The New Age, Thursday, August 3, 1911.

A Cartoon by Max Beerbohm.

THE NEW AGE

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART.


NOTES OF THE WEEK.

We confess we have some sympathy with the conduct, if not with the ideas and motives, of the group of politicians who propose to resist the Veto Bill to the last available moment. It is hard for sincere men to swallow politicians who propose to resist the Veto Bill to the last moment. It is hard for sincere men to swallow politicians who propose to resist the Veto Bill to the last moment. It is hard for sincere men to swallow politicians who propose to resist the Veto Bill to the last moment. It is hard for sincere men to swallow politicians who propose to resist the Veto Bill to the last moment.

Moreover, it is not only true to say that the English hate the world, even from the instant that this admission of weakness was made, it was exactly as damaging to those who made it as it was intended to be to those against whom it was directed. The very last persons in the world to whom we should go for a fair hearing, or in any hope of access by reason alone, are the Cecils, the Smiths and the Garvins, who have supplied the steam of the recent explosion. Sincere enough they are, no doubt, as politicians go, but their deeds and words of the last few years are open before us. The choice between them and the Caucus leaders now in command is, at best, the choice between Log and Stork.

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

The method, from our point of view, is simplicity itself: it is for the House of Lords genuinely to become a non-party assembly. It is obvious that what we are threatened with at this moment is the complete domination of politics by the wirepullers of the contending factions. Not one of these factions, nor all of them together, have the smallest right or claim to represent the English nation or the English people. They are as much parasites on the body politic as any other set of selfish and self-seeking professionals; and it would be from persons notoriously light minded and fanatical, and supported as it has been in the Press mainly by journalists to whom argument has never, to our knowledge, made any appeal, the scene was exactly as damaging to those who made it as it was intended to be to those against whom it was directed. The very last persons in the world to whom we should go for a fair hearing, or in any hope of access by reason alone, are the Cecils, the Smiths and the Garvins, who have supplied the steam of the recent explosion. Sincere enough they are, no doubt, as politicians go, but their deeds and words of the last few years are open before us. The choice between them and the Caucus leaders now in command is, at best, the choice between Log and Stork.

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just as rational to hand over the interests of the nation to the uncontrolled disposal of doctors, for example, as to leave to the disposal of the politicians and experimenters who compose the Caucus. Yet it is precisely to this corrupt little corporation that government must be resigned unless the Lords rise to their new office of guardians of the nation against the depredations of them the powers now given them. It will deserve after some years to have taken away the saviour of the Liberal party by his Budget of 1910.

comes before them. Of all the Bills ever drafted it is the National Insurance Bill when in due time it determines its future. And if in this process of living and appeal have alike been wasted on its authors to politicians. It is useless to urge that by robbing them of their Veto they have been rendered powerless to assist the nation effectively. On the contrary, as a century and more of experience has proved, their possession of the veto was no more than a bludgeon of which by sheer finesse the Treasury has obtained complete possession. Under the new conditions, it is certain that the Lords will, for the first time in their history, be under compulsion both to understand as well as to explain themselves to the people at large.

Every Bill that they throw out will be thereby opened deliberately to debate, discussion and public consideration. It will not die and be heard of no more. It will be offered to the public and the Press to determine its future. And if in this process of living criticism of those who do not take the two steps to the future will deserve after some years to have taken away from them the powers now given them.

It is our sincere hope, we may say, that the first exercise of their new responsibility will be in the rejection of the National Insurance Bill when in due time it comes before them. If in all the Bills ever drafted it is safe to say that none was ever more contrary to the will of the English people or more likely to prove disastrous to their character. Protest, criticism, argument and appeal have alike been wasted on its authors to-day his Budget, blandly assures us that a rational politics would make unproportion to its benefits, that it discriminates unjustly in institutes a poll-tax in defiance of the spirit of the Truck Acts.

We are informed that the Government have decided to push it through at all costs. Apparently it is no matter to them that the costs include the abandonment of reason as a political interest. That is contemptuous of women, and an occasion of demoralisation to themselves. Never before has 'proved, their possession of the veto was no more than a bludgeon of which by sheer finesse the Treasury has obtained complete possession. Under the new conditions, it is certain that the Lords will, for the first time in their history, be under compulsion both to understand as well as to explain themselves to the people at large. Every Bill that they throw out will be thereby opened deliberately to debate, discussion and public consideration. It will not die and be heard of no more. It will be offered to the public and the Press to determine its future. And if in this process of living criticism of those who do not take the two steps to the future will deserve after some years to have taken away from them the powers now given them.

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We say that not only is all this clear to those who have followed the discussion of the Bill, but it will be doubly clear to those who follow its criminal career in practice. Yet we are told when all this has been said that the Government is determined to push the Bill through even at these ruinous costs. Our only defence is, therefore, to pray that the Lords will at least delay its passage in the hope that Mr. Lloyd George or—if that is too much to expect—his colleagues may recover their senses before they have stabbed the nation in the heart.
Foreign Affairs.
By S. Verdad.

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

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

The question now agitating Downing Street is whether the cession to Germany of a tract of land including the port of Libreville would be inimical to British interests. In some quarters, even in Paris, it is held that the splitting of the German fleet which would result if Libreville were turned into a naval base, would in the end be of some advantage to this country, as Germany could obviously not keep such a large squadron in the North Sea. This opinion, however, is not very far-sighted; the question is not what Germany can do now, but what she may be able to do in the future. In the past, France has, of course, had no objections to the other Powers interfering in Morocco and, if a French war were to break out, the French Government sent a Note to Berlin, as also, of course, did Germany official newspapers, or to papers like the "Temps" and the "Journal des Débats." The real student of foreign affairs will, of course, carry such essential facts in his head; but there seems to be no good reason why leader-writers and others should not look them up before beginning to talk solemn nonsense about France's high-handed methods in Morocco, and so forth. France has really tried to abide by the spirit of the Act of Algeciras; the same cannot be said of her neighbours across the Rhine and her other neighbours beyond the Pyrenees.

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

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

By Kosmo Wilkinson.

The late Duchess of Devonshire, whose years did not prevent her from being a prominent as well as tolerably active figure among the smartest of society sets to the last, and who was said to have died on a fashionable race course, never came near to deserving Ben Jonson's compliments to the Countess of Bedford, one among the earliest of English great ladies, as well as a real dictatrix at the Court of the first Stuart sovereign. She never troubled herself with thephilanthropic and self-denying precepts for daily conduct which Mr. G. W. E. Russell, when describing Dr. Pusey's mother, Lady Lucy Pusey, has reminded us of, in connection with his party splitting into extreme and moderate factions. Nevertheless, her departed half of socio-political existence, had been a genuine observant and expert lady said, to some extent reflect fashionable race course, never came near to deserving Ben Jonson's compliments to the Countess of Bedford, tary hours into which she and her husband, the Lord Pusey's mother, Lady Lucy Pusey, has reminded us done Disraeli a good turn by hinting to him the point at which he might expect attack from his friends, done Disraeli a good turn by hinting to him the point at which he might expect attack from his opponents. This shrewd, seasoned, hard-headed woman of the world, together with her handsome and stately presence, retained to her closing days a practical knowledge of the party management, in drawing-rooms, dinner tables, and country houses, necessary to keep politics from degenerating into a bear-garden, or, as Lord Beaconsfield once observed in the present writer's hearing, "depend upon it, everyone who becomes a powerful Cabinet Minister possesses something entitling him to be considered a first-rate man." Of this praise, mere candour compels the critic to award the Prime Minister a share with his colleagues. And the Premier's strongest card has not yet been played. Among the memoranda left by King Edward with his son was one about the course he had intended to adopt in the matter of the veto. That, indeed, cannot be introduced into any ministerial statement. But its tenor has been discussed in the recent State conversations.

The Decline and Fall of the Labour Party.

By Cecil Chesterton.

The Labour Party which emerged from the General Election of 1910 was very different from that Party which had started upon its career so gaily in 1906. First it lost a good many seats; but that, of itself, was of no vital importance. In every prolonged con-
test there will be ups and downs, and, as a matter of fact, so far as numbers were concerned, the adhesion of the miners' representative to the Party which took place just before the election more than compensated for the electoral losses. It is only by looking deeper that we can estimate the real extent to which the Party had lost ground.

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

It is well known that of the sitting Labourites held their seats; but they held them on quite new conditions. They no longer represented, or could seriously claim to represent, an independent body of opinion. They were elected by the normal Liberal vote with the advantage of a new clause. This is a fact, everything but name the official Liberal candidates.

