer has unrolled his transcendent spirals on the shell of the mollusc that you, like the vulgar profane, know only seasoned with spinach and Dutch cheese."

But Fabre the naturalist is already known to us through his books, and those who take up Dr. Legros's biographical study will look for information regarding the man, as well as for an appreciation of the scientist. Nor will they be disappointed. Dr. Legros gives us an exceptionally vivid picture of the man, his toil and trials, his characteristics, and his ways of life.

"François Sicard, in his faultless medal and his admirable bust, has succeeded with rare felicity in reproducing for posterity this rugged, shaven face, full of laborious years; a peasant face, stamped with originality, under the wide felt hat of Provence; touched with geniality and benevolence, yet reflecting a world of energy. Sicard has fixed for ever this strange mask; the thin cheeks, ploughed into deep furrows, the strained nose, the pendent wrinkles of the throat, the thin, shrivelled lips, with an indescribable fold of bitterness at the corners of the mouth. The hair, tossed back, falls in fine curls over the ears, revealing a high, rounded forehead, obstinate and full of thought. But what chisel, what graver could reproduce the surprising shrewdness of that gaze, eclipsed from time to time by a convulsive tremor of the eyelids! What Holbein, what Chardin could render the almost extraordinary brilliance of those black eyes, those dilated pupils: the eyes of a prophet, a seer; singularly wide and deeply set, as though gazing always upon the mystery of things, as though made expressly to scrutinise Nature and decipher her enigmas? Above the orbits, two short, bristling eyebrows seem set there to guide the vision; one, by dint of knitting itself above the magnifying-glass, has retained an indelible fold of continual attention; the other, on the contrary, always updrawn, has the look of defying the interlocutor, or foreseeing his objections, of waiting with an ever-ready return-thrust. Such is this striking physiognomy, which one who has seen it cannot forget."

It is not surprising to learn from Dr. Legros that Fabre has a particular affection for Virgil, and that he knows La Fontaine by heart. In fact, he owns himself a disciple of La Fontaine. Dealing with his style, Dr. Legros declares there is no sign of artistic writing in his books. "It is only his manner of feeling and of expressing himself that makes him so dear to us. . . . It is the lover in Fabre that draws us to him; nothing quite like his work has been seen since the days of Jean de La Fontaine." 'Tis a high compliment, but not unmerited by this great scientist, who, in the words of Rostand, "thinks as a philosopher, sees as an artist, and feels and expresses himself as a poet."

SIR J. FORBES-ROBERTSON

The Character Sketch of Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson is unavoidably held over until next week's issue.

* "Fabre, Poet of Science." By Dr. C. V. Legros. With a Preface by J. H. Fabre. Translated by Bernard Miall. (London: T. Fisher Unwin.)

BALKAN BARBARITIES

TESTIMONY FROM THE FRONT

I.

"No State at war with another shall countenance such modes of hostility as would make mutual confidence impossible in a subsequent state of peace." So reads one of the "Preliminary Articles" drawn up by Kant in his essay on "Perpetual Peace." On this basis the era of Perpetual Peace in the Balkans would appear to be remote indeed. The wholesale charges of atrocities hurled at one another by the whilom Balkan allies bode ill for the reign of peace in the Peninsula, and bring home afresh to participants and spectators the unspeakable horrors of war.

While the passions which find vent in war are still raging, it is, of course, difficult for the onlooker to know how much or how little to believe of the awful allegations of Greeks and Bulgarians. Sentiment is so apt to colour our views. Those who were hailed as heroes and crusaders by their comrades-in-arms and by their sympathisers in Europe when the enemy was the Turk, are suddenly transformed in the eyes of their former admirers and allies into ferocious barbarians, when one Christian State turns upon another. The enmity which inspires ill deeds also inclines one belligerent to believe the very worst of the other side, with the result that atrocities are often invented as well as perpetrated in time of war. And so the would-be impartial observer finds it hard to sift fact from fiction and give credence where credence is due.

But while it would be foolish to swallow every tale of savagery circulated aent this, that, or the other Balkan army, it would be equally credulous to dismiss lightly all such stories, or to pin one's faith solely on those which tell against one particular nationality. There seems only too good reason to believe that "methods of barbarism" have been freely resorted to in the Balkan wars, and that any State bringing charges against its neighbour only lays itself open to the retort that those who live in glass-houses should not throw stones.

II.

When a Greek reports Bulgarian atrocities, or a Bulgarian reports Greek atrocities, there may be ground for suspicion or disbelief; but doubt is out of the question when miscreants attest their own misdeeds. A more gruesome document has seldom been published than a pamphlet recently issued from the Royal Printing Press at Sofia, containing facsimiles of letters written by men of the 19th Greek Infantry Regiment of the Seventh Division, which, already posted, were captured by Bulgarian troops in the vicinity of Razlog. These letters are all dated between July 11th and July 15th, 1913. Their authenticity is vouched for, not only by their reproduction in facsimile, but by the publication of the names of the senders, and the names and addresses of the addressees. Were they forgeries, it should be perfectly easy for the Greeks to prove them so. Needless to say, the passages selected for reproduction are those of a most incriminating nature. Quotations are given from over a dozen letters written by different hands, and the burden of them all is the same—About, Seek, Fire, Burn, Kill, Slay; Let not a Bulgarian live!

In common fairness to the Greeks it is only right to add at once that many of the writers express the utmost destestation of the deeds they record—and carried out. Thus, with a sore heart, Thomas Zapantiotis

writes, on July 13th, from Rhodopes, to his brother, that he has no conception how war is conducted. "Villages are burned and people also; we, too, burn everything, and perform even worse deeds, like the Bulgarians."

Tsantilas Nicolaos, on the same date, sends word to his father, under the simple but proud heading—'Εν Βουλγαρία: "What a ghastly war we are waging against the Bulgarians! We have burned up everything of theirs; villages and folk, that is, we massacre them cruelly."

Panaghis Beglikis is even more horror stricken. On July 15th he writes to his brother Sotire from the borders of Bulgaria and Thrace: "How the war goes on, it is impossible to describe to you what takes place. The abominations now being committed are so fearful that they exceed anything that has happened since the days of Christ. The Greek army burns every Bulgarian village, kills every Bulgarian that is met with. The things which are taking place are indescribable. God knows where it will end, the time is come again when we devour one another." A sergeant (whose name is illegible) writes as follows from Merocostenitza, on July 12th, to Dr. Panaghi Leventi, Aliverion, Eubœa: "The two villages, Doulia and Banitza, their lurking-places, we burned down; the women, children and old men were taken out and stabbed to death without mercy or pity, cruel hearts carrying out a still more cruel order." "I kiss you and all," concludes the sergeant, and the gentle greeting adds to the grimness of his foregoing words.

Others, again, write in more callous vein, and some seem even to gloat over the bloody business they were about. Spiliotopoulos Philippos, for instance, writing to his brother and his wife—whom he kisses tenderly—cannot restrain the note of revenge and exultation: "We have burned all the villages which were abandoned by the Bulgarians. The Bulgarians burn all the Greek villages and we the Bulgarian villages, they murder and we murder, and all belonging to that nation who fall into our hands are shot. Of the 1,200 Bulgarians whom we took prisoner in Nigrita, only forty-one are left alive in the prison, and everywhere we have passed through we have left not a trace of that race behind."

Costi writes to a friend from the River Nesto, without a sign of compunction: "Here in Vrondou I took prisoner six Bulgarians and a girl; we shut them up in a gaol and made them fast; the girl was killed and so were the Bulgarians. Beforehand we put out their eyes."

Another soldier scribbles in haste to his brother: "When we catch Bulgarians, we kill them like sparrows."

III.

Obviously these letters have been published by the Bulgarians, not in the interests of peace, but in order to alienate sympathy from the Greeks, and discredit like charges brought against themselves. It is unlikely, however, that, outside Bulgaria, they will serve as a weapon of war, as a whet to race hatred. Rather should such letters tend to give pause to those who think and talk lightly of a great European war, showing as they do in the most harrowing fashion what sufferings war involves for victors and for vanquished, what moral depravity it brings out on the side of both those who win and those who lose.

THE LAND PROBLEM AND MR. LLOYD GEORGE'S CAMPAIGN

IN view of the forthcoming Land Campaign of Mr. Lloyd George, special interest attaches to a very able article which has just appeared in the October issue of the *Fortnightly Review*, which, by the way, maintains its position as the most stimulating and most "catholic" of our monthly magazines. The article is anonymous, and, being written by a Liberal-Unionist, does not profess to be impartial; but it states the facts of the case with an obvious desire to be fair, and, although it leaves out of account the Socialist solution and the Single Tax solution, it gives us, at least, with great lucidity, the opposite points of view of the Liberal party and of the Unionist party.

The outstanding fact of the situation is that, in the course of the last few decades, British agriculture has utterly declined and decayed. Looking at it from the point of view of economic production: "Our acreage under corn crops and vegetables has shrunk very severely. Since 1873 alone more than 3,000,000 acres, a territory as large as the entire counties of Devonshire and Norfolk combined, have been abandoned by the plough. That shrinkage of cultivated land has caused the loss of approximately £2,000,000,000 of our agricultural capital, a sum which is about three times as large as our colossal National Debt. Our national wealth is usually estimated to amount to about £12,000,000,000. We may, therefore, say that in consequence of the decline of agriculture we have lost about one-sixth of our national capital. Our population engaged in agriculture has rapidly and steadily diminished. In the course of the last sixty years Great Britain has lost fully one-half and Ireland fully three-quarters of her agricultural labourers.

"In consequence of the stagnation and decay of her rural industries, Great Britain has become dependent upon foreign countries, not only for the bulk of its bread corn, but also for the bulk of its meat, butter, cheese, eggs, fruit, etc. Home-grown food has become the luxury of the well-to-do. The working masses in town and country are becoming less and less able to buy milk for their children, *for milk is far dearer in Great Britain* than it is in any other land. The security of the country is endangered in case of war by its absolute dependence on imported food. Often there is only a few weeks' supply of wheat in Great Britain. The physique of the nation has been seriously deteriorating, because the great majority of the people live in the vitiated atmosphere of overcrowded towns on imported, frozen, chilled, chemically treated, or preserved, and, therefore, inferior food. Every year from 200,000 to 300,000 of our people, the healthiest and strongest of the race, emigrate from the United Kingdom and leave those of inferior physique to perpetuate the stock.

"While our towns suffer from over-population, the countryside is deserted, and its desolation is increasing from year to year. Notwithstanding the great dearth of agricultural labourers, dairy-maids, etc., the emigration of the able-bodied people from the rural districts continues at an alarming rate. The British countryside, like the Campagna of Imperial Rome, is labour-starved, and is becoming a grazing ground deserted by man."

Nor is the position less distressing from the point of view of wages and population. British agriculture is

carried on by about a million men, and of these about 800,000 are agricultural labourers. Their entire weekly earnings do not exceed in England an average of 18s. 4d.; in Wales, 18s.; in Scotland, 19s. 7d.; and in Ireland, 11s. 3d. "If we assume that the family of an agricultural labourer consists on an average of five persons, we find that an income of 18s. 4d. per week comes to 6½d. per head per day for food, clothing, and shelter. In Ireland the total earnings of the agricultural labourer amount on an average only to 11s. 3d. per week, or to 1s. 7d. per day. If we again assume that the average family consists of five persons, we find that the Irish agricultural labourer has a total income equivalent to 3¾d. per head per day. That amount is scarcely sufficient to feed a good-sized dog. Agriculture is undoubtedly the worst of our sweated industries."

