

A Cartoon by Max Beerbohm.

THE

# NEW AGE

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## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

We confess we have some sympathy with the conduct, if not with the ideas and motives, of the group of politicians who propose to resist the Veto Bill to the last available moment. It is hard for sincere men to swallow their words and to climb abjectly down in full view of the world, even from a position into which they should never have put themselves. By having during the last fifteen months pretended so often to themselves and their public that the Veto Bill would not and could not pass, they have practically made it impossible now, without some feeling of disgrace, to acquiesce in its passage. Moreover, it is not only true to say that the English hate a scene, in which they are personally engaged, more than anything else in the world, but it is also true that they like nothing better than to assist at one in the mere rôle of spectators. Thus on several grounds the demonstrations that have taken place in Parliament have their explanations. Of all the methods of attack that the Government would naturally like least the creation of a scene was the most effective that could be chosen. And of all the methods open to the Unionists to attract popular as distinct from bourgeois attention to themselves, the same means may invariably be recommended. As it happened, indeed, it was only the Parliamentary scene that saved the Veto Bill discussion in the Commons last Monday from being completely swamped by the news of the great air race.

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This being said, we hasten to qualify our approval by remarking, in the first place, that the wire-pullers who organised the scene were the last people in the world to create a scene of this kind effectively; and in the second place, that the occasion was for them one of complete and even stupid misunderstanding. Effective scenes are the prerogative of characters well known to be usually averse to them. If, for example, the scene-makers had been led by Mr. Balfour, or even by men of the stamp of Mr. Walter Long and Mr. Austen Chamberlain, the effect of the sudden exhibition of moral courage in a volcanic form would have been shattering. But emanating as it did

from persons notoriously light minded and fanatical, and supported as it has been in the Press mainly by journalists to whom argument has never, to our knowledge, made any appeal, the scene was exactly as damaging to those who made it as it was intended to be to those against whom it was directed. The very last persons in the world to whom we should go for a fair hearing, or in any hope of access by reason alone, are the Cecils, the Smiths and the Garvins, who have supplied the steam of the recent explosion. Sincere enough they are, no doubt, as politicians go, but their deeds and words of the last few years are open before us. The choice between them and the Caucus leaders now in command is, at best, the choice between Log and Stork.

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Further than this, it must be admitted even by those who have been mildly thrilled by the row, that the positive ideas on the side of No Surrender are few and far between. What idea they might have had was lost at the moment when the Lords threw up the sponge and unanimously admitted in their Reform Bill that their House was an obsolete and cumbersome body. No hearty defence of an institution was any longer possible from the instant that this admission of weakness was made. If the Lords no longer believed in themselves, it was simply supererogatory of a handful of persons to continue their faith in them; and, in fact, the defence of the Lords has only demonstrated the defenders to be infinitely more ducal than dukes. We may add that, in our opinion, the misunderstanding of the situation has been even more grievous still; for, at the risk of appearing ironical, we, nevertheless, maintain our view that the Veto Bill as it stands, without a single amendment, positively strengthens the Lords by placing in their hands the powerful weapon of delay and almost forcing them to use it. No member of the House of Lords who is worth his salt will fail to discover when the Bill is actually working that in fact he owes a debt of gratitude to Mr. Asquith. We would undertake ourselves, with a dozen men whom we could name, to reduce the Caucus House of Commons to subjection within five years of the passage of the Veto Bill. Two peers, to our knowledge, have realised that this can be done.

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The method, from our point of view, is simplicity itself: it is for the House of Lords genuinely to become a non-party assembly. It is obvious that what we are threatened with at this moment is the complete domination of politics by the wirepullers of the contending factions. Not one of these factions, nor all of them together, have the smallest right or claim to represent the English nation or the English people. They are as much parasites on the body politic as any other set of selfish and self-seeking professionals; and it would be

just as rational to hand over the interests of the nation to the uncontrolled disposal of doctors, for example, as to leave them in the hands of the political adventurers and experimenters who compose the Caucus. Yet it is precisely to this corrupt little corporation that government must be resigned unless the Lords rise to their new office of guardians of the nation against the depredations of politicians. It is useless to urge that by robbing them of their Veto they have been rendered powerless to assist the nation effectively. On the contrary, as a century and more of experience has proved, their possession of the Veto was an inducement to its use by the Caucus, and an occasion of demoralisation to themselves. Never needing to think, and, above all, never needing to come in contact with the nation at large, their Veto was no more than a bludgeon of which by sheer finesse the Tory caucus obtained complete possession. Under the new conditions, it is certain that the Lords will, for the first time in their history, be under compulsion both to understand as well as to explain themselves to the people at large. Every Bill that they throw out will be thereby opened deliberately to debate, discussion and public consideration. It will not die and be heard of no more. It will be offered to the public and the Press to determine its future. And if in this process of living criticism the Lords do not take a leading share, they will deserve after some years to have taken away from them the powers now given them.

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It is our sincere hope, we may say, that the first exercise of their new responsibility will be in the rejection of the National Insurance Bill when in due time it comes before them. Of all the Bills ever drafted it is safe to say that none was ever more contrary to the will of the English people or more likely to prove disastrous to their character. Protest, criticism, argument and appeal have alike been wasted on its authors to induce them to withdraw it. We are informed that the Government have decided to push it through at all costs. Apparently it is no matter to them that the costs include the abandonment of reason as a political weapon of any value, or even that they involve, among worse things, the total defeat of the Liberal party some months after the accursed Bill is in practice. As the saviour of the Liberal party by his Budget of 1909, Mr. Lloyd George is to be given carte blanche to ruin the party as well as the nation by his Bill of 1910. No more mistaken instance of political gratitude was ever seen. If Mr. Lloyd George has been useful, as we do not deny that he has been, in bringing into politics a new force, let him be honoured for it by all means; but when he begins to employ that force towards ends utterly alien to the English character, let him be prevented and at all costs. It is now clear to every soul who has attended to the discussion of the National Insurance Bill that the measure is a purely gratuitous piece of demoralising charity, that its expense will be enormous and out of all proportion to its benefits, that it discriminates unjustly between the poor and the comparatively well-to-do, that it institutes a poll-tax in defiance of the spirit of the Truck Acts, that it will add some hundreds to the four thousand new Government officials appointed since 1906, that it will do nothing to prevent either sickness or unemployment, but will act as a powerful barrier to any preventive legislation, that it is contemptuous of women, children, and the casual labourer, that every established interest, legitimate and illegitimate, hates it, that it threatens trade unions with extinction and the name of Socialism with stinking infamy, and, finally, that the charity it dispenses will curse every soul that shares in it either as giver or receiver. We say that not only is all this clear to those who have followed the discussion of the Bill, but it will be doubly clear to those who follow its criminal career in practice. Yet we are told when all this has been said that the Government will push the Bill through even at these ruinous costs; our only defence is, therefore, to pray that the Lords will at least delay its passage in the hope that Mr. Lloyd George or—if that is too much to expect—his colleagues may recover their senses before they have stabbed the nation in the heart.

Heaven knows that we have no axe to grind in this matter. We care nothing for parties or persons or dogmas or systems. If anybody can prove that the degree of Socialism we propose, side by side by the ample room we would allow to private enterprise and the large area necessarily occupied by free national services, is impracticable or nationally undesirable, we shall anxiously reconsider our ways and take the best advice that we can obtain. Meanwhile, it appears to us beyond denial, as, in fact, it has gone unchallenged for several years, that the only hope of restoring the lost equilibrium of the nation lies in determining by theory and practice the relative areas to be occupied by the only three modes of possession known to men. But if this is the plain, unmistakable problem lying before English statesmen of the twentieth century, it is certain that not only is Mr. Lloyd George completely unfitted to begin it, but by his National Insurance Bill he is setting politicians on the wrong road. By temperament, by education, and by character Mr. Lloyd George belongs, indeed, to the nineteenth, not to the twentieth century. His attempts at legislation have all the air of survivals from a belated past. Even the sentimentality in which he wallows is the ebb-tide of a feeling that was once sincere in the Kingsleys and the Carlyles of the mid-Victorian age. But to-day his emotions are out of place in politics; in the men who are of this age and looking forward to the future, emotion has been coupled on to science. They know that the first whims and fancies of the well-disposed are as often as not fatal in practice to the intention. They know that social legislation of the type of endowment and assistance and charity is, in nine cases out of ten, innocent cruelty; and it is to this type that the National Insurance Bill belongs. It is because we are certain and not merely speculative of the evil effects of this Bill that we venture to employ words of it and its author that a rational politics would make unnecessary. Mr. Lloyd George, moreover, has shown himself accessible to every voice but that of simple reason. Every rotten little anti-national, anti-social interest that could frame its appetite in words has found its way to his ear. In no instance that we have seen has Mr. Lloyd George attempted to meet the criticism of the economist, the Socialist, or the statesman.

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Or, rather, if he has attempted it he has failed even to appreciate the criticism. We need not refer to the case of Professor Pigou, who, being called in to bless the Insurance Bill, as he blessed the Budget, blandly assures the readers of the "Westminster Gazette" that, of course, the employers' contribution will be paid by the workmen. As if the supposed merit of the Bill were not exactly that the employer would be compelled to raise wages instead of lowering them! But Mr. Lloyd George's ineptitude is seen best in his reply to Professor Hewins. Nobody, it appears, is really to pay the contribution in that long run beloved by phrase-mongers too idle to think. The workman will not really pay, for is he not to receive a shilling's worth of benefit for every fourpence he puts into Mr. Lloyd George's magical savings bank? On the other hand, the employer will not pay—despite Mr. Chiozza Money—for the equally fairly godmotherly reason that the Bill in operation will so increase efficiency that the enhanced profits of industry will more than return it. "I am absolutely confident," writes Mr. Lloyd George, "that the whole of the employers' contribution, and I dare say in the long run part of the workmen's contribution, too, will be paid for by the sheer increase of efficiency and decrease of waste which will result from the operation of the Bill." In that case, why not call it an Employers' Interest Bill and done with it? Anybody can understand that a dog will grow fat and efficient if fed on the meat of its own tail!

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[We regret that the cost of reproducing Mr. Max Beerbohm's cartoons in colour has proved too great to enable us to present them in that form to our readers without raising the price of the paper. We have decided, therefore, to publish them in the form of which the first example is contained in this issue.—Ed. N. A.]

## Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

WAR is on the horizon—where it is likely to remain. Doubtless, like myself, travellers on Atlantic or Pacific liners have often tried to relieve the tediousness of what seems to be an interminable journey by looking through their telescopes at some shapeless and almost invisible object far in the distance. After a time one can just discern the faint outline of a ship's hull and a stream of black smoke. Interest becomes general; and half-crowns are betted on the stranger's nationality. And then one vessel or the other suddenly alters her course by a point or two, so that after a brief interval we are again travelling alone on the ocean Sahara.

Well, war is often precisely like that. You have a vague premonition that it is coming. Then you see it in the distance, and it gets bigger and bigger. But suddenly it sails off at right angles. And this, I conceive, is a fair statement of the Moroccan situation. Admiral Mahan, for one, has already laid stress on the necessity of having a good army and navy wherewith to back up an ambassador when delicate negotiations are being conducted. They may never be required for use; but they are at hand if wanted. These are exactly the circumstances in which the Powers are now negotiating. There is no necessity for war, because the opposing forces are not equally matched. Great Britain's definite intervention on the side of France has interfered with Germany's plans to an extent that makes it impossible for them to be carried out. Had France been alone in dealing with Germany, and assuming that matters had come to a crisis, the struggle would have been tough. But it would be sheer madness at the present juncture for Germany to attempt to tackle both France and England. In another ten years, when the German navy will have increased considerably, there may be "something doing" in this regard. But it is too soon to think about a big European conflagration in 1911.

The question now agitating Downing Street is whether the cession to Germany of a tract of land including the port of Libreville would be inimical to British interests. In some quarters, even in Paris, it is held that the splitting of the German fleet which would result if Libreville were turned into a naval base, would in the end be of some advantage to this country, as Germany could obviously not keep such a large squadron in the North Sea. This opinion, however, is not very far-sighted; the question is not what Germany can do now, but what she may be able to do, if unchecked in the meantime, by 1920 or 1925. Whatever may be said of the home policy of any country, the foreign policy must be based on what is likely to happen in the course of the succeeding ten or fifteen years; and it is this fact that makes for continuity in the foreign policy of nearly every important country. The present indications are that the pourparlers between France and Germany will be continued for several days, and that the Kaiser will finally intervene "in the cause of peace."

It is worth while remarking here that the Socialist and Labour organisations in France, Great Britain, and Germany have never in recent times shown themselves to be so apathetic and hopelessly incompetent and uninfluential in combating the spirit of militarism. M. Yvetot, the French Socialist, made a few incoherent remarks at Berlin, darkly hinting at something terrible which was going to happen, perhaps, if war were declared. But the police ordered him home, and, finding no support among his German friends, he promptly took his departure.

As one might possibly have expected, the comment in the London Press regarding Moroccan affairs is by no means remarkable for its accuracy or profundity. As usual, only about one critic in ten has taken the trouble to look up the treaties. Certain Liberal

papers, for instance, blame France as the cause of the present situation, because she occupied Fez, the Shawia, and Udja. But France occupied Udja and the Shawia before February, 1909, in which month and year a supplementary treaty was signed with Germany, whereby France secured a free hand in Morocco and was made responsible for the maintenance of good order in the country. Will anyone pretend that Germany merely sent a warship to Agadir to protest against what she herself had willingly agreed to do as far back as two and a half years previously?

Again, the Maghzen owed France an indemnity. A treaty was signed in March last year, whereby the Sultan of Morocco agreed that the French troops should remain in the Shawia until the money was paid. This agreement was duly communicated to Berlin, and no protest was ever raised. When the French Government deemed it advisable to send troops to Fez, in view of the serious risings against the Sultan in that neighbourhood, Berlin was formally notified. This was in April, 1911; and still the German Government made no objection. Early in June, when Spanish troops took possession of Larache and Alcazar, the French Government sent a Note to Berlin, as also, of course, to the other Powers interested, notifying its intention to withdraw its troops from Fez as soon as order was restored. Still no protest from Berlin; merely sympathetic acknowledgments. These facts and dates which I have given can all be verified by references to the German official newspapers, or to papers like the "Temps" and the "Journal des Débats." The real student of foreign affairs will, of course, carry such essential facts in his head; but there seems to be no good reason why leader-writers and others should not look them up before beginning to talk solemn nonsense about France's high-handed methods in Morocco, and so forth. France has really tried to abide by the spirit of the Act of Algeciras: the same cannot be said of her neighbours across the Rhine and her other neighbours beyond the Pyrenees.

It is fortunate that, with Great Britain's assistance, France will be able to fulfil the conditions of the Algeciras Act, otherwise it would not be worth the paper it is written on. It has long been obvious that Germany has no particular respect for written documents of this nature—it is more than we should expect of a young and ambitious nation. A country the inhabitants of which increase at the rate of a million a year naturally feels like expanding; and treaties, diplomatic traditions, and international compacts are liable to suffer in the process. We in England, of course, have no objections to Germany's expanding; only she must do it in such a way that our interests shall not be affected. Italy, Turkey, Belgium, Russia, Austria, Holland, and Denmark entertain somewhat similar views where their interests are concerned; and the U.S.A. does not take kindly to the thought of German colonies in Brazil. So what is a rising young nation to do? On the whole, Turkey looks like being the eventual sufferer; but this statement, perhaps, is carrying prophecy too far into the future.

Mr. Asquith's statement in the House of Commons on Thursday last will be read with very mixed feelings in Berlin, and with satisfaction in Paris. Read word for word, it does not say much; but between the lines it assures France of our definite support. Mr. Balfour did good service by emphasising a fact which is too often lost sight of—viz., the unity of the nation in foreign affairs and the necessity for this unity. Mr. Ramsay Macdonald was lugubriously and awesomely Scotch, and far too "pernicketty"—I won't vouch for the orthography, but Scotch readers will know what I mean, and others can search the Oxford dictionary. Fancy dragging in "my hon. friend Mr. Brace," and the International Conference of Miners! The miners passed a peace resolution, while the German Government talks of calling up 400,000 men for the autumn manœuvres.

## The New Revolution: Its Organisers and Disorganisers.

By Kosmo Wilkinson.

THE late Duchess of Devonshire, whose years did not prevent her from being a prominent as well as tolerably active figure among the smartest of smart sets to the last, and who may be almost said to have died on a fashionable race course, never came near to deserving Ben Jonson's compliments to the Countess of Bedford, one among the earliest of English great ladies, as well as a real dictatress at the Court of the first Stuart sovereign. She never troubled herself with the philanthropic and self-denying precepts for daily conduct which Mr. G. W. E. Russell, when describing Dr. Pusey's mother, Lady Lucy Pusey, has reminded us were animating principles with a typical grande dame of the Victorian epoch. The Duchess of Devonshire never became the mistress of a salon, nor ever helped her husband as a political leader after the fashion in which Lord Palmerston, at his wife's Saturday receptions, saw the danger averted of his party splitting into extreme and moderate factions. Nevertheless, her departed grace, who had lived through some two generations and a half of socio-political existence, had been a genuine political power during her time, had contrived to know much that passed in the Cabinets of her period, and had more than once, without, be it said, betraying her own friends, done Disraeli a good turn by hinting to him the point at which he might expect attack from his opponents. This shrewd, seasoned, hard-headed woman of the world, together with her handsome and stately presence, retained to her closing days a practical knowledge of the party management, in drawing-rooms, dinner tables, and country houses, necessary to keep politics from degenerating into a bear-garden, or, as Lord Beaconsfield had once more pointedly put it to her, to ensure that "the whole thing should not burst up." In the disuse of the ordinances and functions observed throughout nearly all her period, the Duchess of Devonshire saw at once the analogue and the cause of the protracted and, as she thought, hopeless Parliamentary chaos.

