OSTROGORSKY lays it down that there are only two forms of government in the world, the mechanical and the personal. To the mechanical belong such governments as are the creators and creatures of the political machine. To the personal belongs the Veto. England is included under this type. We have insisted from the outset that the Veto must not be set aside. The Cabinet Minister, who has the authority to control the elected Chamber they can oppose, if they choose, the intelligent, popular, and personal weight of Ideas. But this requires that they should dismiss at once the vulgar counsel who have been their ruin and take into their service men qualified by liberal education and liberal ideas to impress the national mind with the dignity and authority of culture. In plain words, the only hope of the Lords is in rising by sheer intelligence above the dictatorial reach of any party whatever.

Notes of the Week

In one sense it is impossible to have any pity for the Lords, even if it could be shown that the Veto Bill actually reduces their power. For considerably over a century they have allowed themselves to act as a mere tool of the Tory Caucus. We are convinced that if they had been able to prove their real independence by pointing to Tory as well as Liberal cabinets, we could have shown that the Veto Bill is dead, dead of criticism; but this view can no longer be maintained. The fact is that the Lords is in rising by sheer intelligence beyond the dictatorial reach of any party whatever.

Another example of the mechanical production of party politics is to be found in the National Insurance Bill. Nobody, whatever his political views, can find to give a rational explanation of why this Bill was ever introduced, and still less why its passage into law should be taken to be a matter of course. We have sought in vain for any enthusiasm for the Bill in every corner of the industrial world. Employers, workmen, women, doctors, the friendly societies, the trade unions, economists have all alike found serious defects in it. Mr. Lloyd George has been driven to make concession after concession, amendment after amendment, each concession involving the Bill in more complete inconsistency and self-contradiction. Yet, despite its reasons, and apparently with reason, the hope that it will spread its miasma over the nation.

We are naturally glad to see that the Labour Party at the eleventh hour has made up its mind to oppose the Bill. Not much credit will accrue to the party from its belated resolution, and still less credit attaches to its reasons, which are petty and uninformed by any moral authority such as few bodies have been able to exercise in the history of the world. To the unintelligent, unpopular, and mechanical forces which control the elected Chamber they can oppose, if they choose, the intelligent, popular, and personal weight of ideas. But this requires that they should dismiss at once the vulgar counsel who have been their ruin and take into their service men qualified by liberal education and liberal ideas to impress the national mind with the dignity and authority of culture. In plain words, the only hope of the Lords is in rising by sheer intelligence above the dictatorial reach of any party whatever.
principle. Nevertheless, as was demonstrated on Wednesday night, the opposition of the Labour Party counts for a good deal, and the reduction of the Government majority to 47 after an all-night sitting is the first real sign we have seen that the Bill may not pass after all. It is true that for the present the new Government is gratificated with the hypocritical pretensions of the Bill in detail and on the curiously muddled conceptions of its nature entertained by Mr. Lloyd George. In view of the strong speech of Lord Selborne on Friday, pointing out that politically it is definitely intrinsically more calamitous for the present Government to more than half of the Welsh Radical members, it is impudent of Mr. Lloyd George to pose as a political purist and to make what the "Nation" calls "a very grave and eloquent appeal" to members to resist the Bill. Mr. Chiozza Money, in his letter to us, makes a merit of the Bill in that it does not, like the friendly societies and trade unions, insist on contributions during periods of sickness and unemployment. Agreed; but by the provision which Mr. Lloyd George defends in his "very grave and eloquent appeal," the Bill is a thousand times worse. After exhausting his benefit and falling into arrears, for any reason whatever, a workman can only resume his benefits by paying not only his own arrears of contribution, but the arrears into which his imaginary employer had fallen during the same period. Mr. Chiozza Money will need a good many statistics to prove that this is just.

We should like to know what remedy our recruited critics of the Insurance Bill and of pseudo-Socialism suggest for this alternative state of affairs. On the one side the nation is threatened by a course of State treatment which will infallibly reduce the working population to the status of slavery; and on the other side there is the prospect of an endless series of strikes, involving as times goes on more and more men with more and more bitterness, and ending in the same result, namely, the reduction of real wages. We have appealed, so far in vain, to the "Spectator" and other fair-minded critics of the Insurance Bill and of Socialism for a positive answer to these questions. And, despite of our defence of strikes, the prospect is a bad one. For though in the absence of any collective attempt to raise wages, workmen ought not to be blamed but rather encouraged in attempting to raise wages for themselves, the fact remains that two things do not go hand in hand—wages and strikes. And here the question of real wages in the form of commodities is in the hands of profiteers, and the iron law of competition determines the remuneration of labour, this latter may rise indefinitely in a purely nominal sense at the very moment that real are declining in a real and material sense. We know that the increased cost of the shipping service due to wages and in consequence an "appeal" from them to resist temptation sounds like Satan exhorting sinners to shun his dominion. Moreover, the occasion was eminently one for overcoming temptation, as Oscar Wilde advised, by yielding to the "siren call of Chiozza Money." In his letter to us, he makes a merit of the Bill in that it does not, like the friendly societies and trade unions, insist on contributions during periods of sickness and unemployment. Agreed; but by the provision which Mr. Lloyd George defends in his "very grave and eloquent appeal," the Bill is a thousand times worse. After exhausting his benefit and falling into arrears, for any reason whatever, a workman can only resume his benefits by paying not only his own arrears of contribution, but the arrears into which his imaginary employer had fallen during the same period. Mr. Chiozza Money will need a good many statistics to prove that this is just.

But Mr. Lloyd George does not profess that such a provision is either justice or charity, but simply in his view "not a business proposition." Who ever said it was? The National Insurance Bill has never from the outset been represented as a business proposition. The evangelical speech in which Mr. Lloyd George misrepresented the Bill when he introduced it into the House of Commons, the biblical blasphemies with which it has been advocated in the New theological press, the speech even which Mr. Lloyd George delivered on it at Birmingham a month ago, all emphasised the fact that the Bill was regarded as "not a business proposition," but as an instalment of the kingdom of God. From no other view, in fact, could it be defended; for it is obviously not a "business proposition" to offer a shillingsworth of insurance for fourpence, even if the charges of the Bill are the punishment of luxury. It is simple obtuseness, if not ordinary Welsh cunning, on the part of Mr. Lloyd George to recommend his Bill just because it is not a business proposition and afterwards to defend it on the ground that it is both. Views can be not right, and if it is plain that the right view is the view everybody now takes of it, that the Bill is a vast piece of charity-mongering with none of the virtues of real charity but with all the vices of a quack "business proposition." The prosaic failure in practice of the Insurance Bill, beset with such hopes as the crowning stone of social reform, may be said to mark the conclusion of the recent tendency of legislation in the direction of State charity. We venture to say that whether the Bill passed or not, the moral defeat it has experienced will prove another Waterlow of Reform. No Cabinet will undertake again a Bill on the same scale or of the same nature. Either the Government will have to take in hand the organisation of industry or we must revert to the former conditions of social absorption in which we were then and to the battles by the aid of the strike. This condition, indeed, as the recrudescence of strikes all over the country proves, is rapidly defining itself as the more immediate prospect. And, despite of our defence of strikes, the prospect is a bad one. For though in the absence of any collective attempt to raise wages, workmen ought not to be blamed but rather encouraged in attempting to raise wages for themselves, the fact remains that two things do not go hand in hand—wages and strikes. And here the question of real wages in the form of commodities is in the hands of profiteers, and the iron law of competition determines the remuneration of labour, this latter may rise indefinitely in a purely nominal sense at the very moment that real are declining in a real and material sense. We know that the increased cost of the shipping service due to wages and in consequence an "appeal" from them to resist temptation sounds like Satan exhorting sinners to shun his dominion. Moreover, the occasion was eminently one for overcoming temptation, as Oscar Wilde advised, by yielding to the "siren call of Chiozza Money." In his letter to us, he makes a merit of the Bill in that it does not, like the friendly societies and trade unions, insist on contributions during periods of sickness and unemployment. Agreed; but by the provision which Mr. Lloyd George defends in his "very grave and eloquent appeal," the Bill is a thousand times worse. After exhausting his benefit and falling into arrears, for any reason whatever, a workman can only resume his benefits by paying not only his own arrears of contribution, but the arrears into which his imaginary employer had fallen during the same period. Mr. Chiozza Money will need a good many statistics to prove that this is just.

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**Foreign Affairs.**

By S. Verdad.

I have come to Berlin for a few days to inquire into the "conversations" between France and Germany in regard to Morocco; but, as I had half expected, there is nothing definite to be said as yet. This is not true, as reported in several sections of the Press, that Germany definitely asked for about half the French possessions in Africa. A vague intention was tentatively made by Herr von Kiderlen-Wächter, the Foreign Minister, to the effect that his Government would be prepared to concede a large slice of the Cameroons; but this hypothetical claim was hypothetically rejected by M. Jules Cambon, the French Ambassador. At the time of writing the negotiations are proceeding.

Having reconsidered the matter, however, the German Government intends to press a claim to a slice of the French Congo, including the port of Libreville, which is thought could be turned into a good naval base. This, from our point of view, would be a rather serious matter. The late Lord Salisbury saw no objection to giving the Germans Cyprus and letting them turn it into a naval base, for in time of war, of course, the German Mediterranean Fleet could be hemmed in at Gibraltar and at the Suez Canal, assuming—a large assumption—that it managed to get better of the British Mediterranean Fleet. A German naval base at Libreville would be quite as bad, from our point of view, as a German naval base at Agadir.

Let me remind readers of this paper, if that be necessary, that this move on the part of Germany is purely financial. The Foreign Government stands a chance of "dashing" the Socialists at the next Reichstag elections by raising a war scare; but the present manoeuvre was initiated by financiers; and the "conversations" between the representatives of the two nations cannot be carried on without frequent reference to various big banking interests on the part of Herr von Kiderlen-Wächter. It is only right to add that the French Government, in its turn, being thoroughly bourgeois, has also to consult financiers from time to time. It must be recollected that the Crimean War, the French Congo, and Morocco combined are all countries to be exploited, and German financiers are as keen on good investments as the French.

If we look at this matter economically—from the point of view of Mr. Norman Angell, let us say—there is not much "great illusion" about it. At the worst, an expensive war with, say, France would be followed by many years' peace, and, if Germany proved victorious, the French colonies from Africa would flow in the direction of Berlin instead of Paris. In a word, a war might be well worth the money.

In connection with German Colonies two views of Bismarck are worth giving. To his secretary, Busch, in February, 1871, he said: "I want no Colonies; they are only good for providing office-seekers with posts, charitable posts. So far as we in Germany are concerned, Colonies would bear the same relation to us as their salubrious results do to the noble families of Poland, who have no shirts to wear under them." By 1885, however, Bismarck clearly saw that Germany would be inevitably caught in the Colonial movement, so we find him saying to a Parliamentary deputation: "Colonial politics is not carried on by generals and statesmen, but by commercial travellers." It is the "commercial travellers," or rather the financiers and manufacturers whom they represent, who are responsible in a great measure for the Colonial trouble. This is, however, one feature which deserves mention.

During recent years, partly in connection with Turkey, partly in connection with Far Eastern affairs, and mainly in connection with the Bagdad Railway, both the German Government and the German capitalists have been irritated by the close relationship existing between France and England. The Germans, being quite unable to raise large sums of money in their own country, are very anxious to admit France in order that they may have the benefit of the vast French surplus capital. Modern German commercial organisation, combined with French money, would prove of great benefit to the Fatherland; for such a combination would extend Germany's influence throughout countries where she is now handicapped financially. Hence a determined attempt is now being made, as at the time of the Algeciras Conference, to split the entente cordiale. If this little plan succeeded, the balance of power would be satisfied with a slice of the Bagdad Railway, both the German Government and the German capitalists have been irritated by the close relationship
Tory Democracy.
By J. M. Kennedy.

VII.—Delegation or Representation?

IDEAS work slowly. The British public in particular is slow to realise the effects of a new principle, whether because people really believed in them, or the unfortunate extent, for the contempt for ideas shown by political ideas which had hitherto prevailed in England—ideas which were represented by and typified in Burke.

It will be sufficient for me to mention at the outset that the only possible basis of representative government was laid down by Burke in his speech at Bristol in November, 1774 after he had been declared duly elected. The quotation from this speech which I propose to give is somewhat lengthy, but when its admirable form and difficult problem thoroughly grasped, I do not think the reader will be inclined to grumble. Having formally thanked the electors, Burke passes on to a subject referred to by the other member for Bristol:

—He tells you that "the topic of instructions has occasioned considerable irritation and uneasiness in this city"; and he expresses himself (if I understand him rightly) in favour of the coercive authority of such instructions.

