NOTES OF THE WEEK.

It is so rarely that any journal has the intellectual honesty to acknowledge the force of criticism directed against its once expressed views that we have particular pleasure in reprinting the following editorial from the "Spectator" of last week:

Some striking criticisms of the Insurance Bill from the Socialist standpoint have been appearing in The New Age, a paper which, we are glad to note, maintains its sincerity and independence as well as its high literary standard. The line of argument taken by our contemporary is that the tendency of Mr. Lloyd George's Bill and of all similar legislation is not in the least towards the equalisation of wealth. It will, on the contrary, make the rich richer and the poor poorer, and will lead ultimately to a condition of slavery.

Now that the "Spectator" has joined the already formidable body of critics of the principle of the Insurance Bill, it may not be hopeless to expect that Mr. Lloyd George and the other politicians will cease their denials that any criticism of principle exists. We can well understand that his daily rounds with various interests affected by the Bill have disposed Mr. Lloyd George to be unable to see wood for trees; but the fact remains that the Bill is even worse in principle than it is likely to prove in practice. And that is saying a good deal, for we are convinced that the Bill in practice will prove, if not unworkable, at least so cumbersome, expensive and unpopular as to require amending every six months for years to come.

To the criticism of principle and detail already accumulated in these columns and elsewhere must now be added the searching analysis made by Mr. Sidney Webb and summarised in a recent issue of "The Crusade." The whole, we understand, will shortly appear in volume form. On the face of it, it may seem odd that publicists who have been advocating compulsory as distinct from optional powers in matters of industrial legislation should in the case of a National Insurance Bill be opposed to universality and to compulsion. But the reasons are plain on examination. Thrift is robbed of all its virtue when it is compulsory, so that there is no need to discuss the moral aspect. But since in effect a system of compulsory contributions be aggravated by universality and compulsion. In the next the problem of malingering, which must obviously be asked is whether the tax is fairly levied and economically raised. Neither question can be satisfactorily answered in the case of Mr. Lloyd George's Bill. The Labour Party will doubtless have something to say on the Third Reading concerning the apportionment of the contributions: but on the question of cost of collection it is enough to remark that the most moderate estimate puts it as 20 per cent. of the amount collected. This compares badly with the two or three per cent. which is the amount charged by the Inland Revenue. There is next the problem of malingering, which must obviously be aggravated by universality and compulsion. In the Friendly Societies, and exactly in proportion to their centralisation, malingering has been found to increase with the passing years. The inducements to malingering will be multiplied when the patron is no longer even friendly. The form—the form in which the upshot will be crystallised in the minds of the masses—the State is offering to pay for the working classes. We must confess that The New Age is a preventive of these evils than Fire or Accident Insurance is a preventive of calamity; and that the necessarily limited periods of relief will leave over in chronic cases the problem of complete destitution still to be solved. An even more serious consideration,
however, is the class of Post Office contributors; about whom Mr. Lloyd George has been vague and optimistic almost to the point of deception. These parishes and outcasts of the Friendly Societies are estimated in the summary as of Mr. Lloyd George's Bill to number something less than a million all told; but by no means they appear to be at least five times as many. Only the cream, in fact, of the working classes are likely to have anything given to them under this Bill; from the rest that has not shewn itself away even that which they have. For several millions of the most needy of our population the Bill will merely set up a compulsory savings bank with a high rate of interest, it is true, but with deductions for working expenses and with forfeitures of deposits at death. An anything more cynically unjust it would be difficult to conceive.  

The increment of support to our criticism of the Bill entitles us to demand now that the Bill should either be withdrawn or (which is the same thing) postponed to another Session. A Bill which has been demonstrated to be rotten in principle and prospectively costly, unjust and dishonest has no right to the world to become an Act merely to save the face of a quite dispensable politician. We have made enquiries to discover whether Mr. Lloyd George had in the first instance any real demand for the Bill outside the precincts of his own fancy, and in the second instance consulted anybody but himself in its preparation. The answer to both questions is in the negative. Nobody wanted State Compulsory Insurance, neither the Friends of Socialism nor the Trade Unions, nor workingmen nor pariahs. And nobody wants it now! It was partly in pursuance of German theory and partly to avoid falling into the hands of Mr. Webb and the collectivists that Mr. Lloyd George devised his scheme. It is a makeshift for the shop-window, decorated with rhetoric, hollow or corrupting inside; an invention, in short, of a politician. Moreover, as Mr. Lloyd George positively boasts, it is a private invention. Three mortal injuries has it been simmering in his mind without ever once publicly boiling over or receiving any fresh ingredients; with the result that we now all see with disgust, deputation after deputation, consultation after consultation of vested interests with a Cabinet Minister for the purpose of squeezing his Bill dry of concessions. The same, we are told, of the American politician. Under the circumstances no discredit will attach to anybody but Mr. Lloyd George himself if the Bill is withdrawn. On the contrary, our national credit for sense will be immensely increased.  

There would remain, of course, the same problem to be solved, but by a different value of $x$. What is it? We have said, and the "Spectator" agrees with us, that the only safe way of proceeding is to raise wages and to leave State insurance voluntary. But it is precisely this that is so difficult. Every suggestion for raising wages by legislation is met on the threshold by the invincible objection that the State cannot force employers to employ. If the State insists on fixing a minimum wage it must, therefore, be prepared not only to pay its own employees that wage as a model employer, but to provide employment on the same terms to every individual whom private employers refuse to employ. This would lead by the back way to collectivist production as well as ownership; in other words, to Socialism. And not many politicians are yet prepared for that. On the other hand, no method, no raising wages are equally open to objection in the same quarters. Wages, it is well known, have been raised in certain industries whose trade unions are strong, but only by means which in one aspect penalise the less organised and in another penalise the public. Of the total amount paid in wages it is undoubtedly true that the Trade Unions, owing to their unionism, take rather more than their just proportion, leaving rather less to their unfortunate unskilled (that is, unorganised) brethren. Strikes, again, which are the only weapon of attack in the hands of the unions, do at least as much harm to the public as to the employers against whom they are directed. The task of raising wages as an alternative to the possibility of protest, this only many of the working classes is to fight the cliques of shareholders for as large a proportion of the product of labour as they can secure by force. This is civil war of the deadliest character, but infinitely more honourable and, therefore, in the end more beneficial than the acquiescence in charity which is doomed to end in slavery. For this reason, and in the absence of any clear-sighted statesmanship from the Front Benches, we not only urge on Trade Unions the necessity of dropping political action—which, as things are, is simply aggrandising the politicians leaders without benefiting their clients—and of resuming their industrial functions of fighting their share-holders on every convenient occasion; but we welcome such sporadic outbreaks of spirit among them as were recently seen among the printers and among workmen in the coal industry and in the Mercantile Service.  

The last-named in particular is welcome since hitherto, as everybody knows, there has been next to no voice given to their grievances, the assembling of the men being in the nature of the case impossible. It is not too much to hope and believe that even on the comparatively small scale on which the strike is being run its beneficial effects on wages will be more considerable than if a Parliamentary Session was not spent in discussing the subject. The strike as a weapon of proletarian progress has by no means lost its edge.  

The only obvious respect in which the annual function of the Women's procession through the streets of London differed this year from last year was in size. The procession on Saturday was very large, numbering 50,000 persons, including or excluding nearly a couple of thousand bandmen. As a demonstration of the money and leisure at the disposal of women the exhibition was impressive; but we are bound to add that, in our opinion, the spirit both of the procession and of the women and of the ideas through whom they passed was distinctly feebler than last year. The explanation of the phenomenon, if we have rightly observed it, is not to be found in the repeated disappointments the Women's movement has suffered at the hands of politicians. Not one of the leaders really believed that we have been within measurable distance of Women's Suffrage. It is, on the contrary, due to the depletion of its own ranks of the most spirited members of former times, and to the consequent lowering in fighting tone of the whole movement. This is plainly to be seen in its inevitable outcome, the sameness, not to say the monotony, of the methods and phrases now employed. Having originated in the same group of women who have throughout the five years' campaign controlled affairs, the ideas of last year and the year before and the year before that have nothing that we have not seen before, or that struck the public as a new and living note either of defiance or illumination. The same remark applies to the literature produced by the procession in its progress. The issue of "Votes for Women," the prosperous organ of the militant union, was dated for the current week. With a few changes, mostly of figures and names, the issue might have appeared, and probably did appear, in any week of any year this last three years. This is what comes of the foolish policy of ignoring your critics
and of refusing to love your enemies. The Suffrage movement, whatever may be said of the Suffrage itself, is dying of dulness.

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Our readers will be grateful for our refusal to comment on the Coronation. Despite appearances, the event does not appear to us of public interest.

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[The New Age will shortly publish a Copyright Series of Drawings in Colour by Mr. MAX BEERBOHM.]

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

If ever the official summaries of the proceedings at the Imperial Conference be studied, they will furnish a complete refutation of the latest piece of ideology upon which both the Liberal and Conservative Press is beginning to lay absolutely unwarranted emphasis—the throwing down of the barriers between the nations, and the gradual uniting of the whole world in one brotherhood. Still, every one of us, that peerless spirit, which possesses each one of our colonies shows itself more and more eager to attain a certain individuality of its own, and any suggestions or counsels from outside sources appear to be feebly presented. If, indeed, the Press of the various colonies be carefully considered, from week to week, it will be seen that awkward questions of precedence may very shortly be raised. Newfoundland, for example, never forgets that she is the oldest colony. I do not say that she is wrong in giving herself airs on this account; but this characteristic is merely a symptom of that innate desire which every healthy and flourishing nation or individual possesses of not wishing to be "lumped" with others, i.e., of wishing to be distinctive. Canada, again, constantly reminds us of her treaty-making power; and Natal, Australia, and New Zealand are not slow in emphasising their respective characteristic traits.

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Somewhat similar remarks apply to the International Races Congress to which I alluded last week. This would have been a valuable Congress if its members had not had the fatal arrière-pensée that race distinctions were bad and should be got rid of. I do not wish to refer more than is absolutely necessary to these troubles in demagogic science, except to remind the reader of the aphorism that the popularising of science means the vulgarising of science. This remark appeared some time ago in the little German review to which we naturally turn for good stuff, "Das Litterarische Echo" (Occasionally the writers in "Das Litterarische Echo" run it close.).

* * *

The problem, then, is this: we have several colonies which, nominally subject to us, are really aiming at being separate nations united to us only by a bond of sentiment. We have other possessions which are not large enough for this, e.g., Malta. We possess a whole empire, India, which is a problem in itself; and we possess in actual fact a country, Egypt, which in theory belongs to another empire, viz., Turkey. The point which our statesmen are supposed to be considering is how these possessions can be linked up from the point of view of the empire's defence. How many of them, I wonder, ever think of this? If not actually setting down on paper, exactly—or even vaguely—what they mean by "empire"? what do they think our empire is? what would they like it to be? If they reply, with true British hard-headedness, that they have no time for theorising, it must be brought home to them that unless they define their aim they are not likely to attain it.

* * *

A few weeks ago I mentioned that the reinstatement of the railway strikers, and the riots brought about by the arbitrary and utterly stupid delimitation of the Champagne country, were likely to have some effect on the stability of the Monis Cabinet. This remark would have held good in any case; but its force was augmented by the death of M. Berteaux and the accident to M. Monis. Morocco and the two or three secret treaties formerly entered into by M. Delcassé have also had their effect, and as I write it seems to be definitely assumed in Parisian political circles that the days of the present Cabinet are numbered. However, I do not think that the crash will come for a few weeks yet, in the normal course of events: unfortunately for predictions, French Cabinets usually fall abnormally.

Who M. Monis's successor is likely to be is a matter of speculation. M. Fallières is not likely to look for an adventurous or daring Premier like M. Delcassé. But it is nevertheless likely that M. Delcassé, who is at present acting as Minister for the Navy, will be included in the next Cabinet in some capacity or another. If not, his influence, it is fairly safe to say, will count for something in the Chamber. An attempt will be made by the wirepullers to secure the formation of a Cabinet including Delcassé, Clemenceau, and possibly Poincaré also. In so far as French politics can be said to approach the people at all, the people will be interested in the joint authority of these three who would, on the whole, welcomed by the country, apart from its actual trend. For the Latin countries personality still counts and is appreciated.

* * *

In any case, whatever the next Government may be, there is little doubt that the foreign policy of the previous governments will be continued; and the most important point, of course, is Morocco. M. Cruppi's speech in the Chamber on June 14 gives us a pretty fair notion of what will happen. General Moinier is now at Fez; and before he leaves there he is to reorganise the Sultan's army. This is a task of very considerable magnitude; but it is as nothing when compared with the sentence in which M. Cruppi calmly speaks of great changes which will have to be made in the manner in which the Sultan at present collects his taxes, i.e., by "farming." He means to exhort the inhabitants of districts who, in return for the sum they have paid to their Imperial master for the privilege of collecting his dues, recoup themselves on the people over whom they exercise what in most cases amounts to despotic authority.

* * *

It is obvious that France must assume responsibility for these reforms; and this means, of course, that armed French authority will be represented at Fez for many months to come. Then, on his return journey to the coast, General Moinier is to traverse the Zaer country and to punish the inhabitants for murdering Lieutenant Marchand and a few French soldiers last winter. From this it will be seen that the French policy in Morocco must necessarily take considerable time to come; and any Cabinet which succeeds the present one under M. Monis will find its hands tied to a considerable extent.

Things are moving in Turkey. The stern warning despatched by Russia some time ago in favour of Montenegro was drawn up in combination with the Austrian Government, which has now, through the semi-official "Fremdenblatt," as well as by semi-official and official messages delivered through the Ambassador at Constantinople, more than hinted to the Young Turks that peace must be reached in Albania. Austria's action, as is now an open secret in diplomatic circles, was inspired by the Archduke Franz Ferdinand, the heir-presumptive; and it may as well be stated that the Austrian Foreign Minister, Count von Aehrenthal, will hold office just as long as the Archduke thinks fit, and no longer.

