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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Large as is the superficial area occupied in the newspapers by the Veto Bill discussions, there is no sign that the country at large is interested in them. We have made the complaint throughout the whole of this controversy that Liberals in particular have made no effort to carry their constituencies with them. And now that perhaps the pinch of need is to be felt for their support, all popular support will be lacking. Where are the local demonstrations that should be being held, the marchings of thousands of electors upon London, the monster petitions and addresses, the breathings of fire and slaughter? Never was a "great revolution" so apathetically witnessed by a people not usually slow to appreciate such things. For this, as we say, the Liberals are chiefly to blame. It was they who have insisted on treating the whole affair as a party and not as a national movement. Instead of representing the conflict as one between the Commons and the Lords, they have narrowed it to a squabble between the Liberals and the Tories; with the effect that at this moment they find behind them merely their mechanical hacks, and in front of them a Tory party thirsting for a triumph. But if the plane of the discussion was thus determined by Liberals to be low, it must be granted that the subject lent itself to this declension. The Veto Bill, while purporting to clip the wings of the Lords, was really designed to strengthen that body. In this sense, the Bill was a deception, and, as such, amenable only to a mock defence.

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On the other hand, it cannot be denied that if it comes to a fight the country will be definitely on the side of the Government of the day. Of that not only Mr. Asquith may be convinced, but the Unionist commoners and peers as well. The Veto Bill may not hitherto have aroused much interest, but a serious prospect of its complete defeat would be met by a demand for its passage which the Lords would resist at their peril. Such a blow to the Government would, in fact, be regarded by the electors as directed at them; and there is no doubt that, exactly as the parties close up at the prospect of a foreign war, so electors of both parties will close up at the prospect of a victory by the Lords. We are neither prophets nor the sons of prophets, but it is a well-known English habit to back the responsible executive in a time of crisis, be that executive right or wrong. No alien body or alien power will be allowed to thwart its purpose in the end, even if that purpose be the contrary of the intention of the majority of the nation. For in its pride, however mistaken, in the House of Commons the nation has given it the liberty to be even in the wrong. Right or wrong, therefore, Mr. Asquith can rely upon the support of the country, if only he has the faith to call for it.

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So far, however, we do not detect any more principle in resisting the Bill than in pushing it forward. If it has been designed as a party measure, there is no doubt that it is being attacked on the same grounds. Nobody would accuse the ringleaders of the "Forwards" of being anything but party men. Considerations of national welfare, theories of government, the principles of statesmanship are all to be sacrificed by them unless they happen to coincide with party advantage. There is literally nothing that these gentlemen are not prepared to attack or defend as the party advantage of the moment appears to dictate. A few months ago it was their cry that the name of the King should not be dragged into the parliamentary discussion. The King was this, that, or the other; but one thing he was not—he was not to be held responsible for any act which Mr. Asquith might commit in his name. Now, however, that every other ditch has been taken, they are prepared, in the last ditch of all, to hold an inquiry and, indeed, to force an inquiry, into the exact details of the King's conversation with the Cabinet. As our readers were told last week by Mr. Kosmo Wilkinson, the King has been acting on advice left him in a memorandum by King Edward. It may be that this information will be forced out of Mr. Asquith by the Tory leaders on the Vote of Censure. This, again, will lead to further discussion of the authenticity of the memorandum; and this, still further, to the discretion exercised by King George. In short, the Crown, which on the whole the Cabinet has succeeded in keeping detached from the discussion, is now to be brought in and trampled in the mire of party.

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In one respect only can Mr. Asquith be accused of weakness in his conduct of the whole campaign. He has given too many opportunities to the enemy for rallying their forces. If it was necessary that the Veto Bill should be passed, it was necessary that it should be passed quickly. The delays to which it has

been subjected have not only encouraged the Unionists to believe that in time they could defeat it, but they have sickened its friends. Who could retain enthusiasm for a Bill that was always going to be passed to-morrow but never to-day? It is probable that Mr. Asquith has been moved by simple consideration for the courtesies of debate. But after due homage had been paid to them, as it has long since been, the order to march should have been instantly given. We cannot understand, for instance, why a sample batch of Peers should not have been created on the day following the Fifth Form scene in Parliament last Monday. It was obvious that the bullies of the school were in possession; and only a good hard knock was necessary to bring them to their senses. The ennoblement of a dozen Labour members on Tuesday would have been an effective counterstroke. As it is, the fifth act of the little drama is being spun out to a fatiguing length. It is time the cackle was cut.

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Not only time, but every day's delay imperils not the Veto Bill alone, but a still more valuable asset of the Cabinet, its existence. We need not hesitate to affirm our opinion that the more the Insurance Bill is discussed the more absolutely ruinous it appears to be. Everybody is now saying the same thing of it. But so long as the absurd doctrine of corporate Cabinet responsibility for the acts of each of the Ministers is maintained, so long will the unpopularity of one Minister and his measure threaten the whole Cabinet with extinction. We did hope that the Cabinet would have had the moral courage to throw Mr. Lloyd George's Bill overboard the moment it discovered that the Bill was badly conceived, shockingly drafted, and was demonstrated to be both unpopular and impracticable. Yet if their life depended upon sticking to the Bill the tenacity with which the Government has stuck to the Insurance Bill could not have been greater. Nevertheless, it is certain that the Bill will prove their ruin. Already we may guess that the Unionists have drawn their reviving courage from the speculation that the Bill will prove unpopular. If they can only postpone the fatal decision of the Lords until a few more details of the Insurance Bill have soaked into the public mind, they will be safe. And what details there are still to be disclosed and realised! "Actuary" in the "Times" of Wednesday began a series of articles on the subject which, we venture to say, will prove more damaging to the Bill than anything save Mr. Lloyd George's own speeches and bargains. With the latter, in condemnation of the Bill, nothing can compete.

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On Wednesday there was seen in Parliament as cynical a piece of bartering as America has ever witnessed during her tariff discussions. It is impossible after this to pretend that the House of Commons is not a corrupt assembly. Corruption, indeed, was rampant during the so-called debate, not one speaker to our observation having once spoken except on behalf of an "interest." Mr. Lloyd George did not demur to this, but, on the contrary, took it as the course to be expected; and when the interest was strong enough he gave way. On this particular afternoon the interest in possession of the House was the medical profession, and we are free to confess that a more repellant exhibition of greed and grasp we never remember to have seen. The problem under the hammer (for it would be an offence to language to speak of a discussion) was whether insured persons whose income was over £2 a week or £104 a year should be entitled to the medical benefit provided by the Bill, that is to the services during sickness of one of the contract panel of doctors. Mr. Lloyd George was disposed to fix the maximum income at which workmen might receive these services at £160; but thereupon doctor after doctor assured him that in certain rural districts as much as 95 per cent. of medical earnings were derived from people whose incomes lay between £2 and £3 per week. These wretched workmen, it seems, are the very cow-aphides which rural doctors keep for their own milking; and Mr. Lloyd George's proposal, therefore, to include them under the Bill and thereby to exclude them from victimisation by rural doctors amounted to ruination of their practice. To the disgust of every honest man, Mr. Lloyd George gave way, at least to the extent of leaving the choice of the maximum income to be determined by the Local Health Committees which, of course, the doctors will do their best to pack.

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Now we are not maintaining that the doctors in this matter have shown themselves to be worse than any other of the "interests" concerned in the Bill. The point we wish to make is that they have shown themselves to be no better. The Bill from end to end is one gigantic bribe offered to various interests, and it was only to be expected that the most cunning and the best organised would endeavour to raise the price of their purchase. On the other hand, it is usually supposed that the medical profession is the least anti-social of all. Its best members have, in fact, often set an example of social service that no other profession, even the clerical, could surpass. But on this occasion it must be confessed that they have fallen even below the low level on which the Welsh auctioneer has set up his stand for the sale of national interests; all they have haggled about is the price at which they would bid. In thus handing over the superior working-classes to the private plucking of the medical profession, however, Mr. Lloyd George has fallen foul of the Friendly Societies. For it is well known that the Friendly Societies had a special interest in maintaining some control over their medical officers. This, save for those members whose income is below £104, is gone, and the Friendly Societies are left to meditate on the ingratitude of a Minister who began by flattering them, and has ended by kicking them downstairs. What, in fact, we have often asked, does Mr. Lloyd George care about Friendly Societies, or Trade Unions, or any other voluntary working-men's society? For all he cares, they may fall to pieces or be kicked to death by the professional interests created or strengthened by his Bill. There is no doubt whatever that when the Bill is in practice it will be found that the persons or bodies who profit by the measure are without exception the small professional classes (such, in short, as Mr. Lloyd George represents in his own person), while the persons and bodies who will prove to suffer from it are the poor and the societies of the poor.

But Mr. Lloyd George was not content with conciliating the medical profession at the expense of the Friendly Societies, he must needs have an avuncular eye on the voluntary hospitals and on chemists. While he was in this dispensing mood, we wonder that all the other little interests did not join in the scramble. Such an opportunity may not be repeated for the patent-medicine vendors, the artificial limb manufacturers, the clinical-instrument makers, etc., etc., to come in and share the plunder. After all, the sum of between 15 and 20 millions annually is not only to be provided but spent. As the working man will get little of it, the rest is there to be shared among the petits bourgeois. Mr. Lloyd George made his peace with the hospitals by promising that the sick payment should go to them if the doctors were compelled to refuse it; and with the chemists by presenting them with a panel parallel with that of the doctors. In short, everybody for the moment is satisfied, and there is peace in purgatory. But will it last? We hope to heaven that it does not. If the daughters of the horseleech do not renew their cries of Give, Give, we are still sanguine that when it comes to the discussion of the interests of Trade Unions and the unemployed, the Labour party will make a stand for national righteousness. It is true that the veracious "Daily Express" announced on Tuesday that the leader of the Labour party, that great statesman Mr. Macdonald, who in politics knows not his right hand from his left, would shortly receive a Government position; but this defection from the party should serve only to close up its ranks. Not all the rest of its members, we trust, have a Government job in their eye; and those who have not ought certainly to make common cause with their class to defeat a Bill the like of which has never been seen before.

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

To the south of the French Congo and to the north of German South-West Africa lies the rich Portuguese colony of Angola, with a coastline nearly a thousand miles long, at least one excellent harbour, and fine iron, copper, and salt mines. One angle of this colony borders on British South Africa; and it is not generally known that a secret Agreement in regard to it was signed between the representatives of Great Britain and Germany in September, 1898. By this agreement Germany secured a right of pre-emption over Angola, just as Great Britain has secured the right of pre-emption over Portuguese East Africa. At the very beginning of the Moroccan difficulty I set enquiries on foot to ascertain whether this right of pre-emption had anything to do with the sending of the Panther, followed by the Berlin, to Agadir, and I am gratified to know that I was on the right track.

While it is the aim of Paris and London to drive Germany into Central Africa—the opinion being that this will keep her quiet in Europe without giving her a new naval base anywhere—it is the aim of Herr von Kiderlin-Wächter to make arrangements for bringing the German right of pre-emption on Angola into immediate effect, if at all possible. If the instability of the new Portuguese régime is not a sufficient excuse, some other excuse will, if thought desirable, be found. It will be sufficient to say that Germany has had Angola in her eye for a long time, and that an opportunity has now presented itself when she may seize it.

Readers of the ordinary daily newspapers, then, need not be surprised if their favourite sheets can give them little definite information about the "conversations" between M. Jules Cambon and Herr von Kiderlin-Wächter. Certainly at the time I now write (August 3) there is nothing definite to say. But I think it advisable to make known this latest German scheme and to remind certain people about the "secret" Agreement of 1898. This Agreement, apart, of course, from the Foreign Office, is known to at least four London editors, but the papers with which they are connected, Conservative and Liberal, have not yet broached the subject to their readers.