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

Indeed, the Labour Party had, as I have already pointed out, left itself no choice. How its members would have bargained for such a fate, has been shown pretty clearly in those few cases where it was not adhered to. Wherever a Labour candidate attempted a three-cornered fight he was not so much rejected as absolutely ignored. In North-West Lanark, for example, the Labour poll was very little over half what it was in 1906. South-West Manchester had been actually held by the Labour Party during the former Parliament by a majority of 1,226. In 1910 there was a three-cornered fight there, and the Labour candidate received only 1,181 votes as against 3,111 recorded for the Liberal and 3,004 for the Unionist. Nor can it be said that these figures are the result of an unfair comparison with the exceptional record of 1906. In East Bristol, a Labour candidate polled 5,640 votes in 1906; in 1910, after fifteen years of Labour and Socialist propaganda, he polled only 2,255 votes. In East Bradford a Labour candidate polled 1,953 votes as long ago as 1896; in 1910 only 1,740 votes were recorded. It is easy to see that the forces of independent Labour had to rely on themselves alone, instead of leaning on Liberal support, they found themselves in a worse position than they had occupied before the Labour Party came into existence.

There is nothing surprising in this. The Labour Party reaped exactly as they had sown. When one comes to think of it, what plausible reason could they offer why anyone should vote for them as against the Liberal candidate? Their appeal, fairly expressed, was something like this: "We regard the Budget as a magnificent step forward in progress, and we hold the declaration of Mr. Asquith of the Lords' Veto to be the work of the hour; we applaud the Liberal Government which produced such a Budget and proposes such a limitation; therefore we urge you to vote against the nominee of that Government and (at the risk of letting in a Tory who will oppose the Budget and support the Lords) to vote for us, who, if we are returned, will do exactly the same things that the official Liberal would do!" Such a plea carries with it its own condemnation. Obviously, if what the people wanted was the Budget and the Parliament Bill and the limitation; therefore we urge you to vote against the" Such a plea carries with it its own condemnation. Obviously, if what the people wanted was the Budget and the Parliament Bill and the limitation; therefore we urge you to vote against the"

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

The Labour Party returned after the election still forty strong. But their position was very different. There was not one of those forty who dared play an independent part. They knew well that they owed their seats to Liberal patronage, and that on their fidelity to the Liberal Caucus the security of those seats depended. It was not long before the results were visible. Mr. Asquith had solemnly pledged himself that he would not assume nor retain office unless he had guarantees for the curtailing of the Lords' Veto in accordance with his pledge. But the Labour Party which had made that pledge the principal ground of their coalition with the Liberals, made no sound. Discontented Radicals might murmur. The Irish might keep a sharp look-out. But Mr. Barnes, the leader of the Liberal Party, could only say that we were "a conservative people" and acquiesce.

The game was up.
Mr. Ramsay Macdonald and Portugal.

By V. de Braganza Cunha.

No one doubted that Mr. Ramsay Macdonald believed himself to be influenced only by the purest motives when he consented to accept the post of Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. The British Government had not yet recognised the Portuguese Republic. But the sudden retreat of the Labour party, which gave one the impression that he had introduced a subject with whose conditions and environment he was not acquainted, was a congressional act. Mr. Ramsay Macdonald undertook to make himself the champion of a republic launched forth into the political world with no compass but the opinions of a few men c RAMSAY MACDONALD

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

We are not disposed to question the good faith with which any public man in England in duty to his creed of solidarity—which as a rule dissolves when translated from abstractions into realities—undertakes to use his influence, however small, in favour of a particular cause or country. But we have a right to inquire upon what careful investigation the attitude confidently taken in the affairs of foreign countries is based. Unhappily, however, for the British public, there are prominent men in this country who are in such peculiar danger of talking at random when they move off their own ground into the politics of other countries. Theories, for instance, are running the new republic launched forth into the political world with no compass but the opinions of a few men crammed with theories of man and the State, and no rudder except the instincts of those who have no opinion of their own but merely echo opinion. But neither the one nor the other is what an honest statesman would seek as the foundation of a régime. Besides, we cannot take seriously men, however seriously they may take themselves, who are engaged in making a nation when they ought to have been engaged in purging and preserving a nation.

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

As it was, Patrick Fitsnell held his own. Hard work, good connections, and tact soon gave him a position on the Press. At the same time these qualities raised a host of expectant and ambitious suitors. A few years judiciously passed brought with them the chance, the hope of realising which alone impelled him into the humble world of printing ink and proof sheets. The line of thorough-going business men of Ludgate Hill, the old Regulator's Cross has always been the traditional scene of more transformations and vicissitudes, whether of persons or of institutions, during a twelvemonth than, within the same limits of space, at any other point of the United Kingdom usually extend over a decade. While these changes were, as regards variety and importance, at their height, Fitsnell, in addition to being a journalist of repute, found himself suddenly a rich man. He had already attained to the editorial status, and, on prints unerringly he had acquired a thorough acquaintance with the theory and practice of newspaper conduct. But since learning these rudiments of his profession he had seen the conditions of its active exercise change more than once. Like others, he had heard of Fleet Street and its enterprises being malignantly dominated by the Jesuits or the Jews. Of those sinister agencies, he had as a fact himself seen neither, to any serious extent, actively at work.

Now, too, there unexpectedly came into the market a clever fellow, a really distinguished, of influence still maintained, and without any compensation for disturbance. Fitsnell was thus receiving congratulations received by the latest addition to the press ridiculous. "But," at first pleaded the lady, "I promised you would say something for her; and you back out of it you will be compromising me, and you will spoil Elaine's (Miss Fitsnell's) chances for her side; that if an editor pleases the one he will bitterly.

After all, it was the literary department of his paper that saddled Editor Fitsnell with his chief embarrassments. The fashionable athlete Blunder Sprat, who had recently crowned his muscular triumphs on land by untold performances at Henley, had brought home with him a choice assortment of nice ideas on things in general, and especially upon all the arrangements of domestic life, from a year or two's sojourn at foreign universities, followed by a voyage round the world. These notions he had put into a little book called "The Ethics of Salacity." The "Regulator" spoke its mind about the volume and the author so plainly that Blunder Sprat brought an action for libel against the paper and won it. About this time Mr. and Mrs. Fitsnell had promised you would say something for her; and Mrs. Jelliby de Tomkyns, you know, may be useful in so many ways." This little matter, however, was ultimately settled without at Charing Cross, was always that was all that Fitsnell muttered to himself, "is plainly a condition of editorship." The "Regulator" had its own staff for articles on events of the day. But then, as Fitsnell was reminded, communiques, signed and unsigned, from well-informed quarters had become an essential feature in the modern newspaper. Old Lord Bounderby, writing from the Travellers' Club, recalled to the "Regulator's" new management the fact that the paper had always a book called "The Becoming his diagnosis of the political situation, founded on the very exceptional insight into these matters gained by him when Resident at the Court of Barataria. A column given to Lord Bounderby would be sure to provoke a reply of thrice that length from the "Regulator" as regards fixity of tenure, so long as their paper proprietors and editors alike had been superannuated by the newspaper "boss," who ran the entire business to his own ends, and with contemptuous indifference to the old-fashioned obligation of providing genuine news or capable comment. Up to the present, Patrick Fitsnell, like the rest of his competent fellow-craftsmen, had been assured, as regards fixity of tenure, so long as their work was well done. Their new masters recognised no obligation of the kind, but rather gave them to understand that, fresh blood being essential to efficiency, old writers must be expected to give place to new on the shortest notice, and without any compensation for disturbance.

Fitsnell was thus receiving from his employers the treatment of a raw beginner, to his abiding disgust, and with a contemptuous indifference to the old-fashioned obligation of providing genuine news or capable comment. It was, he thought, an unnecessary lump with every probability of the Jowler, reminding his hand to take farewell of the new pupil that the shrewd don had long since predicted he would eventually take his place among the supreme philosophers. Meanwhile our hero had won not only a considerable editorship, but a wife who, as a headmaster's daughter, felt she had been born into a position of authority, and that it behoved her to take her place as a great lady. She was not, indeed, literary, but was consumed with an absolutely impracticable and irrational interest, of the essentially feminine sort, in certain subjects of the hour. "Philanthropy, you know, dear Mrs. Fitsnell, is one of the 'Regulator's' traditions. You must really get your husband to take up the movement I have worked so hard to make my own for providing the poor horseless waifs and strays we are now sending to kindergartens with Shetland ponies, to ride to and from between where they live and their schools." So declared herself Mrs. Jelliby de Tomkyns. As the visiting list of the editor's wife dations will inevitably and inevitably like kind poured in from new friends who posed as social leaders on a small scale. Of course Fitsnell had to convince his lady that the entertainment of any among those requeutists must make her husband and his paper ridiculous. "But you had promised you would say something for her; and Mrs. Jelliby de Tomkyns, you know, may be useful in so many ways." This little matter, however, was

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Tory Democracy.

