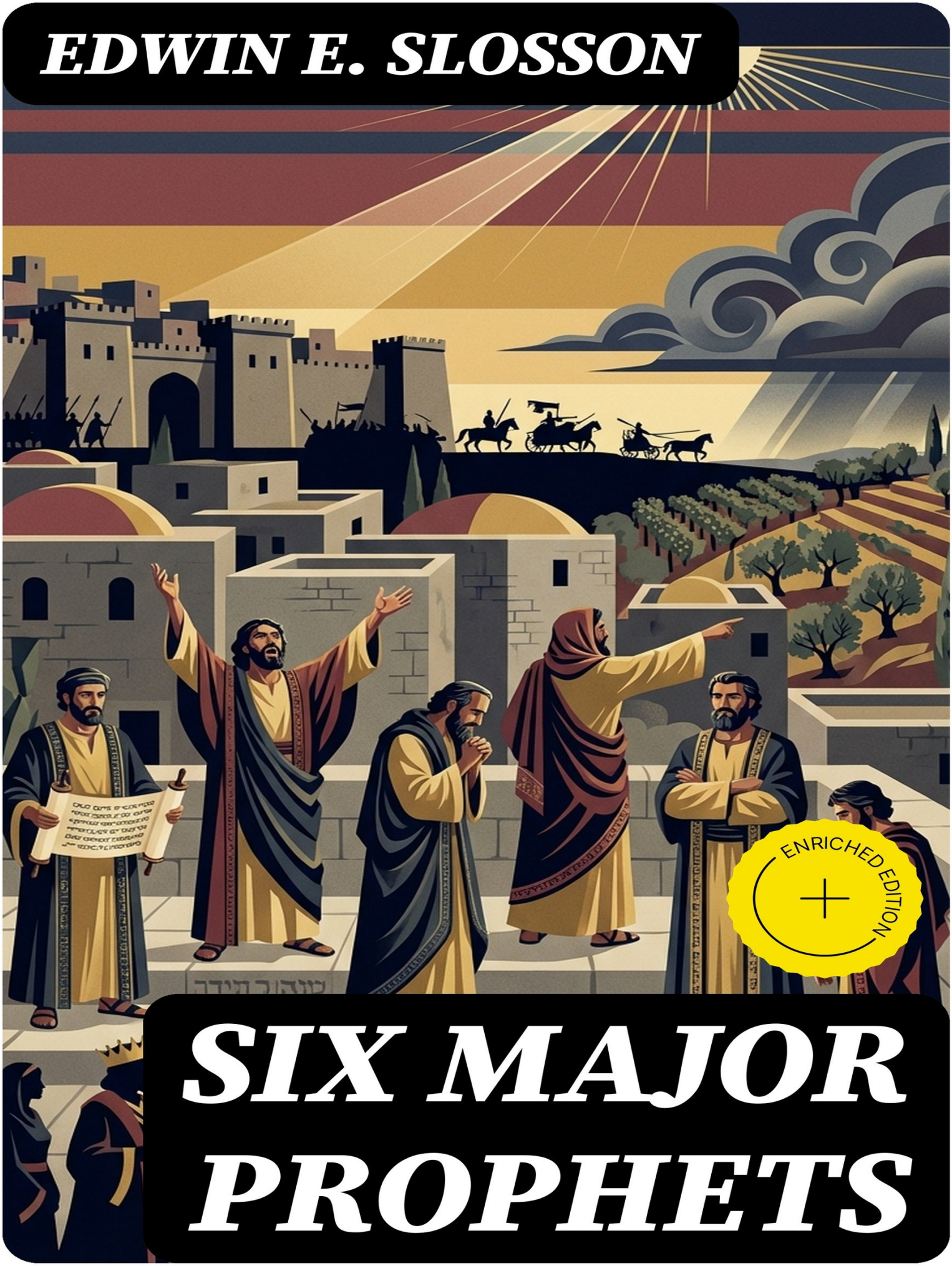
EDWIN E. SLOSSON



SIX MAJOR PROPHETS

Edwin E. Slosson

Six Major Prophets

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Introduction, Studies and Commentaries by Colton Price