The conditions of British agriculture strike one as all the more deplorable if one compares them with those of other countries, such as Denmark or Belgium. Denmark, like Great Britain, is subject to Free Trade. Belgium, like Great Britain, is mainly an industrial country. Its soil is comparatively poor, and its climate is little better than that of Britain. Yet Belgium has achieved astonishing agricultural prosperity. The Belgian population of over twelve years of age engaged in agriculture was nearly as large in 1895 as in Great Britain, and to-day it is probably larger. "The weight of cereals produced per square mile of territory is three times as great in Belgium as it is in the United Kingdom, and in the production of meat, dairy produce, eggs, fruits, and vegetables, Belgium has a similar, if not a greater, superiority over this country."

Mr. Rowntree, in his notable book on "Land and Labour Lessons from Belgium," although he himself believes that the community should become a universal landlord, and although he does not support the system of Belgian land tenure, sums up the position of the Belgian agricultural labourer in the following conclusion:—"Taking the class of small holders as a whole, the writer considers their lot decidedly superior to that of the English agricultural labourer, with his *hopeless outlook*, and, consequently, lack of real intelligent interest in his work."

The evils of present conditions are so glaring that all political parties are agreed "that the land problem is the greatest, the gravest, and the most urgent British problem," but there is a profound difference between the land policy of the Unionist party and that of the Liberal party. The Liberals have embarked upon a socialistic land policy. They condemn the system of private ownership. They wish to make the community the Universal Landlord; they desire that the cultivators of the soil should not be owners but tenants. They assert that large holdings are more efficient than small ones, and they maintain that tenancy is the best form of tenure.

On the other hand, the Unionist land policy, as applied to agriculture, is an individualistic one. By a curious interversion of party, it is the Unionists who defend the old Liberal ideal. The Unionists are in favour of universal ownership. Their motto is, "Every man his own landlord," and they are partly in favour of creating a very large number of small properties. They point to the example of Scotland and Ireland to

prove that what is wanted, above all, is to give the labourer a stake in the country, and that the land question is even more a moral and psychological question than a question of wages.

"In Scotland the wages of agricultural labourers are more than seventy per cent. higher than are the wages in Ireland, yet the proportion of agricultural labourers who emigrate from Scotland is far greater than it is from Ireland. The Irish labourers stay in the country, notwithstanding their pitifully low wages, because they hope to obtain, in course of time, a small freehold farm on which they and their family can live in peace and security. The Scottish and English agricultural labourers, although they receive wages which are sixty and seventy per cent. higher than those of the Irish agricultural labourers, leave the country in large masses because they do not care to remain serfs all their lives, with nothing to look forward to except a penurious life on an old age pension, or a sordid and degrading existence in a workhouse."

Although the agricultural question is not mainly a question of wages, the Unionists believe that wages will be increased under a system of small ownership:—

"The freehold system not only tends to attach men to the soil by bonds of interest and of affection, but it tends likewise to increase the wages of the agricultural labourers. Wages are determined by supply and demand. At present the sole demand for agricultural labourers in a district comes from a few large landowners and farmers in the neighbourhood, who may have agreed to pay a certain wage, and no more. As soon as the demand for agricultural labourers is no longer restricted to a few large men, and as soon as more intensive agriculture is introduced, keener competition for the service of the labourer will send his wages up. Last, but not least, an agricultural labourer will not consent to accept a weekly pittance instead of a wage if he can earn an adequate living as a small holder. Small holders who have children will certainly not allow them to work for other people unless they get an adequate remuneration."

Such are the underlying principles and the relative position of the two parties with regard to land reform. We shall see next week how these principles and that position will be affected and modified by the campaign of the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

ESSAY COMPETITION

FRIDAY next, October 17th, is the last day on which entries will be received for EVERYMAN'S Essay Competition on the subject—

A Plea For or Against the Channel Tunnel.

A Prize of TWO GUINEAS will be awarded to the writer of the best essay received.

Papers must not exceed 2,000 *words* in length (exclusive of a brief synopsis), and must be addressed to the

COMPETITION EDITOR, "EVERYMAN,"

21, Royal Terrace, Edinburgh.

"Channel Tunnel" should be marked in the corner of envelopes. Essays sent in should be carefully paraphrased, and must be clearly written, preferably typewritten, on one side of the paper only. All entries shall become the exclusive property of the Editor, who cannot undertake to return any MS.

LITERARY NOTES

THE output of notable biographies continues unchecked. This week we have the publication of the authorised Life of Henry Labouchere (Constable, 18s.), written by his nephew, Mr. Algar Labouchere Thorold, who has had sole access to the voluminous and remarkable correspondence of Mr. Labouchere. Then Messrs. Macmillan will issue this month biographies of Lord Lytton and of Florence Nightingale, both of which may also claim to be authorised.

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When Lord Lytton died he left directions that his Life should be written by his son. The second Lord Lytton took up the task, but died without completing it. Thirty years have elapsed since the first two volumes of the Life appeared, and now the present Lord Lytton has discharged the duty of telling the story of his grandfather's career as author and statesman. He has rewritten the whole work, only retaining the autobiographical portion covering the first twenty-five years of Lord Lytton's life and a few passages from the second Lord Lytton's version. The book is in two volumes.

* * * * *

The Life of Florence Nightingale will also be in two volumes, and has been written by Sir Edward Cook by the desire of the trustees. Sir Edward has had access to the family papers, and his work, furnished with portraits and other illustrations, is sure to appeal to a wide circle of sympathetic readers.

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Mr. Edward Arnold is likewise bringing out a number of interesting biographies. Lord Lyons, whose life as a diplomatist is being recounted in two volumes (30s.) by the Right Hon. Lord Newton, represented Great Britain at Washington during the Civil War, was British Ambassador at Constantinople for a couple of years, and at Paris for a score (1867-1887). Another nineteenth-century diplomatist of high rank was George Villiers, fourth Earl of Clarendon, whose "Life and Letters" will appear next week (two volumes, 30s.). The work is by the Right Hon. Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bart. For November the same publisher announces a memoir on "the Father of the Irish Church," Primate Alexander, Archbishop of Armagh, edited by Eleanor Alexander (one volume, 12s. 6d.).

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The place of honour in Bell's autumn list is occupied by a volume on "Old English China," by Mrs. Wilmoughby Hodgson. An important feature of the book is its illustrations (sixteen plates in colour and sixty-five in black and white). The writer is an authority on the subject, which has many devotees in this country, and the book is expected to rank as the standard guide to collectors.

* * * * *

New books on art and famous painters appear in quick succession. Two outstanding volumes deal with Hans Holbein the Younger and Leonardo da Vinci. The former is by A. B. Chamberlain, assistant keeper of the Corporation Art Gallery, Birmingham. An exhaustive work in two volumes (George Allen and Co., £3 3s.), it contains a full biography and description of every known picture by the artist, as well as 252 illustrations (twenty-four in colour). The Da Vinci volume, by Dr. Jens Thüs (Herbert Jenkins, 42s.), is said to be a revolutionary book, the work of some twenty years of study and research, which disproves the authenticity of many works ascribed to Leonardo. It has 300 illustrations, many in tints.

MASTERPIECE FOR THE WEEK

CHAUCER'S "TALE OF THOPAS" * * BY LIDDELL GEDDIE

I.

MODESTY and Mockery—these are the chief seasonings with which Chaucer flavours his Tale of Sir Thopas. The Tale of Thopas, it will be remembered, is the tale which Chaucer himself tells at the bidding of his host. The Canterbury pilgrims had just heard to an end the Prioress's tale of the little Christian boy who, although his throat was cut "un-to his nekke-boon" by the Jews, kept singing "loude and clere," *O Alma Redemptoris Mater*. This miracle, as we may well believe, had left the whole company exceeding "sobre," and doubtless with a view to reviving the drooping spirits of his fellow-travellers, irrepresible Master Harry Bailly looked about him in search of a butt for some merry jest. His eye lights on Chaucer, whom he at once begins to chaff.

Our poet had modestly refrained from adding his own portrait to that gallery of masterpieces, The Prologue, but now the Host to some extent makes good the omission.

"What man artow?" quod he;
'Thou lokest as thou woldest finde an hare,
For ever up-on the ground I see thee stare.

Approche neer, and loke up meryly.
Now war yow, sirs, and let this man have place;
He in the waast is shape as wel as I;
This were a popet in an arm t'enbrace,
For any womman, smal and fair of face.
He seemeth elvish by his contenance,
For unto no wight dooth he daliaunce."

This description of Chaucer—portly of body, eyes downcast, shy, reserved, and abstracted in mind—tallies well with the portrait of him on the MS. of his admiring disciple Occleve. Chaucer, who must have been nearing fifty years of age when he set out from the Tabard Inn with his fellow-pilgrims, makes an excellent foil for the Host, the one so quiet and studious, the other so forward and so blunt.

II.

But Chaucer's modesty shows itself in other ways as well. Not only does he say little about himself throughout the Canterbury Tales; not only does he make such scanty personal allusions as occur of a quizzing and uncomplimentary character; not only does he poke fun at his own bashfulness; in his self-effacement he even goes so far as to put into his own mouth two tales which deliberately invite unfavourable comparison with those told by his companions. Scarce has he entered upon the "Second Fit" of Sir Thopas, when our Host breaks in with "No more of this, for Goddes dignitee," and "stinteth Chaucer of his Tale." Given another chance, Dan Chaucer narrates "a litel thing in prose," a "moral tale vertuous," the Tale of Melibee, to wit; and this time there is no stopping him. There is but one Tale in the book exceeds it in length and dulness, and that is the Persones Tale (or, rather, Sermon), the only other contribution in prose during the pilgrimage.

III.

More than modesty, however, was displayed by Chaucer when he assigned to himself, not the most enchanting, but the most boring tales in the whole collection. Consciously to take such a step showed humour, and not a little artistic cunning. It is one thing to make fun of the Romance of Chivalry, as Chaucer does in the Tale of Thopas; it is quite another thing to make fun of oneself, as Chaucer does

in the Prologues to that tale and the Tale of Melibee. His burlesque of the *Chanson de Geste* makes us admire him, as a man of judgment, a man ahead of his times, a man with a shrewd turn for satire. His delightful self-raillery makes us love Chaucer as a man we could cherish among our best friends. "Amongst writers of genius," says Professor Legouis, in his masterly study of our poet, "the one who strikes us soonest as a friend is Chaucer."

If, as we have said, Chaucer introduces his own retiring personality only in order to throw into stronger relief by contrast the boisterous character of the Host, so we can well imagine "Chaucer's Tale of Thopas" and "Chaucer's Tale of Melibee" were subtly chosen so as to increase by their very dulness the *éclat* of the other tales. How skilfully he sets off the concise realism of the Prologue to Sir Thopas against the Romance *à longue haleine* of the Tale itself.

IV.

"Now shul we here
Some deyntee thing, me thinketh by his chere,"

says that "semely man our host" when Chaucer declares the only tale he knows is "a ryme I lerned longe agoon"; and we can picture Master Harry Bailly giving the Miller a wink behind Chaucer's back as he utters the sarcastic words. The Host's pleasantry prepares us for something ridiculous, and we are not disappointed. Chaucer solemnly launches forth upon one of those interminable mediæval romances of chivalry.

"Listeth, lordes, in good entent,
And I wol telle verrayment
Of mirthe and of solas;
Al of a knyght was fair and gent
In bataille and in tourneyment,
His name was Sir Thopas."

Then follows the inevitable description of Sir Thopas, no detail of his appearance, his armour, and his wardrobe being spared. Quaint tropes, conventional tags, jingling rhymes recur unmercifully.

"Sir Thopas wex a doghty swayn
Whyt was his face as payndemayn,*
His lippes rede as rose;
His rodet is lyk scarlet in grayn,
And I yow telle in good certayn
He hadde a semely nose."