* * *

This joint action by Austria and Russia has caused no little surprise in Germany, and the more violent sections of the patriotic Press have gone so far as to attack the Archduke. No reasonable excuse, however, can be found for interfering with the Archduke; and it will note with some thankfulness that the words of command from St. Petersbourg and Vienna have brought the Young Turks to heel.
The Two Irelands.

By Anglo-Irishman.

As everyone knows, there are in Ireland two Irelands. That dream of the good Thomas Davis, namely, a union of all Irishmen that should give his country "the greatest and most various materials for an illustrious life of all Irishmen that should give his country not the hereditary vendetta between Irish and English quality? And upon this subject we in Ireland of both parties have not only misled English public opinion (as it is our trade to do), but we have deceived ourselves, never daring to think, much less to speak, our thought. It is our trade to do, but we have deceived ourselves, never daring to think, much less to speak, our thought.

Strongbow's men did become, as I am willing to believe, "more Irish than the Irish themselves," the latter settlers, the Cromwellians and Orangemen, even where they have led a people (as in Grattan's days), have kept the manners, and tradition of their kind. Thus you will find, if you look for it, a foreigner's disdain for the "mere Irish" in that long line of Anglo-Irish patriots from Talbot, Earl of Tyrconnell, to Charles Stewart Parnell; and it would be difficult to say which the proud Colonial society of Dublin at the close of the eighteenth century despised more, the Papist or an Englishman.

We, the Anglo-Irish, have always held to the idea of a mission in the land which was our spoil. First we upheld Civilization against Barbarism. Later it was our duty to save the Kelt from the errors of Popery. Lastly, it was our fate to become missionaries of Empire "England's Faithful Garrison," which must never be betrayed.

Under modern examination all these apologies for our existence are scouted. It is no longer believed that the Gael was a naked savage before our coming; indeed, the outside world is now inclined to exaggerate his early achievement in art, literature, and government. As to our attempt to make of him a good Christian and Imperialist, it was, no doubt, a noble, worthwhile, but so is ludicrous a failure that the least said is the better.

But our own loyalism is, and has been, strictly conditioned; not to mention the fact that we have always supplied our fellow-countrymen with the most dangerous enemies of English rule—witness the Wolfe Tones, their John Mitchels, their Parnells. To-day, weakened by the many disasters and humiliations that we have endured during the nineteenth century, we are losing our sense of being the "master race" in Ireland. It is less often said among us that the "natural leaders" of the Irishry, and that "ours are the gifts that govern men." Some of us have even begun to study the grammar of the Gael, though this, as Mr. George Moore said during his second Irish lecture, "is more than any country may ask of her son.

In short, the Kelt has proved that his conquest is not a fact. We, the English, have not conquered Ireland, as the Franks and Saxons—those Imperialists, as a Gobineau would say, those energetic minorities ready to take upon themselves the responsibility for masses inferior to them in courage and culture—conquered the Gauls and Britons. Had we done so, Ireland would have been a nation long ago. But we have always wavered between two contradictory conceptions of our status and our duties to the conquered. In the plain of the Kelt they that do not accord us the privileges of a national aristocracy, while at the same time we complain of the Englishness of Ireland, that they betray the interests of their garrison.

Mr. William O'Brien once wrote a book with the title "The Lost Opportunities of the Irish Gentry." It was said of the landlords that they had but to become good patriots to secure the future of their class; the mere Irishry must forgive everything to men of good birth and breeding. No doubt the argument was used in good faith; possibly Irish Conservatism would have done well to hearken to it. Certainly it has lost its force and sense to-day.

An old idea is exploded (as, indeed, the failure of Mr. O'Brien's conciliation policy shows), the idea, namely, that all Ireland, forgetting for the moment divisions of race, class and creed, might one day agree in a common national demand. On the contrary, Home Rule is to come as an episode of the social war, and not as a truce. And it is absurd to assert, with the Unionists, that Irish Ireland cares nothing for those issues which now disturb the English political world, except in so far as they may serve a tactical purpose. The extraordinary ferocity with which Mr. Redmond and his followers have engaged themselves in the campaign against the House of Lords, may only be explained by a reference to Irish racial history; a Nietzschean might call it a slave-revolt.

Mised by his chiefs and spokesman—themselves, as a rule, men of English stock and whose patriotism arose, as a recent writer says quite truly, upon a rupture with Gaelic tradition, by men whose attachment to the interests of their class, the product of a Germanic and aristocratic civilisation—the Kelt had for the last two centuries misunderstood himself in many important particulars. Really, the faithful peasant who would die for the "old family" in the "big house" comes, like the stage Irishman, out of Anglo-Irish books; of course, a few old retainers and an odd car driver in Dublin or Cork have tried to live up to their types in literature.

Thank God, then, says the Irish democrat of to-day, for the anti-Irish spirit of our upper classes. Thank God that they not only came as aliens, as every aristocracy has come, but remained as aliens. Had the landlord "taken up" with Ireland, then the fight for liberty of the subject-classes would never have possible, as it has with the fight for national liberty. "As the Irish septs of the past were accounted Irish or English according as they accepted or rejected the foreign social order, as they measured their oppression or freedom by the loss or recovery of the collective ownership of their lands, so the Irish toilers from henceforward will base their fight for freedom upon the mastery of those workshops, factories and farms, upon which a people's bread and liberty depend." In the words of the most recent of the "irreconcilable element," adds the same writer, "Irishmen have always been the least compromising, the most irreconcilable element." And in his famous book, "L'Inégalité des Races Humaines," we find that Gobineau, a soi-distant descendant of Scandinavian jarls, writing, of course, with quite opposite sympathies, bewails the Union; and why? Precisely because it encouraged Keltic blood to mix with English, and so brought about political innovations that lacked fidelity to the old spirit of the British Constitution. Take again the old Irish clan system, Ireland's refusal to accept feudalism, her refusal of a Middle Ages; it is admitted on every side that the Germanic civilisation out of which all the European aristocracies have sprung, is antagonistic to the Kelt. "In wishing to drive away her landlords," remarks Mr. R. A. Scott James, in an Englishman in Ireland," "Ireland wishes to drive away her aliens; she has driven away patronage, class prejudice, and that diseased fever of which she传染ed the English. In Ireland, we complain of the Englishness of Ireland, that they betray the interests of their garrison.

"Labour in Irish History." By James Connolly. (Maunsel and Co., Dublin.)

How should the Unionist orators who argue that the last General Election was won by the Liberals only by the aid of the "Celtic fringe," use this theory of a friend? It is not easy to say.

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abandonment of the best traditions of the Irish race.” Ireland, at the same time, as she lost her ancient social system, also lost her language, as the vehicle of thought of those as acted as her leaders. “Since Grattan’s time,” writes the author of the “Philosophy of Irish Ireland,” every popular leader has perpetuated this primary condition. They thrive over Irish civilisation, whilst they profess—and professed in perfect good faith—to fight for Irish nationality.

Indeed, one may trace all the dishonesties, tragedies, and comedies of modern Irish history to Grattan, Flood and Plunkett, and that old house on College Green, with its bastard green flag, and bastard English-Irish rhetoric, whereby the Gael was duped, and his intellect drugged for a century. But as the forms of the old Gaelic civilisation are not to be recovered, as the language may not be saved, in short, as Kathleen-ny-Houlihan is dead of a broken heart, so, it seems to me, the racial contest, as it will continue in a self-governed Ireland, will best be viewed in the light of a contest between the aristocratic and democratic idea.

The end of the year 1907 saw, as I have said, a remarkable turn in the political tide. Through the spring and summer of 1907 the Labour Party seemed to be steadily growing in strength and popularity. Whatever was lost to Liberalism was gained to Labour. Whatever the official backing of the Labour Party, captured the Jarrow Division of Durham, the Leeds seats, and a Unionist seat, had been contested by a Labourite at West Manchester. The Dewsbury election deserves special notice because it was the first of the series in which Labour took part. The figures are instructive:

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<th>General Election, By-Election, 1906.</th>
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<td>Lib. ... ... 6,764 ... 5,594</td>
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It will be seen that, while the Unionist poll had increased by over 1,000, the Labour had fallen by nearly 200. Clearly the flowing tide was no longer with Labour; it was flowing in the direction of the Opposition.

What had happened during those four or five months? The answer to that question will, I think, explain much of the failure of the Liberal Party.

There exists in English politics a thing called “the swing of the pendulum.” The phrase is by no means an inapt one, for it suggests a part of a machine and a part necessary to its proper and regular working.

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The Labour and Socialist tide. The first sign of its receding was the by-election in Kirkdale, a seat which had so long been held almost as a territorial property by the wealthy Family of Palmer. Just a fortnight later a more startling victory was gained. Mr. Victor Grayson, fighting as an independent Socialist without even the official backing of the Labour Party, captured in a three-cornered fight a seat at Colne Valley which the central organisation regarded as hopeless and refused to contest. Mr. Grayson’s triumph caused something like a panic among the propertied classes. A number of Conservative newspapers broke out simultaneously into a crusade against Socialism. Even the Stock Exchange felt the effect of that panic, nor, as I shall show later, were the official Labourites altogether unaffected by it.

The Colne Valley election marks the high-water mark of the Labour and Socialist tide. The first sign of its receding was the by-election in the Kirkdale Division of Liverpool in September. Kirkdale, a Unionist seat, had been contested by a Labourite at the General Election of 1906. The sameLabour candidate contested it again in 1908. In neither case was there any Liberal candidate. Not only did the Labour Party fail to win the seat, but the Unionist majority was slightly increased. The difference was not great, and may easily have been due to 100 or 200 votes. Still, after Jarrow and Colne Valley, it was a check.

The New Year came unmistakable indications that the prostrated Tory Party was beginning at last to recover its strength. In January, 1908, a by-election took place in Mid-Davenport, and a Liberal majority of 1,289 was converted into a Unionist majority of 559. Close upon this came the conversion of a Liberal majority of 312 in South Hereford into a Unionist majority of 1,019. March, which saw the introduction of the Licensing Bill, saw also the climax of the Tory triumph in the Peckham election, where a Liberal majority of 2,339 became a Unionist majority of 2,494. The next month at Dewsbury the Liberal majority was reduced from nearly 4,000 to a little over 500, and Mr. Chamberlain Churchill lost his seat at North-West Manchester.

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The Decline and Fall of the Labour Party.

By Cecil Chesterton.

4.—The Wrong Turning.

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right to drink when they want to; secondly, the right to get good, sound, wholesome liquor when they ask for it; thirdly, the smashing of the monopoly which forces them to take anything the rich choose to give them in the way of drink, however filthy and poisonous, "well quickly would the nation have responded! How soon would the Labour Party have regained all the prestige that it had lost, and rallied the working class to its standard!

Nothing of the sort happened. The Labour Party took sides in the squalid commercial squabble, and vehemently backed the grocers and cocoa manufacturers against the brewers. The result was that the people turned to the Tories as the only people who were from whatever moitises making some kind of fight in defence of their habits and traditions. The Labour Party was left stranded.

The failure of the Labour Party to take the right line in regard to the Licensing Bill must be attributed to a combination of causes. Very largely it was due to the fact that the Labour men who took a sound and sane view of the question had not the grit to stand up to their Puritan colleagues. Only a week before the Licensing Bill was introduced a notice appeared in the press to the effect that the Labour Party had quite made up its mind to adopt the policy I recommended and to repudiate utterly the doctrine of compulsory teetotalism. But, when the time came, Mr. Henderson rose and, speaking for the party, declared that his complaint against the Bill was that it did not go far enough. The Labour member who had so spoken to me and others, as I knew, agreed with my view, sat silent, and by their silence gave consent. As a result the Labour Party was committed out and out to the policy dictated to the Government by the rich teetotalers, cocoa manufacturers and grocers.

I think, too, that it was about this time that more cognate motives began to weigh with the Labour members. The example of Mr. Burns was before their eyes. That remarkable man had shown that Labour agitation might easily be made a stepping-stone both to power and to pecuniary profit. It is not unreasonable to suppose that a good many of the Labourites, seeing so startling an illustration of the profitableness of treason, should have cast longing eyes towards the Treasury Bench.

I shall doubtless be blamed for making such a suggestion. But I am trying to write history, and the essence of history is truth. Timidity and thick-headedness may in many cases account for the actions of the Trade Union secretaries suddenly raised to the dignity of members of Parliament. But for the actions of men of the type of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and Mr. Philip Snowden I am unable to find any plausible explanation save that indicated above.

The National Theatre Question.

By William Poel.

Does the present scheme appeal to the nation? Will it supply the higher needs of the nation's drama? These are questions on which light should be thrown.

Personally I should like to see every theatre in the country a national one, but the claims of the actor-manager and the syndicates stand in the way. Certain it is that the imagination of the public has not yet been touched by this Whittall scheme; but, then, the Executive Committee has not made the best of its opportunity. It is two years and three months now since the first appeal for funds was made, and so far the response has not been encouraging. In March, 1909 the scheme was launched and priced at half a million of pounds; we are now within five years of April, 1916, and the total amount of money raised for the project is about ten thousand pounds, excluding the gift of £70,000, not given by an Englishman, and announced on the day the subscription list was opened. Unfortunately, the cost of collecting this ten thousand pounds has been very considerable, although it is not possible to quote the exact amount, because no accounts have been published during the three years the Executive has been in office. In fact, the arbitrary attitude adopted by the Executive towards the General Committee is what most calls for explanation, and it is this which prompts me to lay my case before the readers of _The New Age_.

History of the Movement.