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PREFACE

A few years ago it occurred to me that there were living on the same planet and at the same time as myself some interesting people whom I had never seen and did not know so much about as I should. Since they or I might die at any moment, I determined not to delay longer**[1q]**. So I prepared a list of twelve men who seemed to me most worth knowing, and then I set out to see them; not with the hope of becoming personally acquainted with them or even with the object of interviewing them, but chiefly to satisfy myself that they really existed. One does not go to Switzerland to find out how high the Alps are or how they look. The traveler can get their altitude from Baedeker and their appearance from photographs, but if he is to talk about them with any sense of self-confidence he must have come within hailing distance of the mountains themselves. It is sufficient to say that I got close enough to the Alps I had chosen to be able to vouch for their actuality.

The men I selected for study were those who, whether they called themselves philosophers or not, seemed to me to have a definite philosophy of life, those who had a message for their own times of sufficient importance and distinctiveness to merit public attention. It is my purpose in these sketches to show the trend and importance of these diverse theories, so that a reader who had not had the opportunity to range over the complete works of a dozen authors might find which of them was best adapted to serve him as "guide, philosopher, and friend." In a word, my part is merely to act as the host at a reception who introduces his guests and then leaves them to follow up such acquaintanceships as seem profitable. My aim is exposition rather than criticism**[2q]**. Although I have not thought it necessary absolutely to suppress my own opinions, I trust

this has not prevented me from giving a fair and sufficiently sympathetic presentation of each man's views in turn.

My list of the "Twelve Major Prophets of Today" consisted of the following names: Maurice Maeterlinck, Henri Bergson, Henri Poincaré, Elie Metchnikoff, Wilhelm Ostwald, Ernst Haeckel, George Bernard Shaw, Herbert George Wells, Gilbert Keith Chesterton, F. C. S. Schiller, John Dewey, and Rudolf Eucken. I had not taken nationality into consideration, but I found that I had chosen four from England, three from Germany, two from France, and one each from Belgium, Russia, and the United States of America. Four of the twelve were professors of philosophy; four were men of science, one of these a mathematician, one a physician, one a zoologist, one a chemist; and four were men of letters, authors of novels, dramas, or essays. The twelve sketches appeared in *The Independent* during the last few years, but they have been considerably extended for book publication. The first six named above were published in the volume "Major Prophets of To-day." The other six are given in the following pages.

EDWIN E. SLOSSON

LIST OF PORTRAITS

To write a book about a man who has written books about himself is an impertinence which only an irresistible charm of manner can carry off. The unpardonable way of doing it, and the commonest, is to undertake to tell the public what a writer has already told them himself, and tell it worse or tell it wrong.

G.B. SHAW.

SIX MAJOR PROPHETS

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CHAPTER I

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

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Dramatic Critic of Life

I am a journalist, proud of it, deliberately cutting out of my works all that is not journalism, convinced that nothing that is not journalism will live long as literature, or be of any use whilst it does live. I deal with all periods, but I never study any period but the present; and as a dramatist I have no clue to any historical or other personage save that part of him

> which is also myself.... The man who writes about himself and his own time is the only man who writes about all people and about all time.—G. B. S., in "The Sanity of Art."

August 4, 1914, cuts time in two like a knife. The continuity of human progress in science, arts, letters, commerce, philosophy, everything, was broken off at that point—to be taken up again, who knows when? Nothing in the world can remain quite the same as before. Everything is seen in a new light. All our old ideas, even the most ancient and most reverenced, will have to be taken out and looked over to see how many of them remain intact and useful, just as after an earthquake one overhauls the china closet. "The transvaluation of all values", which Nietzsche looked for, has come to pass sooner than he expected, although the results of this reëstimation are not likely to be what he anticipated. It is not merely that the geographies will have to be revised and the histories rewritten, but all books will be classified as antebellum or postbellum literature. It will, however, not be necessary to mark them A. B. or P. B., for they will by their style of thought and language bear an indelible though invisible date with reference to this line of demarcation.