Sir Thopas, of course, "priketh thurgh a fair forest," until his

"faire stede in his prikinge
So swatte that men mighte him wringe."

Sir Thopas, you see, had dreamed that an elf-queen would be his "lemman," and so he tries to espy one "by dale and eek by doune." Naturally he meets a great giant yclept Sir Olifaunt, who bars the way to the queen of Fayërye. They exchange taunts and threats, and Child Thopas courteously informs his opponent in ballad stanza:

"Tomorwe wol I mete thee
Whan I have myn armour;
And yet I hope, *par ma fay*,
That thou shalt with this launcegay
Abyen it ful soure;
Thy mawe
Shal I percen, if I may
Er it be fully pryme of day,
For heer thou shalt be slawe."

Whereupon Sir Thopas turns tail, and the giant spitefully flings stones at him.

* *Panis Dominicus*; a bread of exceptional whiteness.
† Complexion.

V.

At last, like John Gilpin, Sir Thopas "is come agayn to tounc." While he dons his armour for the dread encounter with the giant (which he now declares has three heads) his minstrels and jesters tell tales.

"Of romances that been royales
Of popes and of Cardinales,
And eek of love-lykinge."

Then he partakes of "gingerbread," "licorys," and other stimulants, puts on a clean shirt, and swears

"On ale and breed
How that ' the geaunt shal be deed,
Bitydē what bityde.'"

Once more we have a *catalogue raisonné* of his accoutrements, and the first fit endeth.

Evidently the listeners have already begun to whisper among themselves, for the narrator resumes—

"Now hold your mouth, *par charitee*,
Bothe knyght and lady free,
And herkneþ to my spelle;
Of bataille and of chivalry,
And of ladyes love-drury
Anon I wol yow telle.

Men speke of romances of prys,
Of Horn child and of Ypotys,
Of Bevis and sir Gy,
Of sir Libeux and Pleyndamour;
But sir Thopas, he bereth the flour
Of royal chivalry."

Sir Thopas bestrides his good steed and sallies forth. The while his "dextrer" browses on fine herbs, Sir Thopas

"drank water of the wel
As did the knight Sir Percivel."

VI.

But this is more than our Host can stand! Brutally he interrupts—

"Thou makest me
So wery of thy verray lewednesse!
That, also wisly god my soule blesse
Mine eres aken of thy drasty² speche;
Now swiche a rym the devel I beteche³!
This may wel be rym dogerel,⁴ quod he.
'Why so?' quod I, 'why wiltow lette me'
More of my tale than another man,
Sin that it is the beste rym I can?'
'By god,' quod he, 'for pleynly, at a word,
Thy drasty ryng is nat worth a tord⁵;
Thou doost nought elles but despendest tyme,
Sir, at o word, thou shalt no lenger ryme.
Lat see wher thou canst tellen aught in geste,
Or telle in prose soniwhat at the leste
In which ther be som mirthe or som doctryne.'"

This gives Chaucer a chance of revenge, and his dreary Tale of Melibeus begins straightway. This, however, we have no intention of quoting. The incomplete ballad is infinitely more entertaining than the lengthy prose homily which our Host might well have censored or "taken as read."

As for the Tale of Thopas we value it for what it tells us of Chaucer who tells it. It affords us a precious glimpse of the poet in the flesh. It is one of our first burlesques, and some find in Sir Thopas an ancestor of Don Quixote, Sir Hudibras, and other mock-heroic knights. Moreover, by its sing-song stanzas, its tediousness, its pompous solemnity, and its supernatural and unnatural characters, it teaches us to appreciate all the more highly Chaucer's wonderful realism, his endless store of humour, his critical faculty, his metrical powers, and his glorious narrative gift, as illustrated in the Canterbury Tales as a whole. And so all honour to him "who left half-told, the Story of"—Sir Thopas bold.

¹ Ignorance. ² Rubbishy. ³ Consign (to). ⁴ Prevent. ⁵ Piece of manure.

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"EVERYMAN" AND THE CIVIC SPIRIT

IN the introduction to a series of articles on Paris, which appeared in EVERYMAN in May and June, we wrote the following lines:—

"If it be desirable to extend our knowledge of other nations, so as to widen our horizon and to develop *the European spirit*, what may be called the Catholic and Universal spirit, it is even more important, from a practical and moral point of view, to develop *the Civic spirit*, to foster the love of the City. And this can best be done by showing what the City has accomplished for humanity in the past. It is my firm conviction that the City has done a great deal more than either nation or Empire, and that, therefore, to develop the civic spirit is vastly more important than to develop the national or Imperial spirit. Whoever studies the history of Athens and Rome, of Florence and Venice, of Nuremberg and Cologne, of Bruges and Antwerp, of London and Edinburgh, must come to the conclusion that *it is mainly the City that has built up civilisation*."

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EVERYMAN'S FRENCH PAGE

LA MORT DE LOUIS XVI.

LOUIS s'attendait à la mort. Lorsque Malesherbes vint tout en larmes lui annoncer l'arrêt de mort, il le trouva dans l'obscurité, les coudes appuyés sur une table, le visage dans ses mains, et livré à une profonde méditation. Au bruit qu'il fit, Louis XVI. se leva, et lui dit, "Depuis deux heures je suis occupé à chercher si pendant mon règne j'ai pu mériter de mes sujets le plus petit reproche. Eh bien, M. de Malesherbes, je vous le jure dans toute la vérité de mon cœur, comme un homme qui va paraître devant Dieu, j'ai constamment voulu le bonheur du peuple, et jamais je n'ai formé un vœu qui lui fût contraire." Il pria Malesherbes, en l'accompagnant, de ne point l'abandonner dans ses derniers instants; Malesherbes lui promit de revenir; mais il se présenta plusieurs fois, et ne put jamais pénétrer jusqu'à lui. Louis le demanda souvent, et fut affligé de ne pas le revoir. Il reçut sans trouble l'annonce de sa sentence, que vint lui signifier le ministre de la justice. Il demanda trois jours pour paraître devant Dieu, il demanda en outre d'être assisté d'un prêtre, qu'il désigna, et de communiquer librement avec sa femme et ses enfants. Ces deux dernières demandes lui furent seules accordées.

Le moment de l'entrevue fut déchirant pour cette famille désolée; celui de la séparation le fut encore bien davantage. Louis, en la quittant, promit de la revoir le lendemain; mais, rentré dans sa chambre, il sentit que cette épreuve était trop forte, et, se promenant à grands pas, il disait, "Je n'irai point." Ce fut son dernier combat; il ne pensa plus qu'à se préparer à la mort. La nuit qui précéda son supplice il eut un sommeil paisible. Réveillé à cinq heures par Cléry, auquel il en avait donné l'ordre, il fit ses suprêmes dispositions. Il communia, chargea Cléry de ses dernières paroles et de tout ce qu'il lui était permis de léguer, un anneau, un cachet, quelques cheveux. Déjà les tambours roulaient, un bruit sourd de canons traînés et de voix confuses se faisait entendre. Enfin Santerre arriva. "Vous venez me chercher," dit Louis; "je vous demande une minute." Il remit son testament à un officier municipal, demanda son chapeau, et dit d'une voix ferme, "Partons."

La voiture mit une heure pour arriver du Temple à la place de la Révolution. Une double haie de soldats bordait la route, plus de quarante mille hommes étaient sous les armes; Paris était morne. Parmi les citoyens qui assistaient à cette lamentable exécution il n'y eut ni approbation ni regrets apparents; tous furent silencieux. Arrivé sur le lieu du supplice, Louis descendit de voiture. Il monta d'un pas ferme les degrés de l'échafaud, reçut à genoux les bénédictions du prêtre, qui lui dit alors, à ce qu'on assure, "Fils de saint Louis, montez au ciel!" Il se laissa lier les mains, quoique avec répugnance; et, se portant vivement sur la gauche de l'échafaud, "Je meurs innocent," dit-il; "je pardonne à mes ennemis; et vous, peuple infortuné! . . ." Au même instant le signal du roulement fut donné, le bruit des tambours couvrit sa voix, les trois bourreaux le saisirent. A dix heures dix minutes il avait cessé de vivre. Ainsi périt, à l'âge de trente-neuf ans, après un règne de seize ans et demi, passé à chercher le bien, le meilleur mais le plus faible des monarques. Ses ancêtres lui légèrent une révolution. Plus qu'aucun d'eux il était propre à la prévenir ou à la terminer; car il était capable d'être un roi réformateur avant qu'elle éclatât, ou d'être ensuite un roi constitutionnel.

M. MIGNET.

THE DEATH OF LOUIS XVI.

LOUIS expected death. When Malesherbes came in tears to announce the sentence, he found him sitting in the dark, his elbows resting on a table, his face hidden in his hands, and in profound meditation. At the noise of his entrance, Louis rose and said, "For two hours I have been trying to discover if, during my reign, I have deserved the slightest reproach from my subjects. Well, M. de Malesherbes, I swear to you, in the truth of my heart, as a man about to appear before God, that I have constantly sought the happiness of my people, and never indulged a wish opposed to it." As Malesherbes retired Louis begged him not to forsake him in his last moments; Malesherbes promised to return; he came several times, but was never able to gain access to him. Louis asked for him frequently, and appeared distressed at not seeing him. He received without emotion the formal announcement of his sentence from the minister of justice. He asked three days to prepare to appear before God; and also to be allowed the services of a priest, whom he named, and permission to communicate freely with his wife and children. Only the last two requests were granted.

The interview was a distressing scene for this desolate family; but the moment of separation was far more so. Louis, on parting with his family, promised to see them again the next day; but, on reaching his room, he felt that the trial would be too much, and, pacing up and down violently, exclaimed, "I will not go." This was his last struggle; the rest of his time was spent in preparing for death. The night before the execution he slept calmly. Cléry awoke him, as he had been ordered, at five, and received his last instructions. He received the communion, commissioned Cléry with his dying words and all he was allowed to bequeath, a ring, a seal, and some hair. The drums were already beating, and the dull sound of moving cannon and of confused voices might be heard. At length Santerre arrived. "You have come for me," said Louis; "I ask one moment." He deposited his will in the hands of the municipal officer, asked for his hat, and said in a firm tone, "Let us go."

The carriage was an hour on its way from the Temple to the Place de la Révolution. A double row of soldiers lined the road; more than forty thousand men were under arms. Paris presented a gloomy aspect. The citizens present at the execution manifested neither applause nor regrets; all were silent. On reaching the place of execution, Louis alighted from his carriage. He ascended the scaffold with a firm step, and knelt to receive the benediction of the priest, who is recorded to have said, "Son of Saint Louis, ascend to heaven!" With some repugnance he submitted to the binding of his hands, and walked hastily to the left of the scaffold; "I die innocent," said he; "I forgive my enemies; and you, unfortunate people. . . ." Here, at a signal, the drums and trumpets drowned his voice, and the three executioners seized him. At ten minutes past ten he had ceased to live. Thus perished, at the age of thirty-nine, after a reign of sixteen years and a half spent in endeavouring to do good, the best but weakest of monarchs. His ancestors bequeathed to him a revolution. He was better calculated than any of them to prevent and terminate it; for he was capable of becoming a reformer-king before it broke out, or of becoming a constitutional king afterwards.

THE MEDICAL CONGRESS AND THE CURE OF CONSUMPTION.

DR. EDWIN W. ALABONE'S TREATMENT.

The recent Medical Congress, at which all the leading physicians of the world took part, has most decisively proved that "TUBERCULIN," the much-vaunted remedy for Consumption, is not only powerless to cure that disease, but that its use is harmful. So much has been heard of this supposed remedy that its proved uselessness must be a great disappointment to many sufferers who had read of its supposed success.

