THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE LABOUR PARTY: THE FINAL JOURNEY.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS. By S. Verdad...

THE CHUTE OF MARRIAGE. By Mercutio...

LETTERS FROM ABROAD...

BOOKS... PAGES FROM A BOOK...

The trouble that has been gathering a long time in the Labour Party is now nearly at a head. Mr. Snowden's unconcealed partiality of the majority of his fellow members for playing, as he thinks, into Mr. Lloyd George's hands has naturally received a no less unmeasured reply from Mr. Macdonald. Concerning the technical point under dispute between them, we think that Mr. Macdonald has the right on his side. But what does the cause matter when the main thing is that there exists, unfortunately, so much misunderstanding, in professedly Socialist circles, of the nature of Socialism that we anticipate some surprise at the foregoing; yet a moment's reflection will show that by no means all State services are to be given gratis even "under Socialism." At the present moment, for example, Socialists are fond of pointing to municipal enterprise and the national post-office as instances of Socialism. In each case the sums paid by the public for these services cover the cost and a little over. Nor would any sane Socialist suggest that these businesses should be carried on in any other way. On the other hand, Socialists are just as willing to point to municipally or nationally owned parks, roads, museums, libraries and the Navy as Socialist institutions, in none of which is the principle of individual payment put into practice. The difference between the two sets of business is the difference between Socialism proper and Communism. The Navy, the roads, the libraries, etc., are communitistic institutions. The PostOffice, etc., are Socialist; and it is in the latter that the principle of paying cost price must be maintained. Now we contend that Insurance is pre-eminently a Socialistic proposition put into practice. The difference between the two "leaders" is, as we said last week, very small indeed. Neither of them, for all his prave orts, would impel the passage of the Insurance Bill, and that is all we care about for the moment. Mr. Snowden reiterates his communistic nonsense in defence of non-contributory Insurance; Mr. Macdonald replies with his habitual Liberal nonsense defending a small Scotch contribution. Both, however, when it comes actually to the point, profess to desire the Bill to pass. We do not. Hence our difference from both the misguided protagonists.

Both Mr. Snowden and Mr. Macdonald are under the impression that the Bill can be amended to make a satisfactory measure. If it could be amended in the direction of reducing the contribution of the workers, Mr. Macdonald would be satisfied; and if their contributions were abolished altogether Mr. Snowden would be satisfied. Under neither circumstance in our opinion, however, would the Bill be improved. On the contrary, of the three forms thus indicated, we should place Mr. Lloyd George's Bill first in the low order of merit and Mr. Snowden's last. The less the wage-earners are called upon to pay for their insurance the worse in our judgment. They should pay exactly what it costs, so much and no more; and if they are unable to pay by reason of low wages, the subsidies should not be paid for them, but their wages should be raised to enable them voluntarily to do it. There exists, unfortunately, so much misunderstanding, in professedly Socialist circles, of the nature of Socialism that we anticipate some surprise at the foregoing; yet a moment's reflection will show that by no means all State services are to be given gratis even "under Socialism." At the present moment, for example, Socialists are fond of pointing to municipal enterprise and the national postoffice as instances of Socialism. In each case the sums paid by the public for these services cover the cost and a little over. Nor would any sane Socialist suggest that these businesses should be carried on in any other way. On the other hand, Socialists are just as willing to point to municipally or nationally owned parks, roads, museums, libraries and the Navy as Socialist institutions, in none of which is the principle of individual payment put into practice. The difference between the two sets of business is the difference between Socialism proper and Communism. The Navy, the roads, the libraries, etc., are communitistic institutions. The Post-Office, etc., are Socialist; and it is in the latter that the principle of paying cost price must be maintained. Now we contend that Insurance is pre-eminently a Socialist and not a Communist class of business. It ranks with the Post-Office, the municipal gas and water, etc., etc.; and the sound principle to apply to it is to charge the cost on its members. After all, if private societies can insure their members and make a profit out of it, the State should be able to insure the nation on even more advantageous terms without profit but also without loss. The model to follow in National Insurance is the Post Office and not Free Education.

The "Eye Witness" of last week contained an admirable article on the abhorred Insurance Bill, in the course of which, however, the writer prophesied that technically the Bill would become law. This is so common an assumption and so universally expressed that we do not know that it is not the main support of the Bill. Something fateful hangs about the Bill, so that men, even while they are fighting against it, fight as those without hope. But is this attitude justified by the circumstances? We avow that we have not met one individual who is in favour of the Bill. Further than that, we do not know an economist, an accountant, a statesman, or a student who has universally expressed a wish to see more for more than Mr. Lloyd George's intentions. It is a Bill that is neither warranted by facts nor justified by theories, and it would be little short of criminal if the Bill were passed merely to save Mr. Lloyd George's reputation as a politician. To anybody...
who observes the rapidity with which opponents of the Bill are springing up, it is obvious that Mr. Lloyd George's only hope is in speed. If he can rush the Bill through while its enemies are mobilising, he will be safe—for a few months. But if, on the other hand, there is any delay, the Bill is dead as certainly as Queen Anne. Everything depends, therefore, on delay. The guillotine has been made impossible, and it is still not too late to slay the kangaroo. Once these instruments of the caucus are gone, Mr. Lloyd George's Bill will be without its pan of swiftness. It may then safely be left to die of debate.

Time being the desirable element, we may even say that we should thank the Lords for thrusting it upon us—yes, at the cost of losing the Veto Bill. The Veto Bill, as we have many times remarked, concerns mainly the domestic affairs of the two Chambers. It has little or no bearing on the relation of the Legislature to the people. The National Insurance Bill, on the other hand, is a measure which concerns some six or seven millions of the population very directly indeed. A poll-tax is to be levied on them which they must pay weekly on the chance of receiving in return an inadequate and to be levied on them which they must pay weekly on a week for a purely problematical benefit is transformed into an addition of the same amount only statisticians can tell. Nevertheless Mr. Money boldly repeats that we are prepared to admit; but the circumstances are such that either the increased rate of wages does not uniformly apply to the whole trade, or there results from the increase of wages an increase of efficiency, enabling prices even to remain stable. It is upon the second alternative that Mr. Money naturally relies, since the first is not open from a Bill that affects all employers equally. Let us therefore examine it. In what manner is this increase of efficiency resulting from higher wages manifested? In economy of cost of production; that is to say, more commodities can be produced by comparatively less costly means. This means, if it means anything at all, that profits are increased, and the richer class, again, that the disproportion between riches and poverty is intensified. But that result is not all. There is a more immediate result. Everybody realises that the rate of wages paid per man may increase while the sum total paid in wages is decreasing. It is quite possible that, reckoned in the current rates, the wages paid to-day are higher than those paid yesterday; but the further point is whether both the total wages payments and the proportion between them and profits are increasing or decreasing. Mr. Money, including price, even supposing the benefits of the Insurance Bill, Mr. Money may be overlooking (as the employers certainly are not) the prospect of dispensing with certain poor labour and substituting cheap, recently trained, remunerative labour. This means prices undoubtedly need not be raised, nor need the insurance levy be deducted from the actual wages paid to each man, but the levies will be deducted all the same, and labour will be made to pay in the form of the reduced total wages bill of each employer. In the end, therefore, by either route we come to the same conclusion, that while profiteering continues, all doles and levies extracted from employers are deducted, sooner or later, from labour, either individually or in the mass.

WER WEISST?

Should that vast East, which dreaming lies,
In nightmare end, in frenzy rise,
And threaten e'en our island shore;
Should Europe vainly strive to grasp
And think of Persia, Greece, and Rome;
Should that vast East, which dreaming lies,
Its mighty force
Its myriad units onward pour
As 'Wer weisst?'

Should that vast East, which dreaming lies,
In nightmare end, in frenzy rise,
And with one wild, convulsive spring,
Its mighty force on Europe fling,
Its myriad units onward pour
And threaten e'en our island shore;
Should Europe vainly strive to grasp
The awful foe, then feebly gasp,
And think of Persia, Greece, and Rome;
Should 'Wer weisst' then come to be
Crash forth, how wild our mad delight!
The rescuer then, how pure! how bright!
How meet should Jingoes greet
E. S. HOLE.
Foreign Affairs.
By S. Verdud.

The Declaration of London, or at any rate its main principles, should by this time be known to all of us; for it has been well dealt with in books, speeches in Parliament, newspaper articles, and pamphlets of various kinds. I am inclined to think, nevertheless, that there is little need for all the fuss. It may all be boiled down into this: the famous Declaration may be to our disadvantage.

If all Agreements of this sort were obeyed to the letter by the different signatories to them, it might perhaps be worth while examining the Declaration clause by clause and discussing it in detail. In this case we should have to come to the conclusion that it serves some purpose, and deserves some praise, as an attempt, but as nothing more than an attempt, to codify laws which are at present rather hazy and ill understood. But even from this point of view the Declaration is miscuevous, for the clauses relating to food-supplies in time of war would starve us out in less than a week.

It must not, however, be assumed that the Declaration of London or any other Agreement of this kind will be worth the paper it is written on if any strong Power wishes to tear it up. Look at some of the signatories to the Declaration—consider, in particular, the list of Powers constituting the International Prize Court (i.e., furnishing judges to it): Uruguay, Bolivia, Servia, Switzerland, Persia, and so on. It goes without saying that Powers such as these have no means of enforcing their decisions. They may possibly have a certain amount of moral or diplomatic influence (though what moral influence do we usually associate with Servia and Uruguay?), but this would of course be useless against any Power that chose rather to set the decisions of the Court at nought and to rely upon its men and guns.

I have occasionally thought it worth while to remind readers of this page that in 1908 Germany did not hesitate to tear up the Treaty of Berlin when she found that the other Powers interested in the Balkan question were not prepared to fight. Let me remind my readers also that, by sending a warship to Agadir a few days ago, Germany practically defied two other Treaties: the Act of Algeciras, and the Supplementary Treaty entered into between Germany and France regarding Morocco in 1909. By both these Treaties Germany recognised France to be the European policeman in Morocco; and the German Government's move in sending a cruiser to Moroccan waters is naturally looked upon as a tacit indication that she regards these Treaties as at an end.

It is asserted by defenders of the Declaration that Great Britain stands to gain when she is a neutral, as her merchantmen will not run so great a risk of being sunk, and that, if any of her carrying vessels are sunk, their owners will be compensated. But the question, How? once more arises. It may be remembered that, in the course of the Russo-Japanese war, Russia refused to be bound by the Prize Court laws on several occasions, and there was no means of enforcing the decisions of such Courts as give awards under our present system. Who will pretend that the new International Prize Court will meet with any greater respect at the hands of, say, Germany or the United States? And again, Courts or no Courts, does any one think that, if our merchant vessels were sunk haphazardly in time of war (assuming us to be neutral and Germany to be at war with our ally), our merchants would make no protest or would take no drastic steps to put a stop to such a practice?

