Mr. Aldous Huxley's friends must await his next book with some trepidation, asking whether he can possibly keep it up. *Limbo*, his first prose book, has all the qualities and many of the defects of outrageous cleverness. There has been nothing like it since Oscar Wilde, except in France. We guess at French extraction, but then we also guess at inheritance from the mentality of John Oliver Hobbes; yet, having fathered and mothered Mr. Huxley with innumerable literary parents, we may but lay ourselves open to a rebuke in stinging epigram, and see a flashing axe laid at the root of our carefully-nurtured genealogical tree. In any case, nothing is so easy and few things are so unprofitable as tracing such descent. The conclusions are almost invariably wrong. Mr. Huxley is himself; he has written a startling book, which will attract widespread attention and much adjectival eloquence: let his be the praise or blame. He will doubtless have both in full measure. He is *macabre*, he is witty, he is satirical, his irony is death-dealing, he is theatrical yet dramatic, he is horrible yet he fascinates, he is a pathologist of souls, he has all the qualities of the head but as yet none of the heart: he is pitiless.

What a conception is that of Richard Greenow, spiritually a hermaphrodite. It shakes you with horror, even terror, with bitter laughter; you hate it, it batters your intelligence down, it leaves you, emotionally, a wreck. Every story in the book is an outrage upon your sense of decency, and every story compels your admiration so brilliant is the workmanship, so daring the exposition, so subtly unashamed the language. A big achievement, yet a small one, for not one beautiful thing lies enfolded in it. If, from a marriage of head and heart, sympathy is born, Mr. Huxley's next book should be epoch-making. It will be awaited with more than usual interest.

THE

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ILLEGITIMACY

ALREADY people are beginning to generalise about the war, and to say of it, as they have said of other great upheavals, that its effect has been the acceleration of existing tendencies rather than the initiation of new movements. In the early days, at least, we were conscious of a keener vision, a deeper insight, a more vivid realisation, and, looking back, we see a greater belief in the possibility of achieving a desired end, and achieving it with speed. All this will mean acceleration, even if it does not result in creation.

Those who are trying to work at one of the most ancient, and not the least difficult, of our social problems—that of the unmarried mother and her child—are conscious, like others, of the quickened current. Before the war there was an increasing belief that the old, almost entirely deterrent, and certainly one-sided methods of dealing with it had not been successful, and that change was needed. Gradually the different bodies and individuals concerned came together, and during the war the National Council for the Unmarried Mother and her Child was formed, with the object of linking up and co-ordinating the experience and influence of the various organizations. Its aims were, first, to obtain a reformation of the existing law; and, secondly, to meet the crying need for hostels or other accommodation for the mothers

and their children. In point of fact, it has succeeded in producing a Bill which commands a very large measure of support, and it has certainly done a great deal to quicken interest and educate public opinion. Whatever measure of success it may ultimately achieve, its formation bears evidence to the increasing strength of the desire for improved conditions.

What, then, are the facts of which the gradual realisation has led to this change in opinion?

In the first place, the actual number of illegitimate births—about 37,000 a year—has varied but little for a number of years, that of 1917 being the lowest for some time, while in 1918 it rose to just over 41,000. Meanwhile the legitimate birth rate has steadily diminished, and among the illegitimates who are forming an increased proportion of the whole the infantile death rate is more than twice as high, and one of the definite results of the war has been the determination of the public to fight against the evils which result in a high rate of infant mortality. We have begun really to understand that a high death rate means a high damage rate, that the causes which kill so many babes inevitably maim and damage many of those which survive, and that steady warfare against these causes is one of the most potent methods of improving the national physique. Here, then, we have, in the first place, the increasing proportion of illegitimate births, and in the second, a deplorably high death rate, with the inevitable conclusion that a number of infants must be exposed to influences which enormously diminish their chance of growing up, and render it likely that but a small percentage of the survivors will be physically satisfactory. Moreover, it must be remembered that among those included in the Registrar-General's returns as illegitimate there are some who have, at least, as good a chance of life as their neighbours. S.S.F.A.* work made many people realise that there are numbers of respectable people living together who, for various reasons, are not legally married. We have no means of knowing

* Soldiers' and Sailors' Families Association.

their actual number, but there is no doubt as to their existence. We must also allow for the fairly numerous children born before the marriage of their parents. When we eliminate these we see how truly appalling must be the conditions which surround the *typical illegitimate*—the child dependent on only one parent, and that the economically weak one. If about one in every five illegitimate children dies before it is a year old, and if the figures upon which this return is based include—as they necessarily *must—the illegitimates* whose conditions are those of their legitimate neighbours, what must be the truth about the remainder?

It is not difficult to understand why these unfortunate babes die. Most of them are definitely 'unwanted,' in that their existence brings shame as well as suffering to their mothers. Many are probably weakened by the mother's attempt to procure miscarriage, some are abandoned or destroyed when they are born, or when the mother finds her difficulties too great. Frequently, when the welfare of the coming infant demands some degree of rest and comfort, economic pressure and worry combined are all too often the main characteristics of its mother's lot. Moreover, there is statistical evidence to prove that the illegitimate infant suffers greater risk of infection from venereal disease. It is unnecessary to elaborate all this—it is common knowledge, and ancient knowledge at that.

Again, post-war conditions have aggravated the troubles of the unmarried mother. The *housing difficulty*, which is trying enough for most of us, bears with especial force upon her. Over and over again are her helpers confronted with the despair of a girl who perhaps has good work, and is able to do it, but is totally unable to find any sort of *lodging, or any one* who will care for her child while she earns its living and her own. The old-fashioned plan of the foster-mother is seldom applicable: in view of high prices and crowded houses, few indeed are the women who will take charge of the unmarried mother's child. The worst burden of all is naturally the

economic, at all events from the point of view of the child, for the demand for women's labour is not unlimited; nor does the payment err on the side of over-generosity. There is always domestic service, but every employer is not able, even if she is willing, to take in the child as well as the mother; and if there is one thing upon which there is a greater measure of agreement than another among experts on this matter, it is the urgent need for keeping mother and child together unless moral or physical unfitness is marked. Mother and child can do for each other what no one else can do for either of them. The demands of the child steady the character and train the sense of responsibility of the mother, give her an emotional outlet, the absence of which was perhaps the cause of her child's existence, while biologists seem to dwell more and more upon the unsatisfactoriness to the babe of any substitute, however scientific, for the milk of its own mother, perhaps for her love and her care. The mother may of course obtain financial help from the father of her child by means of an Affiliation Order, but the difficulties surrounding this process bear with especial weight upon the kind of girl who most needs help. In point of fact, it appears that the number of Affiliation Orders taken out is small in comparison with the number of illegitimate births, though it is said that the improved procedure under the 1918 Affiliation Orders Act is likely to bring about an increase. In any case, the amount payable is limited to 10*s.* weekly—until the 1918 Act it was 5*s.*—a sum which bears *no* sort of relation either to the economic position of the parents or to the special needs of the child.

From all this two conclusions seem to emerge. In the first place, our plan of leaving the whole economic, as well as physical and moral burden of the child upon the mother, has not succeeded in diminishing illegitimacy. In the second, what it has done is to kill and damage the illegitimates. It is perhaps the realisation of this, and our quickened perception of the value of child life, which has influenced the trend of public opinion. Splendid

work for child welfare has been done, especially of late, but so far we have not succeeded very well in helping the illegitimate.

There seems to be a very general agreement that the *first and most important need* is to increase the responsibility of the father, and the Bill drafted by the National Council and the N.S.P.C.C. is based upon this principle. The Salvation Army, whose work for the unmarried mother is, of course, beyond praise, has also prepared a Bill, which differs in various respects from the other but has probably the same underlying principle. They *have not* at the moment any opportunity of bringing it forward, whereas the National Council Bill will be introduced into the House of Commons by Mr. Neville Chamberlain early in May, as he was successful in obtaining for it a place in the ballot. Since the likelihood of its introduction has been known floods of resolutions in its favour have poured in, and the very wide measure of support given has been a great and perhaps not wholly expected help and encouragement to its promoters. Opposition will of course appear, no doubt in generous measure, and indications of its nature are already forthcoming. On the one hand we shall have those who still believe in deterrence, who are afraid that any relaxation will encourage immorality, and with them will be those whose fear lest some innocent men may be subjected to blackmail outweighs their fear of suffering and death for the children. Then we have the upholder of the woman's right to non-interference, to the preservation of her secret as long as possible, even at the possible cost of her child's life. Like all honest arguments, they merit the most careful examination, but on the whole the weight of the evidence seems to be against them, and the promoters of the Bill believe that the interests of the child, who is both innocent and helpless, is the vital consideration. As to the morality argument, which is probably the most important, they feel that it cuts both ways, and that any measure which increases the responsibility of the father is at least as likely to

act 'deterrently' upon him as it is to encourage the mother.

The provisions of the Bill are based upon legislation which has been adopted, apparently with success, in other countries. *The duty of disclosing paternity is laid upon the mother, and that of establishing it upon the State.* In many cases there may be no dispute, and the collecting officer of the recent Affiliation Orders Act will deal with the weekly payments, the amount of which is to be settled by the Court. *This means the abolition of the fixed limit.** The money will be paid over to the mother, and thus it may become possible for her to care for her own child, without trying to perform the almost impossible task of maintaining it entirely as well. A further section, to which the N.S.P.C.C. attaches much importance, makes all illegitimate children the wards of the Children's Courts, and thus makes it possible to arrange for guardianship in cases where both parents *are hopelessly unsuitable.* Another provision enables parents to legitimate their children by subsequent marriage, provided that there was no legal impediment to the marriage at the time of conception. This is already the law in Scotland, and indeed in most civilised countries, and thus limited, it is not *in disagreement with the Canon Law,* an important consideration in view of possible opposition.

Whatever may be the fate of Mr. Chamberlain's Bill, it is obvious that much requires to be done. Should the Bill, or some measure based upon similar principles, pass into law, many of us will feel that a real step onward has been taken, and that it will be easier to go on working at all the other necessary changes and developments. The question is of course so much involved with almost every other—drink, education, housing, for instance—that it is hard to know where to begin. Certain points are, however, fairly clear. In the first place, if we could eliminate

* Since this has been written a limit of 40s. has been introduced, in order to prevent the illegitimate child from occupying a more favourable position than the legitimate.

the feeble-minded, and perhaps the almost but not quite feeble-minded, we should have done very much to clear the way. The kind of woman constantly described at conferences, who comes into the workhouse infirmary for her annual illegitimate baby, is *a real disgrace to us all:* the feeble-minded lad or man is possibly even a graver social danger. But upon this aspect of the matter only an expert upon mental deficiency has any right to speak. Again, at the moment we have the complications result*ing from the war,* for instance the illegitimate children of overseas soldiers, and among them the cases, not perhaps very numerous, but infinitely distressing, of girls who were married, became or were about to become mothers, and then discovered, as a rule not till the men were safely out of the country, that their 'husbands' already had wives in their own land. These special difficulties, however heart-rending, are mercifully temporary, and it is the permanent trouble that we must attack. We badly require more exact knowledge of *the unmarried mothers:* at present we have only general impressions, which naturally vary from individual to individual. There seems good ground for emphasising the importance of distinguishing between the unmarried mother and the *prostitute: the girl of the latter type* usually manages to escape the burdens of maternity. We know that many of them are very young; we know that many are of the affectionate, perhaps over-emotionalised type, not necessarily at all inclined to wrong-doing, but unable to resist pressure; we know, too, how the difficulty of resistance is increased by the absence of other interests. All this affords guidance as to what should be done.

Some of us hope for great results from the new schemes of continuation education. *Adolescence, a critical period* for any one, is specially so for the type of girl who seems to 'get into trouble,' and the avoidance of a sudden and complete break in her interests, the providing for a greater continuity, ought to have a stabilising effect. *Moreover, the new plans* make it far easier to provide wise and wholesome outlets for the emotions. Young people

surely need plenty of good wholesome music, literature, drama, or dancing, or of all of them, for their minds, nearly as much as they need good wholesome food for their bodies. Then, too, they need games and physical training; we are beginning to see a fairly general belief in the importance of providing boys with football and cricket, but we must also think of the physical needs of the girls. If the new educational plans can only form in our young people the habit of using at least some part of their leisure in ways which enable them to give their developing bodies and emotions something of what they really need, another step will have been taken towards the solution of the problem with which this article is concerned.

Somehow or other, again, we have to imbue our young people with a far different standard of morality. They must understand why purity is right and necessary, and they must understand, too, that it is possible. The whole question is one of the most difficult we have to face, but how urgent it is to face it, and to replace the unwholesome, unclean atmosphere which at present surrounds the whole subject with a clear, pure air!

The moral degenerate, the feeble-minded, the vicious, and the prostitute, these are all subjects for the specialist, subjects of difficulty and of great importance. But if for the moment we eliminate them, we have left a number of young people who might perhaps not easily, but quite possibly, be saved from the fate which is now theirs, and that of their children. The girls who become mothers of illegitimate children are often astoundingly ignorant, often wanting in moral fibre, in self-control, in the sense of discipline, sometimes hungry for affection, often just lonely, or unconsciously craving for the satisfaction of real emotional needs, and attempting to obtain that satisfaction by primitive and instinctive means because they neither know of nor have access to any other. All this might be avoided, and in many cases the girls are just as capable of becoming wives as good, and mothers as devoted, as those who have had better fortune in life.

Who are the fathers of illegitimate children? Here

again we have no accurate knowledge, but obviously we shall never solve the problem if we concentrate only on the mother and forget the father. The lessons of self-control, of discipline, of morality, must be learnt by him as well as by her, and it is with this end, among others in view, that we desire legislation upon the lines of Mr. *Chamberlain's Bill.*

It may be, as we are constantly told, that the problem is ancient and insoluble, and that you 'cannot change human nature.' It may be, but until we have really tried we have no right to say so. And hitherto we have only pursued methods which could not be expected to succeed, we have trusted to terror and suffering, we have thought almost entirely of the mother and have left out the father. Urgent constructive work remains in great part undone, and the real devotion and splendid work which have been given have mainly been on rescue lines only. In education, in training for citizenship, in constant and tireless maintenance of the moral standard for both sexes, surely lies much hope.

Meanwhile we have our annual thousands of babies, and while we are building for the future, we must not forget that they are dying or enduring suffering which will maim them for life. Here, too, is a fruitful field of work. To-day there literally is no possible housing accommodation for many of them, and workers on their behalf are in a chronic state of despair. There is a demand for hostels where mother and child can remain together during the early months, where she may have help and advice in the care of her child, and obtain, if necessary, training to enable her to earn her living, and whence later she can go to work by day, leaving the baby in safe keeping, and returning to it in her free time. Local Authorities can provide such hostels, and they are surely a suitable object for that private charity which has always been one of the virtues of English life. Homes for the unhappy babes who cannot be left with their mothers are also wanted, but most urgent of all is the need for mother and child together.

Since the early Factory Acts and the institution of Ragged Schools up to the 1918 Education Act and the great development of child welfare work, we have seen a steady growth of the nation's belief in the value of the child. More and more do we realise the urgent necessity of giving every child an opportunity to develop its latent faculties to the utmost degree, and this for the greater well-being of the State. The illegitimate child is perhaps the most defenceless, the most in need of help of *any*. There is real hope that the awakening of the public conscience on its behalf may do something towards the amelioration of its unhappy lot, and that the baby-farmer, the abandoned and murdered babe, may cease to shame our civilisation. But there is need for much work, and much hard thinking, before this end is achieved, and before we see, as surely we may hope to do, a change in those depressing paragraphs in the Registrar-General's reports, figures which stand for such a deplorable sum of human misery and for the sufferings of little children.

