

TIME TABLE.

- Nov. 10-20. English Woman Exhibition of Arts and Handicrafts at Central Hall, Westminster.
- Nov. 12-30. 10-5. Exhibition of Water Colour Drawings by Gregory Robinson at 118, New Bond St., W.
- Nov. 12-30. 10-6. Etchings by Brangwyn and others. Fine Art Society, Ltd., 148, New Bond St., W.
- Nov. 12-27. 10-6. Pen and Colour Drawings by Anna Airy at the Fine Art Society's Galleries.
- Nov. 12-30. 11-6. Royal Society of Miniature Painters and Royal Society of Portrait Painters at the Grafton Galleries.
- Nov. 12. 8-30 P.M. "Administration of Industry." Lecture by Mr. Sidney Webb at the King's Hall, Covent Garden.
- Nov. 15. 1-0 P.M. "League of Nations." Lord Eustace Percy at Luncheon Club, Leeds.
- Nov. 16. 8.30 P.M. "Vocational Organisation." Lecture by Mrs. Sidney Webb at the King's Hall, Covent Garden.
- Nov. 18. 8.30 P.M. At the Women's Institute, 92, Victoria St., S.W., a debate: "Should England as well as America go dry?"
- Nov. 19. 7.0 P.M. At Manchester, the Poetry Society. Mr. John Drinkwater.
- Nov. 19. 8.30 P.M. "The Transition." Lecture by Mr. Sidney Webb at the King's Hall, Covent Garden.
- Nov. 24. Revival of "The Knight of the Burning Pestle." Kingsway Theatre.
- Nov. 29-DEC. 8. International Advertising Exhibition at the White City.

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Henry Bentinck. But nobody believes that the passing of the Bill represents a stage towards the solution of the Irish question, though Sir Edward Carson defended it as a means to the unity of Ireland. The most striking thing in his speech, however, was his emphasis on this note of Irish unity, suggesting, as it did, the possibility of the working out, by Irishmen, of a real *modus vivendi* between North and South, once they were left alone to try for it. As it is, however, the reign of terror goes on, the destruction of property, the terrible atmosphere of hatred, dread, suffering and outrage in which each side exasperates the other. Surely those Members of Parliament are right who have urged, as a first step, "Cry off the dogs of war." A view strongly endorsed by Cardinal Bourne in a letter to *The Times*, and by the Archbishop of Tuam, both of whom strongly condemn both the shooting of police and the reprisals. They also call upon the Government to put forward a genuine Home Rule scheme as distinct from the sham of the Bill. The railway lock-out adds a new danger to the situation.

There is no more interesting indication of the state of English public opinion than the mushroom growth achieved by the PEACE WITH IRELAND COUNCIL, whose formation is amongst the most significant developments of the week. This Council, whose headquarters are at 30, Queen Anne's Chambers, Westminster, was formed only a little over a week ago by Lord Henry Bentinck and Mr. Mosley. Already it numbers, amongst a host of other distinguished members, men of such diverse worlds and opinions as General Sir Hubert Gough, Lord Leverhulme, Professor Gilbert Murray, Mr. G. K. Chesterton and the Bishop of Peterborough. Its object is to "protest against the lawless policy of reprisals countenanced by the Government," and "to appeal to public opinion to vindicate the fundamental British principles of Law and Order." It is prepared to acquire and disseminate accurate information on the state of Ireland. In view of the Government's recent refusal to allow an inquiry into reprisals no more valuable task could be undertaken at the present time. That such a Council should be initiated just now by men of such standing is of happy augury, its formation is, in fact, the one gleam of light in a thunderous sky.

All MSS. and correspondence should be addressed to the Editor, at 88, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

In the chastening atmosphere of Armistice Day the Government of IRELAND Bill passed its third reading in the House of Commons by 183 votes to 52, the minority including Unionists like Lord Hugh Cecil, Mr. J. C. Gould, Sir Maurice Dockrell, Captain Foxcroft, Mr. Jellett and Lord

NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE OF
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 WILL BE A
Special Book Review Number
 CONTAINING
BOOK REVIEWS.
 By MARY AGNES HAMILTON.
BOOK REVIEWS.
 By ROSE MACAULAY.
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SOME OF OUR YOUNGER POETS.
 By MARY WYNNE NEVINSON, L.L.A., J.P.
 And other Articles of Literary Interest.

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could be given to a comprehensive word all might yet be well. But the inevitable problem remains as to whether self-determination means, if so desired, an Irish Republic. Now the British Labour movement is not republican. Consciously or unconsciously it subscribes to the familiar assertion that our Constitution gives us all the advantages of a Republic and none of its disadvantages. Besides, it is not impressed by the results of the social operation of a political Republic in the case of the United States or of France: it remains to be proved that the toiling masses in either are substantially better off than they are here. Faced with such a difficulty Labour now says the withdrawal of British forces from Ireland, and the calling of a constituent assembly to determine the form of government for that unhappy island, with the safeguard that under no circumstances shall it be a military menace to Great Britain. Again the question, may that involve an Irish Republic? Again no reply from Labour. It is precisely this weakness that is undermining Labour in the House. This was a challenge that should have been accepted at once. It was neglected. And so nobody in Ireland believes in anybody here, and we carry on in the awful night of suspicion, peering vacantly for the dawn.

It would appear from the speech of the President of the Board of Trade at Oxford on Saturday that TRADE WITH RUSSIA is, at last, to become an actuality. Ever since January it has been nominally possible to carry on trade, and many weeks ago a draft agreement providing for the resumption of transactions was stated to have been reached, but until last week no trade had taken place, and every individual among the many endeavouring, on purely business grounds, to get goods into or out of Russia met with insuperable obstacles. Opinion in the City in particular, and in trading circles generally, has been developing more and more decidedly in favour of trade. This is both natural and right. It means, of course, that the first horror of revulsion against Bolshevism is over, and that common sense is beginning once more to prevail. As a matter of fact, the form of government which Russia or any other country happens to prefer or to acquiesce in is no concern of ours. We may feel grateful—as we turn to Mr. Wells in the *Sunday Express* of a Sunday morning—that our own lines are not cast under the Bolsheviks, as in other days we returned thanks that we did not live under the Czarist régime. But to attempt to dictate what government another nation shall live under is a form of impertinent interference which cannot be justified. It is the counterpart in national life of the attitude of the domestic tyrant or the benevolent meddler in private life.

The curious thing about the business is, however, that we have now at last taken the one decision which may really affect THE BOLSHIEVİK REGIME. As Sir Robert Horne put it, "the best way to bring about a change in Russia is to begin trading with her." The other way—the way of support to counter-revolutionary leaders—has registered one more dismal failure in the defeat of Wrangel: a defeat largely due, as competent witnesses assert, to the corruption and incompetency of his entourage. The worst features of Bolshevism are aggravated by the continuance of war and of blockade conditions; when trade is resumed forces will be set in operation likely profoundly to modify a system only possible so long as the outside world is excluded. Trade, which must, if it is to be effectively resumed, spell

peace, is, therefore, the best medicine for Bolshevism. It is also in the interest of this country. Russia needs, desperately, goods we can supply, and can send in exchange goods whose supply will help to restore employment in many suffering industries at home.

There is that about the activities of SIGNOR D'ANNUNZIO which secretly appeals to the childlike zest for romance which lies hidden in the heart of each one of us. He represents the Prisoner of Zenda, and half a dozen other glorious impossibilities of fiction come to life—at the same time, as a matter of hard fact, it is high time for a stop to be put to his activities. The conclusion of an agreement between Italy and Jugo-Slavia was an event of capital importance, and although some of its provisions were open to criticism on ethnological grounds, it appeared to be workable and animated by a spirit of moderation. This arrangement, honourable to both countries, was, however, taken by the dictator of Fiume as a signal for a new and provocative adventure. He is becoming a nuisance to Europe, and this fact is nowhere recognised more clearly than in his own land. Readers of *Il Fuoco* will realise that his incursion into politics is the consummation of a long cherished idea, and it is, therefore, unlikely that he will retire into private life without a sharp struggle. The Italian Government has a delicate task before it, but an intolerable situation exists, and it grows worse with delay in ending it. From the beginning of the Adriatic troubles, the Jugo-Slavs have maintained an attitude of admirable restraint, but it is quite evident that their patience must be sorely strained. Moreover, whilst Signor d'Annunzio is allowed to go his own way unchecked he will have imitators elsewhere, and consistency forbids the Powers to give them more than mild reproof.

THE HEALTH BILL has narrowly escaped complete shipwreck. The House has risen against it, and Ministers have bowed before the storm. Fourteen of its twenty-five clauses have already been jettisoned. We confess to considerable relief. The more we have looked at this *magna charta* of miscellaneous provisions, the less we have liked it. Hitherto, we have only commented on its subversion of the lunacy laws, but several of its other features are no less objectionable. The casual attempt to compel local authorities to undertake the care of the sick within their areas is as fatuous as it is untimely. Here, clearly, is a national question. The whole future of the hospitals will soon have to be given the grave consideration of Parliament and the nation, and stealthy tinkering with the problem now must be worse than useless. Again, we can see no reason why Dr. Addison should be made a financial despot with power to vary rates of interest on local loans, nor why he should be given licence to jerrymander municipal elections by shifting boundaries of wards and altering their representation. As far as we can see, the net result of this extraordinary piece of legislation would have been to make England safe for bureaucracy, and we trust that the House will continue to show the courage of its convictions on all stages of the Bill. The truth is that no Minister of intelligence would ever have tried to foist such a heterogeneous collection of inanities on any House of Commons however docile. This is not the first time that we have had reason to regret Dr. Addison's reign—his commissions are, indeed, only one degree worse than his omissions. It is most unfortunate for the nation that a department as urgently needed and with such immense possibilities for good

as the Ministry of Health should be rendered futile by the fact that it has been handed over to the charge of a mediocrity.

Stories of official waste, mismanagement and extravagance have become so common that few attract more than passing notice, but the business of the ST. OMER DUMP calls for careful investigation. This dump was sold for half a million, although, it is alleged, an offer of an additional hundred thousand had been made for it by another party. The whole affair reeks of carelessness. There appears to have been lack of understanding between the various persons who were, or should have been, responsible for negotiating the sale. Even the number of the motor vehicles to be purchased seems to have been unknown. The affair, surely, cannot be allowed to rest where it is. After the Armistice there was a not unnatural tendency to slackness amongst those who remained in France, and the troubles of a departmental officer increased amazingly. Minor losses were inevitable, but the magnitude of the sum involved here is startling, and chief blame looks to rest on a Whitehall department. Ministers who think in millions may, of course, wish to dismiss the thing as trivial. Taxpayers, however, are uncomfortably aware that it is also typical. The right course will be to set up a committee of inquiry before which witnesses will be on oath. This class of case calls for inquiry because only so can its repetition be prevented.

SIR FREDERICK BANBURY is now one of the oldest members of the House of Commons. In other days he was famous for blocking Bills, and many a righteous and self-righteous cause has suffered at his hands. With no pretence to oratory—indeed, he suffers from a somewhat halting style—he is always heard with attention mainly because members have appreciated that on all occasions, admitting a good deal of chaff, they will find just that quantity of wheat to make their effort worth while. It is on the Labour benches that Sir Frederick's reputation is poorest. They cannot understand why a man, who has opposed practically every trifling million for social reform, and criticised even the last small increase to old-age pensioners, should have had nothing to say of the hundreds of millions, which, in a nominal peace, have been dissipated in all manner of vague enterprises of war and military assistance in distant corners of the world. His economy appears to them to be clearly a campaign of partial selection. And they, like many others, have never quite forgiven him for stating that he did not believe in the League of Nations, that he did not think it would do any good, and that it would be merely an organisation for spending money. To very many, that placed him, genial and kindly as he is, in the class of bogus economists, who do not realise that a sound world policy in the maintenance of peace may save mankind untold millions of treasure.

One small but pressing problem of LONDON TRAFFIC has this week received the attention of the London County Council. Any resulting regulations which will really mitigate the hardships of travel between, say, the Bank and Putney during the "rush hours" will be welcomed, for the nightly struggle for tram, train, or omnibus is a scandal to a society we used to think civilised. Conceivably, it has been permitted by those above us with an idea that it may turn the thoughts of honest citizens to the horrors of ochlocracy, and make them reflect on how pleasant would be a return to law and order. We shall be delighted if, indeed,

it is to be ended, but we cannot profess to be in love with the queue system. The queue is unpleasantly reminiscent of days when some of us "lined up" for groceries, and the regimentation it involves is tiresome. The clearest proof of its unpopularity in England is to be found in the increasing numbers of those who flock to the picture palaces instead of going as of old to the pit or gallery of an ordinary theatre. In Paris, at least for the omnibus, a pleasanter method is in use. At each stopping place there is a kind of miniature sentry-box, where a numbered ticket can be obtained, and the numbers decide the order in which travellers board the vehicle when it arrives. During the interval of waiting, one is at liberty to look into a shop window or seek other distraction. In the queue, on the other hand, we have the feelings of recruits standing to attention and rather fearing the sergeant-major's eye may be upon us.