Certainly the society revolution or anarchy which the Duchess of Devonshire lived to witness does, as that observant and expert lady said, to some extent reflect the émeutes at St. Stephen's, about which nothing more need be inflicted upon the reader. To take the lighter matter first, the novelties so repulsive to the Duchess largely originate in the complete change of Parliamentary hours into which she and her husband, the Lord Hartington of an earlier day, had survived. The chief of these alterations is the disappearance of the Wednesday half-holiday. Thus there have entirely died out the great dinners and evening parties that formerly divided the hebdomadal period, and that so usefully supplemented the dinners at Grillion's Club in amicably bringing together men who, without any real mutual antipathy, had been compelled to say hard things of each other a few hours earlier across the table supporting the Speaker's mace. In the new régime, so full of evil omens as it may well have seemed to those trained in an earlier school, there are, indeed, still some political houses on both sides in Belgravia and Mayfair. The ministerialists are socially supported by the Harcourts, the Granards, and the Wimbornes. The Opposition finds its rallying centres in Stafford House, Lansdowne House, in Derby House (now moved from St. James' Square to Stratford Place), in Devonshire House, and beneath the Cecil roof in Arlington Street. But the hosts and hostesses within whose walls, as on neutral soil, Liberals and Conservatives once so pleasantly met, are doing comparatively little. The Havershams and the Oppenheims still welcome the average M.P. with his wife, and many others in Grosvenor Square and Bruton Street respectively. Yet even here, unhappily, time tells, and the hospitalities of the eighties have practically perished. The House, too, now rises on Friday afternoon. Then everyone rushes off to the

country. The great Saturday and Sunday entertainments have therefore gone. The elective legislator, new style, does his ruralising, not in the home country palaces where he spent his modish Sabbaths two or three decades ago, but on the Kentish or Sussex coast, taking his children with him. Presently, no doubt, mechanically using the cant phrases of the Lobby and the smoking-room, he will rebel against sitting at Westminster in August when, by the laws of the Constitution, he ought to be on his Scotch moor among the grouse. The nearest approach to Highland forest or stream known by him, good, worthy man, will be, as for that matter it has often been in earlier years, the Margate sands, where he is perfectly happy with his children, making their mud-pies and paddling in the summer waves.

Such being the general conditions under which the session drags with noisy and scandalous dulness to its close, how stand with Parliament and public the best-known political actors on whom the curtain of prorogation will some time or other fall? The chief secret of the third Marquis of Salisbury's personal strength and national ascendancy was not his brain power or the personal qualities that made him in all the relationships of life the most charming of men, but the vigilant self-repression that controlled, often really sweetened, his powers of invective and sarcasm. One need not here dwell on any recent illustration of the degree in which these qualities have manifestly descended to his posterity. Oxford University may well be proud of having obeyed the "Spectator's" advice, and of having chosen Lord Hugh Cecil for Sir William Anson's colleague. The high spirit of a traditional Tory seat of learning cannot but be gratified by the mixture of high-bred chivalry and disinterested conviction displayed by her junior representative in the encounter with the Prime Minister, whose proper place, as everyone agrees, is the dungeon some six feet below the water-mark, nearest to the Traitor's Gate, in the Tower. While Lord Hugh Cecil's unflinching sweetness and light, and avoidance of all that borders on didacticism in debate, have been the delight and pride of the Assembly, some reference may be made even to his adversaries. The heat-wave from the other side of the Atlantic has been accompanied by the first real wave of democratic feeling that has ever run over the country. On the crest of this tide, it is to be feared, are firmly placed Mr. Winston Churchill and Mr. Lloyd George. If these are the forces which keep the First Lord of the Treasury in his place, justice compels the acknowledgment that Mr. Asquith is also helped by being, upon the whole, the ablest man in our public life during this second year of King George V. "In this country," Lord Beaconsfield once observed in the present writer's hearing, "depend upon it, everyone who becomes a powerful Cabinet Minister possesses something entitling him to be considered a first-rate man." Of this praise, mere candour compels the critic to award the Prime Minister a share with his colleagues. And the Premier's strongest card has not yet been played. Among the memoranda left by King Edward with his son was one about the course he had intended to adopt in the matter of the veto. That, indeed, cannot be introduced into any ministerial statement. But its tenor has been discussed in the recent State conversations at the Palace, and every detail of the present sovereign's action will, in fulness of time, prove to have been exactly consonant with the policy roughed out by his father for himself.

## The Decline and Fall of the Labour Party.

By Cecil Chesterton.

### VII.—The Second Election.

THE Labour Party which emerged from the General Election of 1910 was very different from that Party which had started upon its career so gaily in 1906.

First it lost a good many seats; but that, of itself, was of no vital importance. In every prolonged con-

test there will be ups and downs, and, as a matter of fact, so far as numbers were concerned, the adhesion of the miners' representative to the Party which took place just before the election more than compensated for the electoral losses. It is only by looking deeper that we can estimate the real extent to which the Party had lost ground.

The fact is that half a dozen members elected in 1910 as Mr. Jowett, Mr. Barnes and others had been elected in 1906, would have constituted a better omen for Labour (though every other seat had been lost) than the whole forty returned as they were returned. In the former case Labourites had been repeatedly victorious in three-cornered contests. Now they were victorious only where the Liberals chose to support them and where a normal Liberal majority existed. Wherever Liberal support was withdrawn they met with ignominious defeat.

It is true that most of the sitting Labourites held their seats; but they held them on quite new conditions. They no longer represented, or could seriously claim to represent, an independent body of opinion. They were elected by the normal Liberal vote with the approval of the Liberal Caucus—were, in fact, in everything but name the official Liberal candidates. One Labour seat alone was attacked by the official Liberals (for Mr. Pritchard Morgan's candidature in Merthyr was unauthorised), the late Mr. Curran's at Jarrow. He was defeated.

Only a person of unusual simplicity of mind can believe that the withdrawal of Liberal opposition to Labour members was not part of a bargain between the two parties, and that the price paid for it is to be found in the wholesale withdrawals of third candidates in seats which the Liberals held or wished to contest. Let me make clear what I mean by the word "bargain." I do not for a moment suppose that a written contract drawn up and signed by the leaders on either side, or, indeed, that any documentary evidence exists or ever has existed that would prove such a compact between them. What happened no doubt was that unofficial negotiations were opened up between the Liberal whips and the Labour leaders, and that as a result of those negotiations (probably conducted almost entirely by word of mouth) the Liberals decided to leave the Labourites their places, while the official gang who control the Labour Party agreed to frown upon attacks on Liberal seats. Mr. Henderson, at any rate, then the leader of the party, frankly declared that he was doing his best to prevent three-cornered fights.

Indeed, the Labour Party had, as I have already pointed out, left itself no choice. How its members would have fared had no such bargain been made, was shown pretty clearly in those few cases where it was not adhered to. Wherever a Labour candidate attempted a three-cornered fight he was not so much rejected as absolutely ignored. In North-West Lanark, for example, the Labour poll was very little over half what it was in 1906. South-West Manchester had been actually held by the Labour Party during the former Parliament by a majority of 1,226. In 1910 there was a three-cornered fight there, and the Labour candidate received only 1,218 votes as against 3,111 recorded for the Liberal and 3,004 for the Unionist. Nor can it be said that these figures are the result of an unfair comparison with the exceptional record of 1906. In East Bristol as early as 1895 a Labour candidate polled 3,608 votes; in 1910, after fifteen years of Labour and Socialist propaganda, he polled only 2,255 votes. In East Bradford a Labour candidate polled 1,953 votes as long ago as 1896; in 1910 only 1,740 votes were recorded. In fact, where the forces of independent Labour had to rely on themselves alone, instead of leaning on Liberal support, they found themselves in a worse position than they had occupied before the Labour Party came into existence.

There is nothing surprising in this. The Labour Party reaped exactly as they had sown. When one comes to think of it, what plausible reason could they offer why anyone should vote for them as against the

Liberal candidate? Their appeal, fairly expressed, was something like this: "We regard the Budget as a magnificent step forward in progress, and we hold the limitation of the Lords' Veto as the immediate and vital need of the hour; we applaud the Liberal Government which produced such a Budget and proposes such a limitation; therefore we urge you to vote against the nominee of that Government and (at the risk of letting in a Tory who will oppose the Budget and support the Lords) to vote for us, who, if we are returned, will do exactly the same things that the official Liberal would do!" Such a plea carries with it its own condemnation. Obviously, if what the people wanted was the Budget and the Parliament Bill—and the Labour leaders were unanimous and impassioned in declaring that they ought to want these things—their obvious course was to vote Liberal. It was to no purpose that the Labourites declared that they wanted to "go further." The obvious answer was: "If these things are good we will get them first and consider your proposed extensions afterwards." The old Socialist position was clear and consistent. We always said that there was no difference between the two capitalist parties, and that whether we "let the Tory in" or not, was to us a matter of the most complete indifference, that we were utterly unconcerned as to whether Mr. Asquith or his son's brother-in-law's brother-in-law's first cousin drew five thousand a year for bamboozling the people. As soon as that position was given up, the whole case for an independent Labour Party was given up as well.

The Labourites richly deserved their fate. It is deeply to be regretted that the same fate befell those who did not deserve it at all. The position of the independent Socialists in 1910 was, through no fault of their own, a most difficult one. They, unlike the Labourites, could expect no quarter from the Liberals, and they asked and received none. At the same time, they found themselves inevitably entangled in and discredited by the Labour Party's mistakes. If they allowed themselves to be so entangled, they suffered exactly as the Labourites suffered in three-cornered fights. If they attempted to free themselves their paths were beset with difficulties. When they told the people the truth about the Budget and the Anti-Lords agitation, they were confronted with the fact that the "Socialist" Mr. Snowden had declared himself the father of the Budget and that the "Socialist" Mr. Macdonald had proclaimed the question of the Lords' Veto to be the one vital issue before the country. If they repudiated these champions of "Socialism," people simply said: "Oh, these Socialists, are always quarrelling." In a word, their pitch had been queered by the Labour Party. To that we owe the regrettable defeat of Victor Grayson at Colne Valley. And to the same cause we must attribute the fact—very discreditable to the electors of Great Britain in general and Burnley in particular—that Mr. Hyndman is not a member of Parliament. But at the worst the Socialists preserved their honour, and withal they did no worse than the Labourites did when they fought without the support of the Liberal Caucus.

The Labour Party returned after the election still forty strong. But their position was very different. There was not one of those forty who dared play an independent part. They knew well that they owed their seats to Liberal patronage, and that on their fidelity to the Liberal Caucus the security of those seats depended.

It was not long before the results were visible. Mr. Asquith had solemnly pledged himself that he would not assume nor retain office unless he had guarantees for the curtailment of the Lords' Veto. He broke that pledge. But the Labour Party which had made that pledge the principal ground of their coalition with the Liberals, made no sound. Discontented Radicals might murmur. The Irish might keep a sharp look-out. But Mr. Barnes, the leader of the Labour Party, pulled up by Mr. Macdonald and Mr. Snowden for his solitary display of spirit, could only say that we were "a conservative people" and acquiesce.

The game was up.

## Mr. Ramsay Macdonald and Portugal.

By V. de Braganza Cunha.

No one doubted that Mr. Ramsay Macdonald believed himself to be influenced only by the purest motives when he asked Sir Edward Grey why the British Government had not yet recognised the Portuguese Republic. But the sudden retreat of the Labour member gave one the impression that he had introduced a subject with whose conditions and environment he was but imperfectly acquainted. Mr. Ramsay Macdonald undertook to make himself the champion of a republic launched forth into the political world with no compass but the opinions of a few men crammed with theories of man and the State, and no rudder except the instincts of those who have no opinion of their own but merrily echo opinion. But neither the one nor the other is what an honest statesman would seek as the foundation of a régime. Besides, we cannot take seriously men, however seriously they may take themselves, who are engaged in making a nation when they ought to have been engaged in purging and preserving a nation.

To reconstruct was the first necessity. There was a past to be redeemed as well as a future to be provided for. But those who have thrown themselves into the work of reconstruction seem to deny the guidance of history, and believe that democracy holds to no traditions of experience. Everything that has happened since the Constituent Assembly met gives force to this opinion. They are rejoicing over the evils they have abolished and the liberties they have achieved, but the Parliamentary debates to which the interrupters are contributing the greatest part, the President the next, and the speaker by far the least, demonstrate the value of politics in Portugal. The discussions have been noisy and broken off into personalities. But noise and undiscipline, the Portuguese Republicans say, are signs of life. Some members become dissatisfied with the office of stepping-stones to their leaders' ambitions, and we are told that it is a symptom of the spirit of independence coming over Portugal. Theophilo Braga, however, thinks that there is a limit for all things, and he has appealed to the members of the Constituent Assembly to behave themselves. He has even told them that the Powers are plotting against the Republic, and that these nations will avail themselves of a favourable circumstance to give it a blow. Whether Braga's warning was the warning of a visionary or not is a matter which concerns nobody but the Republicans. Thus far, we are certain, there is no Republican of the present day who is regarded with more respect than Braga. He has no selfish purposes to gratify, no intrigues to carry out. In the life of this man—who, it may be said en parenthèse, was not born in Portugal—the country has an example of high patriotism and unusual service to the literature of Portugal. But the men he was called upon to address are not serious politicians. We, at any rate, have no intention of treating them with any such consideration. They are decidedly a symptom of disease in the body politic of the nation. Nor need we be surprised at this. Parliamentary government was one of the unhappy accidents of an unhappy history. The consequences that followed from it we have all seen. A past that glides from the grave tells its own story in plain language; and misgovernment could have hardly gone further under Parliamentary institutions. During the first period of constitutionalism in Portugal there also came to the front men who stepped forward by their wisdom and spirit to quell the turbulent and inspire the peaceful with security and confidence. Every such effort was in vain. The conclusion we have reached may therefore be summarised in a few sentences. A Parliament to be successful required conditions with which Portugal as yet is unable or unwilling to comply. Unwilling because the nation is in a hysterical frame of mind and unable because it scarcely yet perceives to what goal it is

bound. And the fact must be grasped by those who are apt to take indulgent views of dangerous symptoms in the body politic of other nations, that this is the keynote of the situation.

We are not disposed to question the good faith with which any public man in England in duty to his creed of solidarity—which as a rule dissolves when translated from abstractions into realities—undertakes to use his influence, however small, in favour of a particular cause or country. But we have a right to inquire upon what careful investigation the attitude confidently taken in the affairs of foreign countries is based. Unhappily, however, for the British public, there are prominent men in this country who are in such peculiar danger of talking at random when they move off their own ground into the politics of other countries. Theories, for instance, concerning the Young Turks which seemed valid when Abdul Hamid was deposed, have no value whatever now that the Young Turks are practising Hamidism, and their liberal movement is about to end in a Balkan conflagration. And, strange to say, in the early days of last October, Theophilo Braga, when interviewed by foreign journalists, spoke of the Young Turks' movement as the result of positivist doctrines, an utterance which, we think, was in a sense humiliating to the Portuguese, who, notwithstanding their faults, cannot be put side by side with Moslem Positivists, who consider men in their experiments no more than "they do mice in an air pump." Be that as it may, Braga's positivist prophecies have not been fulfilled. The Republican assertion of national freedom has been such that no wonder that even partisans of the Republic blame it as ill-advised.

To conclude: Portugal is not rich in friends. Far from us the idea of discouraging anybody who befriends her in her trials and helps her to recover the ground she has lost in the arena of international politics. We have therefore tried to consider the issue from no partisan point of view. Our concern arises solely from the magnitude of the interests it menaces.

## Pages from a Book of Swells.

By T. H. S. Escott.

### VII.—The Autocrat of the Editor's Room.

JOURNALISM as a career, or a suitable substitute for it, had been decided on by Patrick Fitsnell soon after he had reluctantly convinced himself that, having won a fellowship at St. Perrian's College, Oxford, he had no chance of influencing the new undergraduate generation by being appointed tutor. Those were the days when, for the first time during the nineteenth century, the Isis as an intellectual stream was beginning systematically to empty itself into the Thames, and Fleet Street or Paternoster Row had come to be regarded as containing between them the goal appropriate for clever and well-read youths who wished to gratify a didactic ambition by impressing their ideas upon their age, but to do so in some other way than as a Rugby master, a Scotch or a colonial professor. Like other aspirants for fame and power belonging to his College, and standing well with its most distinguished teacher, best known as "Jowler the Great," Patrick Fitsnell had written several articles that made their mark in the weekly papers. Jowler had already achieved the chief object of his academic life by permeating the public service with capable officials, turned out, all after the same pattern, from St. Perrian's. Why, the Master of that College had asked himself, should not St. Perrian's dominate the Press as well? When, therefore, Fitsnell imparted his ideas about getting newspaper work to his old preceptor, that reverend gentleman, in the oracular, non-committing fashion cultivated by him with such notorious success, chirped approval with the words: "I see no reason why you should not like it, or it should not like you. I wish you good speed. The next time we meet, you will have ceased to be an occasional contributor, and become an able and therefore necessarily an autocratic editor."

All these things came to pass. Had Fitsnell settled

in London some ten years earlier than he actually did, his knowledge and aptitudes, backed by his advantages of birth and station, would probably have enabled him to start from the point at which pen workers, less fortunately circumstanced, thought themselves happy if there they found their goal.

As it was, Patrick Fitsnell held his own. Hard work, good connections, and tact soon gave him a position on the Press. At the same time these qualities raised up a host of opponents against him. A few years judiciously passed brought with them the chance, the hope of realising which had alone impelled him into the place of printing ink and proof sheets. The line of thoroughfare beginning at Ludgate Hill and ending at Charing Cross has always been the traditional scene of more transformations and vicissitudes, whether of persons or of institutions, during a twelvemonth than, within the same limits of space, at any other point of the United Kingdom usually extend over a decade. While these changes were, as regards variety and importance, at their height, Fitsnell, in addition to being a journalist of repute, found himself suddenly a rich man. He had already attained to the editorial status, and, on prints unnecessary to name here, had acquired a thorough acquaintance with the theory and practice of newspaper conduct. But since learning these rudiments of his profession he had seen the conditions of its active exercise undergo more than one change for the worse. Like others, he had heard of Fleet Street and its enterprises being malignantly dominated by the Jesuits or the Jews. Of those sinister agencies, he had as a fact himself seen neither, to any serious extent, actively at work. The new régime, so far as he had noticed it, was to be regretted chiefly or only because of its conformity to the most objectionable usages prevalent among traders who gloried in modelling themselves after transatlantic examples. Daily or weekly newspaper proprietors and editors alike had been superseded by the newspaper "boss," who ran the entire business to his own ends, and with contemptuous indifference to the old-fashioned obligation of providing genuine news or capable comment. Up to now Patrick Fitsnell, like the rest of his competent fellow-craftsmen, had been assured, as regards fixity of tenure, so long as their work was well done. Their new masters recognised no obligation of the kind, but rather gave them to understand that, fresh blood being essential to efficiency, old writers must be expected to give place to new on the shortest notice, and without any compensation for disturbance. Fitsnell was thus receiving from his employers the treatment of a raw beginner, to his natural disgust, when a patrimony rather larger than he had expected made him his own master and enabled him politely to take farewell of the new phenomenon in English journalism already described as the "boss."