The movement began so far back as the year 1900. It was then proposed by myself to present to the London County Council a petition for the grant of a site for the erection of a memorial in the form of the old Globe Playhouse, so as to perpetuate for the benefit of posterity the kind of stage with which Shakespeare was so long and intimately associated. The outcome of this proposal, which remained in abeyance during the anxious period of the war, was a meeting organised by T. Fairman Ordish, F.S.A., and held in the hall of Clifford's Inn on "Shakespeare Day," 1902. The chair was taken by Mr. Frederic Harrison, and the result of the meeting was recorded in two resolutions, one establishing the London Shakespeare Commemoration Committee, the other recommending the proposed memorial of the model Globe Playhouse be considered by the Committee of the League. It was ultimately found, however, that a structure of the kind could not be erected in a central position in London owing to the County Council's building restrictions. In the following year an interesting development arose in connection with the League in the formation of the Provisional Committee of the London Shakespeare Memorial. The movement was made possible by the generous gift of Mr. Richard Badger to the League of the sum of £2,500 to form the nucleus of a fund for the erection of a statue, and the London County Council offered a site, if sufficient funds could be collected to ensure a worthy memorial. The Provisional Committee was composed of a number of influential people, among whom were eight members of the Council of the League, including the president, the late Dr. Furnivall. But the idea of a statue was not the only scheme offered for the Provisional Committee's deliberations. Some were in favour of a "Shakespeare Temple" to "serve the purposes of humane learning, much in the same way as Burlington House has served those of natural science." This suggestion, however, called forth a protest, and on February 27, 1905, a letter appeared in the "Times" in which it was stated that "any museum which could be formed in London would be a rubbish heap of trivialities."

The letter was signed by J. M. Barrie, Professor A. C. Bradley, Lord Carlisle, Sir W. S. Gilbert, Mr. Edmund Gosse, Mr. Maurice Hewlett, the Earl of Lytton, Dr. Gilbert Murray, Lord Onslow, Sir A. W. Pinero, Sir Frederick Pollock, Mr. A. B. Walkley, and Professor W. Aldis Wright. On the next day was held a public meeting at the Mansion House with the Lord Mayor presiding. No special mention of a statue was made, nor of a "Shakespeare Temple," while Mr. Bram Stoker pointed out the difficulties and expense of a National Theatre. On the proposition of Dr. Furnivall, seconded by Sir H. Beerbohm Tree, the following resolution was passed:

That the meeting approves of the proposal for a Shakespeare Memorial in London, and appoints a General Committee, to be further added to, for the purpose of organising the movement and determining the form of a memorial.

On this General Committee I was asked to serve and was duly elected. On Thursday, July 6, 1905, the General Committee
was summoned to the Mansion House to receive the report of the Special Committee appointed to consider the various proposals. This committee, which was elected by the General Committee, was as follows:—Lord Alverstone, Lord Avebury, Lord Reay, Sir Henry Craufurd, Sir Charles G. Jebb, Sir Francis Maund', Lord H. F. Benson, Mr. S. H. Butcher, Mr. W. L. Courtneym, Mr. Walter Crane, Dr. F. J. Furnivall, Sir G. L. Gomme, Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins, Mr. Bram Stoker, Dr. A. W. Ward.

The report was made by this committee, which was unanimously adopted, was that "the form of the memorial be that of an architectural monument including a statue." But it was also recommended if funds permitted, as a possible subsidiary project, "the erection of a building in which Shakespeare's plays could be acted without scenery." This part of the scheme met with strong opposition from some members of the General Committee, and Sir Herbert Tree, as representing the dramatic profession, declared that he would not, and could not, countenance it.

Finally, by the narrow majority of one vote (that of the chairman, Lord Reay) it was decided that this part of the Report should be dropped, as well as the proposal to use the site adjoining the new County Hall, recommending that the site of the old Globe Playhouse be retained for the theatre scheme, which was not, as to costume and in idea, a burlesque and a travesty of the poet, or a dramatist. What, then, would be the effect of an Academy which had never shown any special appreciation of the poet and his plays, for, so far as my experience goes, there never has been a Shakespearean picture exhibited on the walls of the Royal Academy; which was not, as to costume and in idea, a burlesque of the dramatist's intentions, always excepting those painted by Seymour Lucas, R.A., who, strange to say, was not one of the judges selected. But it soon became evident from correspondence in the newspapers that the project of a statue in Portland Place did not satisfy the wishes of a very large number of influential men, and of a very important section of the public. Accordingly, a public meeting took place at the Lyceum, under the presidency of Lord Lytton, on Tuesday, May 19, 1908, when a resolution was carried in favour of a National Theatre as a memorial to Shakespeare. Steps were then taken to urge the existing Shakespeare Memorial Committee to amalgamate with the National Theatre Committee, which finally was agreed upon. A new Executive was nominated for this purpose, and on March 5, 1908, was summoned on March 23, 1909, to receive and sanction the Report, which recommended the raising by subscription of £500,000 to build and endow a theatre in which Shakespeare's plays should be acted for at least one day in each week.

This, then, is the history of the movement, we may almost call it of the conflict, which for seven years centred round the great event that is to happen in 1916, "the assembling of Englishmen of every class and religious belief before some worthy National Memorial." But, alas, this pious wish of the founder of the movement can never now be fulfilled, since England possesses many honest puritans who acknowledge Shakespeare as their greatest poet, but who will not give one penny to the building of a theatre. For this reason—that of the conscientious objector—it is a pity that the original promoters of the scheme for the erection of a statue did not, before consenting to amalgamate with the promoters of the theatre scheme, make it clear that this conciliatory proposition of the "Daily News" that there should be a statue erected either in front of the theatre, or inside it, for which an independent subscription list might be opened.

The Executive's Report.

We now have to consider what seems to me to be the chief flaw in the National Theatre scheme as it is at present initiated, and that is the Report which was brought before the General Committee on March 23, 1909, and which was accepted by them, but not without some amount of protesting, of which, perhaps, I was the most persistent offender. The Lord Mayor's parlour was crowded with some hundred or more men and women, consisting of the General and Provisional Committees of the two rival schemes, now amalgamated, all of whom were meeting together for the first time, and it was evident to me that with the exception of the Executive those present had little idea of what they were called upon to do, or were aware that they were conferring powers upon the Executive as to the management of our National Theatre which, when once granted, made it impossible for the General Committee to re-open the subject, to revise their decisions, or to alter them. It is true that the Executive stated in their Report to the Committee that they were framing statutes in a form which could be considered final, but so far as the General Committee was concerned what they once sanctioned they could not withdraw. On the other hand, what modifications or additions the Executive afterwards made to the statutes they naturally have again to come before the General Committee for its approval, a point overlooked or ignored by the Executive, as will appear later on. But the fact is that the Report is a mistake, and should never have been passed by the General Committee, for it either states too much or too little and can please nobody. Since the Executive had decided that they must purchase a site and build a new theatre (an altogether unnecessary proceeding, in my opinion) it would have been better to report on this part of the scheme and to leave the question of management for future consideration; for the financial question alone might well have received more careful consideration. As the Report now stands, subscribers are not protected in any way; the Executive may begin building whenever they choose.

It is true that the Executive stated in their Report that the Assembly of Englishmen of every class and religious belief might be held among the public at a price; but I believe I was the only person in the room to raise the question of management, which was not, as to costume and in idea, a burlesque of the dramatist's intentions, always excepting those painted by Seymour Lucas, R.A., who, strange to say, was not one of the judges selected. But it soon became evident from correspondence in the newspapers that the project of a statue in Portland Place did not satisfy the wishes of a very large number of influential men, and of a very important section of the public. Accordingly, a public meeting took place at the Lyceum, under the presidency of Lord Lytton, on Tuesday, May 19, 1908, when a resolution was carried in favour of a National Theatre as a memorial to Shakespeare. Steps were then taken to urge the existing Shakespeare Memorial Committee to amalgamate with the National Theatre Committee, which finally was agreed upon. A new Executive was nominated for this purpose, and on March 5, 1908, was summoned on March 23, 1909, to receive and sanction the Report, which recommended the raising by subscription of £500,000 to build and endow a theatre in which Shakespeare's plays should be acted for at least one day in each week.

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But more inexplicable still are the clauses referring to the management of the theatre to which, unless generally, the General Committee have pledged themselves. The clause "the supreme control and authority of the theatre " shall be a body of governors who will number about forty, but apparently their "supreme control" is limited to nominating seven of their number as a Standing Committee, some of whom, and unequally split between the actors, may be elected for life. This Standing Committee, however, is to hand over all that is vital in the management of a theatre to a director over whom it has no control beyond either confirming all he does or dismissing him, so that the director becomes a one-man's hobby. So long as the director is clever enough to humour four out of the seven members of the Standing Committee he can run the theatre for the amusement of himself and his friends. He chooses the plays, arranges the programmes, engages and dismisses the artistes, and can even produce all the plays himself; the only thing he cannot do is to act in them; and yet so little have the framers of the Report grasped the realities of the situation that in their other clauses they refer to the governors dispensing pensions and honorary distinctions on the actors, forgetting that the unfortunate players are the servants of their servant director, who can dismiss them three days before the honours and pensions become due, so that even the director, who can dismiss them three days before the honours and pensions become due, that is, the director's management, which are evidently successful and efficient, and to restrict and finally abolish what is unsatisfactory. There is no choice between dismissing the director or tolerating his defects for the sake of what he does well. But the director should be the chairman of the Standing Committee; he should have power to engage the producers of the plays, because more than one is wanted; and each producer should be given sole control over the cast and the staging of the play for which he is specially engaged. Hence in no case where there was failure there would also be a remedy. Producers, authors, and actors who showed that they were unskilful in the work they were called upon to do would not be again invited to help in the performances of the National Theatre, but in regard to those who had shown exceptional talent steps would be taken to gradually add them to the permanent staff, while the fact that the director was chairman of the Standing Committee would give him a position of importance, and his influence would affect the artistes' engagements, and would ensure respect and fair treatment for their labours. As the position is now, no talent can come into the theatre except at the will of one person who would occupy no higher post than that of the manager, which is specially engaged. In that case outside talent, however admirable of its kind, would never be seen in our National Theatre if it is not to the liking of the director; and it may be taken for granted, as the clause now stands, that no test will admit dismissal from the director without appealing to the Standing Committee, hoping to prejudice the director in its eyes and thus to create friction that can only be avoided by making the director chairman of the Standing Committee.

Now, in regard to the choice of new plays. Here the Standing Committee apparently has the final word, which, as a fact, has no real value attached to it because all new plays have first to be reported upon (that is, recommended) by the director and the board managing the theatre of which the play is chosen against the wishes of the director, its fate is none the less sealed since he has sole control over the casting of the play and its production. But before a new play can be presented in the National Theatre it ought to be submitted to the opinion of the three parties interested in its production. Experts know that a dramatic success depends upon (1) the quality of the play, (2) the ability of the actors who interpret the play, (3) the intelligence of the director, and (4) the production. The play, to be fairly judged, should be read before a tribunal consisting of the director, two dramatists (who have contributed plays to the repertory), two of the theatre's leading actors, and two members of the Standing Committee. Authors would then know that their work would be judged by experts representing every department of the theatre.

Then there is the question of what plays, other than new ones, should be included in the repertory. Here, again, the choice rests with the director, and, if his taste is not catholic, what confusion he will make of it! For instance, are such plays as "Still Waters Run Deep," "The Road to Ruin," and "Black-Eyed Susan" classical? In one sense I think they are, because there is not by any means a sufficient number of English plays at a certain period. But some men might not think so. It is too large a question for one man to settle.

The fault, then, of the constitution of the National Theatre, as it is at present framed, is that all the direction of what is vital to the dignity and permanency of the institution is put under the control of one man, when no single person can possibly have the knowledge and experience to cover so large a variety of work. Discrimination has not been applied; what is required of a repertory theatre and a national theatre. The one is purely an experimental theatre, where the courage and Freedom of the dictator is an advantage. We look upon him as the pioneer to revolutionise existing conventions which have had their day and lost their use. He is an innovator, and we forgive his failures for the sake of his successes. Far different is the position of the National Theatre. Its mission is not to make experiments, but to assimilate the talent which has already been tried and found deserving, and to rescue from oblivion good plays for the permanent use of the community. Besides, its proceedings must be carried on with decorum. It has State functions and duties to consider; it has all shades of political and religious differences to take into consideration. One mistake made may alienate for ever the support of Royalty, of Government, of Parliament, of the Clergy, of the Democracy. Surely the direction of such an institution can be more efficiently carried on by a committee than by an individual!

However, we have to do now with what is, and not with what should be. In the historic parlour of the Lord Mayor of the world's greatest city was decided in less than two hours, and practically without discussion, the basis of the construction of the English National Theatre. As Alfred Lyttelton rose to suggest that the members of the General Committee should be called upon to pay £1 each yearly towards the outgoing expenses of the Executive, C. T. Hunt, the chairman of the Standing Committee, inter- rupted him by asking that the late Mr. Badger had in his will left £3,000 for the purpose of defraying the initial expenses of the National Shakespeare Memorial. Whether a motion was taken on the matter I forget, but the next day I sent a pound to the secretary. Soon after I received a communication from the Executive asking it to me, suggesting that as I was a member of the Standing Committee apparently has the final word, its fate is none the less sealed since he has sole control over the casting of the play and its production. But before a new play can be presented in the National Theatre it ought to be submitted to the opinion of the three parties interested in its production. Experts know that a dramatic success depends upon (1) the quality of the play, (2) the ability of the actors who interpret the play, (3) the intelligence of the director, and (4) the production. The play, to be fairly judged, should be read before a tribunal consisting of the director, two dramatists (who have contributed plays to the repertory), two of the theatre's leading actors, and two members of the Standing Committee. Authors would then know that their work would be judged by experts representing every department of the theatre.

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for public circulation; but to be accurate, since the meeting on March 23, 1909, the Executive had added two new clauses to their Report, altered the wording in some of the other clauses, and re-arranged the form of the title. It may be said that the alterations are new clauses to their Report, altered the wording in some of the other clauses, and re-arranged the form of the title. It may be said that the alterations are new clauses to their Report, altered the wording in some of the other clauses, and re-arranged the form of the title.