Dr. Mackenzie, Consulting Physician to the Brompton Hospital, in his speech at the above Congress, gave a general survey of the history and results of "TUBERCULIN TREATMENT," stating there was no cure in Tuberculin for Consumption, and he could speak with experience, he having for years used it in a large number of cases; that he used it in every possible way, and in carefully selected subjects; that he had heard of "cures," but he wanted to see them reproduced in the Hospitals. What is needed is practical proofs—deeds, not words.

Professor Dr. Kempner, of the University of Berlin, gave similar evidence, and Sir James Fowler, Consulting Physician to the Brompton Hospital, King Edward VII. Sanatorium, and the Middlesex Hospital, stated that under the Insurance Act, a system of so-called Dispensaries was being established throughout the country, and at these and in Sanatoria, Tuberculin treatment was being extensively employed by medical men, many of whom have had but little experience of its use *and of the great dangers attending it*. He had come to the conclusion that the use of Tuberculin, *in any form*, in the treatment of pulmonary tuberculosis was not free from danger. Sir St. Clair Thompson, Professor of Laryngology, King's College Hospital, said that his expectations of Tuberculin treatment for tuberculosis of the larynx had not been fulfilled.

The above is the opinion of all who have conscientiously used Tuberculin, yet patients under the Insurance Act are still being treated by this useless and dangerous method.

Dr. Mackenzie's remark that what he wanted was to "see 'cures' reproduced in the Hospitals," must seem most ironical to those who are conversant with the facts concerning the "Alabone Treatment of Consumption," and Dr. Alabone's beneficent offer to the Brompton Hospital, which was that he would supply that Hospital with his inhalers and inhalants free of cost for twelve months, would superintend the wards allotted to him, and so let the physicians there and the outside public have evidence of the "cures" his treatment effects. In addition to this, Colonel Hon. Le Poer Trench (whose wife, after being given up by a Brompton Hospital physician to die in Consumption, was perfectly restored to health by Dr. Alabone's

treatment) made the generous offer of a thousand pounds to the Hospital if Dr. Alabone's offer were accepted. Surely nothing could have been fairer or more straightforward, and one would have imagined the authorities would have gladly embraced such an opportunity; but although it seems scarcely credible, yet this offer was refused, and so suffering humanity was debarred the benefit of treatment which has saved thousands of lives.

In the face of these facts it seems hard to believe that Dr. Mackenzie could have been in earnest when he made his remarks.

However that may be, the fact remains that the success of Dr. Alabone's treatment has spread over the world, and in every part is being practised with the most encouraging results, case after case given up as perfectly incurable being *cured*; and it is an important fact to note that these are not imaginary cures, where the patients relapsed after giving up the treatment, as is the case with those sent from Sanatoria, but they are permanent, as patients in all positions of life testify to, after periods of five to twenty years and more.

The reader may naturally ask, Why is this so? The answer is simple and practical: by a special patent inhaling machine Dr. Alabone has succeeded in reducing his specific inhalants into such a condition that when inhaled they reach the actual seat of the disease, and so it is being treated "locally" as well as constitutionally, a method the superiority of which must appeal to all.

It may be mentioned here that there is not the *slightest* danger of any kind incurred. This point must be emphasised, as it has been circulated that the inhalants were dangerous and made patients worse. Such statements are absolutely untrue in connection with Dr. Alabone's treatment, and must have referred to Tuberculin, Sanatoria, and other treatments, which, as may be noted above, are acknowledged to be a menace to the life of the patient. It may, therefore, be safely deduced from all the foregoing remarks that Dr. Alabone's is the only reliable cure, and should further evidence as to its efficacy be desired, it will be found in the voluntary testimony of eminent divines and leading members of the legal, medical, and other professions, and of all grades of Society who have had personal experience of the satisfactory results of the treatment.

Space does not permit us to quote these testimonies, but our readers will find full details in the following work:—

"The Cure of Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, and Other Diseases of the Chest" (47th edition, 171st thousand), which can be obtained, post free, for 2s. 6d., from the author, EDWIN W. ALABONE, M.D.Phil., D.Sc., Ex-M.R.C.S. (Eng.), Lynton House, Highbury Quadrant, London, N.

GIUSEPPE VERDI: 1813-1901

By J. CUTHBERT HADDEN

IT is a hundred years to-day (October 10th) since the most striking phenomenon in the whole history of opera was born. The most striking phenomenon: it is a good deal to claim this distinction for Giuseppe Verdi, but the claim is justified by the fact. For when did the world ever see a composer who, beginning with a success before he was well out of his teens, lived to present a consummate masterpiece, written with all the verve and vitality of youth, on the borders of the fourscore?

Moreover, Verdi's artistic progress was as astonishing as his artistic vitality. More than sixty years ago Verdi enjoyed a European reputation as the composer of works like "Il Trovatore" and "La Traviata," which are now the types of an exploded operatic system. Had Verdi stopped there, he would have gone to his grave merely as the representative of a far-off fact in the history of opera. But Verdi did not stop there; and it is just because he did not that his career is so full of artistic significance. The man who led in opera sixty years back assumed for the second time, when almost an octogenarian, the chief place on the lyric stage, and, with his "Falstaff," achieved a success right across the Continent of Europe. An instance of this kind is without parallel in the records of music.

Consider what opera was when Verdi began to write—while Wagner was yet unheard of as a composer. Opera was a purely conventional, purely traditional product: a "careless, haphazard combination of more or less ingenious concerted pieces, with a string of meaningless pretty tunes, written as show pieces for the singers." The singer was, in fact, the chief personage; the composer merely a servant. The opera itself was not a serious art form. Text and music had no necessary connection; and the librettos were often so unworthy of musical setting that the French had a saying: "Whatever is too stupid to be spoken may be sung!" Dramatic fidelity was not so much as hinted at.

Wagner changed all that, and made it impossible for ever. But Wagner (though born the same year) was practically non-existent for Verdi when Verdi began composing. The stars of the operatic world were then his own countrymen, notably Rossini, Bellini, and Donizetti. Since these had proved themselves by works which had gone to the heart of the public, Verdi naturally took them as models for his earlier operas, the design of which is simply to tickle the ear, to provide the singers with an opportunity of exhibiting their voices and their wardrobes. In "Rigoletto" (1851) Verdi did indeed give some indications that he had begun to chafe under the traditional yoke; but when "Il Trovatore" followed two years later, it was found that he had fallen back into the old rut. In "La Traviata," again, there is the same lack of feeling for appropriateness, the same striving after meretricious effect. No one with any pretensions to artistic culture could patiently listen to "Traviata" or "Trovatore" now.

So far, then, Verdi had achieved only a little higher level than Bellini and Donizetti. But see what happened. For many years it seemed as if the works of which I have spoken had brought his triumphs to a close. But in reality he was only maturing—preparing the artistic world for a surprise of which it had not dreamt him capable. By the production of

"Aida" in 1871 was revealed an altogether new Verdi. The old conventions were, to a great extent, left behind. Elementary rhythms and harmonies, cheap dance tunes, boisterous instrumentation, and operatic clap-trap in general were all finally abandoned. This opera gave him, as nothing else was likely to give him, his proper place among the great composers, and if he had laid down his pen at that stage he would still have been entitled to the regard of posterity as the composer of the best opera hitherto written by an Italian.

But Verdi was not content to rest on his laurels. Sixteen years after "Aida," when the composer was seventy-three, came "Otello," in which he made such a stride upward as to stamp himself with the character of a new genius. In this magnificent work, every one of the recognised forms of the traditional school were abandoned. Dramatic truthfulness everywhere asserted itself, and the orchestration, now quite independent of the voices, was immensely rich and expressive. Finally, we had the crowning achievement of "Falstaff"—a positively miraculous production for an octogenarian. Its youthful vigour is amazing. The music is as fresh and spontaneous as if it were the work of a young man in the blush of his first love, yet it is full of the wisdom and experience of him who is the epitome of more than half a century of Italian opera.

It would be an interesting question to discuss in detail how much the later Verdi was influenced by Wagner. He certainly adopted several formulæ of the Wagnerian music-drama creed. But he did not by any means swallow all its articles of faith. He went his own way, his style becoming broader and stronger, his thoughts ripier, richer, and more elevated, his hand firmer and stronger; but he consulted his own judgment and arrived at his own ends, not those of another.

In England Verdi was curiously long in making his way. At home, in Italy, he had only to get an opera produced at La Scala to have the whole of musical Milan humming his tunes next morning.

When "Rigoletto" was produced in London, the *Times* critic declared it to be "the most feeble opera of Signor Verdi with which we have had the advantage to be acquainted: the most uninspired, the barest, and the most destitute of ingenious contrivance." If the statement had been made in regard to any of the now-forgotten first works of Verdi, it would have been within the mark. But the second-period operas, of which "Rigoletto" is the best specimen, began a new phase of the development of the composer's genius, and they have so many merits of a kind that the English critics can hardly be forgiven for not recognising them.

In any case, they should have seen that these works contained the elements of popularity. They were full of melody; and melody, after all, whatever may be said to the contrary, is the one thing that appeals to the masses. And it is just here that Verdi scored. His gift of melody was, to the common ear, absolutely convincing. Without that gift, he might have written with all the science and skill of Bach and Wagner, and yet have gone unappreciated. With its possession—and he possessed it in a remarkable degree—he gained a place in the hearts of the people which he is likely to retain for long.

THE THIEF

A STUDY IN SUBJECTIVE POVERTY

IT was Shirley Landon. I knew his back, and I detected the curl of his hair behind his ears. His good, carelessly worn clothes formed a strong contrast to the shabby gentility of the half-starved, eager-eyed youth who stood mumbling thanks by the side of the prosperous author.

What arrested my attention was the acting of a pretty little scene outside a second-hand bookshop in Charing Cross Road. The thin, shabby youth had been fingering the pages of a book with the intensity of one hungering for possession, when Shirley Landon said to him:

"Would you like that book?" and, before the amazed youth could respond, Landon had bought it for him and was hurriedly pursuing his way down Charing Cross Road.

In a few paces I came up with him. We were old friends, and so, without wasting time to comment on the weather or on health, I said, as though we had been carrying on a long conversation, broken only for a brief moment:

"What impelled you to do that?"

"Ah!" he answered with a sigh. "It was a vision of myself, a ghost which stalks by my side whenever I see a hungry-eyed, poorly clad youth clamouring to be let into the Republic into which I have forced myself."

He stressed the word "forced" with a fierce intonation. His utterance came with feverish intensity. He waited for a moment, and then continued:

"In spite of illustrated interviews, no one has yet glimpsed into one chapter of my autobiography. I think I should like to reveal it to you. Yes! Come to my club—no, not to the cursed club; let us talk here. Privacy can only be found in the crowded streets.

"As a youth I was a thief. I stole my way into literature." (He said this with exulting, sad eyes.) "My knowledge of literature was built upon what I filched from booksellers' shelves. My father, as you know, kept a small shop in a Cumberland hillside village. I had no other education save that afforded to me by the national school. That is to say, I had no education at all. Few books came into my hands. I craved for more, and determined to go into a city of books. At fourteen I walked into Newcastle and found a job at a coal office for a few shillings a week. Its ugly, mean streets were to me the streets of Paradise, for they contained bookshops.

"I haunted these shops, and, though I cut down my allowance for food to the lowest possible limit of subsistence, I was never able to satisfy my appetite for literature. In those days there were no public libraries.

"I remember one day—it was the dinner hour—when, after eating avidly my lunch of bread and cheese and becoming penniless, I was attracted to a bookshop with trays of books exposed outside the shop, and no one apparently in charge of them. I began to turn over the pages of a second-hand book. It contained the prose writings of Heine. I said to myself, 'I *must* have this book.' I looked around. No one was watching me. I furtively slipped the book into my pocket and walked away.