LETTICE FISHER.

A TOWN FOR THE 'NEW ENGLAND': WELWYN GARDEN CITY

THE public attitude towards the garden city idea is very different to-day from what it was when Letchworth was founded sixteen years ago. The idea had then been commended by business men and politicians, and had the whole-hearted support of an economist of the standing of Dr. Alfred Marshall, but it was still regarded by the general public as something impracticable, not to say freakish. To-day any one who has any land to sell seizes any excuse to recommend it for its value as as garden city site, the speculative builder delights to display the words in the largest letters when advertising his work, and the height of municipal ambition is to undertake garden city housing schemes. There are few terms employed in connection with housing and town development that are so popular or that are so constantly misused. It would sometimes even appear, according to the current press, that the whole of England was about to be covered with garden cities. It is true that under the new Housing Acts municipalities are given power for the first time to undertake genuine garden city schemes, but up to the present there is no sign that these powers are to be used; for mere persistence in calling an ordinary or even an extraordinary housing scheme a garden city is not the same thing as making a garden city. It has been left to private enterprise to start a real second garden city and to *provide a model on which the housing policy of* the country may be reformed.

That the attempt to deal with the housing problem needs a fresh dynamic is clear, and all who take a big view of the present national problems—problems of health, housing, transit, industrial development, and democratic progress—feel that the Government's gigantic

housing scheme threatens to be disappointing because it ignores all other factors but the actual shortage of houses. There is in connection with the national scheme a failure to appreciate the profound demands of the new times, and to seize the present opportunity to lay the foundations of a fresh grouping of population. The direction in which many of us look for a new method of housing reform is that of the genuine garden city idea.

What is a Garden City? The term has recently been defined as follows: A garden city is a town planned for healthy living and organized for industry; of a size that makes possible a full measure of social life but not larger, surrounded by a rural belt; the whole of the land being in public ownership.

The general idea of the garden city was originally stated in the book published in 1898 by Mr. Ebenezer Howard, entitled *To-morrow*. A few years later a group of keen and able men put Mr. Howard's idea to the test by planning and building the town of Letchworth as the first garden city. That effort has been attended with very great success, for it has demonstrated that it is possible to draw industries and workers, as well as private residents, out of the over-crowded cities into new towns in close contact with the countryside. In place of three small decaying villages with (in 1903) a united population of about 250, there is now at Letchworth a thriving town of 12,000 inhabitants, with 40 factories, public services, shops, churches, clubs and places of amusement, hotels, parks, and so on. It is claimed to be the healthiest town in the country, with an infant mortality rate of only 30 per 1000, whereas the similar rate for Shoreditch is 160 per 1000. Such figures tell their own story. Letchworth is also the first modern example of a town planned as a whole, an essential element of the plan being the provision of a permanent belt of agricultural land round the town.

A second Garden City is now to be created at Welwyn, not far from Hatfield, a site of 2800 acres having been secured within twenty miles of King's

Cross, and conveniently situated as regards railway and road facilities. The Great Northern Main Line runs through the estate for two miles; a branch line to Luton and Dunstable connects with the Midland and London and North-Western Railways, and another with the Great Eastern Railway *via* Hertford. A little southward is a third branch to St. Albans. The Great North Road and other good roads pass through the estate. The area comprises some very charming country, including the valley of the Mimram, a tributary of the Lea, which is one of the prettiest spots within twenty miles of London. This stream carries a good volume of water, and wends its way through the wooded slopes for a mile or more at the northern boundary of the estate. On the south-western boundary is the river Lea, and the new town will be built on the heights between the two rivers, the ground gently sloping from the north-west to the south-east. The amenities of the district will be preserved, so that the development of the new town will add to rather than detract from the attractiveness of this part of Hertfordshire.

The new town will be laid out according to garden city principles, residential, shopping and factory areas, being carefully selected, and a surrounding belt of agricultural land specially set aside.

The factory sites will be fully equipped for economical and efficient production, with access to power, water and transport facilities. The residential area will be within walking distance of the industrial district. There will be a shopping centre conveniently situated. Churches, theatres, clubs, and all public buildings necessary for a full social life will be built. The maximum density of houses will be twelve to the acre, and the average for the whole town will not exceed five. Within easy reach of all the inhabitants will be parks and open spaces, and the agricultural belt, which, in addition to providing a belt of fresh air round the town, will ensure a cheap and fresh supply of vegetables and farm produce.

How the standard of life may be raised for the great mass of the people is a problem which should exercise the minds of all thoughtful men and women. We want to improve the conditions of home life generally, and especially for the women who, after all, spend most of their lives within the four walls of a house. As towns and houses are planned at present, the achievement of a high standard of home life involves an untold amount of drudgery on the part of the housewife. Much can be done in the planning of the house to lessen the work of the woman, leaving her more time for the wider interests which are now demanding her attention. We discuss industrial conditions, and how work can be made more attractive, but we rarely apply our minds to the problem of lightening the tasks of the housewife. The home is a workshop which Factory Acts do not reach. The Factory Acts prescribe that certain minimum of cubic space, light and heat, shall be observed in factories and workshops, for the protection of the health of the workers. We should make it our business to see that the woman's workshop—the kitchen—is spacious and well lighted, and that a minimum number of bedrooms are provided, so that children can be reared under decent conditions. Moreover, there should be a minimum amount of space around each house, so that light and air shall have easy access to all rooms. Every attempt should be made, not only to beautify the house itself, but its surroundings. Each house should have a garden.

In the planning of Welwyn these matters are receiving much careful thought. Not only in regard to individual houses are women's interests being considered, but provision is being made whereby those who wish may co-operate in the management of household duties. Among the facilities provided will be schemes for co-operation in cooking arrangements. Homes will be specially grouped and planned with a central kitchen and restaurant. Each house will have facilities for simple cooking, but the average housewife will be glad at times, if not regularly, to sit down with the family

to a meal which she has *not* had the trouble of cooking.

Domestic industry could be revolutionised by co-operation. But such co-operation is not possible except where homes have been specially planned to this end. It is certain that much economy in labour could be effected were house-management planned on a co-operative basis. Women who have lived all their lives in the depressing atmosphere of gloomy, narrow streets suffer from their environment more than their husbands do; the men at least have the variety of scene that comes from going to work and from it, whereas the woman remains continuously in one place, and the fact that she has seen so little outside her own home makes her slow to appreciate changes. Given new surroundings where new ways are possible and where new ideas are in the air, she will be quick to realise the relief to herself and the benefit to her family of some measure of co-operative housekeeping. At Welwyn there is space enough, and land is cheap enough, to encourage useful enterprise of every kind, and the new place offers almost infinite scope for the carrying out of individual ideals and social experiments.

Henry Bentinck.

MEMORIES AND A MARKET GARDEN

WHAT is a country life? How does one know it from the suburban existence? And where again does that shade off into the town? I find these questions confronting me because here at three miles from College Green (which is the true centre of a city with nearly half a million inhabitants) I live a country life, whereas a year ago, living at almost precisely the same distance from the same centre I never thought of myself as being even suburban. Yet there we had tilled fields in front of us and behind, and were in the outermost belt of continuous dwellings. It was, I suppose, suburban in a sense; but I always think of suburbs as provided with some great commonage like Willesden Common, or Hampstead Heath, or the sea and its shore in the Dublin suburbs, which stretch ten miles continuously along the salt water. At all events, there I always felt myself a town-dweller. The only thing that gave some uncertainty to my feeling was the presence of corncrakes in front of our house and behind it. But when one day coming out on a tram I saw one of them slip from under a paling and run out on to the main tram-line, giving me full view of its uncouth shape before it took wing clumsily into some fields—why, then my criterion seemed to lose its value; this queer secret bird might be found, it seemed, dodging in and out wherever there was shelter, no matter how uncountrified the surroundings.

Yet the bird test is a real one, and by it we here come out indisputable country. It is negative as well as positive; we have no sparrows—except hedge-sparrows, a real country bird. I have counted first and last about five-and-twenty species of wild birds in this place and the allied establishment next door—sparrow-hawk ranking first. Yet I have seen him also from a tram, working along the backyards of houses right into Dublin. The

white owl, though, that I saw once flitting past in the dark is no town-dweller—nor the little tree-creeper, nor the golden-crested wren; and it was many a long day before I came here since I had seen green linnets, let alone find their nest, as I did in one of our pear-trees.

But the real proof lay not in the occasional appearance of birds; it was their constant presence, and the sense of nesting going on all about us in the Maytime. A big clump of Portugal laurels in front of the house, dark and ugly, got a reprieve for one year anyway because it had already three or four nests in it. One of them, a chaffinch's, led me to much tribulation, for it was hard to reach, at the end of a complication of crossed boughs through an aperture in which one had to scramble, as scramble I did, to show one of the fledged nestlings to a girl who delighted in them. I did not bring it down without difficulty, and meanwhile the parent birds were attacking me with heartrending desperation; and the fledgling had to be put back with more trouble, when suddenly, on being replaced into the nest, out it fluttered and three others with it. I suppose it was an hour's hard work to get them all stowed away again. However, on the upshot, I fancy that I got a good name among chaffinches, for a little cock of them is the boldest bird on my window-sill, and by his suggestive appearances there established breakfast crumbs as an institution. His mate is much shyer; perhaps she is a stranger to the place and does not know my reputation.

Chaffinches were nested too in several of the apple-trees in the garden, much more accessibly; but when I set a ladder for the same damsel and let her climb to inspect, the hen-bird sat fiercely on, and pecked at her visitor, who retreated in disorder.

As for thrushes, missel-thrushes, and blackbirds, I literally never saw so many anywhere. The garden is full of raspberries which they like, and red currants which they adore, and one seemed to put up a squawking youngster from every bush. Wood-pigeons bred too next door, and they came for the gooseberries; I watched one

evening a loaded bush shaking under the heavy birds pulling as if a puppy were at it. Next summer perhaps a cartridge or two will have to correct that, and also the profusion of magpies, of whom I see fifteen or sixteen assembling every evening in one of the big trees next door—and the Younger Generation's partners keep poultry next door. One can have too many reminders that one is in real country. But after all it is a pretty good indication that it would seem quite natural to take out a gun, and just at present I am the only person available to do that; for my garden and my household are involved in an experiment which belongs entirely to the new order.

It is an attempt to convert to new uses a property created to meet the needs of the old pre-war society.

The place next door to us consists of a very big and rather ugly house, built after people in Ireland had ceased to build well. The front faces south to the hills, and behind it is a garden containing about an acre and a half of ground and half-a-dozen greenhouses. There were also a couple of fields in grass. Such an establishment demands a staff of servants and gardeners that hardly any one nowadays can afford in Ireland, and it was fast going derelict; the garden was just barely kept from becoming a wilderness. The Younger Generation in my household, during two years of training at a school of gardening, had learnt that there were three lines of a career open to her: public employ (parks or the like, or work of inspection and instruction under some public authority), private employ, or commercial venture. The last alone tempting her, she decided to be a market-gardener, and persuaded one of her friends to join: they were lucky enough to complete the partnership by including one of the teachers under whom they had been trained. This combination of young women cast their eyes on the big derelict garden for an experimental start, and got it at a considerable rent on a yearly lease. A year's working showed that they could sell easily more than all they had to offer to private customers; there was a large public ill-supplied. But to develop their enterprise security of tenure was needed,

and they found that they could only get it by buying the entire place, on which the big house hung like a dead weight. It occurred to them, however, that if they could offer sets of rooms within easy reach of Dublin by tram, with well-kept flower-garden and shrubbery and tennis-court to enjoy, the house might be no longer a white elephant, but quite a profitable possession; and the possibility of providing rooms in it for pupils would increase the attractiveness of their establishment to learners.

Briefly, then, they bought—and the issue is on the knees of the gods. But part of the result is indisputable. The big garden is already utilised and worked as probably never before in its history; the glass which was falling to pieces is repaired and modernised; where there was waste there is now production; and the people who are doing all this are a dozen young women—the three partners and their pupils or apprentices—the like of whom, ten years ago, would as soon have thought of setting up a boot factory. Our neighbours and the garden's customers have grown used to the appearance of a sort of Robin Hood chorus, comely damsels in doublet and hose of all stuffs and colours; but strangers are still liable to surprises. The other day, in one of my absences from home, the Younger Generation had shut up our house and gone to stay with her partners in their bothy. But a part of our basement had been made into a class-room, and here a lecture was in progress when one of my friends, a very well-known divine, came to call on me. His persistent knocking and ringing (for in truth I had promised to be there) reached the class-room, and a senior student decided to go to the door. She opened it, and beheld confronting her a large priest with humorous eyes, who with undisguised amazement scanned the unexpected apparition from its cropped black hair to its corduroy knickers and its business-like high boots. 'In the name of goodness,' he said, 'will you tell me what are you?' I should like to have heard the explanations, but they ended in a great *entente*.

If over and above utilising the old garden and all its

costly apparatus, this same enterprise can, in the present famine of houses, convert into a comfortable abode for some twenty people what without their aid would be a tenantless and mouldering barrack, is there not a good deal to be said for the new order? I heard a speaker say not long ago at a public discussion, 'Everything is rationed; why not ration houses?' And I confess that to see how all these great buildings, of which this one next door is only a type, stand empty, while decent house-room is the urgent need of thousands, makes me at least very thankful that one cause of resentment is removed, and that we have had a hand in removing it.

As for our own small establishment, accommodation here assuredly does not run to waste. A family with six children lives in the tiny gate lodge—ill-accommodated, but the alternative would be one room in some Dublin tenement; and the old stables we let to a cabman. I never knew a cabman in private life before, and find it an agreeable extension of my experience. He is a young and prosperous cabman, and we have found occasion to do each other some good turns.

This complexity and variety of relations is part of the country way of life. In the country, you cannot ignore those who live near you; you must be on some terms with them, quite possibly on bad terms. I am not on good terms with one neighbour who owns goats and likes to keep them on what we call in Ireland 'the long meadow,' browsing by the roadside's grassy banks and hedgerows. Goats, I observe, have a keen eye for the open door and a taste for the bark of shrubs. Still, it is all part of the country conditions, and I never yet knew a blessing that had not its accompanying reminder of the complex shades interwoven in our mortal lot. Marauding goats may be only the salt in my salad of country life.

At all events it could take more than two of these bearded intruders, with their rather engaging kid, to put me out of conceit with the dwelling to which we were directed (by the wisdom of the Younger Generation) now a year ago. I hate living in a box of bricks, however

commodious; and the very reaction from the conventionality of our last abode, exactly similar to some fifty others in a row, lends almost a charm to the tumbledown series of out-offices which the cabman tenants; and beyond all question it makes us appreciate a house which has a character of its own, developed in long years of growing like some strong herbaceous plant that shoots up irregularly here and there. I do not know the dates, but it must have been close on a century ago that some one took the little oblong straight up-and-down farmhouse and threw out a wing from each end—each wing consisting of one room—so that our southward-facing front is abnormally but very pleasantly long. The same talented forerunner or his architect, having so cut about the interior as to connect these two outlying sitting-rooms by a long and sunny hall, finally, to earn my blessings, put coved ceilings to the modest but well-proportioned rooms which were added; and a coved ceiling, when well designed, serves to combine the advantages or attractions of a low room and of a high one. I perceive the difference in my study, which belongs to a still later wing, thrown back oft the western end of the house. Books (in moderation) furnish walls very agreeably; but for all our efforts this room, with its flat ceiling, cannot be made at all so good to look at or to live in as the other two.