By J. M. Kennedy.

VIII.—"The Will of the People."

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

But this principle makes one very large assumption. It postulates the existence of a common will. It assumes that the individuals whom it would enfranchise can enter into the common life and contribute to the formation of a common decision by a genuine interest in public transactions. Were this the case it would be clear to all politicians that, when Mr. Cowen was compelled to yield to the Caucus at Newcastle and Mr. Forster was compelled to yield to it for, on Prof. Hobhouse's own postulates and assumptions, democratic government is dead. It is impossible for any "will" to arise among the "people"; for a "will" implies leadership, something imposed from above and not something urged from below. It is the fundamental philosophic error of Liberalism that the common will, or the collected judgment of average men, can possess a common will, much less impose this will upon those who are responsible for the government of the country.

This was a factor in the psychology of Radicalism which only became clear to Mr. Schnadhorst and to Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, and the result was the founding of the famous Birmingham Caucus. The Caucus, whatever its aims may have appeared to be even to its organisers, was not so much an attempt to direct the popular vote as an attempt to impose a "will" where there was none in existence. The immediate effects of the Caucus, as I mentioned in my last article, were to check real democracy (i.e., representative government), whenever it manifested itself in a more genuine form interwoven with the principles of government by delegation. It should have been clear to all politicians that, when Mr. Cowen was compelled to yield to the Caucus at Newcastle and Mr. Forster was compelled to yield to it at Bradford, the Conservative government is not accountable to the people, but to the Caucus, and that it is the Caucus which is the supreme and final policy-making body.

Far from exercising a purely local influence, however, the Caucus' gradually came to exercise a profoundly national influence. The National Liberal Federation and the National Union of Conservative Associations may be adequately described as National Unions of Caucuses; when, therefore, the electioneering results achieved by the Liberal Caucus were seen, the Conservatives were compelled in self-defence to organise similar associations in opposition. In time, however, the Conservative Central Office became responsible not merely for electioneering tactics and the distribution of posters and pamphlets, but for the entire policy of their particular party and the control of the party funds. Every one who is at all familiar with the inner side of political party work knows perfectly well that it is not a single political principle ever originates among the "people," and that the "people" are not responsible for the "mandates" which they are alleged to have given. The policy of a party is laid down by the small body of men controlling its Central Office, and it is not based upon the wishes, real or supposed, of the "people." It is based rather upon what, the officials believe, will prove to be a good election cry, good "window dressing."

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

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

It is only just to say that like strictures apply to the Conservative Central Office officials. They, too, appear to be incapable of divining the needs and wishes of the nation. They do not regard it as their function to suggest useful and beneficial legislative measures, but rather to suggest skilful electioneering tactics by means of which the Radicals may be dished and the Socialists kept down. In short, the evil which Burke plainly saw and referred to a "mandate," has given place to a "mandate" as it were, to which Burke himself would have said nothing but anarchy unless some unusually strong form of control was applied. The Caucus was an inevitable principle of the new regime. In theory, "Liberty!" was widespread throughout the land when the ruling authorities seized upon the principles of Mill and the Benthamites; in practice, the "liberties" of the people, so far as their voting influence was concerned, were never more rigorously restricted than they have been since the introduction of philosophic Radicalism—and the Caucus.
The Don in Arcadia.

By G. F. Abbott.

IX.—Master Demos.

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

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

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

The other candidate was the younger son of a county squire. He was, or pretended to be, swayed by the principles of the Established Church and a staunch defender of the Established Church and a staunch defender of the manly sincerity of his convictions. His success in public life was due to the plain straightforwardness of his orator, he catches the ear and conquers the trust of his audience, and, whatever be the question at issue, he never swerves from his adherence to the position he takes up. He has been seen drinking with humble labourers in ordinary country inns, and on the golf links he often plays with persons of quite moderate means. He is the self-same spirit of frank, cordial manhood whether in public-house or private drawing-room. On the platform his speeches always combine logic with rhetoric, so as to convince the mind while delighting the ear. . . ."

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

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

The battle was fought with loaves of bread—a big loaf and a little loaf. The big loaf endeavoured to persuade the people that the little loafer wanted to loaf and a little loaf. The big loafer endeavoured to portray his adversary as a man who favoured an additional duty on beer, whereas he himself vowed to keep his nose tightly shut while his relatives and friends were committing calculated indiscretions. For the photographs and caricatures of the candidates were only illicit reinforcements sought by the combatants. Day after day brought forth fresh tales of dark doings—villagers intimidated, shopkeepers bribed with money or corrupted with tobacco, families threatened with eviction or cajoled with teas and treats. And other nefarious tricks.

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

My diligence cost me considerable discomfort. The constituency comprised all the elements of the rural democracy. Both the agricultural and the mercantile interests were powerfully represented in those assemblies by the various odours appertaining to their several vocations; so that, although far from being an admirer of reasoning—any more than of singing—orator, he catches the ear and conquers the trust of his audience, and, whatever be the question at issue, he never swerves from his adherence to the position he takes up. He has been seen drinking with humble labourers in ordinary country inns, and on the golf links he often plays with persons of quite moderate means. He is the self-same spirit of frank, cordial manhood whether in public-house or private drawing-room. On the platform his speeches always combine logic with rhetoric, so as to convince the mind while delighting the ear. . . ."

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

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For instance, one day the big loafer stole a march on his rival and very nearly won the hearts of the constituents' wives and daughters by sending round to them his photograph. A few days later the little loafer retaliated by sending round not only his photograph, but also braves of pheasants, thus appealing to an organ even more influential over the course of human affairs than the heart. The response of the first gentleman denounced the second as guilty of corrupt practices. The second retorted that he had only followed in his opponent's footsteps and bettered the instruction. The episode was made the occasion for much virulent indignation in the camp, and much would fail me if I attempted to record the floods of invective that poured from either platform. In the end each candidate agreed to abstain from the imputation of misconduct by pretending that in each case the scandal was due to the excessive zeal of their respective agents.

To me this explanation appeared somewhat flimsy; and had I been personally interested in the quarrel, I should certainly have swept aside with scorn the doctrine that a principal is not both morally and legally responsible for his agent's actions. Besides, it seemed to me scarcely probable that either gentleman had kept his eyes tightly shut while his relatives and friends were committing calculated indiscretions. For the photographs and caricatures of the candidates were only illicit reinforcements sought by the combatants. Day after day brought forth fresh tales of dark doings—villagers intimidated, shopkeepers bribed with money or corrupted with tobacco, families threatened with eviction or cajoled with teas and treats. And other nefarious tricks.

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seemed to have ever heard of syllogisms, distinctions, predications, categories, inductions, deductions, or educations, and some of them seemed to understand the difference between a petitio principii and an ignoratio elenchii. In vain did I try to detect in their speeches any enthymemes or concomitant variations, any probable inferences or any inferences from analogy. All the processes of observation, investigation, and demonstration were rudely violated, and the air was full of implications and counter-implications, of unsupported assertions and fallacies passed unchallenged. Verily, a most unacademic way of arriving at the truth.

I confess that the enthusiasm that science is not governed by thinking quite as much as demagogues are pleased to affirm. If Demos did think, he would have his votes—should he still consider voting the only way to decide a debate. I do not at all relish the approximation of the classes which has become so fashionable in our time. I do not believe that a few sonorous generalisations like ‘equality’ and ‘the dignity of labour’ can bridge the gulf of centuries of tradition, education, and breeding.

The world has hitherto known only rational individuals. For just experience tells in every soil, there is a higher appeal than experience, and a state consisting of citizens able to examine the qualifications of their would-be governors intelligently, able to approve of the best dispassionately, and therefore ready to submit to their governance gladly. In such a state the decisions of the majority would be decisive and no sensible man would grudge the sacrifices which obedience to them would involve. But such a state implies the improvement of human intelligence to a pitch that humanity has never recognised. That has never yet been such a thing as a rational nation. The world has hitherto known only rational individuals. Your ideal of the future is but a beautiful dream that visionaries are welcome to play with, but one wholly outside the pale of practical realities, and therefore one in which I decline to invest any of my mental capital. I defy even a visionary to discern his ideal state in the electoral struggle we have just witnessed. That struggle proved once more how easily the unscrupulous few can exploit the irrational impulses of the many, for example, by a skilful manipulation of their irrational impulses; and that, I take it, is the essence of government by Mr. Demos.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"For just experience tells in every soil, that those that think must govern those that toil."