"That was the beginning of my career as a thief, which I pursued with enterprise and cunning. I would resort to all sorts of subterfuges, pretend to be about to ask the price of a book just as the shopman was accosting a customer, then would apologetically step on one side, and at the right moment saunter away

down the street. . . . The person I feared most was a youth as shabby as myself who was placed in charge of the books in the front of a shop. I began to be conscious that this youth suspected me, but I still had to go to the shop—as a moth has to fly to a candle—in spite of my fatalistic apprehension that I should singe my wings.

"One day I felt this boy watching me from the corners of his eyes as I turned over the pages of Jeremy Taylor's 'Holy Living and Holy Dying.' Suddenly he dived into the shop. Immediately he had disappeared I calmly slipped the book into my pocket and began to walk away with the abstracted look of the bookworm, which, I am afraid, I took some pains to cultivate.

"The boy rushed out and, catching hold of the lapels of my coat, exclaimed, 'Ere, you give up that book.'

"What book?' I said with an air of great surprise.

"This one,' he said, clutching at my pocket. "'Oly Livin'." *You're a fine 'oly Joc, you are.*

"I'm sorry,' I stuttered. 'I must have thought it was a book of my own that I was reading. How much is it?'

"'Ow much? I like that, I do. 'Arf a crown; but I've a good mind to give you in charge. You lifted it, you did. I watched you through the window.'

"I was nervously handling the money in my pocket, knowing full well that, instead of thirty pence, I had only three.

"I don't think I have quite enough,' I answered, ignoring his remarks. 'I will come to-morrow and buy this book.'

"I advise you not to come 'ere again. I've a good mind to call a slop.'

"I walked away very flushed, and I gave that shop a wide berth in future. But I took so many risks that it was inevitable that I should one day be caught.

"The day came when I was caught red-handed bearing away a volume of A. J. Symonds' 'Renaissance in Italy.' 'Perhaps,' commented Landon reflectively, 'a youth with a desire for learning, seeking to capture and make his own the beautiful in Art, might have stood a better chance to acquire knowledge or skill in the Age of the Despots than in democratic England, where education is "free." The book was 7s. 6d., and I possessed 2d., so it was obvious I was a thief. I was given in charge, ignominiously taken to a police station, and cast into a cell. There was no one I dared appeal to for bail.

"The next morning everything that happened in the magistrates' court became seared into my soul. Whilst waiting for my turn I forgot my troubles in listening to the terrible tragedies of mean streets. . . . I should, perhaps, have got off lightly but for the extra evidence brought forward with the zeal of an amateur detective by the youth who first detected me in theft, and who now showed me up in the light of a confirmed thief.

"It was the days before the First Offenders Act, and I was given a fortnight's imprisonment. In prison I learnt the Psalms of David by heart. When I left my ill-lighted study behind me I became 'Shirley Landon,' and started my career as a journalist."

This hidden page in the autobiography of the famous writer revealed to me the springs of those many acts of kindness of his to poor students; and it also showed me what inspired him to make those savage attacks in his books on the seats of learning which have become appropriated by the sons of the rich, shutting out "indigent scholars" from the acquisition of knowledge.

F. E. GREEN.

CHRISTIANITY AND SOCIALISM

BY DR. DEARMER

IN the chapter on "Religion and Politics," in his volume "Conservatism," Lord Hugh Cecil deals in a stimulating way with the moral teaching of the New Testament. He emphasises one side of this great question in a way with which I almost entirely agree, though I should like to see the other side emphasised with equal strength. A friend, however, has been struck by two statements, and has asked me to discuss them in the pages of EVERYMAN. They are:—"This teaching [of the Gospel] is in the highest degree individualistic"; and "There is not a word of Socialism in the New Testament." I apologise for taking the words from their context, which most truly declares that "Christianity has been and is the principal source and vitalising energy of social reform." I do so because my friend, and doubtless many other readers, have done the same, and because these two sentences do represent one aspect of Lord Hugh Cecil's argument, and to many of his party they are axioms of life. They are also very interesting, very provocative of thought.

Now our agreement or disagreement with these two statements will depend on the meaning we attach to the words "Individualism" and "Socialism"; for this discussion, like most others, is apt to be obscured by the use of ambiguous terms. And no term is used so ambiguously as that terrible word Socialism! To some it means Labour unrest and extreme views generally; to some excessive State control; to some Anarchism, which is the exact opposite of State control; some bracket it with Syndicalism, to which also it supplies an antithesis; some confuse it with Communism, which differs from it in denying private property; some associate it with irreligion and free love, others with Christianity and the most austere morality. It used to be taken as the opposite to *laissez-faire*, the interference, that is, of the State to prevent things taking their free course; and in this sense it is almost true, in the famous words of Sir William Harcourt, that "we are all Socialists now"—with the exception of the Editor of the *Spectator*, who consistently maintains the old Manchester Individualism.

The strict economic definition of Socialism is "the collective ownership of the means of Production and Distribution." But there are many who would let the word "Collectivism" do duty for this economic ideal, and would define Socialism in ethical terms, saying that its central idea is "that the goal of human endeavour is the common well-being of all alike." Thus one of the Socialist mottoes is "Each for all, and all for each"; and this St. Paul has expressed by saying, "Let no man seek his own, but each his neighbour's good." In such a sense as this no doubt Lord Hugh would not object to be called a Socialist.

The late Bishop Westcott defined Socialism and Individualism in these words:—

Socialism, he said, was "a theory of life, and not only a theory of economics. In this sense Socialism is the opposite of Individualism, and it is by contrast with Individualism that the true character of Socialism can best be discerned. Individualism and Socialism correspond with opposite views of humanity. Individualism regards humanity as made up of disconnected atoms; Socialism regards it as an organic whole, a vital unity formed by the combination of contributory members mutually interdependent.

"It follows that Socialism differs from Indivi-

dualism both in method and in aim. The method of Socialism is co-operation, the method of Individualism is competition. The one regards man as working with man for a common end, the other regards man as working against man for private gain. The aim of Socialism is the fulfilment of service, the aim of Individualism is the attainment of some personal advantage, riches, or place, or fame. Socialism seeks such an organisation of life as shall secure for every one the most complete development of his powers; Individualism seeks primarily the satisfaction of the particular wants of each one in the hope that the pursuit of private interest will in the end secure public welfare."

I have quoted this at length because it was deliberately published and republished as a manifesto by a great leader of religion, who weighed his words well, and was a high authority on the meaning of words. It is a lesson to us on the importance of a right use of terms. Here he claims for Socialism that it stands for a theory and a method of life that is far more fundamental and enduring than any political system or economic doctrine. He also defines Individualism in a way that would prevent, I hope, Lord Hugh Cecil and all the readers of EVERYMAN from including themselves in that definition. Yet, be it remembered, there are multitudes of business men and working men who *are* Individualists in Bishop Westcott's sense (and that without his saving clause at the end about "public welfare"): the talk one hears in the train among men going up to the City is generally based upon this Individualist assumption. That men work against each other for private gain, that multitudes regard humanity as made up of warring atoms, that they seek no common service or common end—this is the canker of our civilisation, and makes much of our civilisation unchristian.

In this sense, Christ was certainly not an Individualist, but a Socialist, and His true followers must be Socialists too. But in the economic sense Christ was neither a Socialist nor an Individualist; for these economic theories are for an age, and His teaching is for all time. He gave us certain principles, which are as fresh and as true (and as difficult) as when He first spoke them; and each age must apply them according to its conditions. That is the whole essence of Christianity: it is not a law but an inspiration; and the duty of every Christian is to grip the spirit of Christ, and, overcoming the selfish and acquisitive instincts of the natural man, to carry out as best he can the principles of the Gospel in the economic, social, and political conditions of his age. Many think that this leads them to Collectivism at the present day: others do not. The ideal state will continue to arouse differences of opinion, because it must always be a conjecture. But we shall find, as we have done in the past, one step after another made clear to us, as one problem after another becomes ripe for solution. If only we are true to the Christian ethic, we shall become stronger in our work of redeeming human society, because more and more we shall have all good men actively on the same side, and among such men none is more valuable in the public life of to-day than Lord Hugh Cecil. Is he an Individualist? Yes, *in the sense which he gives to the word* all Christians must be Individualists. But that I must leave to another article.

HOW TO BECOME A WRITER

By O. B.

IT is becoming widely recognised that, to succeed as a writer, specialised training is essential. By "drifting" into a literary or journalistic career success may often be won, it is true, but the steady increase in the number of men writers who enter the field equipped with special training is making it more and more difficult for the untrained man or woman to get a first footing. And in Journalism, the first successful step counts for more than is the case in any other profession.

Success in journalism goes by merit, and the remuneration for this work makes it an attractive profession for those who feel they have some aptitude for writing. Even as an occasional occupation, it may be the means of adding substantially to one's existing income.

Mr. COULSON KERNAHAN

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."

Mr. HAROLD BEGBIE

in an article in *The Author*, says: "There is not an editor in London who is not anxiously searching for writers with something to say."

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CASH AND THE CAMERA

By W. NICHOLLS

WHEN an amateur photographer takes a camera away on his holidays he seldom thinks that he can cover the entire cost of that holiday by selling some of his prints for reproduction. But he *can!* That is, of course, if he has taken the sort of pictures that the editors want.

The pity of it all is that the holiday-making amateur doesn't take the trouble to find out the difference between the pictures that sell and the pictures that nobody wants.

For some amateurs there seems to be a fascination in snapping the shutter, for there is precious little interest in most of the pictures that are produced on a holiday. Look over your own prints from the negatives that you made last month, or whenever you took your holidays. Perhaps there are half a dozen that could be sold if you knew where to place them; but as for the others—well, they may possess a certain personal interest for a while, but by this time next year you will be wondering why on earth you ever took them.

And yet if you had been in possession of certain information (which you can acquire quite readily by taking a little trouble), you might have brought back a couple of dozen pictures that would have been interesting and profitable—pictures that you would have enjoyed taking, and which you could have obtained anywhere, no matter whether you spent your holiday at the seaside or in a country village.

Take a seaside beach, for instance. There may be fifty amateur photographers using cameras in all directions, and yet a man—or a woman—with the knowledge of what is wanted, will go along that beach and capture a dozen subjects that will be accepted on sight.

It is just the same in the country. I have stood about on a country road, and within an hour I've taken half a dozen pictures without moving fifty yards, for which I have received over £15 10s. in reproduction fees, and yet if I had not known definitely what I wanted, and how I intended taking those pictures, I should have said it was simply a rotten place for picture making at all.

Now, the Practical Correspondence College can, by its course of instruction in Press photography, put anyone who can turn out good clean photographs in the way of making money. The lessons are taught by post, and the fee charged is most moderate. No students are enrolled unless it is evident from their work that they can be put on a profitable basis. Six prints must be forwarded to the Principal, Mr. Vincent Lockwood, at 77, Thanet House, Strand, London, W.C., and they will be submitted to the Director of Tuition. A detailed criticism of each print is then sent free of charge, and a booklet giving all particulars of the course.

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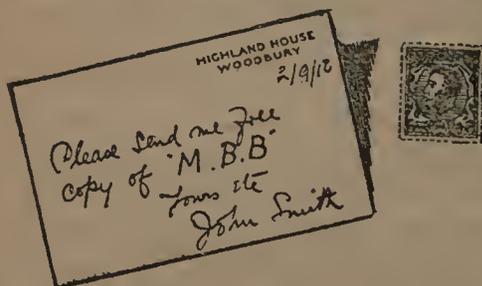
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CORRESPONDENCE

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Owing to the large number of letters received it is necessary for correspondents to write briefly if their letters are to appear.