The test of a room I think is how pictures look in it; and those now in this house have hung on many walls, but never before found themselves bestowed with such advantage. Very few possessions are so much to be desired as pictures that are good to live with. Often, too, they have a secondary attraction and interest. An old picture that you have found, a new man's work that you have discovered, pleases something in its possessor besides the artistic sense, or, perhaps I should say, stimulates that sense—just as one is more aware of a salmon's flavour if one has caught it. I, however, have none of the collector's pride in my pictures, they are not proofs of my virtuosity; but secondary interest of a better kind is theirs, for the best of them remind me of my friends; indeed, I am

often humiliated by a sense that this household has taken gifts for which it could make no comparable return. All other kinds of artist immeasurably exceed the writer in their power to be generous. The singer, the pianist, still more the painter or sculptor, constantly give, and are enviable in that they can afford to give, what is of right so costly to buy, because it is unique; they are the most really lavish people in the world; and the only return that we can make who profit by such bounty is to enjoy and enjoy constantly. In this way only can one hope to redress the balance where there is exchange of gifts; we can offer them more appreciation than they can profess to feel what we give. Apart altogether from the comparison between a mere copy and the thing itself, possibly a real poet, but assuredly no other craftsman in letters, could hope that any book of his would afford to any possessor of it so frequent and so lasting a pleasure as that which I, for instance, have owed to painter friends of mine—but above all, to one. No day passes that I am not reminded of Walter Osborne; and there has been no man in my life whom I would sooner call to mind, and assuredly none to whom I am more consciously in all ways a debtor. But at least I never valued his gifts less highly than now; though I find that some of his contemporaries who thought him successful while he lived now begin to ask if his work was not always under-estimated. For my part, I think that he stood in his own light; his work varies greatly in quality. He could, I think, have done more of his best, and perhaps better than the best he ever achieved, if he had been a somewhat different kind of human being.

I turn back to Mr. Yeats's characterisation of his 'tavern comrades' in the Rhymers' Club:

> You had to face your ends when young—
> 'Twas wine or women, or some curse—
> But never made a poorer song
> That you might have a heavier purse,
> Nor gave loud service to a cause
> That you might have a troop of friends.
> You kept the Muse's sterner laws
> And unrepenting faced the ends.

That is one way of looking at it, and we should all agree that the artist who does inferior work simply to become rich is a poor creature. But what does the stern Muse lay down when a man feels himself called upon to sacrifice his own artistic instinct, even his own preference, for the harder way, because somebody has to be looked after? That is a practical question which presents itself to many artists, and Osborne was one of these. The end which he had to face came of his answer to it, and though I am sure there was never a struggle in his mind, yet the result emphasises the moral issues involved in such a choice.

No one was ever more completely an artist, marked out for his art by nature, and entirely in love with what to him was the hereditary craft. His father transmitted to him the trick of hand, and also that feeling for animals which made the elder Osborne almost exclusively a painter of dogs and horses. These, however, were studio pictures. Walter Osborne painted animals always in the open as a part of landscape; but he painted them with a sure eye for their points; he was knowledgeable in all kinds of live stock. The country which he most affected for a considerable period was the English downs, and it was a grievance of his that pictures with sheep for their chief feature were difficult to sell, and pigs commercially quite impossible: I think some black Berkshire yearlings, rooting about in a golden stubble, stayed, unsold, with him to the end. He was not the kind of person to be stimulated by this fact into painting pigs and sheep only, being quite content to take account of a possible buyer's probable preferences, so long as he could paint things that pleased him and follow the life of his choice—living, that is to say, in the open air all day, painting from morning to night, and lodging sometimes in a cottage, sometimes in a village inn. He boasted to me once that he had got down his rate of living to twelve shillings a week, though cheapness, he admitted, was the only attraction of that particular lodging, and it was chosen because nothing else offered in the village he had pitched on.

But everywhere he lived with extreme frugality, and his way of life kept him in hard training—as strong and active a man as could be found. Even when getting close on forty, he could come on to a cricket-field, without practice, and get both runs and wickets; indeed, he might have been vastly better known to fame if he had taken cricket seriously, for he was by nature the most destructive kind of left-hand bowler. That also he enjoyed; he played cricket whenever he got the chance if he were living in a town, but in the country I doubt if it tempted him for a day from his easel. He liked company, he liked games, he liked a good dinner as well as any one, and he liked the sense that he could drink as much and smoke as much as the most convivial and be not one hair the worse next morning when other heads were sore. But there was nothing on earth that he liked so much as painting in the open air. The simplest way of life and the way of his own art was the way that he preferred to all.

When I knew him first he used to appear in Dublin towards mid-winter, when sheer cold drove him to shelter like some creature of the fields. He was part of the group in which Yeats first became known, and he was somewhat inclined to complain because Yeats not only was a poet, but looked a poet. He, for his part, was studiously normal. Neatness, indeed, was part of his general dexterity, and his tall, broad-shouldered figure made matters very easy for his tailor. Yet in the country, the artist in him used to break out. I have seen him hanging up his ties out of doors to get the colour weathered; and in his outdoor life he always wore some kind of picturesque soft hat, though never on any account in Dublin or in London.

His home in Dublin was a pleasant centre at all times, and more so when he came home; yet the life and soul of it was his sister. She was the youngest child, and the father and mother, who had married very late in life, left all the direction of their hospitality to this brilliant girl—so helpful, so self-reliant, bright with so varying a

beauty, whose voice had ripples in it like a running stream. It was their delight to stand, as it were, in the background and watch the young life about them—the old painter, with his heavy grey moustache and humorous face with long downward folds in it, a little like those in the brown water-spaniels which he specially affected: Mrs. Osborne very grave and quiet, but with a friendly silence. Her son painted her many times, yet I feel more of her presence suggested in the reproduction which he gave me of a famous picture that he loved—Whistler's 'Portrait of my Mother.' She had wonderful wide eyes of a greyish hazel, and her daughter inherited them; but the colour that in the old face was full of brooding melancholy shone with glowing vitality in the young. One felt always that this household was held together by unusually close bonds of affection. They were proudest, I think, of the eldest son, whose strong personality found itself drawn out of Ireland to work with Dolling in English slums; but the pivot of the household life was the daughter. So, when marriage came for her—marriage to every one's liking—there was necessarily derangement. But this was more than a common leaving of the nest; it meant accompanying her husband to Canada.

Already before this Walter Osborne was to some extent arranging his life in a fashion that involved his being more in Ireland. He had got his training in Antwerp, had spent before I knew him a certain time in Northern France; later, his choice of country had led him to the South of England—Worcestershire, the Berkshire Downs, Oxfordshire villages. He had no difficulty in selling more than as much as sufficed for himself; but his father in any case was growing old, and moreover felt the backwash of a great social change. The landlord class who gave him commissions to paint their terriers and hounds and hunters were hard hit by the land war of the 'eighties, and had to retrench in all directions. Walter Osborne, like many Irishmen, was impenetrably reticent about the matters that concerned him most nearly, though without the least suggestion of constraint or

reserve, and he never talked of such things; but undoubtedly he felt the need to earn more, and portraiture was the obvious resource.

His natural bent had not drawn him to it, and I think the earliest of his portraits hangs in this house. A *genre* picture rather than a portrait proper, it represents a very young man smoking a pipe while he reads, seen up against a studio table littered with brushes and palettes, and a wall roughly papered with sketches. All this detail is ingeniously suggested; and finally the gold mount of one sketch is so placed that the representation of its gilding lies up against the gilt of the frame—a little touch of swagger whose success amply justifies it. I can date this work, for the book was Kant's *Ethics*, which in 1885 I was reading for my degree; and from this time on he painted a good many heads and half-lengths, often in pastel, and one on which he piqued himself was a study of a fellow-artist, his friend and mine, whose bounties also adorn our walls. I think, however, that this picture, for all its charm of composition and colour, does more justice to the grey teagown which the sitter had brought back from one of her visits to her old haunts in Paris than to the mordant intellectual power which made of Miss Sarah Purser a painter born to divine and portray character. In her case landscape painting has been what I think portraiture, circumstances apart, would have been in Osborne's—a recreation by change from the habitual work.

From 1885 onwards Osborne always had a studio of his own in Dublin for several months of the year, though still spending his summers across the water. In 1887 he was at the inn in Uffington under the White Horse on the Berkshire Downs, where Tom Hughes's name was scratched on one of the window panes. I was with him, too, at Steventon, among the dykes near Didcot (nobody was counted a 'citizen' there till he had fallen into a dyke). Another year he was at Byberry, under the clumps which one knows on the skyline from Oxford. After that, the sea began to attract him—Newquay, first,

in Cornwall; but then he chose places of tidal rivers and mud flats—Southwold in Suffolk, Romney the old Cinque Port. But after the summer when his sister married he was loath to leave the old folk at home entirely to their own resources. I think it was that autumn that he worked for a while in Galway, and there in the fish market and the Claddagh made some little pictures that have a place of their own in his work. The vivid masses of strong colour that you get by that large sea, the old-world look of the tall houses, the 'Spanish Parade,' the shawled and red-petticoated fishwives over their baskets of herring, were wrought by him into symphonies that spoke of Whistler's influence strong on him at that time; and there is nothing that I covet more than one of these products of a passing inspiration. He never worked again in Ireland outside of County Dublin, perhaps because of a bad welcome in the West. The Claddagh women hunted him, and he could only sketch by stealth; among the Irish-speaking folk it is still thought unlucky to have your picture taken.

That must have been in the summer of 1892. With the next spring came tragic news. His sister had died in giving birth, prematurely, to a girl child.

Of all the pitiful objects that my eyes beheld, none ever affected me so strongly as one poor relic. Mrs. Osborne showed it to me when I went to see her—for she counted me among her friends. It was a white baby's robe that lay all stained and crumpled on the lap of her black dress. She told me its story. Two strong sons were growing up in her house, but she was not satisfied without a daughter; and when for a third time she was to be a mother she determined that if her wish came to be granted, the baby girl should be wrapped in such a garment as might be coveted for a king's daughter. She had in those days wonderful fineness of sight and of touch, and she wrought on cambric with delicate tracery of almost invisible needlework, helping the slow months to pass. Yet so infinite was the division of her design, so countless the stitches to be reckoned, that her time

came before the embroidery was brought to an end, and the work had to be put aside unfinished. So it lay by for a generation; but when she heard from across the seas news of her daughter's expectation, and once more months of waiting had to be worn through, she took out again the old robe and set to work on its completion. Yet her eyes had lost not only their lustre but the best part of their sight, so that the wide, uneven stitches disfiguring the earlier marvel of needlecraft made in themselves a pathetic record of a life wearing out. Then, even they, too, broke suddenly off; the robe was never finished, never worn.

But the child that has been born into the world untimely, with all the chances against it, throve and grew, and was brought back across the ocean to the home from which her mother had gone out. From that day Walter Osborne was fixed in Dublin. He was daughter as well as son to his parents, and nurse rather than uncle to the child. He who lived always by choice in the open air become now a dweller in a little, cramped, overshadowed house in the town. His father's death when it came, his mother's increasing blindness, all tied him closer. There was nothing to repine about; he had friends by scores; if he had an enemy, I never heard of one; he had his art, and his success was steady, although not brilliant. His work in portraiture, with all its technical dexterity, with all its charm of colour, lacked the essential gift. He could put breath into a landscape, he could give you the living atmosphere of a sky, but he could not make a human being live on canvas. For a couple of months each summer he moved to some cottage—oftenest at Portmarnock, a few miles north of Dublin—and there got back to his painting in the open; and in Dublin also he painted figures in the air, with always increasing power and breadth of treatment. But the public which buys pictures likes to get from a man the sort of thing it knows him by, and in the last years of his life he found few buyers for his work outside of portraiture; and this necessarily kept him closer to his commissions.

Still, if one had thought about the matter at all, one would have said he had plenty of time before him; no man could have seemed more likely to live down all his contemporaries, and the notion of his dying never crossed any of our minds. Yet when I saw him last in his studio in Stephen's Green his aspect certainly lacked the untroubled vigour which one normally associated with him. He looked indeed much as he looks in the picture of himself which, at Sir Walter Armstrong's instance, he had painted shortly before this for the portrait collection in the National Gallery of Ireland: thin, his fresh colour concentrated on the high cheek-bones, now more than ever prominent in the long oval face—intent with half-closed eyes on his canvas, the right shoulder thrown far back, the left—for he painted with the left hand—forward almost like a fencer's; there was much of a fencer's poise and spring in the movement of his erect body, swaying a little on the feet, as he approached his easel and receded with each touch. He had trouble enough on his mind just then: his mother was bedridden, and he told me that day he did not think she could last out the week, and he had telegraphed to England for his brother. His brother came, and within ten days there was death in the house; but it was the young strong man who died and the old blind mother recovered. She told me of it herself; he had gone out and worked, as was his custom, in the little scrap of garden, seeking exercise for his body, had overheated himself, and run down as he was, with much anxious watching by a sick-bed, pneumonia struck him. The two, mother and son, lay in their separate rooms, and neither could be brought to see the other, each knowing the other at death's door. Is it wonderful that she should have cried out on the irony of fate that, disregarding all her prayers, took the man in his prime, and left her long years to weep in with eyes that could do nothing else?

So was lost to the world much of beauty, and there have been many artists with less than Osborne's gifts who would have held all through their art came first. That estimate of art's value, I am sure, was never his. In

all that he did he worked as a thorough and conscientious artist: he never despised, never scamped, the work he was on, and even when it interested him least (for he could not choose his sitters) he enjoyed painting. But plainly he set the end of providing comfort for others above the end of creating beauty. There are those who will blame him—or at least think him the lesser man for this. Like Scott, he followed a vocation clear and unmistakable, but like Scott he made light of the best that he could do—even of the best that any artist could do—in comparison with simple primary human considerations. Balzac stands to me for a type of the artist who will sacrifice anything for art's sake, and hold himself justified in so doing by art's paramount and sacred value; Osborne's avoidance of the traditional artist's pose as a race apart was a symbol of a very deep-seated conviction—which he followed at the expense not only of his art, but of his life. Was he wrong? The matter is at least arguable; for the artists who have art's supreme egoism are those who advance the art they practise. Who is prepared to regret that Balzac was not a more model citizen? or to affirm that, had he been so, his art would have been as great?

Yet when all is argued, I am glad with all my heart to have things that remind me of a friend so manly, so unselfish, so entirely lovable, whose presence was always like sun and a clear breeze out of doors. I have lived enough with his pictures on my own walls, and in two or three other houses, to be sure beyond yea or nay of their quality. In the room where I write, three hang together, two of them mere sketches, the third carried as far as he could carry it—each representing roughly a stretch of almost featureless hill and a strip of sky above it. The sketch on the left is of sunset sky, with a heavy wing of cloud stretching across and vanishing away to a wing point—the colour of a pigeon's breast, but flecked at the edge with pink glow, and the sky across which it lies is neither blue nor green nor pink nor gold, but a nameless translucency with a hint of all in it. It is the stillness of autumn evening; cornstacks are on the hill. But in the

little green picture on the right, the stillness is of midsummer; a line of Berkshire Down rises beyond a turnip field which a boy is thinning, and beyond are little vaporous balls of cloud, white-edged, that float without apparent motion. Between these two stillnesses, painted in oil, is a water-colour sketch of cloud-drifts hurrying by, beyond a brownish purple shoulder of the Dublin mountains; the wrack is grey, thinning to cold white, and in the rifts of the whiteness there show up two patches of a blue so intense that this picture, for all its roughness, is the one I love best, for the very breeze is in it and the spring sun.