We are already beginning to look back upon the antebellum days as a closed period, and those who were conspicuous in it are being seen in an historical perspective such as the lapse of a generation of ordinary times is needed to produce. Some reputations are shrinking, others are rising, as mountains seem from a departing train to rearrange themselves according to their true height. The true prophets are becoming distinguishable from the false**[3q]**.

Among those who have taken the test and stand higher than before is George Bernard Shaw. Whether he will write better plays than before remains to be seen. Perhaps he will write

no more of any kind. But those he has written will be regarded with more respect because we can see their essential truth, whereas before we feared lest we might be merely fascinated by their glitter. Warnings which the world took for jokes because of their fantastic guise now turn out too terribly real, and advice which the world ignored would better have been heeded.

Few writers have as little to take back on account of the war as Shaw, although few have expressed such decided opinions in such extreme language on so many topics. For instance, Kipling's "The Bear that Walks Like a Man" makes queer reading now that England is fighting to give Russia what then she was ready to fight to prevent her getting. But the full significance of Shaw's fable farce of "Androcles and the Lion" is now for the first time being realized. The philosophy of this, his most frivolous and serious play, is summed up by Ferrovius, a converted giant of the Ursus type, who finds it impossible to keep to his Christian principle of nonresistance when brought into the arena. The natural man rises in him and he slays six gladiators single-handed. This delights the emperor, who thereupon offers him a post in the Pretorian Guards which he had formerly refused. The fallen and victorious Ferrovius accepts, saying:

> In my youth I worshiped Mars, the god of war. I turned from him to serve the Christian God; but to-day the Christian God forsook me; and Mars overcame me and took back his own. The Christian God is not yet. He will come when Mars and I are dust; but meanwhile I must serve the gods that are, not the God that will be. Until then I accept service in the Guard, Caesar.

The great cataclysm does not seem to have changed Shaw's opinions one iota, but all England is changed, and so he appears in a different light. More of his countrymen agree

with what he used to preach to them than ever before, yet he was never so disliked as he is to-day—which is saying a great deal. The British press has boycotted him. His letters, once so sought after by the most dignified journals, now no longer appear except in *The New Statesman*. His speeches, be they never so witty and timely, are not reported or even announced.

Consequently those who wish to hear him have to resort to the advertising expedients of the era before printing. A friend of mine just back from London tells me that he saw chalked on the side-walk a notice of a meeting to be addressed by Shaw in some out-of-the-way hall. Going there, he found it packed with an enthusiastic crowd gathered to hear Shaw discuss the questions of the day. The anti-Shavian press said that he had to keep to his house, that he was afraid to stir abroad for fear of a mob, that his career was over, that he was exploded, repudiated, disgraced, boycotted, dead and done for. At the very time when we were reading things like this, he was, as we since have learned, addressing weekly meetings in one of the largest halls in London. Reporters who were sent to see him hounded off the platform witnessed an ovation instead. The audience at his invitation asked him many questions, but not of a hostile character.

Shaw thrives on unpopularity or at least on public disapproval, which is not quite the same thing. It is not only that Shaw would rather be right than Prime Minister; he would rather be leader of the Opposition than Prime Minister. He would be "in the right with two or three"; in fact, if his followers increased much beyond the poet's minimum, he would begin to feel uneasy and suspect that he was wrong.