A Scottish correspondent writes:—PERTH has acquired a taste for PUBLIC DEBATES. Following the example of last year, when, at the invitation of the Bolsheviks of the city, Mr. T. B. Morison, M.P. (now Lord Advocate), crossed swords with Mr. Gallacher, a debate was held last Monday in the City Hall on the question "Should Britain go Bolshevik?" On the previous occasion the fiery eloquence of Mr. Gallacher was quenched by the dialectic calm of the (then) Solicitor-General, and the crowded audience, though gathered by both sides, voted strongly against Bolshevism. At last Monday's Debate the Affirmative was led by Mr. M'Manus, Chairman of the Communist Party, and the Negative by the Rev. R. Courtier Forster, who knows Russia well, having been for nine years British Chaplain at Odessa, Kieff, and the Russian Ports of the Black Sea. As Mr. Courtier Forster remained at his post after the outbreak of Revolution, and left the country only last year, he was able to speak with personal knowledge of Bolshevism and Soviet Rule. His experiences convinced those who heard him, and the meeting held by a majority of 432 that Britain should not "go Bolshevik."

A PROGRAMME.

HOW far is it true to say that in the political world women's aims and requirements differ from those of men? Only probably to a very limited extent. In general politics there is little or no sex. One occasionally hears it stated by the Victorian type of person that "women are innately conservative, and will form a steadying influence at the ballot box," or alternately that "many women are unbalanced cranks and sentimentalists, and their recently acquired power will tend to increase the disruptive influences at work at the present time." But it seems unlikely that either generalisation is really founded on anything but sentiment. The strong inherent political bias which may be found in almost every one of us is often enough most puzzling to account for, but observation does not seem to suggest that sex plays any part in it.

The fact is that:—

"Every boy and every girl
That's born into this world alive
Is either a little liberal
Or else a little conservative,"

and goodness only knows why!

Ireland, the League of Nations, Temperance, Education,

Health, are matters on which most of the citizens of this politically-minded race have formed definite enough opinions, opinions totally unaffected by the sex of the individual who holds them.

It must be clear enough, however, to anyone who considers the matter seriously that apart from these general questions which are of importance to all good citizens, there are certain specific matters which do especially affect women, not so much on account of their sex as on account of their present position in the national economy, just as there are certain questions which specifically affect Labour, on account of its especial position in the State. And it follows, of course, that women are peculiarly interested in the matters which especially concern them. The idealist may tell us that this should not be so; that every good citizen should be equally concerned in every matter which makes for the good government of the State, whether it directly affects him or only directly affects his neighbour. Perhaps he should be—but he certainly is not. To suppose that he is, is to refuse to recognise the very obvious limitations of human nature. It is tantamount to saying that a man is as concerned that his neighbour should secure a good dinner as that he should do so himself. The plain and patent fact is that the dinner the average person takes most interest in is his own. That, after all, is the way of the world—why cavil at it?

The redeeming feature of human nature lies in the fact that whilst people will remain indifferent for years or even centuries to their neighbour's sufferings so long as that neighbour says nothing about it, when the neighbour starts to protest and to fight for his own hand, the average man, if he is once satisfied of the justice of the case, will often enough join in and fight too. "The gods help those that help themselves." Men do not differ from the gods. That is a plain fact which history proves over and over again.

The matters of special concern to women fall naturally into two groups, since there are two separate capacities in which women to-day stand in a special class. There is the group of reforms which affects women as mothers, and the group which affects them as wage earners. Or to put it in another way—there are the reforms which are concerned with the better protection of children, a matter which is of the gravest concern to every person, but which since the rearing of children is the special profession of so many women, is one on which women tend to have especially strong and definitely thought-out views—and there are the reforms which are grouped round the question of equality of status for men and women, most of which especially affect women in their capacity as wage earners.

Taking first the question of the better protection of children, the three most urgent matters to-day are:—

First, the position of the Unmarried Mother and of her child. This is a matter in which the present state of our law is a generation behind the average present-day public opinion, for public opinion now recognises two things to which the law is as yet almost totally blind. Firstly, that in the case of illegitimate, as in the case of legitimate children, two people, not one, are responsible, and two people should, so far as is practical, share the burden; and, secondly, that the one person who is not responsible, and who should be so far as

possible saved from paying the penalty, is the baby. Public opinion is further aware that in so far as the child is penalised, the State will in the future be burdened with a less efficient and useful citizen than it might otherwise have had.

Then, again, there is the position of the widowed mother with young children. It is not just, nor to the advantage—eventually—of the State, that these children should, as they so often do, suffer from extreme poverty, with all its attendant evils, because they have lost their father.

And, lastly, there is the question of the dangers arising to children through the inadequacy of the laws relating to child assault, and the laxity with which they are still often administered, a matter to which we have recently referred in these pages.

Let us turn next to the group of legislative reforms still necessary to secure equality of status between men and women. Amongst these, three stand out as especially urgent and peculiarly suitable for legislative treatment.

First, there is the question of equal rights of married parents. The present position under which, when the parents are unmarried, the woman is solely responsible for the child, whilst, when they are married, the legal power and responsibility devolves almost entirely on the man, is to the modern idea illogical and absurd. It may be said that this reform would more suitably be grouped under the first heading of reforms concerned with children, but whilst it is concerned with women as mothers, it is a matter which is really more closely allied to the question of equality of status than to the protection of children.

Then come the many injustices involved by "unequal pay for equal work." This field is so large that it may not at first sight seem very easy to choose from amongst the many urgent injustices extant; if, however, we confine ourselves to those, which legislation can affect, the field narrows considerably, and two stand out as of paramount importance. The first is equal pay for equal work amongst the teachers. An issue of special importance, partly because, in the teaching world, the fact, that the work done by men and women is equal, is so patent, that no intelligent person can attempt to deny it, and the issue is, therefore, seen to be a perfectly clean cut one. Partly, also, on account of the fact that, owing largely to the courage, persistence and public spirit shown by the women teachers themselves, this issue has been forced to the front, and is now a matter, which most urgently requires settlement, unless the teachers are to continue to suffer from a sense of grievance and injustice, which in the interests of the pupils is most undesirable.

Lastly, there is the question of equal opportunities for men and women in the Civil Service. This is of peculiar importance, not alone for its own sake, but because the State is looked upon as the model employer, and so long as the State refuses equality of opportunity and status to its employees, so long will all other employers refuse them too, whereas, once the State has acquiesced in equality, its example is bound, sooner or later, to be followed throughout the country.

We find ourselves then with a programme of six much needed reforms, which especially concern women as women, and which they themselves must press for if they want them settled. At some later date we hope to discuss the question of the best means for achieving this programme.

SOME OF OUR YOUNGER POETS.

By MARGARET WYNNE NEVINSON, L.L.A., J.P.

THE last six years have left us a great inheritance of song, though the war, like Saturn, has devoured its own children, and only too many of these brilliant youths in the dawn of manhood and genius lie buried in the cemeteries of our far-flung battle line, their voices hushed for ever by shell and bullet, by poison gas and liquid flame, by disease and fever, or the strangulation of sea water. With a sickened sense of loss we read the list: "Killed in action," "died of wounds or disease," Rupert Brooke, Julian and Gerald Grenfell (the elder D.S.O.), W. N. Hodgson, M.C., L. Coulson, R. M. Dennys, W. H. Littlejohn, E. A. Mackintosh, M.C., Wilfred Owen, M.C., Robert Palmer, Colwyn Phillipps, A. V. Ratcliffe, C. H. Sorley, R. W. Stirling, J. W. Streets, E. Wyndham Tennant, E. F. Wilkinson, M.C., C. W. Winterbotham, T. P. Cameron Wilson, B. C. de B. White, and many others.

Hitherto in our country the Army has not required the service of poets and artists in its ranks; perhaps that is what has made the poignancy of our present verse the vivid horror of the pictures in our war museum; the emotions are all first hand, suffered not in imagination only, in the leisured comfort of library or studio, but among the roar of great guns and bursting shells, amid fumes of poisoned gas, in the mud and filth, amid the stench and vermin of the trenches.

Probably the most devoted lover of literature would hardly desire another war even to keep up the high standard of poetry, but it is possible that the pangs of love and the eyebrows of mistresses may seem a little stale and commonplace to those who have had their imagination kindled by the great themes of country and self-sacrifice, the deeds of heroism, the suffering and the black shadow of death over youth and laughter and the friends of boyhood.

By the grace of God and the favour of the Angels some of our poets are with us still—Siegfried Sasoon, M.C., has come through—that savage cynic of warfare with its filthy foolish and maniacal abominations against God and humanity. He is bold and unsparing in his condemnation of politicians, diplomatists and journalists, of incompetence and spiritual wickedness in high places, of old men and hard-souled women. He has seen and felt the awful pains of simple men, and he pours out the bitterness of his soul on much of the cant and unsympathetic sympathy of those who do not and perhaps cannot understand.

Fight to a Finish.

The boys came back. Bands played and flags were flying,
And Yellow-Press men thronged the sunlight street
To cheer the soldiers who'd refrained from dying,
And hear the music of returning feet.
"Of all the thrills and ardours war has brought,
This moment is the finest" (so they thought).

Snapping their bayonets on to charge the mob,
Grim fusiliers broke the ranks with glint of steel.
At last the boys had found a cushy job.

I heard the Yellow Pressmen grunt and squeal;
And with my trusty bombers turned and went,
To clear the Yunkers out of Parliament.

The General.

"Good morning; good morning!" the General said
When we met him last week on our way to the line.
Now the soldiers he smiled at are most of them dead,
And we're cursing his staff for incompetent swine.
"He's a cheery old card," grunted Harry to Jack,
As they slogged up to Arras with rifle and pack.

But he did for them both with his plan of attack.

Glory of Women.

You love us when we're heroes home on leave,
Or wounded in a mentionable place.
You worship decorations; you believe
That chivalry redeems the war's disgrace.
You make us shells. You listen with delight,
By tales of dirt and danger fondly thrilled
You crown our distant arduours while we fight,
And mourn our laurelled memories when we're killed.

The last poem quoted, "Does it Matter?" is one of the finest pieces of satire in our language.

Does it matter?—losing your legs? . . .
For people will always be kind,
And you need not show that you mind
When the others come in after football
To gobble their muffins and eggs.

Does it matter?—losing your sight?
There's such splendid work for the blind;
And people will always be kind,
As you sit on the terrace remembering
And turning your face to the light.

Do they matter? Those dreams from the pit? . . .
You can drink and forget and be glad,
And people won't say that you're mad;
For they'll know that you've fought for your country,
And no one will worry a bit.

Robert Nichols is another poet who is still writing, and were he to write no more his name should live for ever in "Ardours and Endurances," notably in that great poem, "Battery moving up to a new position from rest camp," and in "Fulfilment," the last lines of which have already become almost part of our language:—

Was there love once? I have forgotten her.
Was there grief once? Grief yet is mine.
O loved, living, dying heroic soldier,
All, my joy, my grief, my love are thine.

The "Sonnets to Aurelia" paint in vivid colours, and with a rare sense of true psychology the weariness, the disillusionment, the jealousy, the disgust and hate of carnal love sickened with satiety, disappointment and treachery.

Torment me not! Why should you harass me
As if this luckless I had done you wrong,
Whose only crime—if crime it reckoned be—
Is to have borne your folly over long?
Therefore relent, lest frantic, I forsake
This night for one whose peace you cannot break.

It is a fine psychological study, but Mr. Nichols' muse can sing of higher themes, as he probably knows himself, and feels as in the last stanzas of the "Swansong":—

Put by the sun, my joyful soul,
We are for darkness that is whole;
Put by the wine, now for long years
We must be thirsty with salt tears;
Put by the rose, bind thou instead
The fiercest thorns about thy head;
Put by the courteous tire, we need
But the poor pilgrim's blackest weed;
Put by—albeit with tears—thy lute,
Sing but to God or else be mute.

Put by the sun, my lightless soul,
We are for darkness that is whole.

Wilfred W. Gibson is a master of brevity and pathos as in
"The Bayonet" and "Nightmare":—

This bloody steel
Has killed a man.
I heard him squeal
As on I ran.

He watched me come
With wagging head.
I pressed it home,
And he was dead.

"Though clean and clear
I've wiped the steel,
I still can hear
That dying squeal."

* * * *

Nightmare.

"They gave him a shilling,
They gave him a gun,
And so he's gone killing
The Germans, my son.

"I dream not that love's way
I dream of that gun—
And it's they that are killing
The boy who's my son."

The same qualities show themselves in his charming little
volume, "Peace," especially in his poem, "Marriage," an
unusual theme with moderns:—

"Going my way of old,
Contented more or less,
I knew not life could hold
Such happiness.

"I dreamt not that love's way
Could keep the golden height
Day after happy day,
Night after night."

Richard Aldington belongs to the Imagists' school, and his
unrhymed verse is scholarly and classic, as in his poem "To
a Greek Marble":—

ΠΟΤΕΡΑ ΠΟΤΕΡΑ
"White, grave goddess,
Pity my sadness,
O silence of Paros."