Now in time of war the arrangements made for a food supply under the terms of the Declaration would result in our starvation, as I have said, in less than a week. This is clearly recognised by our naval authorities; and their only reason for advocating the ratification of the Declaration is the hope that we may benefit by it, even if only to some slight extent, when we happen to be neutrals. It is recognised with equal clearness that our only chance of carrying out the terms of this Declaration is that Germany, and all our naval preparations are made on the assumption that Germany will attack us. I may say that I am perfectly familiar with the plans of the Admiralty, and they are simplicity itself.

In the event of a naval attack by Germany, the efforts of the British Fleet would be devoted to bottling up the enemy in the waters of the North Sea. There would be a line of ships in the English Channel, and another stretching from the north of Scotland towards the southwestern coast of Norway. It follows that all the ports on the south and east of England, and the east of Scotland, would be closed to vessels carrying food or any other cargo; but on the other hand the way would be clear in the west, e.g., Cardiff and Liverpool. Obviously, much damage could be done if a single German Dreadnought or a fast cruiser broke through these lines of British warships, hence the superhuman efforts made by our Government to see that Germany does not send a single naval base into the Atlantic. If she does, it is obvious that our food supply will be jeopardised on all sides.

I cannot sufficiently emphasise the fact that in naval, military, and diplomatic circles it is an open secret that no really strong Power thinks for one moment of abiding by the provisions of the Declaration of London in time of war. Remember the three Treaties which I have already referred to as having met with rather cavalier treatment on the part of Germany. Remember the attitude of Russia towards neutral ships and ship-owners at the time of the Japanese war. As I have stated in these columns more than once, where international Agreements can be backed up by the force necessary to maintain them, they are useful to that extent. They are, however, not worth the paper they are written on where that force is lacking. And countries like Servia and Uruguay are absolutely powerless to enforce decisions which their representatives at the new International Prize Court may lay down.

Our chief naval problem, indeed, has nothing to do with the Declaration of London. Our problem is simply to defeat the German navy. I have mentioned the plans of our Admiralty for this purpose. As matters stand at present, and in view of the fact that Germany has no naval base in the Atlantic, those plans are adequate. But if those plans should fail at the critical moment, neither the Declaration of London, nor twenty Declarations of a similar trend, would be of the slightest assistance to us.

It is because I have long realised the uselessness of all such Treaties and Agreements that I have hitherto avoided the discussion of them, and am but for repeated requests from several readers I should have let the subject alone. I need hardly add, of course, that a detailed examination of this precious Declaration shows many defects, important and otherwise. Too many lawyers appear to have spoiled the legal broth. Many of the clauses are not clear, and the articles dealing with the sinking of neutral ships are contradictory. The Marquess of Salisbury went so far as to say in the House of Lords on March 13 that the whole Declaration read like a diplomatic document, in which there was the last thing usually aimed at, rather than like a legal document, which it was supposed to be. This is one of the very few criticisms on the Declaration with which I find myself in complete accord. The English translation prepared for our Foreign Office bristles with minor errors. To translate "commercant" as "contractor" is a particularly glaring blunder—a blunder which, I fear, is but too typical of the Declaration as a whole.
The Decline and Fall of the Labour Party.

VI. — The Final Surrender.

The revolt had failed; the officials were triumphant. But in destroying the rebels they had destroyed that nucleus of an independent party in the country which the elections of 1906 had revealed, and on which alone a really independent parliamentary party could be built. Instead of nursing and fortifying the independence of their constituents, they had been compelled to weaken it to the best of their ability that it might not prove a backing for Mr. Grayson and his friends. By the beginning of 1909 it had all but disappeared. Those discontented working men whose votes had created the Labour Party were quickly re-absorbed into the two traditional parties. The sprinkling of fighting Socialists who had given life to the movement were either in open revolt or silently acquiescent and discouraged. It needed very little insight to see that the Liberals under Mr. Lloyd George would soon be in a position to dictate terms of capitulation.

The surrender of many of the Labour men was doubtless a very unwilling submission to the logic of facts. But this was by no means universally the case. While some, probably a majority of the Labour members, had been led, partly by astute bamboozling and partly by skillful appeals to their feelings of personal resentment into an impossible position from which they could see no way of escape, there were certainly others who had foreseen and planned the whole issue. They had before them a spectacle that might well tempt them. On the Treasury Bench, drawing culture and debating power, if his inferiors in vitality were exhausted, surrenders at discretion. But such a commander may be justly accused of incompetence for having led his men into such a position deliberately, a nastier word is applied to him.

The Budget itself, though Mr. Philip Snowden was reduced.
threatened and blistered, but the Liberal leaders had calculated to a nicety how much their threats were worth. Frenzied appeals were made to the Trade Unionists to rally to the defence of their champions, in the House, but they were coldly received. Taff Vale had been an attack on the rights of Trade Unions, and the whole Trade Union world had been in a flame about it. Osborne only affected the members of Parliament, and the ordinary man showed no disposition to put himself out to fight the battles of men who had taken his money and persistently refused to fight his. The Liberals would give no pledge, yet the Labourites dared not withdraw the support of the independent MPs, upon which the victories of 1906 had been won was utterly gone, and a quarrel with the Liberals would certainly sweep almost every Labour member contemptuously from the House.

In such melancholy circumstances had the Labour Party, which emerged so strong and hopeful in 1906, to face the chances of another election.

Pages from a Book of Swells.

By T. H. S. Escott.

VI.—The Leading Hostesses.

During the later 'sixties the social mixture of the old acres and the new wealth was not only incomplete but, to some extent, almost unknown, and much was said, often with a good deal of truth, about the way in which the parvenu commercial gentleman was shied at bridegrooms from the City. That was not the case with a bold, brae, beautiful Scotch girl, the daughter of a landlord of reduced estate, but rejoicing in a rich grandfather, the Earl of Ardee; during her first visitation of London she ventured to face the milestone where the victories of 1906 had been won was utterly gone, and a quarrel with the Liberals would certainly sweep almost every Labour member contemptuously from the House.

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a mother of the well-to-do class knows the difficulty of making both ends meet and settling her children in life on a limited income; and severely limited, outside the plutocratic class, most incomes nowadays are. Happily there are groups of working women making a livelihood outside the liberal professions not demanding an unusual amount of intelligence, any very special education, or much particular experience. It is the day of organisations, societies, and committees, whose name is legion and whose titles are always respectable if not often impress¬ive. The best start in life which some noblemen can give for their sons is in the vocation of quarry men. Others congratulate themselves on securing employment in some branch of engineering or of public works. Now Mrs. Braham and her friends have not had many conversations with their new acquaintances before they discover at least a chance of procuring for their boys a berth which will give them something to do at once, will train them in regular habits, and may lead to something better hereafter. Meanwhile the father smiles commendation on his lady’s enterprise. How far-reaching in some branch of engineering or of public works. Now (very properly) hounded out of Oxford at once by the proctors and their bulldogs. It is weird, certainly — megale he Artemis ton Ephesion! ... They do shout those words. Ah! I’ve got it —(subconsciously)—that explains everything. We have words now that explain everything—single words. What a privilege to be young —very Heaven!—in such times! They don’t really know that they are howling “Great is Diana of the Ephesians”... They do shout those words. Ah! I’ve got it —(subconsciously)—that explains everything. We have words now that explain everything—single words. What a privilege to be young —very Heaven!—in such times! They don’t really know that they are howling “Great is Diana of the Ephesians.”... They do shout those words. Ah! I’ve got it —(subconsciously)—that explains everything. We have words now that explain everything—single words. What a privilege to be young —very Heaven!—in such times! They don’t really know that they are howling “Great is Diana of the Ephesians.”... They do shout those words. Ah! I’ve got it —(subconsciously)—that explains everything. We have words now that explain everything—single words. What a privilege to be young —very Heaven!—in such times! They don’t really know that they are howling “Great is Diana of the Ephesians.”...
drolatiques that would make the K.C.'s table at a tiled circuit mess blush and shudder. When she leaves, she shoots, golfs, hockey's, or goes about wrestling with large, young policemen, and screaming. The only words she knows--"Votes for Women!" Modern Progress, sir! Still, the Young Person is a valuable myth, and we keep her going. Anyhow, I can't buy heavy stuff in this office. Besides, I'm on the Roundhead side, and...

THE AUTHOR: But, sir, I loathe politics. N.E.: Oh! Then... good morning. Get it translated into French by Margaret Audoux and try "Le Temps des Roses." The Author through rows of youthful reporters and clerks. As he passes they all wink at exactly the same moment, curing their thumbs at his retreating back. Before he is out of ear-shot they break into the new generation laughter, which must be heard to be appreciated. Distant chorus that sounds like, "We're all in the know, and we're all on the make. And don't you go and make no bally mistake"—but probably those were not the words.)

II.

THE AUTHOR: I will conciliate everybody. I will be heard. Well; I'll write the thing, at any rate. "The Curse of Marriage." (Enter gentleman from Scotland.)

G. S.: Put down that pen! The Author: Sir, I assure you I haven't written a word.

G. S.: You have written the title. My countrymen will not have it, and my countrymen rule England.

THE AUTHOR: True—(sotto voce)—those that haven't gone to Canada.

G. S.: Maan, an improvidence may occur under such a title, and the Aberdeen Moral Fish Curers' Company's delicacy and flummery. To the Author's delicacy and flummery.

THE AUTHOR: My remarks, like most Acts of Parliament, are not intended to apply to Scotland, or to the town of Berwick-on-Tweed.

G. S.: Well; if that isn't your Southron irony, which I never could, and never shall, understand; and on the distinct promise that your contemptible drivel shall not apply to Scotland; I withdraw my veto. (Exit G. S.)

THE AUTHOR (sighs): Imperfect sympathies, indeed! Ah! That was a narrow shave!

A TERRIBLE VOICE: How dare you imitate me!

THE AUTHOR (trebling): Who are you?

THE VOICE: I am G. B. S., the Arbiter of Destiny, and the most Important Person in the World. You said shave.

THE AUTHOR: Sir, you are, indeed, the last man I would dare to offend—(sotto voce)—or care to imitate. (A loud): But I cannot understand...

THE VOICE: I can't supply you with brains—chiefly because there isn't enough to go round—but I can easily knock out whatever substitute you may possess. I have a bludgeon here, which I call the Author (sighs). The Author is in a comical mood. He is doing my business and catching the conscience of the peasant characters, and to catch the conscience of the most Important Person in the World. You said shave.