When Shaw sees a lonely mistreated kitten or a lonely mistreated theory, his tender heart yearns over it. For

instance, when all his set started sneering at "natural rights" as eighteenth-century pedantry, he appeared as their champion, and, practically alone among modern radicals and art lovers, he has dared to commend the Puritans. The iconoclastic views which he expressed as dramatic and musical critic in the nineties have been vindicated by events, and now when a young reader opens for the first time "The Quintessence of Ibsenism", "The Perfect Wagnerite", and the collection of "Dramatic Opinions and Essays", he wonders only why Shaw should get so excited about such conventional and undisputed things. It is no wonder Shaw is "the most hated man in England." Nothing is more irritating than to say "I told you so", and he can—and does—ay it oftener than anybody else, unless it is Doctor Dillon.

Shaw's brain secretes automatically the particular antitoxin needed to counteract whatever disease may be epidemic in the community at the time. This injected with some vigor into the veins of thought may not effect a cure, but always excites a feverish state in the organism. It is his habit of seeing that there is another side to a question and calling attention to it at inconvenient times that makes him so irritating to the public. His opponents tried to intern him in Coventry as a pro-German on account of his pamphlet, "Commonsense about the War." But this is almost the only thing produced in England during the first weeks of the war that reads well now. Compare it with its numerous replies and see which seems absurd. Doubtless it was not tactful, it might have been called treasonable, but it certainly was sensible. Shaw kept his head level when others lost theirs. That was because he had thought out things in advance and so did not have to make up his mind in a hurry with the great probability of making it up wrong. In that pamphlet he presented the case for the Allies in a way much more convincing to the American mind than many that came to us

in the early days of the war, and his arguments have been strengthened by the course of events, while others advanced at that time have been weakened. Shaw was arguing before a neutral and international jury, and so he did not rest his case on the specious and patriotic pleas that passed muster at that time with the British public.

As for the charge of pro-Germanism, that may best be met by quoting from a letter written by him to a friend in Vienna early in 1915. The language is evidently not pure Shavian. It has been translated into Austrian-German and thence retranslated into British journalese.

> As regards myself, I am not what is called a pro-German. The Germans would not respect me, were I at such a time as this, when all thoughts of culture have vanished, not to stand by my people. But also, I am not an anti-German. The war brings us all on to the same plane of savagery. Every London coster can stick his bayonet deeper into the stomach of Richard Strauss than Richard Strauss would care to do to him.
>
> Militarism has just now compelled me to pay a thousand pounds war taxation in order that some "brave little Servian" may be facilitated in cutting your throat or, that a Russian mujik may cleave your skull in twain, although I would gladly pay twice that sum to save your life, or to buy some beautiful picture in Vienna for our National Gallery.

Shaw has always condemned militarism because of the type of mind it engenders in officers and men. But he has never been opposed to preparedness or to the use of force. In the London *Daily News* of January 1, 1914—note the date—he said:

> I like courage (like most constitutionally timid civilians) and the active use of strength for the salvation of the world. It is good to have a giant's strength and it is not at all tyrannous to use it like a giant provided you are a decent sort of giant. What on earth is strength for but to be used and will any reasonable man tell me that we are using our strength now to any purpose?
>
> Let us get the value of our money in strength and influence instead of casting every new cannon in an ecstasy of terror and then being afraid to aim it at anybody.

At that time, seven months before the storm burst, he not only anticipated the war, but said that it might be averted,

> By politely announcing that war between France and Germany would be so inconvenient to England that the latter country is prepared to pledge herself to defend either country if attacked by the other.
>
> If we are asked how we are to decide which nation is really the aggressor we can reply that we shall take our choice, or when the problem is unsolvable we shall toss up, but that we will take a hand in the war anyhow.
>
> International warfare is an unmitigated nuisance. Have as much character-building civil war as you like, but there must be no sowing of dragon's teeth like the Franco-Prussian War. England can put a stop to such a crime single-handed easily enough if she can keep her knees from knocking together in her present militarist fashion.