For another aspect of his work I can go into the next room, where hangs the sketch of a four-year-old boy—suggesting delightfully the coltish clumsiness and yet the charm of a rather shy child—a thing full of life and an admirable likeness. To that extent he was always a portrait painter. He could hit off an impression in an hour or two, and the perfection of his eye for colour made the suggestion vivid—as in this little study of the peach bloom on a fair-haired child's cheek. The best example of this gift I ever saw was a portrait of himself, dashed off riotously; there was the strong carmine of the face, the orange-red of his bushy, horizontal moustache, the keen look in the eyes, and above all the sense of vivid virility. A year or two later I looked for it in his studio. 'Oh, that!' he said contemptuously; 'I used it for priming.' I swore at him hard for having painted out one of his best works, but he only laughed. He could do it again any time in two hours, he said. But of course he never did; and he will be remembered by the anxious, scrutinising face of his later portrait, looking as if a deep trouble in the sub-conscious mind underlay the superficial play of the hand's and brain's activity. Yet it is a true and subtle piece of work—the best of his portraits, I should say. He was a little too courteous in the fibre of him ever to set down his impression of any other human being with entire unreserve.

That does not matter to his reputation; it is by land-

scapes and studies of figures in the open that he will live —not soon to be forgotten by us in Ireland. Much of his best work was painted in England, and has the peaceful charm of English country, the rich glow of English twilight. What he painted in Ireland was no less distinctively Irish—but Irish with the subtlest distinction. He was never a painter of scenic landscape; the lovely lines of mountain beyond seas, the swirl of a river through cliffy wood, can be seen in many places within easy reach of Dublin, but he never drew these. What made his pictures Irish was the fidelity to that pearly quality in Irish air by which you would know Ireland if you were dropped there from a balloon. The best picture of his that I have ever seen represented a level sunlit field, seen through a hedge with trees growing on it, and flanked by such another tree-grown hedge. Cattle were in the sun-chequered shade of the trees, and beyond the field was a whitewashed, slate-roofed cottage—that was all; but he had concentrated into it all the music and vibration of atmosphere on a fine Irish summer's day, and the white of the cottage had as many hues in it as an opal. It was all true and simple; one had seen it a thousand times, and never really seen it before.

He painted Dublin scenes many times—there is one of them in the Tate Gallery, a picture among the open-air stalls of the Coombe (our Whitechapel), where by much diplomacy and bribing of the dominant street-arab, he managed to make his position tenable. The famous and beautiful buildings that adorn this so often squalid city never tempted him as subjects; here, again, he pursued beauty of colour, not of form, and he was in love with the grey of Dublin buildings that has pigeon-hues in it.

Dublin-bred, he was only a countryman by choice of his adult life; and although he knew the detail of English (not Irish) country life more intimately perhaps than any one with whom I have been acquainted, yet he had not on him the stamp of those who have passed their childhood in the country—a stamp much stronger in Ireland than in England because of the dominance here of a peasant

stock. People and soil are everywhere in Ireland part of each other as they are only by exception in England.

Osborne loved the country with a feeling that pervades all his studies of its beauty—things that are poems of Nature. But I do not think that he had the instinct which keeps the born countryman uneasy till he can attach himself in permanence to some particular corner of land. His relation to Nature was the same in one place as another; it had nothing possessive in it, none of that desire to own, to tend and to enjoy, which sooner or later seems always to assert itself in the country-bred.

Late, in many cases; in myself, for instance, it did not appear till I was well on in life. Other ventures and adventures were more urgent on my youth. But every time I have sat down to live upon real country, that desire has come up with increasing force. The Younger Generation here is country-bred too, though most of her years have been spent in towns; but I think that for this purpose the early teens make the time that matters, and she spent six of them solidly on the land, enfranchising herself, at the stage when only one can be thoroughly enfranchised, of the peasant's way of life. From the peasant's standpoint, land is the chief of all possessions, and has a kind of sanctity attached to it; it is the mother of all things. A friend much versed in this matter said to us when we thought of coming here, that in buying land we ought to think of the buildings on it as almost a detriment—so much waste of space. Where we thought of a house, he instinctively thought of land; and it seems to me that if we feel ourselves in the country here, it is because, owing to the way of life which the new order imposes, his view answers to the truth. Our conditions of existence in this household are entangled with the enterprise of the Younger Generation who, with her partners, is seeking to make her living out of land—land used intensively; and the big house that stands on their ground is properly to be regarded as an incumbrance by them. For although by ingenious adaptation of its possibilities, and helped by the dearth of house-room, they

may turn it to a source of considerable profit, yet if their primary venture goes well, it should be better for them to have the space under it and *its surrounding* pleasure-ground available purely for their gardening work. It would be more profitable, in short, under glass than under brick and mortar.

Still the best quality that I know in Irish people is their gift of making things serve a turn for which they were not designed, and this pleasant crew of market gardeners illustrates it admirably in their attempt to improvise this typical town-dwelling in the midst of our country conditions, among people employed on the land. Put at the lowest, it is an amusing gamble, and moved me to express my feelings in verses (of a somewhat telegraphic style) for the nativity of the firm's senior partner. Here they are—

May 1920 bring you plenty :
Weather just arranged to suit
Every root and flower and fruit ;
Lots of tenants for your flats
(Sort that wipe their feet on mats)
And a riddance from the rats ;
Dog that watches, cat that purrs,
And the pearl of housekeepers :
Pupils smart and stout and willing,
Tomatoes steady at a shilling,
Partners not inclined to flop !—
May you, briefly come out top—
Sunday, Monday, sky-day, earth-day
Bring you still a better birthday.

STEPHEN GWYNN.

EXTRA-MUNDANE COMMUNICATION

THE present widespread interest in the subject of extra-mundane communication, and investigation of the laws that appear to govern it, may possibly welcome the following account of the experiences of a sincere searcher after truth.

The 'medium' has so long been an object of suspicion —a synonym for hoax, fraud, and otherwise morally-squalid circumstances—that it might be wished some other term could be found for the link necessary to communication between this plane and the next; but, as in other branches of scientific investigation, the medium is an indispensable adjunct and the exact term for what is meant, it is difficult to find a substitute for a word so fully expressing the idea to be conveyed.

Water, atmosphere, chemical combinations are all mediums, necessary for the manifestation of different forms of force; no physical force can express itself without a medium, and in linking up the physical matter of this world with the more subtle matter of the next, the only medium discovered so far is to be found in the part physical, part psychic matter which is integral to the living human organism. Therefore, unless a medium—an organism in which there is a superfluity of this semi-physical matter—be present, no phenomenon can take place. It would be as reasonable to expect verbal communication between London and Edinburgh without the use of the telephone.

It should be remembered that I am speaking of what are called purely physical phenomena, the most logically and practically convincing to reason ; clairvoyance, clairaudience, and suchlike are of a different order, into which space will not allow us to go at present.

In my opinion, the most convincing form of mediumship for those who cannot themselves 'see' and 'hear'

is the direct voice. The mediums for this particular kind of phenomenon are rare. The room is darkened that the ether may be in a sufficiently quiescent state; for the same reason a wireless message will travel further at night than by day, and the sensitive plate must not be subjected to light rays before insertion in the camera. This necessary condition has, naturally enough, afforded the scoffer in his ignorance a basis for his scoffing; in my experience, the most rank materialist is always the most difficult to persuade that no one professes these things take place except through the operation of natural law, and that if he will not trouble to investigate the methods, he is not in a position to give an opinion. No one asks him to believe in fairy tales or miracles!

Through the direct voice I have had proofs without number of the genuineness of the communicators, and shall never cease to regard it as an inestimable privilege that so great a marvel in physical law should come within the radius of my own personal experience. I have seen lives revolutionised and comfort unspeakable result from this convincing experience in the séance-room, and a firm rock revealed to those seeking foundation for the faith that is in them. If it be of the devil, as some assert, then indeed is he a house divided against itself!

The details of the séance conditions are as follows: The sitters are grouped round a megaphone or horn, which any one present is at liberty to examine and place where he will. This is for the object of concentrating the sound vibrations, the same method as that used with the gramophone; the voices from beyond then come through it audibly to every one. Some expert communicators on the other side do not require its assistance, but speak apparently from the air close to the ear of the recipient. No psychic qualifications are necessary on the part of the auditors: this cannot be too greatly emphasised. It is a physical phenomenon, the sound-waves reaching our physical ears in exactly the same way as those generated by the human voice. They on the other side tell us that the matter for the manifestation is drawn from the

medium and in a lesser degree from all the sitters present, from which they fashion an instrument in the form of a human larynx, through which they are able to throw the atmosphere into the vibrations to which our ears can respond.

I have heard long conversations sustained, as though spoken through the telephone; on one occasion, four were kept up at the same time by different communicators; seven languages have been spoken and responded to in my hearing; many names given, and received as correct by the recipients; events referred to and observations made proving that those beyond the veil still take intelligent interest in our lives, see what we are doing, and, to a certain extent, what we are thinking, and help us by impression or suggestion whenever opportunity arises. I have had reference made to the conversation of friends who may have been visiting me, and to my actions and aspirations, showing how near those who have passed over are to us, still surrounding us with the love and care they would have lavished upon us in this life.

On one occasion I was sitting alone in my room after dinner, reading by the light of an electric lamp on a table at my left hand, when a shadow was thrown across the book. It was not a flicker, but a distinct shadow, as though a bat or bird had flown between me and the lamp. Seeing nothing to account for it, and having had other experiences of a somewhat similar nature, I put it down to some manifestation from an unseen visitor.

The following day I was lunching out, and on arrival was greeted by a fellow-guest with: 'I did not know I was to meet you to-day, but Miss N—— apparently did, for at a direct-voice sitting this morning she gave me a message for you. I don't know what it means, but she said you would understand. I was to say it was she who threw the shadow across your book last night!'

The ardent advocates for telepathy would be hard put to it to account for that incident by their favourite arguments, or, indeed, for any of the phenomena through direct-voice agency. By ingenious reasoning they might

plead telepathy so far as some of the information obtained is concerned, but how it could produce a voice audible to a group of persons all in their right minds and capable of quite as nice a discrimination as their neighbours, it is hard to understand.

Those who are willing to give their personal experience along these lines have to face the trials and humiliations which fall to the lot of all honest pioneers, they must learn to face doubt thrown upon their word and their intelligence. Every one imagines himself to be shrewder than his neighbour when it comes to the secrets of the séance-room, and to be regarded as either inaccurate or a fool is sometimes hard to bear, in spite of the humorous side which is to be found in most mundane situations.

I was singularly fortunate in my own first experiences of the direct voice in being the recipient of a message purporting to be from the 'other side,' and conveyed to me through a third person, who knew little or nothing of me and mine.

At my first sitting with a well-known direct-voice medium from America—although I had no doubt, from the nature of the manifestation, I was speaking to those on the next plane—my mind was troubled with the possibility of impersonation, and I left the room not sure the communicators had been those they professed to be. The following afternoon, while still in this uncertain condition of mind, an acquaintance—as he was then—came to me, saying he had received a message for me that morning, when sitting with the medium, from a communicator who gave my husband's name and spoke in an agitated voice, saying his wife had gone away the previous day 'not believing in him.' Would my friend act as messenger, and persuade me it had been really he who had spoken? My husband then sent a message, the meaning of which was absolutely unknown to both the medium and the bearer, but which I recognised at once as reference to a ship in which during his old naval days my husband had been round the world.

There was no other course for the open mind but to believe. Should a new invention in, say, telegraphy or telephony be tested and a message be accurately transmitted, *once only*, you may know the line is there. In spite of all subsequent failures or mistakes, that one successful transmission proves the possibility of communication by that method for all time. Subsequent failure must be due to our limitations. Here was eliminated the popular objections of telepathy, ventriloquism, thought-reading, fraud; it was out of the question that the medium could have invented a message conveying so much to the recipient—and the recipient only; and later on, when puzzled by apparent discrepancies and mistakes, I remembered the successes and knew the explanation lay somewhere among the cogwheels of laws pertaining to a condition of matter of the meaning of which we are only just on the threshold.

To the younger generation a belief in these possibilities comes much more easily than to minds running in grooves chiselled by long habit. Why should it be so hard to believe that those who have gone still remain in touch with our lives and thoughts? Physical scientists tell us nowadays that the whole universe vibrates, from each electron to the most dense form of so-called matter, and that these vibrations can be cognised by our five senses up to a point where by their incalculable rapidity they pass from the conditions to which we can respond into conditions much more subtle, but divided from our own by just a beat of the ether. Why should that next condition be invested with a sanctity that forbids man's investigation? This plane and the next were made by the same Hand, and the laws pertaining to them. Why should the next step in evolution be the holier? Because it is a step nearer the Holiest of all? But Heaven is within us, here and now, and as we sow here so shall we reap there; the result of that sowing does not necessarily imply a vast step in advance.

Some argue that 'by keeping in touch' with us those who have passed on retard their own advancement; but

this to my mind credits them with a self-seeking that is far from them. What higher part could they play than to guard and help those, even if it were at the cost of self-sacrifice, who loved them here and who love them still? To say they should or could forget us, and for the sake of self-advancement pass out of our ken, hardly seems to fall in with the scheme of universal love brought to us by Christ.

In one of his communications from the other side of Death my husband told me that so long as any soul they love remains on earth they keep in touch; but when the last loved one passes over they lose touch with this world as soon as they choose, though some still retain sufficient interest in, and care for, humanity to remain within the radius of power to reach and help them. That seems to me the better part than to think only of self-advancement, and pass from all contact with human suffering.

To say that God has closed the door, and that we therefore must not presume to open it, is mere statement unsupported by past history. What has the advance in evolution been but the opening of doors closed to the preceding generation? Had we never opened doors apparently closed to man's prying attempts towards further experience, we should still be in the Stone age. Five and twenty years ago aeroplanes were behind closed doors; a peep through the grill at hazy possibilities was the extent of human achievement in that direction. Advance in scientific discovery throughout all ages, when governed by laws beyond man's comprehension, has been put down to the Devil, and its advocates subjected to insult until further knowledge on the part of mankind transformed them into heroes. To open doors, closed by God until we knock at them, is surely what we are here for; and to assert arbitrarily that it is legitimate to knock at some and not at others is to profess an inner knowledge of God's will that seems presumptuous. Christ Himself made use of the laws we are trying now to investigate when He appeared to His disciples after death.

There are many other forms of mediumship through

which I have had evidences of the survival of personality, eliminating any possibility of the usual objections. Through a variant of planchette a strange name was given to a friend and myself, by some one who wished to communicate with his wife. There was no professional medium present, and we got the address, of which neither of us had ever heard, sufficiently correctly to trace the wife and deliver the message. Just lately, through trance-mediumship, my husband, by way of establishing his identity, expressed a regret that a certain silver cigar-box that had been his had been put aside by me. It is in the bank with some other silver! The medium and I had never met before, and I had forgotten the fact myself.

Complaints are often made of the triviality of the communications. There are several explanations of this. Those who talked trivialities here will continue to do so there; those interested only in trivialities here will draw the like to themselves in the séance-room. But it is through the little unimportant details of life that indentification can best be established; trifling incidents that no medium could be aware of, such as the name of the ship that had figured so prominently in my husband's youth. A reference to the little happenings of everyday life carries far more conviction than learned homilies or reference to the greater events in careers to be found perhaps in sources that might have been tapped by the medium. It must not be supposed, however, that nothing but trivialities come through when the effort to establish identity is no longer the first thought on the part of the communicators; after honest investigation, when the instinct to search about for 'evidential' matter has been satisfied, the communications are by no means trivial. On the contrary, there is much to be learned, not only of the practical side of the life there, but of the more exalted aspects of ethics and conduct. Much that here is scarcely more than a disregarded platitude becomes in that region of more subtle matter a living truth. Always we must think these things out for ourselves; they will give a clue, a hint to follow up, to awaken a

new line of thought. But no cut and dried code of morals or beliefs will be given to save us the trouble of using our own brains and judgment; we are here to learn by mistakes and failures, and need never hope to avoid the responsibilities of independent thought and action. In advice or opinion received, the bias of the medium's personality must always be taken into account so long as our only form of intermediary is the living organism. To learn that those we care for are alive—in the sense we mean it—in a world very like our own, separated from us by the fractional part of a throb of ether, and still interested in all we do and think, is surely a boon so inestimable that we can wait with patience for the further developments time and the new generation will assuredly bring!