I need hardly say that the granting of such a right of pre-emption was dangerous, and at the time no one had in mind the rapid rise and growth of the German Navy. It was thought that Great Britain would be adequately compensated by a similar right over Portuguese East Africa. (What the Portuguese think about this bartering of their colonies does not, of course, enter into the question.) But it is now seen that a German occupation of Angola would make a considerable difference in the strategic position of affairs; for, although German South-West Africa lies on the coast, Germany had no harbour there, Walfish Bay, the only harbour in the district, being a British possession. In Angola, however, Sao Paulo de Loanda forms an excellent port, and would, I think, be found of great value as a naval base. Ambriz and Benguella are also good ports.

I cannot say just now whether this plan is likely to be carried through on the present occasion; for the truth is that both the Quai d'Orsay and Downing Street are in a dilemma. Germany is out for "compensation." It is true that she is not entitled to any—rather the contrary—but she means to have it all the same. This, to the spectator, makes the position seem rather amusing; for she is likely to get it in some part of the world.

Shortly after the Portuguese Republic had been proclaimed, it may be recalled, some German subjects in Lisbon complained of damage to their property. In an instant Berlin was standing on its hind legs, to use a delicious Americanism, and pawing the air in fury. The least to be expected was the instant despatch of the whole German Navy to Lisbon and the blowing of Portugal out of the water. Some such drastic measure was, of course, suggested in the Pan-German Press; and it was this little incident that set the minds of those in authority thinking of Angola and what might be done there. I can now imagine some dozens of English critics of foreign affairs getting out their atlases to find Angola.

Several weeks ago I had occasion to refer to Tripoli, mentioning that in any near or remote partitioning of Northern African territory Tripoli was meant for Italian consumption. Nominally, Tripoli belongs to the Turks; but the Arabs in Tripoli have about as much affinity with the Turks, and about as much sympathy with the new régime, as have the Arabs in the Yemen, which it must be confessed is not a great deal. For many months past there has been considerable friction between the authorities at Constantinople and the authorities at Rome over the status and privileges of Italian subjects in Tripoli. Latterly this friction has become accentuated for no particular reason; and many Italian papers, a few of which are generally recognised to be semi-official, are girding at the Cabinet for not showing itself sufficiently active in defending Italian "interests."

The whole thing has a familiar sound, somehow. It is asserted that the Turks are unable to control their officials in Tripoli, and that foreigners are suffering in consequence from excessive taxation, not to speak of physical injuries inflicted by an undisciplined police and batches of the 10,000 troops who are scattered throughout Tripoli to maintain the prestige of the Great Ottoman Empire. At Constantinople one is inclined to blame the fractious Christians who are never happy but when they are causing a disturbance and giving unnecessary trouble. But the real anxiety of the Italians is seen in a recent article which appeared in the "Mattino," and which is, from one point of view, quite accurate.

This point of view I have in mind is the naval strength of Turkey. At present, of course, Italy has a good fleet; but lack of funds results in slowness of construction. On the other hand, it was recently reported that the Turks had placed an order (I think it was with Armstrongs) for no fewer than four Dreadnoughts, which were to be delivered, so the published report said, within the next four years. If this undertaking were carried out, and the Turks found themselves with four modern battleships, Italy would not be able to take over Tripoli without a considerable loss in men and money.

It would, of course, be impossible for any European war to start and to be confined within its original limits. It would be sure to spread. Hence the reason why Italy wants to take over formal possession of Tripoli before Turkey is in a position to fight, otherwise awkward questions of Austrian intervention and the Triple Alliance might be raised. It would be expecting too much of human nature if we reckoned upon Austria's remaining passive while Italy proceeded to wage a war for the possession of a rich Turkish colony. But if Tripoli could be commandeered now, when Turkey is hardly in a position to offer effective resistance, a great many unpleasant "incidents" could be obviated.

It need only be added that Italy really has large interests in Tripoli; and that she has been pouring her money (or as much of it as she could spare) and her brains into this colony with the ultimate object of wresting it from Turkey. France and Turkey came to an agreement about the western border-line so far back as 1892; but the Franco-Italian Arbitration Treaty of 1903 left Italy a very free hand indeed where Tripoli was concerned. The Italian Press, I should add, is doing no very good service to the cause of peace and the brotherhood of the human race by referring to the Turks as "savages" and to the Ottoman Empire as a barbarian institution, the authorities of which are not even able to cope with a paltry rebellion on the part of a few thousand Albanians. But then the universal peace idea never did meet with much sympathy in Italy; and, again, the Italians are hoping to take over Albania some day also, and to administer it in accordance with more enlightened views. So the European situation at the present moment is an excellent subject for the contemplation of the cynical observer; but for Mr. Andrew Carnegie it must be the very deuce.

THE IDEAL CITIZEN. By G. K. Chesterton.

Tory Democracy.

By J. M. Kennedy.

IX.—PHILOSOPHY AND POLITICS.

HISTORIANS, and other writers who have dealt directly or indirectly with political science, have given us varied opinions as to the exact date separating mediæval times from the beginning of our modern era. Even Bluntschli hesitates to lend his authority to any definite view. Some writers hold fast by the Renaissance, others by the Reformation, a few by the "glorious Revolution," and a large number by the French Revolution. But both the deposition of James II. and the fall of the Bourbons were due to theories which had been put in circulation long previously; theories, indeed, of which we are only now beginning to witness the ultimate effects. And the cause of these effects was the Reformation.

The distinction between the two main branches of the Christian Church is much more than a dogmatical quibble over the ingredients essential to the Communion: there is a profoundly moral distinction which has influenced the political life of Europe, and incidentally of the whole world, for centuries. In matters of faith and morals, Roman Catholics are bound by the authority of their spiritual leaders. In matters of faith and morals, every Protestant has the right to read the Scriptures and thus to decide for himself. A statesman must indeed be devoid of all psychological insight if he cannot see that this fundamental distinction in the moral code is bound to have its political effect. The Roman Catholic theory tends to compactness and order in the nation. The Protestant theory tends to unrestrained individualism. As Ostrogorski and Bluntschli have clearly perceived, the political struggles of the last two centuries have, at bottom, been waged between those who believed in individualism and those who believed in a social as well as in a theological hierarchy.

In feudal times, of course, and even for some generations after the Reformation, the social hierarchy was a prominent feature of European nations. Even to-day the English aristocracy, in spite of its intellectual degeneracy and its frequent lapses from good taste and good manners, wields an influence which is unique in Europe. This is due not merely to the conservative and unchanging tendencies of the English people as a whole, but also to the rather unusual theological conditions out of which the modern Church of England arose. When Henry VIII. shook off the papal dominion, the Church in England remained Catholic: the only change was that of its spiritual head. And it will not, I think, be denied that the modern English High Church closely approximates to the Roman Catholic in its ritual as well as in its moral point of view. A feature closely resembling the confessional, and the influence exercised by High Church clergymen, particularly over women, are two factors which completely sever the High Church from the Low. The one is Roman Catholic in spirit, the other is Lutheran.

The German Reformation, then, had the effect in England of leaving about half the country exactly as it was, and turning the other half into Lutherans of innumerable varieties and sects—Calvinists, Presbyterians, Anabaptists, Supralapsarians, and so on, giving place in our own days to sects like the Methodists and the Plymouth Brethren. The enormous number of Protestant sects need cause no astonishment. When everyone has a right to self-expression, there will inevitably be almost as many doctrines and beliefs as there are individual men. What is of especial concern to us at the present moment is that this principle of theological individualism spread into philosophy and politics, as was only to be expected, and gave rise to an entirely new school of thought, a school that set itself to disseminate principles which necessarily lead to Liberalism, Radicalism, and a crude form of what may be best described as communistic Socialism. The chief names associated with this school in England are Hobbes, Locke, Tom Paine, Bentham, the so-called "Philosophical Radicals" (a contradiction in terms, almost), and John Stuart Mill, while abroad the vices and virtues of the new school were summed up in Rousseau. The only noteworthy statesmen who ever opposed it were Burke and Disraeli. Burke, indeed, as I have endeavoured to show in a preceding article, undermined the foundations of political individualism in a single speech.

It is important to note a rough contrast, which holds good so often that it may almost be laid down as a general rule. The individualistic school has almost invariably been associated with traders, manufacturers, financiers, and business men generally; and individualistic principles have invariably been supported by the political parties which made a point of looking after industrial interests: the Whigs and the modern Liberals. The theological individualists (i.e., all the Nonconformists and Low Church members) are to-day associated entirely with the Liberal party, which, of course, devotes the greatest possible attention to manufacturing interests, and invariably penalises the workmen in favour of the capitalists. The interests of the Tories and Conservatives, on the other hand, have always lain in the land; and it is the territorial influence of the landowners and the county families which has been effective in preserving for so long the feudal spirit in England—that is to say, the hierarchical and anti-individualistic spirit which one is usually safe in associating with the spirit formed and developed by the Church of Rome.

In the course of the seventeenth century, however, those philosophers who had been influenced by the doctrines of the Reformers set themselves to the task of nullifying the spiritual influence of the Roman Church, and incidentally of destroying, or attempting to destroy, the remnants of the feudal spirit. We may instance Locke, passing over his famous "Letters on Toleration" to come to his "Treatises on Civil Government," published in 1689. Chapter 2 of Book II. contains the fundamental principle of political individualism:

> To understand political power aright, and derive it from its original, we must consider what estate all men are naturally in: and that is, in a state of perfect freedom to order their actions, and dispose of their possessions and persons as they think fit, within the bounds of the law of Nature, without asking leave or depending upon the will of any other man.
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> A state also of equality, wherein all the power and jurisdiction is reciprocal, no one having more than another, there being nothing more evident than that creatures of the same species and rank, promiscuously born to all the same advantages of Nature, and the use of the same faculties, should also be equal one amongst the other, without subordination or subjection, unless the lord and master of them all should, by any manifest declaration of his will, set one above another, and confer on him, by an evident and clear appointment, an undoubted right to dominion and sovereignty.

Locke repeats and emphasises this right of all men to absolute freedom, e.g., in Book II., chap. 4, of the same treatise:

> The natural liberty of man is to be free from any superior power on earth, and not to be under the will or legislative authority of man, but to have only the law of Nature for his rule. The liberty of man in Society is to be under no other legislative power but that established by consent in the commonwealth, nor under the dominion of any will, or restraint of any law, but what that legislative power shall enact according to the trust put in it.

When Locke's views on property ("Civil Government," Book II., chap. 5) are taken in conjunction with the statements quoted above, it will be admitted that he left little for Rousseau to add. Indeed, it would be slight exaggeration to say that the works of men like Paine, Rousseau, Bentham, and Mill were simply commentaries on Locke, showing the conclusions to which his views ultimately lead.

After Locke's death we have to look to France rather than to England for the effects of his doctrines. Rousseau's "Contrat Social" was their natural outcome, as was likewise the French Revolution; but Ostrogorski has been careful to point out that the reaction in England against French ideas of liberty after the Revolution was more apparent than real. These ideas, as he says, "found a resting-place in the very heart of England; they penetrated thither under cover of the utili-

tarian philosophy, so well suited to the positive English mind as regards its principle, but so highly revolutionary in its application." Every man, of course, might be his own priest; but not every man could be his own poet; and there was no substitute in Lutheranism for the grandeur of the Roman Catholic ritual. If a priest was to be regarded as little better than a layman, it inevitably followed that the attention of the layman would be gradually taken away from the more poetic and uplifting side of his religion and fastened instead on material things; and this, indeed, was exactly what happened. The eighteenth century in England witnessed a striking increase in trade, and corresponding increases in the membership of those religious bodies and political parties which were concerned with the "interests" of the manufacturer. The Methodists and the Whigs, for example, both flourished, and the triumph of the individualists came with the passing of the Reform Bill in 1832.

Pages from a Book of Swells.

By T. H. S. Escott.