THE AUTHOR: I am Hebe, and a Dream—he was enjoying a genuine sensation produced by the mutilated, polka pattern to the Alhambra. With all the feverish-ness of music-hall sensations thick upon me, when down came the meaningless curtain, and I was straightway into the gloomy humours of Ireland in the bonds of superstition and subjection. I was doing my best to experience the right sensation of depression when down came the meaningless curtain, and I was transported by the saw-pit men on the rough-and-ready staccato passages of music of a Moorish or Egyptian polka pattern to the Alhambra. With all the feverish-ness of music-hall sensations thick upon me, I was hurried back to mixed sensations of crushed ambitions, ruined hopes, joly-toned comedians and Arcadia. Against the somewhat formal decoration of the cold, dark-grey background some one, believing the stock scenery ought not to be wasted, had hung a gay proscenium border belonging to a "Spring Song" scene. So there I sat, enjoying a genuine sensation produced by the upturned soul of Ireland while expecting another. But, alas! the long-haired poets, the shepherds with the woolly beards, and the festive lambs, though plainly advertised, never came.

The idea of dramatic action must undergo a complete revolution. This is the most pressing need of the drama and of the theatre. The shock of these words will be great to those persons who have been busy during the past few years in elaborating a dramatic technique and to the Author through rows of youthful reporters and clerks. As he passes they all wink at exactly the same moment, curing their thumbs at his retreating back. Before he is out of ear-shot they break into the new generation laughter, which must be heard to be appreciated.

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Too many mixed effects spoil the best play. A hodge-podge of bewildering effects obtained from the orchestra, the drama, and the scenery dock was not, of course, to be regarded as the finest means of realising the action of the play. The Author (sighs). The Author was no doubt written to reveal the true inwardsness of the pleasant characters, and to catch the conscience.
of the audience without the aid of music and with a haphazard scene thrown in to suggest time and space. Its whole action—movement, rhythm, cumulative force— is contained in the words, depends on them, is good or bad accordingly. In this case to employ external aids, not of the simplest and most appropriate character, as a means of realising the dramatic action and of producing the desired complete sensation in the spectator is to imagine we are making a tragedy when we are only making a farce.

The conception of action has always varied, whether in drama or elsewhere. In painting there has been a movement for ten years towards the clear expression of the unity which underlies all forms of life and binds them together, as well as of the continuity seen by mystics moving by the very soul and spirit of less schools. Puvis de Chavannes, for one, has not shown the relation between his figures and their background, as though he attached a greater importance to their disconnected realistic representation than to their connection with each other and with the scheme of the universe. He has failed to build up the outward unity of the inner being.

The origin of this movement in painting has been referred to the influence of the Bergsonian new school of philosophy with its emphasis on intuition as an aid to the perception of the unity and the continuity of the stream of life. But whether art is influenced by philosophy is an open question. It may be that art foretells the philosophical crisis, and philosophy itself. In the case influence on artists themselves of the new ideas in painting is certain. On the Continent it is everywhere strongly marked. In England it occupies the position of that Ireland described by an Irishman as being the backbone of England which is slowly coming to the front.

If one is to judge by the first exhibition of the Camden Town group which I saw at the Carfax Gallery before leaving London, very little of this background has made its appearance. The pictures were a demonstration of the varied and quintessential talents of a small and advanced group of artists who have grown tired of "walking on" at the academic New English Art Club exhibitions, and have endeavoured to show that they can do something characteristic for themselves. The result was a parade of interesting individuals—by unity of purpose into an artistic whole, and producing something of the reality of a Camden scene. At the head of the short procession came the youthful president, Spencer F. Gore. Merged modestly in the "crowd" was Walter Sickert, the genial "father" of the group. One knew from his presence that 19, Fitzroy Street, slightly augmented, was going to be a name to be reckoned with, and to the small buyer, it was really an artistic entertainment raised to a high pitch. The pitch is, however, different from that of the ultra-modern movement in painting, as may be seen at the exhibition of the Secessionists here in Berlin. Simplicity, harmony, and movement characterise the work of the Camden Town group. An intense, unifying search for continuity and rhythm of line and colour, unattempted in England, distinct the work of most of the Secessionists. The latter have a different conception of action, as well as a different method of expressing it. Perhaps the room-full of Independents, containing a dozen or so of distinct personalities, provides the keynote to the movement. In regarding the work of these painters, Vlaminck, Chabaud, Friesz, Van Dongen, Picasso, Derain, Lyonel Feininger, and others, who are not, however, represented at their best, one is forced to acknowledge that they have gone beyond the conception of the impressionists of the eighties. The latter hardly imagined the interweaving of lines, the unifying pale pinks and sage greens of Othon Friesz, the harmonising and expressive shapes of Chabaud, of the strange intersecting cubics of Picasso, of the surging lines of Feininger's figures sweeping along in an ecstasy of intoxicated movement. But at the Ausstellungshaus, in the strength and intensity of Louis Corinth, the vitality of Emil Orlik, the charm and delicacy of the fifteen-year secessionist, Curt Herrman, the rich promise of E. R. Vaske, the vague mysticism of Martin Brandenburg, and in the latest moving adventures of the sensational extremist, Ferdinand Hodler, there is nothing but echoes of the new ideas.

The influence of the new movement in painting is not, however, confined to the studio. It is invading the theatre. In Berlin, where there is more art than in most Continental cities, the fluid "scene" is almost a commonplace. The Deutschen-the Lessing, the Klassiker-Spiele, the Hebbel, and the other theatres have long been searching for simplicity, unity and movement. At the Neues Theater the cinematograph has been called in to continue the action of "Die million," a commonplace French farce. Perhaps there never was so much endeavour in any one city to bring the plastic intelligence to the service of the drama, both classical and modern, in order to make its representation artistic and mobile. But without much success. In the plays selected the dramatic action is not, though placed entirely in the character, was not intended to receive the aid of the revelation of modern plastic forms of art. A fact that appears to be but little understood, both in and out of Berlin, is that dramatic action has changed from time to time according to the conception of the purpose of the drama itself, the means of its representation, and the period in which it was written. Thus the action of the Greek drama differs from that of Shakespeare, and that of Racine's tragedies does from that of Goethe's, and Goethe's from Ibsen's. These dramatists wrote in their own times, and possibly not one of them contemplated that human ingenuity would devise such a perfect and elaborate system of representation as we are about to possess. Otherwise they might have written their tragedies differently.

To-day we can represent actions which a Shakespeare, or Sophocles, or Goethe could never attempt to express. These are tremendously important actions, carried beyond spoken language by the language of music and the visualised scene. By such means the greatest and most complex soul, its subtlest significances, its most delicate nuances, are caught up, revealed, and illuminated. Thus, through its co-operation with enlightening music and eloquent decoration, dramatic action must attain a height undreamt of by the ancients and by Ibsen, engrafted on the fruitless task of adapting old forms of drama to the new forms of representation. To the latter the vision of the perfect trinity unveiling the deepest mysteries—mysteries embraced by the rhythm of the universe—and the remotest adventures of the human soul, has not yet appeared.

There are besides the new movement in painting other movements at work in Germany which are changing the idea of dramatic action, and which necessitate a complete revolution. The transforming influence of the music-drama of Wagner and of Ibsenism, that source of modern tragedy, have to be considered. Berlin, July 3.

HUNTY CARTER.

AFTER THE RAIN. (Translated from the Bohemian of Jaroslav Hasek by P. Selver.)

A strip of blue is on the sky-line gleaming,
And all the wood is fresh with pearls.

The stream that down the slope its water hurst,
With chatter and with mirth is teeming.

Hark to the waves, how in their savage strife,
They wake the echoes in the rocks to life.

Methinks that 'midst their streaming
Of chatter and with mirth is teeming.

Standing mighty Pan, exulting as they brawl,
His tresses flowing free

He gazes, how the waves in torrents fall,
And claps his hands for glee.
The Journey.
By St. John C. Ervine

I went down to High Wycombe the other Saturday to lecture to the L.L.P. on "The Failure of England," and I was in no mood for that sort, but would rather have been rolling on the grass in the sunlight, glimpsing one minute at the sky, and the next, maybe, at a clump of starry daffodils; nor was I in any mood at all for the eating of food, a task to be performed with decency and much seemly ritual. . . . I was about to write when I started on that unwieldy series of sentences, for which may God, as He loves literature, forgive me, that I was made less willing to desist thus by the spectacle of pleasant pasture lands, hung about with trees, that I saw from the window of the train that bore me to High Wycombe; for if you travel from Paddington or Marylebone, you are soon clear of the jungle of houses that lie round London in a great, grey, ugly mass. The late sunshine had brought the young leaves out of the blackened boughs with a rush, as children pent in houses during a storm run eagerly into the street when the rain is over and don't stop to put on their boots, or to any other precaution. . . . It was odd to write just then. I started on that uneventful journey and then I thought of the kind of countryside that William Morris loved; and that's an odd thing, that those mountainous-natured men cared little for hilly, rough places, and a great deal for peaceful park-lands. It was, I suppose, because mountains are lonely things, and park-lands seem always to have been in. So sociable a man he was, with great strength at him, and great rages and great laughter! . . . I was thinking of him when the train ran through Gerrard's Cross, and I said to myself, "I know a man who used to live there that had the oldest belief. He likened society to the human body, and individuals to the cells in it; and out of that likeness he had produced a picture of a society of men and women working for a higher unity, and that was unconsciously as the cells in one's body work for the body. It pleases him to speak of organisms!" . . . And as the train went through Gerrard's Cross I swore a mighty oath that I would not have any light wood in my barge like graceful girls walking across headlands when a soft wind comes off the sea. I saw a plantation, too, full of young trees that I thought must be pines, but I am no botanist or arboriculturist, or whatever the brutal name is by which you call a man who knows all about forests and the like. They had spiky leaves, these young trees, and the whole form of them was pointed, but they were not dark as is the way with old pines. I said to myself, as the train bore me past them, "It is because they are young and full of illusions that they are so shiny and green and good to look at." This, I am told, is sentimental, and no doubt it is; but there is no law to prevent me from being sentimental if I choose; so there's an end of it. If you love trees and green leaves and growing things with the sunlight, glimpsing one minute at the sky, and the clouds that seem like fine flosses, delicately coloured, become heavy and surly when the sun goes down. I was thinking that when the train stopped, and I heard a man call out, "Beaconsfield," and I said to myself (I was alone in the carriage), "That's where that man Chesterton lives!" And into my head came the remembrance of what a charming lady had said to me a week or two before. "Bernard Shaw," she said, "doesn't know everything, and the worst of it is, that silly old G. K. C. knows some of the things that Shaw doesn't!" I murmured that that was foolishly so, and that it was nonsense to say that Ireland, where I wish in my heart I were again, and I to shun the proletariat, as we snobs call the crowd; but first, we looked in a book-shop, and she bade me tell her what she should read, and I said, "Since you are an Irishwoman, you are as likely as not to be wholly ignorant of Ireland's story, so buy this little book!" And with that I thrust into her hands Mrs. J. R. Green's "Irish Nationality." "That," said I, "is for the good of your soul, and this," said I, "G. K. C.'s "Esther Waters" to her, "is for the good of your 'soul!'" And so we went our ways, she, as I have said, to Euston, and so to Dublin: I to curse sweaters and slum lords at street-corners; and I may tell you I had a poor audience: a small boy and two large girls, and had one of them moved before I had done with my orating, I should have brained him or her. . . .