Of course Shaw may have been wrong in supposing that an open announcement of Great Britain's determination to

enter the war would have deterred Germany, but as we now know from the White Paper this same opinion was held by the governments of both France and Russia. On July 30 the President of France said to the British Ambassador at Paris that

> If His Majesty's Government announced that England would come to the aid of France in the event of a conflict between France and Germany as a result of the present differences between Austria and Servia, there would be no war, for Germany would at once modify her attitude.

And on July 25, M. Sazonof, the Russian Foreign Minister, said to the British Ambassador at Petrograd that

> He did not believe that Germany really wanted war, but her attitude was decided by ours. If we took our stand firmly with France and Russia, there would be no war. If we failed her now, rivers of blood would flow, and we would in the end be dragged into war.

Shaw now gives the same advice to the United States that he gave to his own country before the war, that is, to increase its armament and not be afraid to use it. In a recent letter to the American *Intercollegiate Socialist* he said:

> I should strenuously recommend the United States to build thirty-two new dreadnoughts instead of sixteen, and to spend two billion dollars on its armament program instead of one. This would cost only a fraction of the money you are wasting every year in demoralizing luxury, a good deal of it having been in the past scattered over the continental countries

> which are now using what they saved out of it to slaughter one another.
>
> If the United States wishes to stop war as an institution, that is, to undertake the policing of the world, it will need a very big club for the purpose.
>
> If I were an American statesman I should tell the country flatly that it should maintain a Pacific navy capable of resisting an attack from Japan and an Atlantic navy capable of resisting an attack from England, with Zeppelins on the same scale, a proportionate land equipment of siege guns, and so forth. And until the nations see the suicidal folly of staking everything in the last instance on the ordeal of battle, no other advice will be honest advice.

In "Major Barbara" Cusins abandons the teaching of Greek to take up the manufacture of munitions because he has the courage "to make war on war." It is in this play that is expounded the theory on which President Wilson based his policy. Lady Britomart tells Cusins: "You must simply sell cannons and weapons to people whose cause is right and just, and refuse them to foreigners and criminals." But Undershaft, the munition-maker, replies: "No; none of that. You must keep the true faith of an Armorer, or you don't come in here." And when Cusins asks: "What on earth is the true faith of an Armorer?" he answers:

> To give arms to all men who offer an honest price for them, without respect of persons or principles; to aristocrat and republican, to Nihilist and Tsar, to burglar and policeman, to black man, white man and yellow man, to all sorts and conditions, all nationalities, all faiths, all follies, all causes and all crimes.... I will take an order from a good man as cheerfully as from a bad one. If you good people

> prefer preaching and shirking to buying my weapons and fighting the rascals, don't blame me. I can make cannons; I cannot make courage and conviction.

In this same conversation Shaw also gives a hint of his theology, when Cusins says to Undershaft: "You have no power. You do not drive this place; it drives you. And what drives this place?" Undershaft answers, enigmatically, "A will of which I am a part." This doctrine of an immanent God working through nature and man to higher things was developed more definitely in an address which Mr. Shaw delivered some years ago in the City Temple at the invitation of the Reverend R. J. Campbell. Here he argued that God created human beings to be "his helpers and servers, not his sycophants and apologists." Shaw continues:

> If my actions are God's nobody can fairly hold me responsible for them; my conscience is mere lunacy.... But if I am a part of God, if my eyes are God's eyes, my hands God's hands, and my conscience God's conscience then also I share his responsibility for the world; and wo is me if the world goes wrong!

This position enables him to explain evil on evolutionary principles as "the Method of Trial and Error." When Blake asks of the tiger, "Did he who made the lamb make thee?" Shaw conceives the Life-Force as replying:

> Yes, it was the best I could devise at the time; but now that I have evolved something better, part of the work of that something better, Man, to wit, is to kill out my earlier attempt. And in due time I hope to evolve Superman, who will in his turn kill out and supersede Man, whose abominable cruelties, stupidities and follies have utterly disappointed me.