From those passed over we learn anew what Christ came into incarnation to teach—that the strongest Force in all the universe is Love. That it is a vital force governed by laws as inexorable as gravitation or the electric current. On other planes, love acts as gravitation acts on this, as a magnet drawing like to like, an all-powerful, all-pervading force, the greatest factor in the scheme of creation. The door between the planes is being opened by the pressure of this great force; no other of the forces through which God's laws operate would have been powerful enough; the door would have remained closed. The volume of love hitherto establishing action and reaction between the planes has not been of a strength or sufficiency to build the bridge: it was the spent love of the old, the weary, the sick. But during the great crisis we have passed through, the vast volume of love, suddenly released and straining from plane to plane, was at the zenith of intensity; strong young love, instinct with desire and longing, setting up so irresistible a wave of ever-increasing rhythmic vibrations, that the momentum must eventually sweep away all obstacles, robbing death of its sting, because there will be no more real parting.

Rose Ch. de Crespigny.

THE DRAMA OF THE DAY

THE lightest and airiest of *badinage*, a hackneyed plot, stereotyped stagey characters, not a little fun, and one grave error in taste—so I may sum up Uncle Ned, and, bearing *Julius Cæsar* in mind, heroically refrain from talking about the sublime and the ridiculous. The contrast, nevertheless, is sharp, the temptation to cry, 'What a waste!' almost irresistible; in fact, it is irresistible—I shriek it with vigour! That Mr. Ainley should be thrown away upon such stuff is indeed deplorable. Nor does his fine handling of the character (he is, of course, Uncle Ned), exonerate those concerned from blame: the best acting in the world cannot transmogrify a poor play, thin and improbable in incident, into a good one. Mr. Ainley makes a man out of a 'talk mill,' a miracle the author failed to accomplish, but, strive as he may, Mr. Randle Ayrton cannot make a man out of that bag of steel shavings, Bob, Ned's brother. The author has loaded the dice heavily against his interpreters, a fault for which Miss Edna Best should offer him incense, for, Ned apart, she, as Gypsy, has most of the few human things that are said to say, and her part consequently assumes an importance which, under wiser conditions, it would never have attained. She acts so well, so simply, so freshly, she deserves her good fortune. But what of the others? What of Mr. Ayrton as a manufacturer hated by his employees, feared by his children, cut by the county, a tyrannical bully elevated to the peerage apparently because he makes life a burden to every one who comes into contact with him? Mean and ungenerous, a dictionary of acidulated phrases through three acts and fifty years of life, he emerges from a mysterious illness and some days in bed, a genial, generous soul, upon whose neck his daughters, who used to fly from him,

throw themselves with a fervour that speaks volumes for their power of forgiveness. Mr. Ayrton almost carries it through, but he is too intelligent to believe in this cheap 'devil-turned-angel stunt'; besides, he knows quite well that it is introduced because a play—even with Mr. Ainley at the top of his form, and how good that form can be people must go to the St. James's to discover—must come to an end some time, and a comedy must come to an end in laughter.

The play, in which there is rather too much osculatory exercise, is like a Jack-a-Dandy—brilliance without depth, reflection without light. It owes much to predecessors—*A Pair of Spectacles* and *Sweet Lavender*, to mention but two—it owes more to Mr. Ainley. He establishes the fact that his genius lies in comedy; that by voice and gesture, by inimitable inflections, suggestions, subtle, sometimes almost imperceptible, he can pack a volume into a word, a phrase, stir our sense of humour to its depths, squeeze the last atom of fun from a situation, and all without exaggeration. It is a great gift and by no means a common one.

I would suggest, however, that the scene in which Miss Irene Rooke (too seldom seen on the London stage) has to pretend that she is ashamed to say that a married woman is about to become a mother, should be cut. Its only excuse is that it gives the flapper, Gypsy, an opportunity for scoring a laugh later on; but the score is as little to her credit as the laugh is to that of the audience. The play is not worthy of its setting, but Mr. Ainley's part in it is a treasure-house of fun.

THE HIGHER COURT, like most of the plays produced by the Pioneer Society, has an interest too seldom found on the stage. An impoverished family live in a West Kensington flat. One daughter, Idalia, a Roman Catholic, falls in love with the millionaire owner of a well-known newspaper. Run over by a motor-car, he is brought, apparently dead, to her door. His identity is unknown; his memory is supposed to be affected. He falls in love

with Idalia, proposes to her, is accepted. Then she hears that his first wife, whom he divorced for good reasons, is still alive, and, obedient to the law of her Church, dismisses him. Such is the main theme of a play which is refreshingly natural, has many moments of genuine comedy, and is remarkable for firm, clear character-drawing, without artificiality or exaggeration. And as such it commands attention; but Miss Young has overweighted it with matter not strictly germane to her theme—which I take to be the spiritual conflict to which the Divorce Law of the Roman Catholic Church may give rise. The millionaire is mistaken for a tramp by his hosts, and much valuable time is lost in establishing his identity, with the aid of detectives and police, whereas a word from him would have done the business; and more time is lost because he jumps to the conclusion that Idalia is engaged to the doctor who attends him while ill. Consequently we do not reach the core of the subject till the fourth act is well advanced, and then the situation is rushed, the spiritual struggle indicated rather than worked up to its full tragic and dramatic pitch.

The dialogue could be improved by careful pruning, but there are some delightful scenes between the lovers, Idalia and Macmanus the millionaire, played admirably by Miss Mary Jerrold and Mr. Randle Ayrton, cut from life both of them. Simple, unaffected, consistent, wholly delightful, Miss Jerrold deserves the highest praise; she struck exactly the right note. Mr. Harding Thomas was, unhappily, inaudible as Idalia's father; but Mr. Felix Aylmer did sound work as the stupid, tactlessly-tactful doctor engaged to that very commonplace young woman, Polly Pryce Green.

If ever a set of young people deserved to be well smacked and put to bed it was that which invaded the office of Dick Morison. They were pert, they were frivolous, they flirted egregiously, they 'slanged' one another with vigour, when annoyed they scratched. They fell in and out of love as facilely as a porpoise rolls in

water, when engaged they quarrelled, when married found one another a bore. With the exception of Sylvia Maitland (ripe cause of most of the squabbling) all had done war work and all had been recently 'demobbed.' Perhaps their nerves were on edge. They were certainly rather outrageous, and they nearly wrecked Dick's career. Happily they failed, and wrecking a boat instead, found conversion on a Hebridean island. The island, the property of a recluse, Mr. Lorimer, was rich in iron, and was coveted by Sir William Rumbold. He tried to force Mr. Lorimer to sell, and to that end, without taking the youth into his confidence, bade Dick take an office in Victoria Street and call at Mr. Lorimer's club each day to ascertain if he was in town. Dick, besieged by his friends, neglected this his only duty, and was promptly turned down, but not before the suspicions of his typist, Kitty Scandrell, were aroused. She guessed that the island held a secret, suggested that it might be gold, and forthwith off set the entire company, not because (in spite of engagements and marriages) they loved one another too dearly to be parted, but because they distrusted one another too profoundly. Each wanted the treasure, perhaps each wanted to continue a series of squabbles in which 'scores' were continually being made. For they were by no means dull, these outrageous young people. They said smart things, they said witty things; dulness and they were twain with never a bridge between.

So off they went to the Hebrides to wreck their boat, and find themselves cast on shore and the hospitality of Mr. Lorimer in the highest of spirits and the airiest and dampest of clothes.

Now Mr. Lorimer was a gentleman of the old school. He fought for Garibaldi, he celebrated Garibaldi's victory, and the anniversary of his own marriage each year, clad in the red shirt of The Thousand. He drank to the young wife, now long dead—she wore a crinoline and slid down the banisters—his courtesy was punctilious, he idealised women, he looked for the heroic in men. He dressed the castaways in crinolines and the fashions of the

'fifties, he taught them the A B C of good breeding. He talked much about women and chivalry, still more (when he discovered that all the men had been Army officers) of the Flanders Mud, and of England (which should be spelled with ten-foot capitals to do justice to his attitude of mind). He was rather an old dear, but he was occasionally prosy, and for a man who spent his time in almost complete solitude on an outer island, his understanding of post-war psychology was stupefying. He peeled the slang and the scratchiness, the flirtatiousness and the cheapness of mental outlook from his guests as skilfully as a cook peels an onion. Modern youth had the grace to feel ashamed when confronted by his purity, idealism, and unswerving courtesy.

Finally he disposed of the get-rich-quick Rumbold (some man! He flew to the island), and solved the problem of the demobbed, disgruntled, slightly effervescent officers by offering them the island and the ore, presumably on the co-operative system, though this point is left in doubt. Improbable and rather fantastic, with just a little too much sermonising from the otherwise charming old gentleman, Mr. Lorimer, OTHER TIMES* (at the Little Theatre) is a bright, merry entertainment with more in it than meets the eye. Under its froth there is seriousness, it is the work of a thoughtful mind. And it is acted with just the right verve and enthusiasm. All the young people enjoy themselves and are determined that the audience shall enjoy itself too. Mr. Dawson Milward gives a study rich in smooth, polished touches as Mr. Lorimer, and Miss Mary Brough and Mr. H. O. Nicholson add to the general gaiety as Mr. Lorimer's attendants, Mr. and Mrs. Jaikes.

To say that COME OUT OF THE KITCHEN is a good play would be to stretch a point so far that it would cease to be a point and become an invisible line. Frankly and courageously—let me place it on record—it is not a good

* The play has been withdrawn since the above was written.

play. The plot is thin, the dialogue meagre, the situation has been ploughed over for generations. Five minutes after the rising of the curtain the intelligent playgoer (all playgoers are intelligent, that is why they never laugh at silly jokes) can predict the current of events with a certainty which, if it could only be relied on in other walks in life, would establish him among the prophets for ever. Consequently the intelligent playgoer is faced with two alternatives. He may yield to his boredom or he may fight it. If he chooses the one, he will grasp his hat and umbrella and march out of the theatre; if he resolves upon the other, he will remain to be mildly amused, to be idly interested, and to be convinced that Miss Gertrude Elliot is an actress of such magnetism and charm she can make rubbish seem of value, build up a character out of nothing at all, and bring laughter and smiles to scenes which the author, or authors, have 'let down' with lamentable efficiency. In fact it is Miss Elliot's night, and Miss Elliot's play. Take her away, and would it not all fall to pieces?

But a question emerges. Must, in order to have one dominating character, everything else go by the board, plot be scratched up anyhow or nohow, situations be strained, sacrificed to one central figure? COME OUT OF THE KITCHEN and *Uncle Ned* would have us think it must, but surely Miss Elliot and Mr. Ainley do not subscribe to such a doctrine? They have obviously staged these plays because nothing better presented itself. I can hear them cry, 'My kingdom for a play.' Will no one write for them?

At the Strand we are introduced to the Dangerfields, a family of four—two sons, two daughters—whose parents are abroad, their father being dangerously ill. Of old Southern family they have become impoverished, every dog and cat on the place is mortgaged to the last hair on its tail, ruin faces them. They let the house for six weeks to a millionaire (price five thousand dollars), who stipulates that four competent white servants must be engaged. They are engaged. They

fail to appear. The four Dangerfields step into the four breaches, and as cook, housemaid, butler, and pantry-boy, cover themselves with confusion—with the exception of the cook (Miss Elliot), with whom every male creature who sees her falls in love—and get themselves ignominiously dismissed within three days of the tenant's arrival. Their exits are accelerated by a tank-like person with execrable manners, who walks over other people's feelings with as little compunction as that engine of war walked over barbed wire. But the millionaire falls in love with the cook (who talks with an accent and an idiom that never came out of Ireland, a detail which does not much matter, as obviously a Virginian lady would not be familiar with the speech of peasants from a Connemara or a Kerry bog), and everything drifts to a happy ending, though much china is broken, and many tempers are ruffled on the way.

THE MAN WHO CAME BACK differs from the other plays under consideration this month in that it has what the Americans call 'a punch.' The chief ingredient is not sugared milk and water, but dope, and for the purposes of the stage dope is richer in fulfilment. It may take us into the stews, exploit the underworld, wipe off the thin veneer of civilisation and show the raw savage underneath, but it gives a thrill, offers the contest of wills that is said to be the warp and woof of all drama, and also offers situation and colour. Sugared-milk-and-water gives none of these, a prolonged diet of it soon becomes satiating, whereas over-indulgence in dope-plays would vitiate the appetite, so I am constrained to suggest that the playgoer's motto should be Temperance—a little of both, not much of either, and the dope last.

Dope, of course, is sensational. It drags your hair down, it clothes you in scanty and easily-discarded garments, it robs you of your last penny, which is serious, and of your last shred of morality, which seems not to matter at all. It tempts outcasts as degraded as yourself to strangle you to preserve your purity, and in the fit of remorse

attendant upon that violent exercise to take you away, to marry you, to abjure intoxicants and narcotics for ever, and to thrash you with a dog-whip when you pretend to have reverted to former habits. And the thrashing—remember the play is in dope-land—convinces you that you love the thrasher and that he loves you, and so, when the trials necessary to a fifth act have been happily encountered and demolished, you live virtuously ever after, without strangulations, or dog-whippings to mar your domestic and highly gilded peace. If in addition to all these excitements (and I have enumerated only a few) the dope play takes you all round the world, from London to San Francisco, from San Francisco to Shanghai, thence to Honolulu, and finally back to London again (with the number of geographical miles thoughtfully entered on the programme), you will be ungrateful indeed if you do not concede that at The Oxford excellent value is given, and that, of its kind, the play is one of the swiftest, most riveting produced of late in London. Also it presents Miss Mary Nash as Marcelle, the cabarat girl, an actress of temperament (rare gift!) endowed richly by Nature, with a voice of haunting *timbre*, with grace, with luxuriant talent kept under wise and sagacious control—an artist of unusual attraction whose work excites curiosity as well as admiration.

Marcelle is, after all, of a recognised, rather melodramatic type. We must see Miss Nash in other plays, big, emotional, human plays, then we shall rightly judge of her quality. Meantime she deserves the enthusiasm which her acting evokes every night at The Oxford, she is called before the curtain again and again, and it is not her fault that beside her the other women look pale and anæmic. Nor is it, I am convinced, her fault that Mr. George Relph bellows like the proverbial Bull of Bashan in the 'big' scene. The house reverberated to his stentorian howlings; but mercifully he shut off power to some extent for the rest of the evening.

Mr. Relph should practise self-control. Even 'dope' demands some display of it in an actor.

At the Duke of York's Theatre THE GOVERNMENT INSPECTOR follows hot upon *The Merchant of Venice*. A comedy, a satire: cynicism without acidity. A thing of laughter and merriment: a ruthless *exposé* of the manners, morals, immorals, vulgarity, graft, greed, and cruelty of the provincial Russian in the early days of the nineteenth century.