* * * *

"I am not one of these about thy feet
These garments and decorum;
I am thy brother,
Thy lover of aforesaid crying to thee,
And thou hearest me not."

The cruel horror of war bit into his soul, as we see in that
bitter satire, "The Blood of the Young Men":—

"Give us back the close veil of the senses,
Let us not see, ah! hide from us
The red blood splashed upon the walls,
The good red blood, the young, the lovely blood
Trampled unseemingly by passing feet,
Feet of the old men, feet of the cold, cruel women,
Feet of the careless children, endlessly passing.

* * * *

"Go your ways, you women, pass and forget us;
We are sick of blood, of the taste and sight of it;
Go now to those who bleed not and to the old men,
They will give you beautiful love in answer!
But we, we are alone, we are desolate,
Thinning the blood of our brothers with weeping,
Crying for our brothers, the men we fought with,
Crying out, mourning them, alone with our dead ones;
Praying that our eyes may be blinded,

Lest we go mad in a world of scarlet,
Dripping, oozing from the veins of our brothers."

The same *saeva indignatio* at the hardness, the cruelty of
non-combatants, rings through the poems of Osbert Sitwell,
especially in his fine poem "Babel," "This Generation,"
"The Eternal Club," "The Next War," "Heaven."
"Green-fly" pitilessly mocks at the sentiment of the cruel
little people whose eyes "are tender over drowning flies,"
and yet can callously disregard the agony of the souls of men.

"From out this damning dreadful dark
(While history, thundering, rolls by),
They wait for an anæmic lark
To sing from weak blue sky.

"Or if a dog is hurt, why then
They see the evil, and they cry.
But yet they watch ten million men
Go out to end in agony!"

"War Horses" is a scathing satire on the old ladies who
won the war:—

"How they come out
—These Septuagenarian Butterflies—
After resting
For four years!

* * * *

"Oh, these war-horses!
They have seen it through.
Theirs has been a splendid part!
The waiting—the weariness;
For the Queens of Sheba
Are used to courts and feasting;
But for four years
Platitudes have remained
Uncoined,
For there have been few parties
And only
Three stout meals
A day.

* * * *

"They have seen it through!
Theirs is the triumph,
And, beneath
The carved smile of the Mona Lisa
False teeth
Rattle
Like machine-guns,
In anticipation
Of food and platitudes.
Les Vieilles Dames Sans Merci!"

"The old men, weary with nothing to do,
Made a war and then sat them down
To watch the young men carry it through,
To watch them shattered, to watch them drown
In the lonely night of the cold, grey seas.
And eagerly, gaily, those young men
Went out to die at the bidding of ten
Or a dozen creatures who sat like Gods,
Admiring the slaughter with palsied nods.

"And as they went, those wonderful boys
Made them songs of the woods and pools
Of the sunlit fields and the springtime's joys;
But the old, old men, who were naught but fools,
Were stricken with fear to see them smile.
'Ah, wait,' they said; 'we are cunning, and we
Will take the credit when earth or sea
Has stifled their songs—who jest with fate—
The songs are good, but they come too late.'

"And the singers died, but their songs lived on
In many a lonely volume neat;
For the old men, now that their makers were gone,
Seized their pens and performed the feat

Of writing a memoir for each dead poet,
Regretting, in words most tender and sad,
The premature death of some promising lad,
'Whose soul was stirred by the Nation's wrongs
To the writing of these most beautiful songs.'

Sacheverell Sitwell belongs to the Euphuist School, he has
published little at present, but his work has much promise,
and he has the gift of cadence. Take these lines from
"Barrel-Organs."

"Then of a sudden came the syncopation;
It seemed to clutch my heart,
My nerves came strung like banjo-strings—
I seemed to twang them with my hands and toes,
My heavy boots throbbed like catapults a-shooting!

"Reverberate thud of thunder drops,
Shafts and chasms of blinding light,
Cavalry gallop of falling leaves,
Crackle and spark of shooting stars."

Edward Shanks has written some fine war verse and some
fine love verse.

"The withered leaves that drift in Russell Square
Will turn to dust and mud and moulder there,
And we shall moulder in the plains of France
Before the leaves have ceased from their last dance.

"The hot sun triumphs through the fading trees,
The fading houses keep away the breeze,
And the autumnal warmth strange dreams doth breed
As right and left the fall'ring columns lead.
'Squad, 'shun! Form Fours!' and once the France we knew
Was a warm distant place where the sun shot through.

"'Form Fours! Reform two deep!' We wheel and pair
And still the brown leaves drift in Russell Square."

"Hymn to Desire" is full of deep wisdom beautifully
expressed:

"Hid like a snake, whose fangs bear venomous fire,
Thou hast thy secret shelter made Desire!
O most of all in love! Contentment there
Is but a single moment ere decay,
Precursor of a long and dull despair,
Frets the fruit's golden rind and flesh away.
Some wear love's crown a day and see love go,
Having been content; but they whose loves endure
Ache with an ill love has not strength to cure,
Strive for perfection, stumble still, and know
Too well that love is ever insecure,
That in the midst of pleasure hunger sits
And feeds upon the tortured heart and wits."

Perhaps it is as well in the interests of Christian Charity
that want of space forbids the temptation to quote the bitter
satire "Midwinter Madness."

The love of the land for which men poured out their blood
so ungrudgingly naturally inspires many poets. There are
few counties which have not their singer, and the mountains
and the fen are equally loved by their sons, as illustrations
we may quote "Rocky Acres," by Robert Graves, and
"Labour Battalion," by D. H. Laurence.

"This is a wild land, country of my choice,
With harsh, craggy mountain moor ample and bare.
Seldom in these acres is heard any voice,
But voice of cold water that runs here and there
Through rocks and lank heather growing without care.
No mice in the heath run nor no birds cry,
For fear of the dark speck that floats in the sky.

"Yet this is my country beloved by me best,
The first land that rose from Chaos and the Flood,
Nursing no flat valleys for comfort and rest,
Trampled by no hard hooves, stained by no blood,
Bold immortal country, whose hill-tops have stood
Strongholds for the proud gods when on earth they go,
Terror for fat burghers in far plains below."

"Labour Battalions," by D. H. Laurence is a wail of
home-sickness from a wearied man pining for "the long,
sweet shore of Lincolnshire."

"The town grows fiercer with heat!
It does not shrivel like big herbage,
But it makes the sunlight beat
Backward and forward from wall to wall
And exults in its bitter usage of us all.

"Our hands, our breasts, rebel against us,
Our eyes darken, and impotence hurts
Our soul. Nothing but the mad, monotonous
Stress of compulsion remains, and a band that girls
The heart—heart that has beat
As free as the running of angels' feet.

II.

"Oh, and I wish that I
Was at Mabelthorpe,
Where the long fawn foreshores lie
Taut as a wetted warp,
And the long waves rush and ply
Like a shuttle that carries the weft,
Like a harpist that strikes his left
Fingers across the harp.

"Oh, to see the long waves rush,
Like the woof the shuttle carries,
Along the coast, to hear the hush
Of waves that wash
To the distance, the wave that carries
Way down the coast, then comes up flush."

"A Lap full of Seed," by Max Plowman contains much
beautiful verse. We quote a few lines from "Another Call
to Arms."

"Take up your arms, my soldier,
You were not meant to fight,
For loveliness has given you
Her spirit of delight;

"And you have fought with demons,
These armies never knew;
These direct enemies of life
Have been afraid of you.

"Die on the cross, my soldier,
Nor pray the cup pass by;
For he shall rise transfigured
Who knows the hour to die."

My space is exhausted, though not my theme, and regret-
fully great names have been left out; perhaps one may be
permitted to return to this fascinating study at some other
time.

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BOOK REVIEWS. POLITICS.

The Labour Party and Bolshevism.

By M. A. HAMILTON.

When Labour Rules. By the Rt. Hon. J. H. THOMAS, M.P. (Collins: 10s. net.)

A Policy for the Labour Party. By J. RAMSAY MACDONALD. **Nationalisation of the Mines.** By FRANK HODGES. **Labour and National Finance.** By PHILIP SNOWDEN. (Parsons, New Era Series: 4s. 6d. each net.)

Causes of International War. By G. LOWES DICKINSON. **Nationalism.** By G. P. GOOCH. **Patriotism and the Super-State.** By J. I. STOCKS. **The Workers' International.** By R. W. POSTGATE. **Germany in Revolution.** By L. E. MATTHAEI. **Economic Imperialism.** By L. S. WOOLF. **Unifying the World.** By G. N. CLARK. (The Swarthmore Press: 2/6 each net.)

The Practice and Theory of Bolshevism. By BERTRAND RUSSELL. (Allen and Unwin: 6s. net.)

There probably never was a party of any kind whose programme did not profess to appeal to all good men: the phenomenon known as *m'enfichisme* in France is due to the disillusionments bred by an experience of the discrepancies between opinions in and out of office. The Labour Party in England at present enjoys the controversial advantage of the untried. Its advocates are free to point out that they will do better than all those who have been tried and found wanting. Of this opportunity they are at present taking a full advantage. And since it is difficult to argue effectively on programmes, their opponents have recourse to the very weak and dangerous device of label-fixing. Since it is pretty obvious that the great mass of the electors of the country are not Bolshevik, the Labour Party is often called Bolshevik, and left at that. But if the electorate, or any considerable proportion thereof, is intelligent enough to find out what Bolshevism is, the weapon used against it may prove a boomerang, and one that carries much further than is safe.

The books selected above have the utility of providing tolerably clear answers to two questions: first, what does the Labour Party profess to stand for, and second what is Bolshevism. If Mr. Ramsay MacDonald represents the Left, and in particular the internationally-minded section of the Labour Party, on the political, as does Mr. Frank Hodges on the industrial side; Mr. J. H. Thomas on either stands for the Right Centre. If Mr. Bertrand Russell's judgment on Bolshevism is unfavourable, his power to see and state what it is, to analyse its content and expound its logic, is unrivalled. There is, as a matter of fact, not much dispute as to his statement, and, for the moment, the question of verdict is subsidiary. What the intelligent citizen wants, *ex hypothesi*, is to have the materials for his own judgment.

Mr. MacDonald's book provides a natural centre for discussion, since he not merely sets out the programme of the Labour Party and its plans for dealing with a series of specific issues, as does Mr. Thomas, but connects this programme with, and derives it from a series of general conceptions. Mr. Thomas is excellent in detail, moderate, eminently reasonable, and animated throughout by a spirit not only of good sense but of toleration and generous humanity. This gives to his book the same persuasive quality and power over the reader that he has again and again shown as a speaker. People on the other side in any issue will always do much to prevent Mr. Thomas from coming into contact with a delegate conference, for no instructions can hold his hearers against the influence his personality exerts, and this influence is perceptible in his book. But the

reader who wants to get the best out of "When Labour Rules" should read it after "A Policy for the Labour Party." The latter has, in high degree, just what the former lacks: architecture. This may be the difference between the Welsh and the Scottish mind. Some people laugh at metaphysics, but one is always being driven back to them, and they must exist in the mind of anyone who is to write a living book on politics.

After a very clear account of the origin of the Labour Party as the result of the action of the Socialist mind, expressed mainly in the Independent Labour Party, on the Trade Unions, and of its present structure, Mr. MacDonald turns to examine its fundamental ideas. He does this in a spirit candid and realistic. The Labour Party is an organisation of workers by hand and brain: its ideals are ideals for the community not for a class, but, like any other living thing, its present state bears the marks of the circumstances of its growth and origin. If a blackcoated prejudice remains it must not be forgotten how assiduously and how long a hob-nailed prejudice was instilled into the minds of its readers by the Press. But "those who are best acquainted with the Labour Party from the inside know that the impetus which it has had from its historical experiences is very much less than that which it has had from its idealism." The Conservative conceives of a feudal, the Liberal of a class society. Of the Labour Party Carlyle, Ruskin and Morris are the spiritual parents, and it is largely from them that it derives its notion of the community of the future as one of service givers, which is the essence of Socialism. It is this which it strives to realise.

Such a change, when accomplished, would represent a revolution, but nothing in Mr. MacDonald's book is abler than his discussion of revolution. He points out that the word is at present used in two senses: to mark the accomplished change or the violent means. To revolution in the latter sense he is inflexibly opposed, as is the Labour Party as a party, but,

Supposing it is true, as I contend in this book, that it is that the relationship between the economic classes of Society requires a drastic readjustment, and that government must be reconsidered in relations to the life and mind of an educated and politically conscious working class, a failure of the existing order to respond, a successful attempt to organise the existing Government interests in opposition, a manipulation of elections on false issues or absurd fears, mean the destruction of Parliament as the organ which expresses the real will of the nation. This will not be the triumph of order and the safety of the community, but the destruction of the one and the confusion of the other. Therefore, the recent attempts of the Prime Minister and some of his subordinates to rouse the unreasoning fears of the nation against the Labour Party on account of its programme, belong not to the forces which protect society, but to those which make it inevitable. In this way, the substance of the proposals for change are not discussed, they are labelled; the transforming thoughts are not assimilated, they are baffled; growth is forbidden and disruption prepared.