In the unactable third act of his "Man and Superman",[1] this theology is put into the mouths of two most unpromising preachers, Don Juan and the Devil. Here is found one of the most eloquent arraignments of war in all literature. It is, remember, the Devil who is speaking:

> I tell you that in the arts of life Man invests nothing; but in the arts of death he outdoes Nature herself, and produces by chemistry and machinery all the slaughter of plague, pestilence and famine. The peasant I tempt to-day eats and drinks what was eaten and drunk by the peasants of ten thousand years ago; and the house he lives in has not altered as much in a thousand centuries as the fashion of a lady's bonnet in a score of weeks. But when he goes out to slay, he carries a marvel of mechanism that lets loose at the touch of his finger all the hidden molecular energies, and leaves the javelin, the arrow, the blowpipe of his fathers far behind. In the arts of peace Man is a bungler. I have seen his cotton factories and the like, with machinery that a greedy dog could have invented if it had wanted money instead of food. I know his clumsy typewriters and bungling locomotives and tedious bicycles; they are toys compared to the Maxim gun, the submarine torpedo boat. There is nothing in Man's industrial machinery but his greed and sloth. His heart is in his weapons.... Man measures his force by his destructiveness.... In the old chronicles you read of earthquakes and pestilences, and are told that these showed the power and majesty of God and the littleness of Man. Nowadays the chronicles describe battles. In a battle two bodies of men shoot at one another with bullets and explosive shells until one body runs away, when the others chase the fugitives on horseback and cut them to pieces as they fly. And

> this, the chronicle concludes, shows the greatness and majesty of empires, and the littleness of the vanquished. Over such battles the people run about the streets yelling with delight, and egg their Governments on to spend hundreds of millions of money in the slaughter, whilst the strongest ministers dare not spend an extra penny in the pound against the poverty and pestilence in which they themselves daily walk.... The plague, the famine, the earthquake, the tempest were too spasmodic in their action; the tiger and the crocodile were too easily satiated and not cruel enough; something more constantly, more ruthlessly, more ingeniously destructive was needed; and that something was Man, the inventor of the rack, the stake, the gallows and the executioner; of the sword and gun; above all, of justice, duty, patriotism, and all the other isms by which even those clever enough to be humanely disposed are persuaded to become the most destructive of all destroyers.

Three years before the war Shaw wrote a little satirical skit, "Press Cuttings",[2] which was deemed so dangerous to both Britain and Germany that the censors of both countries agreed in prohibiting its production on the stage. Since the British censor seemed to fear that the principal characters, "Balsquith" and "Mitchener", might be taken by the public as referring to certain well-known statesmen, Shaw offered to change the names to "Bones" and "Johnson." But even that concession would not satisfy the censor's scruples, so the play was never publicly put on the stage, though, since there was then no censorship of literature, it was published as a book. Here is a bit of the dialogue:

> *Balsquith*—The Germans have laid down four more Dreadnoughts.

Mitchener—Then you must lay down twelve.

Balsquith—Oh, yes; it's easy to say that; but think of what they'll cost.

Mitchener—Think of what it would cost to be invaded by Germany and forced to pay an indemnity of five hundred millions.…

Balsquith—After all, why should the Germans invade us?

Mitchener—Why shouldn't they? What else have their army to do? What else are they building a navy for?

Balsquith—Well, we never think of invading Germany.

Mitchener—Yes, we do. I have thought of nothing else for the last ten years. Say what you will, Balsquith, the Germans have never recognized, and until they get a stern lesson, they never *will* recognize, the plain fact that the interests of the British Empire are paramount, and that the command of the sea belongs by nature to England.

Balsquith—But if they wont recognize it, what can I do?

Mitchener—Shoot them down.

Balsquith—I cant shoot them down.

Mitchener—Yes, you can. You dont realize it; but if you fire a rifle into a German he drops just as surely as a rabbit does.

Balsquith—But dash it all, man, a rabbit hasn't got a rifle and a German has. Suppose he shoots you down.