"There is a higher appeal than experience, and a correspondingly higher faculty to receive it. Those who possess that faculty discern flickering through the mists of the imperfect present an ideal state of the future in which all men will think. The human race is infinitely progressive."

"That is a mere assumption. History shows only that it is infinitely varied. Yet its variety can roughly be analysed into two main species—masters and slaves. Of course, the species named in some cases comes by a skilful manipulation of their irrational impulses; and that, I take it, is the essence of government by Mr. Demos."

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

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

"Chestnuton laughed."

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

"What evils?"

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

The New Idea of Dramatic Action.—III.

Klein-Zschachwitz Bei Dresden, July 17.

Looking back I see Leipzig rather flat-faced and a little footworn, seated by the streams of music and ambitious publication, revealing but few fresh features of interest. She has opened her arms again to Kant and idealistic philosophy, and she has awakened to the artistic possibilities of her waste places, to construct a model plan that may be used for further developments. When this system of employing artists to town-plan has become universal, it will no doubt be adopted in a modified form in England—and may survive.

Perhaps the Luft Bad partly explains a feature of the exhibition of the Leipziger and Deutschen Kunsterbund. At this place I was unable to account for the large increase in nude art in a city that is frightening timid critics in England. To the veteran accustomed to Continental exhibitions, the vision of extremely realistic and brutal nudes would have no other effect than that of raising a mildly put, What next? As he sat, thoughtfully, in the badly-lighted rooms of a building clearly not intended for picture exhibitions, he would admire those sunny naked girls by Bayer, beside the limpid stream with the rough-cut, green grasses running up to the red-roofed village full against the revolving summer sky. He would face calmly [Kossert's] wonderful woodcut "Kreuzigung", unable to decide whether the modern woman is throwing up her hands in horror at the realistic treatment of the naked crucified figures, or is overcome by grief. [Corinth's] glowing clouds of female flesh in "Der Harem" would not hold him long; nor would the back view of Groër's young woman, who is half undressed and simpering in her petticoats. He would examine fearlessly [Habermann's] "Liegender Akt," undismayed by the thought that a rhythmical nude so cushioned body deep in the yield bed would bring England's check. No perspiration would be need his memory as he passed to even more daring exhibits, the uncompromising "Frühling" and "Mädchen" by Gobelke two brutally-treated nudes, mixing their harmonious flesh tones with the tall, dripping grasses; the vibrating figures by [Heckendorf] exhibiting a volcanic eruption of pigment and a strange variety of dancing colour; and some wild and whirling colour studies by ultra-extremists. The latter are apparently the wild oats of the exhibition. But as they are stowed away in dark corners, they cannot possibly bring a blush to any cheeks—except a cat's.

A further explanation of the present daring treatment of nudes may be found in the fact that according to the new form of painting which identifies itself with an intense search for truth of impression, any means to attain the desired end is permissible and not necessarily indecent. According to Max Klinger is a remarkable sculptor, but his imitations of the evolutionary processes of the human mind must keep abreast of those processes or perish; it must go hand in hand with the spirit that informs it, or lose its vitality. Both music, drama, and the plastic forms of art are vitalised by the spirit of the age, just as the spirit is quickened by the need or desire of the moment. As the age grows old so the musical, dramatic and plastic expressions become greyer and greyer. When this spirit has passed there remain nothing but empty forms as memorials of the departed spirit. Though we can preserve the forms we cannot revitalise them. For us the drama of ancient Greece, the music of the Middle Ages, the painting and sculpture of Italy in its greatest period are dead, and no artificial means of resuscitation, no
acquirement of culture or taste can give them life. The ideas, tastes, culture that fashioned and vitalised them were of another age. These arose from a desire the full quality or nature of which we can neither feel, understand, nor appreciate. It sprang from a singular, peculiar social or racial experience of joy, hope, ambition or what not, to which we are strangers, just as the present growing desire for a nobler expression of life springs from a singular and peculiar spirit of revolt against the expression of the unutterable mean and sordid, which will have its growth, development and decay, and which future generations moulded by new experiences cannot revive. Each age has its own spirit, and people who pursue progress and reform should live in the spirit of their age and express it. They should remember that alliances with other ages are really misalliances.

* * *

It would seem, however, that occasionally a great genius is born before his time, who is able to express the spirit of a later generation. Beethoven had to wait for 35 years for a sufficiently modern and his music has had since Bach died. Whether the suggestion that Bach reached maturity just as the present craze for interpreting every class of work which he produced, is doubtful. It may be only an excuse for the turning back of pages in order to obtain an impulse for a fresh start, just as painters are turning to ancient Egypt for the same reason. In any case the birthplace of Wagner is revelling in Bach. Besides the weekly Bach motet programme at the Thomas Kirche, she has just been taking courses of the composer for breakfast (9 to 11 church liturgy), for dinner (1 to 3 matinee), and for supper (7 to 10 Passion Music).

* * *

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

* * *

There are many evidences of Wagner's growing unpopularity. Writers are attacking him in the musical journals, and a novel, Beyerlein's "Stirb und Werde," has just appeared to inform the general public that Wagner is not the colossal figure he appears to be. Against Wagner's autobiography, It was published two or three months ago, and it is a well-organised and fully-developed system of organisation and operas designed to promote music and drama, unusual qualities are demanded of pioneers of new forms. Perhaps it is because the system of subsidised theatres does not play its proper part in creative evolution, and is, in some respects, as bad as the English private system. It could not be worse. The truth of the matter deserves further consideration.

SOCIETY.

Close to Mrs. Sofer Whitburn, Most appropriately dressed, Chatted Mrs. Claude LeVita, Looking quite her very best. Mrs. Leopold de Rothschild Came with Mrs. A. Sassoon: Mrs. Leopold de Rothschild's Sister's Mrs. A. Sassoon.

Lady Sybil Grant looked charming, Her hat was large and trimmed with gold. Lady Leucha Warner seated.

Seemed to find it rather cold. Others were Lord Vane Tempest, Mr. Thomas Egerston, Mrs. Keppel, Lady Fingall, Mr. Henry Bedington, and Sir Richard Wallis Griffith. Lord and Lady Ronaldsbay walked their daughter in the paddock, Found it damp and came away. Let me add that Mr. A. hung about a well-known peer—Not forgetting Mrs. Walker. Motored back with Mrs. Greer. So, farewell, the eating people. Now for those who cannot eat: Mr. David Robert Johnson, Thirty-one of Woodgate Street, Former engineer, while playing With his baby (one of five), Having lost the art of eating, Fell back suddenly and died. Yesterday took place the inquest; "Did he get enough to eat?" Mrs. Johnson answered sobbing, "No, sir." Not enough to eat. Earning half-a-sovereign weekly This good gentleman had tried To keep himself from eating And his family alive. When the doctor cut him open "Bolted" food was found inside Being out of practice eating Mr. J. did eat—he died. We may here express the sorrow That Society will feel Knowing six more hungry people Will be begging for a meal.

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

Now when they saw that the greatest number of the enemy were coming down the Maripe towards the village they went down again and stood where they could see well. But Mabatsi went amongst the leaders and the men cheering them. The fighting commenced in the hill. The shouting was heard and the firing of guns, but Kamalubi and his men had no fear for that part, and word would be brought quickly if the enemy reached the top of the hill. Now the village was full of men, who kept themselves hidden; but a number of the village came down the hill and opened shot to the men, Kamalubi the Chief gave a roar like a bull for it was thought, Kamalubi’s men are in the hills, and only this few defend the village; and when they came to the stream the men of Nilisetsi rushed forward, every man wishing to be first into the village. Now when they came out from the bank of the stream, there was a rise to the village and a distance of two stones’ throw; and they all shouted loudly and rushed on. When those who had gone out to meet them saw the great number of these coming, and heard the noise of their shouting, they turned and ran back to the village. And when the men of Nilisetsi saw this they rushed forward without any order, shouting victory. But this was a trick. Now, although it is a common trick which every warrior knows, yet when the blood is hot and reason not to reason, and the greater their might, the more surely do men proceed without caution. Now at both sides of the village Matauw had placed men with guns amongst the rocks, and when the men of Nilisetsi were come within a stone throw of the huts Matauw fired, and at this all those with guns fired at once into the front of the men, and many dropped to the ground. Now this was the signal for the men who were hidden in the village, and with a great shout they all sprang out, and those who had been running away turned again. While yet half the men of Nilisetsi had not crossed the stream, these from the village bore down upon them.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Great was the fight. But the men of Nilisetsi had received a shock at the firing of so many guns and the thought came to them that they were few against so many. But they hesitated. The men from the village, keeping together in a great body, and fighting down the hill on their own ground, drove the others back, and great was the slaughter. But now Kundu the Chief and Bokalobi came to the village, and with all those who had been behind, and although their proper order was broken yet because of their great number they began to prevail. And at this time it was the men of Matauw at each end of the village coming from the bottom. Now the fighting was fierce before the village, and all the men there swayed back and forth and sideways as they pressed each other. And sometimes this side would give way and run a little back and then the other side would be driven a little. And deeds of great bravery were done on both sides. But the more they increased in numbers, and they began to come nearer to the village. Bokalobi the General was leading his men, and when they came forward they were not driven back again, and held their ground.