The Executive have had in raising money, it is bent upon apart for the endowment fund. What part of the subscriber's money will be set aside for the endowment fund? Will the director be producer? If not, to what extent will he control the producer? If Shakespeare's plays are acted once a week, in what way will they be produced? If other classical plays are given, by what standard of criticism will they be chosen?

No answer came to this communication. On January 10, 1910, Mr. Philip Carr wrote to me asking for my subscription of £1 for 1910. I replied that I could not subscribe again until I had received a balance-sheet for 1909. I asked when there would be another meeting of the General Committee. To this also I received no reply. Early in May, 1910, Mr. Perris wrote to me asking me to subscribe for drawing-room meetings, and would I consent to speak? I replied that I would do so, provided I was at liberty to criticise the ruling of the Executive when I disagreed with them. I again asked when the Executive proposed calling a meeting. At last, on June 23, Dr. Gollancz wrote that, owing to the death of the King, it had been necessary to put off the date of the meeting till the autumn, and that "meanwhile I must be patient." In the following December Dr. Gollancz wrote to me that in all probability there would be a meeting somewhere about next May, "as at present there is very little to put before the general body." We have now reached the middle of June, 1911, and nothing in connection with the work of the Executive has been reported to the General Committee since March 23, 1909; not that the Executive has been idle, but I do not believe that your actions are wise, you need have no fear that the public will not be ready to support you. As you at present exist you are a body of autocrats, responsible to nobody.

I have every sympathy with a National Theatre as a memorial to Shakespeare, because I think the highest honour that can be rendered to our poet-dramatist is to provide English actors—and Shakespeare was himself an actor—to permanent home where the art as an art can be recognised and encouraged. A National Theatre must give dignity to the dramatic profession and inspire emulation among its members by conferring upon them honour and reward, provided always that the actors are the servants of the institution and not of a salaried official in that institution. Personally, I do not care to see Shakespeare acted in a modern theatre, and I do not think his plays can ever have justice done to them in such a building. But, none the less, I look upon the National Theatre as an imperative need if the drama is to flourish, and I believe, if Shakespeare were living to-day, he would say so too. The Executive of the present Memorial, in my opinion, made a false start by concentrating public attention on the building as the primary object, instead of on the institution, and then by ignoring the claims of the dramatic profession as the proper authorities to be first consulted. The labour, the anxiety, the expense of providing the public with amusement in this country has been hitherto, and is still, borne by our acting managers. They at present are the people's favourites, and all have individually a large public following. It was but just to these men to ask them to come into the scheme as honorary members of the institution, in the hope that they would associate themselves with those parts and plays of more ordinary merit which undoubtedly have a claim to be admitted into the repertory of a National Theatre, and with which they individually were specially identified.

The second urgent matter for consideration was the provincial Repertory Theatre. Where is the advantage to be derived from a National Theatre as compared with providing the public with amusement in the provinces which may serve as the training ground for actors and for the experiments of dramatists? Every encouragement, then, should have been given to our leading municipalities to interest themselves in raising money to endow local Repertory Theatres, and the Executive of the London Memorial would be doing more good to the cause of drama by spending the interest of its capital in laying the foundation of a costly looking but actually non-existent scheme where the money is being wasted in the way the they are doing at the present time. It seems, indeed, as if the only hope of a National Theatre becoming a reality lies in the assurance that the capital already raised—so-called—has been utilized for the Endowment Fund, and that only the interest of this capital shall be available for expenditure by the Executive Committee.
An Englishman in America.

By Juvenal.

The "Idle Rich and the Slaves of Industry." These words are ringing in the ears of the Plutocracy of New York and Chicago to-day. Articles are appearing in the leading American magazines and newspapers alluding to the doings of the Idle Rich and their white slaves, and the whole country is being aroused to action. One of the leading millionaires of New York declares, in a printed article, that the awakening of New York and Chicago to-day. Articles are appearing--THE "Idle Rich and the Slaves of Industry." These words are ringing in the ears of the Plutocracy of the people means revolution in the near future. And speak with authority.

It is the greatest theme in America to-day. It puts even politics in the shade. It has all come about recently. There used to be two questions that mattered—politics and business. Were you a Republican or a Democrat? It was a cut-and-dried question which left nothing to details. No one bothered about the future. The millionaires, like the preacher most politicians, prophesied that they could out of the State and the people. They never worried about the future of the country. In the short space of twenty years a Plutocracy has come into existence the like of which was never known in history, not even in ancient Rome.

The "grim fact stands out beyond denial that the men who are the workers of the nation, and the women and the children dependent upon them, are not given the opportunities that are their proper birthright in free America that they have taken upon themselves a power and an arrogance unsurpassed in the industrial history of the world." Americans simply exchanged black slavery for white slavery. They have only now made the discovery.

"We can no longer," says Mr. Martin, "blind ourselves with idle phrases or drug our consciences with the outward boast that the working man of America is to-day the highest paid artisan in the world. We know these lying figures well. What we give our workers in wages we take back from them in the higher cost of living, in food, in the middle-class medicine, in insurance, in a hundred devious ways all with one tendency—to keep the living margin down." And this is not all. Here is a revelation: "When the nineteenth century closed, Americans worshipped great wealth. It sanctified its possessors; it defied the multi-millionaire. In five years' time America has learned to hate great wealth. Plutocracy is now disgorging. Public opinion is relentless."

Truer words were never uttered. A few short years ago a New York millionaire was regarded by all the people as a sort of demi-god. The millionaire subsidized the Press, the pulps, and all the public speakers. He was in everything. His hand was against every man of talent, every man of integrity, every man of progress. He bought them out or froze them out, as the case might be, in the same way as he bought stocks, cotton, or land. He acted with full license, having become tired of American liberty. He had the whole country at his back. He was flattered by sycophants in the Senate and blessed by a hungry horde of hypocrites in the pulps. He was only a little less than a saint, and far above any hero of modern times. His motor went the fastest, killed more people, and the more his petrol stank the more did servile Americans accept the stench as a perfumed blessing in disguise.

The decadence of religion in America began with the rise of the Plutocrat. He bought all the pulpits in the big cities, all the fashionable congregations; for without the aid of the big churches the Plutocrat would have found himself sadly handicapped at the outset. His first duty, then, was to attend church every Sunday. His next duty, then, to the minister, then to flatter the congregation, then to throw dust in the eyes of the populace from the church door. He would commune with saints and remain cheek-by-jowl with sinners. He would hold a candle to the devil with one hand, and pass round the contribution-box with the other. In a country supposed to be founded on the principles of Democracy he imposed himself on the city, the State, and the nation, became a social monarch and a financial prince. Ignorant of etiquette, he became a paragon of deportment, and, with the manners of a cowboy, he managed to pass in the clubs and drawing-rooms as one who condescended to come down from the clouds and mingle with the unfortunate mortals who only possess one motor, one mansion, and one diamond tiara.

The wonder is that the American people put up with the plebeian vulgarity of the Plutocrat as long as they did. The dense illiteracy of the typical American Plutocrat is a notorious fact. Then why was he worshiped with more than average enthusiasm? This is a mystery. Anyhow, the simple fact that he was worshipped by the vast majority of the people, and that he is even now regarded with envious eyes by thousands, is enough to prove that the thing called Democracy has not existed in America since Lincoln's day. It is hollow mockery for Americans to use the word except in allusion to the past.

America is waking, but from what a sordid dream! Never did a great nation assume such a yoke willingly and with so smiling a countenance. Never did a free people become white slaves with so much hand-clapping and joy. Whenever a Plutocrat made his appearance anywhere the people rushed to see him, happy in the simple fact of having fixed their sore eyes on the Mammon god of the time and the moment. The Plutocrat seemed to bless them by his very presence. They would have blacked his boots and washed his feet for the very luck of the thing, for a self-made millionaire was considered a sort of money mascot whose touch would bring health, joy, and fortune. It took a long time for the middle classes and the working people to realize that the worship of the idle and plebeian Plutocrat meant dear meat, dear bread, dear clothes, and high rents. At first they could not understand it. The Plutocrat seemed to bless them by his very presence. They would have blacked his boots and washed his feet for the very luck of the thing, for a self-made millionaire was considered a sort of money mascot whose touch would bring health, joy, and fortune. It took a long time for the middle classes and the working people to realize that the worship of the idle and plebeian Plutocrat meant dear meat, dear bread, dear clothes, and high rents. At first they could not understand it. The Plutocrat seemed to bless them by his very presence.

The people began to think. Then they began to "figure things out." And when they figured they made the discovery that the Plutocrat was living on them. The people were being pinched to give more glory and pleasure to the delightful self-made millionaire and all his family. Cultured people who work hard for a living began to ask questions in the magazines and newspapers. They demanded to know why illiterate millionaires should rule the country. Why, if the nation must be ruled by millionaires, should the people not choose a few rich men of brains and distinction?

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Back of all this decadence and vulgarity lie the United States Senate and the fashionable pulpits. The Plutocrats could never have done what they have done without the aid of Senators and ministers of religion. These were bought over by one means or another until everything seemed to run smoothly, naturally, with no one to ask questions, with no one to object, because all the law-makers and the moralists seemed to be in complete sympathy with the wealthy. The rich set the pace,
and it became the fashion for the wive of poor clerks and shop assistants to expect and receive presents of costly jewels. How to sparkle and shine on nothing became the one vital problem everywhere. But things were growing dearer, life was becoming more strenuous, and the fun was becoming one-sided. "It is a free country," cried the patriotic Americans. "A man has a right to own all he can." But the farmers were the first to cry out. They began to "kick." Then the working men raised their voices. They are now at the turn when they are making ugly faces as well as crying out in public meetings; while a few of the preachers in the lesser churches are beginning to denounce the reign of the Plutocrat.

Some of the Plutocrats have now begun to "pay out," but not a moment too soon. A great awakening is at hand. Instead of honour and flattery, the boss millionaires are being covered with obloquy, but, according to Mr. Townsend Martin, no great change occurs, and he seems to expect some such thing before long. He seems to think that Plutocracy has gone too far, that society has become too degenerate for it to be looked for until some sort of social upheaval takes place.

Mr. Townsend Martin says to Mr. John Morgan Richards that I have only recently come across Mr. John Morgan Richards. It is, perhaps, a fortunate thing for the literary peace and quiet of the world that some people have not been able to finish reading one novel—if I except a few foreign ones—since 'Jude.' That ranks in my mind with 'Jude.' That ranks in my mind with 'An Inland Voyage,' and 'Tristan and Isolde,' and 'The Flute of Pan,' and 'The Gods, some Mortals,' etc. To an unnamed friend, she wrote of a play which succeeded one of her own at a certain theatre: "Now that I have seen the new play, I am appalled at my genius for writing comedy! Never have I been so cheered in my attitude toward posterity. As for 'The Wisdom of the Wise' [her own play], I don't know whether it is good or not. What do you think? I fancy I could improve it, yet it is so true." Of "The Gods, some Mortals, and Lord Bredonsham," she writes: "For £900, 'A Republic' for France, Germany, Austria, Hungary, and Russia? I would not ask this great favour in my own interest, but the less educated newspapers wrote so strongly against the little piece that it came very hard on the poor theatre," etc. She wrote thus to Mr. George Alexander before the production of "The Ambassador." Should the audience be large enough to warrant writing to Mr. Fishers (from my Superior) are to take the call, after all. Miss Dairs offered to 'take me forward'—is that the phrase? This would delight me and be charming, but as a young girl she could not, I fear, in etiquette do me the favour. But you will know what is usual." He would. By the way, the account of the telegraphing to get Mrs. Craigie up to London in response to a command from Mr. Alexander (p. 128) is a perfect bit of Mr. Richards' writing.

Mrs. Craigie's letters are truly remarkable. Mr. Lewis Hind appears to have suffered the most. In particular her division of famous creative artists into the vulgar and the not vulgar takes the cake, and the palm from all competitive letters in the book. It is an educational spectacle, this spectacle of the author of "The Ambassador" and of the letter to Mr. Alexander classing the authors of "Pierre et Jean," "Tristan and Isolde," 'On Dover Beach,' "Israel in Egypt," "An Inland Voyage," and "The Earthly Paradise," as "vulgar," "very vulgar," and "vulgarity itself," and so on. Her praise was as spontaneously offensive as her dispraise. Thus: "Dear Mr. Hardy, I can't express my delight at your gift of the poems. ... You are the supreme master in Europe. ... I have not been able to finish reading one novel—if I except a few foreign ones—since 'Jude.' That ranks in my mind with Michael Angelo's 'Last Judgment.' Its greatness goes beyond literature. ... " To an unnamed friend, she wrote of a play which succeeded one of her own at a certain theatre: "Now that I have seen the new play, I am appalled at my genius for writing comedy! Never have I been so cheered in my attitude toward posterity. As for 'The Wisdom of the Wise' [her own play], I don't know whether it is good or not. What do you really think? I fancy I could improve it, yet it is so true." Of "The Gods, some Mortals, and Lord Bredonsham," she writes: "For £900 I made about £200 out of it. ... Some of the reviews were quite first-rate. ... Apart from all this, I am quite sure that it is sound literary property, and will strike a second generation of readers. 'The Gods' represents a great deal of very careful work, thought, and observation. It is all original matter in every sense, and it must therefore hold its own." Quite the right spirit in which to write to a publisher, but the letter would have come better from a literary agent! There are 370 indexed pages of this formidable stuff in the book. And one may comfortably prophesy that the reputation of John Oliver Hobbes is interred therein beyond any hope of resurrection. I am sure that it has passed me to make the above comments, I should be telling a lie.
An Ethiopian Saga.

By Richmond Haig.

CHAPTER V.