Now, too, there unexpectedly came into the market the "Regulator." This was a journal of antecedents really distinguished, of influence still maintained, and with every probability of a future before it not less creditable and authoritative than its past. After a short period of negotiations conducted without a hitch, the "Regulator" passed into the hands of Patrick Fitsnell as its owner as well as editor. Among the congratulations received by the latest addition to the journalistic hierarchy was one from Fitsnell's old Oxford philosopher and friend, Jowler, reminding his pupil that the shrewd don had long since predicted he would eventually take his place among the supreme rulers of the Press. Meanwhile our hero had won not only a considerable editorship, but a wife who, as a headmaster's daughter, felt she had been born into a position of authority, and that it behoved her to take her place as a great lady. She was not, indeed, literary, but was consumed with an absolutely impracticable and irrational interest, of the essentially feminine sort, in certain subjects of the hour. "Philanthropy, you know, dear Mrs. Fitsnell, is one of the 'Regulator's' traditions. You must really get your husband to take up the movement I have worked so hard to make my own for providing the poor horseless

waifs and strays we are now sending to kindergartens with Shetland ponies, to ride to and from between where they live and their schools." So declared herself Mrs. Jelliby de Tomkyns. As the visiting list of the editor's wife daily grew, other petitions of a like kind poured in from new friends who posed as social leaders on a small scale. Of course Fitsnell had to convince his lady that the entertainment of any among those requests must make her husband and his paper ridiculous. "But," at first pleaded the lady, "I had promised you would say something for her; and Mrs. Jelliby de Tomkyns, you know, may be useful in so many ways." This little matter, however, was ultimately arranged without much difficulty. "Celibacy," was all that Fitsnell muttered to himself, "is plainly a condition of editorship." The "Regulator" had its own staff for articles on events of the day. But then, as Fitsnell was reminded, communiqués, signed and unsigned, from well-informed quarters had become an essential feature in the modern newspaper. Old Lord Bounderby, writing from the Travellers' Club, recalled to the "Regulator's" new management that formerly the paper had always courteously welcomed his diagnoses of the political situation, founded on the very exceptional insight into these matters gained by him when Resident at the Court of Barataria. A column given to Lord Bounderby would be sure to provoke a reply of thrice that length from his ancient rival, Sir Archibald Noodlepate. The editorial pronouncement on the discussion gave offence to both and brought into the controversy the voluminous literary members of the Smallsowles clan, headed by its chief, the Earl of Sangazur, and containing several undoubted leaders of fashion. Mrs. Fitsnell had recently met at a Richmond lawn party the elderly young nobleman on whom, some day, the Sangazur title must devolve. Lord Scutage had been led by domestic circumstances to settle out of England—to live, in fact, at Paris, the place he found most handy for heirs-apparent out of work. He was a really clever fellow, had picked up a good deal, and thought out much of it in the course of a life that, from having been that of a rake, was now that of a prig. He was, in fact, trying to write himself into respectability, and in return for several small but perfectly harmless attentions, coupled with a promise for more, had obtained Mrs. Fitsnell's promise to press the advantage of securing his pen upon her editorial husband, who shook his head, to be told by his better half: "If you back out of it you will be compromising me, and you will spoil Elaine's (Miss Fitsnell's) chances for her first season."

After all, it was the literary department of his paper that saddled Editor Fitsnell with his chief embarrassments. The fashionable athlete Bludger Sprat, who had recently crowned his muscular triumphs on land by untold performances at Henley, had brought home with him a choice assortment of nice ideas on things in general, and especially upon all the arrangements of domestic life, from a year or two's sojourn at foreign universities, followed by a voyage round the world. These notions he had put into a little book called "The Ethics of Salacity." The "Regulator" spoke its mind about the volume and the author so plainly that Bludger Sprat brought an action for libel against the paper and won it. About this time Mr. and Mrs. Fitsnell felt the need of a little holiday abroad. The last which anyone heard of the editorial autocrat of his day, as St. Perrian's tutor had termed him, was his desire to sell the paper for a bargain and his difficulty in finding a purchaser. Some wise person has lately spoken of there being only two parties in politics—that of economy and that of expenditure. The real truth, as Fitsnell found out early during his official term, and to his abiding disgust, is that in politics there are but the fashionable and the unfashionable side; that if an editor pleases the one he will bitterly alienate the other, and that in doing so, unless he be free from all domestic encumbrances, he will find the water in which he plunges his fingers rather hotter at home than abroad.

## Tory Democracy.

By J. M. Kennedy.

### VIII.—“The Will of the People.”

SPEAKING of the principle of democratic government, Prof. Hobhouse says:—

But this principle makes one very large assumption. It postulates the existence of a common will. It assumes that the individuals whom it would enfranchise can enter into the common life and contribute to the formation of a common decision by a genuine interest in public transactions. Where and in so far as this assumption definitely fails, there is no case for democracy. Progress, in such a case, is not wholly impossible, but it must depend on the number of those who do care for the things that are of special value, who advance knowledge, or “civilise life through the discoveries of art,” or form a narrow but effective public opinion in support of liberty and order. We may go further. Whatever the form of government, progress always does in fact depend on those who so think and live, and on the degree in which these common interests envelop their life and thought.\*

Admissions like these, coming as they do from an authoritative source, are of the greatest importance; for, on Prof. Hobhouse's own postulates and assumptions, democratic government is dead. It is impossible for any “will” to arise among the “people”; for a “will” implies leadership, something imposed from above and not something urged from below. It is the fundamental philosophic error of Liberalism that the common crowd, a variegated collection of average men, can possess a common will, much less impose this will upon those who are responsible for the government of the country.

This was a factor in the psychology of Radicalism which early became clear to Mr. Schnadhorst and to Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, and the result was the founding of the famous Birmingham Caucus. The Caucus, whatever its aims may have appeared to be even to its organisers, was not so much an attempt to direct the popular vote as an attempt to impose a “will” where there was none in existence. The immediate effects of the Caucus, as I mentioned in my last article, were to check real democracy (i.e., representative government), whenever democracy in its more genuine form interfered with the principles of government by delegation. It should have been clear to all politicians that, when Mr. Cowen was compelled to yield to the Caucus at Newcastle and Mr. Forster was compelled to yield to it at Bradford, representative government was going by the board. But it was not clear to politicians then, and it is not clear to very many of them even now; because Englishmen in general, despising ideas, despising abstract thought of a helpful tendency (such as that to be found among the Indian and Chinese philosophers), and despising new principles of all kinds until they have slowly permeated the public mind, saw nothing in the operations of the Caucus but a merely local election dispute about “tactics.”

Far from exercising a purely local influence, however, the Caucuses gradually came to exercise a profoundly national influence. The National Liberal Federation and the National Union of Conservative Associations may be adequately described as National Unions of Caucuses; for, of course, when the excellent electioneering results achieved by the Liberal Caucus were seen, the Conservatives were compelled in self-defence to organise similar associations in opposition. In time, however, the “Central Office” of these bodies became responsible not merely for electioneering tactics and the distribution of posters and pamphlets, but for the entire policy of their particular party and the control of the party funds. Every one who is at all familiar with the inner side of English politics knows perfectly well that not a single political principle ever originates among the “people,” and that the “people” are not responsible for the “mandates” which they are alleged to have given. The policy of a party is laid down by the

small body of men controlling its Central Office, and it is not based upon the wishes, real or supposed, of the “people.” It is based rather upon what, the officials believe, will prove to be a good election cry, good “window dressing.”

Unfortunately, these officials are never men who, to use Prof. Hobhouse's words, “care for the things that are of social value.” In the case of the Liberal Party, for example, in so far as one may judge by results, they are men of unusually superficial minds, scrappy reading, and insular prejudices. Poor psychologists, their insight into the soul of the nation is practically nil. Their knowledge of political science, ancient or modern, would not make the whole body of them equal to a man like Hanotaux. Question them, and in nine cases out of ten you will find that they do not know anything of, say, so common a book as Aristotle's politics; or of the political writings of men like Burke, von Gneist, Bluntschli, Redlich, Ostrogorski, or Maura. Their political reading would seem to have begun with Tom Paine and Bentham and ended with Mill.

It is this body which is responsible for the silly measures which bring opprobrium upon Liberalism, and rightly. Does anyone in his senses imagine, for example, that the English people called for the three or four Education Bills introduced by the Liberal Government from 1906 onward? Or for the ridiculous Licensing Bill? Or for the famous 1909 Budget, which, while professedly penalising the employer, was designed to penalise the working classes? Or for the recently-introduced Insurance Bill, which will not only fail in its intended effect, but will penalise the working classes still more in doing so? Of course not. Far from being desired by the English people, these measures were one and all drawn up by the officials at the Central Office under the supervision of the party leaders, and then imposed upon the party as a whole, and on every election candidate of the party throughout the country. The daily Press, in close touch with the party leaders, never hesitates to back up any policy thus laid and to proclaim it to the world as the “will” of the English people.

It is only just to say that like strictures apply to the Conservative Central Office officials. They, too, appear to be incapable of divining the needs and wishes of the nation. They do not regard it as their function to suggest useful and beneficial legislative measures, but rather to suggest skilful electioneering tactics by means of which the Radicals may be dished and the Socialists kept down. In short, the evil which Burke plainly saw and referred to in his celebrated Bristol speech has come about. Neither the Government nor the Opposition has the interests of the nation at heart. The pernicious doctrine of individualism has resulted in a nation which is gradually crumbling into separate particles, each particle looking after itself. These units are “represented” in Parliament by a series of delegates, each delegate not responsible to his own conscience, or, as Burke has said, not relying upon his own matured thoughts, but instead faithfully following a “mandate,” ostensibly a “mandate” of the people, but in practice a “mandate” laid down by men at the Central Office whom it would be doing too much honour to call superficial thinkers.

This is no very dignified position to be occupied by the nation which has always boasted with such pride that it evolved the Mother of Parliaments. But it was inevitably destined to occupy such a position when once it accepted, even in part, the principles of the individualistic philosophy. A nation of individuals would evolve nothing but anarchy unless some unusually strong form of control was applied. The Caucus was an inevitable development; “vote as you are told” became an inevitable principle of the new régime. In theory, “Liberty” was widespread throughout the land when the ruling authorities seized upon the principles of Mill and the Benthamites; in practice, the “liberties” of the people, so far as their voting influence was concerned, were never more rigorously restricted than they have been since the introduction of philosophic Radicalism—and the Caucus.

\* “Liberalism.” (Williams and Norgate.) pp. 229-30.

## The Don in Arcadia.

By G. F. Abbott.

### IX.—Master Demos.

DURING the last fortnight our Arcadian serenity has been disturbed by a Parliamentary contest. Normally I am no lover of political agitation, believing that the body national would prosper better had politicians never been invented, precisely as I believe that the human body would suffer less if doctors were never permitted to tamper with it. However, in the present case I welcomed the disturbance; for, I must confess, now that the novelty of it has worn off, I am beginning to find our pastoral existence a little monotonous. Besides, I thought that politics might afford poor Chestnuton a wholesome diversion from poetry.

There were two aspirants to the honour of representing Arcadia in the Grandmother of Parliaments. The Radical candidate was the eldest son of a baronet of very recent creation. A brewer by profession and a proprietor of several daily journals, the father had, in the opinion of one of those exponents of public opinion, well deserved his social elevation; and the son was described as being, in every respect, worthy of his sire.

"Mr. Rigmaree's main characteristics," I read, "are nobility of soul, unswerving industry, and invincible faith in the common people. His democratic disposition, far from finding its only or chief expression in dealing with State affairs, manifests itself in all his relations with his fellow-men. He has been seen drinking with humble labourers in ordinary country inns, and on the golf links he often plays with persons of quite moderate means. He is the self-same spirit of frank, cordial manhood whether in public-house or private drawing-room. On the platform his speeches always combine logic with rhetoric, so as to convince the mind while delighting the ear. . . ."

The other candidate was the younger son of a county magnate of ancient lineage, ample estate, and sound Tory principles.

"Direct and honest in thought, word, and deed," said his journalistic encomiast, "Lord Rigmaree enjoys the implicit confidence of everyone. No smooth-tongued orator, he catches the ear and conquers the trust of his countrymen by the plain straightforwardness of his speech and the manly sincerity of his convictions. A staunch defender of the Established Church and a successful breeder of shorthorns, he seems predestined to a prominent place in the councils of the nation. In addition, Lord Rigmaree possesses certain qualities seldom, if ever, found in newly-enriched people, even though they may be dignified with a title: namely, refinement of feeling, suavity of manner, and a high sense of honour. These are plants that flourish better in the flower gardens and pleasure terraces of our old territorial aristocracy than in a brewer's backyard."

Such were the personalities of the antagonists as portrayed by their respective champions. Their programmes became apparent, more or less, in the course of the struggle.

The battle was fought with loaves of bread—a big loaf and a little loaf. The big loafer endeavoured to persuade the people that the little loafer wanted to starve them, and the little loafer endeavoured to persuade them that it was the big loafer's cherished design to deliver them up to the Germans. Neither of the two, however, relied entirely upon his powers of reasoning. Each of them was a man of some talent, but he apparently realised that moderate talent, combined with a great measure of impudence, is better calculated to ensure success than transcendent genius handicapped by modesty. Accordingly, both of them, assisted by their respective ladykind, vied in paying court to the small farmers and tradesmen of the district and in striving to capture their votes by methods very remotely, if at all, connected with political reasoning.

For instance, one day the big loafer stole a march on his rival and very nearly won the hearts of the constituents' wives and daughters by sending round to

them his photograph. A few days later the little loafer retaliated by sending round not only his photograph, but also braces of pheasants, thus appealing to an organ even more influential over the course of human affairs than the heart. Thereupon the first gentleman denounced the second as guilty of corrupt practices. The second retorted that he had only followed in his opponent's footsteps and bettered the instruction. The episode was made the occasion for much virtuous indignation in both camps, and time would fail me if I attempted to record the floods of invective that poured from either platform. In the end each candidate agreed to absolve the other from the imputation of misconduct by pretending that in each case the scandal was due to the excessive zeal of their respective agents.

To me this explanation appeared somewhat flimsy; and had I been personally interested in the quarrel, I should certainly have swept aside with scorn the doctrine that a principal is not both morally and legally responsible for his agent's actions. Besides, it seemed to me scarcely probable that either gentleman had kept his eyes tightly shut while his relatives and friends were committing calculated indiscretions. For the photographs and pheasants were by no means the only illicit reinforcements sought by the combatants. Day after day brought forth fresh tales of dark doings—villagers intimidated, shopkeepers bribed with money or corrupted with liquor, families threatened with eviction or cajoled with teas and treats, and other nefarious tricks.

Thus the campaign went merrily on with loaves and leaflets, and placards, and recriminations, and beer galore; and our erstwhile simple and somnolent community was suddenly converted into a pandemonium of sophistry and more or less subtly disguised bribery: a pandemonium of noise and smoke in which clear issues were obscured and obscure issues confounded beyond all hope of elucidation. But I was determined to spare no pains in trying to elucidate them as far as possible, and with that object I attended scores of crowded meetings.

My diligence cost me considerable discomfort. The constituency comprised all the elements of the rural democracy. Both the agricultural and the mercantile interests were powerfully represented in those assemblies by the various odours appertaining to their several avocations; so that, although far from being an admirer of reasoning—any more than of singing—through the nose, yet there were moments when I would fain be in a less strongly perfumed environment.

However, I persevered bravely, and in the end I discovered that the ideals to which all the Arcadians unanimously aspired were these: Less work, higher wages, and unlimited libations. The last seemed to comprehend and to imply the other two, and one of the candidates, perceiving this, won many votes by describing his adversary as a man who favoured an additional duty on beer, whereas he himself vowed to uphold the dogma that "Every Briton should enjoy what is a Briton's birthright—cheap beer."

In the view of the millennium adumbrated above all the electors appeared to agree. But how to bring it about? That was the question upon which opinions were widely divided. Nor could I, hard as I strove, follow the arguments by which each of the rival orators endeavoured to gain the audience over to his side. My failure, I say it in all humility, was not due to any dulness on my part.

We are told that, in a democratically governed country, each man thinks for himself. Yet, in good sooth, I found amazingly little thinking in any of the popular deliberations which I so assiduously frequented. The manner in which they were conducted reflected small credit on the intelligence or breeding of either side. Both were, or pretended to be, swayed by the emotion of conviction, and neither would brook any contradiction. Both came to the discussion as two wild bulls come to a single fight—charging down the arena each with his horns projecting in front and his tail waving furiously behind. They argued as Gil Blas and his Hibernians did, with heat and temper, not as Socrates and we dons argue. None of the speakers

seemed to have ever heard of syllogisms, distinctions, predications, categories, inductions, deductions, or eductions. Not one of them seemed to understand the difference between a *petitio principii* and an *ignoratio elenchi*. In vain did I try to detect in their speeches any enthymemes or concomitant variations, any probable inferences or any inferences from analogy. All the processes of observation, investigation, and demonstration were rudely violated, and the air was full of implications and counter-implications, of unsupported assertions and fallacies passed unchallenged. Verily, a most unacademic way of arriving at the truth.