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

But now when the men of the village cheered again because of Kamalubi the Chief, and the shooting of the guns was hot upon them so that those who were attacking the village were checked for a moment, the men of Tlapakun, the place of the Black Rocks, whose head was Chuanain, the Hairy One, began to run backwards, shouting, “We are beaten. The white men are fighting for Kamalubi. We are beaten!”

Then all the other men of Moali and its villages took upon the cry where they were, and turned and ran backwards. And where the men of Moali came together if a number they turned suddenly upon the men of Nilisetsi, and then for the first time on that day their spears were red. Now the men of Kundu raised a cry, saying, “We are betrayed!” and there was great confusion amongst them. But Bokalobi the General and the leaders shouted forward, crying, “Brothers! To the village. Come on! Come on!” And Kundu the Chief strove amongst them to keep their faces to the village. But where the leaders were no one tried to run back or return. Kundu and Mabatsi and the men of Moali, and when first a few ran, others lost heart and ran after them. Then the men of Rasalamoom raised the shout, “They run! They run!” and thus upon the hill took up the shout, and they all pressed forward hotly. And the great club of Kamalubi the Chief laid many of the leaders low before him; and at ever; at last they were driven back to the village. But the Chief laughed loudly, and this was a great cheer to the men behind him.

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

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

Then Bokalobi, warrior from his youth, took his casting spear and threw back his right arm; and he loosed and pressed his fingers on the haft of the spear so that
the iron head of it quivered and sang at his ear. His left foot lightly touched the ground before him; and his left forearm pushed through the thing of his shield and was held in his hand; his short stabbing spear was raised.

Then Bokalobi raised himself well upon his right foot, and, bringing forward his weight upon the left, cast the spear. Now Matauw was a man of great muscle and, though the spear had but ten paces, so that though he could not reach him, he received it slantingly.

Like lightning it flew past him, ripping his shield-arm from outside the elbow deeply to the shoulder.

"A scratch, brother! A scratch!" cried Matauw, and, stretching himself with the word, cast his spear. Well did Bokalobi know the strength of his friend, and that no shield of hide could take his spear straightly; but, hero of a thousand fights, he knew from the pounce how the spear would fly, and his shield received it slantingly.

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

Then each warrior, grasping only the short fighting spear, and with the shield on the left arm, sprang forward. Matauw was the tallest and the strongest, but Bokalobi the General was swift upon his feet and cunning with shield and spear. At a spear's length they paused; then with crouching and bounding and much slanting of spears, they watched, and each watched the eyes of the other. Never a movement was lost; and when one sprang in, or they sprang together, shield met spear and only the second and lighter blow as they leaped apart. And so they kept on, and none attempted to hinder them or help either side. But it was seen that Bokalobi was the more cunning, and swifter with his feet; moreover, the shield which Matauw held was of but half service to him, for that in a little while he had many great flesh wounds.

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

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

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

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

Now when it was seen that Bokalobi the General had fallen the men of Nili setsi began to give way in the centre and there was a panic amongst them. They turned and fled and could no more be held together. And the men of Rasalamoom with loud shouting rushed after them and were slain. Many were the words of the Chief, when he saw them starting to run, turned back and those with him to the village. And Kamalobi and Matauw were covered in blood from head to foot, for they had both received many wounds.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

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

And while they yet spoke came Spalodi before them, and he said to Koloani, "The men of Moali await thee, Chief." Then Koloani gave greeting to Kamalubi, saying, "Till we meet again, my brother." And he hurried out with Spalodi and Jamba.

Now when Koloani and Jamba came out from the village on to the place where the fighting had been, they saw blood was the battle. Many were the killed and the wounded lay all about the field, but there were many attending to them. And the men of Rasalamoom, returning from the chase, came dancing and singing with great joy. Now when the men of Moali saw the fight, all those of Niliset si and its villages ran to the hills at Dabisit, where they had slept the night before; but the men of Moali came away from them to one side. And Koloani the Chief and those with him hastened, and when the men of Moali saw their Chief coming, they shouted a great greeting to him. And the Chief saluted them as warriors. But they hurried on until they came to the village of Chua ani, the Hairy One. And Chuaani, the uncle of Koloani, and all his people came to meet the Chief by the way, and they rejoiced greatly and came again, singing and dancing, to Tlapakun. Now already, before the Chief had come, Chuaani, the Hairy One, had sent messengers to all the people of Moali saying that Kundu was defeated, and that Koloani the Chief was returning to his place. And when Koloani came to Tlapakun he sent off two head men in haste to his own village of Moali, saying, "Make known to my people that they may rejoice and be glad, for we are in prosperity. So the sun shall set at what is past, and in the morning I will come to them." For the sun had now set, and they were all very tired.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

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

But the heart of the Chief was sad, for he thought of his sons who came not to greet him. And Koloani, the Hairy One, had sent messengers to all the people of Moali saying that Kundu was defeated, and that Koloani the Chief was returning to his place. And when Koloani came to Tlapakun he sent off two head men in haste to his own village of Moali, saying, "Make known to my people that they may rejoice and be glad, for we are in prosperity. So the sun shall set at what is past, and in the morning I will come to them." For the sun had now set, and they were all very tired.

"My brothers and my fathers, hear me! That which is past ye know. We have come through a black moon in which no man could see straight before him. There are faces missing from the Council. Whether 1, your Chief, lived or was dead many of ye knew not, and
another was in my place. His spies went in and out amongst you, and men feared to open their mouths except in praise of him. Who can pass judgment on such a deed of war, what I now remember is that ye fought for me on the field at Rasalamoom, and that by that am I here again in my place. And amongst you, and men feared to open their mouths that there shall be understanding amongst you, and is that ye fought for me on the field at Rasalamoom, such a time? Brothers, what together here to hold council. Let no man speak to me against his neighbour because of that which is past. Need have no fear of him. And now, my brothers, that he can spit and bite only in his own place. We did they come up against him, and he and his people what think ye of Kamalubi, son of Morowani, Chief of Rasalamoom? Must I say all that which he has done for me and for this people? Nay, for it is well known. He was a cloud between me and my enemies. He stood as a shield before me. But because of this did they come up against him, and he and his people have been sorely stricken. Not one condition did he the Chief had said was of great delight to them. And when Koloani had finished speaking they wiped away at this council, for the people had come spoken disposed them to do, so agreed to go with the Chief to do honour to Kamalubi, and every man in the land of Moali was hidden give such a thing as he could, and bring all together that Koloani might offer it to Kamalubi as the thanks of his people. It was said that everyone who would give a present should bring it to Tapakun, the village of Chuaani, the Hairy One, which was on the border near to Rasalamoom. And soon Chuaani had to build kraals and then to make the kraals larger, for cattle and goats and sheep more were brought in from morn- ing till night. And it was seen that every man was concerned to bring something. Those who were wealthy gave, some, ten oxen; and some five cows, and five ass; and others many sheep and goats; and those who had little goods brought, some a sheep, and some a goat; and from all sides they came, so that never were so many animals seen together in one place.

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

But when Koloani showed Kamalubi all the cattle and sheep and goats and asses, and told him that this was present to him from the people of Moali for what he had done for them—from every man something—the Chief could not speak for surprise. He looked round upon the people; and then Kamalubi laughed, for he found no speech, and it was such a great laugh that the people laughed with him too. All the people joined in the laugh. And the face of Kamalubi shone, and his belly shook, and he took Koloani by the arm and they went in to the village. [THE END.]

Books and Persons. (AN OCCASIONAL CAUSERIE.)

By Jacob Tonson.