GERMAN UNIVERSITY EDUCATION.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—In your issue of October 3rd, Mr. E. 'A.' Parker accuses me of painting only the high lights and leaving out the shadows in my recent article on German University Education. Quite so. It would take more than a page of EVERYMAN to give both the bright and the shady sides of any subject. As a matter of fact, I had intended my article, which was written over a year ago, to be the first of a series, provided I could find a paper willing to accept them. I assure Mr. Parker that I was by no means ignorant of the points he raises, and that most of them would have received adequate treatment in due course. However, as one does not usually go to the trouble of writing a second article until a home has been found for the first, the project remained unfinished. Indeed, owing to absence in America and recent illness, I was unaware until this week that my article had appeared, and it is therefore with a rueful feeling of chagrin that I see myself bombarded with shot from my own locker.

Most of Mr. Parker's observations are very true, but also very irrelevant. May I therefore claim a little space to deal briefly with his main contentions?

(1) I am blamed for not mentioning the number of "child-suicides committed in appalling numbers in every great German city by youths who are crammed so as to pass the leaving examination, or 'Abitur,' and be freed from a year's military service, or gain entrance to a University—and fail." I am quite aware of such reports, but I would point out (a) that the boys commit suicide because, by failing to pass the examination, they fail to escape the full rigours of military service, not because they are disappointed with their failure to qualify for the University. Why should I be expected to go out of my way to discuss compulsory military service in an article dealing with some of the advantages of the German University educational system? (b) Even if the latter reason were correct, it would be Mr. Parker's business to prove that English boys would also commit suicide under similar circumstances. So far I have received no accounts of boys committing suicide *en masse* on failing to pass the London Matriculation Examination. (c) My article dealt specifically with University education, i.e., after the "Abitur" had been passed, and I therefore feel no qualms of conscience for omitting all reference to an *alleged* result of the German elementary and secondary school systems.

(2) Mr. Parker seems to expect that because I mentioned the number of German Universities I ought also to have given the number of English and Italian Universities, and compared them on the basis of population. I am afraid he entirely misses the point. What I said was that in spite of the fact that the University of Berlin possesses such a quantity of men of *European reputation*, yet Germany has twenty other Universities, which, so I implied, can also produce equally important men, and I instanced five scholars now working in Leipzig. I do not think this can be said of any other country in Europe. (May I add parenthetically, to forestall indignant contradiction, that I have no desire to run down my own?) If Mr. Parker wishes to attack my argument, he must select some other European country, find a University in it with a staff as strong in scholars of *European reputation* as Berlin, establish the fact that the particular country also possesses a

number of other Universities more or less proportionate to the population, and then show that each or the majority of these smaller Universities can also boast of scholars of the same class.

(3) My critic claims that I have no right to admire the strength of the German University teaching staffs, because "unhappy Rostock has for many years appealed in vain to the German Government to support an English lecturer." Let me observe (a) the "German Government" has nothing to do with the case. The University of Rostock is supported by the Government of the Grand Duchy of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, just as the University of Berlin is a Prussian institution, Leipzig a Saxon one, etc. (b) Mecklenburg is notoriously one of the most backward States of the German Empire. The wonder is that it has a University at all. (c) About fifty miles due east is the Prussian University of Greifswald, where there is an English lecturer, in addition to a professor. (d) Rostock and Greifswald are the two smallest German Universities, each having rather less than a thousand students. (e) I am confident that Rostock has a *Professor* of English. Not having my official list at hand, I cannot give his name. (f) If Mr. Parker thinks it regrettable that Rostock has no English lecturer, what has he to say of Cambridge, which had no Professor of German until 1909, no Professor of *English Literature* until 1910, is still without a Professor of French, and has small prospect of ever getting a Professor of Russian? What has he to say of the Scottish Universities, which have not a single Professor of French or German?

(4) Mr. Parker tells us that "Austria (synonymous with Germany in these matters) gives full support to a learned professor of certain Oriental languages who never gets a student." Considering that three of Austria's eight Universities are entirely Slavonic, I think it is rather rash to postulate this similarity with Germany. I am fairly familiar with Austria from Bodenbach and Innsbruck to Triest and Belgrade, and my own opinion is that Austria, even German-Austria, is vastly different from Germany. True, the comparison is limited to educational matters, but even then there is much room for doubt. In any case, I fail to see that the fact that one *Austrian* professor has no students has any bearing on my remarks on the German University system. If Mr. Parker will discover me a *German* professor in the same predicament, he will be a little nearer the point. But let him refer again to that portion of my article in which I stated that in 1910-11 the University of Berlin provided, *inter alia*, twelve courses of lectures in Chinese, six in Japanese, seven in Turkish, and thirteen in modern Arabic. Does any English University offer such facilities? Has Germany larger interests in China than we? Is Germany the ally of Japan? Is Germany in closer relation with Turkey and Egypt than Britain? Or are all these languages too "outlandish" for us to lavish professorships upon them?

(5) I mentioned that for a very small sum the Berlin student has access to two very large libraries. To this Mr. Parker replies that the Birmingham student enjoys the free use of five (much smaller) libraries. I did not think it necessary to add that the Berlin student can also make use, if he wishes, of the various large *public* libraries. However, Mr. Parker must know from experience that half a dozen small libraries are often quite useless, whereas one of 500,000 volumes will usually satisfy the needs of the most exacting research student. I could add much more, with which my critic would probably agree, but I prefer to deal with this subject another time.

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(6) Mr. Parker suggests, not without reason, that low University expenses entail an influx of undesirable students, who unfit themselves for manual labour and end miserably. But has not the same argument been advanced at every stage in the process of making education cheaper? And are we much the worse for the increasing ease with which we can make our way to the fountain of knowledge? I fear Mr. Parker's statement of the problem is too simple. There are so many other factors to be considered, upbringing, race characteristics, climate, economic conditions, etc.

(7) My statements with reference to food were given merely to show that the German student—and, indeed, the general public—can obtain a remarkably satisfying meal for a remarkably moderate price. My reference to salmon and wild boar was made simply because the British public does not usually associate such luxuries with shilling dinners. As to black bread, of which there are many varieties, of course Mr. Parker has eaten it. Everybody eats it in Germany, and one of my chief regrets is that I cannot have it every day in England. But I do not see that, in explaining how the German *student* lives, I was morally bound to investigate the meat supply of Rixdorf or Moabit. Mr. Parker might, just as logically, have found fault with me because, while I state that the average German student pays twenty-five shillings a month for room, breakfast, and attendance, I omit to give the average number of inmates per room in the tenement houses beyond the Jannowitz Brücke.

In conclusion, may I state the opinion quite frankly that in dealing with Germany or any other country from which we can learn, if we will, it is not always advisable to give the shady sides along with the high lights. Often it is of vital interest to awaken the spirit of curiosity and investigation, which can then be left to discriminate between the good and the bad. Personally, I feel I am doing my own country a better service in indicating, to the best of my knowledge, those features in which, I believe, foreign countries possess an advantage over us rather than those in which we are their superiors. We are too prone to regard anything not English with complacent indifference, and often too lazy to learn when on our travels.—I am, sir, etc., G. WATERHOUSE.

Heywood, October 4th, 1913.

THE PLIMSOLL' LINE.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—Mr. M. Huntley, in his letter to you under date 22nd ult., attempted to prove too much.

If, as he and the *Shipping Gazette* suggested, the "load line" has nothing to do with the question of safety at sea, then why is it that the Board of Trade have appointed a Committee to consider the adequacy or otherwise of the line in question?

I prefer to take my figures, not from the *Shipping Gazette*, but from the Board of Trade, whose President stated in the House of Commons that last year 3,000 seamen lost their lives in British ships, this being equal to a rate of 1 in 76, as compared with 1 in 106 and 1 in 112 for the two years preceding.

The *Shipping Gazette* gives no authority for their figures, and until they do the statement of a responsible Government official must hold the field.

That statement indicates an appalling condition of things which no juggling with figures can minimise.

In regard to Mr. Blundell's inquiry, of course the Act of Parliament enforcing the observance of the load line has not been abolished; but the regulations enjoined by that Act have been tampered with, with the disastrous results that were commented upon by

Mr. W. T. Lewis, the Stipendiary Magistrate of Cardiff—an unbiased authority—in giving the finding of “the Board of Trade inquiry into the loss of the *North Briton*, off Ushant,” last year. This is what he said of the drowned crew:—

“Without a murmur or a cry they perished in the seas. Their lives were sacrificed to 130 tons additional freight. . . . Personally, I have no hesitation in saying that the reduction of the free-board—that is, of the distance between the main deck and the old salt-water load-line mark—has greatly reduced a vessel’s safety at sea, and I hold with the Court when it suggests that recent disasters call for a revision of the rules.”

Comment is unnecessary.—I am, sir, etc.,
YOUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER.
October 8th, 1913.

JOHN BRIGHT.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—I am very sorry if I have appeared to your correspondent, Mr. Ellerthorpe, to have done injustice to the memory of the late John Bright.

It is, however, a fact that, as I stated, we have travelled far from the days when that statesman made his celebrated speech in criticism of the motion introduced into Parliament on March 5th, 1869, asking for more stringent regulations regarding the false weights and measures.

Mr. Bright then said:

“My own impression with regard to this adulteration is that it arises from the very great, and, perhaps, inevitable competition in business. . . . The noble lord appears to ask that something much more extensive than stringent should be done by Parliament (‘that is exactly what we, after an interval of forty years, are asking now’). The fact is, it is vain to attempt by the power of Parliament to penetrate into, and to track out, evils such as these on which the noble lord is dwelling at such length. It is quite impossible that you should have the over-right of the shops by inspectors, and that you can organise a body of persons to go into shops and buy sugar, pickles, and Cayenne pepper to get them analysed, and then to raise complaints against shopkeepers, and bring them before the magistrates. If men in their private businesses were to be tracked by Government officers and inspectors every hour of the day, life would not be worth having, and I should recommend them to remove to another country where they would not be subjected to such annoyance.”

Really, have I done John Bright such grave injustice after all?—I am, sir, etc.,

THE WRITER OF THE NOTE.

THE RUSSIAN POLICE AND THE PRESS.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—The writer of the article, “The Russian Police and the Press,” has directed attention to a subject that has temporarily been lost sight of in this country. He unquestionably has an intimate knowledge of the subject, and he should be able to produce valuable information on other aspects of this question. It is time England revised her attitude towards Russian influence on our foreign policy. The way in which the St. Petersburg Government has succeeded in forcing English public opinion into hostility to Turkey, in spite of generations of experience that the support of the Turks is the only safeguard for our Empire, cannot fail to astound anyone who knows the facts.—I am, sir, etc.,
F. V. S. B.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—It is a powerful tribute to the perspicacity of EVERYMAN that an important subject presently ignored by every other public organ has been openly discussed in the columns of your excellent publication. Mr. George Raffalovitch has stripped aside the web of self-deception which has been self-woven around our

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Government organs in respect of Russia. Russia remains the standing disgrace to modern Europe; a land of cold repression, of unblushing interference with every sort of popular activity, of mediæval methods perpetuated at the very doors of twentieth-century enlightenment. This land of antique and cruel Christianity is held up as the champion of Europe against the "Unspeakable Turk," who, for his part, is guiltless of practically every type of despotism quoted by Mr. Raffalovitch. I much prefer the Turk.—I am, sir, etc.,

ARTHUR FIELD.

Clapham, S.W., October 5th, 1913.

"EVERYMAN'S" GUIDE TO THE BEST BOOKS.—I. HISTORY OF THE PAPACY.
To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—I have no "glaring sins of omission or commission" to point out. The only possible additions that occur to me are the relevant parts of the Cambridge Modern History, which are excellent.