Now, it is surprising that not a single newspaper or review, apart from The New Age, has yet thought of bringing this point to the attention of the public. Far from this, every influential politician, statesman, and leader-writer throughout the country would appear in the course of the last two electoral campaigns to have absolutely neglected the distinction between the two forms of government. Both Conservative and Liberal newspapers, in the name of representative government, have spoken of "mandates," which, as a moment's reflection should have shown, are in total contradiction to representative government. Elected representatives, which nominally divided over every question brought forward for discussion, form in reality a united Parliament, a Parliament conscientiously bearing in mind the welfare, not only of the majority and the minority in their constituencies, but of the nation as a whole. But elected delegates are merely an agglomeration of jarring units, not representing even their own constituencies, and representing the nation itself still less.

So far as appearances go, we are henceforth to be governed by a series of disjointed units, nominally representatives, and referred to as such, but do not know the difference, but in reality mere delegates. These delegates will, in theory, "represent" only the "mandate" of the majority of their constituents, though in practice they will, of course, "represent" the "mandate" of one of the most disgraceful institutions in the history of politics—the Caucus. It should never be forgotten by the student of English politics that the Caucus was in the first instance a purely Liberal institution, and, indeed, that it was an institution which inevitably developed out of the Mill philosophy. It was the Caucus, too, which took the first steps towards destroying representative government in England, for in the early period of its existence—right at the beginning of the century—Joseph Cowen at Newcastle and Mr. W. E. Forster at Bradford.

* "Burke's Collected Works." (Bohn.) Vol. I., 446 fol.
Letters from Abroad.

The New Idea of Dramatic Action.—II.

Leipzig, Saxony, July 10.

For the sake of convenience we speak of new movements; but, rightly considered, no movement is new. The treatment may be new, and the age both new and good for the treatment. This, for example, is a good age of transition is the word used. The fact has been apparent for some time, but it remained for Berlin to hurl it once more at me. Berlin is moving in two directions at once—the wrong and the right.

The impressions created by Berlin are of two classes—civics and art. Though one can imagine civics with art, one can also imagine civics without art, especially if one happens to be in Berlin when the imagination is active. One can see with half an eye that the recent growth of this city has not been quickened by aesthetics. On the contrary, it is a very bad example of artistic city development. Like London, it is a warning how dull a city may become that is allowed to grow up without the well-preserved plan that Paris possesses.

Berlin has, indeed, the air of having been manufactured in the British Colonies, and distinctly recalls the glories of a better-class, third-rate American run-up-in-the-night town, where the thoroughfares are proudly lined, on the one hand, with sky-scrapers, and humbly, on the other, with Uncle Tom's Cabins. It might have been better if the City Fathers had been more intelligent. Somewhere in the 'eighties it is said to have culminated with Keats, and the novel with Meredith or James, and nothing would convince them that, so far from this being the case, we are about to assist at the birth of the most perfect and most complex form of drama the world has yet seen. Such persons—their name is legion, and many of them sit in high dramatic places—fail to understand that to drama, as to other forms of expression, evolution is life. Either the drama must go on evolving or cease to exist. The fact is understood in Germany, and it is generally felt by progressive directors that the evolution must be in a new direction. Thus there has arisen a decided movement towards the introduction of aesthetic elements in the drama and the complete synthesis of the three forms of expression—drama, music, and decoration.

Architecturally speaking, Berlin may be said to make a "hit" in a particularly big, ostentatious and ugly way. Its wide thoroughfares, with their broad avenues of festooned trees running down the centre, are certainly imposing. They serve nicely to throw the architecture back and to reduce it to due proportions, and also to emphasise the commonplace exteriors and over-elaborated and vulgar details. The commercial architecture has a very strong British accent. One tradesman, Wertheim, has, however, conspired to present Berlin with a local reputation, and has spent his millions on a mammoth Renaissance store that reduces the ready-money affair of Selfridge's to an Oxford Street maisonette.

Of the Emperor's civic activities in the direction of the embellishment of his own "cabbage-patch" in Berlin, it may be said that they reveal a live interest, though not an artistic one. His well-known Avenue of Victory is an example of what a modern ruler will do when he gets the chance. If he would only give the two long rows of blinding white statues of vastly inferior workmanship a coat of Brunswick black, it would be possible to experience R.A. sensations without the risk of developing myopia. His activities elsewhere in the Thiere Garten go a long way towards telling the story of Germany's aggressive instincts in a plastic form. At a point where the tourist traffic is thickest he has had a number of hunting scenes erected, after causing them to be cast in harmless bronze. Then, too, he has had a nice rose-garden constructed, and in the midst he has placed a statue of the Empress in faultless modern dress. This is a new departure. The proper costume for immortal kings and queens to wear in public places is Roman toga and Greek helmet. It is all very strange and mostly unnecessary, and just the sort of thing to establish German sense of humour. Of recent years our energetic town-planners have had a deal to say about the example of Germany. It is greatly to be hoped that they will not follow in the footsteps of Berlin, nor labour under the delusion that they have anything to learn from its bad method of city development and its worse taste in sculpture.

In another direction Berlin is more prepossessing. On the dramatic side it has formed an attachment to art, which promises it a surer slice of immortality than civics. Here both the theatre and drama are in a state of transition. The drama always was, and will be, in a state of transition. The theatre is waking up, and begins to follow the drama. The law of necessity may emphasise the present phase and cause it to appear singular and intense, but none the less the drama has passed through many phases of evolution, some of which have had nothing to accentuate them.

Many persons are accustomed to think of the drama as though it does not evolve. To them there is little or no difference between its fairly primitive Greek and its later developed forms. To this the dramatic form reached a climax long ago, just as the poetical form is said to have culminated with Keats, and the novel with Meredith or James, and nothing would convince them that, so far from this being the case, we are about to assist at the birth of the most perfect and most complex form of drama the world has yet seen. Such persons—their name is legion, and many of them sit in high dramatic places—fail to understand that to drama, as to other forms of expression, evolution is life. Either the drama must go on evolving or cease to exist. The fact is understood in Germany, and it is generally felt by progressive directors that the evolution must be in a new direction. Thus there has arisen a decided movement towards the introduction of aesthetic elements in the drama and the complete synthesis of the three forms of expression—drama, music, and decoration.

The first point of identification of this movement may be traced in the construction of the theatre or the frame. The Berlin theatres reveal more markedly than any other type of building the cultural development in Germany. Generally speaking, they exhibit great progress in plan and architectural rendering, and reveal a real attempt to make the interior and exterior conform to a high aesthetic standard, thus exhibiting an enthusiasm in the framing of the drama which England utterly lacks. There is also a growing tendency to construct the frame according to a principle originated by Wagner—namely, that of serving as an appropriate setting to a good play, and of being designed altogether to foster the desired dramatic mood in the spectator.

A very good example of this type of theatre is found in the Hebbel Theatre, named after an Austrian dramatist whose verse dramas, such as "Herod and Marianna," "Gyges," "Judith," "Mary of Magdalen," have become classics. It was built about four years ago, and is one of the masterpieces of Oskar Kaufmann, whose theatre architecture promises to become one of the glories of modern Germany. He has recently designed a new Opera House for Berlin and a theatre for Bremerhaven, which cause the make-shifts in England to appear particularly cheap and painful. The Hebbel Theatre is really an edition de luxe, the last word, for the moment, in theatre building. Its pose of dignity and gravity is just suited to
serious plays. Its absence of tinsel and freedom from offence from box-office to dressing-room is a new sensation. In those theatres, there are no insanitary rabbit-hutches called dressing-rooms. It is not difficult to understand the great demand for those who believe in scene, sound, and action moving together to produce one impression.

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There appears to be a system of retaining artists to design for all the productions at one theatre. Metropol,—where dancing finer even than that of the Russian Ballet is to be seen,—Baruch and Flothow are the decorators-in-chief.

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Corresponding to the attempt to improve the scene is that of relating it to the sound. Reinhardt, who apparently so far as the great dramas of Wagner, is one of those who believe in scene, sound, and action moving together to produce one impression.

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The bearing of these aesthetic tendencies on the direction of the drama is considerable. Berlin itself is now witnessing the commencement of a strong romantic and classic dramatic movement which promises to restore a much needed emotional expressiveness to the drama. Realism is dying an unnatural death. The public has grown tired of hyper-modern perversities and mortuary atrocities which have recently passed for dramas. It shows no interest in such plays as Wedekind's "Spring's Awakening," which to it is simply the awakening of sexual life. Possibly it has had enough facts on prostitution according to the gospel of "Mrs. Warren's Profession." He felt that its erotic fare cast in novel form, and finds it can get all the information it wants, say, from De Goncourt's "La Fille Élisa" or Gissing's "mich inferior "Un-classed." In any case there is no feverish demand for studies in the psychology of the beer-drinkers of German proletariat, for glorious records of filth and outrage in low places, or for plays of unholy social deposits. There is a place where crime and misery may be disinfected, but it is not the theatre.

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Ibsen is still comparatively isolated and neglected. I say comparatively, for Germany was the first to recognise him and to set apart at least one theatre to his service. The Lessing Theatre, Berlin, has for years, under the wise direction of Herr Brah, devoted itself to the great dramatist, and here one may realise the full sensation of an Ibsen drama adequately performed. After an Ibsen performance at the Lessing it is impossible to sit out a scratch performance in London. Besides Ibsen, symbolic plays, such as Hauptmann's "Die Versunkene Glocke," Hanele's "Himmelfahrt," etc., and romantic plays, such as Hart's "Tanris der Narr" and Karl Schönher's "Glaube und Heimat," are presented.

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With no alternative, the German theatre director is busy resuscitating the classics. Among the production of Sophocles, Shakespeare, Schiller, Lessing, Goethe and others across the German stage is unending. Shakespeare has become a naturalised German. Last year he made no less than 1,141 appearances, and was only a few steps behind Wagner and Schiller. He made his entrances gorgeously and becomingly attired, and moving amid finely conceived scenes. He was supported by companies of efficient actors, who, however, exhibited an English failing. They felt that the drama is not an annexe of the opera should recede from the spectator as far as possible in order to create the necessary illusion. This means, of course, that with the coming of dramatic symbolism Goethe's idea of intimacy must disappear.

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The Hebbel Theatre is, in short, one of the many most successful applications of the new ideas of the relation of the theatre to the drama. It is a worthy temple for good drama. It is neither an annexe to a gin-palace, nor is it like the Little Theatre, Adelphi, London, a bank ingeniously converted into a theatre. It is different from the original features—bits of an Angelica Kauffmann ceiling—left standing. It is a complete and commendable thing.

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Along with the theatre development goes the application of progressive ideas of the relation of scenery to the drama. It is not difficult to understand the great demand for those who believe in scene, sound, and action moving together to produce one impression.

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He gave us a taste of his wealth of colour in "Simurum," which, though a highly diluted edition of the Berlin production, with but two or three of his best actors, exposed the drab stupidity of London play-mounting. For instance, its restful wainscoting—a delightful combination of dark brown polisander wood and yellow pear-tree wood—as well as the uniformity of its very artistic decorations, remind one of those of Professor Reinhardt's Kammerspelhaus. The latter is a small building adapted to the production of intimate drama in a manner conducive to that feeling of intimacy between actors and public which Goethe advocated and Wagner maintained. Goethe's idea was that this close contact with the dramatic reality should increase the receptivity of the spectator to and engender a mood favourable to the drama itself. Wagner accepted the idea so far as the drama was concerned, but contended that it was not suited to his own musical symbolism. He felt that all the drama is to be unravelled and moved in an orderly manner conducive to that feeling of intimacy which Goethe advocated and Wagner maintained. Goethe's idea was that this close contact with the dramatic reality should increase the receptivity of the spectator to and engender a mood favourable to the drama itself. Wagner accepted the idea so far as the drama was concerned, but contended that it was not suited to his own musical symbolism. He felt that the drama is to be unravelled and moved in an orderly manner conducive to that feeling of intimacy which Goethe advocated and Wagner maintained. Goethe's idea was that this close contact with the dramatic reality should increase the receptivity of the spectator to and engender a mood favourable to the drama itself. Wagner accepted the idea so far as the drama was concerned, but contended that it was not suited to his own musical symbolism. He felt that all the drama is to be unravelled and moved in an orderly manner conducive to that feeling of intimacy which Goethe advocated and Wagner maintained. Goethe's idea was that this close contact with the dramatic reality should increase the receptivity of the spectator to and engender a mood favourable to the drama itself. Wagner accepted the idea so far as the drama was concerned, but contended that it was not suited to his own musical symbolism. He felt that all the drama is to be unravelled and moved in an orderly manner conducive to that feeling of intimacy which Goethe advocated and Wagner maintained. Goethe's idea was that this close contact with the dramatic reality should increase the receptivity of the spectator to and engender a mood favourable to the drama itself. Wagner accepted the idea so far as the drama was concerned, but contended that it was not suited to his own musical symbolism. He felt that all the drama is to be unravelled and moved in an orderly manner conducive to that feeling of intimacy which Goethe advocated and Wagner maintained. Goethe's idea was that this close contact with the dramatic reality should increase the receptivity of the spectator to and engender a mood favourable to the drama itself. Wagner accepted the idea so far as the drama was concerned, but contended that it was not suited to his own musical symbolism. He felt that all the drama is to be unravelled and moved in an orderly manner conducive to that feeling of intimacy which Goethe advocated and Wagner maintained. Goethe's idea was that this close contact with the dramatic reality should increase the receptivity of the spectator to and engender a mood favourable to the drama itself. Wagner accepted the idea so far as the drama was concerned, but contended that it was not suited to his own musical symbolism. He felt that all the drama is to be unravelled and moved in an orderly manner conducive to that feeling of intimacy which Goethe advocated and Wagner maintained. Goethe's idea was that this close contact with the dramatic reality should increase the receptivity of the spectator to and engender a mood favourable to the drama itself. Wagner accepted the idea so far as the drama was concerned, but contended that it was not suited to his own musical symbolism. He felt that all the drama is to be unravelled and moved in an orderly manner conducive to that feeling of intimacy which Goethe advocated and Wagner maintained. Goethe's idea was that this close contact with the dramatic reality should increase the receptivity of the spectator to and engender a mood favourable to the drama itself. Wagner accepted the idea so far as the drama was concerned, but contended that it was not suited to his own musical symbolism. He felt that
Hedonism v. Humbug.