The political method, as opposed to the revolutionary method, is only concerned with how society provides for its own necessary growth. On the immediate steps which the Labour Party in power would take towards the realisation of the gradual transformation they desire, what Mr. MacDonald says is amplified, as regards foreign policy, by Mr. J. H. Thomas, who, like him, realises that the Peace Treaty blocks the way to the reconstruction of Europe, that the war with and blockade of Russia is a crime and folly of first magnitude, and that financial imperialism in Mesopotamia, Persia and elsewhere is likely to undermine the actual foundations of our Empire, while the Government's policy in Ireland has undermined its moral claims. On all these questions, grouped together under the head of foreign policy, the reader who really wants to comprehend the real issues cannot do better than consult the admirable series of "International Handbooks" which Mr. G. Lowes Dickinson is editing, and of which the first, by himself, on "Causes of International

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War," and that by Mr. G. P. Gooch on "Nationality" deserve particular recommendation. Next in importance to foreign policy is finance. Mr. Philip Snowden gives an admirably frank elucidation of the sort of Budget a Labour Chancellor would introduce to meet the appalling situation in which the country at present finds itself, and the even more appalling dangers with which it is threatened. His knife is that of the surgeon, but no one can deny that the day of temporary palliatives is over. His proposals are not confiscatory: they simply represent an honest facing of facts, among them the facts that economies on education, public health and housing are economies the community neither can nor should afford. On these things a true economist will spend more not less.

Mr. Hodges' exposition of nationalisation has to do, of course, simply with the question of mines, but the plan he outlines for them is to be taken, *ceteris paribus*, as indicating the lines on which the Labour Party would proceed in establishing the ownership of the community and management by the workers in relation to the other great instruments of production. The Labour Party does not stand for the creation of a huge bureaucracy.

It will be admitted that there is in all this nothing Bolshevik. All the writers quoted lay repeated and specific stress on the Parliamentary method: they accept and believe in democracy, and also in liberty. Their claims are expressly made in the name of the community as a whole, and not of any one class. Ultimately and gradually the economic distinctions between classes will, they hope, disappear: the idle rich at one end, the unemployed poor at the other. But their method is that of a progressive levelling up, effected by the co-operation of all.

What has all this to do with Bolshevism? The Bolsheviks have no use for democracy. They regard liberty as a bourgeois prejudice. They have worked out, on the basis of the most rigid Marxism, a system which they propose to force upon an unwilling majority at the point of the bayonet, and uphold by the dictatorship of a minority. They advocate revolution as a means, with perfect knowledge that it involves a bloody struggle. These points Mr. Russell establishes easily enough from all that has been done and said, from the first, by the leaders in Russia. His account of their actual working out, as he saw it in Russia, is profoundly interesting, but the most valuable and stimulating part of his book is that devoted to the theory rather than the practice of Bolshevism: the grounds on which he rejects it, and the positive counter theory which he sets up in opposition. His analysis of Bolshevism, both in practice and in theory, is brilliant, and the more destructive that he accepts the ultimate ideal to which they claim to have discovered the only road. No one has any right to call himself a Bolshevik or an adherent of the Third International until he has weighed the force of Mr. Russell's arguments: no one has any right to describe as Bolshevik a party like the British Labour Party, which rejects the whole of its methods and tactics: which rejects, as do the writers of all the books referred to in this article, their artificially and unreally simplified analysis of motive and their belief in destruction as the indispensable preliminary to fundamental change. The supreme value of Mr. Russell's book is its clarity, not only of expression but of logical structure. It should be read by everyone who wants to understand the most vital political issue of our time.

But, as was suggested at the beginning, to remove a false label does not necessarily tell us what is in the bottle. The danger of label-sticking, in politics, is that a false label, when proved false, seems to serve as a certificate of character. This, in the case of the Labour Party, as a matter of fact remains to be earned.

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In Chancery. By JOHN GALSWORTHY. (Heinemann: 9s. net.)

Awakening. By JOHN GALSWORTHY, with Illustrations by R. H. SANTER. (Heinemann: 7s. 6d. net.)

There is a general agreement that "A Man of Property" is the finest novel Mr. Galsworthy has written: that he has nowhere else created a world with so much authority and actuality of pressure as the world of the Forsytes; nowhere touched such poignancies as in his handling of the relations between Soames Forsyte, Irene his wife, and Bosinney her lover, killed at the end of that book. Since "The Man of Property" he has written many admirable plays, and a long series of novels, none of which, with the possible exception of "The Country House," showed anything like the same power, while some of them, notably the latest, indicated a real collapse both in inspiration and in manner. It is, therefore, more than a little interesting to find "In Chancery," which takes up the story of Soames and Irene twelve years after the point at which "The Man of Property" left it, and "Awakening"—a very delicate and tender study of little Jose, the son born to Irene in her second marriage to young Jolyon Forsyte as his third wife—with all the old quality. There is evidently something about these people which provides Mr. Galsworthy with an essentially sympathetic medium: sympathetic to his talents, that is to say; for in many respects he disapproves thoroughly of the Forsytes and all they stand for. But his disapproval does not, here, get aesthetically in his way. He is really interested, he understands; among them, in their wealthy, ordered, and despite all external crashes, deeply stable lives, he moves easily, with a mastery, a command over all the resources of his art, which deserts him when describing the war of classes, or the dark uprush of passion. There he is conscientiously investigating, laboriously weighing and checking; here, in that Victorian era which received, almost unawares, a deadly wound from the Boer war, among his well-bred Philistines (even Jolyon, the artist, is a thorough Philistine at heart), he convinces one without effort, and with a far more limited apparatus of exertion, gives one reverberations that really echo. Incidentally, "In Chancery" is a study, and a very fine study, of some of the grosser anomalies of our English divorce laws, but really the imprisonment it investigates is one of a deeper and more subtle kind. Mr. Galsworthy has never done anything better than this analysis of the strange workings, in a mind like that of Soames Forsyte, of his deep, queer, ineradicable feeling for Irene. Love, if what he feels must be called by that name, is with him a desire to possess and to imprison: it works not to liberate but to hold him down more irremediably in his oubliette.

The atmosphere of "In Chancery" is early autumnal. It is so not only or even mainly because the protagonists are middle-aged, but because there is, in the author's attitude, angle of vision, and whole personal atmosphere something middle-aged. And this is felt particularly in his attitude to and handling of youth: whether of extreme youth, as in "Awakening," or youth in its heyday, as in the young people in "In Chancery." About the young, as about dogs,

Mr. Galsworthy quivers with a sensibility that for all its delicacy and tenderness, sometimes falls into sentimentalism. He cannot take youth for granted. He is so busy with the mere fact of it that he gets in his own way.

"Youth and crabbèd age," says the poet, "cannot live together." If he had said youth and middle-age he would have said something at once more interesting, and more true, especially if he had given definition to his idea of middle-age. To all middle terms a certain vagueness attaches, and must attach, but the period I have in mind is that when the individual first accepts the fact that youth is over. Whether he does this with relief, regret, bitterness, distrust or melancholy will depend upon his particular temperament. The common and distinguishing mark of the stage is an extreme consciousness of, and intent interest in, a sense of the immense importance of, the mere fact of youth; as a thing gone from oneself, present in other people. This does not belong to the young. They take youth for granted; sometimes, indeed, with an arrogance that may or may not be pleasing, an assumption that only the young count. But a sense of period, whatever the period be, as having a call to sensibility by the very virtue of that fact—the pathos of youth, of age—this is the mark of spiritual (which may bear no relation to actual) middle-age, and particularly of that middle-age of the zone we know as the Victorian period. It is, essentially a timid point of view. One has only to turn from Mr. Galsworthy to Martin Anderson Nexö to see how timid.

To give any account of the story of "Ditte—Girl Alive" is impossible. It has, in a sense, no "story." Yet the intense vitality animating the simple incidents which run, one after another, like beads on a chain, the unforced truthfulness in every descriptive touch hold one's attention as few plots can. There is a perfect continuity of picture. The child Ditte—she is only at the confirmation stage when we leave her—is presented throughout without one of those sentimentalising traits that nearly always colour novels about the very young. We see and feel her experiences—and no one who has read "Pelle, the Conqueror" needs to be told that we see and feel them with extraordinary vividness and poignancy—as she saw and felt them; we are her, while we read; and because we are her, it does not occur to us until the book is laid down that there is anything particularly touching about her fate. The substance of the story is sad, but its effect is not sad, because its dominant note, as of Pelle, is that of an unshakable and conquering courage. There are incidents that wring one's heart with a pain beyond tears; the death of old Soren is as wonderful, in its different way, as Tolstoi's "Death of Ivan Ilyitch"; but always beyond one's tears one feels, not because one is told to, but because it is implicit in the very substance of the writer's mind, the quality in human beings that enables them to go on, through every suffering, conquering and to conquer. Ditte is "Girl-Alive" always; it is life that communicates itself, not sorrow, as one reads. And this sense of and belief in life is the unforced, unconscious accent of youth.

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The Novelist on Art, Letters and History.

Modern Movements in Painting. By CHARLES MARRIOTT. (Chapman and Hall: 21s. net.)

Memoirs of Life and Literature. By W. H. MALLOCK. (Chapman and Hall: 16s. net.)

The Outline of History. By H. G. WELLS. (Waverley Book Company.)

Since the sudden and brilliant success of "The Column" a long time ago, Mr. Charles Marriott has written a number of novels, all of them interesting, none of them quite satisfactory, but each in its different way bringing the reader into contact with a mind of singular sensitiveness, intelligence and suggestive quality. In many, there appeared among the *dramatis personæ*, artists who stand out among the large number of persons so called in modern novels by virtue of the fact that they invariably impose conviction. The artist in fiction is too apt to be a person with a temperament (in other words an insufficient power of self-control), and a studio (convenient for assignations). But Mr. Marriott's artists really paint, and paint with their heads as well as with their hands; their painting is, as, after all, is the case in real life, not the least but the most important fact about them.

One is, therefore, prepared to find a book by him on "Modern Movements in Painting" both interesting and thoroughly well informed. Not only does he know what he is talking about, he has the sort of knowledge that make his book a real book, and not either a catalogue *raisonné*, manifesto, or scrap-book. It is shaped by a general view of his own, a view that is thoroughly worked out and genuinely vitalising. A volume which contains so many admirable reproductions, and so much first-rate criticism of individual painters and paintings, covering all the various -isms that have arisen as part of the reaction from Impressionism, has an immediate appeal; but Mr. Marriott's readers will find that he gives them more to chew than this. He makes a contribution to one of the most fascinating problems of our times: the problem of the arts and of the artist in the modern world. And, like William Morris, he refuses to consider either arts or artists as existing in any sort of separation from life.

Is the artist a peculiar, and, therefore, isolated creature, in a world of men mostly different from himself, from whom, both for joy and sorrow, he is separated by the possession of a special faculty not shared by them: a being from some points of view of extraordinary value, but, just because of that, unassimilable in the social plexus? Or is the awareness which, as this view separates him, really a quality he shares, in greater degree or less, with a vast number of human beings from whom his distinction lies in the conditions of his particular craft? Mr. Marriott clearly and decidedly takes the latter view. For him, the artist is a man like other men, but a craftsman. His medium determines the form of his expression. By far the most personal thing about him is his handling of it. The notion of a "mute inglorious Milton" is, really, a contradiction in terms: Milton is Milton by virtue of his expressiveness in a particular medium, of his literary craftsmanship.

Mr. Marriott's argument is, obviously, one that will stir

much controversy. As a general theory it has conspicuously the merit of covering not only the art of painting, to which it is more particularly addressed, but the other arts as well, and here he certainly has the advantage of Mr. Clive Bell, who was really unable, in his brilliantly provocative volume, to fit literature in. But to pursue it would take one too far. Suffice it to say that he has written a book that is, on every page, stimulating and suggestive.

Whether or no one agrees with him, Mr. Marriott's treatment goes to the very centre of this matter. This central quality of his gives to the transition from his remarks on literature to those of Mr. W. H. Mallock, sound and just as they are in themselves, the quality rather of a cold douche. Mr. Mallock's "Memoirs" have a very real charm; indeed, since "The New Republic" he has written nothing at once so agreeable and so able. But the mind one accompanies through them is essentially Victorian, to a degree that gives precision and definition to one's ideas of what that term implies. It refers not only to the people whom Mr. Mallock knew, to the ordered and comfortable world in which he moved, but to the whole angle of mind and principle of vision. Why, however, trouble about this when Mr. Mallock, taking one by the hand, leads one through a scene that has so much of real entertainment to offer? The book is full of the most delightful stories, not only of Jowett, of Swinburne, Pater, Arnold, and the world of "The New Republic," but of the men and women of all sorts whom Mr. Mallock met in society and on his travels. Some of the best of them centre round various members of the Lytton family. Rosina, wife of the first Lord, was evidently a lady of dangerous wit. Lord Lytton was in London: she having been left in the country, wrote to propose joining him. He at once replied begging her not to do so, but to leave him a little longer in the enjoyment of philosophic solitude. "When I heard that," so she confided to a friend, "I set off for London instantly, and there I found him with Philosophic Solitude, in white muslin, on his knee." Delightful, too, is the story of Ouida's appearance at Knebworth.