Gogol knew his country, and he poked fun at it; but unless the Russian sense of humour was very highly developed, his comedy must have been watched with mouth awry. London, secure in its impeccability, can laugh without self-consciousness, and laugh London assuredly does, and will. Could London do otherwise? Is not THE GOVERNMENT INSPECTOR a delicious joke evolved in high spirits? Picture a small provincial town somewhere in the vast isolation called Russia. There is a Governor, a mighty fellow, armed with authority, consequential, vain, a giant among his men—until the day of inspection comes. Then a pygmy, whose knees shake and whose voice grows tremulous as the tale of his iniquities sings in his ear. And the Governor's wife, an exuberant, jolly, vulgar, excitable person, who shrieks from the window like a washerwoman, and who falls rapidly in and out of love, but is 'very grand.' (Miss Mary Grey played her to perfection—just the right method of attack. A capital piece of work.) And the Governor's colleagues, as dishonest, as sycophantic, as vain, as muddle-headed, and as ague-kneed as himself. And the policemen and serfs . . . all playing the same game of spoof. And then comes the graceless, penniless young dog who is mistaken for the Inspector, bribed, entertained, made love to by the Governor's wife and the Governor's daughter, becoming engaged to the daughter, carrying off the impossible situation with an engaging bravura that is exceedingly funny; trembling on the brink of arrest for debt, fleecing the shaking wretches who press bribes into his itching palm, and finally absconding with his gains, leaving the Governor to face the ignominy and shame just as the real Inspector

is announced! Mr. Claude Rains acted exceedingly well as the pseudo-Inspector, whose heroics were magnificent, though hollow, and who so easily duped his self-appointed victims. Upon him and upon Mr. Moscovitch fall the chief burdens of the play, and seldom have burdens been better sustained. As the Governor, Mr. Moscovitch proves himself a comedian of high order. He shatters his audience with laughter, he provokes comment, challenges the intellect. No trickster relying on idiosyncrasies of voice or manner. He thinks character out, drives it across the footlights. He builds up a man, interprets all the mean but somewhat whimsical naïve soul of him. Artistic honesty, absolute sincerity, and a heaven-given sense of humour—of such is the comedy of Mr. Moscovitch.

The production, as a whole, is of all-round excellence, without weak spots. Small parts receive as much attention as big ones. One of the few plays now presented and worth seeing, this. Again we congratulate Mr. Fagan.

S. R. D.

SNOWS OF THE NORTH

OVER the hills of the North a white snow is lying,
Pure as the raiment of God.
Down through the still colonnades the last sun is dying,
Where foot of my kind has not trod.

Here is the palace primeval He made for His dwelling,
Slowly with fateful hands;
Here dwelt where the great winds are silent, for years beyond telling,
Remote to the North of His lands.

The Voices that move through the world that the strong winds awaken,
Leagues away tremble aloof,
Where the mountains, like pillars colossal that Time hath not shaken,
Rise to the vaulted roof.

Down through the vanishing crypts the dusk day has faded
Down west-ways silent and sparse.
Now are His chambers illumed that the sun's lamp is shaded
With torches of clustered stars.

Here He bides awful, unchanged, while the swift years are streaming
Swift round the snows of His throne.
Over the hills lie the snows like a dream of God's dreaming,
Where God dreams mute and alone.

LOUIS GOLDING.

WAS IT A DREAM?

IT was a glorious May morning, with a little nip in the air to remind one of the blackthorn now fading in the hedges; but the oaks, showing intricate bare boughs against the sky but two days before, were glimmering in a sort of golden haze, and flowers of brilliant red and yellow blazed in the garden.

Dorothea strode hastily past the dining-room window, hastily and perhaps a little furtively; she wore her shortest tweed skirt with brown gaiters, and from her hand depended a halter, and a battered leather hat.

'Dorothea,' sounded her mother's calm, even voice from the open window, 'come here, dear, I want to speak to you.' Her daughter hastened on. Mrs. Wynford rose from the writing-table at which she was seated and stepped through the French window on to the lawn. She was a very personable woman, of ample build, with chestnut hair brushed smoothly from a finely shaped brow and gathered behind the ears in a shining knot. Her eyes were soft and of benignant gaze, and the hooked nose and the large, firmly modelled chin did not deprive her countenance of the air of pleasant complacency which the eyes conveyed to the beholder.

'Dorothea,' she reiterated, in a rather louder tone, 'I want you.'

The fugitive, now round the corner of the house, paused in mid-career; she felt the game was up. 'Oh, hang it all!' she muttered, 'why had she come down?' and she slowly entered the house by the back door, and dropping in the passage the halter and her riding-hat, strolled into the dining-room. The urn was still hissing, and the teapot, newly filled, stood beneath it. Breakfast had not begun at South Lodge.

'Oh, there you are!' murmured Mrs. Wynford,

placidly, coming back into the room. 'Where were you going with that halter?'

Dorothea muttered something about the 'roan pony,' and stumped about the room with her hands in the pockets of her skirt, and her eyes on the floor.

'You can't take the pony out to-day, I wanted to tell you,' her mother pursued, sitting down before the teapot with a letter in her hand. As she spoke the girl's face fell visibly. 'I have a letter here from Cousin Julia,' Mrs. Wynford continued, her daughter's demeanour wholly unnoticed. 'She's coming in this morning, and she wants me to drive her over to Verwood this afternoon, and stay the night. Charles is on leave, she says, and she would like to see him, and then we could get that box of china she left behind, and see the tulips.'

Dorothea's hazel eyes, fringed above and below with the thickest lashes, scanned the far horizon. Charles on leave!—didn't she know it? Down there in the distant valley he waited for her, and here on the high downs of Cranborne Chase she had schemed to steal a horse, a steed with wings, to cross the eighteen miles that stretched between them; and now here was Cousin Julia with her stupidities and her trifling plans flinging across the smiling morning the looming shadow of an inexorable Fate, intangible as a sea mist, and as impenetrable to those bright rays that but five minutes earlier had illumined the young girl's being.

'Mother,' she said desperately, turning a white face to the breakfast-table and speaking with the constraint of youth arraigned before the domestic tribunal, 'if you are going to Verwood, can't I drive you, or couldn't I take Cousin Julia? I wanted . . .'

'You must go another day,' her mother replied without emotion, applying herself to her breakfast; 'I should enjoy the drive with your Cousin Julia, and three would be too many for the pony.'

'It couldn't hurt Tony if I walked all the hills,' burst out the hapless Dorothea, goaded out of the silence common to her by the magnitude of her misfortune.

'Do sit down, Dora, and have your breakfast. I want you at home to-day for planting out the seedlings, and in any case the pony-carriage can't take three and Julia's box, as you very well know,' responded Mrs. Wynford, placidly; adding, 'Please cut me a piece of bread.'

'I do wish you wouldn't call me Dora,' exclaimed the poor victim of circumstances. 'I had my breakfast hours ago,' she added, and regardless of the demand for bread, flung out of the room, and let the door close behind her with a crash, in a puff of the morning breeze.

Mrs. Wynford rose to supply her own needs; if her mind held a glimmering knowledge of the true situation she did not dwell upon it, but occupied herself in planning out the pleasant day that she intended to spend, the serenity of her brow unruffled, and a good appetite unimpaired. Cousins, she may, perhaps, have half sub-consciously reflected, are often better apart.

There are many among us who, speculating on a future life, reckon the memory of our adventures and our travels in the present world from the cradle to the grave as part of the equipment of a surviving being in the life of the beyond. They may be right; but if this be so it is excusable to wonder why over the minds of so many of the middle-aged a wet sponge would seem effectually to have passed, erasing from the heart and memory all enlightening recollections of the hopes, the blank despairs, the eagerness, the searching agonies of youth.

Dorothea, with a stunned, blank feeling in her heart, was out in the garden now, the spring breeze tossing high a forelock of fine black hair, and ruffling the curls round her ears. She hurried along the garden paths, her head down, her right hand still in the pocket of her skirt, and clasped tight in her fingers a letter—*that* letter which she had claimed from the postman on the forest road at half-past seven—only an hour ago. It had flamed upon the morning with a sudden pulsing radiance which illumined all the woods when she drew it from its envelope. Now, as she crushed it in her hand a grey mist veiled her eyes, and hid the May sunshine.

'Two days' leave,' he had written. 'I can't get away to-morrow possibly. Mother would be so vexed, and I got the leave because she's ill. Oh! Dorothea, ride over somehow, for mercy's sake; I *must* see you.'

The big roan cob carried her well, they could do the thirty-six miles there and back together she was certain. There was just one desperate chance; she would saddle Tony while the groom was at breakfast, and slip off into the Chase before any one was down. But Eros, the incalculable god, paid no heed to his stricken slave, in whose heart rankled the quivering dart, but rather dallying with uncertainty, kept the groom from his breakfast, while the kitchen-maid leant against the paddock gate tossing a cowslip-ball, and rejecting his advances. The golden minutes had slipped by, and Chance withdrew her offer. She *might* have been in time, and Cousin Julia would have come in vain—but it was all up now.

Under an oak-tree in the Chase, Dorothea lay motionless, rebellion surging in her heart.

'I shan't stop in this rotten place,' she told herself, as she choked back the hot tears of disappointment; 'girls are doing things—lots of things. I can drive a car anyway, and groom a horse, and ride bare-back as well as any boy. It's absurd to stop about, doing nothing,' and she shut her eyes to the magic of the woods and bosky dells, where a shimmering blue like Italian lakes clothed the earth as with a garment flung from heaven. Close at hand, under the oak-tree the world was green, starred with white flowers, but there by the ash-grove and on the bank yonder the blue was wonderful, unexplained, compact of mist and glory in the early sunshine.

On the oak above her, with its grey stem and far-reaching branches, now transformed by the first golden splendour of Spring's new leaves, a squirrel leapt from bough to bough, then running down a long branch, poised for a moment, chattering, above the girl's head, and dropped on the grass beside her.

'Dear boy,' murmured Dorothea, 'he's hungry,' and searched her pockets for a nut, stored for him and his.

The squirrel, watching her brightly, darted sideways and secured the prize; then scampered, with tail stretched straight behind him, across the blue-bell dell to the next oak; and Nature, with her gentle wiles, began the comfort of a forlorn heart that could not yet alienate itself from an accustomed spell.

Round at South Lodge the little fuss connected with the day's doings went forward through the morning. Cousin Julia duly arrived in the spring-cart from Sutton, and the discussion as to whether it would be pleasanter to have an early luncheon before starting for Verwood or to take sandwiches and coffee in a thermos and lunch on the way in some pleasant spot was duly carried on, interspersed with questions from Cousin Julia as to where Dorothea had gone, and wonder on her mother's part that she was not working in the garden when there was so much to be done, and no time should be wasted.

Presently the great luncheon question was settled, sandwiches cut, and Tony in the pony-carriage brought round to the door. The ladies seated themselves with all due deliberation, and Dorothea away down there in the wood, leaning on her elbow with a book before her unseeing eyes, heard with a bitter pang the jingling of the harness as Tony trotted off down the forest road. She was totally without resources; the motor had been laid up, she had no bicycle, and South Lodge lay isolated high on the downs, miles from everywhere. She accepted the situation.

Meanwhile, in the valley to the east, behind the melting haze of the far distance, a tall young man in the uniform of a naval lieutenant was fidgeting about in the plantation near the lodge gate of Trentham, with a rook-rifle under his arm and a troubled look in his blue eyes, that from time to time across the fence scanned the winding road that led by Verwood. After luncheon he was there again, and when the pony-carriage from South Lodge slowed down at the gate, still he was there, and with an absolutely blank, imperturbable face, bared a golden head to greet the voluble ladies who voiced

their serene satisfaction at seeing him on his brief leave.

'So glad just to see you, Charlie! You go to-morrow, don't you? Cousin Julia heard you were on leave, so we thought we would take the opportunity of driving over to learn how your mother is, and fetch that box of china, you know. Your mother can put us up for the night, I hope; and if there's no room in the stable, the pony will be all right in the paddock.'

'Charlie must know by now,' Dorothea breathed to herself, eighteen miles away: and Charlie knew, and understood. Perhaps he cursed.

Slowly the long May evening faded to grey, and the bitter day was done. Dorothea, curled up in an armchair in the drawing-room, wrote to her lad, and spoke hopefully of his next leave. The ship might be at Portsmouth, then anything could happen; and yet a weight was on her heart, as on so many hearts, that spring of 1916, and the oppression was not lifted.

It was past midnight when she went to bed at last, tired with the long, dreary day; and, lying down opposite the window opening on the forest, through which came cries of owls and the night sounds of nature, with two tall candles alight on the table beside her, fell suddenly asleep before she could extinguish them.

At Trentham away in the valley, Charles was not asleep. He was in the gun-room listlessly packing a suit-case, for he had to start early next morning to catch the first train for town. His leave was over. Kneeling on the floor pulling at a strap, he heard a voice—a quiet, intimate voice—very clear, sounding as it were in the inner ear—Dorothea's voice.

'Good-bye, darling!' she said. 'Good-bye, Charles!'

A quiver ran through him: he looked up, hastily. She was there—there in the room, by the door, leaning against the turn of the wall, looking down at him. Her soft, black hair made a cloud above her brow, the hazel eyes pierced his heart; her lips shook and parted, but no words came; the slight figure in the rough tweed dress turned

from him with a poignant gesture of the hands . . . and then . . . she was not there! He gazed before him, dazed and shaken—the room was empty. What was that? Outside on the gravel in the night—a horse's feet!

Charles stood up; the moment had passed, but at his heart a warmth, a tingling delight grew and spread. The forlorn boy, going back baulked of happiness, of a brief snatch of joy, to the terrible rigours of his life, was comforted, and no longer alone.

Leaning out of his bedroom window a few minutes later again he heard a horse, but now galloping wildly in the distance.

In that other bedroom, looking on to the high woods, Dorothea slept motionless; in the light of tall candles flickering in the night breeze her face showed as pale as death. For hours they guttered and burnt down; at last flaring in the socket, and paling towards extinction, then rising again in a higher pyramid of flame over the pool of grease. Suddenly the sleeper sighed, stirred, and sat up—her eyes still tightly closed, her hands raised before her.

'Back!' she breathed. 'It was a long way,' and her eyes opened on the dying candle-flames. 'Where am I? Oh, what a ride! Galloping, galloping, through the night.' She sank back on her pillow, and the room was now in darkness. 'What a way to come,' she murmured—'all across country, who would have thought Tony could do it?' and her half-dazed mind wandered back over the adventure. They had broken through hedges where the green sapling boughs with their young leaves smote her in the face, and tore at her hair; they had gone plunging over arable land where crops were green; through gaps half stopped with thorn, floundering into ditches, and stumbling on the further banks, pushing through copses where she had swung open the gates, fumbling for a latch in the darkness—copses where a shimmering pallor under the stars marked the wood anemones; and then climbing to the heights had trotted

wearily down the long forest roads of the Chase, and so back home before the dawning.

She dozed, and still rode—woke again, still under the spell, as dawn crept up the sky, and the first long liquid notes of the birds sounded from every side. Dozed again, and heard, as she had heard before, other horsemen of the night galloping around her, unseen, and hailing each other in the darkness. How mad it was, how wild! and always away there behind, far behind, was Charles, and surely they had met... But how? But where? She could not remember. . . .

And now Dorothea was wide awake, and it was morning. Pale and listless she came down to breakfast, oppressed by the visions of the night, confused and troubled.

'Could you speak to James, please Miss,' said the parlourmaid, as she brought in the bacon.

The groom was in the hall. 'It's a queer thing, Miss Dorothea,' he said, 'that there pony's come home. I've just found 'en in the stable—where I'd left the door open; an' it do seem he must have come a coursing-like as if he was with the hounds; for he's all a sight of muck and been in a lather too; and his legs all mud to the knees.'

'Let's look at him,' said Dorothea, with a catch in her breath, and went with the groom to the stable.

'It's a queer thing, too,' repeated James; 'and poor Mrs. Wynford, whatever will she do?'