Mitchener—Excuse me, Balsquith; but that consideration is what we call cowardice in the army. A

soldier always assumes that he is going to shoot, not to be shot.

Balsquith—Oh, come! I like to hear you military people talking of cowardice. Why, you spend your lives in an ecstasy of terror of imaginary invasions. I don't believe you ever go to bed without looking under it for a burglar.

Mitchener—A very sensible precaution,

Balsquith. I always take it. And in consequence I've never been burgled.

Balsquith—Neither have I. Anyhow dont you taunt me with cowardice. I never look under my bed for a burglar. I'm not always looking under the nation's bed for an invader. And if it comes to fighting, Im quite willing to fight without being three to one.

Mitchener—These are the romantic ravings of a Jingo civilian, Balsquith. At least you'll not deny that the absolute command of the sea is essential to our security.

Balsquith—The absolute command of the sea is essential to the security of the principality of Monaco. But Monaco isn't going to get it.

Mitchener—And consequently Monaco enjoys no security. What a frightful thing! How do the inhabitants sleep with the possibility of invasion, of bombardment, continually present to their minds? Would you have our English slumbers broken in this way? Are we also to live without security?

Balsquith—Yes. Theres no such thing as security in the world; and there never can be as long as men are mortal. England will be secure when England is dead, just as the streets of London will be safe when there is

> no longer a man in her streets to be run over, or a vehicle to run over him. When you military chaps ask for security you are crying for the moon.
>
> *Mitchener*—Let me tell you, Balsquith, that in these days of aeroplanes and Zeppelin airships, the question of the moon is becoming one of the greatest importance. It will be reached at no very distant date. Can you as an Englishman tamely contemplate the possibility of having to live under a German moon? The British flag must be planted there at all hazards.

The play ends with the establishment of universal military training and equal suffrage, thus doing away with a militarism that was both timorous and tyrannical, snobbish and inefficient, and at the same time making the nation truly democratic. It is characteristic of Shaw that recently, when the papers were discussing what sort of a monument should commemorate Edith Cavell, he interjected the unwelcome suggestion that the country could honor her best by enfranchising her sex.

There is ever something in Bernard Shaw that suggests the eighteenth century, the age of Swift and Voltaire and Doctor Johnson. On the credit side we must reckon lucidity, incisive wit, cleareyed logic, unashamed common sense, love of discussion and openness to new ideas, freedom from prejudice of race or class, humanitarian aspiration—in a word the *Aufklärung*. On the debit side some items must unhappily be listed also: doctrinaire intellectualism, inability to see either the limits of one's own doctrines or the point in other people's, inadequate appreciation of historic institutions and popular sentiments, contempt for romance, intolerance for science, and incapacity for poetry.

Shaw seems to have inherited the famous *saeva indignatio* of his great countryman, Swift. For all his simple diet he is

not so eupeptic as Chesterton. Chesterton is most closely akin to Dickens, as may be seen from his sympathetic appreciations of Dickens's works. If I may be permitted to express the relationship of the four in a mathematical formula, I should put it:

Shaw: Chesterton = Swift: Dickens.

The mordant wit of the two Irishmen is a very different thing from the genial humor of the two Englishmen. Chesterton as usual makes a theological issue out of it. He says of Shaw:

> He is not a humorist, but a great wit, almost as great as Voltaire. Humor is akin to agnosticism, which is only the negative side of mysticism. But pure wit is akin to Puritanism; to the perfect and painful consciousness of the final fact in the universe. Very briefly, the man who sees consistency in things is a wit—and a Calvinist. The man who sees inconsistency in things is a humorist—and a Catholic. However this may be, Bernard Shaw exhibits all that is purest in the Puritan; the desire to see truth face to face even if it slay us, the high impatience with irrelevant sentiment or obstructive symbol; the constant effort to keep the soul at its highest pressure and speed. His instincts upon all social customs and questions are Puritan. His favorite author is Bunyan. But along with what was inspiring and direct in Puritanism, Bernard Shaw has inherited also some of the things that were cumbersome and traditional. If ever Shaw exhibits a prejudice it is a Puritan prejudice.