Now it had happened with Koloani, the Chief of Moali, in this wise. When the speaking was finished and the Council at an end, Koloani the Chief had gone straight to his house, and had lain down upon his bed. And Koloani considered again with himself all that which had been spoken at the Council. And behold! again before him a Vision appeared of all that which had been spoken at the Council. And a sudden and violent rising of waters which rushed and paced in his house back and forth. And he sent one to call Jamba, the son of Bama the Warrior. Then said Koloani, "Speak, Son of the Fighting Blood, and say didst thou observe nought else of stir or preparation at the village of Nilisetsi which thou hadst perchance forseen?"

And Jamba said, "O Chief, nought else did I see or hear save that only which I have spoken to the Council. This only, Great One, that the girls dallied not at the drawing of water as is their way, but rather hastened as if one had said to them 'Lose no time.'"

Now at this word, even at this small saying of the young man Jamba, Koloani the Chief began again to pace in the room quickly back and forth. Then Koloani said, "Return now, Jamba, to thy bed and sleep and let nought disturb thee."

But Jamba said, "May I not sleep across the entrance to thy house, my Father? For in my hut I feel restless and confined, and the air is heavy to me as the brooding before a storm."

And this saying, again, of the young man Jamba fell heavy upon the ears of the Chief. And Koloani said, "Nay, Jamba, but tarry here while I go to Bama, thy father, for I would speak with the Warrior, and will return again."

The Chief went out, and Jamba, the son of Bama, laid himself upon the floor of the house to rest him. When Koloani the Chief came to the Sabolo of Bama it was deep into the night, and the village slept. Koloani went to the door of Bama's hut and touched it, and immediately one sprang up inside and grasped his spears and called, saying "Who is there?"

And the Chief said, "It is I, thou ever-wakeful one-Koloani—and I must speak with thee again, even if thou sayest that ants are in my brain, for I cannot rest."

And Bama the Warrior came out into the court before his hut and said, "Nay, my Lord! for art thou not of the Blood of Chiefs and a Leader of men? See "—and Bama, Hero of many fights, pointed with his spear before him and around—"thy people sleep in peace, for they know that Koloani is as an Eagle watching from a great height, and is not one to be deceived. And Bama had his spear and his club with him.

And Koloani the Chief said, "May it be so, Bama! And even as the eagle when the hunters are about, is restless on his rock, looking ever to this side and that, and seeing nothing, is yet the hunter alarmed for that he knows not from which side, nor how soon, the attack will come, so it is with me this night. Jamba, thy son, is in my house, for I sent for him, and have spoken with him again on the word which he brought us this day. And I bade him wait in my house until I had seen thee and returned; for the youth also is ill at ease in that he rested this day at Nilisetsi, the place of Kundu, and the Evil Spirit of that place disturbs him so that he cannot sleep. Now, Bama, Man of Might and Wisdom, he is for a sick man only! Late though the hour, is it in my mind to visit my Uncle Chuaani and to talk with him upon these things which concern us. The night is long, and the sun is going quickly, as is my humour, we will be at his village, Tlapakun, the place of Black Rocks. It is my purpose to take the youth Jamba, thy son, with me; it will be a delight to him, and for me, company. Do thou and Manok in the morning even as the Council decided, and I will return again at noon. Now remain thou in peace, for I go." And Bama the Warrior said, "I have heard, Koloani, Father of the people. Chuaani the Hairy One will be pleased at thy visit and will put greater Will into these things we must do. And the boy, Jamba, is sprightly and of good courage, and may be of use to attend thee on the way. Let me go with thee to without the village, and I will return, and to-morrow it will be done even as we have said."

CHAPTER VI.

Koloani the Chief returned to his house with Bama the Warrior, and they found there Jamba and with him Gutambi the Hunter, who was not a man of Moali, but a Visitor who slept in the sabolo of the Chief. And Gutambi the Hunter and Bama the Warrior were as brothers, and they loved each other. Now Jamba felt happy and proud when he heard what was in the mind of the Chief to do. And they set forth immediately. And Gutambi the Hunter, also taking his spear, met them, and accompanied them.

When Bama the Warrior and Gutambi the Hunter had gone with the Chief a little way along the road, they bade him farewell and returned to the Village; and Bama asked Gutambi the Hunter to go with him and sleep in his hut.

Now Bokalobi the General with his chosen men had passed in before them on the main entrance to the village, and Bama and Gutambi knew it not; yet before they came to his Sabolo Bama the Warrior felt a strangeness, and grasped his club and spear and spoke to Gutambi.

And there was a movement about the place, and the dogs barked. Then a woman shrieked. And Bama ran, and when he came to his Sabolo he moved along in the greater darkness of the wall, and Gutambi followed closely upon him. And when Bama came to the hut of Touga, his firstborn, lo! there stood five before the hut, and one whose voice was as the voice of Gutambi, the General of Kundu the Warrior, spoke, saying, "Touga lies here; what of Bama?"

And at these words Bama the Warrior, Man of Mighty Heart, sprang forward, and Gutambi the Hunter sprang forward with him, against the five. And it has been told what happened at that Bloody Fight.

But Koloani knew none of these things.

CHAPTER VII.

So Koloani the Chief and Jamba, the son of Bama the Warrior, went on their way quickly; and before the day broke they came into Tlapakun, the Place of Black Rock, which was the village of Chuaani, the uncle of Koloani. And Koloani and Jamba entered by the main gate into the sabolo of Chuaani the Hairy One. And Jamba called one forth and said, "Make known, I pray thee, to Chuaani the Head of the Village that Koloani the Chief is here to visit him." And it was done so. In a moment Chuaani the Hairy One came out of his hut and greeted the Chief Koloani. He was greatly surprised at the sudden visit and that Chief had come all unattended save only by Jamba, the son of Bama, yet a young man. And Chuaani the uncle of Koloani, entertained the Chief that he would enter into his hut and rest. Chuaani, though of an age with Koloani, yet was the brother of Koloani's mother; and he was a hairy man, and therefore called Chuaani, which in that language means baboon, and he had, in the eye of the stranger, such an air of restless bed.

And Koloani said, "I am tired and will rest even as thou sayest, my good uncle. There is that of importance on which I must talk with thee, but now the night is a little passed, and I will speak of it after the morning sun is up. And I will stay for a little while. At the rising of the Sun call, I pray thee, thy Old Men and Councillors together at
the Place of Meeting, and when all is ready let not thought for my rest hinder thee, but call me straightway.

And thou, Jamba, good youth, art tired also, for thou hast travelled far this day and night. Take now thy blanket until I send for thee again.

And Koloani the Chief entered into the hut of Chuaani, his uncle, and slept.

Now when those who had been called had all arrived, Chuaani went again to his hut and entered, and spoke to Koloani the Chief, and awoke him and said, "Be not displeased, for it is as thou commanded me, O Chief. And now the Old Men and Councillors are come to the Mochabato to hear thy word."

And Koloani the Chief arose and said, "It is well, mine uncle! and though my sinews yet are strung, the sleep has cooled my brain. Have water brought, and open it and chew it, and thou shalt be well.

And Koloani the Chief thought upon the simple words of Jamba, the son of Bama, which he had brought unto them. And he thought surely a Hare has rustled among the grass and we are preparing for a Lion. Yet has the rustling been of good service if it has prepared the hunter to meet even a Lion. And the Chief considered with himself what he should say to the Council.

But for Koloani the Chief this day was to be the day of his greatest Grief, and his head would be bowed as a sign to those who would come against us that we have not met them.

CHAPTER VIII.

And Koloani, when he had come to the Mochabato, the Place of the Council, with Chuaani, and had received their greeting, spake unto the Council, unto the Old Men and Councillors, and told them of those things which had been spoken at his chief village at Mea.

And Koloani said, "The Spirits of our Fathers which have gone before us are troubled, and their warnings are in our ears. Even as it is with the wild game which, while yet the storm is afar and cannot be seen, is warned of its approach and takes heed for itself how it shall meet it. The meeting of the Warriors and the Young men at Moali will be a sign to those who would come against us that we have read the signs and the hearts towards us and are not unmindful of these things.

Now it happened that Chuaani and his Old Men and Councillors were not amazed at these sayings of the Chief Koloani, nor were they surprised. But they looked at each other, and there were noddings of the head.

And Chuaani the Hairy One spoke to the Chief and said, "Thy words, Koloani, born in Wisdom, are as the words which have gone before us are troubled, and their warnings are in our ears. Even as it is with the wild game which, while yet the storm is afar and cannot be seen, is warned of its approach and takes heed for itself how it shall meet it. The meeting of the Warriors and the Young men at Moali will be a sign to those who would come against us that we have read the signs and the hearts towards us and are not unmindful of these things.

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will eat of the fruit.' And then, Koloani, Child of the Great, we would have asked the Wise Man further, but because he was a stranger with us he would not. And after we had spoken of many other things we went each to his own hut to consider with ourselves what might be the Meaning of the Signs brought before us. And yesterday, Chief, as I have said, we held council together, and we turned not to any other thing from sunrise until dark, for Makalokolo, our guest, had left in the early morning. And from together, Chuaani, Chief of the Wise, and I, Thy House, we decided that certain of us should even this day visit thee at Moali and lay before thee also the word of Makalokolo the Wizard and that which he had done.

CHAPTER IX.

Now when Chuaani the Hairy One had finished speaking, Koloani the Chief sprang to his feet and was excited, and raised his arm and said, "Now surely are our Fathers greatly concerned for us. The waters rise quickly, and we sit here, as women, to talk. Chuaani and ye, my brothers, ye have already spoken on this thing, and ye have heard my words. The Sun is high over the hills, and the Messenger from my Council at Moali will be close at hand to call ye to arms. Wait not for him; send forth your messengers now to your warriors and to your young men that they prepare themselves quickly; it is my word. And I will return to Moali and make that village ready, and I will confer with Makok and with Ramba the Warrior what our action shall be. Farewell, my brothers. Nay, hinder me not, for already I see the dancing Plumes and the flashing of Spears."

Koloani the Chief had spoken these words, and even while speaking had taken meat in his hand and bread for the road to return at once to his House, when, of a sudden, there was a commotion in the Gate. And Koloani the Chief said, "It is surely the messenger from Moali, but what means this noise?"

And in a moment there appeared in the Machabato, in the Place of Council, one in great distress, whose face was made white with elation, beating his breast and crying "Woe! woe! arise! revenge! woe! woe!" And the people followed after him and gathered together about the Place of Council.

Now when he who ran in this wise had come into the midst of the Machabato and saw Koloani, the Chief, he stood forth a moment; then, crying aloud, he cast himself down before the Chief. And Koloani saw the man that he was from Moali, and the Heart of the Chief sank within him; and he gave orders, and the people returned again to their places and to their work.

And when the people had gone away, Koloani the Chief sat down; and Chuaani the Hairy One and his Old Men and Councillors sat down also in their places. Then Koloani the Chief spoke gruffly, and said to him on the ground, "Speak, and speak quickly, Man of Ours! One minds not the sharp and sudden stab, but the slow cutting of a knife is torture. What is thy news?"

And he who had come crying woe raised himself and stood before the Chief. And because of the words of Koloani he thought not further on how he should begin, but said, "The Enemy came in the night, and has slain the Greatest amongst us, O Chief. Manok, old and wise, is dead, and all his house with him. Bama the Warrior is slain with his sons, and Gutambi the Mighty Hunter lies before his hut. At thy sabelo, Mighty Chief, only the women are left to mourn, for the Evil Ones looked not upon the youth and innocence of thy sons, but slew them also. Woe, woe!"

And with eyes cast down, not daring to look upon the face of the Chief, the man told of all those Great Ones who had fallen in the night. And he said, "And the number was eighty and seven. And these were the First Men of the Land. And he said, "The people mourn also for thee, O Chief, for they say 'Koloani, our Father, is slain also, and the Evil Ones have carried him away.'" And he said, "Thy people lie in the dust and moan, O Chief, and there is none to lead them."

Now, of the Old Men and Councillors in the Machabato there was not one who raised his head. They lay upon the ground and beat their foreheads upon the ground and took dust in their hands and placed it on their heads. And Chuaani also, the Hairy One, threw dust upon his head. The Chief, Koloani, moaned not, but he had grown very small, and it was as if the bow was too great for him. Only at the last words of the man Koloani the Chief raised his head, and like unto a very old man he stood upon his feet.

And the voice of the Chief was choked in his throat. But now he stretched his arms and stood upright and spoke unto Chuaani and to the others, and said, "Arise, my brothers! there is work to do. Look not yet to me, for my eyes see not before me, but behind. Manok, 'faithful and wise, bama, my right arm, strong and true, and my children also, my sons—all gone.'"

And the Chief turned suddenly upon the Messenger, and his eyes flashed like bright spears, and he grasped the man by the throat and said, "Liar! Liar! It is not true. Speak! it is false. Whence come you? Who are you? Speak!" And those who were there feared for the man's life in the hands of the Chief. But now he twisted the man's neck, and the man sank upon the ground and said, "Alas, O Chief! it is true. I am thy servant Rassa, the son of Kolo, who dresses hides; and at daybreak Kolo, my father, and others who are men of years came together, and when it was seen that the Evil Ones had gone, Messengers were sent out to all the villages to tell what had happened and to call the people together before the Enemy might return again. And my words were to Chuaani and the people of this village."

(To be continued.)

Pension Sketches.

The Modern Soul.

By Katherine Mansfield.

"GOOD evening," said the Herr Professor, squeezing my hand; "wonderful weather! I have just returned from a party in the wood. I have been making music for them the entire afternoon on my trombone. You know, these pine trees provide most suitable accompaniment for a trombone; they are sighing delicacy against sustained strength, as I remarked once in a lecture on wind instruments in Frankfort. May I be permitted to sit beside you on this bench, gnadige frau?"

He sat down, tugging at a white paper package in the tail pocket of his coat.

"Cherries," he said, nodding and smiling. "There is nothing like cherries for producing free saliva after trombone playing, especially after Grieg's 'Ich Liebe Dich.' Those sustained blasts on 'nebe' make my throat as dry as a railway tunnel. Have some?" He shook the bag at me.