That a novelist should write interesting memoirs will surprise only those who accept the hard and fast distinction, which Mr. Mallock justly rejects, sometimes drawn between literature and action. He is himself, of course, a politician and sociologist as well as novelist; so is Mr. H. G. Wells, and that his qualifications for writing history are very high indeed can surprise none of his readers. Attention has already been drawn in TIME AND TIDE to the qualities of his "Outline of History." A word may, however, perhaps be added in recommendation of the Waverley edition, which in addition to the author's corrections and Rail-charts, included in the Reader's edition, has the further attraction of a magnificent series of plates in colour photogravure and black and white. The book is wonderful, and in this form its most salient merits leap to the eye as well as to the mind.

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Our Family Affairs. By E. F. BENSON. (Cassell: 16s. net.)

The Autobiography of Margot Asquith. (Thornton Butterworth: 25s. net.)

By ROSE MACAULAY.

The stimulating business of living, for most of us quite or more than enough in itself, exercises on others of us a strange impulsion to write about it. Under this impulsion, many of us emit imagined stories about the improbable lives of invented characters, but this is not a really satisfactory or full-blooded way of gratifying the exhibitionist impulse. Some more direct and courageous persons there will always be who plunge boldly into the re-living of their stimulating past (and whose past is not stimulating to its owner, if to no-one else?) by means of the printed word. It is a method which has many advantages (other than financial) over vocal narration; a far wider public is thereby informed of the "secrets and sensations" of your life and of the lives of your friends; and, best of all, there is no-one to check the exuberance of your revelations, as did the bored priest in the confessional, with a firm "No details, please." So it is a satisfactory pastime for the exhibitionist. It is, further, the most pitiless test conceivable of many qualities of character, but more particularly of that delicate gift, innate and acquired, which we call breeding.

Mr. E. F. Benson emerges well from this test. There is nothing in his book (which, however, with the material at his command, might have been much better done) about which we feel "He should have left that out, in the interests of decency, truth, or good feeling"; nothing that can hurt, jar or affront. His sins, indeed, are mainly those of omission. It is disappointing, for instance, in a book by a Benson about his family, to find so scanty a description of the grown-up lives of himself and his interesting brothers and sisters, and none at all of his stimulating uncles and cousins. A few Sidgwicks and Wilsons in the book would have been welcome; and there might have been far more about both Arthur and Hugh Benson. The later careers of the writer and his brothers might with advantage have taken the place of the too elaborate description of the public school world, which is, after all, familiar to most people. On the other hand, the picture of the Archi-Episcopal home life, illuminated by an entrancing mother and gay with the high spirits of cheerful children, which even the loved but feared father could not oppress, is delightful and entertaining. The pity is that Mr. Benson breaks off in the year 1895, just after he had commenced author. An account, in the same pleasant, if not profound, vein of his subsequent social and literary life, would have been agreeable. It would have been perhaps superficial, but it would have been funny without being vulgar, and, since Mr. Benson is a writer, it would have been good reading.

Mrs. Asquith, who is not a writer, is vulgar without being funny. She writes, in the unliterary and slipshod style of the servants' hall or of the very worst women novelists (it comes to much the same thing) about well-known people, their intimate affairs, their sayings, doings and habits, as these struck an averagely intelligent and singularly insensitive and inaccurate mind. Mrs. Asquith is one of the many brilliant talkers whose brilliance evaporates between pen and paper. She cannot write a sentence vividly or tell a story well. There is neither wit, wisdom nor humour in her written words. She presents the oddest pictures of people, pictures at variance

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Few forms of literature are more fascinating than the art of reminiscence, and Mr. Mallock's "Memoirs of Life and Literature" is one of the most popular books of the autumn season. It has received columns of praise, and is selling steadily. The first edition is nearly exhausted and a second large edition is in the press. In "They Went" and "Memoirs of Life and Literature" Messrs. Chapman and Hall have certainly published two of the most important books of the year.

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The author of "Children of No Man's Land" has followed up her last success with a powerful new novel. "Larry Munro" is a disturbing tale. "A strange and remarkable novel," the *Sunday Chronicle* called it, and went on to say that much of it was "macabre and morbid." The *Daily Sketch* was also a little frightened, feeling that it was "beyond the power of delicacy and brilliance to make such a theme pleasant." But both reviewers could not deny that they were powerfully affected by Miss G. B. Stern's dramatic handling of a series of very difficult situations. "Larry Munro" will be the subject of much discussion during the next few months. Is it possible for a woman to train a dead admiral's son into her own lover?

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with all that their friends knew of them. This is, no doubt, as has in several cases been proved, often mere reckless and unscrupulous inaccuracy (to give it a kind name); but more often it seems to rise from an insensitive inapprehensiveness, an intellectual incompetence, a failure to see finely and truly or imagine deeply. Mrs. Asquith has not (why, after all, should she have?) the good novelist's equipment of insight and true presentment. She can say that "so-and-so" made a remark; but one is never convinced that he made it; it is not even *ben trovato*, as a rule. As to her vision of herself, it is very probably as distorted as her view of others. The character which emerges in this very revealing book does not, anyhow, tally with her own detailed self-analysis, and it is instructive to compare the two. Mrs. Asquith believes herself to have reticences; a very interesting and typical example of a mistake commonly made by only slightly educated minds. Perhaps, after all, lack of education is the fundamental difference between this autobiographer and many others. Egotism is common to the race; but education gives the art of repression and concealment which makes the egotist tolerable.

Education fences the writer or talker about with inhibitions; he may imply compliments paid to himself, but he cannot reproduce them at length in printed private letters; he may portray his friends, but he cannot give them away with both hands; he may, if he likes, recount the most sacred, intimate and tragic episodes, relationships, and interviews in his own life, but it must be delicately, behind a literary veil; he cannot do it in naked words, with names and dates as per diary. Mrs. Asquith, by the way, seems to have kept one of the most remarkable diaries ever written; what a fatiguing end it must have been to an already full day! How different from the rest of us, who merely record the dates and details of future engagements in our pocket books! These diaries of hers are, indeed, the measure of her absorption in the reactions of life on herself, as distinguished from an interested watching of its stream flowing by. It is this first and last reference of all things, all persons, all events, to herself, which gives the book its special quality of unhealthy narrowness. She will quote, at length, a quite dull letter from someone merely because it contains a compliment to herself. She had the unfortunate habit of sending round her manuscripts to eminent persons, who replied with the necessary courtesy, and are ill rewarded for it by having their letters here reproduced. This kind of thing is enough to make most people careful what they write and to whom. Even intimate letters of sympathy in grief are not guarded from publication by what Mrs. Asquith calls "the reticences of the soul." Such reticences do not, in fact, for her exist. One cannot blame her for it; some people are made in one way and some in another. It is largely a question of inherited taste. After all, why not tell everything, if one likes? But, having done that, one should perhaps stop there. Mrs. Asquith does not stop anywhere; she tells all, and (it has transpired) considerably more than all. Is this, perhaps, only a question of taste, too? Probably. Most of life's inhibitions come down in the end to that. Taste will have the last word. There are, possibly, those who will even like this book.

Forgotten Realms. By BOHUN LYNCH. (Collins: 9s. net.)

A Case in Camera. By OLIVER ONIONS. (Arrowsmith: 7s. 6d. net.)

The Valley of Indecision. By CHRISTOPHER STONE. (Collins: 9s. net.)

There is a poem by Edward Thomas called "The Other," in which one man follows, from place to place, another unknown to him but strangely resembling him.

"I travelled fast, in hopes I should
Outrun that other. What to do
When caught, I planned not. I pursued

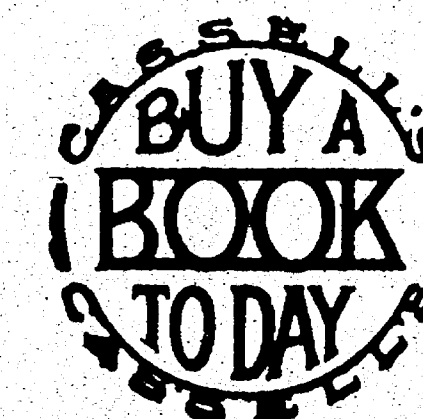
To prove the likeness, and, if true,
To watch myself until I knew . . .
He goes: I follow: no release
Until he ceases. Then I also shall cease."

This is the central theme of Mr. Bohun Lynch's new book; only in the pursuit of his hero there is less intention and more fatality. The likeness, indefinable and evanescent, was less physical than of the spirit, created out of the passionate longing of his mother for the father of the other man, who was born on the same day and was, in a sense, his spiritual twin. The book is concerned with the reverberations in Philip Gage's life, from its unconscious beginnings to its culmination of complete awareness, of this passion of his mother's. His childhood had been a quest for the perfect companion, the playmate of his own age, who was that boy of whom he had never heard. He had his mother's reactions to certain places, to certain horrors, which were born in him of her experiences and memories. He was himself, and yet, too, another and mysterious self, a personality not his own, which could not merge fully with his own until the bodily cessation of that other identity so strangely kin to him. "Again—the old question of his childhood—what was self?"

The story is of Philip's discovery of his past and his present, of the meaning which had always haunted his life, during a few days' walking tour. "I'll go for a walk by myself and see things," he tells his wife. What he sees, piece by piece, step by step, is the forgotten realm of consciousness from early childhood onwards, until at last it yields him its secret and he understands. The thing is worked out with extraordinary beauty and delicacy. The lack of action in the book, the continuous introspection and retrospection, may at hasty reading give an impression of over-elaboration, of detail without climax. But, read carefully and word by word, it weaves a design no thread of which could be spared. We are given Philip's consciousness. Philip's discoveries and adventures of the soul, with a fined beauty and completeness which is oddly remote from the normal impressionistic, jumpy manner of the present moment, and which derives rather from Pater than from the twentieth century. The effect is of poetry. It conveys, like poetry, the foreground of the hot summer country, vivid in sensuous detail, and the background of tentatively explored mystic worlds not realised; it is, like poetry, charged with unspoken meanings. It has, perhaps, here and there, too wordy an extension of a thought or point or scene; but that, after all, means merely that we are seeing with Philip's eyes, thinking things out as he thought them out. Mr. Lynch is, as he showed in "The Tender Conscience," an adept at the presentment of a gradual psychological discovery. He is also, and this is his rarest and most distinctive gift, a very beautiful and excellent writer of English. "Forgotten Realms" is not for every taste; but those who appreciate it—and so on. One may begin such clichés, but one need not finish them. All the same, they have their uses.)

"A Case in Camera" is not Mr. Oliver Onions at his best. But then, that is to say a very great deal. Most of us would be glad to be Mr. Onions at his worst. He has written now an ingenious mystery story, turning on a peculiar arrangement in domestic architecture, which, he tells us, actually exists, and which obviously so much interested and intrigued him when he heard of it that he felt impelled to write a book round it. Far be it from the present reviewer to say that a really good mystery story is beneath any writer, even the

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We regret that, owing to pressure on space, we are obliged to hold over Theatre Notes for this week's issue.

author of "Widdershins," "Good Boy Seldom" and "Little Devil Doubt," who is one of our most brilliant, and, unfortunately, least frequently productive novelists. But this is not a really good mystery story. The book in general is not worthy of the ingenuity of the central conception. The crime seems, even when fully explained, improbable in the circumstances, and its effect on the characters of the book is unconvincing. There is also rather more talking to and fro and round about the mystery than it warrants; too many people are agitated about it. And there is no character in the book on which Mr. Onions has expended very much trouble. His breezy youth, Chummy Smith, is real and likely enough; we all know scores of him; but it does not take Mr. Onions' power and subtlety to draw this cheery and refreshing type. The other people concerned are too lightly touched in to be much more than mouthpieces for speculations on the supposed crime. Of course, since it is by Mr. Onions, the book is well written, and has its dramatic moments, and a sense of comedy, tragedy and humour. And there is nothing ludicrously improbable about it, as there has been in some recent crime stories. It is obviously a lightly-thrown-off thing, written mainly to amuse its author, and with no attempt on his part to exert his ordinary strength. So let it pass for a quite readable book, which leaves us still waiting for Mr. Onions' next real piece of work.

"The Valley of Indecision" is a curious, rather indeterminate book. It is difficult to be sure what Major Stone intended by it—whether, for instance, Peter Curragh's self-dedication to a life of evangelical preaching was meant to be due to gas-poison lingering in the system, which was his uncle the General's solution of it, or to the adventuring faith of youth in a new and better world. Peter is not really fully analysed, and not, one suspects, fully conceived. Nor is his mother, nor the other women in the book. His uncle and his friend the Colonel are, on the other hand, excellently drawn, with humour, detachment and insight. There are some irrelevances and tediums in the book (such as the furniture shop and its employees) and some crudities and weaknesses. It is not so strong a piece of work as Major Stone's earlier book, "Scars"; but the central idea is interesting, and the author has plenty to say, though he does not seem to get it all said.