By Wordsworth Donisthorpe.

HEDONISM is the doctrine that the only possible motive is self-interest; in other words, that every voluntary act of a sentient being is, and must be, caused by a desire for the doer’s welfare—increased happiness or diminished pain; in short, by selfishness. Thus stated, the proposition is almost a truth. To a noble nature, one of the chief sources of happiness is sympathy—the pleasure of seeing others happy. Those who do not possess this faculty cannot, of course, appreciate the joy of altruism. They do not even believe in its existence. All conduct apparently due to altruism they attribute to a quality which they call selflessness. It never occurs to the anti-hedonist that his more highly developed neighbour finds a real selfish pleasure in making others happy. When the anti-hedonist himself performs any act for the good of others, it is with some ulterior object. The act in itself is painful to him, and it will not be done unless the agent has something else to gain by it. Thus the term “selfish” has come to be applied to those who are not blessed with the faculty of sympathy. Most dispositions or wrangles on moral philosophy are due to the confusion of the wide and the narrow definitions of “selfish.” The selfish man (in the narrow and colloquial sense) is charitable in order “to lay up for himself treasure on earth.” The mean soul strives to gratify all the desires of his own contracted nature, and of these, sympathy with others is not one. The noble soul also strives to gratify all his desires, and one of the most potent is the wish to make others happy. Suppose, as the worthy Dr. Paley would say—suppose that the Son of God came down to endure a squalid life, to die a painful death and to undergo a brief damnation for the sake of poor humanity. Surely, in the wider sense of the word, it was a selfish act. In other words, He preferred these trials to the perpetual knowledge that He was no more, neither more nor less, selfish, but their selfishness is less expansive. It is centred within the sphere of their own limited wants, the gratification of their stunted personal appetites. When an Arch Bishop once declared that it was wrong to take pleasure on Sundays, he forgot that he was defining the low and limited range of his own impulses.

Using the term “selfishness” in its narrow and colloquial sense, we may define a selfish man as one whose nature is impervious to the joys and sorrows of sympathy, just as an oyster finds no pleasure in poetry. We need not blame the oyster or the selfish man. Either would be foolish to do that which would fail to gratify himself, merely because it would gratify a higher being which gave the vitals of a little trembling bird is not doing wrong. She is unmindful of, oblivious of, the physical sufferings of her victim; and as for the pain and sorrow of the deserted chicks in the nest, the thought of them never enters her head. The boy who loves to watch a couple of dogs tearing each other to pieces does not “imagine” their sufferings; he has no bowels of compassion or mercy. He is simply bereft of an organ. He is no more to his illustrious and philanthropic (sense of the word) than the man who stubbornly refuses to admire a lovely landscape because he was born blind. Ill-developed organisms may be contemptible. We despise an idiot, but we do not hate him. He is what he is, and he does what he does because he must—namely, the things that satisfy his longings, such as they are. The wolf that went about collecting sweet clover to feed a starving lamb would be a fool for his pains, for he would derive no satisfaction from the act; and for that very reason he never does it. Therefore I do not blame anti-hedonists. I merely regret there are so many of them, and I trust that in the remote future they will be as extinct as the troglodytes. Added creatures who require some motive other than their own gratification as a stimulus to benevolence—as an inducement to right conduct—will surely be eliminated in the long run, and the nobly selfish will survive. Virtue consists not in doing, but in being. I have heard it said that one who apparently does that which he loathes and leaves undone that which he loves, for the love of God, cannot be actuated by selfishness. But take the finest specimen of ascetic (of whom there are few), the honest Christian who tries to do the will of One whom he regards as his friend—the Friend who has suffered for him and saved his (eternal) life. In what way is he less selfish than the mother wren who lays down her life for her chicks in unequal battle with a hawk? Besides, why does a man strive to serve his own friend or his own god rather than some body else’s friend or god? The answer is the possessive pronoun! Why does not the wren fight for the sparrow’s little ones? Because they are not “hers.” Selfishness again! But what a gradation in the natures of those thus impelled by selfishness! What a gulf between the soul (call it what you will) of the boy who shies a stone at a finnet, because it pleases him, and the soul of one who lays down his life for his friend, or for his country, or for his city, or even the welfare of the world to come—because it pleases him! The former has little or no imagination; the latter has an imagination so fully developed as to have earned the title of fellow feeling, compassion, sympathy. Let the noble Curtius leap into the chasm to save his beloved city—to satisfy his desires. Let the ungrateful serpent bite his woodman’s sorrow—to satisfy its desires. Let the ungrateful bearing and lions growl and fight, for ‘tis their nature, to. The nobly selfish will do well because it is their nature, their pleasure to do so. The ignobly selfish will do ill, for precisely the same reason. Thistles will never bring forth grapes, and the anti-hedonist will never understand that ‘it is possible to enjoy doing right. And he will not go and hang himself, because he does not sufficiently love his species. “It is more blessed to give than to receive.” “Rot!” replies the anti-hedonist. Giving is a painful process, and no one is such a fool as to give unless he sees his profit in it. Where’s my beer?”

ARISE, O SONG!

Translated from the Polish of Lucyan Rydel by P. Selver.

ARISE, o song, arise from quivering strings,
Rise and resound
Through golden light that radiant evening flings,
And through the rainbow, proudly sweeping round,
Flow in the blue recesses of the skies,
Resound and rise.

Somewhere away beneath thee lies far dawn
Midst lime and birch,
In orchards green, the tiny peaceful town,
And twittering birds that in the thickets perch,
and smoke, that driven by the wind is flying

Beneath thee lie the fields of fruitful grain,
The bands of streams.
The sulphureous surface of the main,
The snow of summits, that like silver gleams,
In clouds the drowsy thyrsus darts
And eagles soaring.

O midst the dust of gleaming planets flow,
The blaze of light,
Midst dizzy whirling of their fiery glow
The scarlet chaos of their blood-red track,
Take flight, and by the opal radiance drowned
Rise and resound.

Translated from the Polish of Lucyan Rydel by P. Selver.
The Crisis in Literature.
By the Reviewer of "Nan."

From time to time in the history of literary art, artists have been obliged to take upon themselves the work of critics, and to destroy by direct critical attack, or by satire, some false standard in order to reveal the true one. This happened in Greece when the poet Aristophanes turned critic and satirist; in Rome, when Cicero paused to condemn the "horde" of illiterates; in England, when Milton rhymed upon those who "for their bellies' sake" inward rot and foul contagion," and later when Dryden, adding venom to Milton's sting, scarified the scribbling pretenders of his day. It is about to happen again in England, since writers who are reasonably superior reportes have at length brought down the level of current literature, this that they call their "output," to a plane upon which the few critics we can boast flatly refuse to meet them. This commercial term, which they adopted in their innocence of art, have at length brought disservice is very plain to its authors, and received nothing. Every generation which should help the after-comers to perceive and distinguish between Shakespeare frenzied—that Shakespeare who did as much as any Englishman to produce Caliban, who fed Caliban on visions of villainy and bloodshed—and Shakespeare consciously penning the line about the frenzied eye. They are not the same. One possesses, the other is possessed. But if anyone believes to draw me into a discussion on the question, let him spare. I am not speaking to all Gath.

Though these writers have done no service to Art, their disservice is very plain to see. The luckless youngsters who came under their influence are doomed; they are pattering out under our eyes; they gave all to their masters and received nothing. Every generation of literary men should leave works of beauty, models which should help the after-comers to perceive and in their turn perpetuate the things that redeem the soul amid circumstances of unfathomable enmity. What has this generation to thank its immediate predecessors for? Descriptions of the drab, Tussaud deformities they are. He now sets about destroying the madman and charlatans. Their josses fail to command the theatre. There people use what artists put into the mouths of their characters, but with the art with which they are presented. Except for the "beautiful rant" which the classical dramatists put into the mouths of their characters, but which properly belongs to the dramatists alone, we should not preserve so many chronicles of murder, treachery, and incest. But although we may wish the stories were nobler, we cannot dispense with them because of the art with which they are presented. Similar stories presented by the modern straw-packers bluntly disgusting. These writers, besides lacking the moral belief and the pathological ignorance of the ancients, lack the art. And the reader feels as if he were invited to look on at a hospital—for amusement. I do not, of course, refer to works directly written in the cause of humane propaganda. Such works, written with knowledge and sincerity, justify even an indifferent author. While often rejecting the subjects of classical literature, the artist will faithfully study the way of working and cherish in his very soul phrases of illumination and revelation, those oases where grows the true art, the art that helps us to endure an inexplicable life with dignity. To stimulate, with the powers he possesses, a sense of responsibility in men; a feeling that most of the evil they suffer is of their own making and capable of yielding to effort, is the crown of the artist. The exhibitionist, the mimic, the pandar among writers has no claim here. No axe-
THE NEW AGE

July 27, 1911.

Three Poems.

By Henry Miller.

[To the Editor of The New Age. Sir,—Please find enclosed three poems, or at least I hope they are poems and not piffle. . . . It is quite possible the grammar or punctuation may be slightly out of drawing, but as I have had to pick up what little education I have myself, being only a poor shoemaker and haversack, and having spent the greater part of my life upon the road, that will hardly surprise you. I have written these things, and others I have, chiefly to relieve my feelings at different times. But this is the first time I have summed up courage to inflict them on any long-suffering editor. . . . HENRY MILLER.]

The Highwayman.

My "clobber" is ragged, and tattered, and torn,
The "opper" he eyes me askance;
But merrily sings the thrush on the thorn,
Where the sunbeams glitter and dance;
So care not a toss for the hireling's frown,
And I chorus the thrush's lay,
As heel and toe, right gaily I go,
A tramp on the broad highway.

Where I "mooched" my breakfast, at yonder farm,
I was offered a labourer's job,
To sweat till the twilight from early dawn,
And the wages were thirteen bob.
I finished my "scott," and I said it was kind
To offer such princely pay;
But I'd no ambition to die a rich man,
I'd keep to the broad highway.

I rest through the heat, by a field of wheat,
In the shade of the drooping willows,
My lullaby is the rustle and sigh
Of its shivering golden billows;
There are butterflies kissing the scarlet lips
Of the poppies, that drowsily sway,
While I doze, and dream, by the murmuring stream
That runs by the broad highway.

The Enchantress.

Oh! gently her bosom it rises and falls
In the sunset glow, as she softly calls
From waves of opal, and rose, and gold,
Where deep at the foot of the headland bold,
Dead men lie stark and cold.

Now, fretted with silver, she glides and swells
Like a glittering serpent, and weaves her spells.
Oh! I weep, she sings to the evening star,
And lures us out to the treacherous bar,
Where she toys with a broken spar.

The spar, that she tore with fierce delight,
From the hand of a drowning wretch last night;
Oh! loudly she laughed at his dying wail,
And waste that wage—on bread!