I desire, however, to congratulate you on the idea, and to say how greatly I, for one, will appreciate a series on these lines. I had occasion, just a year ago, to hunt out books on this very subject. I am surprised to find to what an extent I succeeded in tracking out what was "best," but what an amount of trouble I should have been saved if your "guide" had appeared a year earlier!—and you have suggestions which are quite new to me, and would have been very welcome.

Might I suggest that you follow out in every case what you have done in some—give the publisher and the price, and, in the case of foreign books, say whether an English translation exists.—I am, sir, etc.,

Glasgow, October 4th, 1913. WM. T. RODGER.

IS ROMANISM ON THE DECLINE?

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—"Father Graham will need to produce something in the shape of evidence more substantial than rhetorical generalities," writes Mr. Macpherson. Yet later in the same article we find such luminous proofs of sweeping assertions as the following:—"Those who are in a position to know tell us," etc., "We are told," "The Church is said," "The truth seems to be," etc. *Medice, cura te ipsum.* Surely, Mr. Macpherson, you have not lost all sense of humour as well as respect for logic? Even those of your readers who are not of "the superstitious section" can hardly be expected to demand proof positive from Father Graham and yet accept your *ipse dixit* without demur. As to the canons of literary etiquette, "Father Graham and the superstitious section" might do for a street corner in Liverpool or Belfast, but one does not expect it from a literary critic in a literary paper. Some other phrases are interesting. "The Papacy succeeds only when she keeps her devotees in ignorance" presupposes a profound knowledge of history, especially of the chapters which deal with the foundation of the great Universities of Europe and the work of the teaching Orders. But there is better still to come. "Rome thrives on superstition and declines in the presence of knowledge, to which she is as hostile today as in the dark ages." Capital, Mr. Macpherson! Of course, you need not trouble to "produce something in the shape of evidence more substantial than rhetorical generalities." But, sir, were those "dark ages" really so dark? "Those who are in a position to know" pretend that they were not as black as they are painted. The champion of documentary evidence will send me an ultimatum and demand my proofs. Dreading the cannon of his irresistible logic and his

irrepressible humour, I shall capitulate, honourably, of course, for Mr. Macpherson will grant me that some people still live in the dark. In another letter I may deal with his "facts."—I am, sir, etc.,

Cork, September 28th, 1913. J. A. SCANNELL.

LONELY IN LONDON.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—In your issue of September 26th, under "Notes of the Week," is the following:—"The fact is, of course, that, as somebody pointed out, there is no loneliness so terrible as that of a young man who is a stranger in a great town, and the Brotherhood Association is the only organisation that attempts to meet this human, crying need of our civilisation." We have the greatest regard for, and appreciation of, the efforts of all other organisations working for men, and we recognise fully the admirable and extensive work now done by the Brotherhood Association. But when that organisation is referred to as representing the sole attempt to meet the social needs of lonely young men, we feel that it is necessary to claim such recognition for the Young Men's Christian Association as is its due on the ground of membership, methods, success, and world-wide range. More than a million men are included in our ranks; the work is housed in 9,105 centres, with buildings and equipment valued at £16,750,000. Eighteen hundred men are giving their lives to this service as secretaries. Many thousands of young men actually live in happy fellowship in our hostels, and the large proportion of our million members find society, entertainment, educational privileges, and opportunities for service with us. Our buildings are open seven days a week, and this gives us our supreme opportunity with men.—I am, sir, etc.,

ARTHUR K. YAPP,
General Secretary.

DUMAS' PLACE IN LITERATURE.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—The controversy as to the merits of Dumas is interesting, as it raises the point of "style" against "matter."

The chief merit of the romances of Dumas consists in his effective development of his story, his dramatic situations and his inventiveness. In this department of literature, the most creative power, he shows the master hand, and his language, if not possessing the literary flavour of the best writers, is clear, direct and descriptive. It is not fair argument to say that in translation the "style" or "nuance" of the original is lost, and to accuse those who cannot read the French original of not being able to judge. We know that every work is best in the original; as Don Quixote says, "Translation is like the wrong side of tapestry." But in judging a work we must take into account the matter more than the form. The amount of fine romance in Dumas is very large, and therein consists his greatness.

The fault of Balzac is his false views of values. His minute analyses of the thoughts and sentiments of his characters obtrude themselves out of all place in his stories, and the situations he creates are often unreal and even dull. In "Eugénie Grandet" the characters are uninteresting, and in "Le Lys dans la Vallée" and "La Femme de Trente Ans" the men are so unvirile, if I may use the word, as to repel the reader.

As I read French practically with the same facility as English, it will not do to blame translation. The creations of Dumas are bright, manly and interesting; those of Balzac are moody, uninteresting, and often mawkish. No amount of fine writing will make a

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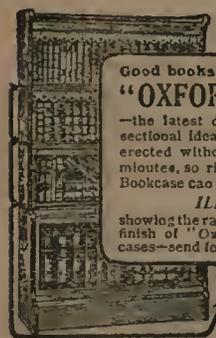
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hero of a weakling, nor a great book from a poor story; and Balzac's characters can never win the readers as Dumas's.—I am, sir, etc., J. S. W. Leith. [This correspondence is now closed.]

ULSTER.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—In your last issue, referring to Ulster in "Notes of the Week"—after acknowledging the sincerity of the opponents of Home Rule—you say, "Even so, Ulster cannot expect immunity from the law." Of course, the Bill is not yet an Act of Parliament, so that the question of breaking a law which does not exist cannot at present arise.

In the same issue there is an article entitled "Is Romanism on the Decline?" The writer arrives at the conclusion at which every thinking man is bound to arrive, viz., that "Rome thrives on superstition and declines in presence of knowledge, to which she is as hostile to-day as in the dark ages."

It is because the overwhelming majority of members in the proposed Irish Parliament would be elected by the adherents of this Church—for the most part the peasants of the south and west—all of them under the power of the priest—that I and my co-religionists Protest against being handed over to such a reactionary form of government.

We object in this twentieth century to having the hands of the clock put back, just at the time when our unfortunate and hitherto unhappy country is recovering from the misrule and mismanagement of the past, and when all the wrongs perpetrated in a less enlightened age have been righted.—I am, sir, etc.,

September 28th, 1913.

PROGRESS.

SPELLING REFORM.

To the Editor of EVERYMAN.

SIR,—You dismiss spelling reform as "that last infirmity of noble minds," but surely there is something to be said in its favour!

To-day the entire golf world is acclaiming the new star which has suddenly appeared in its firmament. But while writers are ready enough to pen the name of Francis Ouimet, it is noteworthy that most speakers prefer to hedge and to refer to "that young American."

Though the literate adult is seldom thus at fault, it affords a splendid example of what confronts the average child at every turn. If he spells words wrongly he loses marks, while if he pronounces them wrongly he runs the still greater risk of being laughed at. The child of the leisured classes may have opportunities of hearing new words pronounced at home, but the average Board-school child is not so happily placed; and since it is impossible for him to reason from sound to sign, or *vice versa*, both his written and spoken vocabularies suffer from chronic starvation. At present no Englishman can tell with certainty how to pronounce any word which he has seen written but has not heard spoken, nor how to spell any word which he has heard spoken but has not seen written.

Truly, we live in a mad world!—I am, sir, etc., September 21st, 1913. W. H. THOMPSON.

VOLUME II. OF "EVERYMAN"

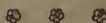
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BOOKS OF THE WEEK

Miss Ethel Turner opens her latest novel, *THE SECRET OF THE SEA* (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.), with a dramatic scene. The story begins with a dainty episode between the third officer of the *Volsatian* and a blue-eyed girl in a gauzy ball gown.

"This was all at nine o'clock, or thereabouts. At ten o'clock the girl in the gauzy frock was tossing a freezing little corpse at the foot of an iceberg, and the third officer, who had seen her go to that fate, was standing at the davits of a boat with a smoking revolver in his hand."

There follows a cleverly written scene, in which there is the usual rush for the boats, terminating in the death of the young officer, who, before he is shot by a terrified passenger, throws into the boat the last of seven babies! After this the story settles into stereotyped lines, and we have once more the old, old tale of disputed identity. There are two sets of twins, one patrician, the other plebeian, and, like Frederick in the inimitable "Pirates of Penzance," the true heir to the earldom is only discovered after great difficulty and long years. One grows tired of patrician heirs in search of a peerage, and the complications that ensue when four children rather than two are involved in the muddle are somewhat of a weariness of the flesh. The author has a pretty style, and has written one or two novels distinguished by a freshness and simplicity that renders it the more regrettable that she should have fallen back on one of the very oldest plots that have been inflicted on the novel reader. It seems an irresistible temptation to fictionists to tell the tale of the man or woman who assumes another's identity. We would strongly urge Miss Turner not again to fall into what may be termed the easiest way of writing a romance.



The study of Angelina Peachy by Mrs. Henry Dudeney, in *SET TO PARTNERS* (Heinemann, 6s.), opens with a charming sketch of a little child brought up in an alien environment. "Angelina lay wide-eyed and candidly listening in the wide bed. . . . She felt to-night, listening to those two maidservants as they sat by the fire, light as air, strong as a strand of silk, smooth as a rose petal; . . . she told herself, lying here quite still and feeling sleepy to her very toes, that to-night for her was making history." The subject of the maids' discussion is the faults and foibles of the Peachy household. Timothy, the father, is an Irishman, who, in despair at the amorous vagaries of his mother, selected for his wife a woman strenuously unattractive and morally invincible. Grandmamma Peachy, a beautiful, witty, and wicked old lady, resides with her son, and between her and the proper English wife there reigns an unending feud, the more bitter because it rarely flames out in words. Angela inherits her grandmother's beauty and attractiveness, and Timothy is troubled that she will also share the old lady's fascinations for the other sex, and something of her liking for masculine variety. The opening chapters of the book are the best. Angela's secretiveness, her intuitive comprehension of the thoughts and feelings of Timothy and her mother, her appreciation of the temperamental antagonism existing between husband and wife are wonderfully portrayed; but though she has an uncanny aptitude for realising emotional atmosphere, she still remains a healthy, normal child, with a love of those things that make the sum total of a small person's existence. Angelina as woman is not so convincing. She drifts into a love affair with Antony finch, and with some-



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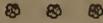
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thing of Grandmamma Peachy's love of amorous adventure, consents to live with him as his wife only on the condition that there shall be no legal tie between them. They are to separate when one or the other wishes to do so. This arrangement lasts for seven years, during which a child is born, who, however, does not live. At the end of that time the inevitable happens. The next man appears upon the scene, and Angelina leaves Antony and takes a trip with Julius. She is recalled, however, by Antony's misfortunes. He loses his money, his house is burnt down, and he is stricken with paralysis. Meanwhile Julius has decided that he must make his fortune before he finally joins his life with the woman he loves. So for the time being he disappears from the story, and Angelina sets to work to keep Antony and herself. They go to a small seaside town, where she starts business as a dealer in old china, and earns enough to keep the paralysed Antony and herself. She accepts the situation with heroism, and works unremittingly, refusing to allow herself any regret. As if this were not enough, the poor pilgrim of love is visited by a further penalty. Julius returns not only penniless, but blind! Friendless and forlorn, he accepts her hospitality, and the poor woman has now two men to keep. The great defect in the book lies in the drawing of the men. It is possible to imagine a decent man accepting the fact that a woman supports him in the case of Antony. He was quite willing to marry her, and for seven years, to all intents and purposes, they were man and wife. But that a woman sensitive as Angelina could ever have been permanently attracted by Julius is inconceivable, and the spectacle of the blind lover content to owe food and lodging to the efforts of the woman he is supposed to have loved is an unpleasant one. We feel that the author has been very hard on poor Angelina, and the only gleam of comfort one gets is in the concluding paragraph, which suggests that though her experiences have been disconcerting, if not absolutely crushing, when the time comes she will go on her pilgrimage again. She is writing a letter to her favourite saint, and thus expresses herself:

"I shall, my saint, put away this letter in the box with the other two, and I will not write you again, unless they die, those two dear men. Then my sense of adventure will not only awake, but take action, and there will be new sides to show." If in the future Mrs. Dudeney proceeds with the story of this much-tried heroine, we sincerely hope that she will not impose on Angelina the task of supporting a deaf man. Let us at least trust that her next lover will possess not only the full complement of limbs, but his vision and his hearing.