Poems. 1901 to 1918. By WALTER DE LA MARE. (Constable: 27s. net)

Collected Poems. By EDWARD THOMAS. (Selwyn and Blount: 10s. 6d. net.)

It is not clear why the publishers should have eschewed chronology in this collection of Mr. de la Mare's poems; why the first volume should not have begun with the "Songs of Childhood" and the second ended with "Motley." As it is, the first volume includes the poems of 1906, 1912 and 1918. The 1906 collection contains some of Mr. de la Mare's least characteristic poems—the Descriptive Pieces, the Characters from Shakespeare and the Sonnets. Reading these brings home forcibly the extraordinary impress of personality that stamps nearly every line, all but every phrase, of most of his other work. Of nearly every poem it would be true to say that no one else could have written it. And this is due to no twisting of phrase or curiousness of gesture: it is merely that he sees everything, homely and visionary, earthly and ghostly, simple and subtle, from his own angle; sees it strangely,

eerily, as through a thin film of enchantment. To read him is like stepping inside a fairy ring. "A song of enchantment I sang me there . . ." The horns of elfland sound not only through the whimsical fairy poems, but through most of the graver and more profoundly imagined verse. It seldom loses that uncanny magic touch; only on rare occasions it breaks out of the ring by sheer weight of imaginative passion, and seems to stand on commoner, more solid earth, no less beautiful, but, as it were, more tangible. Some of "Motley" is of this nature—mystic, beautiful, profound, but steeped rather in the loveliness of reality than in the eerie charm of dream. It is, no doubt, an inevitable maturing from the gay or sinister magic of the "Songs of Childhood," which chime in the ear like the delicate, stuffless lilting of far-away silver bells. And yet there are poems in "Peacock Pie," published two years ago, which have this chiming magic still. But "Motley," the last collection, has little of it; and such unearthly note as sounds there suggests less fairies than ghosts. It is as if the writer saw continually life's loveliness trembling into death. He gets deeper, in some of the poems in this last section, into the heart of the beauty of life than in most of the earlier verse, but it is the exquisite, still, evanescently burning beauty that is haunted always, like the golden loveliness of autumn woods, by the sorrow of its end, by the worse tragedy of fading and decay.

"Even Fortune leads to this,
Harsh or kind, at last she is
Murderess of all ecstasies."

The ecstasy of beauty and the grief for its end lift much of "Motley" to a higher poetic and emotional level than all but a few of the earlier poems.

There is in it more profundity and subtlety of thought, more strength. But in lyrical exquisiteness, charming ear and sense and imagination, nothing in it beats the most musical poems in "The Listeners," and nothing equals the extraordinary enchantment of that marvellous poem itself. You cannot analyse that enchantment or any other in this book and pick it to pieces like a flower. You may say that each word falls lightly and rightly and softly into place, so that the effect is as of golden leaves twirling to earth in clear, windless air. You may analyse stress, cadence and rhythm and their delicate interaction with meaning. You may see the picture behind the words, and appreciate the exquisite precision of its transmission; and when all this is done you are not much further; there remains the undefinable, inalienable something which is the spirit of poetry, and which makes of three sounds not a fourth sound but a star. This witchery pervades rhymes about ogres, dwarfs on island, old women picking blackberries, sailors, hares, witches, fairies and farmers, no less than profoundly emotional poetry such as "Dust to Dust," "For all the grief," "Shadow," and "The Sunken Garden." It is shown so diversely that one hardly can say that it is this poet's métier to write in one vein rather than in another. He seems to be able to weave his particular clear twilight magic of any substance, tangible or intangible, grotesque or grave. He has his strange, lucid, mysterious world behind the worlds we know, (and yet it is in a sense the world we know best of all), and all the images and objects which he draws from the concrete world are therein transmuted into something dim and clear as dreams. Passion becomes rarefied, exquisite, sharply lovely and sad; the earth a strange, beautiful, unapprehended ball peopled with goblins, pilgrims and strangers, yet redolent, too, of

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AIR AND ETHICS.

MADAM,—It was with great regret that I read the article on "Air and Ethics" in your issue of November 12. The policy advocated therein is one of unpreparedness, surely the most likely to bring about another war. If it be unwise to provide an effective Air Force it is equally so to maintain a Navy or an Army, yet without the power of resisting force by force the nation could not long survive. Those who remember the air raids—even if they have no experience outside England—can surely appreciate the significance of an aerial offensive and the value of our hard-won aerial supremacy; perhaps they can even guess the danger to our armies had that supremacy been in other hands.

It is true that in peace, aircraft has not yet come into its own; those who have experienced the conveniences of aerial travel are not many, and the unexperienced may criticise as, not long ago, their predecessors criticised the development of trains and of motors, of telegraphs and telephones.—Yours faithfully,

H. C. I. GWYNNE-VAUGHAN.

earthy fragrance. Mr. de la Mare never simply, as so many poets do, describes natural beauties as we all see them; his is the creator's business of world making. That he has not yet built up in this world of his creation or elucidation a longer, more sustained imaginative poetic drama means partly, no doubt, that his gift is mainly lyrical or ballad. When or if he does so, it will be interesting to see whether his world retains its exquisite intactness round a more elaborate structure, and, if it does not, what new method he will achieve. For reading the last-written poems in this collection leaves one with a sense of unbounded expectancy for the future.

Edward Thomas dealt with no fairy or mystic world. He is a poet of the homely, natural, lovely earth, tough and sweet and fragrant. He writes of barns, apple trees, dead stoats, ploughing, birds and their nests, tramps on the road and at the inn. He finds so much beauty to his hand, sees so much more beauty unattainably fleeting ahead of him, that he needs and uses no magic wand to deepen the enchantment. His part is to elucidate and record, to see and to set the vision before us.

"It is enough

To smell, to crumble the dark earth. . . ."

With a technique often rough and ready, a verse loosely knit and sometimes shambling, yet often extraordinarily beautiful to ear and mind, he paints his clear, delicate, vivid pictures, makes us see, hear and smell them in every lucid detail, as in "After Rain," when

"The leaflets out of the ash-tree shed

Are thinly spread,

In the road, like little black fish, inlaid. . . ."

Behind his passionate dwelling on the beauty at hand there is always his almost bitterly impatient pursuit of its flying feet, "I cannot bite the day to the core." Yet the day in itself, with its "twelve hours' singing for the bird," its sun and its rain, is joy enough, a frame for as much of "the lovely visible earth and sky and sea" as a man may absorb between dawn and dusk. Absorbing it, he transmutes it, as even the most objective poet must, or rather, perhaps, clarifies it, so that it shines before us, new-washed, rain-sweet, singing, wind-blown.

"Forget, men, everything

On this earth newborn,

Except that it is lovelier

Than any mysteries.

Open your eyes to the air

That has watched the eyes of the stars

Through all the dewy night. . . ."

Yet he knows, too, behind the rejoicing earth,

"the unfathomable deep

Forest where all must lose

Their way, however straight. . . ."

In a very real sense he is a mystic. He knows fear and wonder, the beauty and the terror of the unseen impinging on the seen. He knows, too, pity and tragedy and grief and love. For all his joy in beauty, he is not a happy poet.

"However many hills I climbed over,
Peace would still be farther."

It has been said of him that he is not musical or melodious to the ear, and, indeed, he has often a touch of uncouth roughness in his verse. It is not smooth nor polished. But it has a haunting music of its own; it can lilt like the wind in trees, and its running has often the swinging rhythm of the road. It has a stark strength, unweakened by adjectives. It is not, like Mr. de la Mare's, enchanted music; it was, perhaps, when he died, still stumbling after more perfect expression. But it is impossible to think that he had not attained the distinctive form through which he could best say what he had to say; spirit and body are here in living accord.

"NUNC DIMITTIS."

By M. E. ROACH.

A DAINTY muslin cap, with crimped borders, tied under the chin; a soft, beautifully white shawl fastened with a bow of lavender ribbon; pink and white cheeks such as the modern girl with her powder-puff will never know; steel-blue eyes holding the wisdom of the seventy-nine years to their credit, eyes which seem to say that the bed-ridden old lady is still a power.

Nurse, with a smile that has become mechanical during seven years' nursing of what she calls "chronics," brings in a luncheon tray and letters. Nurse Evans, rather against her principles, is getting very fond of her present patient.

Mrs. Gough has twice read her letters through, and is eating her steamed whitening with more concentration than its unemotional appearance seems to demand. The letters, restored to their envelopes, are on the eiderdown: the first informs Mrs. Gough that her cousin, Mrs. Emily Rosanna Little, has left her the sum of £100 free of legacy duty; the second tells Darling Granny that the new chicks are just the sweetest bundles of golden fluff, and if things were not so horrid in every way, and it's no use talking of economising, because one has to live even if the working classes do want to ruin the world, Jim could go to the Staff College, but it's no use thinking of an extra £200, goodness knows."

Jim is the darling of Granny's heart. Only she knows how his long, lean face and deepset eyes bring back the other Jim, killed in India five years before the baby Jim was born.

Nurse Evans has carried away the tray, administered the tonic, and is shading the windows in preparation for the afternoon rest before Mrs. Gough says a word.

"Nurse, when you go out would you kindly ask Smith to send me the *Financial Times* each week until I cancel the order?"

"Now, whatever are you going to take in that for?" asks Nurse with some reason.

"I contemplate making an investment," the old lady vouchsafes with dignity.

Week by week for one whole month the *Financial Times* is read and studied with the utmost care.

One week Mrs. Gough thought of asking help from the Vicar, only to decide against it on the grounds that "elderly people like the Vicar usually recommend a safe investment at 2½ per cent."

Letters were written and received, a spark of the excitement that only gamblers know lighted up Granny's face, her pulse grew stronger, yet she slept less than before.

Nurse Evans had begun to talk of "Getting you out for a drive before you are a week older," when Granny asked for a pen and paper for the last time.

The old lady's first and last gamble had succeeded, and she wrote to Jim enclosing a cheque for £200, "To take you to the Staff College, and God bless you, my dear boy."

"See that it goes to-night, Nurse," and Mrs. Gough turned on her side, closed her brave eyes, from which the light of the past few weeks was fading, and murmured her "Nunc Dimittis":

"Thank God, I've had one good gamble before I died."

MAN.

Man in deep sleep delves in a mine,
A stone among the stones,
Moving the masses that lay still,
A dim vague mass that moans.

When Man's adream upon the earth,
He seeks a beast to ride,
But, oh, the form that fights and fears,
Is but a beast astride!

When Man's awake, he's in the sky,
A big, white, hovering Dove!
Wide-spread, cloud-wings a soft cross make,
The Spirit-cross of Love.

FLORENCE M. BRADFORD.

HIS LADY LOVE.

By E. E. HELME.

PERHAPS her beauty may have been just a trifle faded, but then 7.30 a.m. is not the most becoming hour at which to make acquaintance with a lady, however

lovely, who has left first youth behind her, nor does the station yard of King's Cross provide a flattering background.

Yet there was something about her gentle dignity which appealed to me at once. It was hardly the regularity of features, the shapely nose, the large brown eyes, but rather the softness of expression, touched now and then by an engaging vivacity, which moved me most. The tale of advancing years was told without the touch of grey in her hair; there was a pensive air of self-suppression about her which spoke of terrible things witnessed, troublous times lived through by a simple courage which never tried to probe into a dark future.

To my advances she responded with quiet politeness, too great a lady to show boredom even if enthusiasm were lacking, but one lightest word from the man of her heart beside her sent a radiancy into her face, a responsive joy which animated her whole being, and for the moment chased away the sadness of her expression. Small wonder that he gazed at her admiringly, that he bent down even as we whirled away down the Euston Road to whisper caresses in her ear. I leaned back in the car behind them, and perhaps I should have been less than human not to feel envious of that man. It must be good to earn devotion like that—to be counted worthy of the adoring eyes which his lady fixed upon him.

"Yes, she's a good pal she is; sat beside me for three years when I was driving lorries in France. Don't feel as if I could drive without her now, I don't. Very kind of you, but it ain't no good you fetching her a lump of sugar; she don't eat it. Now then, old gal, out of my seat you go, and we can get on again. Can't stop talking to a fare all day."

And the taxi-driver, with the double row of ribbons on his coat, drove off with his Irish terrier bitch beside him, her tail wagging in delight at the removal of my luggage. He is welcome to the ribbons. I can produce something in that way myself. But his dog, with her adoring brown eyes! The man must have felt it worth winning the war just to bring her back safely.

MUSIC.

A Great Ballad Singer.

By CHRISTOPHER ST. JOHN.

THE term "ballad" is now used so loosely that I thought I had better look up the word in the Oxford Dictionary before I gave Miss Jean Sterling Mackinlay the title of "ballad-singer." The result was not very illuminating. "Ballad. Simple song, especially sentimental composition of several verses each sung to the same melody with accompaniment merely subordinate." I quarrel with that "especially sentimental." The description applies to the "drawing-room" ballad, which we hear at ballad-concerts at the present day, but surely not to the old English ballads which used to be sung at St. Giles's in the early parts of the eighteenth century. The ballad is essentially simple, but it is not essentially sentimental. It can be grave or gay, humorous or tragic, so long as it tells some sort of story and puts before us some dramatic situation. Ballads were originally sung without any accompaniment, and for their proper interpretation a special art was needed—an art in which a good voice and a good ear were only first principles. The ballad-singers could not have interested their hearers in verse after verse sung to the same melody unless they had possessed considerable dramatic talent.