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

The difficulties of starting a really artistic magazine, and of providing the first number, are, of course, terrific. The greater part of them is to get hold of the right stuff. The right stuff is not produced in bulk. In any movement, however enthusiastic and original, the majority of the stuff produced must be mediocre, or worse. And yet a certain amount of the right stuff is being done somewhere, if the movement has vitality. An editor's business is to refrain from starting his magazine until he has obtained a fair quantity of the right stuff. The editor of "Rhythm" has tolerably succeeded with his illustrations, but not with his verse, fiction, essays, nor criticism. And he has fallen into a fault which such a magazine, especially a quarterly, ought to avoid—scrappiness. The magazine is too small for a quarterly—it has about the right quantity of reading for a weekly. But assuming that it could not be larger, then the contributions ought to have been fewer. There are about twenty-six pages of actual print. Such a magazine ought to be both destructive and constructive. In construction it ought to exemplify its theory on a considerable scale. If it is convinced, for example, that the fiction of Conrad, George Moore, Wells, Galworthy, is getting old-fashioned, as indeed it probably is, then let it...
print a short story of at least five thousand words embodying some new principle. I would not expect a masterpiece; I would not expect anything nearly as good in prose as the best of the work which the new principle is to prove old-fashioned; I would be satisfied with the sight of the new principle put into action, and a certain promise for the future. Also, let the magazine publish a critical study finding fault with some work of established reputation produced according to our old principle. Let it publish also a long poem, or several short poems, by the same hand. Let it be even heavier, rather than scappy. Any clever fool can produce a scrap, and ingenious enthusiasts will read into that scrap the most profound significances; but scraps will never "cut any ice." And let the magazine avoid theorising in the vague. Let it destroy and let it create; and not cackle. The thing is difficult. It means chiefly that the editor must get himself into personal relations with rebellious young men who have guts. These young men are rare, and they are more shy than rare. But they must be stalked and caught. Lastly, I think that the magazine ought not to avoid humour. Such magazines generally do. There appeared the other day a humorous poem, entitled "The Vegetarian's Daughter," by Helen Parry Eden. It was a little masterpiece, and ought to have been caught by some violent and original magazine, or by Mr. Bellor's admirable "Eye-Witness." But no—the good old "Westminster" got hold of it.

In the way of esoteric magazines the first number of the fourth volume of "The Mask," by Gordon Craig's Florentine magazine devoted to the reformative of the theatre, lies before me. It contains some very good things—quotations from Walt Whitman, George Moore, R. L. Stevenson, Goethe, and certain early Florentine draughtsmen! It also contains, repeated in various places, this motto by Eleonora Duse: "To save the theatre the theatre must be destroyed; the actors and actresses must all die of the plague, they poison the air, they make art impossible." On this motto, quite excellent in its poetic neurotic way, Mr. John Semar has based an article making fun of Sir Herbert Tree—apparently unaware that intelligent people ceased to discuss His Majesty's making fun of Sir Herbert Tree—apparently unaware that Stevenson, as he falls in the esteem of those whose reading, jump to the conclusion that this was the central and essential part of Bergson. I thought that whatever kind of indigestion the reading of several hundred criticisms might produce in me, it would at any rate make certain that I should be brought in contact with all the other ideas which might possibly be regarded as the central one. I accumulated in this way a collection of some two hundred and articles and books. Ultimately the only actual use they proved to me was that I was able to hand them over to Mr. Pogson for his bibliography. For the purpose for which I collected them they proved absolutely useless. For this reason. When I had got to the twentieth of them I began to notice a strange and curious phenomenon. Every critic explained Bergson in precisely the same phrases and the same metaphors, which were at the same time Bergson's own. No one ventured to go outside even the most trivial of those ironizations that Bergson used to make certain of possessing. I got to about the hundredth the thing became ludicrous. So regularly did the same phrases occur over and over again that they began to have quite a hypnotic effect on me. After a time I began to be suspicious of myself. Why did I not make certain of possessing for this peculiar phenomenon? It does not occur in the criticisms of other philosophers. People can talk about Kant without behaving like gramophones. It cannot be that the critics are behaving like the usual lazy reviewer, anxious to get to the thing at once. It is almost impossible, for I am speaking of long and serious studies appearing in philosophical reviews. It gradually dawned upon me that they used Bergson's exact phrases and illustrations simply because they dare not use any other. If you are suddenly launched into a social event a little above those to which you are habituated, and your only guide is a book of etiquette, then you will take great care not to venture outside the phrases, the situations and the action prescribed by that book. You feel morally certain that if you did you would be going wrong. Now I did not at first like to say that the critics were in this position. My sense of the fitness of things did not allow me even to think in that line, but I knew that criticisms might produce in me, it would at any rate make certain that most of these critics (who are all naturally over a certain age) have their mental make-up so definitely crystallised round Kant and other philosophers, that they have not, curious though it may be, in the least grasped what it is exactly new that Bergson has brought into philosophy. My natural respect for my elders and betters prevented me from thinking that I understood what they did not. But I am convinced now, after several years' rereading of the matter and after several conversations with Bergson himself, that it is so. I am perfectly certain that the critics cannot step outside the limits of Bergson's own phraseology is simply that they have not felt the thing which is at the centre of everything that he says. Being, however, intelligent people, they present a very good appearance of having done so by a careful observation and collection of the external features of his system. I do not mean to say that the result is a piece of fudge; they have honestly thought that they understood what he means, but the fact that they do not is most clearly shown by the manner of the attacks that they occasionally venture to make. They always miss fire because they are always attacks.
on the externals, they are always attacks on the vocabulary, on the definite conceptions which Bergson uses to express his meaning. They never seem to touch the meaning itself.

I derived at any rate one positive benefit from my plodding through all these criticisms. It enabled me to give a recipe for the writing of an article on Bergson. I will assume, for the sake of argument, that Bergson uses in any particular book, or you pick out any ten that happen to strike you, or which you happen to remember, and you repeat them word for word with the alteration of a preposition here and there, and in the confused order in which they happen to come into your mind as you write. The result will always be interesting, and as it is very unlikely that any other critic will pick out the same ten metaphors, or at any rate that he will put them in the same order, it is very unlikely that your article will be uncomfortably similar to any others.

I acquired a knowledge of this recipe I was unable after that to read any more articles on Bergson, and Mr. Bax's is the first I have seen for a long time. I am sorry he has not used the knowledge I have imparted to the making of this even. I should, however, differentiate it a little. I suppose there are three parts in the article. The phrases that come direct from Bergson, those that are Bergson via Mr. Bax, and those provided by Mr. Bax himself. Of Mr. Lindsay I know nothing. I have not read his book, and I don't intend to. The kind of effort it represents is adequately suggested to me by an unforgettable sentence from his preface, which was quoted in the publisher's puff: Mr. Lindsay, it appeared, had come to the conclusion that "the brilliance of Professor Bergson's style had perhaps prevented him from being properly understood in England." Mr. Lindsay then undertook what must have been a task very part of a Scotchman and an Oxford don, that of extracting the brilliancy. He really ought to go into an anthology.

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

I object particularly to his preface on the subject of fashion and his sneer about "up-to-date" and the "entente cordiale." This is one of the favourite tricks of the controversialist who wishes to depreciate the value of his subject without giving any precise reasons. Without definitely stating it, the idea is subtly conveyed to the mind of the reader that the philosopher who has described as fashioable must ipso facto be of very little importance. Now, Mr. Bax knows perfectly well that this is nothing but a trick, and it is not, perhaps, worth while discussing at length, but it so happens that it gives me an opportunity of making some remarks that I have wanted for some time to make on the subject of Bergson's popularity. It seems always to be the case that there are two definite stages in the career of a philosopher or of any writer. There is first a stage in which he is known to the few people who really care for and who are really able to understand subjects about which he writes. This is a kind of "atomic" reputation. You can number the thousands of people who do not know Mr. Bax's book on "Evolution Créatrice" comparatively few copies had been sold. This is as it should be. A book on pure philosophy is no business to be sold in thousands. Then suddenly the flood started and edition after edition began to come out. A few years ago his lectures at the Collège de France (not the Sorbonne, Mr. Bax; he has no connection at all with that) were attended by a few students, just the kind of people who could attend such lectures. Now it is impossible to get a seat without sitting through the hour before and listening to that intolerable bore, Leroy-Beaulieu, and, further, when you do get a seat you are likely to be exasperated student recently described as the "blasphemous scents" of fashionable women. Of course, a very small percentage of these people and of the people who read his books are in the least capable of understanding them. They are pieces of hard discipline in the way of thinking which no one who has not gone through the mill himself can possibly appreciate. In what, then, lies their attractiveness? It cannot all be put down to pure "snobism." That would soon come to an end, and even at that there must be some further reason which causes his reputation in the first place. It lies in this, that while the real importance of Bergson lies in pure philosophy, lies in his method, lies in the category he works with, that of the dualism of soul and body, is precisely the conclusion to which the application of his method leads him, that of the dualism of soul and body, is precisely the conclusion which most people seek. It is nice for the timid to be assured on thoroughly respectable authority that there is a chance of immortality and that they have free will.