With a strange turmoil at her heart, Dorothea awaited events; and when a neighbour's motor brought back to South Lodge the marooned ladies, the interminable discussions and speculations respecting the amazing conduct of the roan pony were endured by her in an unilluminating silence.

'There's no one to speak to,' she said to herself—and opening her over-night letter to Charles added to it a confused account of the bewildering experiences of the night, while all day long and all the following night he, travelling North towards Scapa Flow, took with him the

dear image of his Dorothea as she had appeared to him in his need. Then, when opportunity came, in the gun-room of the *Queen Mary*, surrounded by noise and talk, and general turmoil, yet withdrawn to a place of quiet within, he wrote what he had seen.

* * * * *

May drew to its close, and the day of fate loomed for England—though perhaps none knew it, when at 10.15 p.m., on May 30th, the *Queen Mary* left Rosyth with her squadron, never to return. Next day, at 3.30, the Jutland battle raging round her, she went into action, and for an hour took her part in the terrible encounter of the great guns, when Admiral Beatty's Battle Cruiser Squadron engaged with Hipper's Battle Cruisers. At 4.22 the *Derfflinger* and the *Seydlitz* concentrated their fire on the *Queen Mary*, which, as we now learn from our enemy, was making admirable shooting, and four minutes later a salvo from the *Derfflinger* penetrating to her magazine, H.M.S. *Queen Mary* blew up, while all still hung in the balance.

That Friday—who will forget it?—when black news came through, and nothing to cheer—that Friday night when ill-news flew fast, and there were waiting hearts that almost stopped beating; even to South Lodge on the high Dorset downs came the rumour that the *Queen Mary* had gone down in battle, with all hands.

It was a month later that Dorothea, carrying a telegram down to Sutton, met in the lane below the downs a bluejacket on leave, and knew that it was Quartermaster Rose, of the *Barham*. With a strange leap of the heart, she realised that he had been in the battle; she must speak to him, *could* she ask him? There was a question she longed to put—how many must have longed to put it—what had he seen? Would he tell her?

'Yes, I saw the *Queen Mary* go down,' he answered reluctantly, shifting his gaze from side to side, as though

he would fain see it no more. 'We was close up, as you may say.'

She moistened her dry lips, and asked him.

The Quartermaster stood in the sweet Dorsetshire lane beneath the downs; in his nostrils was the scent of new-mown hay, and soft sunshine bathed the peaceful green world. But his spirit looked upon another scene, as he gazed up the road with a troubled face.

'The sea,' he said, 'after she went down, was like that piece of road is, fresh covered with stones . . .. All their heads.'

It was many months afterwards, when Dorothea, driving an ambulance with wounded from the Front with infinite care up the steep road from Le Tréport station to the Base Hospital on the hill, suddenly understood a new thing.

Day and night, from the summit of the white cliffs of France, where the girl ambulance-drivers tended their cars, and had their lodging, she had looked down upon the creeping, crawling Channel; and her heart drawn eastward, whence flooded the brimming tides, dumbly asked for its own of the cold North Sea that had swallowed its thousands of Britain's noblest dead. But at length, one day, came the new comprehension; a beacon light in the gloom, a fresh understanding of life and death which was all her own. It flashed upon her that she of all people should know better than to fancy that unbreakable chains bound body and spirit in one. When she lay sleeping on her bed in Cranborne Chase that night so immeasurably long ago, her real self companied with Charles eighteen miles away, and he saw her. So now what right had she to think that her young lover, whose body had been swallowed by the North Sea, must be bound in any such gloomy spot? Maybe he often sat beside the driver on an ambulance at Tréport.

M. Lowndes.

THE Debate on the second reading of the Matrimonial Causes Bill in the House of Lords last month, and the introduction of Mr. Rendall's Resolution in the House of Commons on April 14th, dealing with the same subject, has given rise to much discussion, both in and out of Parliament, of all the thorny questions relating to the overdue reform of the Divorce Laws. It is an encouraging sign of the times that in both Houses the principle was accepted, practically without opposition, that the grounds of divorce in future must be equal as between men and women, and that the opportunities for securing relief in an impossible situation, should it arise, should no longer be withheld from the poorer members of the community. When these two principles are established by law, perhaps the most glaring anomalies of the Divorce Act of 1857 will have been removed; and it is an immense satisfaction to discover that the sense of justice in the nation has so advanced from its more primitive conceptions that no real opposition to such equitable adjustment of the law should have emerged in any quarter.

Other alleged grounds for divorce than the adultery of one party to the union have met with a mixed reception. While the House of Lords, in a division showing 93 to 45 (majority 48), voted in favour of the Majority Report, which would grant divorce for certain causes unconnected with unfaithfulness, the vote in the Commons on April 14th adopted an amendment to Mr. Rendall's Resolution favouring equality, but deprecating the new grounds for divorce advocated by the mover and seconder. For the Amendment, 184; against, 91. Majority, 48. It cannot be said that the attendance in either House when these important divisions were taken betokened sufficient interest in a subject of such moment to the community. In each

case a free vote was given by members, the Government refraining from putting on the whips.

The five new grounds for divorce recommended by the Majority Report of the Royal Commission (1913) are: Desertion for three years, Cruelty on two counts (*i.e.* (*a*) danger to life or limb, (*b*) the giving of venereal disease), Incurable Insanity after five years, Habitual Drunkenness. These five counts, and the reason why they should afford grounds for the dissolution of the marriage tie, were discussed and argued up and down both in the House of Lords and in the Commons; and opposite opinions arrived at with regard to them. In the Lords, however, it must be noted no woman sits among the legislators, and no peer among them is responsible to any woman for the decision to which he gives effect. In the Commons the situation is very different; every member is concerned to recollect his women constituents, and Lady Astor had the opportunity of discussing the question from the point of view of many women.

Among the causes alleged for divorce in this debate, none would appear to have been more convincingly supported than the proposal that incurable insanity should be a valid ground. The seconder of the Resolution, Colonel Nathan Raw, asserted that in the United Kingdom there are 140,000 persons certified insane under the Lunacy Acts, and of these 50,000 were suffering from dementia, or degeneration of the brain itself; that disease was incurable, and between 30,000 and 40,000 of these persons were married.

That 140,000 persons have been certified as insane would not, perhaps, greatly impress a person who knows *something* about the methods of such certifying, and would certainly not suggest the idea that anything approaching that number could be rightly deprived of their homes, and what, perhaps, during five years of misery, had been all their hope of happiness in a better future. If, however, Colonel Raw's assertion that 50,000 of these unfortunate persons are suffering from a degeneration of brain tissue that is incurable can be corroborated by the

best medical opinion, a case for the dissolution of the marriage of such unfortunate creatures would seem to be made out. It is a death in life.

The way, however, in which persons may get certified as lunatics, and the manner of their treatment after such certification, and the conditions under which many are compelled to live, are among those matters that most urgently call for revision and reform. Should incurable lunacy come to be accounted as a valid ground for divorce, the importance of an immediate inquiry into the whole question of our treatment of lunatics and alleged lunatics becomes only the more imperatively necessary.

*

In the beginning of April various paragraphs appeared in the Press on the subject of a woman member for the Welsh Board of Health, which supplants the Welsh Insurance Commission. The post carries the salary of 1000*l.* a year, and on the Insurance Commission it was filled by Miss Douglas-Pennant; but a woman Insurance Commissioner for Wales under the Ministry has not yet been appointed.

Scotland and Ireland have their Board of Health independently of the Ministry, and have their women members; of Wales, the newspapers have suggested that a suitable Welsh woman cannot be found to fill such a post. This suggestion is of course absurdly untrue; Wales has its quota of trained and competent women in no way behind those born in other parts of the United Kingdom. The difficulty may not improbably be that the Welsh Commission being under Dr. Addison, the Minister is in no way anxious to find what he is supposed to be seeking. We remember that he announced when the Ministry was being formed that the appointment of women might 'tie his hands'—why, it is difficult to understand!

If the Minister of Health is really seeking a woman for the post in question, we wonder why nobody remembers to consider the many competent women civil servants

who have been absorbed into the Ministry of Health from various branches. We believe they have none of them been approached; there are also a number of fully qualified women doctors in Wales, and though many of them, no doubt, would be unwilling to abandon their practices, which in many cases must be more lucrative than the 1000*l.* a year in question, there may be others who would be willing to consider the matter. As far as the women civil servants are *concerned, we strongly* suspect that there would be a distinct Departmental prejudice against raising an inadequate salary too suddenly. We are, perhaps, up against this difficulty: Government officials consider that women civil servants must be paid small salaries, appropriate to their sex, rather than to their usefulness; and the small salaries thus adjudged sufficient for them make it obvious to the departmental eye that there can be no woman in Government employ in Wales suited to a post carrying 1000*l.* a year salary.

We cannot believe, however, that Wales means to sit down quietly under this indignity; what have her daughters done that they are to be ruled out of court when the women of England and of Scotland are called to sit in high places? The Principality is not without influence in the present day; let her women defend their rights, and demand equality of treatment.

*

The Labour Party's Representation of the People Bill, which passed its second reading in the House of Commons unopposed, has been having a rough time of it in Grand Committee during April. On March 23rd, when the Government accepted the main clause—votes for women at twenty-one—it looked as though the part of the Bill affecting five million disfranchised young women might pass through the ordeal of Standing Committee D with flying colours. But who can tell what may happen to a private member's Bill? A Parliamentary Recess, and some important by-elections seem to have had a singular effect upon the responsible gentlemen (with one

lady) chosen to consider in Westminster Hall Committee Room the fortunes of the Bill. On April 15th it was still in Grand Committee, Sir Frederick Banbury and Major Archer-Shee sneering and jeering at the suggestion that women could possibly be qualified to vote at the age when the franchise is extended to *young men*. On April 20th, the Bill being again in Committee, a new idea struck its opponents, and Major Archer-Shee, on a point of order, declared that the Committee could not competently proceed with the Bill, seeing that it involved the expenditure of public money.

Somehow, it strikes the ordinary person that Government and House of Commons officials might conceivably be expected to know a little about Standing Orders of the House. Surely the point raised is nothing very new? Why should the time and patience of Members of Parliament be wasted while for three days they discuss in Grand Committee a measure on which they are precluded from coming to any decision? The introducers of the Bill ought to know better, say some. Possibly they ought, but what was Dr. Addison about, solemnly discussing on March 23rd the terms on which the Government would be willing to support the main contention of a Bill which, as it stood, could not be considered in Grand Committee at all? The whole thing looks extremely like a trick—a solemn farce, suited to a political moment, and no longer considered by anybody to be of more than passing importance. We may be wrong in harbouring such suspicions, but how difficult it is to believe that nobody in the House of Commons knew, till a certain psychological moment arrived, what could and what could not be proceeded with by that august Chamber in Committee.

Since March 24th, on which day the *Daily Chronicle* discussed the far-reaching consequences which would ensue on the support pledged by the Government to the main provision in the new Representation of the People Bill, various things have happened. The expectation of an early General Election is undoubtedly postponed, and the Labour Party's hope of securing seats in

certain constituencies where Coalition Ministers were seeking re-election have been dashed to the ground. Possibly the 'ignorance of Labour Members of Parliamentary procedure,' backed by the same ignorance on the part of the Minister of Health, may lead to the interment of their ill-fated measure before it reappears in the House of Commons on Report.

*

We have already drawn attention in the January ENGLISHWOMAN to the unjust treatment meted out to the women employed in the Soldiers' Awards Branch of the Pensions Ministry. After three months of unavailing protest, the experienced women who created and maintained this Branch throughout the war find themselves nearly all relegated to the routine work of the Issues Office, to make way for the men whom they have been retained to train for the posts they are now deprived of. The public are informed that women are being transferred from Chelsea to make way for men disabled in the war, and such a transfer is considered just both by the outside public and also by the transferred clerks themselves. But what is not generally understood is the fact that the Ministry of Pensions is drawing a red-herring across the track to disguise injustice. The disabled soldier is, in fact, used as a stalking-horse for the permanent official, since all the better posts of which the women are deprived are being filled up with permanent men (not disabled soldiers) drawn from different branches of the Civil Service—as the Post Office, Ministry of Labour, &c.

The *Westminster Gazette* for April 21st comments on Mr. Macpherson's new office as being hardly likely to prove the 'rest-cure' he was supposed to be seeking:

The internal difficulties of the Ministry [it explains] seem to have reached a climax, and Mr. Macpherson has to expect something like a revolt of his own subordinates whose grievances seem to be numerous and acute, culminating in the resignation of the Chelsea Divisional Superintendent of the Soldiers' Award Branch, and in grave dissatisfaction in Regent's Park.

Miss Hicks, the Divisional Superintendent in question, who knows every warrant and detail of Pensions administration from end to end, has chosen this mode of emphasising the grievances under which the women suffer; in so doing, she sacrifices a salary of 350*l.* to 500*l.* a year, under a contract with three years still to run. The importance of the 'grave dissatisfaction at Regent's Park' will be better understood if it is realised that the Issues Office employs some 5000 women, and it is to the Issues Office that the dispossessed Chelsea workers are transferred.

Among the experienced women who created and maintained the Awards Branch during the war, and have recently been transferred to the routine work of the Issues Office, is Miss Witherington, Lady Superintendent at Chelsea, her status being lowered and her authority reduced. Miss Witherington is an established civil servant of some thirty years' standing, and her de-grading added one more load to the intolerable burden borne at the present moment by women employed in the Pensions Ministry. Consequently, as has been noted in the daily Press, 800 women clerks went down to the new Minister's house in their lunch-hour to protest. Finding he was in France, they went on to Downing Street at tea-time, in the hope of enlisting the Premier's sympathies. Mr. Lloyd George blamed the late Minister, and professed himself helpless in the matter; but, although on April 16th authorities at the Ministry resolutely refused Miss Witherington permission to retain her grade-title, they climbed down, and gave it back to her the following day: a triumph for the girls who had supported her.

It is likely that more will be heard of the whole matter.

BOOK REVIEWS

William Booth: Founder of the Salvation Army. By HAROLD BEGBIE. (Macmillan. 2 vols. 42*s.* net.)

The Women's Victory and After. Personal Reminiscences by MILLICENT GARRETT FAWCETT. (Sidgwick & Jackson. 3*s.* 6*d.* net.)

French Ways and their Meaning. By EDITH WHARTON. (Macmillan. 6*s.* net.)

Wild Life in Canada. By ANGUS BUCHANAN, M.C. (John Murray. 15*s.* net.)

An Imperfect Mother. By J. D. BERESFORD. (Collins. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.)

The America I Saw, 1916-1918. By L. H. M. SOULSBY. (Longmans. 6*s.* 6*d.* net.)

Omniana. By F. J. FULLER. (Jarrolds. 12*s.* 6*d.* net.)

The Whole Art of Dining and Table Decoration. By J. REY. (Carmona & Baker. 21*s.* net.)

The British System of Physical Education. By BEATRICK BEAR. (G. Bell & Sons. 8*s.* 6*d.* net.)

The Builders. By ELLEN GLASGOW. (Murray. 7*s.* net.)

THE biography of a man who stamped his personality upon his age, revolutionised certain social conditions, changed the current of life for thousands of his fellow-men, was a household word in nearly every habitable country of the globe, is one which must command attention. No student of sociology can afford to neglect it; no student of ethics or morality pass it, with impunity, by. We allude to the life of WILLIAM BOOTH, recently compiled by Mr. Harold Begbie.