I am quite sure that Miss Mackinlay could face the audiences which used to gather at the yearly festivals at St. Giles's and hold her own with the old ballad-singers. She has a racy, colloquial style and amazing variety. Considering how many years she has been giving recitals in London and the provinces it would not be wonderful if she repeated old successes too often. But she shows great alertness and energy in finding new material, and her audiences have a greater number of "repeaters" than her programmes. At her last recital I noticed the same old familiar faces. The English public may be slow, but they are damnably faithful. Their fidelity to Miss Mackinlay is the more remarkable because there is undeniably something "queer" about her. She is always reminding me of that Baconian definition: "In all excellent beauty there is a certain strangeness in the proportion." This "strangeness" is in her voice, her movements, her garments, never obviously appropriate, her sentiment, her fun. The old people who attend her recitals rustle in their seats with pleasurable anticipation when in response to an encore she announces "Caller Herrin'," but the bitter irony which she puts into the familiar ballad brings to their faces an expression akin to that of a person who has taken hold of the handles of an electric battery and finds the galvanic shock too strong. Because Miss Mackinlay is a very great actress—the stage's loss has been the concert-room's gain—she is at her best in a ballad which gives scope for the art of impersonation. At her last recital, on the 13th, she had such material in Walford Davies's "This ae Nighte," in which she transformed herself, with no other visible aid than a shawl over her head, into an ancient crony singing a wake dirge over a corpse. The mystical vein running through her imagination was evident in her treatment of the refrain, "And Christ receive thy soul." A great quiet descended on the hall. For a few moments we were all on heights that "the soul is competent to gain." Miss Mackinlay has been singing that impressive moral ballad, "Death

and the Lady," for years, yet she has not departed by a hair's breadth from the simplicity of her original rendering of it. I like her best in her austere mood. In the gay mood I find her at times too restless, over anxious to make more points than the song can bear. All the more commendable was her restraint in a group of songs by sixteenth-century composers. She let the lovely old words here take their own way, only interposing a gloss or two where glossary was needed. The place of Mr. Harcourt Williams, whose recitations are usually a feature of Miss Mackinlay's concerts, was taken by a boy singer, Master Norman Walter, whose blithe carolling was attractive enough, but his choice of songs was not very happy. A boy who is young enough to warble in a sweet soprano voice cannot be expected to give significance to reflections on masculine infidelity and feminine lamentations over it, yet at least three of Master Walter's songs were occupied with such subjects.

At Josef Hofmann's third recital I was struck afresh by his variety of tone. In his hands the pianoforte becomes another instrument, one which in an important respect reminds me of the harpsichord. The harpsichord rejoices in the possession of mechanical stops which enable the player to create different sound values. Hofmann has such stops in his fingers, and through the use of them he weaves a tapestry of sound which is as unlike the two or three tones produced by most pianists as real tapestry is unlike a poster printed in three colours. This method, beautiful as it is, has one disadvantage. When the music cries out for a rapid and decisive change from one colour to another Hofmann still pursues his meticulous path of transition. Mr. Arthur Rubinstein, who gave a recital at the Wigmore Hall on Thursday last week, goes to work in an absolutely different way. He is a more limited pianist than Hofmann, but he can beat him at the game of vivid contrasts. Mr. Rubinstein belongs to the new school of instrumentalists who abhor "sentiment." He played César Franck's Prelude, Chorale and Fugue with a very fine appreciation of its musical body, and with a very complete disregard of its mystical soul. He played Chopin's Barcarolle as if the Romanticists ought to be shown the folly of their ways. Having polished off the classics with relentless power, he proceeded to give us examples of the newest work of the new composers. One group of these was devoted to compositions for two pianofortes, and it was an error in judgment to include three "Valse Romantiques" by Chabrier among them, as however interesting they may be to play, they are not interesting to hear. Some trifles by Mdlle. Germaine Taillefer, who was at the second piano, are brilliantly written. The amount of cleverness in the scoring—a riot of ingenuity in harmonies, intricate rhythms and colour schemes—is out of all proportion to the triviality of the ideas expressed, but to complain of that is to frame an indictment against the whole modern school of musical thought. Prokofiev's pieces, which came at the end of Mr. Rubinstein's long programme, struck me as very clever and very ugly. One was appropriately called "Suggestion Diabolique." Some of the moderns may be right in thinking that there is music in hell as well as in heaven. There is no reason to suppose that Lucifer and his choirs of angels lost their musical talents when they fell. Manuel de Falla's dance, which brought the recital to an end, has the fierce energy and magnificent rhythm which distinguished the composer's ballet, "The Three-Cornered Hat." As one of Mr. Rubinstein's strong points is the power to sustain a marked rhythm, he played nothing better than this

IN THE TIDEWAY.

In a happy phrase "The Times" sums up the Minister of Health. Discussing and very rightly condemning Dr. Addison's latest legislative effort, the Ministry of Health (Miscellaneous Provisions) Bill, "The Times" says "the Bill seems to be the product of a mind like a rag-bag." It is.

The treatment that this absurd, and, what is much worse, mischievous Bill received in the Commons reflects outside opinion. Out of 25 clauses 14 are already dropped, and a very adaptable attitude foreshadowed for the passage of the Bill in Committee. One can only suppose that someone with extraordinarily effective power has some tenacious admiration for Dr. Addison. There would seem to be no other explanation of his present occupation.

Scientists have now their "Union," the National Union of Scientific Workers. On Saturday of last week they protested vigorously against the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research, alleging that public funds paid for the Research, but that "private, profit-seeking monopolies" gathered the benefits, the public receiving no share. This is a new spirit among scientists, and perhaps a more practical one. The accepted view of scientists engaged in research is that his, or her, joy is in the actual discoveries made, the practical application of them to everyday life not interesting them. The turning of a great intelligence to application should be beneficial.

Watching the new film of the National Clean Milk Society, one soon begins to wonder whether a few million microbes more or less in the milk (like pounds in the Budget) matter so very much. Certainly, in this transitory life, so full of risks and accidents and exposure to microbes, the care bestowed in the production of Grade A Certified Milk seems almost morbid. And then how soon will the next medical expert be telling us that a certain familiarity with microbes is an excellent thing, perhaps the only way of attaining immunity from disease?

A statement by Dame Margaret Lloyd George to the effect that she never said that she preferred to be called "Mrs." rather than "Dame Margaret" proves the writer of "Personalities and Powers" in last week's issue of TIME AND TIDE to have been deceived, in good company, by an imaginative reporter. Such a distinction seemed inconsistent with the acceptance of the honour.

The chance of a job in the Crimea under Wrangel, if not elected in the Wrekin Division, which was before General Townshend, cannot now be considered to amount to much, and the official Coalition support seems to have been a baseless rumour. General Townshend will have to try again.

THE MINUTE HAND.

NOVEMBER 8.

Of the vacancies notified during the summer months to the *Employment Exchanges*, 68 per cent. were filled during June, 70 per cent. during July, and 74 per cent. during August.

A further extension to March 31, 1921, of the *out of work donation* is announced by the Ministry of Labour. This further grant applies, like the present scheme, also to ex-Service women and merchant seamen, the rates being 20s. a week for men and 15s. a week for women.

NOVEMBER 9.

Amongst those nominated by the Prime Minister to be *Trustees of the Imperial War Museum* under the Act of 1920 is the Hon. Lady Norman, O.B.E.

NOVEMBER 10.

The latest figures of *employees of the Navy and Army Canteen Board* are as follows:—Women, 2,644; civilian men, 1,479; ex-Service men, 1,815. The corresponding figures for April 1 were:—Women, 3,118; civilian men, 1,978; ex-Service men, 1,649. Sir A. Williamson also stated that the policy of giving *preference to ex-Service men* is being pursued by the Board, but in certain departments and as waitresses in the coffee-bar trade the *work is more suitable for women*. "I should like to add," he said, "that the service of women in the work has markedly raised the standards of tone and comfort in the canteens."

NOVEMBER 12.

Princess Christian opened at 81, Lancaster Gate the first of the Helena Residential Clubs for *women working or training* in London. Of the 50 beds available, 25 will be reserved for ex-Service women.

NOVEMBER 13.

Mr. Norman Macdermott announces that unless more subscribers give financial support the *Everyman Theatre* at Hampstead will have to be closed.

The first combined display by the *Catholic Girl Guides Companies* was held at the London Scottish Drill Hall in Buckingham Gate. These companies are now linked together and associated with the Catholic Women's League.

NOVEMBER 15.

An exceptional opportunity is now offered to students and others interested in *English medieval art* to inspect in London some of the treasures of the Durham Cathedral Library, which have been lent to the Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington.

To-day the *Wallace Collection* was re-opened to the public. During the war, the building was commandeered as offices by the Ministry of Munitions, and since it has been vacated, it has been entirely redecorated.

The Lord Mayor of London has expressed his readiness to consider what can be done in regard to the proposal that the work on St. Paul's Bridge should be begun as soon as possible for the *benefit of the unemployed*.

MOTORING NOTES.—VI.

Courtesies of the Road.

By M. PHILIP E. HARRISSON.

THERE is little doubt that the spirit of motoring has deteriorated. In the early days when breakdowns were not uncommon, no motorist would think of passing a comrade in misfortune without offering some assistance. The roads now swarm with drivers who should be forbidden by a special Act of Parliament to take a car over an English highway. The chief offenders amongst motorists may be roughly divided into two classes, those who err from ignorance and those who default because they lack the essential spirit of camaraderie that is unborn and cannot be created. The first class can be taught better, but the latter is incorrigible. The type of motorist has altered very materially since the war. Many who drove cars in 1914 are now unable to afford so much as a motor-bicycle, but there are others who had never driven in anything but a motor-bus or an occasional taxi, who now own a Rolls-Royce. Without investigating the cause for this change, it is clear that these new motorists can have but a poor conception of the motor-owner, and in many cases neither the inclination or the aptitude for acquiring any knowledge of them.

Many drivers are an offence to their fellows by reason of their ignorance of the rules of the road and the unwritten laws of motoring. It was suggested a few months ago that all drivers should be forced to pass a test before being allowed to drive alone on a public road. If this had been taken up many accidents would have been avoided and the road would be a safer place for all its users than it is at present, but the letter of the law, though at least an asset, is by no means everything. Chivalry and bonhomie must go side by side to produce the ideal motorist. There are so many ways in which motorists can help one another; when a car has broken down, the first arrival on the scene, even if he is not sufficiently versed in engineering to offer mechanical assistance, can at least take a message to the nearest garage or give a lift to any passenger for whom a quick transport is of importance.

These little acts of courtesy go far towards strengthening the bond that should exist between all who own motor cars. Then there is the question of regard for the feelings of drivers of horse-drawn vehicles and pedestrians. Motorists can do untold damage and cause unnecessary inconvenience to people riding or driving, by refusing to pull up in spite of warning signals. Not only is it unmannerly to dash past anyone in difficulties, but it is conducive to serious accidents. An inexperienced groom in charge of a young horse unused to motors, may easily be thrown, and apart from the lack of chivalry which is shown in causing such an eventuality, the motorist is liable to heavy claims for damages. If owners would only make it clear to their chauffeurs that speed is not everything, much unpleasantness would be avoided. To conform to the real spirit of motoring the driver should endeavour to reach his destination with as little loss of time as is compatible with the comfort of his passengers and a demonstration of genuine regard for the feelings of pedestrians and horsemen, and the misfortunes of other motorists. Adherence to these small points, which are not too much to expect of anyone, should place the motorist in a higher position in the estimation of his fellows, and make the road a pleasanter place for all who use it.

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you worried about
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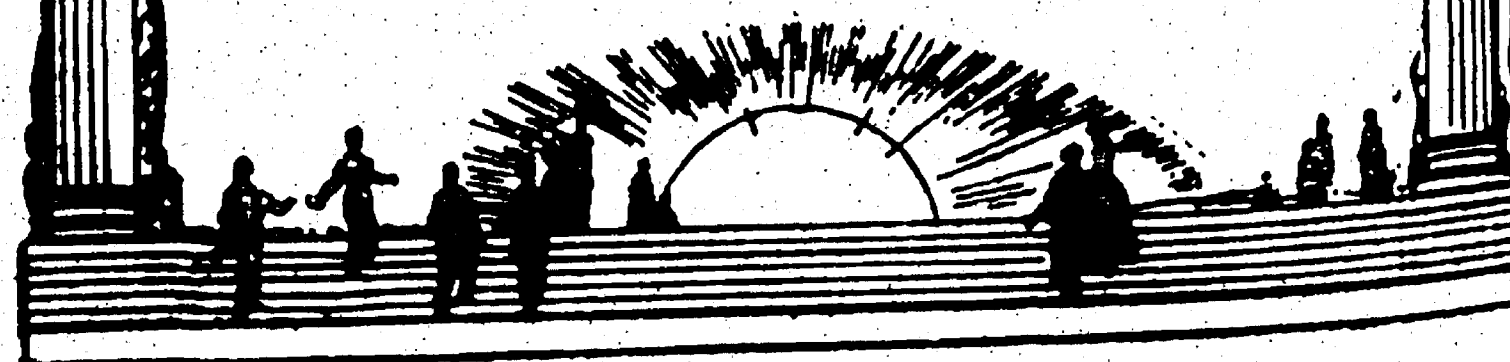
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FINANCE & INVESTMENT.