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

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

I cannot possibly cover the whole ground here, but I pick out four of five sentences for comment. In the first place, he thinks that it is a habit of the mind, he at the same time thinks it reposes on a real quality of objects, that of "extensiveness." So that when he uses space as one term of antithesis, he is not thinking of it as a synonym of manifold, but only of that particular aspect of space in which the word can be used as a synonym for extensive manifolds. That space includes other things he would admit, but he is only concerned with it in so far as it is the point or points which make accounts of Bergson miss.

In any exposition there should come an account of his method, of the categories with which he works, the purely theoretical contrast between intensive and extensive manifolds.

This remains valid quite apart from the question as to whether such things as intensive manifolds exist. Only after this has been explained should come the application of the method to reality in the identification of these two terms with the space-time antithesis. That being so, Mr. Bax's remark about the non-spatial perception of things he would admit, but he is only concerned with it in so far as it is the point or points which make accounts of Bergson miss.

I come now to Mr. Bax's remarks about the nature of individuality. Incidentally he says something here which, if I were to guess, I should have guessed as much from the recipe I gave the key to his whole attitude. Here Bergson approaches the lines of an hypothesis originally put forward by the present writer some twenty years ago. Here is the cloven hoof. The resemblance I can think of here is "At it again, Mr. Bax!"

Mr. Bax has been for some time under the delusion that he anticipated Bergson, and in a letter to this review, two years ago, claimed priority.

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

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

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

Finally, says Mr. Bax, we can trace back most of his doctrines to nineteenth-century philosophical writers. I might ask which ideas and from or to whom they
can be traced? Mr. Bax very wisely avoids doing this; it is much easier to make a general statement. The only person who actually attempted this task was René Berthelot, who attempted to analyse Bergson into a combination of two things—the English empirical method in psychology, and the romanticism of Schelling introduced into France by Ravaisson. It is a singularly ineffective piece of genealogical research, and the best account of it was that given by Bergson himself. Berthelot’s father, he said, was a celebrated chemist, and it was realized that the son followed his parent’s footsteps by trying to “faire la chimique des idées.”

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

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

by Jack Collings Squire.

BANGKOK is the city of a dream. She dreams her timeless dream at the gate of the desert. The centuries have rolled over her, the legions of conqueror after conqueror have trampled her under foot, but the old city remains as she was, clad in the shadowy and Ireneesque hues of the twilight and the dawn, wearing her old inscrutable smile. Her history is a revelation of which we have only seen a living, hurled to the ground, her streets have run with blood, fire has blackened and scarred her; but always she has risen again from her ashes, unchanged, yet the same. Her body has been ravished and defiled, but her soul, after two thousand years, is still virginal and unspotted. Veiled in the impenetrable yet impalpable wrappings of her sphinx-like mystery, lonely, mournful, all-wise, all-sorrowful, she rises a spiritual thing between the illimitable sands and that sacred, softly flowing river whose source only the sage knows, a city apart, a being not of time but of eternity.

One reaches Bangkok by Penocolling line from Marseilles. The overland route is difficult, dangerous, infested with brigands, and expensive, and takes forty-two days longer to traverse than that by sea. For practical purposes, therefore, it is out of the question. The boats, though small, are comfortable and fast. Twenty-three days after eating your breakfast in Paris you enter the estuary of the Hu-Hum, and six hours more, steaming with the tide, finds the vessel slowly heaving to at the great stone quay under the shadow of the principal mosque. The scene as one disembarks is one of incredible confusion. Bells clang, cannon boom, a hoard of dusty porters rush about with one’s luggage, shouting in a babel of discordant tongues, excited vendors of shawls, sweetmeats, metalwork, and the thousand and one other trifles that appeal to the heart of the traveller scurry hither and thither, gesticulating wildly and chattering like an army of monkeys. Here and there is a woman veiled from head to foot, walking at one with great black eyes through the holes in the turbanossh that the Sufi religion ordains for every woman when she is outside the kraal of her lord and master; and at the back of the crowd stand, pensive and gloomy, a group of beetle-browed priests with flowing beards and quaint triangular tarboosh that the Sufi religion ordains for every woman... The Sort of Prose-Articles Modern Prose-Writers Write.
vocabulary which he had acquired was mostly of a
denunciatory and imprecatory character it was not of
very much value, the tea and cigarettes having been a
monument of a visit to the British Consul. He, poor man,
was delighted to see us, as no British tourists had visited
the city—"infernal hole," he called it—since the
beginning of the last rainy season. After giving me a
glass of really excellent whisky, he proceeded with the
utmost despatch to send for an interpreter. In five
minutes the man arrived. Like the rest of his nation-
ality, he turned out to be a most arrant swindler. We
knew, though the knowledge was of little avail to us,
as we were helped in his hands, the interpreter
misunderstood.

Abdul arrived upon the scene, and, by explaining
briefly that we were English, speedily cleared up the
misunderstanding. Things had already taken an
ugly street row. It may be doubted whether one modern Bangkokian
had not understood in the character and religion
of a visit to the British Consul. He, poor man, was
awakened, and the leader of the mob was ominously
sharpening his wicked-looking curved yashmak when
Abdul arrived upon the scene, and, by explaining
briefly that we were English, speedily cleared up the
misunderstanding.

Wonderful though this dream city of the East is at
times, it is perhaps at the annual festival that it is
most alluring, most challenging, most marvellous of all.
The festival is held in honour of the goddess Quog (properly speaking, the goddess of toads, though
unattractive animals), and for a whole week the popu-
lation is wearing green. Flags stream merrily from every flagpole; triumphal arches
rise from streets and river. The songs subside, the
hospitable trams are gaily draped with silk hangings—green,
yellow, red, blue, orange, indigo, and violet. Flags
stream merrily from every flagpole, triumphal arches
guard the entrance to every street, even in the humblest
quarters; dancing, singing, and praying go on inces-
santly from morning till sundown, and the purveyors
of fruit and cooling drinks drive a roaring trade.

As evening falls and into the air sings own the noise
of the songs subsides, the noise of the dancing feet is gradually stilled, the Present fades away, the Past comes out, spreading
wings and broods over the great city. Night and the
wind, a spirit,1 a reminder of things too deep for tears,
the heat and excitement of the joyous day have, dying, left behind them a subtle essence that gives the key to much that
one had not understood in the character and religion
of this strange people. The flames on the roofs of the
goddess' temple sink and die away; the smoke floats
off and is dispersed; nothing breaks the stillness save
the wail of some river bird and the weak cry of a
new-born babe. Here, under the alien sky, the great processes of life are going on and will
not be denied.

That was ten years ago. Probably if I went back
to Bangkok to-day I should find the railway there
and taxi-cabs awaiting arrivals at the station, and lifts in all the hotels and cookshops and bars of its
great square. The commodious flat will invade the place—may have invaded it already; iron and electricity and steam and "education" will
be everywhere, and the whole burden of the rising prices will be shifted to the consumer.

I should find the railway there and taxi-cabs awaiting arrivals at the station, and lifts in all the hotels and cookshops and bars of its
great square. The commodious flat will invade the place—may have invaded it already; iron and electricity and steam and "education" will
be everywhere, and the whole burden of the rising prices will be shifted to the consumer. The wages of industry, which held sway during the period of rising
wages, just at it now does during a period of falling
real wages.

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

A very little consideration will show that, even looking at
the question entirely from an a priori standpoint, it is only in exceptional circumstances that the whole of the burden of higher wages can be made to rest on the shoulders of the consumers. As for your example of the shipping
industry, it has, of course, no more scientific value than
the pen of a writer who is constantly urging the importance
of correct economic thinking. You say: "Though in the
absence of any collective attempt to raise wages, workmen
ought not to be blamed, but rather encouraged, in attempt-
ing to raise wages for themselves, the fact remains that they
cannot do it, except nominally." If this is to be taken as a general statement, it virtually ignores everything that has been written on the wages
question during the last generation by economists of the
standing of Marshall, Edgeworth, and the Webbs. In sup-
port of it you put forward two arguments. In the first place,
you point to the present tendency of real wages to fall. It would be equally pertinent, of course, to point to the
enormous rise in real wages in the latter half of the nine-
teenth century as an example of the efficacy of trade union
attempts to raise wages. The fact is, that the efforts
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In the second place, you assert that trade union attempts
to raise real wages must fail, because the employers are able to shift the extra cost on to the workers as consumers. I might quote against you the authors
of "Industrial Democracy," to the effect that "Actual variations in price have in most industries little connexion with variations in wages." I might also refer again to the economic history
of the latter half of the nineteenth century, in which you have the spectacle of an unparalleled fall in prices, wages proceeding
alongside an unparalleled rise in prices. But both these considerations are, I think, inferior in importance to a third: namely, that your argument assumes, not merely
that employers are able to shift to the consumer a part of the cost of higher wages (which in many cases is no doubt true, temporarily), but that the whole of the burden may be
so transferred.
Federation is able to make good its entire extra expenditure at the expense of the consumer.