I wished for a moment, as we halted at Beaconsfield, that I might see that great G. K. C. on the platform. You did not know, did you, that he is an Official? He is the Parish Policeman or Constable, or some such ancient, and he arrests the drunk men. They say he tries to persuade them to sign the pledge, but I do not know what it. For myself, I am very willing to quote figures I have been asked to prove that van-boys, a pleasant race of lads for whom I have much affection, are grossly overworked, as many as fourteen hours every day, with little time at all for the eating of food, a task to be performed with decency and much seemly ritual. . . . I made my way to High Wycombe on a Saturday to . . .
truth, there is in that. I do not believe it, for supposing they were to become total abstainers and wear blue ribbon in their coats, what would become of him? He would lose his job, surely. There is no sense in having a Parish Policeman if there are no drunk men to arrest. It would surely be decadent to have a Parish Policeman for the fun of the thing. The train pulled out of Beaconsfield, and I did not see P.C. Chesterton. It must be a great uniform that he wears, and one that strikes terror to the heart of all the misdeemants of Beaconsfield. I am told that the cigarettes confiscated from the small boys are the perquisites of the policeman. It's a great job, that!

It grew dark and darker as the train rolled into High Wycombe; and that's the busy town that was not made yesterday nor the day before, but was made in the days when leisure was accounted a good thing, which it is, and only mad dogs were known to hurry. In Wycombe they make chairs, and this is the busy time for them, what with the Coronation and men wanting to sit down and one thing and another. Perhaps the chair on which you are sitting down to read this—if you are reading it, though why you should do that I do not know—was made in High Wycombe. I wish you could hear the men in that town speak. It is a slow, deep tongue, theirs, not like the vile utterance of London, and it contains music and rare quality. The novelists call it a burring sound, and no doubt that burrs had some relation to chestnuts. However that may be, they have the sweet tongue at them in Buckingham. There is a fine church in the town of High Wycombe, and a great broad street, with a market place at the end of it, in the centre of the town, where great broad streets with market places ought to be; and with my own eyes I saw in the centre of the market place, a cheap-jack; but with sorrow I must relate that he wore a white linen shirt. He spoke indeed, as all cheap-jacks speak, loudly and at great speed, but I felt that he had been taught to speak like that, and had not had it born in him. I suspected, for I tell you he wore a white linen shirt, that he disliked his job, and only did it for money. There are many bad reasons for working, and only one good reason: the worst reason of all is that you are paid to work.

That cheap-jack made me despondent. I had travelled from London, where all was noisy and horrible and greedy and commercial, through quiet, green places and lush meadows, and had noticed the bright leaves, sunlit, on the trees. I had gazed at the amber sky, and had seen the sun decline, and the night roll up in dark beauty ... and I had come to that dull, white-shirted huckstering. Thus you see that after all, in the heart of an old English town that was not made yesterday, I found disillusionment; and so, with a sorry heart, I went to the L.I.P., and delivered a bitter speech on the "Failure of England."

GYPSY MELODY.

Translated from the Czech of Adolf Heyduk, by P. Selver.

HOSTESS, a cup of wine, I pray! From Debreczin I took my way; By distant foot-paths I did fare, Lo, these fetters that I bear!

Our masters gave to me these bands, They fettered fast my feet and hands, They forced me to huckstering, When gleamed the star of morn, I to the gallows might be borne.

Weakly were the fetters wrought, By my strength asunder brought, Why should such fetters be my plight, For scanty bread and scanty right?

The gypsy from these bonds shall raise A sharp defence; there come the days, That we ourselves with spurs shall clank, Like the man of lofty rank.

The Young Astrology.

By C. M. Grieve.

Day and night the seasons, the tides, the simplest phenomena earth offers would be unintelligible were no account taken of her heavenly companions. It is contrary to all analogy that their influence should stop there, and science, after a long aberration, now betrays a growing tendency to recognize it, alike where it was once admitted and where it has been unsuspected hitherto.

The magnetic storms which silently range through the earth synchronize with corresponding phenomena in the sun; the rays of a particular planet exert a more powerful chemical influence than the rest; earthquakes occur most frequently when certain planets arrive at certain points in the zodiac; the relation of solar spots to commercial depression sends us to the sun for forecasts of the money market; and so on. These observations are significant of an increasing tendency to regard all phenomena as cosmical and in extending the dominion of the extra-telluric influences to the phenomena of the mind we are in harmony with this intellectual current.

The "law" of inheritance is quite as much a problem as a law. It remains unsolved because inquirers have hitherto taken terrestrial facts solely into consideration, as is but natural—our globe at first sight seeming so thoroughly complete within herself, tota teres atque rotunda.

We hold that the theory of traducianism is perfectly correct, so far as merely terrestrial factors are concerned; but that man being a product not only of the earth but of the universe there are cosmic factors to be taken into account which are usually ignored. We further affirm that the two theories, taken together, are found to confirm and complete each other in the exactest fashion, parental generation supplying the needful element of constancy, sidereal influence the no less needful element of variability. The physical conditions of conception are substantially the same, but the face of the heavens alters from hour to hour. We add as a corollary from these views that a stupendous reincarnation is actually in progress on a much grander scale than, and in a very different manner from, metempsychosis.

It will be understood that we do not advance these opinions on the ground of their inherent reasonableness, though much might be said for them from that point of view. In these days of exact research, a priori arguments, like soldiers' swords and bayonets, are very pretty and not altogether useless things, but hard facts are bullets and shells that decide the battle. Our reasoning is therefore wholly empirical.

Having asserted that the moral and intellectual character is profoundly affected by the positions of the heavenly bodies at the time of birth, we produce a number of instances in support of the proposition and leave it to the reader's decision whether they do or do not establish a prima facie case. Beyond a prima facie case we do not profess to go; we admit that counter-evidence may exist, and only request that it may be produced and not taken for granted.

It is the more necessary to insist on the strictly empirical character of astrology, inasmuch as it is generally regarded as an occult science; whereas it is, as regards the certainty of its data, with the single exception of astronomy, the most exact of all the exact sciences.
Nothing can be simpler than the rules respecting insanity which have come down to us from Egyptian and Chaldean antiquity: that mental disease is liable to occur when Saturn and Mars (to which modern research has added Uranus) are at birth in conjunction with, or in quadrature to, or in trine or opposition to, the planets, and of the sun, moon, and meridian as regards success in life. An entire number of The New Age might easily be filled with illustrations of these two latter propositions. We do not deny the existence of many difficulties and anomalies, and fully admit that astral science is incompetent to explain the divergencies of human constitution and character without a free use of the doctrine of heredity. Our contention is that the two theories complete each other, the former giving the element of stability, the latter for the element of variability. It must not, however, be supposed for a moment that the influence dominating at birth is in any respect fortuitous. It will usually be found that it is the nicest relation to the character of the individual, as determined by his lineage, while, essentially, it can never be precisely the same. Good parents, as a rule, bring forth children under beneficent aspects, and vice versa. The resemblance among the children of one parent is very marked, as we could easily show if space allowed. It will be usually observed that persons having two or three of the planets in each other's places, or a friendly aspect, become mutually attached to that which is observed to be of the same nature, and the children are affected accordingly. A remarkable example is afforded by Frederick VII. of Denmark and Countess Danner. Frederick was most unhappy in marriage, and divorced two queens in succession; but, having become attached to a miliner, whose acquaintance he made on the occasion of a fire in his capital, he entombed her, espoused her morganatically and lived most happily with her to the end of his fife.

Upon examination, it appears that the sun gives his Mars to the woman he loved and forsook, the woman he loved and married and his child by the latter. Frau von Stein has Mars upon the place of Goethe's sun and the sun upon the place of his Mars. Christine Vulpius has moon upon the place of Goethe's sun. Young Goethe has Jupiter and Mars upon his father's sun and his mother's moon. This does not look like a mere coincidence. The same phenomena are repeated in the case of Novalis and the girl of thirteen for whom he conceived the intense attachment that has so puzzled his biographers. Similar "coincidences" will be found in almost all similar cases.

It will be conceded that there is nothing occult or mystical in the line of argument we have been pursuing. We have appealed throughout to the testimony of facts, partly the notorious and indisputable facts of history and biography, and the astronomical observations derived from no more recondite source than the ordinary ephemera. Anyone can verify or disprove these observations in a moment by the same process: anyone who will search for examples can investigate the subject for himself. We claim nothing more than to have established a prima facie case and to have earned the liberty of speculating upon it.

"Even at the present day a few may be found who from a superstitious reverence for the past or the spirit of contrariety, pride themselves on their adherence to the belief in stellar influences, a belief which has ceased to rank on facts or ideas," says a specific article in a curious and little-read work entitled the "Encyclopaedia Britannica," to which our attention was recently drawn!
And I drive the Crewe with Mary rides on.
An Ethiopian Saga.
By Richmond Haigh.

CHAPTER XXIII.
Now in the morning at the break of the day one of the men made a fire, and before the rising of the sun Koloani the Chief, and Spalodi and Matauw with him, were sat round the fire, on the ground.

And Koloani said, "Now speak, my Brothers! that which ye think well, and let no one be afraid!"

Then Spalodi said, "My Voice, O Chief, is against remaining at this place. While we are here Kundu builds a wall against us; and the People hearing not of these say Koloani fears to come again. And they will go over to Kundu.

"Let us rather return and work secretly amongst the people, so that if only a few White Men come at any time we shall be able to help them."

Then the Chief turned to Matauw and Matauw said, "There is Wisdom in the words of Spalodi, Chief! Let us speak yet once again with Seatlata, the White Man, for it may be that things have come to him in the night.

"And if we must return alone let us ask the White Man to give us guns and cartridges to shoot with, for there are many of thy people, O Chief, who know the way of a gun; and they will be of great service to us. We should as women to remain here."

And Koloani the Chief was pleased at these short sayings, and he said: "Ye speak well, my friends! Now hear what was in my mind to do.

"I also heard that it would be foolish to remain here; but we cannot return to Tlapakun; neither can we go to any other village in those parts, for Kundu would surely hear that we had been there and he would send and destroy that village.

"Now, as ye know, there is the stain of blood between Kamalubi and Kundu, and they look not kindly upon each other; between me and Kamalubi has there not been kindness, yet neither is there enmity. And I have heard well of that Chief."