I came to the conclusion that the democracy is not governed by thinking quite as much as demagogues are pleased to affirm. If Demos did think, he would give his votes—should he still consider voting a wise expenditure of energy—to the side which most efficiently administered the affairs of the State. As it is, he manifestly gives them to the candidate who touches his heart through some personal connection with himself, or through some appeal to his national vanity, or through a liberal promise of beer. To this conclusion I was forced by much patient investigation. The opinions of all the local politicians with whom I conversed seemed to spring from obscure and unacknowledged impulses rather than from any rational appreciation of the theoretical merits of the question under debate, or even from any rational calculation of their own material interests; and the only liberty they seemed to value was the liberty to bully such of their neighbours as ventured to hold opinions different from their own.

"Obviously," said I to Chestnuton, as we walked home across the fields at the close of the last meeting, "an attitude of philosophic doubt, of suspended judgment, of intellectual detachment and decorum is repugnant to Demos. He loves to begin with a bias and to end, if possible, in blows."

"I suppose you were annoyed at some of the things said during the debate."

"Debate! Do you call debate a jangle of discord where the voice of reason was so utterly drowned by the drums of passion?"

"Most men are so constituted that, except in their most serious hours, they like better the tickling of the ears than the enlightenment of the mind. A Parliamentary election, by the very nature of the thing, is—"

"— a sordid, insipid, and insane game in which everybody is desperately anxious to make a point and nobody troubles to keep the score. I don't like this way of governing my country."

"It is the only way by which it is possible to ascertain the will of the majority."

"The will of the majority does not necessarily mean the wisdom of the nation. It has never meant that, and it never can. Wisdom comes by opportunity of leisure. How can he get wisdom that labours all day in his field or in his shop? Such men may be skilful each in his own craft, and they may be useful each in his private walk of life. But, as has been acknowledged long ago, 'They shall not be sought in public counsel.'"

"Working men may not be very wise individually, but collectively they somehow know what is good for the country better than any individual statesman. That is the great principle upon which democracy rests."

"You will never convince me that a goose becomes a swan simply by joining other geese—No, I am not prejudiced. I entertain no disrespect for the sturdy British workman. His cheerful endurance of potatoes such as would have killed most other people; his deep-rooted sense of what is due to himself; his constitutional disinclination to hard work—all these virtues command my admiration for Master Demos. But I do not think they fit him for the government of the country."

"For just experience tells in every soil,

That those that think must govern those that toil."

"There is a higher appeal than experience, and a correspondingly higher faculty to receive it. Those

who possess that faculty discern flickering through the mists of the imperfect present an ideal state of the future in which all men will think. The human race is infinitely progressive."

"That is a mere assumption. History shows only that it is infinitely varied. Yet its variety can roughly be analysed into two main species—masters and slaves. Of course, there may, in some remote future, arise a state consisting of citizens able to examine the qualifications of their would-be governors intelligently, able to approve of the best dispassionately, and therefore ready to submit to their governance gladly. In such a state the decisions of the majority would be truly decisive and no sensible man would grudge the sacrifices which obedience to them would involve. But such a state implies the improvement of human intelligence to a pitch that humanity has never yet attained. There has never yet been such a thing as a rational nation. The world has hitherto known only rational individuals. Your ideal of the future is but a beautiful dream that visionaries are welcome to play with, but one wholly outside the pale of practical realities, and therefore one in which I decline to invest any of my mental capital. I defy even a visionary to discern his ideal state in the electoral struggle we have just witnessed. That struggle proved once more how easily the unscrupulous few can exploit the stupid many by a skilful manipulation of their irrational impulses; and that, I take it, is the essence of government by Mr. Demos."

"You are too old-fashioned in your views. Once there was supposed to be a gulf fixed between the few and the many. But it is now a recognised fact that all men are equal. The dignity of labour has brought about an approximation of the classes which—"

"I do not at all relish the approximation of the classes which has become so fashionable in our time. I do not believe that a few sonorous generalisations like 'equality' and 'the dignity of labour' can bridge the gulf of centuries of tradition, education, and breeding. Demos, in spite of all that fine talk, still is nothing but a many-headed, malodorous monster, habitually nourished on sophistry and stimulated with prejudice and alcohol. It is preposterous that the destinies of a great empire should depend upon the caprices of such a being, instead of on the sober decisions of a serious, carefully selected council of experts. A Nemesis is sure to overtake our monstrous folly."

"What a creature of convention you are! You can bear most calamities with comparative equanimity, but you cannot bear people who drop their h's and do not keep their nails clean!" Chestnuton laughed.

"I confess that I am fastidious on those points. But it is not those points that make me deplore so bitterly the fatal preponderance of Master Demos in public life. This democratic dementia has already brought upon us a legion of evils, and if it is allowed to go on—"

"What evils?"

"Take first foreign politics. The absurd right which Demos claims to express a decisive opinion on matters about which he does and can know nothing has resulted in the perversion of patriotism—the sane, quiet patriotism of our fathers—into a mad, shouting fanaticism. What can Demos know about the Germans whom he hates, about the French whom he laughs at, about the coloured races, which he despises? But the mischief goes much deeper than foreign politics. The spread of the democratic spirit has encouraged the fallacy that a vast number of other important questions—financial, literary, theological, artistic—which only special knowledge can decide, can be settled quite as well by the will of the majority. The pernicious influence of this spirit is noticeable even in the fields of scientific and metaphysical thought. Every day you will find popular lecturers and writers, who call themselves men of science or philosophers, using forensic arguments wherewith to capture the vulgar. The same spirit has invaded even the most venerable and exclusive sanctuaries of British respectability and has wrought incalculable havoc in them. You must have

seen for yourself how the influx of low-born, though perfectly well-meaning, young men into Oxbridge, through those abominable scholarships, has lowered the social tone of Bœotia. A similar influx of, may be, perfectly estimable but wholly undesirable persons into the House of Commons has turned that once august meeting place of cultured men of leisure into a vulgar prize ring. These are some of the blessings for which we have to thank Master Demos, my friend."

"Do you, then, consider that Demos owes his existence to a pure oversight on the part of the Creator—that he fulfils no purpose in this world except to provide a subject for low comedy?"

"No, I will not venture so far as that. Demos is a piece of stubborn reality—like a volcano, a viper, a tax-collector, or any other of those works of creation which are best contemplated at a distance. All these things, no doubt, have their uses, or they would not exist. In the same way, I am prepared to believe that Demos also must serve some purpose in the universal system of things, though I have never been able to discover it. The only purpose I can think of is that Demos may have been created as an illustration of the doctrine of retribution.

"I do not follow."

"I will explain. If the lower classes fawn upon the upper in ordinary circumstances, it may be well that there should come a day now and again when the terms are reversed, and that we should be made to realise how much we depend on Demos. From that point of view Parliamentary elections may be regarded as practical lessons in humility. A certain apologist of the Deity has discovered that the fleas which afflict a dog have been created to save the animal from brooding over the fact that he is only a dog. Contrariwise, it is possible that Demos has been created to save gentlefolk from brooding too much over their gentility. This view somewhat rehabilitates Demos in my esteem. But I should not, in any case, care to be in habits of familiar intercourse with him or with any of his people. Their society is in no way congenial to me, and as for their votes, I may say with Horace, 'Non ego ventosae plebis suffragia venor.'"

With this pregnant apophthegm I brought the discussion to a close, for I realised that, though I might argue until doomsday, I never could persuade Chestnuton that politics is an experimental science, and not a branch of lyric poetry.

## Letters from Abroad.

### The New Idea of Dramatic Action.—III.

Klein-Zschachwitz Bei Dresden, July 17.

LOOKING back I see Leipzig rather flat-faced and a little footworn, seated by the streams of music and ambitious publication, revealing but few fresh features of interest. She has opened her arms again to Kant and idealistic philosophy, and she has awakened to the artistic possibilities of town-planning. Listening to the gods of wisdom, she has dismissed the man with the foot-rule in order to engage an artist who can perceive and develop the natural and artistic possibilities of her waste places, to construct a model plan that may be used for further developments. When this system of employing artists to town-plan has become universal, it will no doubt be adopted in a modified form in England—and may survive.

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Perhaps the Luft Bad partly explains a feature of the exhibition of the Leipziger and Deutschen Kunsterbund. At this place I was unable to account for the large increase in nudes treated in a manner that is frightening timid critics in England. To the veteran accustomed to Continental exhibitions, the vision of extremely realistic and brutal nudes would have no other effect than that of raising a mildly put, What next? As he walked through the badly-lighted rooms and corridors of a building clearly not intended for picture exhibitions, he would admire those sunny naked girls

by Bayer, beside the limpid stream with the rough-cut, green grasses running up to the red-roofed village full against the revolving summer sky. He would face calmly Bossert's wonderful woodcut "Kreuzigung," unable to decide whether the modern woman is throwing up her hands in horror at the realistic treatment of the naked crucified figures, or is overcome by grief. Corinth's glowing clouds of female flesh in "Der Harem" would not hold him long; nor would the back view of Groëber's young woman, who is half undressed and simmering in her petticoats. He would examine fearlessly Habermann's "Liegender Akt," undismayed by the thought that a rhythmical nude so cushioned body deep in the yielding bed would bring the red to England's cheek. No perspiration would bedew his monumental brow as he passed to even more daring exhibits, the uncompromising "Frühling" and "Madchen" by Gelbke, two brutally-treated nudes, mixing their harmonious flesh tones with the tall, rippling grasses; the vibrating figures by Heckendorf, exhibiting a volcanic eruption of pigment and a strange variety of dancing colour; and some wild and whirling colour studies by ultra-extremists. The latter are apparently the wild oats of the exhibition. But as they are stowed away in dark corners, they cannot possibly bring a blush to any cheeks—except a cat's.

\* \* \*

A further explanation of the present daring treatment of nudes may be found in the fact that according to the new form of painting which identifies itself with an intense search for truth of impression, any means to attain the desired end is permissible and not necessarily indecent. Indeed, painters believe they are justified in using any method or any medium they like to attain their object. They may even go to Luft Bads and catch fleeting impressions of glittering bodies, but they must put down faithfully the impression produced, and record any detail for the sake of harmony and balance. If the painter believes he should balance a black head of hair with a black patch on the knee, or anywhere else, he may do so, as long as he produces a work of art. Because the half-educated layman and uncultivated critic says he has produced an indecent work, it does not prove that the work is indecent. It only proves that the layman and critic say so.

\* \* \*

"Decent" minded persons might with more reason deprecate the half nude study of Beethoven in the Leipzig Museum, and this not because there is anything indecent in this show-piece, but because it is stupid to treat a great composer like Beethoven as a nude, and to seat him with a piece of coloured marble thrown over his knees, in a bronze chair highly decorated with coloured stones and the heads of Reynolds' cherubims. Even the awkwardly-placed eagle slipping off the slab of stone at the composer's sandalled feet, seems unable to determine what this semi-nudity expresses. If the sculptor would exhibit the very vigorous and expressive head alone, there would be nothing but praise. Max Klinger is a remarkable sculptor, but his imitations of 16th century coloured sculpture are not inspiring.

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Coming a step nearer to Leipzig I find that not only is she footworn, but seated on the stone of reaction. It is a musical reaction. Music, like drama, is, it seems, in a state of transition. Like drama, it is bound to move or cease to exist. That which is the outcome of the evolutionary processes of the human mind must keep abreast of those processes or perish; it must go hand in hand with the spirit that informs it, or lose its vitality. Both music, drama, and the plastic forms of art are vitalised by the spirit of the age, just as the spirit is quickened by the need or desire of the moment. As the age grows old so the musical, dramatic and plastic expressions become grey-headed. When the spirit has passed there remain nothing but empty forms as memorials of the departed spirit. Though we can preserve the forms we cannot revitalise them. For us the drama of ancient Greece, the music of the Middle Ages, the painting and sculpture of Italy in its greatest period are dead, and no artificial means of resuscitation, no

acquirement of culture or taste can give them life. The ideas, tastes, culture that fashioned and vitalised them were of another age. These arose from a desire, the full quality or nature of which we can neither feel, understand, nor appreciate. It sprang from a singular and peculiar social or racial experience of joy, hope, ambition or what not, to which we are strangers, just as the present growing desire for a nobler expression of life springs from a singular and peculiar spirit of revolt against the expression of the unutterably mean and sordid, which will have its growth, development and decay, and which future generations moulded by new experiences cannot revive. Each age has its own spirit, and people who pursue progress and reform should live in the spirit of their age and express it. They should remember that alliances with other ages are really misalliances.

\* \* \*

It would seem, however, that occasionally a great genius is born before his time, who is able to express the spirit of a later generation. Beethoven had to wait for adequate interpretation. It was the same with Mozart and Wagner. It is now claimed that the music of Bach is closely linked with the spirit of this age and satisfies the new desire for a fuller expressiveness than music has had since Bach died. Whether the suggestion that Bach has only just reached maturity justifies the present craze for interpreting every class of work which he produced, is doubtful. It may only be an excuse for the turning back of pages in order to obtain an impulse for a fresh start, just as painters are turning to ancient Egypt for the same reason. In any case the birthplace of Wagner is revelling in Bach. Besides the weekly Bach motet programme at the Thomas Kirche, she has just been taking courses of the composer for breakfast (9 to 11 church liturgy), for dinner (12 to 3 matinée), and for supper (7 to 10 Passion Music).

\* \* \*

The reaction goes further. With the rise of Bach has come the decline of Wagner. It is one more instance of the mortality of music and musicians. The music of Wagner which till recently was considered immortal is now said to be fairly out of date, and the verdict of the "music-lover" is that it will die and be as comfortably buried as the music of the early Egyptians. The younger men are against Wagner. They say he is not sufficiently modern and his music strikes the keynote of monotonous mediocrity. He is not so young as Bach, and he has failed to live up to his two masters, Bach and Beethoven. To them Wagner is to Bellini what Beethoven is to Michelangelo.

\* \* \*

There are many evidences of Wagner's growing popularity. Writers are attacking him in the musical journals, and a novel, Beyerlein's "Stirb und Werde," has just appeared to inform the general public that Wagner is not the colossal figure he appears to be. Again Wagner's autobiography, published two or three months ago, is all against him. It reveals the composer as a very small and unpleasant character. He is far too much concerned with petty details rather than with big masses, occupied in abusing his wife, and mixed up with petty financial matters. The work which has been badly translated into English, will not beat the record of Bismarck's autobiography. It will not sell. A sequel to the weak side of the book appears in the New York "Nation," where a correspondent defends his father against Wagner, with whom he had financial transactions. The picture of a genius and a tradesman throwing dirt at one another is not a pretty one.

\* \* \*

Wagner is also declining as a thinker. His economics, sociology and metaphysics, wanderings in the footsteps of Nietzsche, Schopenhauer and Co., are regarded as sadly incomprehensible nonsense. Certainly his philosophical speculations are of less value than his

music, and are not indispensable to the understanding of it. Perhaps the loss of Wagner's reputation in this direction is due to the strengthening view that the artist's business is not to describe and explain natural and social phenomena, but to illuminate the soul of his subject. The great artist who sets out to explain art is greatly to be pitied. Not only does he crucify himself, but he lays a deadly trap for unwary critics. Science explains; art illuminates.

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Thus Leipzig is turning her back upon her son of genius, whose ideas, strangely enough, are beginning to influence the development of the drama and the theatre. The cultivated revolutionary who knows his history of the evolutionary phases of music, drama, and art will not be greatly alarmed by this reactionary tendency. But even to him who knows that new forms are inevitable, the way for their coming may not be plain sailing at first. It has many obstacles. The channel is full, in particular, of destructive reaction, tradition, misunderstanding and ignorance. It requires a courageous, persevering and agile pilot to surmount its intricate difficulties. Even in Germany, where there is a well-organised and fully-developed system of subsidised theatres and opera houses designed to promote music and drama, unusual qualities are demanded of pioneers of new forms. Perhaps it is because the system of subsidised theatres does not play its proper part in creative evolution, and is, in some respects, as bad as the English private system. It could not be worse. The truth of the matter deserves further consideration.

## SOCIETY.

Close to Mrs. Sofer Whitburn,  
Most appropriately dressed,  
Chatted Mrs. Claude Levita,  
Looking quite her very best.

Mrs. Leopold de Rothschild  
Came with Mrs. A. Sassoon:  
Mrs. Leopold de Rothschild's  
Sister's Mrs. A. Sassoon.

Lady Sybil Grant looked charming,  
Her hat was large and trimmed with gold.  
Lady Leucha Warner seated  
Seemed to find it rather cold.

Others seen were Lord Vane Tempest,  
Mr. Thomas Egerton,  
Mrs. Keppel, Lady Fingall,  
Mr. Henry Beddington,

And Sir Richard Waldie Griffith.  
Lord and Lady Ronaldshay  
Walked their daughter in the paddock,  
Found it damp and came away.

Let me add that Mr. . . . . .  
Hung about a well-known peer—  
Not forgetting Mrs. Walker  
Motored back with Mrs. Greer.

So, farewell, the eating people;  
Now for those who cannot eat:  
Mr. David Robert Johnson,  
Thirty-one of Woodgate Street,  
Former engineer, while playing  
With his baby (one of five),  
Having lost the art of eating,  
Fell back suddenly and died.

Yesterday took place the inquest:  
"Did he get enough to eat?"  
Mrs. Johnson answered sobbing,  
"No, sir." Not enough to eat!!  
Earning half-a-sovereign weekly  
This good gentleman had tried  
To keep himself from eating  
And his family alive.

When the doctor cut him open  
"Bolted" food was found inside  
Being out of practice eating  
Mr. J. did eat—he died.

We may here express the sorrow  
That Society will feel  
Knowing six more hungry people  
Will be begging for a meal.

S. BERNARD.

## An Ethiopian Saga.

By Richmond Haigh.

### CHAPTER XXXI.

At Rasalamoom all had been made ready for the fight. The children had been sent to other villages with some of the women, but many of the women remained at the village, for they might be of help to the men. At every place of vantage on the hills, and where the paths led in, men waited under their leaders. Now the Chiefs Kamalubi and Koloani, with Mabatsi the General, stood upon the hill where they could see the army of Kundu coming from the border. And when he saw how great was the might which was brought against him, Kamalubi laughed and said, "See what it is to have a great name. Surely I have been boasting." Then Mabatsi the General answered and said, "This day, Chief, will thy renown be doubled, and all the world shall hear thy name, for all these who now come on will run to spread the fame of it."