IN the years immediately preceding the war the official figures published by the Board of Trade showed that in our commerce with the rest of the world our imports exceeded our exports by some £130 millions per annum. These published figures, of course, only tell half the real story. Besides actual exports of visible commodities, this country has large exports of an "invisible," but none the less real, nature. Among "invisible" exports are the net earnings of the British mercantile marine, interest payments, insurance, etc. These before the war were so large as to transform an import balance of £130 millions on the published figures into a "real" balance of something over £200 millions per annum in favour of this country. It is instructive to compare this position with the present. So far, in the first ten months of this year, the excess of imports over exports on the published figures has been £334 millions, or an average of £33 millions per month. In October this balance was only £21 millions. Against this one has to set "invisible exports" estimated by Board of Trade experts to reach over £53 millions per month. On the whole year 1920, therefore, one may expect a real trade balance in favour of this country to the tune of over £250 millions. The degree of post-war recovery shown by these figures is very striking. If Britain stood by herself the value of the pound sterling in dollars would soon return towards normal. Unfortunately, however, much of our exports is sent to impoverished countries in Europe on terms of long credit, while for our imports, mainly from the U.S.A. and other countries outside Europe, we have to pay cash. This fact assists to retard the recovery of the New York exchange.

A Trap for Investors.

The following appears in a weekly financial circular published at Manchester:—

The average investor who subscribes to a new issue usually does so for two reasons: (1) He agrees with the statements of the prospectus and is satisfied that the prospects of profit on the shares is reasonable, and (2) he was (not is) assured that as the company announce "That a special Stock Exchange settlement and quotation will be applied for," that therefore he is certain of a market for his holding should he at any time have occasion to realise.

But latterly, with the tremendous decrease in the daily average of Stock Exchange transactions, coupled with the new exorbitant transfer duty, and the fact that every new company when it gets quoted is marked at a substantial discount, have between them convinced the investor that he secures no advantage from having a Free Market beyond the fact that he can sell for 15s. or less than which he paid £1 for, and that he will further incur and have to pay heavy realisation charges which will lessen the 15s. materially.

Of course, like so many sweeping charges brought against old-established institutions, there is a stratum of truth in these statements, but the exaggeration will be apparent to most people but the unwary. It is not correct to state that shares in every new company are quoted at a discount. Further, it omits to state that for companies to obtain Stock Exchange quotations they have to offer certain information to the public in their prospectuses, a duty which is generally neglected by companies avoiding the Stock Exchange.

Moreover, the advantage of a free market is as stated—namely, that an investor can sell for 15s. (or, incidentally, for a pound, ten shillings or whatever the price may be) a share which cost £1. It is beside the point what a share cost; the only thing which matters to an investor who wants to realise is the market value. Other people may fancy that the share is under-priced, but if they have not the courage to back their opinion with their money the position remains the same. The investor may be unfortunate in having to sell his shares at a loss, but this is better than having unquoted

shares in a little-known concern which cannot be sold for any reasonable price because a free market does not exist, and finally, in desperation, the unlucky owner is compelled to accept a nominal sum which any of the directors or friends may care to offer, always providing an offer can be obtained. It should be noticed that it is not seriously contended that a free market in shares is undesirable, but only that in these days present Stock Exchange quotations are not a true index of share values. In short, defects have been discovered by the writer of this circular in the edifices of British Stock Exchanges, institutions which have usually been used as a pattern for other countries. They are to be scrapped, and in their place we are offered "The Foundation Stock Exchange, Ltd." This undertaking is linked up with several other concerns, and, by a series of remarkable financial operations which are not quite clear to the cautious inquirer, all risk of speculation is to be eliminated.

The "Bait."

Lastly, the climax is reached, and the unsophisticated investor is assured that if only his money is sent to this particular quarter for investment he "may secure a fixed and guaranteed interest of 15 per cent. per annum on his capital," with the further guarantee "that this capital will be returned to him intact on three months' notice being given." Can human credulity be carried farther? Fifteen per cent. and our capital intact! Who guarantees this 15 per cent., and what is the guarantee worth? The most remarkable thing about this circular is that people read it and send their money, regardless of the fact that most investors have a difficult task to find an investment, with capital and interest secure, to yield a little over 8 per cent.

A.B.C. Results.

The Aerated Bread Company has had a rather chequered career, but the much-criticised amalgamation with Buzard's has resulted in a restoration of the company's old-time prosperity, and it is now able to hold its own in the face of keen competition. Three years ago there was a net loss of £14,700, but in the following year this was turned into a net profit of £96,500. A year ago the net profit was £152,000, and the accounts for the year ended September 30 last show that this has been further increased to £165,600. Out of this profit £57,900 is transferred to various reserves and £113,550 is paid as dividend, a balance of £10,750 being carried forward. The dividend is at the rate of 25 per cent. and is paid on a capital of £977,500. A year ago £80,500 was paid in dividend on a capital of £425,000, being at the rate of 30 per cent. Of the increase of capital £488,750 is a result of the capitalisation of reserves and a bonus distribution to shareholders. While this was, no doubt, very pleasant at the time for shareholders, the wisdom of such a policy is open to question, for the company has but recently emerged from a crisis in its financial history, and a doubling of the capital, to say the least of it, cannot strengthen the balance-sheet position. Large profits will have to be earned to maintain the dividend at anything like its present rate, and a smaller capital and larger reserves would have put the company in a much stronger position to face the future. At the present quotation the yield on the shares is over 14½ per cent.

BUREAU OF INVESTMENT ADVICE.

Enquiries from readers on investment problems are welcomed. Each letter should contain signature and address as a guarantee of good faith, together with a non-de-plume under which replies will be made as far as possible on this page. Advice on the choice of stocks and shares will be carefully given by experts. Letters should be addressed to the Financial Editor, "Time & Tide," 88, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

REPLIES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MOTO.—Chances of ultimate appreciation reasonably good and you should certainly hold. W.S.—You will see that we have dealt with this matter at some length in this week's issue.

TIME TABLE.

Nov. 19 onwards	Spanish Exhibition at the Royal Academy.
Nov. 19-30. 10-5.	Exhibition of Water Colour Drawings by Gregory Robinson at 118, New Bond St., W.
Nov. 19-30. 10-6.	Etchings by Brangwyn and others. Fine Art Society, Ltd., 148, New Bond St., W.
Nov. 19-27. 10-6.	Pen and Colour Drawings by Anna Airy at the Fine Art Society's Galleries.
Nov. 19-30. 11-6.	Royal Society of Miniature Painters and Royal Society of Portrait Painters at the Grafton Galleries.
Nov. 19. 8.30 P.M.	"The Transition." Lecture by Mr. Sidney Webb at the King's Hall, Covent Garden.
Nov. 19. 7.0 P.M.	At Manchester, the Poetry Society. Mr. John Drinkwater.
Nov. 20. 8.15 P.M.	Revival of "Milestones" at the Royalty Theatre.
Nov. 23. 8.30 P.M.	At Kensington Town Hall, W. "Various aspects of liquor control." Speakers:—Miss Beatrice Picton-Turberville, Lady Victor Horsley and Mr. Edwyn Barclay.
Nov. 24. 3-0 P.M.	Committee of Inquiry into Sexual Morality, at 19, Grosvenor Square, S.W., Dame Clara Butt presiding.
Nov. 24. 5-15 P.M.	Guild of Education as National Service: at Halsey Training College, 11, Tavistock Square, W.C., Miss Phillips on "Some Experiences in Social Work."
Nov. 24.	Revival of "The Knight of the Burning Pestle." at the Kingsway Theatre.
Nov. 27. 3.0 P.M.	At Norwich, National Council of Women Debate:—State Purchase as a necessary first step in Temperance Reform.
Nov. 29—DEC. 8.	International Advertising Exhibition at the White City.

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On the occasion of the Meeting in London of the Officers of the International Women's Suffrage Alliance,

A MASS MEETING

TO CELEBRATE THE ENFRANCHISEMENT OF THE WOMEN OF THE UNITED STATES, AND TO WELCOME MRS. CHAPMAN CATT, Will be held at

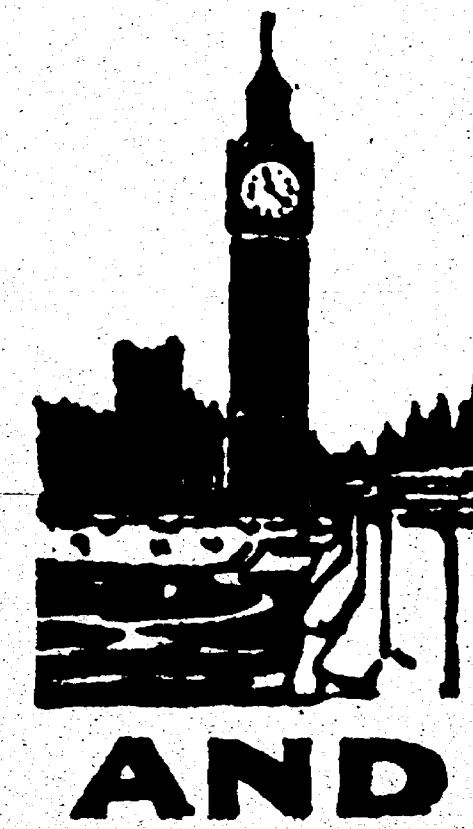
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Monday, November 29th, at 8 p.m.

Doors open 7.30.

SPEAKERS—Mrs. Chapman Catt, Viscountess Astor, M.P., Mrs. Fawcett, J.P., LL.B., and representatives of the Women's Movement in other countries.

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TIME AND TIDE

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fiercer. These cruel and cowardly murders are but the culminating point. The well-known Press correspondent, Mr. Hugh Martin, suggests that one result of the police activities in the country districts has been to collect in Dublin all the most desperate "activists," who found there hiding-places the safer from the disarming and practical supersession of the Metropolitan Police. Many people expected that the death of the Lord Mayor of Cork would produce some kind of awful explosion. Few hoped that some frightful outbreak could be avoided. For that which did occur on Red Sunday there can be nothing but condemnation; but of the guilt a heavy share rests on the shoulders of those responsible for the Government of Ireland.

Mr. Asquith has been severely taken to task by Mr. Garvin for lighting the fires of PARTY STRIFE by his speech at the National Liberal Club. This seems a most unreasonable attack. Whatever fires are blazing, they were not lighted on Friday last. Mr. Asquith is a distinguished orator, but, when so many of his eager supporters complain that he is uninspiring, and even damping to their ardour, it is absurd to speak of him as inflammatory. As to party strife, we should very much like to know when it ceased. Mr. Lloyd George has a huge Parliamentary majority, as well as the sympathetic backing of the *Observer*, but to claim that he speaks for a united people is merely to cry peace where there is no peace. In the Cabinet itself, we would dare swear, there are as many differences of opinion on cardinal matters of policy as in the rest of the country. Open revolt by members of the Coalition rank and file is common, and, when it is made against some timid attempt at progressive legislation, it goes unproved. On the other hand, those who imagine that, despite their coupons, they may criticise the administration in Ireland, are quickly undeceived. Mr. Mosley, we note, is already in trouble at Harrow. If this is not party strife, we do not know what strife or party mean, and we are equally at a loss to understand why Mr. Asquith should be accused of throwing Ireland into the melting pot. It has never been anywhere else, and it has never melted.

All MSS. and correspondence should be addressed to the Editor, at 88, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

Events in IRELAND proceed from horror to horror. Sunday's work in Dublin, the terrible scenes of panic and bloodshed at the football match, followed in the night by the cold-blooded murder of British officers—actually or supposedly in the Intelligence Service—by Irish Terrorists, constitute the most awful page in the history of that hapless city since Easter, 1916. There is, and should be, no condonation of such things. But unfortunately there can be little surprise. Ireland has been going from bad to worse for many months. Outrage has been met by outrage, and week by week the ghastly competition in terrorism has grown

The proceedings of the Assembly of the LEAGUE OF NATIONS in session in Geneva show tolerably clearly what are the main difficulties that prevent the existing body from being that International Authority that might save the world from war. On the negative side, the first work of such an authority would be to stop existing wars and to carry through a general reduction of armaments. Yet Russian, Polish and

NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE OF

TIME AND TIDE

WILL INCLUDE:—

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(Continued).

By MARGARET WYNNE NEVINSON, L.L.A., J.P.

PARLIAMENT AND PLUMAGE.
By WILLOUGHBY DEWAR.

"TIME AND TIDE."

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