"I will go to Kamalubi and claim the refuge which one Chief must give to another who seeks it. Kamalubi is of royal blood and will not deny me but will provide a place for me at his House. Then will this become quickly known amongst our people and their hearts will not go from me.

"Should Kundu, in his pride, come against Kamalubi, because of me, he will surely be defeated; for the people of Moali and its villages will not fight against me."

"Then, when the White Men come again to consider the affairs of our people, they will find us strong and worthy of their thought. How think you, my friends! Does this look well in your eyes?"

And the Chief and the others spoke long over this thing, and Jamba, the son of Bama, also came and sat with them, and when they had considered all things it was decided that they should come to the Chief Kamalubi, and claim refuge from him.

Now, again, Seatlata sent a sheep to Koloani for meat, and the men attended to the preparation and food was made ready.

When they had finished eating, the Chief spoke to Matauw and said: "Go now, Matauw, and find Seatlata, and say I would speak with him."

Matauw went to the house; and when he came again he said, "The White Man will speak to the Chief, now, in the house, and claim refuge from him.

And when Koloani the Chief and those with him came again to the place of council, where sat the White Men, and had found their places, He-of-the-Heavy-Hand said, "Speak, Chief!"

Then Koloani said, "I would ask thee, Seatlata, if thy word to me is as it was, for the night sometimes brings new thoughts?"

And Seatlata said, "The night has brought no other council, so far as I was aware. When a whole house is in danger, the affairs of one son must wait. Yet, Chief, be assured that justice will be done to you, and Kundu shall eat dirt before you.

Then said Koloani, "I have heard, O Seatlata! and thank thee for thy promise. But the Head of the House will, if he can, throw a stick to the child that it may fight for itself.

"Thou hast said that it is with me to stay here or to go where I will. To stay here would be but a stone in thy path, and as a Woman in the eyes of my people.

"Rather will I go to Kamalubi, Chief of Rasaloom, whose border is against the land of Moali, and live with him, for I shall not readily be sent away. I will send thy word amongst my people, and keep watch there and send thee word continually of that which is done.

"But now Kundu may come against Kamalubi also, because of me, and that, of old, there is bad blood between them. Give me now guns, my Father! and cartridges, that we may better stand against that slayer-in-the-dark when he comes against us. And it will also be a sign to the people and to the Chiefs, that thy face is with us and against the troubler."

And when the Chief had said this, the White Men spoke together and they all spoke in turn, and when they had finished Seatlata spoke again to the Chief and said, "I have bought to say that you are to give me the plan, Koloani! It seems good in my eyes. And, that the people may know my face is against Kundu in this thing, I will give thee guns; but when we come together afterwards thou dost not send the guns another time again."

And Koloani the Chief gave thanks to Seatlata, and said, "I will give back the guns."

Then, when all had been said, the Chief and those came out from the house, and Seatlata said, "Call thy men that they may come here," and Matauw called and all the men came up.

Then Seatlata counted and gave word, and White Men went into the house and in a little while they came again carrying guns in their arms, and they went and came again bringing cartridges. And they brought out ten guns and four, and for every gun they brought ten packets of cartridges.

And when this was done, Seatlata, the White Man, spoke to Koloani the Chief, and said, "The guns are old, Chief! but yet they are good. When you strike not the mark curse not the gun, but try the other eye."

Then Koloani smiled and said, "Nay! Seatlata. A bad swimmer should not blame the water. I thank thee for the guns; and now will we not tarry longer here but will return again at once to our country."

But Seatlata gave orders, and again a sheep was brought, to be food for the road, and prepared, and the flesh was saved and divided amongst the men, and when all was ready and they had taken up their blankets and their spears and their sticks, each man took a gun, and the cartridges with it.

Then came Seatlata forward again and shook the hand of Koloani the Chief, and Matauw and those with him called out and said, "Remain in peace, Seatlata, our Father."

CHAPTER XXIV.
The Chief led the way, and they travelled with great speed, for they had rested well at the place of the White Man. Nothing hindered them by the way; but that before they had so much to pass again to the river Matsusi. But they crossed not over, neither made a fire at that place. In the morning, before it was light, Jamba, the son of the Warrior, arose and crossed the river, and went to the top of a place from which he could see up the valley Mangana. In a little while, as he looked, Jamba saw a light shining against some rocks, and he looked carefully, for the day was breaking, and then the young man saw another light at a distance from the first. Jamba was satisfied, for he knew that the White Men had been sent by Kundu to lay wait in the valley for Koloani. And when the young man had marked the places of the fires in his eye he came down and returned quickly to the Chief.

Now when Jamba had told Koloani and Matauw and Spalodi that which he had seen, they praised the young man. And Koloani said, "My son, a true shield art
thou between my enemies and me." And Jamba said, "I have marked the places where these men are. Could we not come upon them suddenly and destroy them? They are not very strong, and have guns with which to shoot." But Jamba shook his spear and looked not at his gun, which lay upon the ground. And Koloani smiled and said, "Nay, Jamba! It would be a small thing and of little use. While they watch here we shall be on our way to Kamaluboom. Have no fear, Son of the Warrior, thy spear shall not rust." Then, when each had taken up his things, Matauw spoke, and two of the men stepped quickly out and moved in front at a little distance. And they went up to the bushes both with the broad banks for they would not cross the river at this place. And when they had come a long way up the river and had found the place where they would cross, it was already in the heat of the day. But they found a cool place amongst the bushes; and when they had sent out two of the men to keep watch, they lay down in this place and waited for the evening, for now they were to travel in the darkness. When the dusk of the evening came the Chief Matauw spoke, and one of the men took up his things and crossed the river and went on the way; and before he was out of sight another man followed after him; and when he also had crossed the river he met the others on the road. This was done that warning might be given of an enemy on the road, but they expected not to be hindered in this part. And they travelled again very quickly so that should those who had left behind the Matsusi and found the track where they had come and follow after, they should not catch up with them. When the moon had gone down and it became dark they yet continued on their way, for they were in a path which was known to some of the men. They held on until about the turn of the night, when they came to the bottom of a great cliff. And the two men who had moved before them were waiting here. And Matauw spoke with the men, and that the Chief led down the cliff, but that it was very steep and long, they looked at the Chief. But Koloani said, "Let us not rest until we are out of the hill."

Then each man took only one stick and one spear in his hand, and the other things they fastened in their blankets over their shoulders. And when they were ready one who knew the path led the way. But now they travelled very slowly, for the night was dark and cold and the path was slippery, so that a foot was death. And they followed closely one behind the other, and were careful not to loosen any stones. But they paused not once until they came out at the top of the cliff which one man could hold against many. They travelled easily all that day because the path was well kept and they had provisioned themselves before they set out. And when they came to the edge of the cliff they felt a relief in their minds because they need no longer fear those whom Kundu had sent to lie in wait for them. And Koloani the Chief said, "Find now a place, and we will sleep here; for when it is light I would look at the land from this hill, that it may be known to me. When he who knew the path well had shown them a place to sleep they spread their blankets and wrapped them around, for the night was cold upon the height. But now, before they slept, Koloani spoke to Spalodi and said, "Son of Sepeke, Man of Honey Tongue! It is for thee to go before us in the morning to come to Kamaluboom and to tell him that I, Koloani, am coming to Rasalamoom to speak with him on that which is of concern to Chiefs. Give him greeting, and say that at the setting of the sun I stand before his gate. Take with thee three men, and wait not for our awakening. We will follow after thee in good time." And Spalodi, son of Sepeke, said, "I have heard, Chief." Then they slept at that place.

CHAPTER XXV.

Now in the morning, at the rising of the sun, Koloani the Chief and Matauw stood upon the height and looked at the land which lay before them and around. And they moved to the edge of the cliff and looked over the way which they had come. Their eyes went up against the river Matsusi for a great distance; and beyond the river in the face of the Sun they saw again the hill over which they had crossed the edge of the White Man. And Koloani the Chief looked around and spoke, and said "The land is great, and nowhere rises the smoke of a fire; yet are my children slain. Water flows from the hills and you have drinks of it; yet are my brothers and friends killed in the night. The sun shines upon the valleys and the plains where men are few; yet must I travel in the darkness because of those who lie in wait for me. And my faults are this: that my fathers were Chiefs and men of bloody hands."

Now Matauw was looking out along the path by which they had come from the river, and he saw men running on the path. And when the men were come nearer to the cliff he spoke to the Chief, and they looked and knew that these were men of Kundu who had tracked them along this way. Then while they stood at the edge of the cliff the men below stopped and looked up, for one had seen the Chief and Matauw standing there and had spoken. Matauw called to the men who were with him, and they all came to the cliff and looked down upon the men of Kundu, and the men below shook their spears and shouted. But it was not our way because of the distance. The men who were with the Chief shook their spears also and shouted. And Jamba, the son of Bama, heard the shouting and came also to see what it meant. And Koloani the Chief will not come further because of the steep path in the cliff which one man could hold against many. They will return to Kundu, O Chief, and he will know that thou art with Kamalubi." And the Chief said, "It is well." When they had watched the men below for a while, they returned to the place where they had slept and took up their things and continued on the way towards Rasalamoom. But the Chief Koloani was of low spirit, and he turned his face to the young man Jamba and said, "My Son! A snake kills without mercy, and a wolf. But gnash not thy teeth against the deer that is fleeter than thou, nor the eagle that it asks thee not where it shall build its nest." And Jamba answered not the Chief, but wondered at this saying.

They travelled easily all that day because the distance was not great to the village of the Chief Kamaluboom, and because they had now no fear of the men of Kundu behind them. And the path was easy through many corn lands, seeing great herds of cattle and of goats by the way, and at the setting of the sun they stood outside the great gate of the village Rasalamoom. Now when Koloani came to the gate of the village, Kamalubi the Chief came forth, and with him was Mabatsi, his General, and Chukabi, his brother, and Spalodi was also with them. The Chief Kamaluboom was the biggest man in all those parts, and his brothers also were taller than other men, for so was that family. And Kamaluboom was heavy and full of meat like a fat bull. And when the Chief Kamaluboom came forth to greet Koloani he laughed aloud, and his great belly shook with it. But the laugh was a good laugh and not a taunt, for it was the way of this Chief, who was a great laugher. And Koloani was satisfied that the Chief had come to meet him, and his brother and his General with him. And when Kamalubi and Koloani had struck their hands together and called each other Chief and spoken the names of their Fathers' Fathers they went in, and Kamaluboom led the way to his own house. Now when they were seated in the sabolo of the Chief Kamaluboom, before his house, and the others were sat around, Koloani would have spoken, but Kamaluboom raised his hand and laughed and called out, and the wives of Kamaluboom brought beer in clay pots and put it before them. And meat was brought forth in wooden bowls, and corn meal. And Kamaluboom said: "There will be much time for talking, my brother! And thou hast come a long journey," and they all ate and drank until they were satisfied. Now the heart of Koloani, the Chief, was light at this doing of Kamaluboom, but when
they had finished eating he would not wait longer, but said, "Kamalubi, Son of Rampuru, Son of Woromani, Chief! Hear me now." But again the Chief Kamalubi raised his hand and laughed aloud, and said, "My Brother! My Brother! We have heard of the doings of that thief and the others, and they are an enemy to you, and that thou hast gone to speak with the White Men. I have awaited thee here, and a place will be quickly prepared for thee and for thy people, and there are corn lands for all. And for as many of thy people as shall come to thee place will be found, and they shall look to thee only as Chief. I, Kamalubi, have said it." And the Chief laughed again, and said: "For do we not know this Kundu! that fear of the White Man only has taken root in your mind. But with the White Man you have no need to speak, for he is your brother. The White Man is not our enemy. We are friends, and we will live in peace, and let our people come and go and make friends with one another. We will always be friendly to the White Man."