Now when they saw that the greatest number of the enemy were coming down the Maripe towards the village they went down again and stood where they could see well. But Mabatsi went about amongst the leaders and the men cheering them. The fighting commenced in the hill. The shouting was heard and the firing of a few guns, but Kamalubi had no fear for that part, and word would be brought quickly if the enemy reached the top of the hill. Now the village was full of men, who kept themselves hidden; but a number were out between the village and the stream, shouting and shaking their spears. For Mabatsi the General had said, "They will think our numbers are few, and will come on with little heed." And it was so, for it was thought, Kamalubi's men are in the hills, and only this few defend the village; and when they came to the stream the men of Nilisetsi rushed forward, every man wishing to be first into the village.

Now when they came out from the bank of the stream it was a rise to the village and a distance of two stones' throw; and they all shouted loudly and rushed on. When those who had gone out to meet them saw the great number of these coming, and heard the noise of their shouting, they turned and ran back to the village. And when the men of Nilisetsi saw this they rushed forward without any order, shouting victory. But this was a trick. Now, although it is a common trick which every warrior knows, yet when the blood is hot men stop not to reason, and the greater their might, the more surely do men proceed without caution. Now at both sides of the village Matauw had placed men with guns amongst the rocks, and when the men of Nilisetsi were come within a stone throw of the huts Matauw fired, and at this all those with guns fired at once into the front of the men, and many dropped to the ground. Now this was the signal for the men who were hidden in the village, and with a great shout they all sprang out, and those who had been running away turned again. And while yet half the men of Nilisetsi had not crossed the stream, these from the village bore down upon them.

### CHAPTER XXXII.

Great was the fight.

But the men of Nilisetsi had received a shock at the firing of so many guns and the thought came to them that there were white men fighting for Kamalubi. They hesitated. The men from the village, keeping together in a great body, and fighting down the hill on their own ground, drove the others back, and great was the slaughter. But now Kundu the Chief and Bokalobi the General came on with all those who had been behind, and although their proper order was broken yet because of their great number they began to prevail. And at this time it was the men of Matauw at each end of the village with their guns who kept the enemy back. For they shot many who ran forward with torches and would have fired the huts at the end of the village. Now the fighting was fierce before the village, and all the men there swayed back and forth and sideways as

they pressed each other. And sometimes this side would give way and run a little back and then the other side would be driven a little. And deeds of great bravery were done on both sides. But the men of Nilisetsi were great in numbers, and they began to come nearer to the village. Bokalobi the General was leading his men, and when they came forward now they were not driven back again, but held their ground.

Now Kamalubi the Chief saw that his men were being slowly driven back, and he turned to one who was attending on him, and took his shield from him and his great war club. And Matauw, when he saw that Kamalubi would go down, gave his gun to one there who could shoot, and he took his two spears and his club and went down with the Chief. Now these two were of greater stature and strength than any who were there; Kamalubi was the greater of the two, but he was fat. And when they came down through the village to the men, Kamalubi the Chief gave a roar like a bull and then, with a great laugh which was heard above all the noise of the fighting, he sprang forward with long strides, and Matauw was beside him. What could stand before those two? Wherever the fighting was fiercest came they, and the enemy sank down before them. And the men of Rasalamoom, when they heard the great laugh of their Chief, took heart again and cheered each other; and those with the guns fired always where the enemy was thickest. Now the men of Moali had been a great hindrance to Bokalobi, for while they had pretended to fight they had ever pressed backwards; but they were not in their own companies, for Bokalobi had not trusted them.

But now when the men of the village cheered again because of Kamalubi the Chief, and the shooting of the guns was hot upon them so that those who were attacking the village were checked for a moment, the men of Tlapakun, the place of the Black Rocks, whose head was Chuaani, the Hairy One, began to run backwards, shouting, "We are beaten. The white men are fighting for Kamalubi. We are beaten. Home, brothers!" Then all the other men of Moali and its villages took up the cry where they were, and turned and ran backwards. And where the men of Moali came together in a number they turned suddenly upon the men of Nilisetsi, and then for the first time on that day their spears were red. Now the men of Kundu raised a cry, saying, "We are betrayed!" and there was great confusion amongst them. But Bokalobi the General and the leaders sprang forward, crying, "To the village brothers! To the village. Come on! Come on!" And Kundu the Chief strove amongst them to keep their faces to the village. But where the leaders were not the men began to run back because of the confusion with the men of Moali, and when first a few ran, others lost heart and ran after them. Then the men of Rasalamoom raised the shout, "They run! They run!" and those upon the hill took up the shout, and they all pressed forward hotly. And the great club of Kamalubi the Chief laid many of the leaders low before him; and at every good blow the Chief would laugh loudly, and this was a great cheer to the men behind him.

It was at this time that Bokalobi the General, pressing forward to cheer his men against the village, and Matauw, seeking ever the greatest amongst the foe, saw each other. Now Matauw and Bokalobi were friends of many years, and held each the other in high esteem as brave warriors and honourable men. Many times they had slept in the same house and eaten salt together. And now, when they were coming together in the fight they paused and looked straight across; and they smiled.

Then Bokalobi cried aloud: "Ho, brother! Is it indeed thus we meet? Welcome, then, as ever. Thrice welcome." And Matauw cried: "Welcome, brother! Our fathers are good to us. Let nothing come between us now. Cast thou first; I am ready, brother." And Matauw, throwing down his club, took a shield from one behind him.

Then Bokalobi, warrior from his youth, took his casting spear and threw back his right arm; and he loosed and pressed his fingers on the haft of the spear so that

the iron head of it quivered and sang at his ear. His left foot lightly touched the ground before him; and his left fore-arm passed through the thongs of his shield and held in his hand, his short stabbing spear was half raised.

Then Bokalobi raised himself well upon his right foot, and, bringing forward his weight upon the left, cast the spear. Now Matauw was a man of great muscle and big, so that the shield which he had taken from the one behind him fitted ill upon his arm; also, the distance between the warriors was but ten paces, so that though he crouched in to himself he received the spear not upon his shield. Like lightning it flew past him, ripping his shield-arm from outside the elbow deeply to the shoulder.

"A scratch, brother! A scratch!" cried Matauw, and, stretching himself with the word, cast his spear.

Well did Bokalobi know the strength of his friend, and that no shield of hide could take his spear straightly; but, hero of a thousand fights, he knew from the poise how the spear would fly, and his shield received it slantingly.

Now, at once, there was a groan from those about, for the glancing spear had struck N'yati—the second son and favourite of Bokalobi, who was attending upon his father in the fight—full in the neck; and such was the force that the iron head and half the shaft had passed right through. Matauw, when he saw this, raised his hand, and his voice shook as he cried, "Brother! My brother!" But Bokalobi the General, when he had looked round and seen his son fall, turned again and cried: "Nay, brother! 'Twas not thy fault. Come!"

Then each warrior, grasping only the short fighting spear, and with the shield on the left arm, sprang forward. Matauw was the tallest and the strongest, but Bokalobi the General was swift upon his feet and cunning with shield and spear. At a spear's length they paused; then with crouching and bounding and much feinting they circled round. Keen, but without hate, each watched the eyes of the other. Never a movement was lost; and when one sprang in, or they sprang together, shield met spear and only the second and lighter blows as they leaped apart found flesh. And so they kept on, and none attempted to hinder them or help either side. But it was seen that Bokalobi was the more cunning, and swifter with his feet; moreover, the shield which Matauw held was of but half service to him, so that in a little while he had many great flesh wounds.

Now Matauw saw that he must bring the fight to an issue quickly, for he was losing much blood; and he knew that only by closing and gripping his foe would he be able to prevail against him. So he began now, while circling round and feinting, to work his shield loose upon his arm. Then, at a proper moment, Matauw sprang forward and as he took Bokalobi's spear upon his shield he drew his arm out.

In a moment the fight was over. Bokalobi's spear at his second thrust entered deeply above the heart, but Matauw gripped the shaft with his left hand, which was now free, and pushed himself from it, then, forcing Bokalobi's spear upward, he sprang in and with the full strength of his right arm drove his spear downward through the warrior's chest into his stomach.

Now, Matauw, without drawing his spear again, threw his arms around his friend and gently laid him down, and Matauw said, "Bokalobi! My brother, farewell!" And Bokalobi the General smiled as he died, for he could not speak; and Matauw's heart was glad at that smile.

Many warriors on both sides saw the fight, and it is a song with those tribes to this day.

Now when it was seen that Bokalobi the General had fallen the men of Nilisetsi began to give way in the centre and there was a panic amongst them. They turned and fled and could no more be held together. And the men of Rasalamoom with loud shouting rushed after them and very many were slain. But Kamalubi the Chief, when he saw them starting to run, turned back and those with him to the village. And Kamalubi

and Matauw were covered in blood from head to foot, for they had both received many wounds.

#### CHAPTER XXXIII.

Now Koloani the Chief had had charge of the hills where he had moved from place to place, and Jamba, the son of Bama, was with him. Wherever the danger was greatest they came, and they had cheered their men and so done that not once had the men of Kundu gained the top of the hill. And now when the enemy before them, seeing their friends fleeing, began to run away also, and they knew that the day was won, Koloani the Chief and Jamba hastened down to the village. And they were astonished when they saw Kamalubi the Chief and Matauw, because of the great wounds upon them. But Kamalubi laughed and said, "I know what is in thy mind, brother. Take thy men with thee and follow after, and Moali is thine again." And while they yet spoke came Spalodi before them, and he said to Koloani, "The men of Moali await thee, Chief." Then Koloani gave greeting to Kamalubi, saying, "Till we meet again, my brother." And he hurried out with Spalodi and Jamba.

Now when Koloani and Jamba came out from the village on to the place where the fighting had been, they saw how fierce was the battle, for the killed and the wounded lay all about the field, but there were many attending to them. And the men of Rasalamoom, returning from the chase, came dancing and singing with great joy. Now when the men of Kundu gave up the fight, all those of Nilisetsi and its villages ran to the hills at Dabitsi, where they had slept the night before; but the men of Moali came away from them to one side. And Koloani the Chief and those with him hastened, and when the men of Moali saw their Chief coming, they shouted a great greeting to him. And the Chief saluted them as warriors. But they hurried on until they came to the village of Chuaani, the Hairy One. And Chuaani, the uncle of Koloani, and all his people came to meet the Chief by the way, and they rejoiced greatly and came again, singing and dancing, to Tlapakun. Now already, before the Chief had come, Chuaani, the Hairy One, had sent messengers to all the people of Moali saying that Kundu was defeated, and that Koloani the Chief was returning to his place. And when Koloani came to Tlapakun he sent off two head men in haste to his own village of Moali, saying, "Make known to my people that they may rejoice and be glad, for I bear not enmity to any one of them for what is past, and in the morning I will come to them." For the sun had now set, and they were all very tired.

#### CHAPTER XXXIV.

At the village Tlapakun all that night there was great rejoicing and dancing and much noise, but Koloani the Chief and those with him went early to sleep, for they would rise again before the sun to go on their way. In the morning, at the breaking of the day, Koloani the Chief, with Chuaani, his uncle, and many men set out to come again to his own place at Moali. And when they had come about half-way came a great many people, men and women, young men and maidens, from Moali to meet him on the way. And all these sang and danced and shouted greetings to their Chief. And they went on and came with great rejoicing to the village.

But the heart of the Chief was sad, for he thought of his sons who came not to greet him. And Koloani called Jamba to him, for he knew the young man would be sore at heart also, because of his father and his brothers who were slain. And when Koloani the Chief came into the Great Place, all those there stood up and saluted the Chief, striking their hands together and shouting loudly, saying, "Chief! Great Chief!" And when the Chief rose to his place they all sat down again upon the ground. Then Koloani stood forth, and when he had looked round upon them all the Chief spoke, and these were the words of Koloani the Chief: "My fathers and my brothers, hear me! That which is past ye know. We have come through a black moon in which no man could see straight before him. There are faces missing from the Council. Whether I, your Chief, lived or was dead many of ye knew not, and

another was in my place. His spies went in and out amongst you, and men feared to open their mouths except in praise of him. Who can pass judgment on such a time? Brothers, what I know and remember is that ye fought for me on the field at Rasalamoom, and that by that am I here again in my place. And that there shall be understanding amongst you, and mistrust and ill-will done away, have I brought you together here to hold council. Let no man speak to me against his neighbour because of that which is past. Let all your disputes also be settled now in council and goodwill before ye part, that there may be peace in the land. The back of that snake is broken, so that he can spit and bite only in his own place. We need have no fear of him. And now, my brothers, what think ye of Kamalubi, son of Morowani, Chief of Rasalamoom? Must I say all that which he has done for me and for this people? Nay, for it is well known. He was a cloud between me and my enemies. He stood as a shield before me. But because of this did they come up against him, and he and his people have been sorely stricken. Not one condition did he lay upon me; nor would he bind me by a word. My brothers, great is the heart of that man! A Chief in truth is he! Now, Moali, on the third day from this will I go up to Rasalamoom to speak to Kamalubi that which is in my heart. Do ye now consider amongst yourselves whether I must go with empty hands or whether there is a way in which this people can show honour and give thanks to such a Chief. I have said."

Now many of the people had come up in fear to Moali because of that which had been done in the last moon, and they knew not how they would be received, so that this which the Chief had said was of great delight to them. And when Koloani had finished speaking they all arose to their feet again and saluted the Chief joyfully. And many old disputes and grievances were wiped away at this council, for the people had come happily together, and the words which the Chief had spoken disposed them to reason where before they had been stubborn. And all those head men who could do so agreed to go with the Chief to do honour to Kamalubi, and every man in the land of Moali was bidden give such a thing as he could, and bring all together that Koloani might offer it to Kamalubi as the thanks of his people. It was said that everyone who would give a present should bring it to Tlapakun, the village of Chuaani, the Hairy One, which was on the border near to Rasalamoom. And soon Chuaani had to build kraals and then to make the kraals larger, for cattle and goats and sheep and asses were brought in from morning till night. And it was seen that every man was concerned to bring something. Those who were wealthy gave, some, ten oxen; and some five cows, and five asses; and others many sheep and goats; and those who had little goods brought, some a sheep, and some a goat; and from all sides they came, so that never were so many animals seen together in one place.

And when, on that day, Koloani the Chief came to the border and saw what the people had done his heart was glad and warmed towards them. And a great many men went with Koloani to Rasalamoom, and women and girls followed behind, singing and praising the deeds of the great Chief Kamalubi. The sheep and the cattle and the goats and the asses were driven with them, and they spread on all the fields about, and it was good to look upon them. Now when it was told to Kamalubi that Koloani was coming to do him honour he went out with his head men, who were there, to meet him by the way. And Kamalubi was pleased when he saw all these coming to greet him and heard their songs; and when he was come near to Koloani and saw him, the Chief laughed greatly with pleasure, so that everyone could hear him. Then the Chiefs greeted each other as brothers, and the people gathered around them at a distance, and they saw all the wounds upon Kamalubi and sang of his greatness in war, and of his good heart.

But when Koloani showed Kamalubi all the cattle and sheep and goats and asses, and told him that this was a present to him from the people of Moali for what he had done for them—from every man something—the

Chief could not speak for surprise. He looked round upon the people; and then Kamalubi laughed, for he found no speech, and it was such a great laugh that the people laughed with him. All the people joined in the laugh. And the face of Kamalubi shone, and his belly shook, and he took Koloani by the arm and they went in to the village.

[THE END.]

## Books and Persons.

(AN OCCASIONAL CAUSERIE.)

By Jacob Tonson.

ESOTERIC magazines seem to be increasing in this country. I have just received the first number of "Rhythm," a quarterly which devotes itself to "art, music, literature" (The St. Catherine Press, Norfolk Street, London). It is an agreeably produced brochure, printed in a good character, with good and original initial letters and ornaments, and some interesting post-impressionist illustrations. Miss Anne Estelle Rice's drawing, "Schéhérezade," though imitative, is very dignified. There is a study by Picasso, and there are two amusing studies by Mr. S. J. Peploe, of which one would have been better had it not been marred by wilfully silly drawing in the roofs of the houses. The illustrations are much more alive than the letterpress. In fact, the bulk of the articles are entirely negligible. The verse is naught. The one trifle in the way of fiction, "The Death of the Devil," by Mr. Hall Ruffly, is conventional. The best contribution is Mr. Michael Sadler's essay on post-impressionism; but even this is not remarkable. I take the following from the editorial afterword on the last page: "Our intention is to promote art, be it drawing, literature, or criticism, which shall be vigorous, determined; which shall have its roots below the surface, and be the rhythmical echo of the life with which it is in touch. Both in its pity and its brutality it shall be real. There are many aspects of life's victory, and the aspects of the new art are manifold." This is all very well, but it means nothing. It flaps in the vague. Again: "To leave protest for progress, and to find art in the strong things of life, is the meaning of RHYTHM." (The large capitals are the editor's.) The meaning is not precise enough.