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

The whole question raised by your statement about the inefficacy of trade union action is of very great importance, because its consideration is alone able to furnish an answer to the question: can the trade union movement be settled, not by any mere a priori reasoning about "profiteering" or by a scientific investigation of those "facts" by referring, of course, to the Webbs' pronouncements on safe grounds when you say this measure is anti-Socialistic, it simply bolsters up the present state of affairs instead of trying to remove the cause of poverty.

It is easy to see that the complete communisation of production, before very long, must lead to the communisation of the product, just as the imperfect communisation of some industries under capitalism has led to such forms of Socialist legislation, must in the natural course of things, unless violently checked from without, within a shorter rather than a longer interval, issue in the completion of the process.

Failing to see. Food cannot be bought at any price without a struggle. Food cannot be purchased at any price. Food cannot be bought at any price. Food cannot be purchased at any price. Food cannot be purchased at any price. Food cannot be purchased at any price.

THE DECLARATION OF LONDON.

Sir,—From a practical manufacturer's point of view may I point out even when you say the cost of Insurance will come to any extent directly out of wages? So far as our own business is concerned, we employ over a thousand hands; they are paid by piece work; we reckon upon Insurance will cost us £1,000 a year, which is equivalent to a halfpenny a dozen on our production; there are some dozen processes in our manufacture, performed by a dozen different hands; it would be impracticable to reduce the prices we have been paying by the twenty-fourth of a penny for each process, the smallest fraction we use in wages is a threepenny movement, and that this proportion would probably increase in time of war because the British coasting trade in foreign waters would be unsafe, and there would be need of neutral ships to carry it on.

I have to say too much of your space to discuss Mr. Verdad's statement as to the position when this country is at war because the British coasting trade in foreign waters would be unsafe, and there would be need of neutral ships to carry it on.

But there are places in human experience which as far back as we can tell have never been unknown, and which beings with their faces towards the sun have ever striven to forget. Not for nothing did our ancestors abhor pans and satyrs, gorgons and ghouls, and perhaps this abhorrence represents the greatest step in our moral evolution, for before it was the devil-worshippers. These places, these pits of darkness contain nothing which has not already been thought they were, and his sad fate, poor fellow, proved a devilish insight into the mental operations of the satyr and the ghoul.

Mr. Verdad's statement must mean, if it means anything, "I forbid the working of overtime with our own labourers, and, further, if overtime is worked by our own labourers, I shall not recognise it as a charge for them to bear), and on the other hand, that if the measure is anti-Socialistic, it simply bolsters up the present state of affairs instead of trying to remove the cause of poverty. I have taken up too much of your space to discuss Mr. Verdad's statement as to the position when this country is at war because the British coasting trade in foreign waters would be unsafe, and there would be need of neutral ships to carry it on.

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All sides of life are not for us. There was one who thought they were, and his sad fate, poor fellow, proved his error. But leaving Plato's regions behind him, there is not an
The criticism of the play "Nan" by Alfred Waring.

Sir,—I refrained, though much irritated, from comment upon the latest review in The New Age on Masefield’s "Nan." The attack contained therein was too full of "blecters" for a plain, blunt person to comprehend, or to answer with any care to be worth, but I have agreed with the reviewer, in answer to Mr. Duke’s moderate reply, raises a point on which I may say something. "The possibility of suicide which so often comes out the play," Masefield’s "Nan" was produced here about fifteen months ago; it succeeded, and has been revived three times. Twenty-one performance notices are in the papers and people hid their vision money to see the piece. Now, I am closely in touch with my audiences. I am acquainted with some hundreds, and from them continually receive criticisms—frank and outspoken. This theatre is managed by a board of twelve directors—one resident in this district; each representing a section of the public attending the theatre, and not so much as a hint has come to any of us that the play contains the matter your reviewer detects. I read his article laboriously, and arrived at only the vaguest understanding of what the writer was aiming at. There seems to be an idea in it, but, in choosing Nan," is sincere, human, and beautiful. What does your Christ," can logically throw no stones at realist authors.

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Sir,—It is unfortunate that your reviewer should elect to remain anonymous; in the first place because of the extreme absurdity of his statements, which he attributes, however, in the second because editorial responsibility for that attack must fall upon The New Age. A journal which printed, in the same issue, "Nan," Mr. W. George’s story, "The Pride of his Profession," and, a week later, Mr. Lyne Dorr’s equally abominable "Imitation of Christ," to stones as the first authors. Phrases like "homicidal mania" are a dangerous weapon for editorial hands, and you have placed yourself quite gratuitously in an indefensible position.

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

Since the author, Mr. Masefield, is the interpreter of quite a pleiad of English novelists, such as Messrs. Arnold Bennett, Conrad, Galsworthy, and Forsyth, I do not mean, however, to evade any of your reviewer’s comments. The main question, as to whether "Nan" is or is not a beautiful play, remains incapable of argument. The play has stirred audiences which are not, as far as I know, inherently base, and it will continue so to do. It has given pleasure to individuals (including myself) whose judgement is pronounced critical. Mr. Masefield cannot be called, in the common sense, a realist writer. "Nan" is certainly not "true and right." It comprehends not only fact, but vision. It records the closing passages in the life of a girl of a particular spirit and imagination, surrounded by a mean, brutal and low-lived peasantry. The choice between "true and right" and "ideally true" recedes into its proper place as an armchair theory, in face of such a work. The play is tragic. That is all, and that is enough.

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The whole critical attitude, may I add, is the more extraordinary in view of the same writer’s clear-sighted article on "The Crisis in Literature." For Mr. Masefield is, by evident conviction, on the side of the angels. As to the technical faults and forced situations complained of, I can only repeat that a stage device is worth just its weight in illusion; and the completeness of the illusion, in "Nan," no one who has seen the play upon the stage can conceivably deny. We can surely dispense with this claptrap about the absence of "private opportunities" in a "real cottage," and with the question whether one would "creep up to the window" in "real life" to observe a scene of seduction. The question is naïve, it is true, but from your reviewer it is unpardonable. We are discussing a work of art.

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Christian Science.

Sir,—In his reply to you, in your issue of July 20, Mr. Thorn takes the position that the Father made the child of woman flesh. It is a mistake for him to hold to the view that he has to withdraw the false statement that he went on a certain occasion to Mr. Wells. As for the singular something that occurred, the statement was not the truth, and he is doing no good by trying to screen himself behind the back of another man, because he alone is responsible for its appearance in The New Age. Mr. Thorn can charge to himself all the errors in what he has written. I think the reader has witnessed enough of his futile attempts to escape I shall ask Mr. Wells to speak. The remaining points of Mr. Kennedy’s letter I hope to deal with later.

[Well, well, well. If it was really not Mr. Wells, who could it have been? Mr. Radford talks as familiarly of giants as of puppies. How are “giants” are there in these days,—known, that is, to Mr. Radford?—J. M. K.]

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* * *

A genealogical question.

Sir,—Everyone who takes an interest in the true history of ideas must thank Mr. Montague Bain for his timely exposure of one of the most remarkable cases of plagiarism. It is clear that such a close student of Mr. Bax as works was available for the task. May I point out to him, however, that a much wider conspiracy still remains unexposed. A “Trust in ideas” of a similar kind to the one he makes of speaking in the same field, with the same object—that of smearing a “foreigner” at the expense of a mere Englishman. A set of corrupt vested interests, firmly established in all the Universities of Europe from Oxford to Salamanca, is endeavours to create the impression that it was Aristotle who invented the word “logic” for the use of a mere Englishman. A set of corrupt vested interests, firmly established in all the Universities of Europe from Oxford to Salamanca, is endeavours to create the impression that it was Aristotle who invented the word “logic” for the use of a mere Englishman. A set of corrupt vested interests, firmly established in all the Universities of Europe from Oxford to Salamanca, is endeavours to create the impression that it was Aristotle who invented the word “logic” for the use of a mere Englishman. A set of corrupt vested interests, firmly established in all the Universities of Europe from Oxford to Salamanca, is endeavours to create the impression that it was Aristotle who invented the word “logic” for the use of a mere Englishman. A set of corrupt vested interests, firmly established in all the Universities of Europe from Oxford to Salamanca, is endeavours to create the impression that it was Aristotle who invented the word “logic” for the use of a mere Englishman. A set of corrupt vested interests, firmly established in all the Universities of Europe from Oxford to Salamanca, is endeavours to create the impression that it was Aristotle who invented the word “logic” for the use of a mere Englishman.
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