"I know this Kundu! that fear of the White Man only has taken root in your mind. But with the White Man you have no need to speak, for he is your brother. The White Man is not our enemy. We are friends, and we will live in peace, and let our people come and go and make friends with one another. We will always be friendly to the White Man."

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"We are friends, and we will live in peace, and let our people come and go and make friends with one another. We will always be friendly to the White Man."

"Let us live at peace, and let our people come and go and make friends together." I am restless! Soon would he send me a maiden for wife, and presents, and then could I no more sleep in my house. As an enemy I laugh at him, and spoke words of friendship, saying, 'Let us live at peace, and let our people come and go and make friends together.'"

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and meaning of "the object of perception" or "the external world"—the attitude of Bergson is by no means clear. He sometimes seems to treat the object-world as having a subsistence per se apart from its perception in consciousness, in the manner of naïve realism, while at other times his exposition seems to tend to the doctrine of idealism, of which, of which, in its day, was supposed to represent the last word of speculative wisdom. There was the era of the British Empirical Philosophy, the Asocciational School, as it is now termed. This prevailed during the fifties, sixties, and seventies of the previous Hegelian movement which held the field from the later seventies until the middle nineties. Thereupon followed the Oxford Pragmatists which has, just within the last year or two, been supplanted amongst thinkers who lay claim to be up-to-date by the theories of the Sorbonne professor, Henri Bergson. How much politics and the entente cordiale have had to do with the attraction to Bergson in this country may be left to the reader's imagination.

Reviewing Bergson objectively and impartially, whether in the light of his own writings or in the exceedingly clear and able statement of his philosophical position by Professor Lindsay in the book before us, it is a little difficult to account for his sensational reputation at the present time by the intrinsic merit of his work alone. Like most "systematic" writers on philosophy M. Bergson would make short work with his predecessors when his reputation was considered. M. Bergson's pièce de résistance is his point of view as to the treatment of time in terms of space relations. In a review, such as the present, it is obviously impossible to enter into an adequate discussion of the question. But it does strike one that the importance M. Bergson attaches to it is grossly exaggerated. What does not seem to have occurred to Bergson is the possibility of certain forms applying equally to time and space alike as immediate data of consciousness. For example, M. Bergson is fond of emphasising Simultaneity as the crucial feature of space, forgetting apparently that one may have simultaneity in non-spatial perception, say in—e.g., the combination of notes simultaneously heard in a clavichord! As against the separateness, the independent side-by-sideness, if I may coin a word, of the content of space—its through and through atomistic or discrete character—Bergson opposes the inseparable continuity of time and its co-continuity. The one is for him the principle of mechanism, the other the principle of life. Now mechanism, founded as it is on space relations, can never explain adequately Life, which is a thing pre-eminently of Time—of continuous wholeness. Past, Present, and Future, when they are not fallacious, they do not subsist independently, side by side, as do portions of Space. But Time, alike in its form and its content, in contradistinction to Space and its content, is characterized by indissoluble unity. In reading Bergson the emphasis with which he insists on this cardinal antithesis of his suggests his regarding the one side of the antithesis as really separable from the other. In justice to the eminent Sorbonne professor, it should be noted that he, in other passages, shows himself fully aware that they are inseparable in the synthesis of Reality. He is, however, strongly impressed with the necessity of analysing, separately, the tendencies distinguished in Reality, if Reality is to be adequately understood. The articulations of Reality, as apprehended in ordinary perception, Bergson would agree with the Oxford Pragmatists in regarding as artificial products created by practical needs. But unlike our Oxford Pragmatists in regarding as artificial products created by practical needs. They came to the Oxford Pragmatist movement which held the field from the later seventies until the middle nineties. Thereupon followed the Oxford Pragmatists which has, just within the last year or two, been supplanted amongst thinkers who lay claim to be up-to-date by the theories of the Sorbonne professor, Henri Bergson. How much politics and the entente cordiale have had to do with the attraction to Bergson in this country may be left to the reader's imagination.

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Unstinted praise must be given to Professor Lindsay's (in general) lucid and concise exposition of the Bergsonian Philosophy. The reader may safely assume that where Professor Lindsay becomes less clear than usual, the fault lies, not in the exposition, but in the original text of Bergson himself. For the latter, in spite of his much eulogised Gallic lucidity of style, does occasionally lapse into uncertainty of diction. When we ask ourselves, however, after a perusal of Bergson's writings themselves, or of Professor Lindsay's excellent summary, what there is of newness and originality in the French thinker to justify his present reputation, as we said before, it is difficult to find an adequate explanation in the intrinsic merit of his work. We can trace back most of his doctrines to 19th-century philosophic writers. His strong point is to be found in what the Germans would call his "Naturphilosophie." His pure Metaphysics and Theory of Knowledge strike one as unbalanced, and hence as comparatively ineffective.

The Ballerina.

By Rothay Reynolds.

When I entered Catrina Geltzer's restful drawing-room, a small man, of Semitic appearance, was bowing over her hand.

"That," she said, when he had disappeared, "is the Tempter."

"I thought the Tempter usually made himself more attractive," I said.

"He is dangerously attractive," she declared.

"Think of it! he has been offering me thousands and millions of dollars to dance in America. What will you think of me when I tell you that for a minute I nearly yielded?"

"That is not a temptation," I said, "it is a stroke of luck."

"I hate you!" she said. "You are as commercial as the rest of your nation. You cannot distinguish between an artist and a machine. Do you understand that he wants to hurl me across America in a special train? Every night for four months he would catapult me from a railway station to a theatre, whiz me back to the train the instant the performance was over, and rattle me through the darkness to dance in another town? Boje moi! I should be raving mad at the end of the tour."

"Mad, but rich," I murmured.

"I simply adore hats, and hats are frightfully dear; you cannot permit yourself to think of me when I tell you that for a minute I nearly yielded?"

"Certainly not!" she cried. "It would be fatal to the reputation of a Russian actress or dancer to have her whims, her pets, or her clothes described in the papers. She would be thought to be a frivolous person, on the level of a cafe-chantant singer, and not a serious artist."

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"But we have learnt to love your art in London," I said.

"Can you not stay with us?"

"When will you understand that I am not a machine? For no money in the world would I go on dancing the same part night after night for more than three months."

"I tried flattery."

"'She is more graceful than Pavlova,' somebody behind me said the other day, when you were dancing the Blue Danube Waltz with Tichomiroff."

"A very foolish remark," she said severely. "Mme. Pavlova and I are the only two dancers now attached to the Imperial theatres who have the official right to the title Ballerina, but in Russia people do not compare us. Each of us has her own style. Russians demand above all else of an artist that she shall be herself. The highest praise they can give an actress or a dancer is to say that she has shown grace in her soul. They hate imitation, and despise an artist who copies another."

"But you will come back to us?"

"Yes," she said, "next summer, and in the rôle of a reformer. Your English ballets at present remind me of cinematograph entertainments. All that is to be altered at the Alhambra next year. There is to be a ballet in three scenes, and one of our great Russian painters is to design the scenery and the dresses. When Moscow knows that, I think it will almost forgive me for bringing a dozen Paris hats back with me. Why shouldn't I look pretty off the stage as well as on?"

I kissed her hand.

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

By Jack Collings Squire.

THE DESCRIPTIVE-PEREGRINATORY.

The sun, a ruddy and coruscating globe, was sinking over the low blue hills to the westward as I mounted of Molineaux-des-Sept-Vierges. Down in the valley to my left some cows were quietly grazing. They munching stolidly, imperturbably, at the lush green grass of that rich Normandy bottom just as they were all gone over, and the glory of them has become under the impression that there is certain to be something worth seeing. A Russian audience is not optimistic; it assembles in the hope that the entertainment will not be so bad as it expects."

"But they love you in Moscow?" I said.

"They have always been very good to me."

"Your frocks are described in the papers?"

"Certainly not!" she cried. "It would be fatal to the reputation of a Russian actress or dancer to have her whims, her pets, or her clothes described in the papers. She would be thought to be a frivolous person, on the level of a cafe-chantant singer, and not a serious artist. The only way for an artist to achieve success in Russia is by sacrifice. Here in London I practise an hour a day, and when I return to Moscow, with the task of dancing through a ballet which lasts from eight o'clock in the evening till midnight before me. I must devote two hours a day to practice, and, as well, there will be long rehearsals."

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I kissed her hand.

THE DESCRIBTIVE-PEREGRINATORY.

The sun, a ruddy and coruscating globe, was sinking over the low blue hills to the westward as I mounted the old white road that leads up to the ancient village of Molineaux-des-Sept-Vierges. Down in the valley to my left some cows were quietly grazing. They munched stolidly, imperturbably, at the lush green grass of the rich Normandy bottom just as they had munched any time these twenty centuries past. So the Visigoths saw them as they swept southward on their irresistible way to the doomed and waiting valleys of Spain. So the Franks, emerging, blue of eye and flaxen of hair, from the German forests. So Charlemagne the Emperor, master of half Europe, as he rode quietly one day, maybe, with his swart and invulnerable train of warriors up the valley of the rapid Yolle, along the skirts of the Rocher Du Grand Boulanger, and thuswise up the little road trodden now by feet that Charlemagne never knew. They are all gone over, and the glory of them has departed. The Emperor lies—he has lain these many centuries—in his great tomb at Aix. And the munching kine remain, and the long white road, and the little town on the hill-top.
THE NEW AGE

JULY 20, 1911

The trees by the roadside rustled as a little wind from over the distant sea breathed across hill and plain, bearing with it a savour of salt that smote sweetly and soothingly on the cheeks, and a dry, dusty and weary track, which somewhere a sheep bleated. Some-

where an unseen shepherd whistled softly to himself a fragment of some forgotten air. It was a plaintive air, wistful, sad, and a little melancholy. He was out of sight.