VIII.—Some Imperial Swells.

My title for its right understanding requires a few prefatory words of historical or personal research. Many, perhaps most, epithets or phrases, before, as the vulgar have it, "catching on," have possessed in their origin intellectual associations, not the less remarkable because they happen to be forgotten. Before, in other words, passing into popular currency, the adjectives or the entire sentences, at one time or another in the universal mouth, have often been minted by a really master mind. This being the case, they bear, so long as they are in circulation, a personal stamp, investing them with something like the importance of a popular or a national landmark. In that particular sense which will be attached to it during the present remarks, "imperial" forms the verbal monument of the jingoism that began to organise itself as a national force in 1868, but that scarcely became a dominant passion, making the music halls the oracles of militant patriotism, till the 1876 Imperial Titles Bill had been followed a year later by the Durbar at which Victoria's Indian subjects, under the first Earl of Lytton's viceregal stage-managership, did homage to Victoria as their Empress-Queen. These incidents form part of the same stirring drama, not the least startling of whose other acts, harmless and tame as in the retrospect it now looks, then seemed to be the importation of our Indian troops for possible service in Europe. The imperialism, ushered in by events like these, might, as some very worthy persons persuaded themselves and others, yet be followed by more melodramatic developments. The Prime Minister, Benjamin Disraeli, recently transformed into the Earl of Beaconsfield, had already translated into fact some of what were once thought the most impossible visions of "Vivian Grey" or "Coningsby." Already, it was supposed, he was bent upon the aggrandisement of the monarchy by reviving the Lord High Admiral's office in the person of the Queen's second son, Prince Alfred, the late Duke of Edinburgh. Readers of the Disraelian novels now looked them up in the hope they might find in them some light on the future freaks of their author's statesmanship. Accordingly, consulting "Tancred," they came across Fakredene's suggestion that Windsor Castle might become an asylum for European sovereigns out of work, and that its royal owner, stowing away her most precious possessions, accompanied by her court and chief people, might transfer the seat of her empire from London to Delhi.

Some years passed by before any fresh significance, personal or political, was added to the epithet now under consideration. At last Mr. Joseph Chamberlain had shed his Radicalism. Speaking with all the authority of a Colonial Minister, he besought his countrymen to "think imperially." Our dependencies beyond the seas differed notoriously from the trans-oceanic dominions of all ancient and most modern states in that they were founded originally, for the most part, by private enterprise, not for ends of national glorification, or even personal advertisement, but as profitable outlets for English manufacture and trade. By degrees, of course, the association of a few individuals expanded into corporate undertakings. Companies of explorers received charters from the sovereign. Gradually royal patronage became royal management, and the discoveries for which little bands of citizens had risked their lives and fortunes, seldom, as it proved, to lose the former, and, almost invariably in fabulous proportions to augment the latter, were spoken of as bright particular stars in a crown on whose possessions, according to the conventional boast, the sun never sets. Mr. Chamberlain's new counsel fell on appreciative, if to some extent on puzzled, ears. Many among his fellow-townsfolk, several of his national admirers who had Colonial connections, depending perhaps for their daily necessities and comforts on Colonial securities, saw in the expression a blend of Disraelian reminiscence, and an echo of the Court jargon much in vogue with the palace toadies who, at the end of the nineteenth and the beginning of the twentieth century, expended much ingenious effort in familiarising the style "Empress-Queen" and "Emperor-King" respectively.

Even so, the Imperial Swell of both sexes, and on every social level, would never have come into his or her present evidence but for the influence of the modish warriors who already have almost succeeded in making "empire" a synonym for "army," and who at this moment, to an approving accompaniment of feminine voices beneath every roof, not only of Mayfair or Belgravia, but of metropolitan or provincial villadom, are the leading chorus of abuse levelled against the King for demurring to the importunities of "ditchers" or "die-hards," and presuming to continue his confidence in his first Minister, rather than to "damn the consequences" with his backwoodsmen. Whether as regards the movement itself or its conductors, the present manifestation of social alliance between the cause of empire abroad and absolutism at home is largely the result inevitably following from the remarkable omnium gatherum of classes and interests, incidental to the recent growths and the present administration of our Asiatic territories —not the soldiers and statesmen authoritatively concerned with these, or even members of their families. The hangers-on of Government House, whether on the plains or on the hills, include every year an increasing number of lively, clever, presentable young ladies, the wives and daughters of military or civil officials, who, for the first time in their lives, find themselves taken into dinner by the titled members of viceregal suites, and engaged six deep at balls to partners who are heirs to peerages, or to golden youths who are temporarily picking up experience in lieutenant-governors' and high commissioners' secretariats.

Even so recently as a decade or two since, these ladies would have waited some time, perhaps years, before their turn came to revisit England and dazzle the eyes of the old folk at home with the jewels given them by native princes, or bewilder the ears of family and relatives by glib conversation and conventional anecdotes about the men distinguished in council, in field, or in the divorce court. None of these may be the hero of a hundred fights, but each has a history of his own, has imparted to his lady friends his own prejudices against the monotony of domestic life, and persuaded the most decorous of grass widows how intolerably dull she would find existence unless she makes a little show of now and then kicking over the traces. The omniscience and infallibility on all matters, literary, artistic, political, as well as military, of these ladies owes not a little to their habit of associating with and so strengthening each other in their various gifts and graces at the ladies' clubs, new style, that now exist for the special purpose, it would seem, of divesting fair Anglo-Indians and others of the grace and gentleness that once passed for the feminine charm. Instead of her trips to Europe at long intervals on family business really more or less urgent, the Anglo-Indian wife of to-day only conforms to the modern imperial pattern by

finding, sometimes within a twelvemonths' limit, a fresh and imperative reason for her reappearance in Europe, whenever that Continent possesses the fresh attraction needed to renovate a being jaded and exhausted by Oriental monotony. The intellectual leader, pre-eminently to be so considered, of the new imperial swelldom is generally one who was a journalist, has used a clever pen and exceptional opportunities to make himself a real force in our Anglo-Indian bureaucracy, and who periodically is good enough to revisit his native shores, to remonstrate with his fellow craftsmen at home on the shame and disgrace they are courting, for themselves, for their journals, and their country, in weakly yielding to popular cries. Remember, it is a favourite maxim with him, "bless" relaxes, but a timely and well-aimed curse invigorates. If this gentleman, and others of his way of thinking, had read not only Gibbon, but Sir Samuel Dill's works, which throw much more light than did Gibbon himself on the catastrophe he recorded, they would find the true key to the Roman empire's declension was the imperial character, first overlaying, finally destroying, the national character. Thus and thus only it came about that, in the first century of our era, under Trajan, atrophy had advanced to such an extent pari passu with machinery that Rome had become an empire without a nation.

Forests and the Romance of the Green Wood.

By Walter Shaw Sparrow.

AFTER perhaps fourteen centuries of toil, begun by the builders of the Roman roads, and continued through the generations by humble woodmen, swineherds, drovers, and farmers, the great Midland forests were transformed into delicious pastoral lands, where Dame Nature, rejoicing over the gradual improvement of her lot, kept nightingales to sing for her above rich cornfields, green spinneys, and thatched manor-villages. One forest, Arden, dwindled so much that people seldom thought about its early history, during those long and sinister dark periods when it covered the greater part of that district which became the Kingdom of Mercia. Watling Street and the Fosse Way, with other roads of less importance, cut Arden into fragments; then camps grew into townlets, order emerging from chaos; and at last, between the thirteenth century and the sixteenth, the tragic Arden of old time would have been forgotten altogether, had it not left in the people's mind a scaring delight in superstitious fancies and terrors.

To form a vivid and true mind-picture of the rank valleys of ancient Arden, for ever haunted by dangerous mists, and peopled here and there with the outlaws of a rough, warfaring time, is so difficult that historians pass it by as a thing unimaginable in our age of railways and motor cars. But we find the spirit of all primitive forests in one of Victor Hugo's great romances, "Ninety-Three," and I wish to give one quotation as a foil and background to my subject, the ideal "grene wode" that our English genius invented long ago, during the Middle Ages. Victor Hugo says:

> The forest is barbarous.
>
> The configuration of the land counsels man in many an act. More than we suppose, it is his accomplice. In the presence of certain savage landscapes, you are tempted to exonerate man and blame creation; you feel a silent challenge and incitement from nature; the desert is constantly unwholesome for conscience, especially for a conscience without light. Conscience may be a giant; that makes a Socrates or a Jesus; it may be a dwarf; that makes a Socrates or a Judas. The puny conscience soon turns reptile; the twilight thickets, the brambles, the thorns, the marsh waters under branches, make for it a fatal haunting place; amid all this it undergoes the mysterious infiltration of ill-suggestions. The optical illusions, the unexplained images, the scaring hour, the scaring spot, all throw man into that kind of affright, half-religious, half-brutal, which in ordinary times engenders superstition, and in epochs of violence, savagery. Hallucinations hold the torch that lights the path to murder. There is something like vertigo in the brigand. Nature with her prodigies has a double effect; she dazzles great minds, and blinds the duller soul. When man is ignorant, when the desert offers visions, the obscurity of the solitude is added to the obscurity of the intelligence; thence in man comes the opening of abysses. Certain rocks, certain ravines, certain thickets, certain wild openings of the evening sky through the trees, drive man towards mad or monstrous exploits. One might almost call some places criminal.

Even at the present time in out-of-the-way villages in Warwickshire, where the grim Ardean woods grew for thousands of years, you may find proofs of Hugo's penetrating words, for superstitions of a terrible and primitive kind still linger there, active and malevolent, as if man and Nature were to this day at war among lonely forests. Even a belief in witches exists; and during the last thirty years it has led to tragedies. In 1875, for example, a waggoner named Haywood, living at Little Compton, in South Warwickshire, killed with his pitchfork a poor old woman, Ann Tennant, who sold mops for a living.

"Hur were the properest witch ever knowed," said he, by way of explanation, and then went on to say that he "knowed" sixteen more in the parish "as oughter be saarved the same," and his opinion was echoed by other yokels, Haywood's companions.

This story is true, incredible as it seems to a town-dweller. Somehow, forests outlive their trees and swamps: their spirit remains in the peasant mind; and it is a spirit of cruel self-delusion, pagan and tenacious. This does not mean that forests are the only parents and nurses of a hideous faith in pitiless superstitions; but they do breed and foster many forms of a strange conservatism as enduring as the bodily ills from which mankind suffers. It is a significant fact among many others as curious that the charcoal-burner's hut, cone-shaped and covered with turves, windowless and without a chimney, is to this hour more primitive in structure than was any prehistoric home in the marsh village near Glastonbury.

Forests, then, keep traditions apart from the evolution of progressive effort. Shakespeare noted this, and reflected it here and there in his work. The witches of "Macbeth" sprang from the same tragedy of popular delusion that unsettled the mind of Haywood in the year 1875; and we ourselves would laugh at those weird sisters if some long-inherited feeling did not compel us to accept them as dramatic possibilities. We have not yet outgrown every trace of that old habit of mind which, in 1743, caused the Secession Church in Edinburgh to publish a protest against the repeal of statutes affecting witchcraft, because the "express laws of God" had been violated by the act of repeal, and for this "a holy God may be provoked in a way of righteous judgment." To a superstition as powerful as that Shakespeare appealed in his witch scenes; but did he imagine that Londoners would accept them in theatres three hundred years later?

In "King Lear," also, perhaps, we see how the primitive idea of a witch was treated by Shakespeare, passing through the needs of a barbarous plot into Regan and Goneril; while elsewhere, in the complex personality of the man-monster Caliban, Shakespeare found a home for another folk tradition, lingering among peasants in Warwickshire. The Forest of Arden, like the Andredesweald, gave shelter to many Celts who fled from the Angles and Saxons. In its depths they lived like wild animals, their natures and persons becoming as savage as their hunted and haunted existence. Caliban now represents them; he is the god Pan, part beast, part man, of the forests of old England.