Bright silver coins; my callous palm
Encloses mystic gleams,
Of pale and wondrous wizardry;
The price of golden dreams.
I throw one on the beer-stained bar,
And lo! its magic ring,
The foaming flagon brings to me;
I drink and stand a king.

Drink, and the bitter heartache's bled
And cradled off to rest,
Life's roses bloom, while care's sharp thorns
No longer pierce the breast.

Oh! swift the blood's red tidal flood
Leaps pulsing to the brain;
And drives the wingèd steeds of thought,
With fancy's jewelled rein.
I doff the wage-slave's greasy garb
In which I stand arrayed,
Kind Bacchus lends me royal robes
Of silk, and rich brocade.
And far from fever-ridden slums,
I sail my barque at ease,
While sirens sing me silv'ry songs,
"Thro' purple, tropic seas.
To palm-fringed isles, where, anchored in
The star-lit, still lagoon,
I watch the surf, on coral reefs,
Fling pearls unto the moon.
Or, on some mountain grin, and vast,
(By demons upward hurled,
In gusts of fierce volcanic wrath),
I gaze across the world,
To where the lordly Amazon
Rolls proudly to the main,
While strange things light its tawny flood
With wings of coloured stain.
And so the earth unfolds for me
Her beauty like a flower;
For each full flagon holds in fee
My kingdom for an hour.
Oh sweetly she sings to the evening star,
And waste that wage—on bread! 
Rough Faring.
By Vance Palmer.

The suspicious look on the face of the clerk was not pleasant to watch as he fumbled with the green steerage ticket. It seemed to hint that I was ill-used in having to deal with a being who had thrown away caste, dignity, honour—whatever else a white man is supposed to burden himself with in Vladivostock by virtue of his colour. But when he said that none of the Manchu coolies travelled third class by that line he had evidently meant it to alter my decision. He was a little man, admirably arranged in a morning coat, and after crawling into the topmost of these there was nothing left but to pray for beri-beri or whatever else would blot out the interval between land and land.

Sleep did not come for awhile, for when the boat slugged out to sea one was forced to lie and admire the ingenuity of the shipbuilders who had constructed the coffins just a foot too long for the average body. As the boat rolled one slid down gently from top to bottom, feet and head bruising the confines alternately at the rate of twice a minute. The friction produced thus in every nerve and fibre was sufficient to keep out the intense cold that otherwise would have been paralysing. On the cold deck of dark blue tobacco smoke mingled with the odours of Canton, Harbin and Vladivostock, they had their pleasure there. The coolies squatted, smoking and blinking; they had atavistic faces; they seemed to have one or two senses developed abnormally at the expense of the others. It was imaginary for three or four days, but, fortunately, there was a little hut adjoining, fitted with bare, coffin-like boxes, in which art casts over life.

The qualities that all men have in common are immeasurably more important than the superficial differences which separate them, but that truth does not ram itself home to the brain of a sick man watching two small Chinese boys whose sneers lent me enough vitality to stagger down with my portmanteau to the wharves, and bring myself in the bowels of the vessel that lay there.

At last—sleep. Was it sleep that had intervened? Surely in imagination one had entered that world before. There was the smell of sulphur, the cackling of demon voices and the glimpses of horned figures which a thin liquid trickled in all directions. It was merely the warm, relaxing odour of opium that had suggested sulphur to the half-awakened senses and the figures were those of the coolies squabbling over the herd. Their discordant voice rose above the steady plunk of the heavy waters bumping against the thin sides of the shuddering vessel. Through the half-open door they were visible, claving at one another and jumping about like demons in the steerage table.

The cold mountains were clouds above that seemed like blossoms of transfigured stone. Lying on the coil of rope one could only speculate as to what had led him to leave that little practice in Moscow; not, one would think, any longing for romance, experience—whatever else youth brought with it. One might have almost been willing to give the next few days, and the struggle would be endurable, or whether the cholera-belt he was wearing was the best of its kind.

At last—sleep. Was it sleep that had intervened? Surely in imagination one had entered that world before. There were others it was not as easy to escape at moments of waking; they were the searching, calculating eyes of the middle-class of Europe. The particular owner in this case was a short man in tweeds who had peered into the pit from curiosity, and remained, perhaps, from a class instinct to clear up something that savoured of the inexplicable. He sat ginglyr on the edge of one of the lower coffins and smoked an antiseptic cigar. He was always ruddy and shaven, careful about the texture of his underclothing, one might venture, and the regularity of his meals, but there was nothing to object to object to his appearance. It is, though, why he came so often, till he admitted he had accepted a medical position in Shanghai and a knowledge of English was one of the qualifications; he had not had an opportunity of speaking the language in the last few years. Looking at his round, homely face one could only speculate as to what had led him to leave that little practice in Moscow; not, one would think, any longing for romance, experience—whatever else youth brought with it. One might have almost been willing to give the next few days, and the struggle would be endurable, or whether the cholera-belt he was wearing was the best of its kind.

In the end of three days it was possible to crawl out of the pit where the coolies were still squabbling and lie on a coil of rope in the sun. The decks were wet, but clean; the air seemed miraculously clean; there was no smell which gave evidence of the taking up of the earth in the steamer. The cold mountains of green water were cleaner than anything ever had been in the universe before. There were clouds above that seemed like blossoms of transfigured stone. Lying on a coil one could eat bread and fruit, and ponder on the strange beauty that resides in the curves of a pipe-bowl. Food has the power to make a man himself again, but it is tobacco that makes him a little more than himself; that casts a glow on his thoughts and memories which art casts over life.
And there on the other deck was the little doctor, walking up and down, his small legs padding busily, for was it not necessary to walk four miles a day to keep absolutely in shape? He had a woman on his arm and talked energetically with his hands and voice about the land which was now blue on the skyline. I have nothing but goodwill for the honest fellow with his cyclone wig, and canvas shoes and his round face beaming with good health and shaving soap. Such as he are the salt of the earth—but salt, thank God, is only a condiment.

Unedited Opinions.

The Government of the Mind.

Your remark the other day that man is a fixed species and therefore incapable of indefinite progress, has been almost angrily repudiated in some circles. It is so contrary to the prevailing current of thought that to express it appears to be simple perversity. You would not plead guilty to that?

Certainly not. On the contrary, I met the charge in advance and prophesied what would be the effect of my statement on minds wallowing in the sea of becoming without so much as a skin to cover them. The modern mind, being shameless, hates to think itself defined. For all that, it is defined, and very rigorously. Somewhere in the world of being exists a power, whether malevolent or benevolent I know not, which has put eternal boundaries to the mind of man beyond which he may not pass. Over the entrance to dozens of avenues of thought is written: It is forbidden to trespass in this region. Naturally your modern libertarian does not like those notices, and pretends not to see them. Nevertheless, he does not trespass, for the simple reason that he cannot. His mind being as defined in capacity as a goat’s tether goes its length but no further. At the end of it the modern mind bleats.

What regions, for example, are forbidden?

Well, I should say that the comprehension of abstract ideas as such is definitely beyond human capacity. Also all such so-called problems as involve the ego as one of their factors, for the ego can obviously never be an object to itself. Then there is the whole clamjamfry of questions in which the “world” or the “universe” or “life” is introduced as an object of speculation. These are beyond the human mind, that istates those notices, and pretends not to see them. Nevertheless, he does not trespass, for the simple reason that he cannot. His mind being as defined in capacity as a goat’s tether goes its length but no further. At the end of it the modern mind bleats.

And you maintain that all these are beyond human comprehension?

Not only so now, but for ever. The human mind, like everything else, is defined by what it excludes as well as by what it includes. And from the defined content and capacity of the human mind, the solution of such problems as I have named is excluded, both now and for ever.

Renan, if I remember, remarked that human dignity nevertheless demands that interest should be taken in these problems. Even if they should prove for ever insoluble by our minds, speculation on and conversation with them are signs of elevation.

Quite so, if Renan’s warning be also remembered: that it is necessary first to recognise the incomprehensible as such. I have no objection to the human mind exercising itself on these problems. Quite the contrary. Hitch your waggon to a star by all means only do not think that you will ever ride in the star by that means. What I object to is the prevailing belief that by some unspecified means the mind may be made capable of containing ideas which are only permitted to contemplate the contemplation that is beneficial. The desire to grasp is fatal.

In what way fatal?

Starting from a false conception of the nature of man, the mind naturally sees everything else in a false light. Its whole object is to become something that it really is not, and can never be. For example, all this talk and aspiration for superhuman qualities is an original and natural error of misconceiving man’s nature and refusing to admit its limitations. With human nature undefined nothing else is definable. Consequently we find such people as woolly in their notions of the superman as to wonder in their accounts of the god. How different from the Greeks, who keep the two orders of being each in its own sphere. There were things men could do that gods could not; there were things gods could do that men could not. Each order had its privileges, each its responsibilities, and each its limitations. The modern mind knows neither god nor man.

All this may be fatal to theology, but I do not perceive that the sum of consequences is very disastrous. It would be impossible to exhaust them or more than indicate the devastation they produce. But surely it is enough if the practical consequence is shown to be that men attempt, under the delusion of this indefiniteness, to become what they are not. All perversions are traceable finally, to the mind of man beyond which he may not pass. But would you have men cease striving altogether?

Is that the advice which follows from your repudiation of the doctrine of progress?

To cease striving to become what they are not, yes; but there remains the struggle to become what they are. Since they are already that, what need is there to strive to become it?

What need, you might as well ask, is there for the acorn to become the oak tree, since the latter and the former do not differ in nature. The same duty rests on man of becoming what he is as in aspiring the acorn to become the oak; and the same fate befalls the one and the other if accident or perversity cuts across the process—I mean extinction or abortion. Once started on its career as a germinating seed, the acorn will perish both in its first and in its last form if it hesitates, as it were. It is the same with man. Our term man includes the first spark of intelligence and the last flaming sphere of the mind; and we are already in mid career between these two states, both being human. The duty of man is to see that process through, and not to imperil its fulfilment by attempting to substitute an impossible and forbidden conclusion. Let him aim at becoming the completed Man. By that time new metamorphoses may be open to him; but until then they are rightly closed and he can only break his head against their brazen doors.

Being, perhaps, a modern myself, I confess that your view of the fixed nature of man somewhat irks me. My heroes—Tennyson’s “Aenone,” with the intention of forgetting the fact that you would admire them if they did something exceptional, goat, may he not break it and rove free? Admit that many must bleat in vain, some die of their limitations, but there remains the struggle to become what they are. All perversions are traceable finally, to the mind of man beyond which he may not pass. They may, it is true, be regarded in that aspect; but only for purposes of drama. In practice, the limitations must be felt to be self-imposed, and as arising from one’s own nature. There is nothing heroic in disobeying oneself. On the other hand, obedience to one’s own nature is freedom. And what else but this have I been urging?
An Ethiopian Saga.
By Richmond Haigh.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Now when the people of Moali heard that their Chief, Koloani, was at the village Rasalamoom, and that the Chief Kamalubi had given him a place for his people, and corn lands and water, and that the people would be welcome there, many of them stole away by night and corn lands and water, and that the people would first to their lord with what they could bring with them.

And there were many to serve him.

So that in a few days Koloani had his own place again.

Koloani had been well received by Kamalubi of Rasalamoom. When he was warned by one of his men of the coming of Kamalubi, he was very wroth. And Kundu called his councillors together and they spoke over this thing.

And Kundu, the Chief, spoke first and said, "Kamalubi has struck me in the face openly and declared war against me, now, therefore, consider this thing that we prepare ourselves. And when they had all made known their thoughts at the council, Makoni, the first councillor, spoke and said, "We cannot come by surprise upon Kamalubi for even now he will be watching and preparing for us; we must collect our strength and give him battle. But surely he will not be able to stand against us, for our warriors will be as two to one against him. Now, Chief, let us send to Kamalubi, and demand that he give Koloani and his people over, and when he refuses let our messenger make known to him, from the Matusi to the Hloati, and that he and his house will be destroyed, and his people utterly crushed if he stands up against us in this thing. It may be that the council of Kundu will prevail with him at the last."

And Bokalobi the General said, "Let our messengers go to Rasalamoom, but let us also begin at once to make ready; for Kamalubi will fight, and Nabasti, his general, will not be deceived. There is much to be done and the new moon will be here before we are ready; but Kamalubi and his people will be eaten up, and thy fame will spread through the land, O! Chief."

So it was that when Koloani had been three days at Rasalamoom came messengers from Kundu to the Chief Kamalubi.