As I passed under the little archaic gate that guards the entrance to the village it was already dark. Here and there along the cobble-paved street, with its nests of low stone houses shrouded in the gathering gloom, the lights began to twinkle out in the leaded windows.

Out of the higher gate, a low arch in the crumbling and lizard-haunted wall, a magnificent prospect met my eyes. The slope had been very abrupt, and by mounting a little rock at the side of the road I could look right down over the village and along the valley to the plains from which I had come. There in the foreground was the church tower. Beyond it was the delit, atop which the road climbed. And then, with the Yolle a silver ribbon in the nearer distance, miles beyond miles of wooded pastures, mottled with grazing flocks and stretching away into the bluish haze of the southern provinces.

There was no one on the road. The world was very quiet.

Somewhere out of sight a shepherd whistled a fragment from some long-forgotten song.

The Imitation of Christ.

By Lyme Doro.

One day a man who was hard up for something to do sat down and began to read the Life of Christ. It was all quite new to him, and he found it very interesting, and, as his wife had gone to the matinée with another man, he was able to read without interruption.

As the end of two hours he had an idea. He sud-

ddenly smacked him on the head with the back of his hand. "By jove!" he said, "why, I'll be like Christ!"

So he rose up, put on his hat and went out.

Down the street he saw a woman carrying a heavy bundle. The sun was hot, and, as he passed her, the woman stopped to lean against a cement fence. He was a chaste man; women always made him uncomfortable, and he did not know what to do, so he walked on.

Then he made up his mind to carry the woman's bundle and waited by the cross-way.

"It is very hot," he said.

"Yes," she panted.

"Is that heavy?"

"Yes," she panted.

"Let me carry it!"

Her clothes were very old; he was dressed with elegance, and she said it would be a shame.

But, smiling gently, he took the bundle, and the woman wiped her brow on her sleeve and went on together.

The woman's fur necklet had been over the bundle and somehow it caught on his arm and hung there like a heavy, burdensome thing.

Then he made up his mind to send her a lot of money.

"There's more there than meets the eye!"

There was no one on the road. The world was very quiet.

Somewhere out of sight a shepherd whistled a fragment from some long-forgotten song.
say: "Udders like a cow! By God! He knows what he's after!"

To everybody it looked odd, but everybody understood. Suddenly, while going through a market-place, a runaway horse scattered the people, and in the confusion the man and woman were separated. He could not see the woman anywhere, but he remembered about Saint Mary's Bridge and went there carrying the bundle. He walked about and still she did not come, but he remembered about the times the policeman on the beat looked at him, and he began to hope she would not come. He was a chaste man; women always made him uncomfortable, and what if she were to come to him in the dark with that frightful look in her eyes!

At length when it was quite dark he threw the stinking bundle into the river and went home quickly to bathe his body!

Poor thing! He would send her a lot of money.

They arrested him next day and took him to the police station, where he saw the stinking bundle. The sleeves had been untied, and they pulled aside the dirty wet tail of the Crimea shirt and showed him a baby. The skull was burnt, the throat was cut from ear to ear, clots of brain filled the eye sockets, and the lips were stained black with blood. It all stank horribly.

For weeks the newspapers gorged themselves in the case. The man himself answered never a word, but the lawyers argued at great length, and the judge's jokes were splendid. Several times he had to remind the public that the court was not a theatre. Once he even threatened sternly to clear the court. But when he made the threat an usher was seen to wink at the woman he had seen with the night before who was leaning from the gallery. So the public just waited for the judge's next sally.

They could not find the woman, but the man's guilt and paternity were clearly established, and the judge, having used up all his jokes, there was nothing further for him to do but put on the black cap.

The day the man was hanged two old women who were standing on the pavement drinking gin recalled the passage of the man with the straight back, and said between sips, "Didn't I tell you there was more there than met the eye?"

Two old workmen who were smoking behind the boss's back recalled the passage of the women with the full bust and rounded, obvious hips, and between puffs said: "What was the cream of the joke?" "Be God! Didn't I tell you he knew what he was after?"

Afterwards, of course, the man's wife was able to marry the other man.

"But the cream of the joke"—here Lamb, who was telling me the story, withdrew his pipe and began to laugh—"the cream of the joke was"—he spat and laughed louder.

"What was the cream of the joke?" I said.

"The cream of the joke was that the other man was the baby's father!"

He slapped me on the back and we both roared.

SPRING SONG.

Translated from the Bohemian of Jaroslav Vrchlicky by P. Selver.

EXULTING, the lark to the heaven is soaring And from the edge of the clouds grey-gleaming On to the world that with wonders is teeming, A rain of melodious pearls he is pouring.

And every one like gold is ringing And the earth as it hearkens in rapture is thrilled, And its bosom with hope of the blossoms is filled, And to it the scent of the fresh soil is clinging.

A Letter from Paris.*

PARIS, June, 1911.

There was not nearly so much about the Boulevard in my last as it was meant to contain, because the Café took me right off it; consequently, most of what follows is what I was obliged to hold over. The last I heard before I left London was that the Paris-London-Kingsway-improvement scheme had been withdrawn, but with Paris almost next door, presenting such an astonishing contrast in the provision it makes for pleasure, it seems almost certain that we shall hear of it again.

There are some who will tell you that the Boulevard would be impossible in a climate like ours, and that the cost of acquiring the land would be too great altogether, but I don't think there is much in either objection. It may be that Paris is somewhat warmer through being further south, but hail-storms, savage cast winds, and skating—all these winter delights I have had the chance of enjoying, and in the matter of dress and heating the Parisian behaves on the slightest occasion as if he lived in the Arctic regions. The awnings over the pavements are commonly provided with side screens, and often one sees a great stove in the midst of the chairs and tables. The object, of course, is to provide him with enough warmth which is so nice when you get it, and the majority are those, like myself, who have to put out of their minds, on the ground of expense, all thought of the theatre or opera, or the costlier low'n exhibitions of certain places of entertainment. I have done puns, but this trifling with low and low is really so happy that I envy the artist who made it—Mr. William de Morgan, I think.

No, the difference of climate most certainly does not account for there being nothing like this in London, and the other objection is not so hard to meet as it seemed when I began thinking about it, for, under the Acts which provide for the purchase of land, enormous sums have been spent since I was in London first, and any friend on the County Council can tell you what an immense sum is represented by no more than a farthing rate, and how easy borrowing is on such security as can be offered. In Paris you would hear also that the Boulevards, far from being a loss, are a source of profit to the community, for an all-round increase of property value is the certain result of their introduction. I said in my last that most of these Boulevards, excepting the oldest and newest, date from the time of the Third Napoleon. But it roughly agrees y00 that 'home from home' one of the most exciting ideas that ever a people had, because inseparable from it is the conception of novelty in planned buildings to match that if needed will last as long. Take, for instance, the new Boulevard Raspail, the main direction of which is southwards, and consider what foresight there is in the planning of a great road like that, for it is designed to keep pace with the growth of the city, however far it may extend, without the slightest loss of distinction or general character. I hope, by talking like this, to make some one think more about London and the opportunities that have been missed. Take, for instance, the Edgware Road, with its starting-point at Hyde Park, and think what might have been made of it in the time of the late Prince Consort, that patron of the Fine Arts, if it had then been re-laid as an avenue or boulevard without limit to its extension! Another which might even now be taken in hand and boulevarded is the road between that and King's Cross, because its connections are so respectable as to pass, as everyone knows, between Regent's Park and Portland Place, and crosses the Hampstead Road at one of the busiest shopping centres. I have no interest, vested or otherwise, in the estates

* Since Mr. Radford has resumed his interesting letters from Paris, we may assume that his quarrel with The New Age policy is at an end.—Ed. N.A.
of the Duke of Bedford, but think Bloomsbury deserves something better, and don't like seeing whole districts falling to disrepute through the rotting of their main thoroughfares, and here it would be easy to make a beginning. It is not so very long since there was open country to the north of it, and along the whole length of the road there are still a good many houses set back to make room for their little front gardens, of no present use at all. If these were taken into the road and a general widening ordered, it would be immensely improved very soon. Of course, much of the trouble in London is the fact that the various and motor-buses are run by the hundred in roads which were never intended for them, and it is so in Paris also. I do not write as a lover of cities so large as London or Paris, but must take the facts as they are, and believe nothing can save the former but an enormous amount of re-building and road-making at the same time. In South London particularly the depreciation of property has been most pronounced and remarkable, yet the population does not decrease. There must be millions spent in the same way by the people themselves, and I believe most of the trouble is due to the lack of the municipal conscience, without which nothing can stop the spoiling of towns and districts. Distracted psychologists as the jerries-builders and the promoters, so potent in Parliament, of private enterprises affecting the public, like railways and new tram lines. A letter as long as this could be written on the flat or appartement which is the unit in Paris of the domicile, and in which one can see the most obvious way of preventing London from spreading much further. If the population goes on increasing, and the Letchworth idea of everyone having his own house and garden prevails, there will not be a square foot of pure country within the reach of any industrial centre soon.

ERNST RADFORD.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

A FRIENDLY LETTER.

Sir,—Mr. Radford's letter is so clumsy and ill-constructed that I find it difficult to decide how much of it actually concerns me, how much of it is meant for yourself, and what proportion of it is merely the hysteria customary in an ideologue who sees his ideals shattered one by one. We are personally concerned, it would appear that the main accusations are these: I have written against the Fabians; I have borrowed from my article-patch of Nietzsche when you for the purpose of writing on Tory Democracy; and, finally, I am an accoutrement writer who wishes to be poodled and dently before we became acquainted, and before I had read that, although I have been known to the English reading public for only three years, I am already in touch with spoilt.

I wrote an answer to this letter, and also a second short one, which I am not going to hand, and as Mr. Radford himself was unable to contradict the arguments laid down, he went to no less a person than Mr. Wells and suggested that he should write something. It was Mr. Wells who made the silly remark about the fly-flapper and the drowning of wasps at sixpence a time. But even Mr. Wells ventured to take up the cudgels on behalf of vices which he himself has long been out of consideration for.

When Mr. Radford complains that there is "neither purpose nor principle" in THE NEW AGE at the present time, he means, of course, that there is no sentimental principle. It is because he himself is both an idealist and a sentimentalist that he speaks of the "meanness of your attempts to belittle the life-work of men who are entitled to your respect"—i.e., of men whom Mr. Radford has surrounded with a halo of idealism which conceals the harsh reality. Who are we to judge? Are we not in mind? Obviously three prominent Socialists (or quondam Socialists) who have been criticised, and rightly criticised, in THE NEW AGE, viz., Mr. Shaw, Mr. Wells, and Mr. Webb.