I have mentioned the most sinister types of character that Shakespeare picked up in youth from the folklore gossip of Warwickshire peasants, perhaps as he rode from farm to farm on his father's business, gathering fleece for the wool-stapler. How remarkable it is that we should find in this poet's life, little as we know about it, everything needful to make his good genius completely English, national through and through. Not only was he born in the heart of England, but near by the remnants of a great forest, his mother a lady

by birth and upbringing, his father a yeoman; his native town had a school and a clever master, Thomas Hunt; the puritans of Stratford when the poet was a lad were not strong enough to keep actors from playing in the Gild-Hall under the schoolroom; in the neighbourhood all English sports and pastimes were loved; and with the greatest of English industries, sheep-farming, John Shakespeare was intimately connected. The very name of Shakespeare's mother was an inspiration: Mary Arden—Mary of the Forest, for Arden means "the forest." Then, side by side with all this, and blending with it, was the sweet influence of that great romance of the greenwood that took shape into poetry and legends between the fourteenth century and the seventeenth, a romance having no more resemblance to the real forests of history than a love poem has to the girl that inspired it.

How this ideal of the "grene wode" grew up in the popular mind, taking ever a stronger hold on the people's imagination, is a problem as interesting as the difference (let us say) between Swift's Stella and the same lady when transfigured by the genius of Thackeray. Stella was a minx; while to Thackeray she seemed a far-shining creature. This ideal he nursed and dangled; nothing was too good for it. Stella must have had countless champions, millions of manly hearts mourning for her. "From generation to generation we take up the final tradition of your beauty; we watch and follow your tragedy, your bright morning love and purity, your constancy, your grief, your sweet martyrdom. We know your legend by heart. You are one of the saints"—of the English genius in romance, like Maid Marian, like Robin Hood, like the Nut-brown Maid, and like other characters in the ideal greenwood.

It is far from easy to explain this fancifulness of the English genius, though it runs through so much that is noble and immortal in English arts, tastes, and prejudices. Because we as a people are devoted to sports and manly games, we are slow to grasp the fact that we like sentiment and idealism, choosing them in preference to the cold open air of realistic arts. There are times when the English genius tells ugly truths, but it has no real affection for this occasional ally; touch it with pity, with gratitude, with love, and it rises into idealism at once, like a lark into the dawn, or towards the midday sun. Peasants in the mediæval times believed that Robin Hood had fought for their rights; and hence their gratitude, and their songs, and the yearly festival held in honour of that greenwood adventurer during "the merry month of May." The romance of the "grene wode," rightly considered, is the English genius stirred by gratitude and the spirit of adventure; and it may be taken as a safe and certain model by any writer who wants to find his way into the hearts of the English people.

That is to say, what we as a nation like best in art and popular literature is that blend of suggested reality with sentiment and gay, romantic action which for so many centuries has filled the Robin Hood ballads with enchantment. Shakespeare put those qualities in several of his plays, above all in "As You Like It," where he lived with the ballads of Robin Hood, so that Arden might have its own company of greenwood heroes and heroines, Maid Marion being translated into Rosalind, a new queen of a new romance. Shakespeare, I believe, was influenced all his life by what his mother had told him in his boyhood concerning the people's favourite woman, Maid Marian, noble as Diana, patient as Griselda, and brave as Bradamante. Certain it is, at least, that he loved the Robin Hood stories, and was stimulated by their genial courage and by the charm of their unreality. "Where will the old Duke live?" asks Oliver, in "As You Like It," and Charles, the new Little John, replies in a vein of poetry:—

> They say, he is already in the forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England. They say, many young gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.

The golden world! Long may Englishmen pay visits to that home of their romantic genius, and taste there with delight the anodyne of dreams. Even the great Dumas, in his two volumes on Robin Hood, caught with joy the spirit of that golden world, imitating with pleasure the sentimental English touch in matters of love and of stirring romance. And who is to say how many capital cities there are in Greenwood Land? Perhaps the most attractive among the modern ones is called Zenda, but many others stand shining between it and Arden, Sherwood and Camelot.

This description of the English genius will not be accepted as true, for Englishmen like to think of themselves as unimaginative, prosaic, eminently rational and hard-headed; and sometimes they do learn to be all that, just as Webb taught himself to swim across the Channel into France. When we held a monopoly in the trade of the world, we had the reputation of being good men of business; but now that competition has sprung up in many countries, our rivals see that we are not practical by native impulse and talent, like the Scotch, who succeed wherever they go, unswervingly discreet, patient, steady, thorough, close, saving and dour. The nearer we get to Scotland the more business-like Englishmen become; but Yorkshire is a dreamland of trade if you compare its mind with that of Aberdeen. England's future in trade rests partly with her northern counties and partly with the Scots who colonise her commercial towns. Her own genius, looked at as a whole, is an adventurer, a gambler in chances, romantic, idealistic, fond of sentiment, slow to understand hard facts, eager to escape from the treadmill of actual life into a world where fantasy is king. Even a cottage built by the old English genius has a ballad-like charm; and no rustic gardens in the world can vie with England's.

Could any grown man pass three whole days at cricket if he were not an idealist, unmindful of the grim, great battle of modern life, and glad to play at seriousness in a domain of tradition where sport is king? Englishmen, far more than other people, love to see time and life slip away on playfields, in games which are mimic wars; and at this hour, despite the pressure of international events, they spend thought far more earnestly on pastimes than on anything else. It is the spirit of Robin Hood, gay, inconsequent, adventurous, and so more useful in colonisation than in humdrum towns or in sordid "hives of industry."

As a matter of fact, the English genius has no liking for the present life-struggle. It is not at ease in the battlefields of international trade; it hates the fogs and horrors of our commercial time; and so it has begun again, after a longish rest, to take up its old work as emigrant and colonist. If Englishmen had been men of common sense, as they dearly like to believe, their eagerness to leave home would have been tempered by discretion; bad climates would have been shunned, and fewer repetitions of England would have been set as jewels in the remote seas and wildernesses. The British Empire belongs to the romance of the "grene wode," is an ideal much more than a fact—an ideal full of sentiment, not a mechanism founded on a reasoned system; and that is why it is likely to endure as long as the genius that won it at haphazard, moved by adventure, by a vagabond yearning to get away from the set routine of Western life. This roving temper, this pioneer spirit, is, of course, the antithesis of town-bred ideals; and the British Empire is more likely to receive its death-blow in England than elsewhere, because England becomes ever more and more street-ridden, and, therefore, at standing odds with things which are not urban.

To hold the Empire together we must keep under discipline the town habit of flurried and self-centred thought, with its many violent contrasts both of wealth and penury, and of bad handwork and tired headwork. It is fretful and makeshift, like the jerry-builder with whom Tennyson protested for cutting down useful trees on a new site. "Put your house a few yards back, and you could save them," said the poet; "trees are beautiful things." "Trees are luxuries," replied the

home-spoiler; "what we need is utility." This vandalism would wreck pyramids and turn them into hearth stones, price sixpence a dozen. It is common in all towns, it invades old English villages, it tells us everywhere that "ideals of beauty and thoroughness are bosh"; so I give my vote to the romance of the green wood, the maker of Shakespeares, the builder of cathedrals, and the founder of an empire at haphazard. It is the English genius unharmed by urban littlenesses.

In Greenwood Land there is yet another thing worth noting, our English love for animals, which differs from the same sentiment among other nations. Bring any animal within the atmosphere of our home-life, and our tenderness towards it is soon charmed with idealism; we humanise it with our affection, as Shakespeare humanised the horse and Landseer the dog. Foreigners are astonished at this, for they keep animals apart from themselves, looking at them in an impersonal way and as observers only. They do not often identify themselves with any animal, nor praise and blame men by comparing them with their four-footed friends.

In Shakespeare there are about three hundred references each to the horse and the dog. The one is idealised, made quasi-human, a type of noble qualities, while the other is represented as a thing to be hated. Shakespeare detests dogs, has nothing good to say about them; they live outside his sympathies; to him they have no place in the greenwood of romance. Even his one fine passage on dogs, in the "Midsummer Night's Dream," is purely dramatic, and shows that the poet's affection is not in the least concerned; whereas he never speaks of a horse without showing the greatest possible sympathy and friendship; and in "Hamlet" he explains what his feeling for the horse means:

> He grew unto his seat,
> And to such wondrous doing brought his horse,
> As he had been incorpsed and demi-natured
> With the brave beast. . . .

Yes, that is it. On the other hand, the dog is "inhuman," "unhallowed," "an overweening slave," "a base intruder," and many other things that the poet despises. Perhaps Shakespeare was sensitive to the smell of dogs; or perhaps, as we find suggested in "Venus and Adonis," he learnt to hate them in boyhood when he watched coursing matches on the Cotswold Hills. The description of the hunted hare in "Venus and Adonis" throbs and quivers with pity and with contempt. When Shakespeare wrote it he was himself "the timorous flying hare," "poor Wat, far off upon a hill":—

> And now his grief may be compared well
> To one sore sick that hears the passing-bell.

And the whole picture is made more poignant by the satire underlying its subject. Venus knows that Adonis runs into danger when he hunts the "angry, chasing, sharp-fanged boar," so she asks him to uncouple at "fearful creatures," like hares, roes or foxes. He must not run any risk at all, and a hare is wonderfully timid:—

> Then shalt thou see the dew-bedabbled wretch
> Turn, and return, indenting with the way;
> Each envious briar his weary legs doth scratch,
> Each shadow makes him stop, each murmur stay;
> For misery is trodden on by many;
> And being low never relieved by any.

This protest against hare-hunting is, I believe, the first attempt in English literature to defend animals from cruelty. Unluckily, it has had no effect; English gentlemen still hunt the hare, and call their exercise sport. For our English feeling towards animals depends upon two things, custom and romance, and where custom is found without romance we are unmindful of cruelty. But we may rest assured that hare-hunting will become as obsolete as bear-baiting and cock-fighting. Poor Wat will be brought one day into the greenwood of romance, will be idealised out of sport into safety; and many a bird now shot in the wantonness of custom will find shelter under the greenwood tree, in that golden world where ideas became a most blessed companionship of sweet thoughts and right feelings.

Letters from Abroad.

The New Idea of Dramatic Action.—IV.

THE STATIC THEATRE.

Bayreuth, July 24.

I WAS in the midst of a sun breakfast on the verandah of the romantically-situated Kurhaus at Klein-Zschachwitz. I had eaten the last cluster of a portion of the gleanings of the Rhine vintage, and was making friends with a small pine forest and some silver birches, when a cloud glided between me and them. The village postman had come to get rid of a book that was causing him anxiety. As he removed the perspiration which alarm had called forth, he told me the book had stirred a panic on the way by announcing to the passers-by that its name was Rhythm, and it was the first fruit of Revolution. He wished to know what its strange lispings meant.

* * *

What was J. D. Ferguson's rhythmical cover design talking about? I explained that the nude lady seated on the rising sun, handing out apples, had nothing to do with Eve before the Fall, save that her strong, decided line was intended to express a great elemental truth—namely, there is a line of continuity underlying life which has bound all Eves together ever since the world began. The character of Mr. Ferguson's line, like that of the woman it outlines, was bold, simple, imaginative; and it announced as clearly as possible that the aim of this quarterly publication which the St. Catherine Press had undertaken to hand out to a "Daily Mail"-governed world at a shilling a time, is to bury the old contracting civilisation and to foster the new expanding one. Like Columbus, it has discovered a new world, but not on the other side of the Atlantic. The new, new world is everywhere—or soon will be. The postman was grateful to know all this, especially seeing that it left the Fatherland where it was. "But," he inquired, "if the revolution is to be a peaceful one, why was the book talking so loudly?" I replied, "Youth will out in new publications, generally in noise."