"I prefer watching you eat them." "Ah, ha!" He crossed his legs, sticking the cherry bag between his knees to leave both hands free. "Psychologically I understand your refusal. It is your innate feminine delicacy in preferring etherealised sensations. . . . Or perhaps you do not care to eat the worms? All cherries contain worms. Once I made a very interesting experiment with a colleague of mine at the university. We bit into four pounds of the best cherries and found one, I believe, ten or twelve worms. But what would you? As I remarked to him afterwards—dear friend, it amounts to this: if one wishes to satisfy the desires of nature, one must be strong enough to ignore the facts of nature. . . . The conversation is not out of your depth? I have so seldom the time or
Fraulein Sonia raised her face to the sky, and half closed her eyes. "No, mamma, my face is quite warm. Oh, look, Herr Professor, there are swallows in flight; they are like a little flock of Japanese thoughts—not nicta?"

"Where," cried the Herr Professor. "Oh, yes, I see, by the kitchen chimney. But why do you say 'Japanese thoughts?' Can you not sometimes think with equal veracity to a little flock of German thoughts in flight?" He rondered on me, "Have you swallows in England?"

"I believe there are some at certain seasons. But doubtless they have not the same symbolical value for the English. In Germany, I have never been to England," interrupted Fraulein Sonia, "but I have many English acquaintances. They are so cold!" She shivered.

"Fish blooded," snapped Frau Godowska. "Without soul, without heart, without grace. But you cannot equal their dress materials. I spent a week in Brighton twenty years ago, and the travelling cape I bought there is not yet worn out—the one you wrap the hot-water bottle in, Sonia. My lamented husband, your father, Sonia, knew a great deal about England. But the more he knew about it the oftener he remarked to me, 'England is merely an island of beef flesh swimming in a warm gulf sea of gravy.' Such a brilliant way of putting things. Do you remember, Sonia?"

"I forgot, mamma," answered Sonia.

Said the Herr Professor: "That is the proof of your calling, gnädiges Fraulein. Now I wonder—and this is a very interesting speculation—is memory a blessing or—excuse the word—a curse?"

Frau Godowska looked into the distance, then the corners of her mouth drooped and her skin puckered. She began to shed tears.

"Ach Gott! Gracious lady, what have I said!" exclaimed the Herr Professor.

Sonia took her mother's hand. "Do you know," she said, "to-night it is stewed carrots and nut tart for supper. Suppose we go in and take our places," her sidelong, tragic stare accusing the Professor and me the while.

I followed them across the lawn and up the steps. Frau Godowska was murmuring "Such a wonderful, beloved man!" with her disengaged hand Fraulein Sonia was arranging the sweet pea garniture.

A concert for the benefit of afflicted Catholic infants will take place in the salon at 8.30 p.m. Artists: Fraulein Sonia Godowska, from Vienna; Herr Professor Windberg and his trombone; Frau Ober Lehrer Weidel, and others.

This notice was tied round the neck of the melancholy stag's head in the dining-room. It grated him like a red and white dinner bib for days before the event, causing the Herr Professor to bow before it and say "good appetite," until we sickened of his pleasantness and left the smiling to be done by the waiter, who was paid to be pleasing to the guests.

On the appointed day the married ladies sat down on the piano dressed like upholstered chairs, and the unmarried ladies like draped muslin dressing-table covers. Frau Godowska pinned a rose in the centre of her reticule, another blossom tucked in the mazy folds of her satin reticule for her handkerchief, and her yellow hair tastefully garnished with mauve sweet peas.

The Professor drew in his feet and sat up sharply, pulling down his waistcoat.

"The Godowskas," he murmured. "Do you know them? A mother and daughter from Vienna. The mother has an internal complaint and the daughter is an actress. Fraulein Sonia is a very modern soul. I think you would find her most sympathetic. She is forced to be in attendance on her mother just now. But what a temperament! I have once described her in her autograph album as a tigress with a flower in the hair. Will you excuse me? Perhaps I can persuade them to be introduced to you."

I said, "I am going up to my room." But the Professor rose, and presenting me with a playful finger at me. "Na," he said, "we are friends, and, therefore, I shall speak quite frankly to you. I think they would consider it a little 'marked' if you immediately retired to the house at their approach, after sitting here alone with me in the twilight. You know this world. Yes, you know it as I do."

I shrugged my shoulder, remarking "with one eye" that while the Professor had been talking the Godowskas had trailed across the lawn towards us. They pointed the Herr Professor as he stood up.

"Good evening," quavered Frau Godowska. "Wonderful weather! It has given me quite a touch of hay fever!" Fraulein Godowska said nothing. She swooped over a rose growing in the embryo orchard, then stretched out her hand with a magnificent gesture to the Professor. He retreated.

"This is my little English friend of whom I have spoken. She is the stranger in our midst. We have been eating cherries together."

"How delightful," sighed Frau Godowska. "My daughter, I have often observed you through the bedroom window. Haven't we, Sonia?"

Sonia absorbed my outward and visible form with an inward and spiritual glance, then repeated the magnificent gesture for my benefit. The Herr Professor sat on the bench, with that faint air of excitement of passangers established in a railway carriage on the qui vive for the train whistle. Frau Godowska sneezed. "I wonder if it is hay fever," she remarked, worrying the satin reticule for her handkerchief, "or would it be the dew. Sonia, dear, is the dew falling?"

opportunity to open my heart to a woman that I am apt to forget."

I looked at him shiningly. "See, what a fat one!" cried the Herr Professor. "That is almost a mouthful in itself; it is beautiful enough to hang from a watch-chain." He chewed it up and spat the stone an incredible distance—over the garden flower bed. He was proud of the feat. I saw it. "The quantity of fruit I have eaten on this bench," he sighed, "apricots, peaches, and cherries." One day that garden bed will become an orchard grove, and I shall allow you to pick as much as you please without troubling me anything."

I was grateful, without showing undue excitement.

"Which reminds me"—he hit the side of his nose with one finger—"the manager of the Pension handed me my weekly bill after dinner this evening. It is almost impossible to credit. I do not expect you to believe me—he has charged me extra for a miserable little glass of milk I drink in bed at night to prevent insomnia. Naturally, I did not pay. But the tragedy of the story is this: I cannot expect the milk to produce somnolence any longer. My peaceful attitude of mind towards it is completely destroyed. I know I shall throw myself into a fever in attempting to plumb this want of generosity in so wealthy a man as the manager of a pension. Think of me to-night—'he ground the empty bag under his heel—'think that the worst is happening to me as you sit on your pillow in the twilight."

Two ladies came on the front steps of the pension and stood, arm in arm, looking over the garden. The one, old and scraggy, dressed almost entirely in black bead covers. Frau Godowska pinned a rose in the centre of her reticule, another blossom tucked in the mazy folds of her yellow hair tastefully garnished with mauve sweet peas.

The Professor drew in his feet and sat up sharply, pulling down his waistcoat.

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"This is my little English friend of whom I have spoken. She is the stranger in our midst. We have been eating cherries together."

"How delightful," sighed Frau Godowska. "My daughter, I have often observed you through the bedroom window. Haven't we, Sonia?"

Sonia absorbed my outward and visible form with an inward and spiritual glance, then repeated the magnificent gesture for my benefit. The Herr Professor sat on the bench, with that faint air of excitement of passangers established in a railway carriage on the qui vive for the train whistle. Frau Godowska sneezed. "I wonder if it is hay fever," she remarked, worrying the satin reticule for her handkerchief, "or would it be the dew. Sonia, dear, is the dew falling?"
She shook back her hair. "I never know until the last moment. I have to come on the stage for one moment and then I have the sensation as though something struck me here"—she placed her hand upon her collar-brooch—and... words come!"

"Bend down a moment," whispered her mother, "Sonia, that safety-pin is showing at the back. Shall I come outside and fasten it properly for you, or will you do it yourself?"

"O, mamma, please don't say such things," Sonia flushed and grew very angry. "You know how sensitive I am to the slightest unsympathetic impression at a time like this... I would rather my skirt dropped off my body..." "Sonia—my heart!"

A bell tinkled.

The waiter came in and opened the piano. In the heated excitement of the moment he entirely forgot what was fitting, and flicked the keys with the grisy table napkin he carried over his arm. The Frau Ober Lehrer tripped on the platform followed by a very young gentleman, who blew his nose twice before he hurled his handkerchief into the bosom of the piano.

"Yes, I know you have no love for me, And no forget-me-not... No love, no heart, and no forget-me-not..." sang the Frau Ober Lehrer, in a voice that seemed to issue from her forgotten thimble and have nothing to do with her.

"Ah, how sweet, how delicate," we cried, clapping her, soothingly. She bowed as though to say, "Yes, isn't it," and retired, the very young gentleman dodging her train and scowling.

The piano was closed, an armchair was placed in the centre of the platform. Fraulein Sonia drifted towards it. A breathless pause. Then, presumably, the winged shaft struck her collar brooch. She imploded us not to go into the woods in trained dresses, but rather as lightly draped as possible, and bed with her among the pine needles. Her loud, slightly harsh voice filled the room. Frau Godowska adopted that peculiarly detached attitude of the proud parent. The only soul who leaned idly against the wall of the salon and cleaned his handkerchief into the bosom of the piano.

"What did I say," shouted the Herr Professor under cover of tumultuous applause, "tem-per-a-ment!..." "Yes, isn't it," and retired, the very young gentleman dodging her train and scowling. The Herr Professor performed the last sacrificial rites on the altar of the afflicted children by playing the National Anthem.

"Now I must put mamma to bed," whispered Fraulein Sonia. "But afterwards I must take a walk. It is imperative that I free my spirit in the open air for a moment. Would you come with me, as far as the railway station and back?"

"Very well, then, knock on my door when you're ready."

Thus the modern soul and I found ourselves together under the stars.

"What a night!" she said. "Do you know that poem of Sappho about her hand in the stars...? I am curiously sapphic. And this is so remarkable, not only am I sapphic, I find in all the works of all the greatest writers, especially in their unedited letters, some touches some sign of myself. Some resemblance, some part of myself. Like a thousand reflections of my own hands in a dark mirror."

"But what a mother," said I.

"I do not know what you mean by 'bother'; it is rather the curse of my genius..." She paused suddenly, staring at me. "Do you know my tragedy?" she asked. I shook my head.

"My tragedy is my mother. Living with her I live with the coffin of my unborn aspirations. You heard that about the safety-pin to-night. It may seem to you a little thing, but it ruined my three first gestures. They were..."

"Impaled on a safety pin," I suggested.

"Yes, exactly that. And when we are in Vienna I am the victim of moods, you know. I long to do wild, passionate things. And mamma says 'Please pour out my mixture first.' Once I remember I flew into a rage and threw a washstand jug out of the window. Do you know what she said? 'Sonia, it is not so much throwing things out of windows, if only you would...'."

"Choose something smaller," said I.

"No... tell me about it beforehand. Humiliating! And I do not see any possible light out of this darkness..."

"Why don't you join a touring company and leave your mother in Vienna?"

"What? Leave my poor, little, sick, widowed mother in Vienna! Sooner than that I would drown myself. I love my mother as I love nobody else in the world—nobody any nothing! Do you think it is impossible to love one's tragedy? Out of my great sorrows I make my little songs," that is Heine or myself."

"Oh, well, that's all right," I said cheerfully.

"But it is not all right!"

I suggested we should turn back. We turned. "Sometimes I think the solution lies in marriage," said Fraulein Sonia. "If I find a simple, peaceful man who adores me and will look after mamma—a man who would be found in a pillow—for genius cannot hope to mate—I shall marry him. You know the Herr Professor has paid me very marked attentions."

"Oh, Fraulein Sonia," I said, very pleased with myself, "why not marry him to your mother?"

"We were passing the hairdresser's shop at the moment. Fraulein Sonia clutched my arm. "You, you," she stammered. "The cruelty. I am going to faint. Mamma to marry again before I marry—we indignity, I am going to faint here and now." I was frightened. "You can't," I said, shaking her. "Come back to the pension and faint as much as you please. But you can't faint here. All the shops are closed. There is nobody about. Please don't be so foolish."

"Here and here only!" she indicated the exact spot and dropped quite beautifully, lying motionless.
"Very well," I said, "faint away; but please hurry over it."

She did not move. I began to walk home, but each time I looked behind me I saw the dark form of the modern soul prone before the hairdresser's window. Finally I ran, and rooted out the Herr Professor from his room. "Fraulein Sonia has fainted," I said, crossly.

"Der lieber Gott! Where? How?"

"Outside the hairdresser's shop in the Station Road."

"Jeans and Maria! Has she no water with her?"

—he seized his carafe—"nobody beside her?"

"Nothing."

"Where is my coat—no matter. I shall catch a cold on the chest. Willingly, I shall catch one. . . You are sure the young man has gone?"

"No," I said, "you can take the waiter."

"But she must have a woman. I cannot be so indelicate as to attempt to loosen her stays."

"Modern souls oughtn't to wear them," said I. He pushed past me and clattered down the stairs.

When I came down to breakfast next morning there were two places vacant at table. Fraulein Sonia and the Herr Professor had gone off for a day's excursion in the woods.

I wondered.

The Crisis in the Theatre in Paris.

By Huntly Carter.

An instructive comparison may be made between the crisis of the theatre in London and that of the theatre in Paris. Both theatres afford striking examples of the effect of modern dramatic eccentricity and of movements peculiarly their own. Both alike have been invaded by realism, have been asked to express the diseases of life, have failed because the ugly phraseology of realism was not their own, and in failing have practically ceased to exist.