I have referred to Mr. Wells's remark about the fly-flapper; let me now mention where we punctured Mr. Shaw. He declared recently that "I am in an unique position; for the editor had collected around him a set of the most stupid writers in England. This is mere envy on Mr. Shaw's part; when we cannot draw wit from him the assumption is that we have drawn blood. In view of the manner in which practically the whole English Press has swung round to the original NEW AGE attitude on the Insurance Bill, to take but one instance, it will be seen that this observation of Mr. Shaw's is so absurd as to contradict itself. Our prosperous writers must not be led to imagine that they have raised themselves simply because they have become popular in the suburbs. If Mr. Radford and the other members of the Fabian Society are no longer taking THE NEW AGE critics are not. Indeed, the high level of THE NEW AGE articles is a sufficient refutation of our three critics. Let Mr. Radford go on writing verses: THE NEW AGE can take care of itself.

J. M. KENNEDY.

SIR,—In its various sweepings, I observe that Mr. Radford's tail has caught me in the eye. He speaks of my "worthless opinion" on the Peace question, as opposed to that "which has been expressed by the people themselves, and among the people, between the United States and Great Britain, and, if there is anything at all in religion, will be echoed over all Christendom.

Well, the financial interests which are backing the Anglo-American Peace Treaty in order that they may later on arrange for friendly concessions in China will doubtless be pleased to have the support of so earnest a Socialist as Mr. Radford. As for the echoing of this Treaty (which, by the way, does not seem to have been concluded) all over Christendom, I beg to refer Mr. Radford to the mobilisation of the troops in Montenegro (a Christian State), to the proposed demonstration of several Powers against Turkey, to the despatch of a German docks to Aix-les-Bains, to the concentration of several Christian States and one Mohammedan State into fits, and to the arrangements which are now being amicably reached between the Lusitania Commission and the Alliance. Therefore, so to partition one Mohammedan State among themselves.

In short, I expressed an opinion on the Peace question which has been born out by the popular feeling in the people between the United States and Great Britain, and, if there is anything at all in religion, will be echoed over all Christendom.

SIR,—Mr. Ernest Radford falls foul of you on many points, and no doubt you will not lack defenders. May I congratulate you, however, on the fact that as you truly say on p. 256: "The NEW AGE has always satirised the recruting sergeants of sex," and made many of us feel that there is one paper where sex can be cleanly discussed. But will your satire take effect? We have recently had two months during which the people are being prosed to return to the fighting at home, and the predominant interest in life. The right answer surely is: "Yes, to the adolescent, the newly married, and the middle-aged novelist." Everyone knows that many sedentary men and women of over forty become obsessed on the matter, and women of over forty become obsessed on the matter, and they therefore save itself to the impartial reader to decide whether the adjective "worthless" should be applied to Mr. Radford's view or mine.

S. VERDAD.
not a pall of water? Is The New Age going in for aphrodisiacs, too? The dog, as we know, finds the smell of "the friend of man." by some wilful ugliness or coarseness. If Mr. Sickert could "slops" very aphrodisiac, which is perhaps why he is called 
delicate draughtsman and colourist who appears impishly to
beauty be perennial over what, the drawing published by you in last week's issue of The New Age. But for its title I should have been prepared to accept 
the fact if I suggested, the method exemplifies itself in the work of 
Mr. Bernard Shaw, who, being, like Bacon, a concealed poet, conceals this attitude of mind and production of anti-climax familiar to modern readers in the works of Mr. Bernard 
shaw, who, being, like Bacon, a concealed poet, conceals his 
chant, feels something of this spirit himself; and though 
less flawing than his, it must be admitted, as it is, I believe, the 
draw, will kindly tell me if any of my shots are right.
From another point of view, the deduction to be made from 
Mr. Sickert's practice is even less flattering. It may be supposed that Mr. Sickert, like many another artist of these 
days, despair of his age and even grudges to its 
Philistine spirit any work of pure beauty. I have heard of 
feeble artists who think the attendance of the mob at 
these public galleries as a protest 
against their 
prostration by vulgar eyes. Mr. Sickert, perhaps, who writes 
almost as he draws, will kindly tell me if any of my shots are right.

From another point of view, the devaluation of a very able journal. - Ed. N. A.
the operations of the Bill. But why abandon us when we leave home? For instance, at the present moment, here on Tyneside, pending the ripening of the home harvest, there are hundreds of Mayo and Galway men working in the docks and providing the money and meat which they will save and take home will enable them to avoid the “green fields to America,” but what would be their position with the Lloyd George Act? Employers are prepared to pay a grip of 6s. 8d. per head to engage men by the year, and, as a matter of course they will do it.

How then will the small farmer and casual labourer from Connacht obtain the customary three or four months’ employment next year—or any of the years following? With this source of summer aid, emigration will be the only thing left. Would that be good for the people, Connacht, or Ireland?

The Irish Party are expecting Home Rule in the near future. I hope their expectations will be realised. But what’s to be the fate of the permanent Irish population in England? Are we to be utterly abandoned? Some 90 per cent. of us are still of the labouring class. How shall we fare under the Lloyd George Act? If there is anything certain about the effect of that abominable Bill, it is that it will intensify caste and craft consciousness in the ranks of labour. Every trade and calling of the higher ranks will become a close preserve for its present members and their offspring, while the children of the Irish labourers will be forced to follow their fathers as hewers of wood and drawers of water till the end of time—or the revolution.

Does either prospect please the Irish Party? The “Daily News” in large type states that the Irish Party “expresses its hearty approval of the Lloyd George Bill.” In the name of heaven and earth, to what can this approval be applied? Is the Irish Party approving every Irish worker in England having a professional spy attached to his household? Do they approve of a medical certificate being used like the whip of Legree to flog their fellow-countrymen to the daily grind? Do they approve of a system of medical patching and repairing for profit which they would not allow at home, to be applied to us in England? I think we are entitled to more consideration than this at the hands of the Irish Party. We are not, I believe, an inferior race.

Lloyd George proposed to reduce the Irish in England to the daily grind? Do they approve of a medical certificate being used like the whip of Legree to flog their fellow-countrymen to the daily grind? Do they approve of a system of medical patching and repairing for profit which they would not allow at home, to be applied to us in England?

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THE INSURANCE BILL.

(After the Right Hon. David Lloyd George.)

Ave! Ave! Ave! We greet you, Lord of our pain, whose bodies shall be as cattle, our souls fettered and slain. Not in the usual mercy of tender and loving care. But killed by your kinder gentleness and care for us, Lord! We saw no thumbs turned down as we waited your pleasure to die, but unheeding our fate and indifferent, making no cry, we saw but our betters in council, our lives in their hand; but then, as the Chief remarked to me; “Yes—he has a political head on him, but the rest of it is, it isn’t Irish.”

THE BULWARKS OF OUR FREEDOM—FROM UNDESIRABLE OPINIONS.

Sir,—Mr. Belloc has often shown us what an important part our editors take in the operations of the Bill. But why abandon us when we leave home? For instance, at the present moment, here on Tyneside, pending the ripening of the home harvest, there are hundreds of Mayo and Galway men working in the docks and providing the money and meat which they will save and take home will enable them to avoid the “green fields to America,” but what would be their position with the Lloyd George Act? Employers are prepared to pay a grip of 6s. 8d. per head to engage men by the year, and, as a matter of course they will do it.

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scandalous ideas as do appear. I should like to offer my
mite on the matter.

Copies of the letter which followed were sent to the "Man-
chester Guardian," the "Daily Telegraph," the "Standard,"
the "Times," the "Daily Chronicle," the "Daily News," the
"Morning Post," the "Morning Leader," the "Scottsman,"
and the "Yorkshire Post." One and all returned it, though
all have printed more boring things in their time. It is
too long for penny papers, but might have made extracts, as they often do. Does not this unanimity deserve to be put on record? I send it to THE
NEW AGE with that idea—somewhat late, for reasons of
longitude (104 deg. E.).

J. O'MAY.

THE CORONATION.

Sir,—One of the few ancient superstitions which are really
dead in Britain is the belief that something literally divine
inheres in kingship. Our monarchs no longer hallow
their sidelong approach of which will assure any sane mind
and can be imagined, given a sufficient mental squint, as
whole thing sounds boss-empty and false. The national
vigour in the popular attitude to the Throne—an intense
gestation. I am far from depreciating the value of "mental
suggestions"; I believe that as a factor in curing a few
rare mental diseases it has proved efficacious, but it is not
absolute, since it has to impose a condition which is this:
that the patient must be a mental type, imaginative, and
able out of the atmosphere of cant which smothers England
satisfactorily. But of that satisfaction we shall hear corn-
fully alive to the truth of it. The unfortunate part, for Mr. Mandell's
argument, is that Prof. Osler was speaking of the cure of
ministration of the extract of another gland of an entirely
Monarchy is the best form of government open to us. To
to tradition, convention, and that most horrid idol, "the
Lawrence, not Mr. Justice Lawrence. As there are Judges
wishing to dispute the observed facts of organotherapy, or
empiricism I referred to was Mr. Mandell's hypothetical
Empire, and it can be imagined, given a sufficient mental squint,
as if some great national success or deliverance were to
be step by step, and the money will spent (usefully and otherwise), and there will be a great
deal of talk about the nation's loyalty.

This business of a personal affectionate loyalty to the
King is perhaps the most pernicious... of all the wishful
thinking of the writers of the daily press... and some newspapers are convinced that
monarchy is the best form of government open to us. To
them as theorists and partisans the re-affirmation of the
Constitution on June 22 may reasonably be a source of
satisfaction. But of that satisfaction we shall hear com-
paratively little. Instead, there is to be a national exhibi-
tion of worked-up emotional nationalism.

Monarchy implies coronations. But surely the ceremony
could be adequately performed with less elaborate adver-
sements, public and private, and the public money which makes one thankful just now to be in Asia, comfort-
ably out of the atmosphere of cant which smothers England
at such times as these.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

Sir,—While expressing my admiration for the sincere
manner in which Mr. Frederick Dixon has endeavoured to
dispose of my argument against Christian Science, I must
state that the idea which I expressed in my first letter
remains exactly where Mr. Dixon found it: on the side of
truth. I ask, there are the evidences of the potency of
Christian Science? There is no reason in dragging up the
bones of Jesus to answer me. Where are the evidences?
shall we try the "suggestion," walk round the wards of which will assure any sane mind
that five-pound notes are of more value in the cause of
alleviating human suffering than any amount of mental
suggestion, and far from deprecating the value of "mental

Sir,—In the reprint of my letter to the Lord Chief
Justice there is a small error in the last line. The Judge who sentenced the two postmen was Mr.
Justice Lawrence, not Mr. Justice Lawrence. As there are judges of both names, please insert this correction.

C. H. NORMAN.
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