When Shaw in the preface of his "Plays for Puritans" declared himself "a Puritan in art" it was regarded as one of his jokes. So it was, but, as the world has found out since, his jokes are not nonsense. The main reason why the assumption and ascription of the term "Puritan" to Shaw

was thought absurd was because of the prevalent misconception of what sort of people the Puritans were. The word in its common acceptance implies orthodoxy, conventionality, prudishness, asceticism. Now the real Puritan was a revolutionary of the most radical type. Of all the socialists, anarchists, and extremists of various views with whom I am acquainted, there is not one who lives in antagonism to his conventional contemporaries on so many points as did the Puritan in his day. Milton's pamphlets in favor of republicanism, free speech, divorce, and new theology were as scandalous to the seventeenth century as Shaw's "Revolutionist's Handbook" to the nineteenth. The Puritans insisted that marriage was a purely civil contract to be made and annulled by the State, and they even forbade ministers to perform the ceremony, while Catholics, Roman and Anglican, hold the contrary theory, that marriage is a religious rite, only performed by priests and indissoluble. The Pilgrim Fathers who had a dozen children and two or three wives apiece—consecutive, of course—are not to be classed as ascetics; and if any one thinks them prudish, he has not read their literature.

Of course Shaw's opinions are different from those of the Puritans, indeed quite the opposite on some points. The Puritans, for example, were not averse to blood, either in their food, their politics, or their theology, while Shaw is almost Buddhistic in his tender-heartedness. Androcles is his caricature of himself. But still we may say that Shaw is puritanical in his type of mind, his attitude toward the established institutions and moral codes of his time, and even in his faults.

Consider for instance his intolerance. No, I do not mean dogmatism. That he comes to emphatic conclusions is much to his credit and differentiates him from the colloidal-minded mass of modern writers who hold no convictions to have the courage of. But he does not, for instance, content himself

with the attitude: "For the life of me I can't see what you find to admire in that absurd, romantic, weak-minded, sentimental, butcherly Scott." He would be quite justified in expressing his opinion thus-wise. He must add: "There's nothing to him and if you say there is, you are deceiving me or—what is wickeder—yourself. In either case you are an Idealist, which in my unique vocabulary means liar." To which we might return an answer of the Quaker sort: "Friend, thee has two eyes and the usual number of brains and so a right to thine opinion. But it need not follow that because thee sees not a merit in a writer that it does in nowise exist." Every one of Shaw's early heroes and heroines, from the Unsocial Socialist and the daughter of Mrs. Warren to Undershaft and Larry Doyle, admires himself or herself immensely for saying to every upholder of supposedly current morality: "Bah! Humbug! Hypocrite!" To which again the gentle reply should come: "Friend, I be not an Humbug, nor yet an Hypocrite, nor even a Bah. A man may differ from thee and yet be sincere in his views, although this fact be dreamed not in thy philosophy. I may be right or I may be wrong, but if thee call me an Idealist yet again, lo, I will lift this brick and cast it at thee."

Wells and Shaw are quite commonly bracketed like Scylla and Charybdis, Dickens and Thackeray, Tennyson and Browning, and the Royal Bloodsweating Chesterbelloc of Holy Writ. These couplings are often absurd but rarely arbitrary. Some likeness of thought or mood or some contrast of viewpoint usually accounts for if not justifies such literary *mésalliances*. Wells and Shaw are both socialists, but this is not the tie, for, as the English aristocrat said: "We are all socialists now." The real likeness is that each is an intellectual anarchist, although a political Socialist. Shaw is an isolated, not to say eccentric, figure even for a Socialist. Wells has gone further yet in his self-isolation by leaving the Fabian movement. But the