* * *

It was next the turn of the Elbe to estimate to what extent the newcomer was justifiable. As we drifted on the flood tide throughout the hour-and-a-half's journey from Zschachwitz to Dresden, unfamiliar questions were thrown at us. There was no mistake about the general curiosity. The many and varied forms of a natural rhythmical life were alive to the importance of knowing whether this was a sure messenger of an eternal truth or merely a twittering sparrow. The cool, penetrating, early morning odour of the water, the colour threading the dimpled surface of the river, the pine-clad highway conducting to gossamer heights, the original red-roofed houses dipping and swaying in cataracts of green foliage paused to listen. A crystal stream wandered down the hillside to hear how men and women to-day are to build the Abbey of Thelema according to Mr. Frederick Goodyear. But as it could make nothing of Mr. Goodyear's "conscious freedom" it wandered up again at a gallop. The lofty plateau above Loschwitz bent down to catch the words of wisdom of Mr. Middleton Murry. Accustomed to German metaphysics, it had, however, no use for his lucid explanation of Bergsonism. It could not see Mr. Murry's connection between "Art and Philosophy." It heard the opening proposition, "Art is consciously eternal," and it reflected, "Art does not exist; it is an abstraction like truth and beauty. How, then, can it be conscious? That is how philosophy claims art," it shouted, and with a not very deferential bow went off with gigantic strides. The long procession of rationally dressed women bathers seated astride floating beams or sprawling full length in the sun forgot to shout and wave their usual welcome as they heard Mr. Hall Ruffy relate how the Devil died after partaking of a breakfast at Mr. Ruffy's expense. They concluded it must have been the breakfast, and turned a double somersault back into the stream. A huge barge shot some dying

bubbles at Mr. Michael T. H. Sadler's verse. There were other strange critical expressions from rhythmical things, but the book went on talking unmoved, only pausing a moment to see what the graceful and artistic flowing lines of Dresden looked like.

* * *

As I climbed to the Aquarell Exhibition the live but inclined-to-be-platitudinous text recommenced. Here the publication got its real chance. If the nature symphony of the Elbe did not think much of the book's philosophy, the art symphony of the book did not think highly of the Exhibition, and said so. Its remarks, sprinkled with critical statements, attracted the attention of a secretary who, not knowing English, turned to the universal language spoken by the illustrations. He listened to it with great interest, and exclaimed, "We have nothing like this in Dresden. This is quite a new form of art. We do not yet understand the method." I suggested that an exhibition of this form would surround Dresden with the desired Parisian atmosphere. He was anxious to have it.

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The tour of the exhibition with the stalwarts of "Rhythm," J. D. Fergusson, S. J. Peploe, Othon Friesz, Picasso, Thomson, Estelle Rice, and Jessie Dismore, was distinctly stimulating. They recognised that objections on the latest artistic grounds would be unnecessary pedantry. The exhibition was seen and enjoyed as one containing much clever if not advanced work. The eloquent colour of D. Hettner, the mystery of Dill's poetical landscapes, the masterly compositions by Kuehl, the very admirable impressions by Anne E. Angermann, the amazing strength of Corinth, were acknowledged to be worth noting, while the verdict on the three most interesting young men, Wilhelm Claus, Georg Gelbke (exhibiting a remarkable decorative nude tug-of-war) was, "they are doing good work, and must come to Paris. They ought not to be left too long in the vicinity of that vastly disappointing 'Sistine Madonna,' with which Dresden catches the traveller's eye. Dead masterpieces choke the waterspout of public artistic opinion." With which remark, the artistic committee of "Rhythm" exhausted its wisdom. The rest was silence.

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If Dresden does not understand the new ideas in painting, it knows how to exhibit modern pictures in rooms so admirably designed and arranged as to increase, not decrease, the artistic value of exhibits. It is indeed surprising to what a high level of excellence the architecture of its exhibitions attains. Go to the really big Hygiene Exhibition now being held in the City, and it is impossible to avoid the sensations of pleasure aroused by the unified, simple, perhaps severe, yet satisfying character of the buildings. These are an instructive feature in themselves, apart from the immense value of a practical exhibition designed to teach the public the utility and advance of hygiene, and they clearly demonstrate to what a low pitch we in England descend in the hands of Anglo-American jobbing speculators who strew unhappy London with vast ugly provincial exhibition barns that are a blemish upon civilisation. In the grounds of the Hygiene Exhibition was a working model of the Munich Kunstler Marionette Theatre, an edition-de-luxe of an art theatre.

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This artistic spirit in architecture has been carried by Dresden into its garden suburb of 500 houses. Hellerau justly claims to be the best of its kind in Germany. It is wonderfully situated. Its simple, comfortable lines rise and fall gently amid the masses of pine tree tops, moving softly on broad, white avenues towards heights where the red steep roofs compose harmoniously with the growth of green that rises to meet them across a far-spreading landscape in whose hollows are vaporous blues and purples, upon whose enamelled surface are reflected the pure colour of a wide summer sky. Germans have lately been taking lessons from English garden suburbs in order to meet the demand for similar places in Germany, where the working classes are beginning to cultivate the habit of deserting the flat for the cottage and house. Hellerau proves, however, they have little to learn. In fact, they have some useful information to impart.

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There is a great deal of natural music at Hellerau, and it is therefore appropriate that it should be made the centre of the new synthetic movement in dancing invented by Jacques-Dalcroze. By means of the Dalcroze system an immense impulse is given to the rhythmical life of the human body. The inventor has discovered that we all have music in us, but very few are able to express it. So he has provided a simple key which anyone can apply. He gives his pupils a quantity of musical notes, and allows each pupil to compose his own musical movements. In his view every movement we make should and can be equivalent to a note of music, and we may if we like move through life in compositions in which spontaneous melody and rhythm, and not mechanical, logical, or meaningless actions, are the essential. Thus the exercises are not designed to make an intellectual demand on the pupil, but to promote self-expression through spontaneity. This is going beyond Isadore Duncan, who expresses herself, but cannot impart the secret of self-expression.

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One of the most joyous things I have ever seen was that spacious room at Hellerau filled with sunny children free in every limb, whose unconsidered movements responding to the chords of music, expanded, swinging out in ever-widening circles till they merged in the rhythm of the revolving sky and landscape. Though the Dalcroze system is not a State affair, every child in Hellerau is allowed, through the generosity of Mr. J. Dalcroze, one free lesson a week, and one can quite believe Dr. Wolf Dohrn, the director of the Hellerau school, that a Hellerau child considers that the worst punishment it can endure is to be prevented from having its lesson.

* * *

The revolutionary movement designed to promote the expression of the rhythmical life of mankind is bound in time to make itself generally felt. It is invading the theatre, in the form of lyrical sound, movement and decoration, and demands a unity where hitherto there has been nothing but separation. It would, for one thing, destroy the convention of setting a man in a forest and giving each a separate atmosphere. There is unity of the two, and this may be shown by creating an illusion of a forest bathed in the atmosphere of the man or vice-versâ. We should be made conscious of the rhythmical expansion of the soul of the one into the soul of the other by means of speech, song, dance, music or decoration as the case may be. This expansion is demonstrated by the Hellerau school of dancing, and in the work of Othon Friesz, where man and nature are united by continuous lines.

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In Germany the dramatic, rhythmical movement does not find itself welcomed in the State and endowed theatre. If the subsidised theatre has some advantages, it has many serious disadvantages also. Endowment has been the means of calling forth throughout Europe monumental buildings that architecturally are worthy of the finest traditions of art, and of placing these in ideal positions, like that of Dresden's Opera House, which occupies a unique position, being placed on one side of a large public square, embellished with fountains and sculpture, and supported by Dresden's National Gallery, Castle, and other fine State buildings. There is no reflection of the present London mania for erecting an endowed theatre in a back street on an insufficient site, a totally inadequate scale, and with stupid approaches. Endowment has also fostered a system of organisation that protects the actor, mainly subsidises dead authors, and educates the public to an appreciation of the classic or static drama.

* * *

The endowed theatres may be divided into five classes, to which I shall refer from time to time. The State or static theatre is perhaps the most unprogressive. It is usually presided over by an intendant who is paid a large salary—at Leipzig 30,000 marks a year—and is expected to make the theatre pay,

or meet any deficit out of his own pocket. He has also to keep up the reputation of the house and to satisfy the public demand for a frequent change of bill. At the Neues Stadt Theatre at Leipzig I found the bill was changed every night, one deadly dull play succeeding another. As a result, with no time for rehearsals, popular plays are chosen, and startlingly new and unknown ones are neglected. The fate of untried authors is to have their plays shelved for a twelvemonth, and then returned unread. The State Theatre system, organised though it is, would be unworkable as yet in England. It has taken at least a hundred years to perfect—the Comédie Française has existed eighty-seven years. At the rate we progress it would take at least 200 years to set the system going in England, by which time the Millennium would have arrived—at least, let us hope so.

* * *

ERRATA.—In Letter I. read "backbone" for "background"; "Neues Operetten Theatre" for "Neues Theatre."

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

By Jack Collings Squire.

No. IV.—THE PHILOSOPHICAL-LIGHTER-THAN-AIR.

IT is a curious thing about most modern people—it is possible that the ancients sometimes exhibited the same trait—that they will insist on making confusions. Sometimes they even make confusions worse confounded, but that particular species of the genus need not now detain us. More curious still—as Alice should have said but did not—their habit is not to confuse similar things but dissimilar things. They do not confuse Miss Marie Corelli with Mr. Hall Caine; they do not confuse six of one with half-a-dozen of the other; they do not even commit the very pardonable error of failing to distinguish between Mr. Asquith and Mr. Balfour. The case, indeed, is quite the reverse. They have a strange and almost horrible, a magical and most tragical power of differentiating at a glance between things that to the ordinary human eye would seem to be identical in every feature. They can draw a confident line between the Hegelians and the Pragmatists (of whom I am not one); they can call the Primitive Methodists, the Swedenborgians and the Socialists by their names; confront them with a flock of sheep and you will find them as expert ovine onomatologists as any wild and wonderful shepherd who ever brooded in the sunsets on the remote and inaccessible hills of Dartmoor. But put before them two or three things that are really and fundamentally different, and they will be almost pitifully at a loss to detect the slightest diversity. They will know one octopus from another, but they will not know either from a lobster. They will know the average Tory from the average Socialist, but they will not know one kind of Socialist from another kind of Socialist.

This profound and far-reaching truth has frequently struck me; and, as you doubtless know, I have as frequently expressed it. Our ancestors (who were much less foolish than some of their descendants) never hit the nail on the head with more stupendous and earth-shaking force than when they laid it down as a rigid and unquestionable axiom that the truth cannot be too often restated. It is that inexpugnable fact that plunges our modern pessimists into the nethermost abysses of suicidal despair; it is that saline and saltating fact that raises in the breasts of our optimists a fierce and holy joy. The essence of a great truth is that it is stale. Sometimes it is merely musty, sometimes it is almost terribly mouldy. But mouldiness is not merely a sign of vitality—which is truncated immortality; it is the sole and single, the one and only sign of vitality. Truth has gathered the wrinkles of age on her brows and the dust of ages in the skirts of her garment. A thing can no more be true and fresh than it can be new and mouldy. If a man told me he had discovered a new truth I should politely but firmly reprimand him precisely as I should a man who informed me, with however candid and engaging an air, that he had just seen moss growing on the back of a newborn child.

Meditating thus, I was walking last Tuesday night down the splendid and awful solitudes of the Old Kent Road. Diabolic shapes grinned and moved in the secret and sorrowful shadows of the shop-doorways, and every looming warehouse seemed a monstrous sibyl writhing gnarled and boding fingers at the hurrying clouds. Suddenly as I turned a corner I saw, low in the sky where the houses were broken, a solitary star, a huge red star glowing and flickering with all the flames of hell, a star that in a more religious and less purblind age men would have whispered to be prophetic of awful and convulsive things. It held my feet as with gyves of iron. I gazed at its scarlet lamp, quaking and shivering like a man in a palsy. And then, full in my back, I felt a strange and horrible blow, and there rang in my ears a voice sepulchral and thunderously muffled as the voice of one come from the dead.