They differed in this: The French theatre, like the French public, possesses strong artistic tendencies, whereas the English theatre, like the English public, possesses none. The former are ever grooping towards artistic light, they sentimentalise out in art; the latter grope toward and revel in inartistic darkness; they mauld out in sheer stupidity. The French theatre was therefore bound to find salvation in art, while the English theatre, with nothing to carry it beyond realism, was doomed to become a hopeless wreck. So to-day, though the theatre in Paris is dead, it reveals signs of an artistic re-birth; whereas the theatre in London is dead without signs of resurrection. Both theatres await the coming of the dramatist of the symbolic drama. But Paris is prepared to receive him; London is not. This difference has largely prevailed since the beginning of the new dramatic movement in both countries. In Paris a balance has been maintained between realism and art; in London there has been mainly realism.

Twenty years ago Paris was invited to the bewildering spectacle of a sudden activity in the theatre. At this moment Le Théâtre Libre is born; Antoine springs into existence as one transfigured in the light of an infant or the falling of soot.

Nietzsche says somewhere men should go beyond themselves. These men do not go beyond themselves. Prostituting their fine energies in the attempt to express a grotesque travesty of real life, they have never gone beyond their audience. In their savage outbursts against the hollowness of individuals and society, in their protest against the dull density and Philistinism of the human mind they have simply written and to please the mob—those sensation-mongers that delight in ravings and ask to be shown society extended in the Morgue. They have never adopted the spirit of detachment of those who write it to please themselves—the spirit which alone permits the writer to be himself and yet to go beyond himself. Such a spirit is manifest in the work of Ibsen.

Though pessimism is not a new thing in French drama and literature, the new side of pessimism was not likely to dwell with us forever. The public was not long in seizing and applying the strange theories, and philosophical discussions and discussions and plays without action became the fashion. Thus it repeated the common story of the attempt to actualise life and to defraud the theatre of its birthright. It repeated the common story of the attempt to actualise life and to defraud the theatre of its birthright.

Antoine inaugurating a new art of acting comes by the dramatist of the evolving soul. He asks for the author with the apostolic mission who shall voice the great eternal harmonies, for a temple wherein they shall be fully expressed.

If he desires to put an end to the overminting of dross, he is fortunate in a position to do so. For, as I have said, Paris has throughout preserved the seeds and served by such artists as Maurice Denis, Vuillard, and Bonnard, thus aiming to establish a kind of entente cordiale de théâtre. Then comes Lugné-Poë, another high priest of the artistic drama, and "L'Oeuvre" is founded. So for ten years goes on the attempt to realise Wagner's dream of a fusion of the three forms of art, colour, movement, sound. It continues, to the accompaniment of the blame and praise of critics, cracked and sound.

Meanwhile a new dramaturgy was developing elsewhere. In Scandinavia, Russia, Poland, and Germany the idea had become paramount, initiating a change of motives, a different technique, and introducing an atmosphere hitherto foreign to the theatre. Paris la Ville-Lumière, the centre of intellectual civilization, was not long in seizing and applying the strange theories, and philosophical discussions and discussions and plays without action became the fashion. Thus it repeated the common story of the attempt to actualise life and to defraud the theatre of its birthright. It repeated the common story of the attempt to actualise life and to defraud the theatre of its birthright.
of artistic salvation in artistic impulses running parallel with the realistic. So when her authors have come to terms with themselves, when extraordinary writers like Claudel abandon the extreme and unplayable mysticism of "L'Abe," but one felt that all this effort was a failure due to lack. The same sort of drama is presented at the Grand Guignol in the conventional "scene" and is just as convincing. At this chamber of horrors, presided over by the bust of Edgar Poe, the synthetic decoration, and the scene simplified by the new school of decorators, are unknown. Perhaps they are not wanted. The extraordinary acting of M. Guerard in "Sous La Lumière Rouge," like that of Madame Dorziac in "Niou," or the thrill of the action of "Les Anguilles," are sufficient for their purpose, that of sheer sensation.

It is different with "La Nuit Persane." Here is a love poem so treated as to transport us in a charming realm of love. All the colour, lines, movements, speak of love. The blues and pinks, and greens and gaieties, the blacks and silvers, trip on and off like infatuated lovers. They do all sorts of charming things, peep at each other in ancient corsets, but that rise and fall in harmonious shapes. Then there are emerald avenues that run laughing towards the gay horizon, and silver fountains that kiss the sun, and men and women that scintillate with the rhythm of life. In all this M. Bakst has shown us what a decorator can do when he is in love with his subject.

At the time of writing, three new pieces have been presented at the Théâtre des Arts, which transport the audience from France of Molière to China of the fourteenth century, thence to mythological Greece. The decoration of each piece has been carried out by an artist with modern ideas but with unsatisfactory results. "Le Sicilien," by Molière, with ballet by Lulli, suggests an artistic background, but the decorator has not been successful in making the ballet and background of one fabric. The motives of the former are not continued in the latter, as in the work of Beauchamp. In consequence the production looks like the work of two people. "Le Chagrin dans le Palais de Han," a mystery play of love and sacrifice, has the same fault. The costumes are gorgeous and their colour full of body, but the background is washy and unsatisfactory. Likewise "Les Fêtes d'Hélène," though charming in colour, lacks harmony. The decorator, M. Piot, both in this piece and in the Chinese play, reveals a great feeling for simplicity, but he is deficient in sense of costume. The "staging" should be of one character, the lines of the ballet should weave in and out, continue and unite those of the background. All three plays have the common fault of decorators not being entirely suited to their material. They serve to prove that what before we thought would be a perfect unity in the theatre plays must be born there, not made to be fitted haphazard. When the complete play arrives, the perfect sensation will arrive also. Now the playhouse offers nothing but dislocated sensations.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

TRADE UNIONS AND THE INSURANCE BILL.

Sir,—Your prophecy of an inevitable trade union débâcle as a result of the Insurance Bill has interested me very much, but I do not think that the emanation of the Unions will occasion much regret among the more sincere of my fellow-members.

The unions to-day are merely benefit societies, and the whole of our time and energy is and should be spent in the discussions of £ s. d. s. like the various Socialist organisations, wholly engrossed in questions of income and expenditure, we have no time to fight; and the majority of our members join because it pays them.

Benefits have killed the spirit of unionism as surely as the modern factory system has killed the pride and interest the mediaeval craftsman evinced in his handiwork. Benefits are dangled before the young men in the workshops as the sole inducement: there is no appeal to the finer emotions of mutual aid, the love of art, of union, or spirit de corps. Trade unionism has lost its soul.
I believe Lloyd George's Bill will be a blessing in disguise; it will clear our ranks of the self-seekers and leave us free to give to the masses worth-ten-pressed men, and, given an ideal, a faith, there is hope for the unions yet.

* * *

SINDEY H. SWAN.

THE INSURANCE BILL.

Sir,—Your "Notes of the Week" on the subject of the Insurance Bill suit my palate. But, sir, what can I do? Will the writer of the "Notes of the Week," or some practical reader, tell me?

The other day I asked an old gardener what he did when the green fly got into his rose trees.

"I swear," he said.

"Yes, but what do you do?"

"I swear; yes; but don't you do anything else?"

"I swear again."

Now, sir, I am swearing over this Bill enough to make an accomplished colman capitulate. My vocabulary of expletives is running dry. But what can I do? It is not enough to add a weakly "Amen" to your weekly "Notes." The framers of this measure will never hear of my impotent rage, and they will take my silence as acquiescence.

What can I do, sir, what can I do? Record my vote at the next election? Bah! my only choice then is between a Liberal and a Tory. Will some please tell me what to do?

* * *

DEPRESSING MELIORISM.

Sir,—The instance given by J. M. Kennedy (page 148 New Age) of the £200,000 noted to relieve the working men merely having the removal of lowering wages quite corroborates my view that if, say, £200,000 be taken away from any given set of workers by the Lloyd George Bill, say, that it would likewise be restored to them by a corresponding rise in wages. The rule works both ways. The worker has a standard of life which is very hard to change; give him less living expense and he takes less wages; give him a more expensive environment,—whether on account of higher rent or a compulsory deduction from his wages for insurances,—and he demands to work, and what is more, will work to higher wages.

GAYLORD WILSHIRE.

S. VERDAD AND THE AMERICAN PROBLEM.

Sir,—Your correspondent, Mr. Burghardt DuBois, who complains of Mr. Verdad's remarks on the American negro, is very innocent. He does not know his Verdad. Otherwise he would not ask whether it is necessary to be gratuitous, and to indulge in deliberate insult and falsehood, in order to explain dramatically and realistically to a collection of half-boozed men, jeering youths, and giggling factory cubs how to protest, either personally with a gun, or, less directly, to the Socialist 3rd Assistant Controller of the 2nd Department of Agriculture (Sub-Dept. Beautiful Spots) and ignore Mr. Visiak's opinion of him. On this very subject, Mr. Paul's suggestion of unfair awards on the part of the commissioners.

Mr. Paul wants, to use his own words, "liberty," "liberty to walk across any beautiful part of the country that takes my fancy." Yes, yes,—we all do; but I am afraid that as long as some one is living in an interest," in the present case, "to those who protest, either personally with a gun, or, less directly, to the Socialist 3rd Assistant Controller of the 2nd Department of Agriculture (Sub-Dept. Beautiful Spots), the presence of the community.

H. M. ROBERTSON.

PRISON AS A REST CURE.

Sir,—As a W.S.P.U. worker for some eighteen months, I must admit that the officials tactfully discouraged the suffragette speakers from exposing or enlarging on the wretchedness of prison life. They were so miserably afraid of the green fly getting into their rose trees.

"I swear," he said.

"Yes, but what do you do?"

"I swear; yes; but don't you do anything else?"

"I swear again."

Really, it is a pity Mr. Verdad should lay himself open to correction on such a point by a miserable slave-to-protest, either personally with a gun, or, less directly, to the Socialist 3rd Assistant Controller of the 2nd Department of Agriculture (Sub-Dept. Beautiful Spots) and ignore Mr. Visiak's opinion of him. On this very subject, Mr. Paul's suggestion of unfair awards on the part of the commissioners.

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attack what I say; but to attribute to me opinions that I do not hold and have never expressed is to be guilty of the dirtiest trick of debate. I did not deny Stevenson's courage and Mr. Visiak's perversion of my meaning as expressed in "Life meant nothing to him" and "Death had no terrors for him." I did not say that Stevenson admired the inhuman detachment of Thoreau: in fact, I only ask Mr. Visiak to read my article again, with his eyes and not his fingers, and try to understand it.

I do not repeat after Mr. Visiak's importunities expressed idea of the Cherubim, etc., and a hurried re-reading of "The Quartette" has failed to bring the passage to light. If Mr. Visiak will indicate or quote it, I will consider it in this connection. If Stevenson revealed the romantic soul of common men and common things, Mr. Visiak should be able to point to a passage by Stevenson that is revealing of himself. His biographer and cousin says in the "Life":

"He tells you everything, as you think at first, and so simply that it is only gradually you realise that he has not been revealing the things nearest his heart, that you learn no secrets of his home or his religion, nor of anything that it was not for you to know. There is almost a consensus of opinion that "he pauses on the threshold of the soul"; and Mr. Japp said that Stevenson was too late in awakening fully to the tragic error to which short-sighted youth is apt to wander: that "Quartette" has failed to bring the passage to light. If Mr. Visiak to pages 90, 98, and 114 in Volume I. and page

Mr. Visiak finds Stevenson's own statement that he wrote for money "very foolish"; yet the "pains of experience of the emigrant train" he suffered for this passage. Mr. Visiak's introductory passage, Sir Sidney Colvin says: "In order from the outset to save as much as possible, the journey in the steerage and the emigrant train. With this journey in the steerage and the emigrant train. With this

Mr. Visiak has for his statement I do not know; but I am not concerned to debate an assertion that is not really a propos, for if he did not write he had no need to apologise, and his letters are full of apologies. He wrote to Mrs. Sitwell as one proof: but I can refer Mr. Visiak to pages 90, 98, and 114 in Volume I. and page 90 in Volume II. in "Life." Mr. Visiak's statement that "he was after the dibbs," as he phrased it.

Sir,-Does Dr. Whitby read my letters? I have already denied that my proposition is a moral judgment, yet the author of "Phenomena of Sex" insists that I insist that those men to whom sex is something of paramount importance are fornicators. My dictionary defines fornication as "a sexual intercourse between human beings of the same sex, male or female; also, the criminal conversation of a married man with an unmarried woman; adultery, incest, or idolatry." A person to whom sex is something of paramount importance, is, ipso facto, an incontinent person, or fornicator. I did not, and do not, assert that fornication is right or wrong, good or bad; for I have not the ability to prove in something like scientific fashion.

Sex is not indicative of greatness: "What wife had Rafael, or has Angelo?" asked Browning's Andrea del Sarto. I repeat what I have said in former letters, that a superman is known only by his superhumanity; sex does not and cannot distinguish him from the ordinary man. It is a physiological function common to all but the impotent. That there may be some vital connection between sexual and intellectual power is a proposition that I should like to see proven by scientific methods. "I tremble for Mrs. Yueh," and Dr. Whitby's assertion that "eroticism and impotency are not infrequently associated" is too haphazard to carry conviction. That there may be a consensus of opinion that "he pauses on the threshold of the soul"; and Dr. Japp said that Stevenson was too late in awakening fully to the tragic error to which short-sighted youth is apt to wander: that "Quartette" has failed to bring the passage to light. If Mr. Visiak to pages 90, 98, and 114 in Volume I. and page

"You loved me quite enough it seems to-night. In heaven, perhaps, new chances, one more chance—Four great walls in the New Jerusalem Meted on each side by the angel's reed, For Leonard, Rafael, Angelo and me Meted on each side by the angel's reed, Because there's still Lucrezia—as I choose."
pendently of James. The latter philosopher first put forward the theory in an article in "Mind," which is called, I think, "The Stream of Thought," which was published somewhere in the second half of the eighteenth century. Bergson's theory was first published in "Essai sur les Démones Immédiates de la Conscience," which, while it was only published in 1898, had been thought out and partially completed some five years earlier.