Booth was a force, dominant, compelling, sincere, honest: no charlatan. With every temptation to amass wealth in later life, he resisted them all—he passed out of life as he passed from the Church of England to Methodism and from Methodism to 'The Army,' a poor man, dowered but with spiritual gifts and the love of his followers. His life was one of perpetual *sturm und drang*. Plunged by his father's business failure into poverty, he was compelled to earn his living as an apprentice in a pawnbroker's shop, at the age of thirteen. Later, he supported his mother and sisters, while engaging in spiritual conflict from which he emerged as a street preacher, his mis-

sionary instinct leading him, after his long day's work, to strenuous effort for the salvation of souls. Still later, he became a lay-preacher, then broke away from Methodism and founded the Salvation Army.

But, although Booth was, in a definite but possibly limited, sense of the word a spiritual man, an odd strain of calculation ran through him. He 'decided to go in for God,' to use his own phrase, because he believed it would pay, not in hard cash, but in mental rest. 'There was something of a bargain in his decision,' we are told; he wanted a release from doubt and unhappiness, and chose 'God' because release lay that way.

Withal he was ambitious. 'I intend to be something great. I don't mean to belong to the commonality.' A complex character this, not to be dismissed in a phrase.

It was in London that Booth met his future wife, Catherine Mumford, and the story of their courtship makes quaint, rather fragrant reading. The phraseology of their letters brings a smile to the lips; religious exhortation is intermingled with concern for bodily health, and homely advice as to the taking of pills or the efficacy of cold water. But Booth owed much to his wife. She was a loyal comrade, a good friend, a wise mother: she helped him with his sermons, 'devilled' for him, and gave him sage advice when his quarrel with Methodism flung him upon the world. For William Booth was no saint. His temper was quick and often injudicious; he could be intolerant, and was not always far-seeing. His methods do not appeal to all. We may, and do, find much in them to deplore, but they suit those for whom they were primarily intended, and his value as a social reformer cannot be denied.

His biographer sometimes assumes a needlessly belligerent attitude; Booth was maligned and persecuted in his life, and Mr. Begbie seems to think that the intolerant, hostile spirit remains. Facts speak for themselves, and those which compose the life of this remarkable man are plain. Mr. Begbie, not content with hammering them home, goes on tapping. Reiteration and circumlocution are the defects of the book, together with occasional deliberate and quite unnecessary efforts to work upon our feelings. It is possible to win sympathy for hard work and heroic endeavour carried on under harassing conditions of poverty and ill-health without the 'appeal to tears.' Booth was at all times too great a man to need commiseration.

This biography, in spite of the diffuseness which calls for drastic use of the blue pencil, will solidify the position he has won, and destroy much of the prejudice which still lingers against the man, even if it does not win support for his methods.

Mrs. Fawcett's deeply interesting little book, THE WOMEN'S VICTORY AND AFTER; PERSONAL REMINISCENCES, is dedicated to

> The thousands of faithful friends and gallant comrades whose brave, unwearied work, steadfastly maintained through many years, made women's suffrage in Great Britain a reality.

All the 'friends and comrades' still living will surely read, and also buy, this book, and rejoice in it; and as they read it, remember those who stood by them in the stormy years and did not live to see the victory. It is the record in Britain of a remarkable period in a great movement, the reverberations from which still echo through the world.

In 1911 Mrs. Fawcett's *Short History of a Great Movement* gave her version of the suffrage campaign up to that date; the present work deals with the years that succeeded. As Mrs. Fawcett points out, it is the history of a struggle with Liberal statesmen to force them to maintain Liberal principles of representative government and a wide suffrage, and we cannot but see that our principal antagonist was Mr. Asquith. To many readers, there is no doubt, the chief entertainment in this delightfully written little history will be afforded by the story of the long-sustained duel between the Liberal Prime Minister at the head of the Liberal Party, and the leader of the Constitutional Suffragists. In 1911 it

looked like a duel between a battle cruiser and a trawler. But the trawler won; and what is more, took the man-of-war in tow. The old proverb, 'Hope well and Have well,' can seldom have been more strikingly illustrated in the history of the world.

Mrs. Fawcett never left Mr. Asquith alone; all through the stories of the years here recorded we see her, never worsted, continually leading deputations to Downing Street, and meeting with serene confidence and irrefragable logic the evasions of the Premier and the arguments of opponents. She has vision, she saw clearly the wide horizons; and small tactics of contending parties, seeking to wrest advantage from denial and postponement of justice, threw no dust in her eyes. Wisdom is justified of her children. Oh, rarely bestowed crown! Who shall say when it graces a human brow that it shall be man's or woman's? That is as it may befall, but the army whose leader wears Wisdom's diadem marches thrice armed.

The Woman's Victory and After, besides relating the political history of the Suffrage movement from 1911 onwards, deals with women's public work during the war, and in the last chapter gives a very interesting resumé of the difference the enfranchisement of women has already made in this country. The book is illustrated by reproductions from cartoons which at various times appeared in *Punch*, and likewise illumined by those flashes of wit and humour which we used all to wait for, in delighted anticipation, whenever Mrs. Fawcett stood up to address a public meeting or a collection of Suffragist followers. The little green volume should find a place on the bookshelves of all who love liberty; and especially we commend it to the girls of to-day.

Intentionally or otherwise Mrs. Wharton has thrown almost as much light upon American characteristics as upon French in her valuable little book, FRENCH WAYS AND THEIR MEANING. All who are acquainted with her novels know how close a student of psychology she is, and

if she has set herself too big a task in this last venture, she has gone so near to success the attempt is amply justified. Her keynote is struck in her preface:

> The French are the most human of the human race, the most completely detached from the lingering spell of the ancient shadowy world in which trees and animals talked to each other,

but in justifying her contention she resorts to generalisations which sometimes lead her astray. For instance, in the chapter on Reverence, we are told that 'throughout the length and breadth of France' blackberries are taboo because an ancient Gaul 'decreed that they gave the fever.' Yet we, ourselves, have seen Frenchwomen gathering blackberries and know that many a 'seau' of good jam rewarded their labour.

Nevertheless, the roots of the book lie in good soil, and whether the author deals with Taste—'suitability, fitness is and always has been the very foundation of French standards'; with intellectual honesty—'what makes a man manly is the general view of life'; with culture—'the most homogeneous and uninterrupted the world has known'; with hatred of nostrums whether in the world of ideas or of art; or with the sense of the past, Mrs. Wharton has always something ripe and well-matured to say.

Exception may perhaps be taken to her definition of the English word Love as opposed to *Amour* and which does the former less than justice, but the chapter on French women shows insight, shrewd observation, and understanding, and we cordially commend our readers to this study of national characteristics which is brought to a fitting close in the following words:—

> The best answer to every criticism of French shortcomings is, read her history, study her Art, follow up the current of her ideas and you will see that the whole world is full of her spilt glory.

Captain Angus Buchanan is an explorer and naturalist whose books may be read with pleasure and profit. His latest contribution, WILD LIFE IN CANADA, tells of a journey over untrodden snows in vast silences, hundreds

of miles from any *haunt of man*. The North laid its glamour on him and the great adventure. With Death watching every step, he followed the trail day after day with one companion, a trapper and lumber-man, traversing great lakes, following the windings of mighty rivers, blazing a trail through forests unknown to man. His tale is simply told, without ornament. The Canada which we know is but a fringe of the whole; the wealth, the resources of wide territories have yet to be discovered. 'No living white man knows what the interior of the vast northern territory holds' (mineral wealth? agricultural?) 'Only the waterways have been roughly surveyed.'

Climate is man's worst enemy; snow and ice hold the winter world *in iron grip*. Yet trading-posts exist, and mission stations, the priests in the latter working among the Indians, who are fast dying out. *Intermarriage* and consumption decimate the tribes—Cree and Chipewyans—of whom the author speaks only in terms of praise, and whose slow extermination he deplores. The traders (Hudson Bay Company and Revillon Frères) buy pelts from the trappers, and an interesting note is that which discusses and condemns the practice of black fox farming, which leads to ruthless capture of young fox cubs, and, if persevered in, will exterminate the species.

Caribou are plentiful in certain districts. 'During my winter travels I was fortunate to see thousands upon thousands of these *graceful* animals,' the author says, devoting many pages to their migatory and feeding habits. All the nature notes, with which the book is plentifully endowed, are informative and entertaining, and many excellent photographs, taken often under difficult conditions, enhance the value of a travel-book in which every lover of the wild will delight.

Mr. J. D. Beresford is one of the novelists (by no means a numerous body), whose work repays careful study. He does not write for 'the crowd': he will never, we are tolerably certain, produce a 'best seller,' but he will be read by those who recognise sound, honest

work, fluent well-chosen prose, and an outlook on life whose judgments are formed on philosophy. Not that we entirely agree with, or set the seal of approval upon everything Mr. Beresford writes, or think that his grasp of character is always sure; in AN IMPERFECT MOTHER he is at least once on the edge of failure—is not the old bookseller, Kirkwood, for instance, the child of elements of plot, while Cecilia, his wife, who elopes—after the age of forty—with an organist, does not quite emerge from type and mature as an individual. Yet there is a quality in some writing which sets it apart, and that quality *An Imperfect Mother* possesses.

The relationship between mother and son is treated with sympathy and insight, the need of each for the other, their mutual failure in one crisis, their triumph in another—these are skilfully analysed, and beneath them we hear the throb of passion. One of the finest passages in the book is that in which Stephen hears of his mother's love for Threlfall, the organist, a love which sweeps her out of the placid current of provincial life, and sets her on the stormier waters of London. In Stephen Kirkwood we have a consistent study of the boy mind, the adolescent mind, which strongly excites our interest and sympathy. Mr. Beresford has never done better work.

The America seen by Miss Soulsby, and which she describes in her latest book, was not the America of big cities, of plutocratic mansions, of festering slums, of political graft, of the stock exchange and mart. It was not the land of 'the almighty dollar,' explored by the average globe-trotter, but a country whose energy is spiritual, a country of aspiration and ideal, of conferences and missions, of religious confraternities, of unions, leagues, congresses and workers, of innumerable organizations, religious, civic, sociological, where the stranger was welcomed with open arms to become the recipient of a hospitality to which surely the world can offer no equal.

It is an America of which we should certainly know

more! Miss Soulsby says, 'Every man I met was a gentleman.' 'When I leave this house of St. Francis I may find out America is human, but so far it is holy ground. I admire these people with all my heart, I disagree with most of their opinions, but I kiss the hem of their garment.' Again we meet, 'There is an extraordinary number of saints in America,' or such a description as 'A tall, slender, white fairy or queen, of nearly ninety,' or (of a hostess) 'the wingless Victory combined with a nice Eton boy,' while 'charming,' 'most charming,' 'most delicious,' 'radiantly happy,' 'loveliest,' 'most delightful,' or 'most beautiful,' plentifully besprinkle every page.

The author, who went to America for two months, remained for two years, a welcome, fêted guest. She addressed innumerable meetings, travelled thousands of miles, and looked at everything with the eyes of gratitude and affection. To those who believe that the United States population is a conglomerate of dishonest politicians and get-rich-quick thrusters, this book will read like a fairy tale.

Among the many autobiographies that lie on our table is one which has the full-bodied flavour of old wine. A reprint, revised and enlarged, it is written in happy vein; we allude to OMNIANA, by J. F. Fuller. A busy life was his, enlivened by many a practical joke. The scene shifts from Ireland to England, then back to Ireland again. The author tramps over the stubble of experience and brings home many a 'good bag.' As rooks wing through the evening sky, the names of celebrities fly across the pages. They rise from every grove—that of Art, the Drama, Literature, the Church, the Law—and from many an Irish bog, with many a good story to help them on their way.

The lover of genealogy can gratify his taste—derive, it may well be, knowledge; yet of entertainment there is plenty, of photographs there are not a few. Pleasant reading, pleasant companionship. To have rescued

Omniana from the midden of the 'out of print' was a worthy deed.

With more wit than was apparent it was once said, 'There are people dying now who never died before,' and in somewhat similar vein it may be said that there are people entertaining now who never entertained before. By these, as well as by many an experienced housewife, THE WHOLE ART OF DINING AND TABLE DECORATION will be hailed with joy. It is a compedium of knowledge, the scope of which may be gathered by a glance at the subjects discussed: 'General Rules for Waiting at Table,' 'The Art of Composing a Menu,' 'Ancient and Modern Banquets,' 'Wedding Luncheons,' 'Ball Suppers,' 'When Food is in Season,' 'New American and other Mixed Drinks' (a chapter not written by Mr. 'Pussyfoot' Johnson), and a descriptive 'French Menu Dictionary,' which seems to include every dish known to the gastronomic organs of man.

There are innumerable illustrations, and a chapter on 'The Art of Carving' which deserves wide attention. Restaurants and hotels are not forgotten, and Mr. Rey, the author, seems to be wholly justified in his contention that 'with this book in hand the most inexperienced person should be able to prepare a menu and to supervise the arrangement of the table for any function with little difficulty.' It should be as indispensable in some households as 'Mrs. Beeton' was in the days of plenty.

A comprehensive and valuable book, THE BRITISH SYSTEM OF PHYSICAL EDUCATION (a practical text-book for teachers), owes its being to Miss Beatrice Bear, co-principal of Queen Alexandra's House Physical Training College. In his foreword Sir James Crichton-Browne says:

> Miss Bear has an intimate knowledge and masterly grasp of her subject, and the system she fully expounds for the first time is that which must ultimately be universally accepted in this country.

And then, having pointed out how great is the influence of physical health upon mental health and development, he adds:

> Miss Bear has produced an admirable text-book . . . her instructions are clear and explicit, diagrammatically well illustrated and sound from an *anatomical* and physiological point of view.

Because the war has taught us the value of physical efficiency, and recruiting officers have amassed terrible evidence of our low physical standard (80 per cent. of the recruits for the army being defective in one way or another), we realise keenly how great is the need for improvement, and welcome such a book as this, because it offers a way of escape from one of the gravest evils which threaten our national life. Teachers will find it of inestimable value. It is certain to be in the hands of every student of physical development.

America and America's attitude towards the war have been discussed so fully and with such heat, it is doubtful whether one crumb of information remains unshared with the world. Consequently, we regard an American war novel with justifiable suspicion and not a little fear of boredom; it *may* only offer old lamps for new; but THE BUILDERS does expose a ray of light which claims our interest and may illumine the ignorance of some English readers. Of the racial problems in America we have heard, perhaps, too much. Of inter-State complications we know little, and should therefore welcome this thoughtful, quietly-reasoned discussion upon the *cleavage* between the North and the South, and its direct effect upon national politics. It will come as a surprise to many to hear that the scars of the Civil War have not yet quite healed. In *The Builders* we are shown the curative process at work, and given, at the same time, a sharply-cut portrait of a thoroughly selfish woman, a *poseuse* who deceives the world, playing the rôle of domestic martyr in Society and of vampire in her home.

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WOMEN LAWYERS

IT was said of Jean Jaurés, the great French Socialist, that his passion for justice was like a torrent. Would that this disposition of mind were more general among the leaders of men. The instinct for justice is a dominant passion of mankind. Under favourable conditions it rests in contentment, but when aroused, it must and will obtain satisfaction. As we regard the troubles of our own day, whether at home or abroad, we find at their root a rankling sense of injustice. The hopes of a better world find their embodiment in the principle of justice applied to the needs of individual nations, and extended to a new comity of peoples on which the only prospect of international peace can be assured.

Considered in its relation to world affairs, the service of justice in the individual States becomes of primary importance. We cannot ensure the reign of law among the peoples of the world (and nothing less than this is the design of the League of Nations) unless the various countries exhibit a system of justice which keeps their citizens in contentment. In our own land we are far from this condition. Discontent with the law and its faulty administration is widespread. On the other hand, reformers in this sphere of necessary improvement can be counted almost on the fingers. In no direction of our national life does change linger more noticeably than in regard to the law and its administration.