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The difficulties of starting a really artistic magazine, and of providing the first number, are, of course, terrific. The greatest of them is to get hold of the right stuff. The right stuff is not produced in bulk. In any movement, however enthusiastic and original, the majority of the stuff produced must be mediocre, or worse. And yet a certain amount of the right stuff is being done somewhere, if the movement has vitality. An editor's business is to refrain from starting his magazine until he has obtained a fair quantity of the right stuff. The editor of "Rhythm" has tolerably succeeded with his illustrations, but not with his verse, fiction, essays, nor criticism. And he has fallen into a fault which such a magazine, especially a quarterly, ought to avoid—scrappiness. The magazine is too small for a quarterly—it has about the right quantity of reading for a weekly. But assuming that it could not be larger, then the contributions ought to have been fewer. There are twelve contributions in twenty-six pages of actual print. Such a magazine ought to be both destructive and constructive. In construction it ought to exemplify its theory on a considerable scale. If it is convinced, for example, that the fiction of Conrad, George Moore, Wells, Galsworthy, is getting old-fashioned, as indeed it probably is, then let it

print a short story of at least five thousand words embodying some new principle. I would not expect a masterpiece; I would not expect anything nearly as good in achievement as the best of the work which the new principle is to prove old-fashioned; I would be satisfied with the sight of the new principle put into action, and a certain promise for the future. . . . Also, let the magazine publish a critical study finding fault with some work of established reputation produced according to our old principle. Let it publish also a long poem, or several short poems, by the same hand. Let it be even heavy, rather than scrappy. Any clever fool can produce a scrap, and ingenious enthusiasts will read into that scrap the most profound significances; but scraps will never "cut any ice." And let the magazine avoid theorising in the vague. Let it destroy and let it create; and not cackle. The thing is difficult. It means chiefly that the editor must get himself into personal relations with rebellious young men who have guts. These young men are rare, and they are more shy than rare. But they must be stalked and caught. Lastly, I think that the magazine ought not to avoid humour. Such magazines generally do. There appeared the other day a humorous poem, entitled "The Vegetarian's Daughter," by Helen Parry Eden. It was a little masterpiece, and ought to have been caught by some violent and original magazine, or by Mr. Belloc's admirable "Eye-Witness." But no—the good old "Westminster" got hold of it.

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In the way of esoteric magazines, the first number of the fourth volume of "The Mask," Mr. Gordon Craig's Florentine magazine devoted to the reformation of the theatre, lies before me. It contains some very good things—quotations from Walt Whitman, George Moore, R. L. Stevenson, Goethe, and certain early Florentine draughtsmen! It also contains, repeated in various places, this motto by Eleonora Duse: "To save the theatre the theatre must be destroyed; the actors and actresses must all die of the plague, they poison the air, they make art impossible." On this motto, quite excellent in its poetic neurotic way, Mr. John Semar has based an article making fun of Sir Herbert Tree—apparently unaware that intelligent people ceased to discuss His Majesty's Theatre about ten years ago. There is not one article of strong original merit in the whole comely number of "The Mask." Most of the writing is petulantly weak, and illustrates the mentality of the foreign colony in Florence. Its good intentions are quite beside the point.

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In the tenth number of our other esoteric magazine, "The Open Window," there are three poetic and three prose contributions, and one or two drawings. The best verse is certainly Miss Beryl Drusilla de Zoete's sonnet, "Timor Mortis." It is good. Mr. W. H. Davies has one good and one poor lyric. Mr. Geoffrey Whitworth's verse amounts this time to nothing. Mr. C. J. Holmes has a wise article on the general condition of graphic art. "Critics, and artists too, often speak as if the revival of some great decorative tradition would enable all well-meaning persons to paint well—would cover them with a common cloak of æsthetic respectability." There is also a fable translated from the Russian of Garshin, and a London sketch by Arthur Ronald Fraser. On the whole, a goodish little number!

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The edition of the collected works of J. M. Synge, in four volumes—twelve hundred and fifty copies—is sold out and at a premium. This is satisfactory evidence that the book buyer still exists. The new "Swanston" edition of Stevenson, in I know not how many volumes—two thousand copies—has also been completely sold out, though it does not appear till the autumn. It seems that Stevenson, as he falls in the esteem of those whose passion is literature, rises in the popular esteem. Somebody, just now, is making a great deal of money out of Stevenson.

## Bax on Bergson.

By T. E. Hulme.

SOME four or five years ago, before "Evolution Créatrice" appeared, and when I had only read "Matière et Mémoire," being convinced that I had not quite grasped everything that Bergson had meant in that book, I started on a definite search for every criticism of any importance that had appeared on him. I thought I could ensure in this way that I should not, from a too hasty picking out of that one of Bergson's ideas which I had understood most easily from my own reading, jump to the conclusion that this was the central and essential part of Bergson. I thought that whatever kind of indigestion the reading of several hundred criticisms might produce in me, it would at any rate make certain that I should be brought in contact with all the other ideas which might possibly be regarded as the central one. I accumulated in this way a collection of some 200 articles and books. Ultimately the only actual use they proved to me was that I was able to hand them over to Mr. Pogson for his bibliography. For the purpose for which I collected them they proved absolutely useless. For this reason. When I had got to about the twentieth of them I began to notice a strange and curious phenomenon. Every critic explained Bergson in precisely the same phrases and the same metaphors, which were at the same time Bergson's own. No one ventured to go outside even the most trivial illustrations that Bergson himself used to elucidate his thesis. When I got to about the hundredth the thing became ludicrous. So regularly did the same phrases occur over and over again that they began to have quite a hypnotic effect on me. After a time I began to be suspicious. What was the reason for this peculiar phenomenon? It does not occur in the criticisms of other philosophers. People can talk about Kant without behaving like gramophones. It cannot be that the critics are behaving like the usual lazy reviewer, anxious to get the thing done with as little trouble as possible, for I am speaking of long and serious studies appearing in philosophical reviews. It gradually dawned upon me that they used Bergson's exact phrases and illustrations simply because they dare not use any other. If you are suddenly launched into a social event a little above those to which you are habituated, and your only guide is a book of etiquette, then you will take great care not to venture outside the phrases, the situations and the courses of action prescribed by that book. You feel morally certain that if you did you would be going wrong. Now I did not at first like to say that the critics were in this position. My sense of the fitness of things did not allow me even to think in my own mind that people who knew a great deal more about philosophy than I did had failed to grasp a thing which to me seemed as clear as daylight. But I am convinced now, after several years' rereading of the matter and after several conversations with Bergson himself, that it is so. I am perfectly certain that most of these critics (who are all naturally over a certain age) have their mental make-up so definitely crystallised round Kant and other philosophers, that they have not, curious though it may be, in the least grasped what it is exactly new that Bergson has brought into philosophy. My natural respect for my elders and betters prevented me from thinking that I understood what they did not. But I am now convinced that my suspicions were right. The reason that the critics cannot step outside the limits of Bergson's own phraseology is simply that they have not felt the thing which is at the centre of everything that he says. Being, however, intelligent people, they present a very good appearance of having done so by a careful observation and collection of the external features of his system. I do not mean to say that the result is a piece of fudge; they have honestly thought that they understand what he means, but the fact that they do not is most clearly shown by the nature of the attacks that they occasionally venture to make. They always miss fire because they are always attacks

on the externals, they are always attacks on the vocabulary, on the definite conceptions which Bergson uses to express his meaning. They never seem to touch the meaning itself.

I derived at any rate one positive benefit from my plodding through all these criticisms. It enabled me to give a recipe for the writing of an article on Bergson. I will assume, for the sake of argument, that Bergson uses a hundred metaphors in any particular book. You pick out any ten that happen to strike you, or which you happen to remember, and you repeat them word for word with the alteration of a preposition here and there, and in the confused order in which they happen to come into your mind as you write. The result will always be interesting, and as it is very unlikely that any other critic will pick out the same ten metaphors, or at any rate that he will put them in the same order, it is very unlikely that your article will be uncomfortably similar to anybody else's. The cook can never appreciate what she herself has cooked, and so once having acquired a knowledge of this recipe I was unable after that to read any more articles on Bergson, and Mr. Bax's is the first I have seen for a long time. I am sorry to say that my recipe has been the one followed in the making of this even. I should, however, differentiate it a little. I suppose there are three parts in the article. The phrases that come direct from Bergson, those that come from Bergson via Mr. Lindsay, and those provided by Mr. Bax himself. Of Mr. Lindsay I know nothing. I have not read his book, and I don't intend to. The kind of effort it represents is adequately suggested to me by an unforgettable sentence from my preface which was quoted in the publisher's puff. Mr. Lindsay, it appeared, had come to the conclusion that "the brilliancy of Professor Bergson's style had perhaps prevented him being properly understood in England." Mr. Lindsay then undertook what must have been a task very congenial to the heart of a Scotchman and an Oxford don, that of extracting the brilliancy. He really ought to go into an anthology.

I propose here only to examine Mr. Bax's contribution to the *macédoine*. I attack it with no eagerness. In the first place, as I have said before, I have a quite unnatural respect for my elders and betters. I have the further reason in this particular case that Mr. Bax has always been one of my admirations. I have always regarded the "Roots of Reality" as being one of the most important books on philosophy that has appeared in English since Bradley's "Appearance and Reality." But, really, this particular article has been a little too much for me. I object to its tone. It might be all right as a piece of journalism, but it seems to me to be emphatically not the way in which one philosopher should write about another. Heaven knows why I should be a censor of manners, but even the Strangers' Gallery may hiss at times. Take this for example: "The reader may safely assume that where Professor Lindsay becomes less clear than usual the fault lies not in the exposition but in the original text of Bergson himself." Now, this is a piece of downright fatuous complacency that I would not stand even if it were uttered by Plato himself. Especially exasperating is it in Mr. Bax's case, as one feels quite certain, from the kind of things he says about Bergson in this article, that his knowledge, such as it is, must have been derived, not from a reading of this philosopher's actual books and essays, but at second-hand from the excellent Mr. Lindsay. But the patronising tone of the whole article is calculated to give an entirely wrong idea of Bergson to anyone who hears of him for the first time from Mr. Bax's account. It is entirely misleading, and it is for that reason that I feel bound to protest.

I object particularly to his preface on the subject of fashion and his sneer about "up-to-date" and the "entente cordiale." This is one of the favourite tricks of the controversialist who wishes to depreciate the value of his subject without giving any precise reasons. Without definitely stating it, the idea is subtly conveyed to the mind of the reader that the philosopher who can be

described as fashionable must ipso facto be of very little importance. Now, Mr. Bax knows perfectly well that this is nothing but a trick, and it is not, perhaps, worth while discussing at length, but it so happens that it gives me an opportunity of making some remarks that I have wanted for some time to make on the subject of Bergson's popularity. It seems always to be the case that there are two definite stages in the reputation of a philosopher or of any writer. There is first a stage in which he is known to the few people who really care for and who are really able to understand subjects about which he writes. This is a kind of "atomic" reputation. You can number the elements of which it is composed. This was the case with Bergson from about 1890 up to about six months after "Evolution Créatrice" was written. Then suddenly, for no apparent reason, it seems a man's reputation spreads all over Europe. Articles appear in newspapers about him, the propagandists of the different sects utilise him for their own purposes, and, finally, last stage of all, he penetrates to the drawing-rooms, he is welcomed and read by the ladies who have ambitions salon-wise; and, finally, chatter makes his name stink in the nostrils of everyone who cares seriously for philosophy. This is what I call a "flood" reputation as distinct from the "atomic." A man is never talked so much about, either before or after, as at this moment of his "arrival." This is the stage at which, by no fault and by no desire of his own, Bergson has arrived. Six months after the publication of "Evolution Créatrice" comparatively few copies had been sold. This is as it should be. A book on pure philosophy has no business to sell in large numbers. Then suddenly the flood started and edition after edition began to come out. A few years ago his lectures at the Collège de France (not the Sorbonne, Mr. Bax; he has no connection at all with that) were attended by a few students, just the kind of people who ought to attend such lectures. Now it is impossible to get a seat without sitting through the hour before and listening to that intolerable bore, Leroy-Beaulieu, and, further, when you do get a seat you are distracted by what an exasperated student recently described as the "blasphemous scents" of fashionable women. Of course, a very small percentage of these people and of the people who read his books are in the least capable of understanding them. They are pieces of hard discipline in the way of thinking which no one who has not gone through the mill himself can possibly appreciate. In what, then, lies their attractiveness? It cannot all be put down to pure "snobisme." That would soon come to an end, and even at that there must be some further reason which causes his reputation in the first place. It lies in this, that while the real importance of Bergson lies in pure philosophy, lies in his method, lies in the category he works with, that of intensive manifolds, yet the conclusion to which the application of his method leads him, that of the dualism of soul and body, is precisely the conclusion which most people seek. It is nice for the timid to be assured on thoroughly respectable authority that there is a chance of immortality and that they have free will.

Now here comes the danger of all this, that while it is the conclusions which attract the mob, yet the very presence of this mob is apt to obliterate in the mind of the student of philosophy the extraordinary importance for him of what is, after all, the essential part of Bergson, the theory of intensive manifolds. This seems to me to be the error into which Mr. Bax has fallen. No doubt it is a temptation to attack a fashion, but Mr. Bax does not seem to me to have set about it in the right way. When one philosopher is writing about another, insinuations about fashion are out of place, and what one expects is a definite criticism of philosophical ideas entirely from the philosophical point of view. The other thing is rather cheap, and bad manners. It is especially ridiculous applied to Bergson, who provides an example of a concentrated attention to pure philosophy, which is extremely rare at the present time.

Of the part of the article which contains the actual exposition of Bergsonism such as it is, I will say

nothing. It is made according to the recipe I gave earlier, and contains much the same selection of phrases as all the other articles I have talked about. What I am concerned about is the parts in which Mr. Bax attempts criticism. I am afraid they show a curious incomprehension of the actual new idea which Bergson has introduced into philosophy. He says himself that he cannot see in what lies the originality of the French thinker, and I should have guessed as much from the weird remarks he sometimes makes.

I cannot possibly cover the whole ground here, but I pick out four or five sentences for comment. In the first place, he fails to understand, as do most of Bergson's commentators, the point of the antithesis that is made between Space and Time. It is not, as generally supposed, the fundamental one in his system, but gets its whole point from a more clearly defined antithesis, that between intensive and extensive manifolds. Mr. Bax fails to understand the exact use of the word Space in Bergson.

For Bergson, ideal space may be a "form of intuition," but his view differs from Kant's. For while he thinks that it is a habit of the mind, he at the same time thinks it reposes on a real quality of objects, that of "extensiveness." So that when he uses space as one term of antithesis, he is not thinking of space as it is, a synthesis of many divergent attributes, but only of that particular aspect of space in which the word can be used as a synonym for extensive manifolds. That space includes other things he would admit, but he is only concerned with it in this one aspect. This is the point which most accounts of Bergson miss. First in any exposition there should come an account of his method, of the categories with which he works, the purely theoretical contrast between intensive and extensive manifolds. This remains valid quite apart from the question as to whether such things as intensive manifolds exist. Only after this has been explained should come the application of the method to reality in the identification of these two terms with the space-time antithesis. That being so, Mr. Bax's remark about the non-spacial perception of notes simultaneously heard in a chord, a remark which he considers so pointed that he follows it up by an exclamation mark, shows such a ludicrous incomprehension of what Bergson really intends that one forgets for a minute one's annoyance and can only laugh.

Mr. Bax complains that he fails to find in Bergson any distinct pronouncement on the fundamental problem of the "Theory of Knowledge." Now, it seems to me that in the third chapter of "Evolution Créatrice" and the first chapter of "Matière et Mémoire" taken together, you have complete materials for such a theory. I ask myself what it is that Mr. Bax expects and that he finds wanting here, and I think I can supply an answer. He looks for, and naturally does not find, a "Theory of Knowledge" in the Kantian sense of the word. What is so difficult for a man who has been brought up in one epoch of philosophy and lives on into the beginning of the next to understand is this, that not only are there new answers to old questions, but in many cases the old questions cease to have any interest and any meaning for the next generation. What is happening now, and what Mr. Bax cannot understand, is not that we are giving a new answer to the old questions, not that our fickle attention has passed on to new questions and left the old ones alone, but simply that the old questions which he takes so seriously have absolutely no meaning for us. I had occasion some years ago to compare Mr. Bax to a clown who puts his head through a hoop of paper at a circus; he has brought a new idea into philosophy, but he still remains framed by the ragged edges of the system he has passed through. Those ragged edges are the Kantian phraseology and set of conceptions, inside which Mr. Bax was brought up. He is soaked in Kantianism and simply cannot understand that the resulting kind of questions he asks of nature are not "inevitable."

This seems to explain Mr. Bax's dissatisfaction. He belongs emphatically to the German idealist tradition. The highly-starched phraseology of the

"Roots of Reality" is enough to prove that. With any tradition in philosophy goes a certain attitude of mind, a conception of metaphysics as the answering of certain questions, and so when you come across a philosophy which does not even consider your questions, you are naturally annoyed. What is so difficult for anyone inside a "tradition" of this kind to conceive, is that the questions may be as artificial as the answers. They are part of the "tradition," part of the mechanism by which you orient yourself and move inside that tradition; they do not lie in the nature of the subject itself. It is, then, no defect in Bergson that he does not answer the questions Mr. Bax asks. When, then, Mr. Bax says, "I find no theory of knowledge," "his metaphysic is unbalanced"; what he really means is, "I find no German idealist theory of knowledge." Oh, these Germans, when shall we have finished with them! Though their "idealist" tradition in philosophy will always be a memorable phenomenon, it is as dead, and has as little right to lay down canons of execution, as the Sieneze tradition in painting.

I come now to Mr. Bax's remarks about the nature of individuality. Incidentally he says something here which, if I were malicious, I should say gave the key to his whole attitude. "Here Bergson approaches the lines of an hypothesis originally put forward by the present writer some twenty years ago." Here is the cloven hoof. The only appropriate exclamation I can think of here is "At it again, Mr. Bax." Mr. Bax has been for some time under the delusion that he anticipated Bergson, and in a letter to this review, two years ago, claimed priority.

It is a double delusion. In the first place, as I carefully explained at the time in a letter in reply to Mr. Bax (NEW AGE, vol. 5), he did not anticipate Bergson. For "Les Données Immédiates" was first published in '89, and was written about '85, that is six or seven years before Mr. Bax first put forward his conception. In the second place, there is in reality exceedingly little resemblance between Mr. Bax's philosophy and Monsieur Bergson's. It is true that they both deny that reality can be completely included under a system of laws, but so do more than half a dozen other philosophers, even in recent times, from Boutroux downwards. The thing which makes the real distinction and originality of Bergson, and which differentiates him from all the other philosophers of indeterminism, is something to which no analogy at all can be found in Mr. Bax's book.

What resemblance there is is purely superficial, and it is precisely at this point that Mr. Bax and a great many other people fail to understand Bergson. "The unanalysable continuity" of the latter philosophy is not a mere limiting conception like the logical of Mr. Bax, but has a positive internal structure. It is an intensive manifold. What precisely is meant by that I shall try to explain in later articles.