And when the messengers had heard that Kamalubi would not give up Koloani, and had declared that their Chief Kundu would come with a great force and utterly destroy the village Rasalamoom with all its people, they gave a great laugh, and said the Chief spoke and said, "Return now, ye men, to your Chief, and give him the word of a man, thus:—'

"That which is between us is not of to-day, for was it not even a matter of rage to our fathers that the same land of Kundu, for a watch. Kamalubi built cunning places for his men in the rocky hills which were against his village. And great stones were placed on ledges, where they might easily be rolled down upon an enemy. Kamalubi gave orders, and all the cattle and goats and asses which belonged to his people were gathered together and sent back to their homes. Kamalubi was their chief. Koloani the Chief also and Matauw and Jamba, the son of the Warrior, went greatly amongst the people to encourage them. But Spulodi, the son of Sepeke, had returned to Tlapakun, the village of Chuaani, the Hairy One, and from that place they worked secretly amongst the people of Moali. And Matauw spoke to Mabatsi the General, and orders were given that all those who had guns should come and place themselves under Matauw, who would be over them to direct them. Then Matauw instructed these men and went with them round about on the hills at Rasalamoom and appointed places for them.

But Kundu the Chief and his people in all the villages were already singing songs of victory, for they believed that the men of Rasalamoom would flee and Kamalubi would come and destroy them. But when word was brought to the Chief Kundu that Kamalubi had many guns, and those which had been given by the White Man to Koloani were on his side, and in the night these would be of little use. And so Kamalubi had spoken with taunts that perhaps he might raise pride in the Chief Kundu.

Now began Kundu, Chief of Nilisetsi, and Kamalubi, Chief of Rasalamoom, to make ready against each other. Kamalubi placed men on the heights which was against Moali and against Nilisetsi, that men of Kundu should not come into his land to spy. He placed men on the heights also which overlooked the land of Kundu, for a watch. Kamalubi built cunning places for his men in the rocky hills which were against his village. And great stones were placed on ledges, where they might easily be rolled down upon an enemy. Kamalubi gave orders, and all the cattle and goats and asses which belonged to his people were gathered together and sent back to their homes. Kamalubi was their chief. Koloani the Chief also and Matauw and Jamba, the son of the Warrior, went greatly amongst the people to encourage them. But Spulodi, the son of Sepeke, had returned to Tlapakun, the village of Chuaani, the Hairy One, and from that place they worked secretly amongst the people of Moali. And Matauw spoke to Mabatsi the General, and orders were given that all those who had guns should come and place themselves under Matauw, who would be over them to direct them. Then Matauw instructed these men and went with them round about on the hills at Rasalamoom and appointed places for them.

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CHAPTER XXVII.

Now in the villages of Moali also Kundu the Chief had placed spies to be spies, and had said to every head man how many spears he was to bring to the fighting against Kamalubi. And the head men spoke well with the messengers of Kundu, and promised to bring the full number of spears and more, and they spoke lightly of Koloani and of Kamalubi. Nevertheless, Kundu trusted not the men of Moali; but the people knew the spies and were friendly with them.
but they guarded their tongues before them. Now when all was prepared, it was yet before the new moon, and the night was very dark. And Mokani, the first councillor, spoke to Kundu the Chief and to Bokalobi the General, and said "Surely now is the time to go up against our enemy. While the nights are yet dark let us fall upon him and surprise him."

But Kundu the Chief spoke and said, "Am I not Kundu, the son of Manduku, the son of Waromani? And shall I be taunted with my name by that jackal? And shall the people say, 'Kundu is at night, but in the daylight he feared to fight'? Nay, by my Fathers! We will go up against Kamalubi, and I will send word to him when we are ready, and all the world shall know that my spear has searched him out openly. He will be greater in the land.'"

And Mokani liked not this saying of the Chief, and he said, "It is foolish to wake a snake to kill it." But Bokalobi the General was with Kundu in this thing, and he said, "I know that Kamalubi has prepared for us by day or by night, but by night will they be doubly watchful and strong. They fight on their own ground, and darkness would be a friend to them, for the number of our spears would not be seen, to frighten them. In the daytime will they see that our numbers are as two to one, and the sound of our shouts will strike terror to their hearts."

When they had spoken a little more, Kundu the Chief said, "Let the word go round, Bokalobi, to thy warriors and to thine army, that to-morrow we will set forth. Let us sleep at our border, and by noon of the day following must Kamalubi be shown that he has aroused a lion whose mouth is as a great cavern which can not be shut. The darkness will be not one of his house lives. Our spears have been anointed, and the doctors and wise men have prepared our warriors. They will come upon Rasalamoom like a whirlwind, and its people will be swept away as the dust before it." And Bokalobi the General was glad at this word, and he went out quickly to give orders.

Then in a little while there was great blowing upon horns and beating upon drums and running about the village. And messengers were sent off to Moali and its villages to call the warriors and young men to be at the border when Kundu the Chief should come there. And meat was prepared and meal for the morrow. In every house was the order given that so much should be made ready. In all the villages there was great stir and excitement, and the women had much to do, and sang as they worked. And the young boys blew upon whistles made from bones. There was laughing and merriment; for were they not going to eat up Kamalubi! And Bokalobi the General called all the head men of the warriors together and instructed them how they should go and the order of it, and each head man went and made ready accordingly. Now in the morning they began to go forth in ranks from the villages towards the border; but they made no haste, for the distance was not great. They travelled in parties by many different ways. And they danced by the way, and chanted their songs. And the young men boasted and shook their spears, and made light of the enemy, which was yet far from them. Now Kundu the Chief had asses brought, and food was placed upon their backs; and upon some of the asses great bags were placed, made from the hide of the ox, and these bags were filled with beer; for Kundu said there will be no beer left for us at Rasalamoom. And Kundu had his Karosses brought and his head-dress and his chair to sit in, for it was in the mind of the Chief to know for those who should be brought before him when he had entered into Rasalamoom. And certain of his wives came with him also. And so, in state, Kundu came to the place appointed where they should sleep that night. And this place was known as Dabitsi, which was the name of the stream before him when he had entered into Rasalamoom. And now all the young men and warriors gathered together, and Bokalobi the General came and took Kundu the Chief on to a rock. And when the Chief had looked down upon all those fighting men who were there, his heart swelled with pride. And Kundu said, "Who is this Kamalubi that would stand against me? Will he not bury his face in the earth when he sees me? And they slept at that place.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Now in the morning, about the rising of the sun, undu the Chief sent word and three men came before him, and one of these was Madimbani, the son of lokani, the councillor. And Kundu spoke to Madimbi, and said, "Son of Mokani, and Kundu, the son of Manduku, Chief of Rasalamoom, and come to Kamalubi at his place at Rasalamoom, nd when thou seest Kamalubi, speak thus: 'Greeting, Kamalubi, from Kundu, the son of Manduku, Chief of Rasalamoom, and all this land. And know that have come up against thee with a great number of the world which thou hast sent to me. And that I am now at Dabitsi, on the border. If now thou wilt come forward and bow before me and acknowledge me to be greater than thee, and will bring Koloani with thee and hand him over, to me, then will I, Kundu, not come further against thee. But if thou wilt not do this, then by noon of this day will I stand before thy village destroy it, and thee also and thy house.' When thou as heard the word of Kamalubi, which he gives thee, come again quickly to me."

And Madimbani said, "I have heard, Chief." Then they saluted and went out and came quickly on the way; but they took no spears with them. Now, when they came to the top of the hill they had passed over, two men stood before them. And he asked where they would go and on what business. And Madimbani said, "I am Madimbani, the son of dokani, and I carry the word of Kundu, Chief of vilisetsi and Moali and all this land, to Kamalubi, Chief of Rasalamoom, and these two are with me."

Then said one of the men, "Follow me," and he went on before them, but the other man remained in his place. And he who led brought Madimbani round by the open way to the village. Then he called one from the village to stand with them outside while he went into where the Chief was and brought him word. When Kamalubi the Chief had heard, he said, "Let them be brought in."

Now Koloani the Chief, and Matauw and Jamba, the son of Bama, were with Kamalubi at his sabolo, for they knew that Kundu had slept at Dabitsi, on the border, and would come against them this day, and a last council was held. And he said, "If now you and he two were brought in, in they saluted Kamalubi the Chief, but they looked not towards Koloani. And Kamalubi laughed greatly when he heard the word which Madimbani had brought. And he said, "Greeting to Kundu, Chief of the Sun and the Moon and the Stars, and say I will have a shade made for my eyes that they are not dazzled when I look upon him when he comes at noon."

And all those who were there laughed when they heard the words of the Chief. And Kamalubi said to him who had brought them, "Take them back as they came."

Now, when Kundu heard the word which Madimbani brought from Rasalamoom he was enraged, and he sent for Bokalobi the General, and gave orders that they go forth at once against Kamalubi. But Bokalobi had heard the word which the Chief had sent to Rasalamoom, and he said that his army should not be at that place before noon, for Bokalobi said, "Our name will be greater through the land."

CHAPTER XXX.

Now the village Rasalamoom was not far from the hills at the border, but Mahatsi the General would not place his men on these hills to fight because of the great number of the warriors of Kundu who would surround them and cut them off from the village. The hills at Rasalamoom were small, but they stood sharply up and were covered with the stream at its foot, where the ground sloped away to the stream which is the Maripe. And now, when the men of Kundu began to move from their place into the hills on the border, those who had kept watch for Kamalubi fell back before them and came in to their own people.
The warriors of Kundu came on in great companies. The young men and those of each village came together, having their own leaders over them, but they all took the word from Bokalobi the General. But all those companies which came from Moali and its villages Bokalobi kept with the men of Nilisetsi, that he might see them. And Kundu the Chief came down the Maripe along the stream to attack the back of the hills, the leader of every company knowing what his work was to do. And while they were yet of the literary year or half-year, it seems to be in a country celebrated for its self-complacency came down the Maripe along the stream to attack the village from the front. And other companies went down the hills at the end nearest and round to the back of the hills, the leader of every company knowing what his work was to do. And while they were yet at the Border the deep humming of their chant was heard in Rasalamoom. They danced also as they came on, shaking their spears and sticks and striking their shields. Many wore long white feathers on their heads, and these shook and waved as they danced. But nothing else wore they saw the piece of skin which was around the loins. And they shouted and boasted as the blood ran hot in their veins and the sound of their chant grew ever louder. And behind them on the hills came many women from Nilisetsi, who would see the fight and how their enemy was beaten.

(To be continued.)

Books and Persons.
(AN OCCASIONAL CAUSERIE)

By Jacob Tonson.

In some conversations which I have recently had with American editors and publishers of the first importance, I have been struck by the general opinion that there are no really interesting novelists in the United States. Over and over again I have seen the same opinion actually printed in American papers. In the reviews of the literary year or half-year, it seems to be a postulate that American novelists are really count—until the English novelists have been disposed of. Such candour in a country celebrated for its self-complacency is remarkable, and it is a good sign. I heard on several occasions that the work of the late David Graham Phillips was not quite mediocire. Phillips, if I remember right, was murdered some time ago by a reader who had an objection to his novels. I have read "The Husband's Story" (published both in London and New York by Appletons). Briefly, it is a good book. If the first condition of art is ecstasy, Phillips fulfilled this condition here. He was evidently in a perfect ecstasy of resentment against female snobishness. "The Husband's Story" is such a tirade against women as has rarely been achieved. The tale is told by a millionaire, and his wife is the chief culprit. Three-quarters of the book is admirable. It is positively lyrical. The man's style is harsh and clumsy, and full of solisisms, but he had a genuine style, and its faults are of no importance. Phillips is much better in describing a static condition of affairs, or the gradual development of a situation, than in doing a big dramatic scene. This is a pity, because there are a number of big dramatic scenes in the book, and the author was not quite equal to them. He makes the characters therein talk for himself, as if he were conducting a debate for the purpose of exposing the oddnesses of American society—which, in fact, he was. In spite of everything, "The Husband's Story" is a book to be read. It is American, and it is good. It has an unconscious and fine originality.

Phillips's frank didacticism is curious. He constantly addresses the reader directly, and as often as not tells him what the reader should do. But these aside show that Phillips understood fiction as only a real artist could understand it. He is quite right in pointing out that sentimental fiction has so spoiled the reader's vision that when an ordinary person is presented to him with truth he regards that ordinary person as a monster; and when an extraordinary person is presented to him with truth, he regards that extraordinary person as ordinary. He says: "In making you acquainted with Edna—and the others in my story—I have not tried to shield you from the Chrysanthemums, but to real beings of usual types, probably, on the whole, superior to your smug self in all the good qualities. Here is something else pretty good: "No one who has not the faculty of analysing events to no one who has that faculty ever escapes the charge of cynicism. Shallow people—the sort that make such a charge—will regard it as proof of my utter cynicism, my absolute lack of sentiment, that I was able to analyse the woman I loved, or pretended I loved. But I assure you, gentle reader, that not even love and passion suspend the habitual processes of a good mind." The English scenes in the story are not very successful. The first visit of the millionaire to the residence of his daughter the Marchioness is almost farcical. I could find a million defects in the book. But just read it. You will not regret having done so.