There were words, human articulate words, and they were addressed to me. There is something peculiarly mystic and terrible about words that proceed from an unknown mouth through impenetrable darkness. It is that, I think, that must have been the first principle grasped by the hairy and horrible men of the primæval forests. They went to some cave for a refuge and found a religion. They went there for a gorge and found a god. They went there for a repast and found a ritual. They entered the cave expecting to have a snooze, and when they left it they found they had a sacerdotalism. As I heard the loathsome voice hailing me through the darkness as some evil minion of Beelzebub might hail a lost and errant soul through the pierceless and intangible grottoes of the outer void, it suddenly, I say, flashed across my consciousness that the impalpable stranger was addressing me in articulate, not to say terse, syllables of the English tongue. If there is one thing more than another that accounts for the widespread use of the English language it is its incomparable and almost murderous terseness. A man once told me that Bulgarian was still more terse; another man (presuming, I fear, on an old friendship) assured me a few months later that Bantu was terser than either; but as Bulgarian and Bantu are studies of my youth that I have long left behind me, I am afraid I am not quite competent to express a final opinion on the matter. Suffice it that you would no more attempt to increase the terseness of the English tongue than you would attempt to augment the flexibility of an elephant's trunk by the insertion of an arrangement, however delicate and dexterous, of cogwheels.

His words were terse, but at first I did not altogether fathom their meaning. "How," I pondered, "surely there can be nothing sanguinary about me. I have not shaved myself for days, and I have not to my knowledge committed a murder for at least three weeks. And if there is anything markedly mural about my eyes I confess I was unaware of the fact. Indeed, it is not altogether plain to me how any eye can be mural. My friend, you must be mistaken."

Summoning up the courage that is often a strong characteristic of really brave men, I spoke to him. There was, in that dreadful and desolate place, under the fiery blaze of that lurid and lecherous planet, something hollow and awful even about the tones of my own voice. It echoed along the walls and wailed round the corners like the foggy clarion of a marshland ghost. But my heart was set like steel, and unquailing I cried "I think, my friend, you have made a mistake."

And an error that was a type and a symbol became also a text.

* * *

When I had spoken he fled. Which showed that he was neither a man nor a democrat, but a puny and pessimistic modern—in all probability a Nietzschean. Under the sky, now cloudless and sprinkled with silver stars, I pursued my way, watching for the banners of the dawn, and listening for her trumpets that knew the youth of the world.


AU
PETIT CLOU
CAFÉ-DES
BAR

A Tale for Men Only.

By R. H. Congreve.

I.

OF all of us who were present in Marion's room those evenings, Marylebone, Price, Bathurst, Weingott, Browne, Harringer and myself, Marion being the only woman, I was certainly alone in being clear why we were there and not somewhere else. The two chief factors of this geographical disposition, Marylebone and Marion, were much too preoccupied with each other to ask critical questions of themselves very severely, and they had preferred things to drift without comment into their present situation. As for the rest, I do not tax them with defective observation, but the truth is that I had frequently been at Marion's flat when only Marylebone was present, and thus had opportunities of what may be called isolated and privileged observation. My conclusion was that Marylebone was not merely in love with Marion, but his judgment was involved. Ordinarily as lucid and unrefracted as an Olympian's in matters that concerned Marion, and, indeed, on all matters while in her presence, it became in my experience liable to the most extraordinary obscurations and oscillations.

There would have been comparatively little to be said against this if the disturbance had shown signs of settling down. Our little group of men met regularly elsewhere for a more rather than less formal discussion of philosophy, and these evenings at Marion's were only interludes into which, as I say, we had drifted without any effort. We certainly had no intention of wasting our precious time in chatter, being, as we were, artists of a kind as well as students. Nevertheless, as none of us had felt more than a vague atmosphere of constraint at Marion's, and all of us were quite willing to please Marylebone by occasionally orchestrating in his semi-proprietary chambers, with Marion to make coffee for us and to keep the fire going, until affairs got decidedly disagreeable, for me at least, I was content to let them drift. It became, however, impossible after a few weeks to avoid noticing that, as a result partly of our easy amiability and partly, I conjectured, of Marylebone's private encouragement of her, Marion was beginning, however tentatively, to put on airs and to assume an intellectual equality with us that she certainly did not possess. Marylebone, too, without any definite consciousness of the fact, began tentatively to play up to her.

This was most conspicuous during the evening on which, for the first time, we found Marion alone, Marylebone being late for some reason or other. A sensible woman—by which I mean a woman sensible of her importance—would have unobtrusively made us at home materially and left us to our own devices conversationally. If she had chattered a little of indifferent things to pass away the time until Marylebone came, it is as much as she would have ventured to do on her own initiative. But Marion was not content to play the rôle she had hitherto taken with decreasing success. On the contrary, she conceived it her business not merely to await Marylebone's arrival or our own settling down, but to play the president as well as the hostess. As soon as we got seated she squatted herself fakir-fashion among some cushions on a settee, whence she looked down at us with an expression of mingled archness and self-conscious but timid despotism. Well, she said, I hope you are going to be brilliant this evening. Who's going to begin? I think you, Mr. Weingott, have usually most to say. What are you dying to discuss?

Poor Weingott looked helplessly round for a sympathetic escape through one of our minds, but we were all petrified too. Then he murmured something about his ideas being scarcely worth discussion. Little ideas, he said, should be seen and not heard. What, in short, did Marion want to discuss?

I could see that Marion had up her sleeve a topic she had meditated on starting, but she was not quite bold enough to launch it before she had discharged her formal duty of giving each of us our chance. So with a proudly sacrificial disclaimer, she turned to the rest of us and implored us to start some subject before she, a mere woman, was compelled to undertake it herself.

I may pause here to remark that nothing is really more fatal to conversation than the expectation of it. A topic of discussion is as much a thing of life as anything in nature. It cannot be made and it cannot be maintained by effort alone. Its fuel is interest, and not all the academies, salons and conversaziones can create interest or do more than fan it when once it is there.

Marion's appeal was taken up by Price, who, I do believe, found himself uttering the words before he knew what he was saying. We'll all give it up, Marion, he said, with pleasure in order to hear your suggestion. What is it that you propose? I'll promise that the result shall be brilliant.

There was no doubt now what Marian really wished. Her face lit up in triumph. If only she could carry on the discussion now that she was about to lead it, she would have something to brag about to Marylebone. Nevertheless, she was much too timid really to bring it off. Besides, as I have said, she did not realise in the very least that debates grow and subjects arise. She began in a thoughtful tone: I have just been reading Alice Gardner's book on Scotus Erigena. His doctrine of the will appears to me to resemble Schopenhauer's. Have you any views on it, any of you?

Plainly we had not, and could not have. Charged thus to stand and deliver I doubt if one of us, even the most laden with ingots, could have produced a farthingsworth of original thought. Weingott, as the most willing to oblige, began to talk pedantically about Schopenhauer's debt to obscure mystics among whom Erigena was possibly primus inter pares. He thought, however, that a more probable source of Schopenhauer's doctrine was to be found in Beowulf or even the Moorish Jewish mystics. He was plunging along in this ignominious fashion and all the time Marion sat listening with a sort of professional rapture. Not a word that Weingott said was true or contained the least spark of illumination. The rest of us instinctively felt the reason for it and yawned quite politely. Nevertheless, Marion fixed her gaze on him, appeared to weigh his words and to reflect on his references, and, in short, to pose as an intelligence concentrated on a knotty but absorbing problem. What other nonsense Weingott might have uttered there was no guessing, but at that moment the door opened and Marylebone came in.

His first glance, as anybody could see, was directed to Marion; but I think he did not realise how much meaning it conveyed. Really, of course, for psychologists the first glance is the epitome of the whole relationship between the observed and the observer. I read into or out of Marylebone's look at Marion, first, his apprehension that she might have been suffering at our hands in his absence; then, his apprehension that we might have been suffering at her hands; then his relief at finding all apparently well, and finally a little movement of gratitude to her for having behaved, as it seemed, rather better than he feared she might. This last predominated to the extent of determining him to repay her kindness by leaving the discussion in her hands, if that were possible.

Marion, as soon as Marylebone came in, got up from her settee and was taking a chair next to his, but Marylebone begged her to return to her cushions, among which, he said, she gave the room an Oriental appearance most conducive to a profound discussion; and he appealed to us to confirm it. Thus did he attempt to seduce us, after having first seduced himself, to allegiance to a female.

Well, he began, I'm afraid I have interrupted somebody or something. What was going forward? Did you get your problem stated, Marion?

Partly, said Marion, and Mr. Weingott was talking very interestingly about it when you appeared. What was it, Mr. Weingott, you were saying? That Schopenhauer was indebted to some Moorish Jews? When did you discover that ?

If Weingott has been telling you that, said Marylebone, I'm afraid he has been pulling your leg. Schopenhauer knew about as much of any Moorish Jew as I know of Kalmuck philosophy, and that is precisely nothing.

How are we to know, Weingott asked, what Schopenhauer knew or did not know? By mere chance we do know that he read the Upanishads. A man who read the Upanishads in his day cannot surely be denied the reading of anything, let alone the books of the Moorish philosophers.

You mentioned Beowulf as well, Mr. Weingott, interposed Marion, and you agreed that he may have known Scotus Erigena. That's so interesting, because Alice Gardner says that Scotus is one of the greatest British mystics. Wouldn't it be charming to prove that Schopenhauer's ideas were made in England and not in India?

All depends if they are true, said Price. We don't want the credit of having supplied the Continent with fallacies.

Price's remark I took to be a hint that, like me, he resented the picking of rags as a substitute for a discussion. What did it matter whether Schopenhauer borrowed from Scotus or was acquainted with Averroes? These things might be enquired into in a written treatise, but they were trivial in a conversation. Nevertheless, such was Marylebone's perverseness in Marion's presence that he must needs support and urge her on.

I rather agree with Marion, he said, that origins are important. Do you remember, he asked, addressing her, whether Scotus was specifically pessimist?

I think he must have been, Marion replied. I know he was very unhappy and had a troubled life. He was born in Ireland, you know, and died, I think, in France. Was it France or Winchester? I'm sure I don't remember.

At this soft answer, Browne caught my eye and we could not restrain a smile of critical despair. Marylebone saw it, but though he could not deny to himself that we had good cause, he decided to plunge into still deeper water to save the drowning Marion.

There is, of course, he said, a close relationship between the life and the thought of a philosopher. Nietzsche, for instance, maintains that all philosophy is autobiography. But I am not so sure that the autobiography is not inverted. What do you think, Browne?

Browne did not know, could not guess. Neither could Bathurst or Harringer. These three, in fact, sat for the most part as placidly puzzled and silent as badly-carved Buddhas. Weingott and Price had obliged so often that their resources had failed, and as for me, I had reached the state in which rudeness was possible. The fact is, I said, I'm not interested in the silly subject. It seems to me mere straw-chopping.

Marylebone had brought it on himself, but I could see that he was divided between confusion and admiration. He knew, of course, that I had only revealed what we all, save Marion, felt; but he was too sentimental about her to dare to admit it. Marion, however, took the little bull by the horns by remarking: I think you are very rude, and all of you are very dull. It's probably the weather. Shall I make some coffee?