2. The protest of Anatole France, who represents for me the spirit and Rabelais of France against Bergsonism is typical of the attitude of the French intellectual. This contains quite a little racial romance. The French are rationalists to a man, Bergson is a half Englishman and a religiously Catholic and anti-athelical to the French temperament. It's all very pretty, but unfortunately bears no relation to the truth. In the first place the idea that the French are more rationalistic than the Bergsonites that Anatole France is, is ridiculous. French rationalism was created in the eighteenth century. It was conditioned by the prevailing habit of life at the time. The people who frequented the salons wanted to be well instructed on all matters. All knowledge had to be reduced to a "clear" form so that the man of the world could discuss it in general conversation. You can see the pericnic effect this had on science in the shallow stuff turned out by Diderot and the Encyclopedists. It is curious to note here what Sozel has long since pointed out, that it was not till the eighteenth century and long after he was dead, that Descartes, the typical rationalist philosopher, the "philosopher of clear ideas," attained his greatest vogue.

Bergson is no philosopher. He makes no attack on reason, but only on "Reason." That is to say, he merely restates a little bit of a commonplace in natural science, but which was banished in the eighteenth century because men were determined on being clear at any cost. In any case, this conception of a continuous French rationalism is a very conventional and shallow one. You cannot label races in this way. France may have produced Descartes, but she at the same time produced his opposite, Pascal; and the people who can see any resemblance between the tedious, thin, and tinny "it's so simple" irony of Anatole France and the magnificent completeness of Montaigne is gilded with keener vision than I am.

All this racial gossip about philosophy is always tedious. Philosophy is always a special activity appealing only to a few, and to those who have been through its special kind of discipline; Bergson has brought a new conception which will remain a permanent part of it. This is the important thing about him. For people who like gossip about notorious people it may be equally interesting to know that not only is he half English, but that he wears elastic-sided boots.

In any case it is not necessary to go outside France for the supposed ancestry of Bergson. He is the culmination, the final embodiment, of ideas which had been searching for a proper expression on a good many men. A whole current of thought existed in France which was moving in the direction of Bergson—earlier in the century Ravaudin and Mains de Herzel, and more recently the atmosphere of contingency and especially Bergson's master, Boutroux. These cannot all be dismissed as half-English. They cannot all of them belong to the "quatre états," Freemasons, Jews, Protestants and métèques. They must some of them be good Frenchmen.

1. "Bergson's influence is failing among the élite . . . . he has formed no school." As to his influence among the youth in the present year of grace I am uninformed, but an inquiry conducted a few years ago by Binet as to the state of philosophy in the lycées and colleges published in "1. Année Psychologique," revealed the fact that Bergson's influence was then absolutely predominant. I notice also that "L'Action Française" considered that his influence among the students was "L'Action Française" a series of articles was an attempt to make a long list of the people who have been extraordinarily influenced by him, such as Le Roy the Moderate, Georges Sadt, the Syphilist, M. Aubrey, Mrs. Bassetilt and many others. I notice also that Luquet in his recent "Introduction to Psychology," defined his own philosophical position in the preface of his book as "defining the Bergsohn of the centre," a description whose precision seems to indicate the existence of a school of a certain size!

In so far, then, as the "youths" are not merely "youth," but are productive of anything, they seem to occupy themselves considerably with Bergson. I can refer anybody who is interested in this matter to the articles on Bergson I compiled for the late Mr. Pogson's translation of "Time and Free-will."

** T. E. H. **

** BACON OR SHAKESPEARE? **

Sir,—The statement in Mr. Visiak's letter that Bacon's acknowledged verses are "poor stuff" is meant to be read in conjunction with the sentence that "we have left us one little gem of the Shakespeare water." Is there a Baconian hardy enough to maintain that Bacon's verse can stand comparison with that of the greatest of playwrights? Mr. Hall wisely says nothing about the fact that Bacon in his secret diary, "Commentarius Solutus," makes no mention of any association with the theatre. Surely in a journal that covered the period during which "Cymbeline," "The Tempest," and "The Winter's Tale" were written, one would expect to find some evidence that could be accepted? This index to Bacon's mind contains such thoughts as, "To find means to win a conceit, not open, but private, of being affectuate and assured to the Scotch, and fit to succeed Salisbury in his image of the man's soul. We have not this month," it adds in a marginal note he refers to the Attorney-General as "Soilem gosse. Stately, lastwise noddy (?) crafty. They have made him believe that he is needed in the army for cryptograms here. After the castigation which poor Aubrey has received at the hands of the author of "The Shakespeare Problem Re-stated," it is indeed refreshing to find any resemblance between the tedious, thin, and tinny "it's so simple" irony of Anatole France and the magnificent completeness of Montaigne is gilded with keener vision than I am.

It is also fairly certain that he collaborated with Marlowe, and possibly Green and Peele, in the production of the revised Parts II and III of "Henry VI." Internal evidence shows that Shakespeare owed much to Marlowe's influence, and that he was a disciple of the elder dramatist. It is also clear that his position, at first, was that of a hack writer. Will Mr. Hall, or any other, be good enough to state the reasons that impelled Sir Francis Bacon to adopt that profession? G. S. NEWSON.

** MORAL QUOTATIONS **

Sir,—In its younger days it was possible to regard "The English Review" with some measure of seriousness; but since it has become an adult and noisily proclaimed its attainment of the years of discretion its rate of development has been so rapid that it already begins to show signs of senile decay; as its own advertisement emphatically declares, its standard is not that of the "young person," either the callow lad or raw school-girl; so that to treat its pages with contempt rather than an amused tolerance, is to expend upon it more energy and vitality than it deserves. It is surprising, then, to find the same issue of June to crushing "The English Review" under the weight of its moderation. "We have not this month," it says, "included any notice of 'The English Review' in our account of the magazines, nor do we intend to do so for the future unless the tone of the magazine becomes very different from what it has been late." The general air of this virile attitude is that the "Spectator" condemns the tone and tenory of 'The English Review' on moral questions. At its bestLength this issue is so powerful, and is so large to the stability of his position, and finally adds an example of the kind of matter to which he objects taken from an article in the current number of the "Review" by Mr. Frank Harris, entitled, "The Review on Morals." As the excerpt is set in the "Spectator," there is a short "leader" in the fifth line to denote an omission. For the sake of fairness, it may be well to reprint here the words omitted:

"In maturity, on the other hand, artists and those given to severe mental labour will find in complete abativeness a renewal of the freshness that befitted the temple of the period. Periods of monkish self-denial gave him the power necessary to produce masterpieces. There is no general law,
but the French proverb, "Une fois n'est pas coutume" is valuable.

It is unnecessary to point out that these words seriously affect the meaning of the context, and considering the fact that readers of the "Spectator" are unlikely to be readers also of "The English Review," so important an omission as this amnesties misrepresentation of me.

The temptation to maintain such an asseveration against the "Spectator" increased by certain considerations which occurred to me first in reading Mr. Harris' article. Mr. Harris in his varied career as a journalist cannot have escaped all acquaintance with the words to which scisors and paste may be put—conventional phrases to a bear in mind when reading the work of journalists as distinct from that of men of letters. It was not, then, surprising to me as I read to hear in Mr. Harris' shrill discords an echo of the softer version of them which I, Mr. Harris, am certain that for many a long year to come society will punish breakers of its code with a relentless severity which has no intimate relation to equity," while Emerson remarks that "Society everywhere is in conspiracy against the manhood of every one of its members. . . . The virtue in most request is conformity." It is to be observed, moreover, that Mr. Harris himself appears while writing to have experienced the difficulty of remaining blind to the fact that he was but saying what others had said before. Arguing in favour of natural morals on the ground that natural punishment is unavoidable, he comes back to the Aeschylean maxim, "there is a law which wants to be obeyed", proceeds then to assert that Nature is no kinder to the ascetic than the profligate, he succeeds at length in producing strong evidences in favour of the truth of the proverb, "One man's meat is another man's poison." Mr. Harris in his article prints from a Japanese paper twelve precepts of natural morality. With the first eleven of these Mr. Harris either in part or entirely disavows them as in the main pregnant, dinous. The twelfth is as follows: "In order to strengthen such organs as may be weakened by age or war, nourish yourself with organs of digestion;" or, as Mr. Harris rejects as "manifestly childish" on the ground that "one does not strengthen the stomach by eating the hides of bull or lamb," I would not challenge Mr. Harris' statement, but I would point out that it is quite customary to administer adrenaline for cretinism and Addisonian disease in two cases at which he at last arrives are mastered in their simplicity, but for proper appreciation and elucidation they need to be read side by side with Emerson's essay on Self-Reliance, while the concluding words of the article, "every new generation, too, should add a new chapter to religion, some new verse to the Bible of Humanity," are only comparable to the concluding verse of Lowell's "Bibliolatus":--"Slowly the Bible of the race is writ, And not on paper leaves, nor leaves of stone; Each word each line adds a verse to it. Texts of despair or hope, of joy or woe. While swings the sea, while mists the mountains shroud, While bursts the storm, while rent the cloud, Still at the prophet's feet the nations sit." As Virgil was inspired to write the "Pollio," it would almost appear as though Lowell was inspired to pen that last line by a premonition of the position Mr. Harris would one day occupy.

The sight of the "Spectator" methodically condemning the tone and tendency on moral questions of a "Review" of which the opinions have for a considerable time been regarded as negligible by many eminent critics; attacking in particular an article which, with the exception of the single passage the "Spectator" has quoted, bears a strong resemblance to the essentially Puritanical work of Emerson; and, sooner or later, the representative and exponents of the Nonconformist conscience why they had not taken so objectionable a task upon their own shoulders; this sight must surely gladden the hearts of those who are the assailants of the present work. It is just a year since the "Spectator" published a most generous appreciation of the "literary and journalistic" THE NEW AGE is condemned. On such an occasion it may perhaps appear somewhat discourteous to take up the attitude I have adopted, and I should have had it not been for the conviction that the "Spectator" would regret any sacrifice of that "courage and independence" of which it spoke so highly.

EN AMELIE

Sir,—With fifteen miles of woods and streams stretching away to everywhere, I claim the privilege of a rural reader to raise a thanks-be! for THE NEW AGE. It is a royal paper; and I am awfully pleased with all ourselves, though I hardly count for a word in the present number. It is consolatory to know that if my spring dried up to-morrow, THE NEW AGE would still come out, and I could read it. I have seen ecstatic letters from country subscribers, full of gloatings of delight in finding the "Spectator" in THE NEW AGE. Solemnly I set the seal of truth upon these epistles. I, also! A glance at the correspondence; then "Notes of the Week" from every word to please the reader. Mr. Harris, I am, and shall always be, divided in my mind. One devotee certainly gave me the return half of a railway ticket which she was unable to unfold; I would give a copy of "Science and Health," Mr. DuBois interests me exceedingly. Having lapped up negro "comfatableness" in the arms of an American so soon as I come appreciating the black people. After over a hundred thousand miles of travel among them, in Africa and the States, I cannot recall a single instance of rudeness, let alone insult, from any colored man or woman. The present epidemic in Africa of native crime is the result of the cry of the white women for the blood of the Umbali native. Every black maniac in the country has been aroused—and how few! no more than a dozen among the millions and millions of absolutely harmless people. But I was going to comment on Mr. DuBois' letter from Paris. He quotes from a letter of similar style with its almost "ancient" power, written by a coloured workman, in my latest copy of the "South African News." The vocabulary of it, and the sparkling rhetoric, few moderns would dare to employ nowadays, when to use such words as "dignity" and "nobility" is to lose caste. It will be noticed that Mr. Harris south one-sided in cut a young nation whose orators and writers are preparing to seize the classic heritage.

I must say a word to poor Mr. Poel. He seems to betray a wound. He is a body to a man living with a woman who is not his wife while his wife is still alive because "he is doing no good for the one woman and much harm to the other." If I were Mr. Poel I wouldn't let a little thing like that stop me: it might not be quite true! And Mr. Visiak really might let someone hold a different opinion from his about heroes without shedding tears. When I was in New England the thing that most impressed me was to read on title at the mention of "R. L. S." I stayed at a house where was a maidservant who had to be dismissed from a hotel because of the novelist's dislike of her ugly face!

Next I take Mr. [Walter Sickert. What a joy in that man! Where does he feed his wit? I had thought all the gay people were dead, except we few; but since he comes among us so rarely, he must sip other nectars otherwheres. Yet, let it all, one's gay friends of "Stately home!" I once invited some souls to enviow my lonely retreat. The elder ones lectured all together until bedtime, and the younger sacrificed to Aphrodite by talking of strange vice quite loud up to three in the morning. I fear they were quite put up that they all popped off and now they go about saying I can't write! I am very glad to see the "Ethiopian Saga" begin. If it may do a little log-rolling, since I corrected the proofs for the distant author, I will say that the events are historical, the names of the chiefs being only changed into words which express the same meanings as the real ones; all native names meaning something. There is a wonderful snake song to come—a description of a locally famous fight between a messenger and a man-eater.

To discuss "East and West" after only one reading would betray me. I always have to polish my mind by three or four perusals of the Opinion. And, although I read S. Verdad, I never comment, but, indeed, sit meekly wondering why it rains so often. But then, I have no country, and rather like Germans, so that the prospects of the Teutonic navy, or even any good accounts of foreigners, do not drive me to declare everything is a lie.

Dionysos Meditating confirms my opinion of Mr. Randell. The "disrespectable" in the "Dionysos" order is this new writer, obscure, unadvertised except by his work. I can admire, if unfortunate.

But Mr. H. O. Carter will do quite one of his mordant postcards. Praise from Caesar, by "Lady Bibliolatus." Mr. Harris, I am very glad to see the "Ethiopian Saga" begin. If it may do a little log-rolling, since I corrected the proofs for the distant author, I will say that the events are historical, the names of the chiefs being only changed into words which express the same meanings as the real ones; all native names meaning something. There is a wonderful snake song to come—a description of a locally famous fight between a messenger and a man-eater.

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