It is said—and not, I think, denied—that nearly all the principal American magazines are grouped together under the control of the powers that control Wall Street, and that the American editors and publishers of the first importance are a number of big dramatic scenes in which has not the faculty of analysis ever gets anywhere; you will not regret having done so.

I have not introduced you to bad people, monsters, as ordinary. He says "The Husband's Story" is a book to be read. It is American, and it is good. It has an unconscious and fine originality.

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Poor-Class Houses.

By Stephen Reynolds and Bob Woolley.

Strictly speaking, old Mother Parsons ought not to have been in the Perrings' kitchen at all, and very well she knew it. Although the children had some time since gone off to school, Dave and Mrs. Perrings were still at table. The dirty dinner-things were piled up on one side (there was nowhere else to put them), and on the other side, with a little clear space in front of them and their chairs shoved comfortably back, Dave and his wife were sitting on for a while over their after-dinner cups of tea. If there had been a little bareness in the land, if they had been a good deal stepped on, if, say, they had had no meat for dinner or no sugar in their tea, Mrs. Parsons would have spied it out, and would, of course, have spread the news. Hence the unspoken rule which makes it bad manners to go into other people's kitchens during a meal. If they have to go hungry, give them at least a chance of not letting it be known.

Mrs. Parsons compromised with custom by squatting down on the straight-backed chair nearest the door, so that in a sense she was absent from the meal though present in the company; and as soon as possible she drew attention away from herself to the misdeeds of people's kitchens during a meal. If they have to go hungry, give them at least a chance of not letting it be known.

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"Here we be, feeding our faces," Dave was saying. "Hastn't got no more work to do, missis? Arnt't going to make a move to-day?"

"No, course Iaint't," Mrs. Perrings replied. "I ain't never got no work to do. But I wasn't going to move herefrom till I've had my hour to dinner. What's think—that I can work wi'out a moment to meself from time I gets up till 'tis time to go to bed? I reckon I should pretty soon be wore out at thic rate, an' then she's got to do it all thyself, or look round for another."

"Aye! so would, me ol' stocking."

"When I come'd in, said Mrs. Parsons, "who should I see but that young Mrs. Trigg—Jim Trigg's wife—going out for the afternoon, like her do."

"Her ain't got a parcel o' kids," said Mrs. Perrings, "for to fix her fixed in house. Her's got only thic one. Time her has half-a-dozen kids; they'll tie her down an' 'tame her. . . ."

"But I reckon 'tis a bit too much, always out and about like her is. I never could do it. The district lady, her asked me t'other day w'er Beaty Trigg went out to work, seeing her couldn't never find her in, not in the all. When I told her her was Beaty Trigg's habit for her to lock her door an' go for a walk, her was surprised. 'I should never have thought it,' her said, 'neglecting her house like that. If her's got time for to be out every day, her's got time for to get some work to do.' That's what the district lady said."

"Aye," remarked Dave, "no doubt she did. Just what the likes O' her would say, an' fools some of our sort be for holding in 'long wi' 'em. When they sees a woman outside her house they calls her 'Gossip!' and 'Gad-about!' And if they comes into your house at the wrong time, when 'tis all up an' down with cleaning, then they says, 'Oh, what dirty, untidy people! If we was as was a chance of air. An' gossip don't mean everything in the way of neglect of house-work, though I'll admit it don't look the same for a woman, whose place is in her home, to be standing about outside, gossiping. But it does 'em good sometimes, I reckon, for to chatter, like us be here now. 'Tis the only break some o' 'em ever gets. And some wi' the most chackle, when they'm up for it, is the best women to work. A woman's got to suit the convenience of time, not neglect something, 'cause there's always always summant waiting to be done. 'Tis surprising to me how poor people rubs along an' looks like they do. 'Brings it on theirselves,' they says, 'don't, when some poor devil has to go short, or turn out on the street, or gets sent to chokey for next to nort? That may be. Ail the same, 'tis a wonder they does so well as they do. They says you've only got a little place to keep tidy, but they don't consider you an' got no servants for to help 'ee, an' how crowding-in makes work 'cause you an' got nothnor to put nort. They don't look after working-class streets same as they do t'others, though the rates is paid just the same, I s'pose. They'm left rough. If we was to put out stinking and an' an' an' an' an', they leaves sink-traps choked for days an' weeks. Us ain't s'posed to have no noses when 'tis their fault, only when 'tis ours. I reckon they ought to look after the back parts of towns same as the front. More people lives there. An' they'm more neglected. There isn't no encouragement given for to keep things clean. They only jaws an' summonsess 'ee when you don't. You look at the mud in poor-class streets. That's all got to be trod in house, just when a woman's been down on her knees an' ..."

"The chill'en does it running it an' out, when you an' got no back way. 'Tis bound to make a difference when there's a lot of kids, no matter who says it don't." "Difference!" echoed Mrs. Perrings. "Why, now at all's the same. I mind when I used to sit up till twelve or one at night, doing sewing till my eyes giv'd out; an' now I can't do it, an' they don't try; an' they'rent the worse for it that I sees, only a bit raggeder sometimes; an' people chatter some."

"I don't say you bain't just so happy wi' chill'en, 'cause you be, an' happier; but still, you can't do the same what you'd like."

"You can't get out, for one thing."

"An' 'tis washing, scouring, cooking, cleaning, an' yawling all day long. If only us had more convenience, like, for to bring 'em up in. . . . You take the missis, there. If her hadn't the courage for to keep on, day an' night, where should us lot ha' been? Yet I've a-come'd in 'fore now an' felted sick wi' it—fair sick o' it, I've been, for to see it like it. You look at our kitchen in the morning—boots about, soap about, water about her knees. 'Tis the only chance of air an' the missis there jawing an' the kids chattering an' scrabbling, an' dust will; an' that's what you got to swallow down for breakfast, all in one room. That's what us got to put up wi' w'e'r us'd like things better or no."

"Well," Mrs. Parsonss explained, "the kids have got to get ready for school, anyhow. You can't send 'em upstairs to wash, 'cause they wouldn't do it proper.
An' who'd empty their washing water an' clean up their mess they'd make? An' 'tisn't things proper, when 'twouldn't be half the trouble for to take an' do yourself, only that wouldn't be no training for them. If we had a better back-house, a proper scullery like. . . .

"There's plenty got much worse houses 'n us got," said Dave. "You take country labourer wi' only one downstairs room an' no blackledge at all, an' not even a proper oven to cook in; an' there's tools in one corner an' spuds an' coal in another, an' a steaming washtub said Dave. "YOU take a country labourer wi' only one 'em to strip outside where they'd catch cold. An' you to me they don't all.

Yet lots o' 'em is better than maidens for doing housework an' helping their wives.

"When you got a family you wants room. Crowding a lot in together all means extra work. And so does a house too big. What's lacking most of all in poor-class houses is convenience. They've built ignorant like. An' got out of repair, or else jerry-builts, what's all outside show an' an't got nothing at all to hand inside. And then they turns mistakes. As (for the landlords--they'm always on the other corner, an' chicken food in another, and everything up to time I've a-seed disturbances in families, all for want of having room an' convenience for to live together. I reckon working people wants the most careful-built theirselves an' least to do it on; but all the likes of us can get is bettermost houses what's come down an' got out of repair, or else jerry-builts, what's all outside show an' got nothing at all to hand inside 'cept the bare walls and ceilings that tumbles about your head. I reckon every working man's house ought to have a kitchen and two upstairs rooms--'tisn't no good to have extra rooms downstairs what you can't afford to light a fire in--an' not no cool-house in the kitchen, wasteful, an' a back yard come in through, and plenty of back-house wi' a copper in it. . . ."

"That there's the most convenientest thing of all, I reckon," interrupted Mrs. Perring warmly.

"That there's the most convenientest thing of all, I reckon," Mrs. Parsons remarked.

"I don't hold wi' 'em," said Mrs. Perring, with decision. "You has your day to wash, and then, first thing, something's don't finished; an' one'll come any time I've a-seed disturbances in families, all for want of having room an' convenience for to live together. I reckon working people wants the most careful-built theirselves an' least to do it on; but all the likes of us can get is bettermost houses what's come down an' got out of repair, or else jerry-builts, what's all outside show an' got nothing at all to hand inside 'cept the bare walls and ceilings that tumbles about your head. I reckon every working man's house ought to have a kitchen and two upstairs rooms--'tisn't no good to have extra rooms downstairs what you can't afford to light a fire in--an' not no cool-house in the kitchen, wasteful, an' a back yard come in through, and plenty of back-house wi' a copper in it. . . ."

Mrs. Parsons remarked.

"That's it," Dave rejoined. "That's the sort of thing they there people don't understand; they're too ignorant; an' us got to make the best us can of their mistakes. As for the landlords—they'm always on the grumble, an' says their houses don't pay, an' lets 'em out of repair so's they bain't fit for to keep cattle in; but I takes particular notice that if you gets money from your club an' offers to buy your house that they says don't pay, then they won't sell, an' says you can shift if you don't like it, an' ten to one rises your rent. The little landlords is worse 'n any—that them two or three houses and expects to live on 'em, an' an't got the money for to keep 'em up proper. I reckon they lives on their tenants more 'n on their houses. Proper bloodsuckers they be, an' they can't help o' it; but they didn't ought to have houses, I say, if they can't afford to for keep 'em up proper.

All the same, you can't hardly blame 'em. They've mostly worked and saved hard 'nuff to get their bit o' property, as they calls it. 'Tis a big affair, I tell 'ee, for to work out all these here little things—a sight more complicated than people thinks. But 'tis true what I says. One man an' his woman's house have drove 'em wrong, an' nor that but. You can't alter it: you'm catched. You an't got nothing for to fall back on, an' they knows it. They talks about home an' family when the home isn't fit for to live in, an' a family makes it worse. And then they turns up their noses at 'ee 'cause, being poor, you can't be no otherwise."

"Some people," said Mrs. Parsons, by way of revenge because for once she had not been able to do all the talking, "some people bain't never satisfied." "Why should 'em be? How can 'em be?" was Dave's parting shot.

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

By Jack Collings Squire.

II.—THE CENTENARY—ESTIMATORY.

It is a hundred years to-day since Estcourt Peakyblinder, one of the most puzzling and at the same time most fascinating figures in nineteenth-century literary history, was born, and almost fifty since he died. During that period what storms have raged around his personality and his work, what lava streams of savage denunciation, what glittering floods of unrestrained panegyric have been provoked by them! Old men still living remember the fierce controversy that broke out about 'em 'n' many a sort of an' over the "Tragedy of Genghis Khan." England was rent in twain by it, and for months it was scarcely safe for a known friend of Peakyblinder's to show himself in the street. Another tumult, hardly less violent, burst forth in the early 'eighties when Mrs. Pipkin Pooke published her collection of letters. Those letters, which threw a blare of light upon the hitherto obscure question of the poet's relations with Sophonisba Sock, his first love, with the famous Mrs. Perkin, and with the infamous Aurelia Mumpson, were for a whole year the subject of a literary war of words with Blair Mumpson, whose "Weekly Periodical" on one side and the doughty Limpetter and the brilliant staff he had gathered around him on the "Semi-annual Review" on the other. The echoes of that battle have not yet died down. It is possible that they will never entirely die out. But we have got perhaps far enough away from the pristine heats of the fray to survey the subject calmly and dispassionately..."
can understand how our mid-Victorian predecessors found flagrant indecency in such lines as—

The moon
Unveils her argent bosom to the sky; or religious heterodoxy in Sigismund's despairing cry—

Ye, nothless, but I will

Tear down the towering heavens from their seat.

But in many instances the accusations were all too true. Nor can one read such things as the second and fourth stanzas (one forbears from quoting them) of "Pan to Aphrodite," or the middle section of "Campaspe," or (dis quê? or the terrible "Symphony of Tumours" without experiencing a blush of shame that such loathsome excrecences should have blotched the matchless fame of a Peakybinder. He might well have left such work to lesser men.

Yet think of the treatment of some and undeññed, that we have to set over against all this! Peakybinder possessed in supreme, in unparalleled, measure two great gifts. No other English poet—saving always Shakespeare—has had his power of rendering, as it were, the veil from the human soul at its moments of greatest intensity. He considered (as the old Latin tag one used to learn at school had it) nothing alien to him that was human; but the great, gripping crises of the mind or religious heterodoxy in Sigismund's despairing cry—

...the matchless fame of a Peakybinder. He might well have left such work to lesser men.