It was difficult after this to get any conversation going. Making a fire with wet sticks even when every member of the party carries matches is a fair parallel to the situation in which Marion's remark left us. It was not that our chill was induced by any feeling of shame for ourselves. I speak for one at any rate when I affirm that it was a sense of shame for Marylebone that oppressed us most. To see one of your friends reduced to the condition of the intellectually hen-pecked is an experience that only a brute or a bee could endure without sympathy. Marion, there was no doubt, was absolutely in the wrong. Her intellectual inferiority was not in itself any cause of complaint to us, nor, on any occasion in the world, should we have made her aware of it if she had not impudently thrust it forward. But her attempt to trot us out and to show our paces, so to speak, in Marylebone's absence, and his ill-considered abetting of it when he came and found it in progress, were offences that justified, even if they did not necessitate, a defensive rudeness. In short, after reflecting somewhat awkwardly awhile, and concluding in this strain, we perked up courage to begin a conversation on our own account. It was not long before all of us, except, perhaps, Marylebone at intervals, had forgotten the disagreeable Marion incident and were deep in the discussion of a problem in ontology.

(To be continued.)

REVIEWS.

Nietzsche and Art. By A. M. Ludovici. (Constable. 4s. 6d. net.)

Apart altogether from the originality and boldness of his own views, Mr. Ludovici possesses every qualification for writing on art. His descent, his wide travels, and his equally wide range of study, have all fitted him for the task he sets out to perform and triumphantly accomplishes in this book. At the very beginning, he takes care to explain the distinction between "the art which comes of inner poverty (realism, or democratic art), and that which is the result of inner riches (ruler art)." The first, he shows us, is "slavishly dependent upon environment for its existence, and, on that account, either beneath reality (incompetence), on a level with reality (realism), or fantastically different from reality (romanticism)," and he adds:

> I have associated these three forms of inferior art with democracy, because in democracy I find three conditions which are conducive to their cultivation, viz.: (1) The right of self-assertion granted to everybody, and the consequent necessary deterioration of world-interpretations owing to the fact that the function of interpretation is claimed by mediocrity; (2) the belief in a general truth that can be made common to all, which seems to become prevalent in democratic times, and which perforce reduces us to the only truth that can be made common to all, namely Reality; and (3) a democratic dislike of recognising the mark or stamp of any particular human power in the things interpreted, and man's consequent "return to Nature" untouched by man, which, once again, is Reality (p. vii).

In these few sentences Mr. Ludovici has summed up the philosophical and artistic degeneration which began with primitive Christianity, and may be said to have reached its "nature" apotheosis in the idealistic fulminations of Rousseau. Later on, however, Mr. Ludovici deals with these points in greater detail, showing that while the Roman Catholic Church did conform in some respects to the conditions necessary for Ruler Art, Lutherism and Protestantism inevitably undermine high artistic values, since it is more particularly under these northern religions that everybody has a right to self-assertion.

Mr. Ludovici identifies Ruler Art, or the art of inner riches, with the function of bestowing, and shows that it is dependent upon four conditions which are quite inseparable from an aristocratic society, viz.:—

> (1) Long tradition under the sway of noble and inviolable values, resulting in an accumulation of will power and a superabundance of good spirits; (2) leisure which allows of meditation, and therefore of that process of lowering pitchers into the wells of inner riches; (3) the disbelief in freedom for freedom's sake without a purpose or without an aim; and (4) an order of rank according to which each is given a place in keeping with his value, and authority and reverence are upheld (p. viii.).

Freedom for freedom's sake is, of course, as absurd as the parrot cry, "Art for art's sake"; well might Nietzsche ask, "Free for what?" when considering the ideological Liberal principle of indiscriminate freedom for all and sundry. How greatly the sociological side of the question is dependent upon the artistic side will be clear to all readers of the volume under review. Mr. Ludovici is especially happy in dealing with the first of these conditions he sets forth:

> Nietzsche recognised that this age is one in which Will is not merely diseased, but almost paralysed. . . . Speaking of the modern artist, he refers to the "absurd irritability of his system, which makes a crisis out of every one of his experiences, and deprives him of all calm re-

flection." . . . We are acquainted with the irascible nerve-patient who pours his curses on the head of a noisy child; and in his case we are only too ready to suspect a morbid condition of the body. But when we ourselves, or our young friends, or our brothers, sister, or cousins, suddenly display, when still in their teens, a sort of gasping enthusiasm before a landscape, a peasant child, or a sunset; when they show an inability to bide their time, to pause, and to remain inactive in the presence of what they consider beautiful, we immediately conclude from their conduct, not that they have little command of themselves, but that they must of necessity have strong artistic natures. Our novels are full of such people with weak wills, so are our plays; so, too, unfortunately, are our art schools. . . . Only in an age like our own could this ridiculous travesty of an artist pass for an artist. It is only in our age that this neurotic touchiness could possibly be mistaken for strength and vigour; and yet there are hundreds of his kind among the painters and sculptors of the day. . . . Not that sensitiveness is absent in a real artist; but it is of a kind which has strength to wait, to reflect, to weigh, and, if necessary, to refrain from action altogether (pp. 37-40).

I personally feel so strongly upon this point that I will go so far as to say this: if Mr. Ludovici had done nothing else in his book than make this fact clear, his work would have more than justified its existence. He might have added that this neurotic tendency is not seen only in young people. It is common to all our "advanced" men and women, especially women, between the ages of twenty and seventy; and it is common to all branches of art, using the word in the widest possible signification. It would be difficult to point to a modern novelist, poet, playwright, actor, sculptor, musician, architect, or man of letters who knows what restraint means, or who is at all familiar with artistic discipline in any sense of the term. The common right to criticise is not a whit worse than the common right to self-expression in other forms—through neurotic novels, romantic and uninspired poems, startling pictures, and rough-hewn chunks of marble. One can only make the same comment on these things as Mr. Ludovici does when speaking of the deleterious effect on art of the uninspiring nineteenth-century science:

To speak of all this as the advance of knowledge, as the march of progress, as the triumph of science, and as the glories of enlightenment, is merely to deck a corpse, to grease-paint a sore, and to pour rose-water over a cesspool (p. 64).

There is, of course, no absolute truth which can be made common to all—the ignis fatuus of all modern science and all the modern pseudo-artists, supported as they are by the strictly logical branches of Christianity. It is necessary, as Nietzsche says, that something should be assumed to be true, not that it is true. It is here that the artist comes in, and the "truth" of a noble artist, such as those who flourished in ancient Egypt, will naturally differ considerably from the "truth" of an artist of the pre-Renaissance period or of modern times. The true, commanding artist will extol and transfigure Life; but the pseudo-artist will declare that:

"Man is born in sin," "depravity is universal," "nothing exists in the intellect but what has before existed in the senses," and that "every man is his own priest"; the man who defines Life as "the continuous adjustment of internal relations to external relations," and who says: "It is only the cultivation of individuality which produces, or can produce, well-developed human beings," the man who declares that we are all equal, that there is one truth for all, if only it can be found; and who thus not only kills all higher men, but also deprives his fellow-creatures of all beauty that these men have brought, and might still bring, into the world (pp. 91-92).

It is the artist's task to simplify.

Just as the musician cries Time! Time! Time! to the cacophonous medley of natural sounds that pour into his ears from all sides, and assembles them rhythmically for our ears hostile to disorder; so the graphic artist cries Time! Time! Time! to the incessant and kaleidoscopic procession of things from birth to death, and places in the layman's arms the eternalised image of that portion of Life for which he happens to feel great gratitude (p. 120).

So many aspects of art, philosophy, sociology, and religion are dealt with in this book that one is positively embarrassed by the wealth of quotable passages. One must, however, mention the characteristics of ruler art:

Symmetry, as denoting balance, and as a help to obtaining a complete grasp of an idea; Sobriety, as revealing that restraint which a position of command presupposes; Simplicity, as proving the power of the great mind that has overcome the chaos in itself, to reflect its order and harmony upon other things, and to select the most essential features from among a host of more or less essential features; Transfiguration, as betraying that Dionysian elation and elevation from which the artist gives of himself to reality and makes it reflect his own glory back upon him; Repetition, as a means of obtaining obedience; and Variety, as the indispensable condition of all living art—all art which is hortatory and which does not aim at repose alone, at sleep, and at soothing and lulling jaded and exasperated nerves.

The whole book, I can only add, is on a very high plane—not only when Mr. Ludovici is interpreting Nietzsche, but when he is giving us of himself.

J. M. K.

Love-Letters of a Japanese. Edited by G. H. Mortlake. (Stanley Paul. 5s. net.)

This is a book for cynics. The young lady lived at Hampstead, and studied art. She was, says the editor, "singularly unconscious of her sex." She had read Emerson on "Friendship," Nietzsche on "Love," Olive Schreiner's "Dreams," and "Mademoiselle de Maupin." She met this middle-aged Japanese artist at Vienna, and the fact that he was married "seemed to her," says the editor, "sufficient guarantee of the stability of the foundation of their friendship." They were exceptional people, says the lady somewhere, and they wrote to each other about art and the Higher Buddhism, and soon they were addressing each other as "Dear" and "Child." Then he told her that his Japanese wife was unfaithful to him, and wished him to divorce her, a fact which relieved Mertyl Meredith from the feeling of disloyalty to a loving wife. She still felt that marriage with Kenrio Watanabe was unthinkable, although an increase of tenderness followed the declaration. Later they went to the woods and secretly betrothed their love. "He won from her lips," says the editor, "the first kiss she had ever given to a man, a kiss that she considered as binding as a marriage service. Their relations were still very much in the realms of spirit, however, for she felt the restraint of the knowledge that he was not legally free, however little he was bound morally." Byron told us, on the authority of Bowles, that "the woods of Madeira trembled to a kiss, very much astonished—as well they might be—at such a phenomenon." What happened to Hampstead is not recorded, but some remarkable results followed this kiss. About a month after the Japanese wrote: "I never dreamed to kiss anyone, and I long to kiss you. You changed me so much; you overturned my thought, and even my person. Before I knew you my nails were not clean, my hair was nicely long not a bit, I have not shaved enough, and now if I don't do them every day I feel that day that I lost a dignity to myself." Later he wrote, "My physical person is mysteriously electrified till the minutest points." This kissing seems to have been very important, for at a later date the lady wrote: "To-day to a very nice woman I said (she had been talking of men and marriage), 'I will never kiss any man but the one I will marry—and he must never have kissed any other—we will teach each other to kiss.' She said, 'You will never be kissed or kiss then, for it will be impossible for you to find a man who cannot kiss.' I smiled, and thought, *I have kissed my husband*, and the first kiss was horrid, for he did not know how to do it, but afterwards the memory of it was sweet, for it proved he had not known—we have taught each other to kiss." After this, they practised together; and when they parted, they maintained their efficiency by kissing letters, photographs, flowers, jewellery, mirrors, their own hands and arms, anything that had touched the other party and was capable of giving "electric shocks." Love even inspired the lady to invent a substitute for her lover's arms. She wrote to him: "Dear, you don't know how fiercely I love you. Sweet, I long so for the physical touch of your hands on mine, and to look into your eyes. To be kissed. I sometimes long so much that I take a girdle and bind it tightly, so tightly that I can hardly breathe, round my waist, and then close

my eyes a little and dream that it is your arm around me. It gives me almost the feeling. You know I never have worn corsets. I have always been scornful of women who did. But do you know, dear, this teaches me that this is why so many women like to have them very tight. Of course this is nonsense, but it is curious how one's feeling changes, and how one's own love brings sympathy for all sorts of unexpected things in life." It is not surprising to find that the lady got very thin, and that the Jap discovered that "great love requires great strength of physical system."