To return, however, to Mr. Bax's precise claim in this particular article. He thinks that Bergson, in his conception of the nature of the individual, is approximating to his (Mr. Bax's) own conception. Now, what, as a matter of fact, is the nature of this resemblance? Merely that one is the mathematical antithesis of the other! Mr. Bax's view, as I take it from his own description, is that gradually in the course of evolution a kind of consciousness will be developed which will supersede the ordinary individual consciousness in the same way as that superseded the separateness of the sentiency of its component organic cells. Bergson's view, far from approximating to this, exactly reverses the process. In the beginning and in reality you have always this general race consciousness, this élan vital which is split up into individuals by the nature of matter (the principle of matter being a principle of division and analysis), just as stones in a stream split it into separate eddies. This conception is, as I have said, the exact antithesis of Mr. Bax's.

Finally, says Mr. Bax, we can trace back most of his doctrines to nineteenth-century philosophic writers. Might I ask which ideas and from or to whom they

can be traced? Mr. Bax very wisely avoids doing this; it is much easier to make a general statement. The only person who actually attempted this task was René Berthelot, who attempted to analyse Bergson into a combination of two things—the English empirical method in psychology, and the romanticism of Schelling introduced into France by Ravaisson. It is a singularly ineffective piece of genealogical research, and the best account of it was that given me by Bergson himself. Berthelot's father, he said, was a celebrated chemist, and we say that the son follows his parent's footsteps by trying to "faire la chimique des idées."

Of course, there is a sense in which it can be said that Bergson's ideas can be traced to other people. It is perfectly true that no man can say anything absolutely new in any subject, least of all in metaphysics. The number of conceptions that the brain of man can form about the cosmos and its problems is necessarily as limited as the number of his organs and his limbs. In this sense it can be said that every idea of every philosopher always has a long ancestry. I could find Mr. Bax's alogical in St. Thomas Aquinas if I looked for it. It is this which makes it possible to say that the history of philosophy is the one subject where great knowledge is much more dangerous than a little knowledge. With a little knowledge each philosopher does appear to have a certain shape. One is under the impression that one does find in him a certain set of ideas one does not find in anyone else. Great knowledge reveals to us the fact that the same ideas can be found in nearly everyone. All the distinct conceptions one formerly had of separate philosophers begin to melt away into the common matrix, and finally one finds oneself in a state of confusion little different to a state of absolute ignorance.

But all this leaves the real question untouched. It is not in the ideas which philosophers use that their difference comes, but in the use they make of them, and the importance they attach to them. It is a question of emphasis. A man cannot invent an idea, but when he realises one so vividly that he rams it home by dialectic, reasoning, illustration, and metaphor until he makes it explain nearly the whole of experience; then that idea can legitimately be said to be the man's own. In odd corners of Hegel I have no doubt that I can find, either in the text or in foot-notes, every idea that has ever been employed in philosophy; but that does not make Hegel the complete philosopher. Now apply these considerations to Bergson. Take his conception of continuity. (In order to be fair I place myself here on Mr. Bax's own ground. I will suppress for the minute all the positive significance of Bergson's conception, and merely take it negatively as Mr. Bax does to mean something unanalysable). It is quite true that Lotze used this idea. But can Mr. Bax place his hand on his heart and honestly say that Lotze realised the full meaning of this conception or at all approached the extraordinary synthetic use that Bergson makes of it?

I commend to Mr. Bax's notice a recent story about another German idealist. Lord Haldane some little time ago gave an address to a set of young men who were preparing for the Scotch ministry, in the course of which he told them in a pontifical manner, very like Mr. Bax's own, that the whole of Bergson could be found in Hegel. This was told to Professor Pringle Pattison, and he is reported to have said, "Haldane should speak the truth, even when he is talking to students of theology."

### A FRAGMENT.

Translated from the Russian of S. J. Nadson by P. Selver.

HARK! the storm-bird is crying. O fasten the sail!  
And awful, by mist held embraced,  
Rests with overcast brow in the heavens, the gale,  
With his heel on the wave he has paced.  
In a cloud-vestment, lit by the swift flashing glow  
Of bright lightning he severs in twain,  
His bellowing thunder with might he doth throw  
O'er the ocean's wide leaden domain.

## The Sort of Prose-Articles Modern Prose-Writers Write.

By Jack Collings Squire.

### III.—SOUL-OF-A-FOREIGN-CAPITAL SPECIES.

BANGKOK is the city of a dream. She dreams her timeless dream at the gate of the desert. The centuries have rolled over her, the legions of conqueror after conqueror have trampled her under foot, but the old city remains as she was, clad in the shadowy and iridescent hues of the twilight and the dawn, wearing her old inscrutable smile. Her tall towers have been hurled to the ground, her streets have run with blood, fire has blackened and scarred her; but always she has risen again from her ashes, unchanged, yet the same. Her body has been ravished and defiled, but her soul, after two thousand years, is still virginal and unspotted. Veiled in the impenetrable yet impalpable wrappings of her sphinx-like mystery, lonely, mournful, all-wise, all-sorrowful, she rises a spiritual thing between the illimitable sands and that sacred, softly flowing river the source of which no man knows, a city apart, a being not of time but of eternity.

One reaches Bangkok by Penocident line from Marseilles. The overland route is difficult, dangerous, infested with brigands, and expensive, and takes forty-two days longer to traverse than that by sea. For practical purposes, therefore, it is out of the question. The boats, though small, are comfortable and fast. Twenty-three days after eating your breakfast in Paris you enter the estuary of the Ho-Hum, and six hours more, steaming with the tide, finds the vessel slowly heaving to at the great stone quay under the shadow of the principal mosque. The scene as one disembarks is one of incredible confusion. Bells clang, cannon boom, a horde of dusky porters rush about with one's luggage, shouting in a babel of discordant tongues, excited vendors of shawls, sweetmeats, metalwork, and the thousand and one other trifles that appeal to the heart of the traveller scurry hither and thither, gesticulating wildly and chattering like an army of monkeys. Here and there is a woman veiled from head to foot, gazing at one with great black eyes through the holes in the tarboosh that the Sufi religion ordains for every woman when she is outside the kraal of her lord and master; and at the back of the crowd stand, pensive and gloomy, a group of beetle-browed priests with flowing beards and quaint triangular caps (not unlike a species of elongated dahabiyeh) upon their heads. We have left the West behind us. Here in this fantastic town, with its minarets and its cupolas, its narrow streets of blank white walls, its rice bazaars and its extraordinary blaze of bright colours, we have crossed the threshold into another world. We have left behind us the world of hurry and bustle, of trams and electric light, of post offices and public-houses, of sewers and suffragettes, and entered a realm where nothing has altered since the birth of time, and where every fairy tale comes true.

Needless to say, the hotel accommodation is not of the best. The principal establishments—the Hotel de Londres and the Hotel Asquith—face one another across the principal square. Neither of them can boast more than twenty bedrooms, and at the former, where my wife and I stayed, there was not even a bath to be procured save in the large tank in the courtyard that did duty as a recreation ground for the pack elephants that came across the desert from Abyssinia with the numerous caravans. The proprietor, a stoutish, yellow gentleman with the euphonious name of Chook, knew a little English. In early life he had (so he told me) been a member of a troupe of jugglers that had toured through Europe, including the British Isles. He knew Edinburgh, Glasgow, Leeds, Stow-in-the-Wold, and, of course, London. But as the

vocabulary which he had acquired was mostly of a denunciatory and imprecatory character it was not of very much assistance. Happily my wife bethought her of a visit to the British Consul. He, poor man, was delighted to see us, as no British tourists had visited the city—"infernal hole," he called it—since the beginning of the last rainy season. After giving me a glass of really excellent whisky, he proceeded with the utmost despatch to send for an interpreter. In five minutes the man arrived. Like the rest of his nationality, he turned out to be a most arrant swindler. We knew, though the knowledge was of little avail to us, as we were helpless in his hands, that he cheated us most outrageously whenever he made a purchase on our behalf. But that is the price the traveller in strange places of the earth must always expect to pay for the satisfaction of his curiosity; and after all, we might have gone further and fared much worse, for Abdul Gomez, though he himself defrauded us right and left, would never allow anyone else to do so. Once at least he proved a very present help in time of trouble. My wife, when speeding along in a rickshaw, had accidentally thrown a banana skin in the face of a wooden deity that happened at that moment to be passing along the street with a procession of ragged devotees. It seemed for a few anxious moments as though we were going to be the central figures of an ugly street row. Things had already taken an awkward turn, and the leader of the mob was ominously sharpening his wicked-looking curved yashmak when Abdul arrived upon the scene, and, by explaining briefly that we were English, speedily cleared up the misunderstanding.

Wonderful though this dream city of the East is at all times, it is perhaps at the annual festival that it is most alluring, most challenging, most marvellous of all. The festival is held in honour of the goddess Quog (properly speaking, the goddess of toads, though it may be doubted whether one modern Bangkokian in a thousand knows of the lady's association with those unattractive animals), and for a whole week the population, men, women, and children, give themselves up to a delirious riot of worship and amusement. All the houses are gaily draped with silk hangings—green, yellow, red, blue, orange, indigo, and violet. Flags stream merrily from every flagpole; triumphal arches guard the entrance to every street, even in the humblest quarters; dancing, singing, and praying go on incessantly from morning till sundown, and the purveyors of fruit and cooling drinks drive a roaring trade. As evening falls a thousand heavy and intoxicating odours rise from streets and river. The songs subside, the noise of the dancing feet is gradually stilled, the Present fades away, the Past comes out, spreading great wings, and broods over the great city. Night and the eternities have reasserted their sway. The heat and excitement of the joyous day have, dying, left behind them a subtle essence that gives the key to much that one had not understood in the character and religion of this strange people. The flames on the roofs of the goddess' temple sink and die away; the smoke floats off and is dispelled; nothing breaks the stillness save the wail of some river bird and the weak cry of a new-born babe. Here, under the alien stars of this alien sky, the great processes of life are going on and will not be denied.

That was ten years ago. Probably if I went back to Bangkok to-day I should find the railway there and taxi-cabs awaiting arrivals at the station, and lifts in all the houses, and French bookshops and cookshops in the great square. The clamorous West will invade the place—may have invaded it already; iron and electricity and steam and "education" will shatter the fair illusions that have survived countless centuries of storm and stress. Yet even now, I fancy, to the man of seeing eye and understanding heart the old, dreamy Bangkok, all-wise, all-sorrowful, swathed in her garments of starshine and the declining sun's last ineluctable breath, will reveal herself as of old—a symbol, a spirit, a reminder of things too deep for tears, a monument more perennial than brass.

## TO THE PEOPLE.

ARE ye not in captive thrall,  
Bondmen, body, mind and soul,  
Slaves and drudges one and all,  
Work your only goal?

Are ye not in wretched plight?  
Would ye not the dawning see  
And the ending of the night?  
Aye, heart-sick are ye.

Would ye get your freedom back,  
Save your souls in winning it;  
Rectify Greed's doings black?  
Nay, ye lack the wit.

Would ye at your tyrants' feet  
Grovel with whinings long and loud,  
And their spite with wailings meet?  
Nay, ye are too proud.

Would ye then in blinded rage,  
Massacre, and burn and bind,  
Thus regain your heritage?  
Nay, ye are too kind.

May God help ye then; for strong,  
Cunning men your masters are.  
Sad the cry goes up, "How long?"  
And the Light seems far.

RUTH FITTER.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

### THE INSURANCE BILL.

Sir,—In the course of your trenchant and damaging criticisms of the Insurance Bill (falsely so-called), I notice a statement which seems to me to come rather oddly from the pen of a writer who is constantly urging the importance of correct economic thinking. You say: "Though in the absence of any collective attempt to raise wages, workmen ought not to be blamed, but rather encouraged, in attempting to raise wages for themselves, the fact remains that they cannot do it, except nominally."

If this is to be taken as a general statement, it virtually ignores everything that has been written on the wages question during the last generation by economists of the standing of Marshall, Edgeworth, and the Webbs. In support of it you put forward two arguments. In the first place, you point to the present tendency of real wages to fall. It would be equally pertinent, of course, to point to the enormous rise in real wages in the latter half of the nineteenth century as an example of the efficacy of trade union attempts to raise wages. The fact is, that the efforts of trade unions in the former period were assisted by, and during the present period are fighting against, certain general economic causes; but it is evident that these causes have no essential connection with a "profiteering" organisation of industry, which held sway during the period of rising real wages, just at it now does during a period of falling real wages.

In the second place, you assert that trade union attempts to raise real wages must fail, because the employers are able to shift the extra cost on to the workers as consumers.

I might quote against you the authors of "Industrial Democracy," to the effect that "Actual variations in price have in most industries little connection with variations in wages." I might also refer again to the economic history of the latter half of the nineteenth century, in which you have the spectacle of an unparalleled rise in wages proceeding alongside an unparalleled fall in prices. But both these considerations are, I think, inferior in importance to a third: namely, that your argument assumes, not merely that employers are able to shift to the consumer a part of the cost of higher wages (which in many cases is no doubt true, temporarily), but that the whole of the burden may be so transferred.

A very little consideration will show that, even looking at the question entirely from an a priori standpoint, it is only in exceptional circumstances that the whole of the burden of higher wages can be made to rest on the shoulders of the consumers. As for your example of the shipping industry, it has, of course, no more scientific value than the average anti-Socialist contention that the bad management of its tramway system by Mud-cum-Holesby is a valid argument against communal enterprise in general—even assuming, what you have no right to assume, that the Shipping

Federation is able to make good its entire extra expenditure at the expense of the consumer.

As a matter of fact, the general question as to whether trade union action has any efficacy in general, can only be settled, not by any mere a priori reasoning about "profiteering" or "capitalistic organisation of industry," but by a scientific investigation of those "facts" for which your worthy contributor, Mr. J. M. Kennedy, has so generous a contempt.

And the question has really been settled, once for all, by a work for which I believe you express great admiration—I refer, of course, to the Webbs' "Industrial Democracy."

The whole question raised by your statement about the inefficacy of trade union action is of very great importance, because its consideration is alone able to furnish an answer to the question whether the State can raise wages except by actual participation in the work of production and distribution. If I understand you aright, your answer is that it cannot. The answer of the scientific investigators of trade unionism is that it can, and I take it that their answer furnishes the justification of Mr. Chiozza Money's statement that the employer's contribution under Mr. Lloyd George's Bill represents a real addition to the workers' wage.

HENRY H. NORTON.

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Sir,—From a practical manufacturer's point of view may I point out that I think you mistaken when you say the cost of Insurance will come to any extent directly out of wages?

So far as our own business is concerned, we employ over a thousand hands; they are paid by piece work; we reckon the Insurance will cost us £1,000 a year, which is equivalent to a halfpenny a dozen on our production; there are some dozen processes in our manufacture, performed by a dozen different hands; it would be impracticable to reduce the prices we have been paying by the twenty-fourth of a penny for each process, the smallest fraction we use in wages is a farthing.

The effect will be, it seems to me, that in the first instance we shall lose the halfpenny, as for current patterns we shall not be able to charge this to our customers (they will not recognise it as a charge for them to bear), and on new patterns we shall add this to our cost, so that the public will ultimately bear the charge. It seems to me you are on safe grounds when you say this measure is anti-Socialistic—it simply bolsters up the present state of affairs instead of trying to remove the cause of poverty.

G. W. WILSON.

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#### THE DECLARATION OF LONDON.

Sir,—Mr. Verdad's statement that the clauses in the Declaration of London relating to food supplies in time of war would starve us out in less than a week is wild—even for him! The Declaration does not on this point deal, nor purport to deal, with the rights of belligerents inter se, so Mr. Verdad's statement must mean, if it means anything, that the position of neutral ships bringing food to British ports in time of war would be worse under the Declaration than it is at present. This is obviously incorrect, in spite of Lord Charles Beresford and other scaremongers. No one can doubt that in the event of a war between this country and Germany one of the first acts of the latter would be to declare food absolute contraband, and to capture if not to sink any neutral vessels bringing food to British ports. The only remedy we should have would be a navy strong enough to protect the trade routes: the only remedy the neutral would have would be an appeal to a German Prize Court. Unless, of course, the neutral made the capture a cause of war. Now if the Declaration is signed and observed by the belligerent powers—I agree with Mr. Verdad in thinking this an improbable contingency—in what way is the neutral's position, and consequently our position, made worse? I fail to see. Food cannot be declared "absolute," but only "conditional" contraband, and is liable to capture not in all, but only in certain circumstances. These limitations may be vague, they may be inadequate, but such as they are they make our position better, not worse. Mr. Verdad also seems to ignore the fact that by far the greater portion of our supplies are brought by English vessels whose position is unaltered by the Declaration, and that this proportion would probably increase in time of war because the British coasting trade in foreign waters would be unsafe, and there would be need of neutral ships to carry it on.

I have taken up too much of your space to discuss Mr. Verdad's remarks as to the position when this country is a neutral, but they are equally misleading. And "contractor" is a perfectly good translation of "commerçant" in the context—that is, if Mr. Verdad refers to Article 34. He also ignores the fact that in the International Prize Court the judges appointed by the principal naval Powers form a permanent majority, and those appointed by the other

Powers sit only in rotation. The Persian judge, for instance, sits for one year out of every six only.

W. S. KENNEDY.

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#### SOCIALISM AND COMMUNISM.

Sir,—I notice that writers in THE NEW AGE seem to be falling into the bad habit of drawing the spurious distinction between Socialism and Communism. This distinction is a recent innovation, the product of a desire to make Socialism palatable to the Philistine. It has neither historical nor economical justification. Until quite recently no such distinction has been made.

Socialism, if it means anything, involves the communism of the means of production, distribution, and exchange. Whence, then, the distinction between Socialism and Communism? What is lurking in the minds of those that make the distinction is probably (1) the notion of the communisation of the product as opposed to that of the means of production, and (2) the notion of Socialism in the making as opposed to that of Socialism as completely realised.