And the second great gift with which the gods at his birth endowed Estcourt Peakybinder was the gift of music. Mr. T. Le Page Jiggins, in his "Reminiscences of a Busy Life," states (and the statement has gained wider currency) that Gollock, the novelist, who once took Peakybinder to a People's Concert at the Crystal Palace (then newly opened), and that at the close of the evening the author of "Genghis Khan" quite innocently asked the astonished Boo whether an oboe was the same thing as an organ. This is scarcely credible; but it seems established beyond possibility of denial. Peakybinder had not what is commonly called an "ear for music." Nevertheless, paradoxical though the assertion may seem, he was perhaps the most illustrious musician of his age. He could not, for instance, set the cock as a basis for natural philosophy, the crude materialism of the older physicists." This means we are in for speculation, not calculation.

The new edition of "The Grammar of Science," though it leaves but little hope for science, is surely prophetic. Materialism and realism have made the passing age unique. In art, drama, philosophy men have been busily engaged in the stupid occupation of describing and explaining. In the new age, with its impulse towards "sound idealism," in the same regions men will turn to the wiser methods of illumination.

An Historical Guide to London. By G. R. Stirling Taylor. (Dent. 6s.)

Guide-books may be divided into two classes, those that describe and those that visualise cities. Mr. Taylor has evidently had the intention of visualising London. The very interesting photos by Mr. W. F. Taylor reveal that his point of view for doing so was correct if only he had adopted a different plan of telling its story. If, for instance, he had made the first part a geographical introduction, the material he would have led, naturally, to the Itineraries and the Gazetteers. Cities, as Mr. Taylor is doubtless aware, are the manifestations of the souls of the peoples who build them, in material shape. The emotions that are manifested are determined in part by great emotional crises. At least, it is so with London, and a recognition of these crises is necessary to a complete interpretation and understanding of its changing form. Thus great waves, political, religious, philosophic, and so forth, have swept over London, building on their crests new
thoughts and ideas fashioning new institutions. For instance, St. Paul's and many historical churches came to be found in kings' houses. As a consequence manners are, to him, spiritually indicative, and dignified power is proof of intellectual quality and personal power.

The Charm of Copenhagen. By Ethel C. Har- grove. (Methuen. 6s.)

This fact that a great deal of this book has been drawn from art may be ascribed to the "Baby," the "British Workman," "Children's Friend," "Family Friend," "Great Thoughts," "Isle of Wight Chronicle," "Ladies' Field," "Our Home," and "Woman" and other bright and precious publications. This is accounted for the peculiar character of its information on the features of Copenhagen, its institutions, people, and environment. This is how the author sees men and things.

It seems that Mr. Hyalmar Bergström—who wrote "The Heart of the Firm," a deploring Capital and Labour play that appeared at the Royal Theatre in 1911—"Strife" appeared at the Duke of York's—lives in an ideal flat. "The walls of his study are papered dark green and hung with fine old engravings. The hall paper is necessary trailing cost, pattern. The lamps have vivid orange shades." What about the fender and the fire-irons? It seems, too, that another Danish dramatist is described by his epithet:

He ate, he drank, was never glad, His heels went along; He never felt inclined to work, And lastly not inclined to live.

The name of the gentleman who called forth this inspired lyric is Wessel. It also seems that a certain Mr. Herierg, also connected with the Danish stage, married a very beautiful girl of sixteen. "She was so young looking that when she took her little son out in a perambulator people thought she was the sister of the child." This must be a tit-bit from "Baby." Further and beyond this, it seems "in 1911 not a Danish picture is to be found in our National Gallery, and only a little carved work, lace, the copy of a church door, and the 'Golden Horns' are to be seen in the Victoria and Albert Museum. Let us hope this will soon be remedied." It will if the directors of the National Gallery get hold of Mrs. Hargrove's catalogue of Denmark's shining artistic lights. It is amazing how many they have missed. Of art" clearly past praying for. The essence of the business of the author has been to see things that do not count and to record them faithfully. In the course of her journey from Hamburg to Ribe she amused herself counting 120 windmills and eighteen windmills. This sort of amusement is not the material of which inspired travel books are made. Needless to say, there is nothing inspiring about this volume. It is a book for featherheads.

Westminster Abbey and the Antiquities of the Coronation. By W. R. Lehaby. (Duckworths. 2s. 6d. net.)

"Now, besides Westminster Hall and St. Stephen's Crypt, a fifteenth-century cloister, sadly restored and vulgarised, is all that remains of the ancient palace of our Kings at Westminster." Out of this fragment, and with the aid of plans, tapestries, coins, M.S. and other matters, Mr. Lehaby builds of Westminster Abbey from the time of its foundation by Edward the Confessor. In so doing he enables us to be present at the Coronation rites, to examine the regalia, vestments, swords, Coronation chair and stand, as well as the very necessary bill of costs. Beyond this he contrives to emphasise the fact that the "Coronation Church" was once the centre of glory at coronating periods. The interior decorations were designed to accentuate its beautiful lines and colours. That was while the Abbey was "fresh and gay," and before the Revolution, when all men were unequal, good manners were the sign of superior rank, and art was the prerogative of aristocracy. Against the realists and levellers he sees his face, and the romance he prefers is decked in fine linen, dines off gold plate, and is to be found in kings' houses. As a consequence manners are, to him, spiritually indicative, and dignified power is proof of intellectual quality and personal power.

Lonely England. By Maude Goldring. (Swift. 5s. net.)

This is a collection of essays and poems which should be mystical, and are merely vacuous. They tell us nothing about the country except that the uninhabited regions are long and lonely. Goldring even writes a ghost story without a ghost, and thus creates what Nature abhors—a vacuum. A fair sample of her style is the concluding paragraph of the first essay: "England is calm, sensitive, and beautiful, and it lives in her quiet places to understand her secrets, to taste of her best and give it forth again. Her face, indeed, may be seen by those passing with noise and dust of petty thoughts, but her heart is for you who will
work in her fields by day, watch in her plains by night, and look for the morning visions from the ramparts of her hills." This is worse than the Daylight Saving Bill, and yet cannot lay claim to originality; for Macbeth murdered sleep a long time ago. The verses are facile, but of no great merit, and more than once Miss Goldring concludes an ariabic line with a limping amphibrach. The volume is illustrated by three sketches in colour of landscapes, apparently made of Berlin wool.

**THE KING'S HORSES.**

I saw the King's horses and saw the King's men.

The men who looked after his horses were fat; But down in the slums you should see the King's men—

The King feeds his horses farther than that.

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**Recent Music.**

By **Herbert Hughes.**

The general impression of coffee-coloured paint, chocolate-coloured paint, creamy-coloured cupids, gilded organ pipes, crimson silk hangings, pink roses in yellow baskets, white pilasters, red lampshades, green foliage, blue flowers, and banners of many colours is, to say the least, confusing. One by one these items where above my head, and framed in the handle of the basket was the figure of Charles Stanford on the plat-form, bâton raised aloft, like a warrior saint in a stained-glass window, sword in hand, with flags like postage stamps waving round his bared head, and creamy cherubs (the original cupids) singing the Te Deum Laudamus high above my head, and framed in the handle of the basket.

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**Verse, set in the following line, in Chopin's ballet "Les Sylphides," is probably the best patriotic song ever written.**

The volume is illustrated by three sketches in colour of landscapes, apparently made of Berlin wool.
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

MR. CHIOZZA MONEY AND THE INSURANCE BILL.

Sir,—In your issue of July 13 you print on page 224 an amusing article entitled “The Elusive Chiozza Money,” and I fear that you will find my support of Mr. Lloyd George’s Bill a surprise to you. I am happy to say that my support is the result of an extraordinary conversion or somersault.

If you care to turn to the “Life and Labour” articles which I published in the Daily News in 1905 you will find that, years before the Government took up insurance, I, almost alone amongst British publicists, enthusiastically advocated socialized insurance, and described again and again, as worthy of imitation, the German system. Why, then, are you surprised that I heartily support a measure which is superior to the German plan in that it demands a larger proportion of the sickness contribution from the employer, and makes the State also a contributor? It is the Government which has been “converted,” not the present writer. I even made insurance a personal plank in my platform in my London constituency, and next to the Lords, put this question first at the December 1910 election.

Your reference to my booklet can only be explained by failure of vision. You say:—

“Explaining the reasons for making the poll-tax compulsory, as is so often insisted on by the present writer, in this fashion:—If they (the working classes) have failed to remain members (of friendly societies) it is because they have been unable to afford to continue to subscribe. Unemployment or other misfortune has come along and swept them out of membership into the ranks of the uninsured. It is in view of such facts that the principle of compulsory insurance has been adopted in the Bill.” Since workmen are too poor to pay voluntarily, make them pay compulsory.

Now let me tell your readers what I did write. I quote from my booklet:

“Let us not hastily condemn those who have failed to insure themselves voluntarily. It is the fact that most of our working people have at some time joined a Friendly Society, or Trade Union, or other provident association. If they have failed to do so it is because doubtless they have been unable to afford to continue to subscribe. Unemployment or other misfortune has come along and swept them out of membership into the ranks of the uninsured. It is in view of such facts that the principle of compulsory insurance has been adopted in the Bill.

It is quite clear what happened to the writer of your paragraph. He had copied out what I wrote down to adopt it in the Bill.”小型字体从书摘的句子中摘出，从音声中略读，看到—

“Since workmen are too poor to pay voluntarily, make them pay compulsorily!” should be deprived of his empl yer, and a contribution from the National Exchequer, and it demands no contribution from him during sickness or unemployment.”

The Bill applies that principle while assisting each insured worker by bringing to his aid a contribution from his employer and a contribution from the National Exchequer, and it demands no contribution from him during sickness or unemployment.

The compulsory (Socialist) principle for the man is compulsory (Socialist) principle for the employer. If they (the working classes) have failed to remain members, it is because they are too poor to pay voluntarily, make them pay compulsorily.

Again, friendly societies, like trade unions, compel contribution in sickness and unemployment. Our Bill makes generous and unexampled provision to prevent lapses from such causes.

The compulsory (Socialist) principle for the man is combined with compulsion upon the employer to raise wages 3d. a week, and compulsion upon the taxpayer to contribute also, and with such regard for the circumstances of the worker as is shown in the German scheme, excellent as that scheme is in many respects.

Your sarcastic “Since workmen are too poor to pay voluntarily, it is no wonder they are deprived of its exclamation stop and made to read” is a case in point.

“Since workmen are too poor to buy 1s. worth of benefits voluntarily, arrange for them to get 1s. worth of benefit for 4d. through compulsion upon the taxpayer to teach them through experience how excellent a thing is the principle of collective effort.”

L. G. CHIOZZA MONEY.

[The omission of the italicised sentences from our quotation was by no means necessary to our argument that Mr. Money is advocating compulsion as a cure for the failure of voluntary contributions. Unemployment and ill health are not the sole causes of this failure, and consequently to suspend demand during these periods will not ensure the workman benefit. The man permeating the principle of compulsion even if the amount to be paid is only a penny. On terms such as Mr. Money conceives the insurance Bill to offer—a shillingworth of insurance for fourpence—no compulsion ought to be necessary. It would not be necessary if the bargain were not bogus. We willingly accept Mr. Chiozza Money’s assurance that his support of National Insurance is not of recent origin; but we must remind him that between the dates named by him for the publication of his articles and the passage of the Bill, and the issue of his last election address, there appeared a much more important work than either of them: his “Riches and Poverty.” It is to this which we are glad to turn to in many editions. Whosoever looks for the subject of National Insurance in the index of the latest edition of this work will find himself disappointed. It is not there. The “reform” which Mr. Chiozza Money enthusiastically supported in 1904 and put second in his electoral programme of December 1910, and which at this moment he is advocating as if he were its author, finds no mention worth indexing in a work professing to give a survey of both ameliorative and radical social legislation. Whatever justification of such a measure Mr. Money may find in its temporary alleviation of distress arising from sickness and unemployment, so able a thinker has not disguised from himself its purely superficial character. “That he has,” he says (“Riches and Poverty,” 1910, p. 123) “there is, of course, no remedy for unemployment under present economic conditions. . . Unemployment insurance no more cures unemployment than life insurance cures death.” And again (p. 345):—“To deal with causes we must strike at the Error of Distribution by gradually substituting public ownership for private ownership of the means of production. . . . So long as between the worker and his just wage stand the landlord and the private owner, so long will poverty alone, but the moral degradations which inevitably arise from the devotion of labour to the service of waste.” In view of such assertions as these, which are associated with Mr. Money’s name, it is, I pity, we think, that he should lend himself to the “enthusiastic” support of what, in his own judgment, is an amiable project, but which, in ours, is destined to prove an aggravation of theills it is intended to alleviate; more especially as this diversion leaves the constructive side of Socialism almost without a voice in Parliament. Mr. Money’s repetition of his statement (we cannot even call it a view) that the Bill compels employers to raise wages 3d. a week is a sure sign of inanition in an economist.—Ed. N.A.]