JOAN THURSDAY (Grant Richards, 6s.) is a story of a girl who fought her way up from obscurity and sordid surroundings to the dizzy pinnacle of success. The scene is in America, and the girl is essentially the type that one associates with the go-ahead Yankee. Her character is intimately portrayed, and the touch of sex antagonism which the author subtly suggests is undeniably clever. Joan bitterly resents her father's attitude to all the family, and the brutal indifference to the comfort of his women-folk seems to the girl reflected in the attitude of "man" to woman generally. "They call themselves *men*; she despised them all, *all!* beasts! . . . What had she ever done? It was not as if this was the first time; they were always persecuting her: hardly a day passed . . . well, anyway, never a week . . . it was not her fault if she was pretty: she never even so much as looked at them; . . . she did not believe that there was a decent fellow living. . . ." The father is a Dickensian

person, without that touch of the grotesque that makes all people possible to the magician who created Micawber. He has a great idea of propriety, and when Joan, losing her job in a drapery store, announces her intention of going on the stage, he becomes violent. He is unable to browbeat the girl, and avenges himself on her independence by demanding that she leave his house that night. Her adventures in search of a living are well told, and her final admission into the ranks of the theatrical profession is devoid of the usual easy time which accompanies the conventional heroine who takes the town by storm. To the end, however, the old antagonism is present in her, and the undesirable advances made to her on the stage do not tend to soften her views. The touch of melodrama, introduced with the shooting of Mathias, the unpleasant theatrical manager, who for a time captures Joan's regard, is well handled, but, in spite of treatment, is a little *bizarre*. The book is a clever one, and the attitude of the girl's mind is expressed with a fidelity and clearness that should carry the author far. We shall await with interest Mr. Louis J. Vance's next work.



Few districts in England can rival Salisbury Plain in archaeological, historical, and scenic interest combined. It is, indeed, a country with a character all its own, as Miss Ella Noyes says in the introductory chapter to her "Salisbury Plain: Its Stones, Cathedral, City, Villages, and Folk" (London: J. M. Dent and Sons, 10s. 6d.); and the charming illustrations in colour and line which Miss Dora Noyes contributes to the volume, themselves go far to bear out the claim. Miss Noyes takes us to Stonehenge, the greatest mystery of a mysterious region; she shows us Old Sarum, the Cathedral and city of Salisbury, the Avon Valley and Willeybourn and Wilton; she guides us across the Plain and round its edge, and introduces us to shepherds on the downs and rustics in the villages. And all that she describes so well in words, Miss Dora Noyes makes still more inviting with her brush.



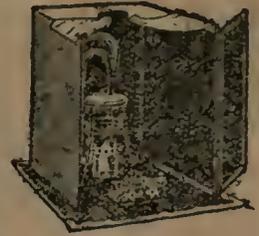
Mr. H. B. Holt has produced a very fascinating volume by tracing the history and exploits of the MOUNTED POLICE OF NATAL (John Murray, 15s. 6d.). This remarkable body of fighting men, which has seen so much heavy service, from the time of the great Zulu War to that of the last war with the South African Republics, was first organised by Major-General Sir J. G. Dartnell, who contributes a valuable introduction to the present volume. Its organisation presented many difficulties. It had to be recruited in the first instance from the sort of wanderers and ne'er-do-wells that are so readily found hanging about a new country in search of what fortune may send. A good deal of strict discipline was needed to turn such men into police and virtually—for a policeman's duties in Natal in those days were by no means pacific—into soldiers; but all experience proves that such men, when once disciplined, can be made a fine body of warriors, and the experience of Natal fully confirmed this generalisation. Mr. Holt takes the corps through the whole history of its exploits against enemies, black and white, foreign and domestic, down to the present time. The narrative is picturesque and eminently readable, as well as peculiarly fascinating to all who are interested in the development of our South African Empire.



HEARTS COURAGEOUS (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.) is a story of Virginia in the eighteenth century, and deals with the War of Independence. The action of the tale is hampered by the stilted fashion in which

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the characters at times are made to speak. 'Anne, the heroine, is alluding to the Governor of the Colony, whom "his Majesty is pleased to put over his colonials, levying on their leaf and swearing at their buckskins." She breaks out into passionate denunciation of this personage, but the fire of her emotion suffers greatly in her method of expression. "Think you he knows one wit more of this Virginia than does the King, a thousand leagues away?" Again and again this stilted phraseology occurs; but apart from this defect the story goes with a swing; there is plenty of fighting and love, romantic adventures and hairbreadth escapes. And for those who like this kind of fare the book should prove very popular.

The high-water mark in the production of encyclopaedic dictionaries has just been registered by the appearance of the Funk and Wagnalls' NEW STANDARD DICTIONARY, Salisbury Square. Nearly 400 expert specialists from many countries have laboured for years in the production of this work, which now represents a total of about £300,000 in cash expenditure. An announcement regarding the distribution of advance copies of this production appears elsewhere in this issue of EVERYMAN, and it is very well worth the attention of all our readers.

FAIRFAX AND HIS PRIDE (Chatto and Windus, 6s.), by Miss Marie Van Vorst, would have made a clever study at a fourth of its length. The scene is in America. Fairfax is a Southerner by birth, and possessed of a pride in his own strength and resources that occasionally deviates into egomania. He is an artist by temperament, and when quite a boy moulds some clever statuettes in clay. He goes into the studio of a famous sculptor, who picks his brains, steals his designs, and finally claims as his own Antony's best work. Unable to prove the wrong that has been done him, he revenges himself upon society by going as a fireman. Finally he drifts back again into art, makes a big reputation as a sculptor in Paris, returns to America, is claimed as a great artist, and marries his cousin Bella, who has adored him since he was a child.

Mrs. Wilfred Ward has written a very remarkable book. HORACE BLAKE (Hutchinson and Co., 6s.) is a study of a type of artist around whom there has ranged much controversy. Blake holds the theory that, for art's sake, all things are not only lawful, but expedient. He is a realist, and believes in studying first hand the characters he portrays. It is within the bounds of his philosophy that, should he wish to draw a man of upright life who suddenly gives way to theft, if the type were not ready to hand, he would take steps to create it, and lay himself out to tempt a man to steal in order that he might depict the emotional conflict in his soul. All things being justified by art, it is not surprising to learn that he treats his wife in an inconceivable, inhuman fashion. Kate, the daughter of a Freethinker and a woman of a rare honesty of character, does her best to atone for her husband's misdeeds. She is intensely ambitious for his success, and no work is too arduous for her, no sacrifice too great. She accepts the theory that, in the case of genius, art transcends morality, and though she shudders at the thought of what he does during his periodical disappearances from home, she never remonstrates with him or tries to thwart his purpose. They pass through a hard time of poverty and failure, and when, after years of effort, he attains success and makes money like water by the success of his plays, he is stricken with a mysterious illness. At the moment when London is

on fire over his latest production he receives his death warrant, leaves England and goes to a remote village in France. He refuses to allow his wife to accompany him, and sends for their daughter, a girl of eighteen, who, with a male nurse, is his sole companion. Arrived in Brittany, his appetite for emotional variety is gratified by religion. In other words, not having strength further to sin, he seeks sensuous gratification in the practice of Catholicism, and he is finally received back into the Church of which he was originally a member. His conversion follows on the writing of a play deriding religion in a most flagrant fashion. He has, indeed, attained a large part of his success by showing up religious shams and satirising in bitter fashion the cant of hypocrisy. His return to Catholicism is not signalled by any alteration in his attitude towards other people, and he does not send for his wife till he knows his life is rapidly closing, though he realises she is eating her heart out at her absence. Not until a few hours before his death does he send for her, and then it is too late. She arrives to find him dead. Trix, the daughter, has been his last conquest, for, apart from his moral obliquity, Blake was a most fascinating and magnetic man. The girl, who has a tolerant contempt for her mother, insists on publishing her views on the last phase of her father, describing him as a tender, beautiful soul, and this persistence on her part brings about a tragedy. Kate's sister Ann, who has brought the girl up, tells her the truth. She is Blake's illegitimate daughter, the child of Nancy Potter, a young actress whom Blake deliberately ruined that he might study the character of a Puritan, who finally succumbs to temptation, from life. In horror of what he has done, Kate had gone to the girl, stayed with her until her child was born, and adopted the baby as her own. In the scene between Kate and Trix, after the girl knows the truth, the art of the author touches high-water mark. With a wonderful insight, she chooses the instant that Trix knows Kate is not her mother for the girl to feel the love of a daughter for the woman who had shielded her for nearly twenty years. "Horace Blake" is one of the most notable novels of the year, and the author has achieved a remarkable success.

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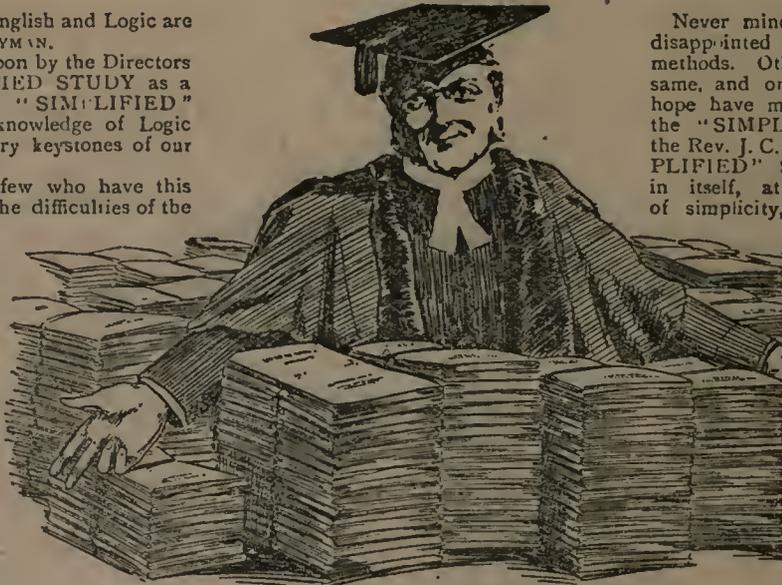
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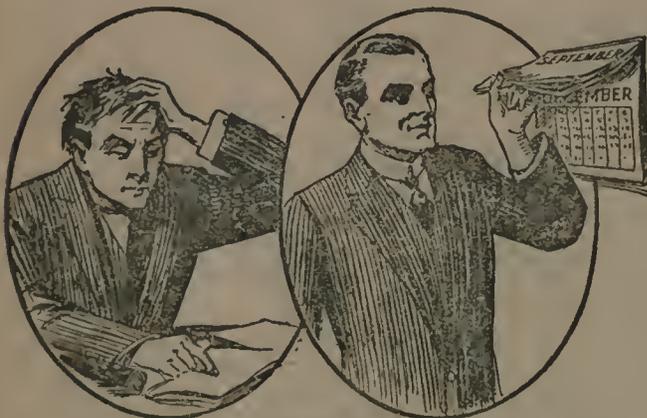
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