But the difference in either case is not fundamental, being a question merely of time and development. It is easy to see that the complete communisation of the means of production, before very long, must lead to the communisation of the product, just as the imperfect communisation of some industries only, together with cruder forms of Socialistic legislation, must in the natural course of things, unless violently checked from without, within a shorter rather than a longer interval, issue in the completion of the process.

E. BELFORT BAX.

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#### OVERTIME.

Sir,—Miss Elspeth Phelps has no case. The law exists to protect workwomen not only from sweating employers but from themselves, and it requires employers in Miss Elspeth Phelps' position not only to give proper instructions, but to see them carried out. If she cannot personally do this she must employ efficient assistance in control.

Here is a simple way out of any further similar difficulty. Stick up a notice: "I forbid the working of overtime without my express permission, and, further, if overtime is worked without my permission, I will not pay for it."

This will end that trouble for her, I assure her on the word of an ordinary business man and a

SOCIALIST EMPLOYER.

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#### "THE CRISIS IN LITERATURE."

Sir,—In his article in the last issue of THE NEW AGE, "The Reviewer of 'Nan'" cuts with warm scalpel to the root of the cancerous growth that is absorbing the vitality of modern literature.

Existence offers a vast and probably illimitable field of experience, of which comparatively little has as yet been explored, and it is the duty of the artist to open up new ways, force paths through dense jungle, scale high mountains, and by every means in his power to seek to widen the scope of human-kind's consciousness. He is our pioneer, and his creations are his discoveries. They are not "new" things built out of nothing, they are territories wrested from the unknown and added to the empire of experience.

Every artist adds something to our understanding, and enlarges our capacity for appreciation, and even the clever man who is no artist, but only a deft craftsman working cunning variations on old themes, is not without illumination for us if only he choose a subject of beauty, for beauty is inexhaustible, and he may sometimes reveal by accident a pearl overlooked by his predecessors.

But there are places in human experience which as far back as we can tell have never been unknown, and which beings with their faces towards the sun have ever striven to forget. Not for nothing did our ancestors abhor pans and satyrs, gorgons and ghouls, and perhaps this abhorrence represents the greatest step in our moral evolution, for before it were the devil-worshippers. These places, these pits of darkness contain nothing which has not already been known ages since and forgotten, thankfully forgotten; and no modern delver can hope to find therein anything that what is base in human nature has not already made its own.

Nor will the veritable artist ever try. His instinct is for light, for air, for space in which to expand and flourish in health and the joy of life. It is memory's happy faculty to put away from as well as to bring to recollection, and the race will have no thanks for those who stir up the black cesspool of the remote beginnings to give us a devilish insight into the mental operations of the satyr and the ghouls.

All sides of life are not for us. There was one who thought they were, and his sad fate, poor fellow, proved his error.

But leaving Pluto's regions behind him, there is not an

horizon which does not promise to the sincere artist the very utmost range his greatest powers shall demand.

HAROLD FISHER.

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#### MR. MASEFIELD'S "NAN."

Sir,—I refrained, though much irritated, from comment upon the latest review in THE NEW AGE on Masefield's "Nan." The attack contained therein was too full of "blethers" for a plain, blunt person to comprehend, or to answer by a letter that you would care to publish, but now the reviewer, in answer to Mr. Duke's moderate reply, raises a point on which I may say something. "The possibility of contagion to any audience who sat out the play." Masefield's "Nan" was produced here about fifteen months ago; it succeeded, and has been revived three times. Twenty-one performances have been given, and 14,766 people have paid admission money to see the piece. Now, I am closely in touch with my audiences. I am acquainted with some hundreds, and from them continually receive criticisms—frank and outspoken. This theatre is managed by a board of twelve directors—eleven resident in this district; each representing a section of the public attending the theatre, and not so much as a hint has come to any of us that the play contains the matter your reviewer detects. I read his article laboriously, and arrived at only the vaguest understanding of what the writer was aiming at. There seems to be an idea in it, but, in choosing "Nan," he has chosen the wrong kind of work for his attack. "Nan" is sincere, human, and beautiful. What does your reviewer set up in place of this he would destroy?

ALFRED WAREING.

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Sir,—It is unfortunate that your reviewer should elect to remain anonymous; in the first place because of the extreme *individuality* of the attack upon Mr. Masefield, and in the second because editorial responsibility for that attack must fall upon THE NEW AGE. A journal which printed, in the same issue with the review of "Nan," Mr. W. L. George's story, "The Pride of his Profession," and, a week later, Mr. Lyme Dror's equally abominable "Imitation of Christ," can logically throw no stones at realist authors. Phrases like "homicidal mania" are a dangerous weapon for editorial hands, and you have placed yourself quite gratuitously in an indefensible position.

I do not mean, however, to evade any of your reviewer's comments. The main question, as to whether "Nan" is or is not a beautiful play, remains incapable of argument. The play has stirred audiences which are not, as far as I know, inherently base, and it will continue so to do. It has given pleasure to individuals (including myself) whose judgment I respect. To come upon controversial ground, Mr. Masefield cannot be called, in the common sense, a realist writer. "Nan" is certainly not "really true." It comprehends not only fact, but vision. It records the closing passages in the life of a girl of high spirit and imagination, surrounded by a mean, brutal and low-lived peasantry. The choice between "really true" and "ideally true" recedes into its proper place as an armchair theory, in face of such a work. The play is tragical. That is all, and that is enough.

As to the technical faults and forced situations complained of, I can only repeat that a stage device is worth just its weight in illusion; and the completeness of the illusion, in "Nan," no one who has seen the play upon the stage can conceivably deny. We can surely dispense with this claptrap about the absence of "private opportunities" in a "real cottage," and with the question whether one would "creep up to the window" in "real life" to observe a scene of seduction. The question is naive, it is true, but from your reviewer it is unpardonable. We are discussing a work of art.

The whole critical attitude, may I add, is the more extraordinary in view of the same writer's clear-sighted article on "The Crisis in Literature." For Mr. Masefield is, by evident conviction, on the side of the angels.

ASHLEY DUKES.

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#### SOCIETY AS AN ORGANISM.

Sir,—Mr. Ervine in THE NEW AGE of July 20 observes that the bridges on the railway to Wycombe are made of stone; in point of fact the upper slabs of the terrace are stone, the bridges being built of brick. Mr. Ervine, in the same article, pours his well-trained scorn upon a miserable man who once lived at Gerrard's Cross who thought that society was a greater being than the individuals who compose it. Mr. Ervine, viewing the bridges superficially, assumes that as the terraces are stone the bridges are stone also; perhaps Mr. Ervine, viewing life superficially, assumes that as human idiosyncrasy is most obvious to him

society is but a medley of idiosyncrasies. Perhaps the man at Gerrard's Cross is not so far wrong after all.

HENRY H. SCHLOESSER.

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#### "THE LAST STRAW."

Sir,—I beg to enter a respectful protest against the three-page article published in your issue of July 6, from the pen of Mr. J. M. Kennedy, entitled "The Last Straw." It deals with an article by Mr. H. G. Wells, published in "Le Temps," on the subject of the responsibilities of the modern novelist. I fail to discover in the quotations which Mr. Kennedy gives, any justification whatever for the extremely contemptuous tone of his article, and it seems to me that his rebuke is based upon an assumption which involves a very great injustice to Mr. Wells. Mr. Kennedy says, "Of even greater importance, indeed, as throwing some light on the psychology of our author, is the little biography prefixed. It contains certain details which are not to be found in any book of reference, and the presumption is that, as is usual in such cases, they have been furnished by Mr. Wells himself, or at all events revised by him. And some of these details are what might be vulgarly called the limit." Mr. Kennedy then goes on to quote "Le Temps'" introduction, which he presumes to have been "furnished, or at all events revised by Mr. Wells." It is this assumption which seems to me to be wholly unwarranted, and insulting. I personally have had a number of my writings reprinted in foreign publications, and they have frequently been accompanied by biographical notes and editorial comments. So far as I can recall, I have never been asked to furnish material for anything of the sort, and have never edited anything of the sort. The same thing has frequently happened with such publications in my own country, and the editorial notes and comments have frequently been of a crudeness calculated to cause me discomfort.

It seems to me that before publishing such an insinuation you should have requested Mr. Kennedy to obtain evidence proving that Mr. Wells was responsible for the publication. For I should say that the article contains internal evidence of the fact that Mr. Wells had nothing to do with it. Mr. Kennedy ridicules Mr. Wells upon the assumption that he was responsible for the statement of the "Temps" that in expressing his ideas Mr. Wells makes himself "the guide and interpreter of quite a pleiad of English novelists, such as Messrs. Arnold Bennett, Conrad, Galsworthy, and Forster." It seems to me rather that this sentence is evidence of the fact that Mr. Wells had nothing to do with the introduction. The sentence in question is obviously just the kind of crudity which is written by a foreign journalist trying to discuss a literature upon slight acquaintance.

Mr. Kennedy goes on to rebuke Mr. Wells on the ground that he advertises himself, whereas Mr. Joseph Conrad does not advertise himself. I do not know that this statement is true, but for the sake of the argument I will assume that it is true. Such comparisons are offensive in the making, and it is hard to avoid being offensive in answering them; but since the comparison has been made, it seems to me fair to point out the fact that Mr. Conrad, who is unquestionably one of the greatest of living English novelists, has not been able to support himself by his writings. One may presumably say this, since it has been officially recognised by the conferring of a Government pension upon him. Mr. Conrad's writings happen to be of such a nature that it was possible to induce government functionaries to recognise them. Can Mr. Kennedy persuade himself that it would be possible to induce Government functionaries to recognise the writings of Mr. Wells? Assuredly not. It seems to me that it would be more to the point to devote one's criticisms to a system of rewarding artists which makes it impossible for two such men to live, except by accepting a Government pension or by advertising their personalities.

UPTON SINCLAIR.

\* \* \*

Sir,—I could not comment upon Mr. Conrad's pension when translating Mr. Wells' article, even had such comment been relevant, for the Civil List Pensions were not announced until after my article had been prepared. As for the little biography of Mr. Wells, I merely expressed the presumption that he had written it, or furnished a few particulars for it, and a few of my comments were specifically based on this presumption, the remainder dealing with Mr. Wells' own published views. If a very important paper like "Le Temps" unwittingly sets down a rather misleading statement about Mr. Wells, surely Mr. Wells ought to deny it. He has not yet done so personally; and even if he did my arguments would be unaffected. As for the monetary rewards of creative artists, the endowment of genius, and allied factors, these are subjects which, I believe, Mr. Upton Sinclair has made peculiarly his own.

J. M. KENNEDY.

"A FRIENDLY LETTER."

Sir,—There is a good deal of catching at straws in Mr. Kennedy's reply to my last, but he has not disposed of my charges, and to one of them I must return. A gentleman accused of lying should know what is expected of him, and he has to withdraw the false statement that I went on a certain occasion to Mr. Wells. As for the singular something he "found out quite accidentally," it certainly was not the truth, and he is doing no good by trying to screen himself behind the back of another man, because he alone is responsible for its appearance in THE NEW AGE. Mr. Kennedy has a very serious charge to meet, and when I think the reader has witnessed enough of his futile attempts to escape I shall ask Mr. Wells to speak. The remaining points of Mr. Kennedy's letter I hope to deal with later.

ERNEST RADFORD.

[Well, well, well. If it was really not Mr. Wells, who could it have been? Mr. Radford talks as familiarly of giants as maids of fourteen do of puppy-dogs. How many "giants" are there in these days—known, that is, to Mr. Radford?—J. M. K.]

\* \* \*

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

Sir,—In his reply to me, in your issue of July 20, Mr. Thorn takes up in the lightest way some of the deepest religious, philosophic, and scientific matters which have ever been discussed, and disposes of them all in a short letter. I am afraid I cannot follow him in this, but I can give your readers an example of this style of argument. He says that I defined matter as "a thing imagined." If he will read my letter, he will find that I did nothing of the sort. I quoted that definition of matter from one of the greatest chemists in Europe, and I quoted it, not as the definition of matter which would be accepted altogether by a Christian Scientist, but as the definition of the great school of idealism of natural science. I am afraid it will take a little more than three or four lines from Mr. Thorn to upset the teaching of an enormous number of the leading thinkers of the world.

Then Mr. Thorn goes on to demand that I should subject myself to certain pressure of the brain, for the purpose of proving whether matter is real or not. I do not know whether he will admit that Professor Huxley was a thinker and a scientist whose opinion is worthy of respect, but I will quote to him what Professor Huxley said of the people who made use of this sort of argument: "Coxcombs," Huxley wrote, "vanquished Berkeley with a grin; whilst commonsense folk proved matter to be real by stamping on the ground, or some such irrelevant proceeding." I am afraid that Mr. Thorn is quite as belated and quite as irrelevant in his process of logic as was Dr. Johnson.

Beyond all these reasons, there is the reason given by the Founder of the Christian religion for declining tests of this nature. When Jesus was tempted to throw himself from the pinnacle of the Temple, he put aside the suggestion with the words, "Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God." Jesus knew that humanity could only be rescued from sin, disease, and death by the overcoming of sin, and that a sensational exhibition would only be a seven days' wonder, and would then be forgotten.

"Jesus of Nazareth," Mrs. Eddy has written, on page 313 of "Science and Health," "was the most scientific man that ever trod the globe. He plunged beneath the material surface of things, and found the spiritual cause." It was because he perceived this First Cause to be divine Mind that he was enabled to teach that marvellous gospel founded upon spiritual law. He came preaching to the world this knowledge of absolute Truth, which he described as the knowledge of the Truth which would make men free, and when the deadened material sense of his listeners revolted from it, he performed what are known as the miracles, telling his listeners if they could not believe for the words' sake, they must believe for the very works' sake. Now, there is nothing whatever supernatural about a miracle. Jesus himself made this perfectly clear when he said that those who believed in him would be able to do the works he did, in other words, that those who understood the Science he was teaching, would be able to demonstrate it in the way he was demonstrating it. This is one of the great things which Mrs. Eddy has done for humanity, that she has shown the world that the miracle was not supernatural, but divinely natural, and that it can be repeated to-day in the exact proportion in which the followers of Jesus understand his teaching and live his life.

Jesus taught that man was the image and likeness of God, just as the book of Genesis does. He said repeatedly that those who understood his teaching would understand that they were the children of God. He, however, never taught that God was what Matthew Arnold has described as a huge, non-natural man, and therefore that the image and likeness of God was a human being. Mr. Thorn might

have realised the fact that nobody with ordinary intelligence would argue that a murderer was the image and likeness of God. God, as Jesus showed, was Spirit, the First Cause of all things, and because this Cause is necessarily intelligent, God is divine Mind. The image and likeness of the divine Mind, which is Spirit, is necessarily a spiritual idea, reflecting the attributes of that Mind, and not a possibly diseased and neurotic human being. The great purpose of Jesus' ministry was to teach humanity what man really was, and in doing this, to teach them how to overcome the carnal mind. The human body, according to the great natural science idealists, with all due respect to Mr. Thorn, is nothing but a subjective condition of the human mind, or a result of energy. This human mind is itself the negation of divine Mind, and so its creation, the human body, is nothing but the counterfeit of spiritual creation, and man in the image and likeness of God. It was Jesus' understanding of this that healed the sick in the first century. He understood the law of spiritual causation, and he taught men how a change of thought effected a change of body. "Repent," he said, "for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." The Greek word translated repent means nothing but a change of mind. As a man changes his human mind from a material to a spiritual basis, he destroys the inharmony in that human mind which is reflected in an inharmonious body, and he finds that mental condition of harmony which is peace, and which constitutes the kingdom of heaven. This is true repentance, and a man who repents learns that the kingdom of God is at hand, for "the kingdom of God is within you."

It was the Mind which was in Christ Jesus which healed the sick in the first century. It was to let that Mind be in them which was also in Christ Jesus which was the message of Paul to the Church at Philippi. Exactly in proportion as a man attains the Mind which was in Christ Jesus, he attains that understanding of spiritual law which is demonstrated in the destruction of inharmony of every sort. Gradually, as the understanding of spiritual law grows in his thought, the belief in materiality gives way, and he learns what Jesus meant when he said to the ruler who came to him by night, "That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit. Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born again." The reply of Nicodemus showed how completely he misunderstood what Jesus had said to him. The healing accomplished by the apostles in demonstration of Jesus' teaching showed how they had understood what Jesus said to them. Jesus was the great elder brother of mankind, and those who wish to follow in his footsteps need to accept his teaching, to demonstrate it as he demonstrated it, and, finally, to overcome the flesh as he overcame it.

It was by the works of the Christians of the first century that the Christian religion was spread. It is by the works of the Christian Scientists in this century that Christian Science is being spread. For between forty and fifty years, the healing of Christian Science has been going on, in an ever increasing ratio. During that time, hundreds upon thousands of men and women have been healed of every form of disease, and rescued from every phase of sorrow and sin. The day when it was possible to smile at Christian Science healing has gone by for ever. It is not one case of healing, but thousands upon thousands to which the Christian Science Church can point, and when these people who have been healed are told that they never were sick, they are apt to answer with an argument, which I gather would appeal to the critical acumen of Mr. Thorn, "One thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see."

FREDERICK DIXON.

\* \* \*

A GENE-ALOGICAL QUESTION.

Sir,—Everyone who takes an interest in the true history of ideas must thank Mr. Montague Bain for his timely exposure of an abominable conspiracy. It is fortunate that such a close student of Mr. Bax's works was available for the task. May I point out to him, however, that a much wider conspiracy still remains unexposed. A "Trust in ideas" of a similar kind to the one he speaks of is working in the same field, with the same object—that of booming a "foreigner" at the expense of a mere Englishman. A set of corrupt vested interests, firmly established in all the Universities of Europe from Oxford to Salamanca, is endeavouring to create the impression that it was Aristotle who invented the expression "alogical." It is true that this much-overrated philosopher does in several places use the word "alolon" with the same significance. But as Mr. R. M. Bain so justly points out, though Mr. Bax had not definitely developed his conception till '92, yet he had mentioned the word "alogical" in '85, and it is highly probable that as an intelligent boy he had often "thought" of it, many years earlier still, though circumstances prevented him from printing it.

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