OVERTIME.

Sir,—Mr. Mead, magistrate of the Marlborough Street Police Court, seems to think it is just and right to hold an employer responsible for the fault of his or her employee, no matter what the evidence in the employer’s favour, or how much he or she may have striven to uphold the law.

On June 29 I was summoned for employing women over time in my workrooms, without giving notice. I brought the evidence of every head woman in the firm, to prove that the one who had given overtime was to be worked that night, and that three women chose to do so on their own responsibility, knowing my orders, and having received the same order from the direct head of their department.

With this evidence before him, Mr. Mead deliberately ordered me to pay the workpeople’s fine and costing, if they are to work efficiently.

This I consider most unjust. The fine was small (and in any case I told the women I would pay if they were fined); but surely the principle is wrong, and is against the interests of the community in general, and the Government Inspectors if they are to work efficiently.

How is an employer to maintain law and order if the real law-breakers are allowed to go scot-free, and how are the inspectors to get at the truth of things, if they work against the employer, instead of with him, having full knowledge of the facts?

I quite see that Mr. Mead, in this instance, was in a difficult position. He wanted to uphold the Government Inspector, who had not a leg to stand on, for an order that had been heard, and who made a strong and unfair protest when he suggested letting me off with a warning.

This, however, is no excuse for injustice, and though I agree with the remarks Mr. Mead made in summing up, upon the inconsistencies of the law relating to such cases, and could point out more inconsistences that he did not seem to see, there is no reason in making an absolutely innocent person pay the penalty of other people’s disobedience.

Lowering an employer’s prestige is a serious matter, and in this case there have already been consequences detrimental to the workpeople. Unhappy is the object the principle of compulsion even if the amount to be paid is only a penny. On terms such as Mr. Money conceives the insurance Bill to offer—a shillingworth of insurance for fourpence—no compulsion ought to be necessary. It would not be necessary if the bargain were not bogus. We willingly accept Mr. Chiozza Money’s assurance that his support of National Insurance is not of recent origin; but we must remind him that between the dates named by him for the publication of his articles and the passage of the Bill, and the issue of his last election address, there appeared a much more important work than either of them: his “Riches and Poverty.” It is to this which we are glad to turn to in many editions. Whosoever looks for the subject of National Insurance in the index of the latest edition of this work will find himself disappointed. It is not there. The “reform” which Mr. Chiozza Money enthusiastically supported in 1904 and put second in his electoral programme of December 1910, and which at this moment he is advocating as if he were its author, finds no mention worth indexing in a work professing to give a survey of both ameliorative and radical social legislation. Whatever justification of such a measure Mr. Money may find in its temporary alleviation of distress arising from sickness and unemployment, so able a thinker has not disguised from himself its purely superficial character. “That he has,” he says (“Riches and Poverty,” 1910, p. 123) “there is, of course, no remedy for unemployment under present economic conditions. . . Unemployment insurance no more cures unemployment than life insurance cures death.” And again (p. 345):—“To deal with causes we must strike at the Error of Distribution by gradually substituting public ownership for private ownership of the means of production. . . . So long as between the worker and his just wage stand the landlord and the private owner, so long will poverty alone, but the moral degradations which inevitably arise from the devotion of labour to the service of waste.” In view of such assertions as these, which are associated with Mr. Money’s name, it is, I pity, we think, that he should lend himself to the “enthusiastic” support of what, in his own judgment, is an amiable project, but which, in ours, is destined to prove an aggravation of theills it is intended to alleviate; more especially as this diversion leaves the constructive side of Socialism almost without a voice in Parliament. Mr. Money’s repetition of his statement (we cannot even call it a view) that the Bill compels employers to raise wages 3d. a week is a sure sign of inanition in an economist.—Ed. N.A.

ELSPETH PHELPS.

309
MR. MASEFIELD'S "NAN."  

SIR,—Not very singularly, Mr. Dukes finds my opinion of "Nan," so different as this is from his own opinion, to be no criterion at all. I might, of course, by way of furthering the discussion of those points in the review of Mr. Dukes, but then he would only rejoin with: "What I have said, I have said!" and so to the end of time. But at least I may recite the following thought out of my own mouth, to any audience that sat out "Nan." A case for physicians! That the author of this play spreads bad taste far and wide I have had sufficient proof since I condemned it. The "Manchester Guardian," leaderset that Masefield's glorification, ending with this ambiguous sentence: "Mr. Masefield may ignore it [decoration], but a sensitive man may feel that this is the death of his drama."

"Mr. Masefield's influence is not much more than amusing, still indicates muddle-headedness. But my immediate concern is with Mr. Dukes' shortcomings. Firstly, as to the dictum that appears so pleasing to parrot—that there is no disputing about taste. And truly when an audience can be found to endure the pig-trough and the putrid meat incidents in "Nan" it seems like attacking invincible ignorance to endeavour to dispute with taste so gross. But the Latins, who recognised the hopelessness of disputing about taste, by no means ceased to distinguish between good and bad taste. Horace (merely an old ancient, of course) said: "Let nothing be brought upon the stage which were besequestered. He then proceeds to be sure that the audience should not be forced to look upon sights which shock faith or raise disgust." Mr. Dukes refers indirectly to my "perverted intelligence." Why should he welcome on the stage an incident from which, in fact, any scrupulous person would take the truth? Pargetter is at first represented as a peculiarly shrivelled man. He divined the characters of all the three women in his life. And he judged his own. "I am a woman," he was told, "and have a hundred of Jenny." To his wife's savage and hypocritical Biblicalism he replies: "I wonder the Lord can let you prosper talking like that!"

"Nan" is neither. As to the really true, let us take an instance. Pargetter is at first represented as a peculiarly shrivelled man. He divined the characters of all the three women in his life. And he judged his own. "I am a woman," he was told, "and have a hundred of Jenny." To his wife's savage and hypocritical Biblicalism he replies: "I wonder the Lord can let you prosper talking like that!"

Mr. Masefield's "Nan."  

SIR,—In view of the vast importance attaching to nomenclature in metaphysics it is only fair that honour for originality in this respect should go where it is due. Mr. Bax's able review of M. Bergson (the last issue omits very modestly a real grievance your reviewer is entitled to feel against what may be called the Bergsonians for the loose attribution of a hero of twenty years' controversy to a name coincided and made current by Mr. Bax himself. In his Preface (p. xi., Vol I.) to "Thoughts and Things," Professor James Mark Baldwin writes: "The term is justly in movement, of which the current Pragmatism is an extreme and less important phase, toward 'alogistic' views, to adapt the word 'a-logism' from M. Bergson (the reference is given to Bergson's "L'Evolution Biologique")...." One of the leaders of the movement in France—and the negative results of my study is in that sense. I have examined very carefully the work quoted by Professor Baldwin in his discovery of M. Bergson's use of the word "a-logism" or any of its derivatives. On the other hand, so far as my knowledge goes, the word first occurs in Mr. Bax's "History of Philosophy," published in 1885 in Bohn's series, where Professor Baldwin can find it if he chooses. In the same sense, but with amplifications the same author employs the term repeatedly in his first sketch of what subsequently appeared as "The Roots of Reality." This was entitled "The Problem of the 'A-Logism.'"

In the later and completed work, published in 1897, the word, as every student knows, is intimately bound up with the whole system of philosophy which Mr. Bax had elaborated during the years from 1885 to 1907; so that on every ground, both of priority and completeness, the credit of the invention belongs to our English author, and not to the Frenchman. I am the more sorry for this because it is I who had profited indirectly from Professor Mark Baldwin and others, since the tendency to rings and tracts of thought which has already succeeded in making political discussion threatens now to do philosophy the same disservice. R. MONTAGUE BAIN.

REALISM IN "THE NEW AGE."  

SIR,—There is a curious misprint in my letter, which you kindly printed in your issue of the 13th inst. In the twelfth line of the sixth paragraph, the word "unreality" has been printed for "unreality." If you give me your good authority I would allow me to point this out in your columns, to prevent misunderstanding as to what I wished to say.

FREDERICK DIXON.

THE THEORETICAL AND THE PRACTICAL.  

SIR,—There is a curious misprint in my letter, which you kindly printed in your issue of the 13th inst. In the twelfth line of the sixth paragraph, the word "unreality" has been printed for "unreality." If you give me your good authority I would allow me to point this out in your columns, to prevent misunderstanding as to what I wished to say.

FREDERICK DIXON.

THE NEW PEERAGE.  

SIR,—In view of the possible creation of peers, and there being no knowing who may not be selected, I beg to put at the disposal of your readers a choice assortment of titles, which they would doubtless dignify. As you will agree, they are admirably designed to suit all classes. For instance, any prominent sportsman of repute would be a "Pod, Lord Orford," or a "The Duke of Demimonde." We look on at a lunatic woman's frenzy. We are required to soften our brains so that the love-making suffer no interruption.

THE DUKE OF THE EMBANKMENT.

A FRIENDLY LETTER.  

SIR,—Your note on my last Paris letter calls for comment and contradiction, because I have not recommended writing such letters, and am not at the end of my quarrel with THE NEW AGE as it is conducted at present.
Mr. Kennedy, of course, had the right of reply to my communication, and no amount of mere provocation would have made it any the less his duty again to do so by telling another lie instead of explaining the previous one, and again I must ask what it means? After recalling to my recollection the nonsense he has been pouring for I don't know how many weeks into the stock-pot of The New Age, he says that, finding myself unable to "contend with his hypocrisy," I had misread him. Not no less a person than Mr. Wells, and suggested that he should write something. There again is a lie direct. Two charges there are, and they both stand the test of truth and proof. The first is the pretense of ignorance of my having written in favor of the peace; these are all he is asked to meet, and I hope he will find it enough to go on with. Here follows a generally representative characteristic of those pests of the middle class who have nothing but brains to recommend them; and I think you will presently have to choose between dismissing most of the staff and shutting your office up. I do not ask others to help when I have to brand a man, and Mr. Wells may be wanting to know why his name has been mentioned at all.

If, as he says, I am nearly three times as old as himself, it follows that Mr. Kennedy is barely 15 at the present time. Even so, there is nothing like sheep for following, and I am quite willing to cede him a large unintelligent public such as any Conservative writer can have, or any popular preacher, and if for the last three years he has been the object of their adoration, the swelling which has inflamed him with one of the most apparent incipient symptoms of idiocy: these are all he is asked to meet, and I hope he will find it enough to go on with. Here follows a generally representative characteristic of those pests of the middle class who have nothing but brains to recommend them; and I think you will presently have to choose between dismissing most of the staff and shutting your office up. I do not ask others to help when I have to brand a man, and Mr. Wells may be wanting to know why his name has been mentioned at all.

Sir,—There has, of course, been no lying on my part, even read them carefully. I never spoke of a "purely Conservative aristocracy of intellect." If I chose to imitate at the last three years he has been the object of their adoration, the swelling which has inflamed him with one of the most apparent incipient symptoms of idiocy: these are all he is asked to meet, and I hope he will find it enough to go on with. Here follows a generally representative characteristic of those pests of the middle class who have nothing but brains to recommend them; and I think you will presently have to choose between dismissing most of the staff and shutting your office up. I do not ask others to help when I have to brand a man, and Mr. Wells may be wanting to know why his name has been mentioned at all.

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Mr. Radford, of course, had the right of reply to my communication, and no amount of mere provocation would have made it any the less his duty again to do so by telling another lie instead of explaining the previous one, and again I must ask what it means? After recalling to my recollection the nonsense he has been pouring for I don't know how many weeks into the stock-pot of The New Age, he says that, finding myself unable to "contend with his hypocrisy," I had misread him. Not no less a person than Mr. Wells, and suggested that he should write something. There again is a lie direct. Two charges there are, and they both stand the test of truth and proof. The first is the pretense of ignorance of my having written in favor of the peace; these are all he is asked to meet, and I hope he will find it enough to go on with. Here follows a generally representative characteristic of those pests of the middle class who have nothing but brains to recommend them; and I think you will presently have to choose between dismissing most of the staff and shutting your office up. I do not ask others to help when I have to brand a man, and Mr. Wells may be wanting to know why his name has been mentioned at all.

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