His leave expired. He went back to Japan to his work, and to divorce his wife. The lady was to follow him in two years, still secretly betrothed; and after living in Japan for a few months, they were to be married. They wrote to each other about kisses, and publishers, racial prejudices, divorce; but mainly about kisses. As the time approached for her departure, he wrote less frequently and more briefly; and before she left, he suggested that she should postpone her journey for another year. She had already resigned her post at the College of Art, and had contracted to supply sketches and artists to some paper. She went. They met at Tokio, and parted. In his last letter, the Jap advised her to marry some nice Englishman. "When I was in Europe," he wrote, "I wished to experience all things after European fashion. I did not intended, however, to have love with any lady, but you were so sweet I smoothed into it unawares, and according to my Europeanised thought it was so delicious. I never imagined such a thing. Then also the after-effect of my time in Europe remained for first year or more after my return to Japan, and I had still strong feeling of love. But becoming more returned to my original state, among Japanese, and also with work, the idea of love changed. Then also I remembered you had spoken, and even I myself had spoken, to die or kill us for love, and that gave me now a very bad impression to me, for such shows that love is not a good thing. Also that I should have loved any lady, in such strong way as I loved you, is quite out of my natural thought, and the thought of any Japanese. I think I told you in earlier times that love is thought to be immoral with us. And now I know that it is really so, if it had such strong power over me, against my natural habit." The lady declared that she could never love again, that her life was finished; and he went back to his work. They are both dead now; and one can say without offence that love did not improve the literary quality of these letters, and it is difficult to see what purpose is served by their publication. They have little psychological value, for the Jap was Europeanised and wrote imitatively; and in England we are apt to despise the broken and contrite heart, unless we are writing novels.

Sicily in Shadow and Sun. By Maud Howe. (Stanley Paul. 12s. 6d. net.)

The author's interest in Sicily is confined to the earthquake at Messina, which she did not witness, and the relief given to the distressed inhabitants by the Americans, a work in which she did not share. Of Sicily itself and its history, we hear nothing but the usual scraps of information given by the guide-book. The latter part of the book is as tedious as a jerry-builder's report; indeed, it is that, for it describes (by quotation from the letters of her friends) the difficulties of building the wooden houses and hotel presented to the Sicilians by the Americans. The book has many fine photographs, taken by friends of the author; and is valuable only for them. As a tribute of admiration to her friends and countrymen, it has the demerits of dissociating one nation from the general praise, and of being an incomplete record of the relief given by the civilised world to the survivors of the disaster. Special praise to workers in a common cause of charity is to be deprecated.

Weather Science. By F. W. Henkel. (Fisher Unwin. 6s. net.)

Mr. Henkel has written an interesting and not too technical account of a science that is still in its infancy. We are absolved from the necessity of keeping our weather eye open by the use of instruments that make inaccurate records. Mr. Henkel shows us how the readings of these instruments may be corrected and collated, and the scientific weather prophet be justified by his predictions. He describes the various instruments and the methods of using them, and deals succinctly with weather problems and prognostics, theories of atmospheric circulation, clouds, the wind, atmospheric electricity, local and seasonal variations. The book is a comprehensive survey of what ought to be known on this subject, and should be a good introduction to the difficulties of its study. It is illustrated with many photographs of instruments and apparatus, and a few fine photographs of clouds. By the application of mathematics to the mass of recorded facts, we may be able, in time, to make an English summer.

The Story of France. By Mary Macgregor. (Jack. 7s. 6d. net.)

Miss Macgregor writes for girls and boys the history of France from the time of the Druids to the Commune. Her method is that of the story-teller rather than that of the historian; and instead of the usual catalogue of dates and genealogies, she offers a simple narrative. The book is, of course, a mere thumb-nail sketch of the kings, their wars, their wives, and their wastings; and it makes the customary appeal to the chivalric instincts of the child. It has twenty coloured illustrations, and should be acceptable to any child as a gift.

The Kent Coast. By Arthur D. Lewis. (Fisher Unwin. 6s. net.)

A rambler's book written by a rambler. Mr. Lewis walked from Deptford to Dungeness for his photographs, and through English history and literature from the Venerable Bede to H. G. Wells for his information. The result is an interesting guide-book, with many apt quotations and good photographs, which will appeal to the more leisured and literary of the trippers to the sea.

THE CITY.

A Rhapsody.

IN the morn when the radiant sunshine is streaming
And the glow o'er the streets lightly plays,
When the houses and pavements in splendour are gleaming,
And the grimy old river is laughing and beaming,
O city, with joy and delight thou are teeming,
On thy wonders in rapture I gaze.

The sun on the glittering wavelets is glinting,
With hues of the rainbow the murky flood tinting,
Thy awakening thousands to greet,
And all is aglow with a beauteous glimmer,
In the distance the haze casts a nebulous shimmer
O'er mansion, and hovel, and street.

But oft thou art shrouded in gloom, and thy splendour
Concealed in the mantle, uncouth and untender,
Of a mist full of horror and doom,
Yet joy through my bosom exultant is surging
As I gaze on thy countenance dimly emerging
From the folds of the darkening gloom.

How strange is thy guise when the heavens are clouded,
And thou in a rain-sodden garment art shrouded,
A pall that is cheerless and gray,
Yet still by thy charm I am spell-bound, beholding
The torrents unbridled, obscuring, enfolding
Thy form in a merciless spray.

When night casts a hush on thy workaday clamour,
'Tis then thou art filled with mysterious glamour,
Forgotten is woe and despair.
Thy feverish pulses cease beating and throbbing,
And hushed is thy laughter, thy wailing and sobbing,
And dimmed is thy luminous glare.

And ever when far from thy heart I have tarried,
To thee by an infinite love I was carried,
To wander again and again.
O city, with myriad beauties unchanging,
'Tis in thee that my footsteps most gladly are ranging
In sunshine, in mist, or in rain.

P SELVER.

The Adventure.

By Richard Curle.

We were coming from Colon to Southampton, and about ten o'clock on a fine night we put in at one of the islands to pick up the mails. We were to sail at seven in the morning. You know what these midnight arrivals are like—a tremendous rattling of the cable, an unwonted movement on board, voices hailing you out of the darkness, lights dancing on the water every moment shining more brightly, the splashing of oars, and finally the invasion of the ship by a crowd of people who have for the main part the smallest possible amount of business to transact. A confused clamour arose. Everyone wanted to climb up the ladders at once. All the darkies who managed to get on deck maintained a loud conversation with the boatmen below—that obscure, eternal conversation of darkies which has at the bottom of it a huge joke no one has ever been able to fathom. As usual there was the greatest excitement. A person calling himself Baden-Powell (this was the time of the Boer War) with a sloping forehead, one eye, and the most dilapidated trousers I have ever seen, wanted to take me and my luggage on shore. "Dat man no good, sah—you come wid me," I heard behind me. This was another of these perspiring black fellows—a man of about six feet four inches, with the marks of small-pox all over his face and a vile look at the back of his eyes. "But I am not going on shore," I said. I might have spoken to the winds. They were yelling at each other, using horrible and insane language.

Someone else tried to sell me postcards containing views of Government House and the Botanical Gardens, or, these enticements failing, a coral necklace which he produced from his pocket. But he was a poor salesman. He held them out in a kind of patient, unenterprising way, and, while I examined them languidly, his eyes were fixed out to sea upon the dim expanse of water, as much as to say that he had all time before him and that such trifles concerned him not at all. In reality he was probably thinking of nothing; but that's the impression I got. I've often found in the West Indian negro that peculiar abstraction of manner, which I daresay is a survival from the primeval fatalism of their forefathers. Perhaps they have after all some strange ideas, but how can anyone tell? They are very secretive.

Well, as I was giving back the postcards and the necklace into his unenthusiastic hands, I saw myself beckoned mysteriously aside by a person of quite a different description. He would have called himself "a coloured gentleman," though for the matter of that he was a pure-blooded black. This man was about 45, inclined to be fat, with heavy cheeks, side whiskers, and a respectable appearance. "If you only wore a silk hat," I said to myself, "I should certainly take you for a Haytian." He looked a great scoundrel. In spite of his gentlemanly attire, he talked as badly as any of the boatmen. "In dis packet," he said, taking from a side pocket a piece of tissue paper and unrolling it carefully, "I have four pink pearl from Turk's Island—velly too much good—velly, velly," he added in a kind of meditative soliloquy, waving his little fat hand at me with emphasis. They looked like small, oblong, polished corals about the size of a pea. He went on impressively, "Dese pearl come from de conch—velly rare, velly too much rare. Twenty pound for de four," he continued in a parenthesis. I appeared dumbfounded. He took my arm pityingly. "Dere are plenty of peoples in England give you tirty, forty, fifty pound for dem—come, what you say." "My good friend," I replied sharply, "I simply don't want them." He turned on me a keen, sudden glance (I had an odd notion that I saw his mind lying bare before me for a moment), and without another word wrapped up the pearls and hurried away to find someone else before whom he could display such treasures.

All this time the hubbub continued. The whole ship was astir. The steward's department was taking off some fruit for consumption on the voyage, the mails had arrived and were being stowed away, together with a small amount of cargo and luggage. Every minute passengers were coming on board, laughing and talking with their friends and making the usual loud comments upon the accommodation.

"My dear, she's as bad as the old 'Volga.' The promenade deck's right over the screw—just imagine if it's rough! And of course they've put us on the hot side. Jim says they cook everything à la Portugaise—quite uneatable. He came out on her last time. There's sure to be a peculiar crowd, Columbians from Bogota, all that sort of thing; spit anywhere about the deck—most objectionable. I can't understand why such people want to come to Europe at all. You remember what it was like before. I told Captain Jarvis he ought to put his foot down. They say this man's an absolute bear. Tell Cissy I shall write to her as soon as we arrive. I know Uncle Ted'll spoil her, but what else could I arrange."

They all seemed to be receiving and giving last messages. A regular farewell supper was being held down below. Meanwhile a lot of disconsolate niggers hurried about the deck, making a great pretence of having something to do in order to avoid being turned off. Quartermasters posted at the head of each ladder tried to hold an examination into the credentials of each ragged arrival, but they were met with such voluminous and overwhelming explanations that it was generally given up in despair.

I walked right aft, which seemed to be the only quiet spot on the boat, and leant over the taffrail. All round me rose up the magnificent deep night of the islands. Stars shone in the luminous depths and were reflected in the smooth volume of the sea. Canopus with his changing lights hung low down in the south, both Crosses moved up the sky, and the Pleiades were setting over the Western Ocean. They are a wonderful constellation. Week after week I have watched them sailing across the heavens, glowing like a cluster of pale golden dust in the uttermost distance of the night. To anyone who wanders much upon the waters they have a significance which no landsman can quite understand. Of all the stars they seem the most remote from the influence of time. They are as far from human weakness as the sea, as inscrutable as death itself. Romance seemed to lie at my feet as the lights twinkled and died out in the port and night rode serenely above. You could imagine the strangest of secrets lurking in the crowded mass of that muffled land.

"What passions and crimes, what forgotten history, what teeming life, what hidden and splendid beauties, what dark things may not dwell in that shadow," I thought.

And gradually silence came creeping up over the vessel and the sea. About twelve all the niggers were put off, and there were a few minutes of frightful uproar. But soon their voices echoed clearly over the calm water, the sound of oars slowly receded, they sang together old melodies that floated toward us out of the starry darkness. Distance made most beautiful all these faint murmurs. And you know the negro has a fine voice. In the Southern States, by the cotton plantations, by the borders of the great swamps, they sing divinely in the harvest nights. It seems to me as though they put into their tones all the yearning of their long exile, all the meaning of some vast desire, all the mystery of the giant wilderness—but I daresay I am mistaken; how can anyone pretend to understand?

The stores having been taken on board, the lighters shoved off. Every now and then a voice would be heard calling for a boat as one by one the ship's visitors started homewards. The decks were deserted, the island was silhouetted strongly against the lesser gloom of the sky. Warm smells, the old familiar smells of the islands, blew to us from across the bay, and with them there came also the vague murmurs of the tropical night. Somewhere in the distance there was a sound as of a drum beaten endlessly. Above the running tide the ship heaved with its faint motion, as though the sea beckoned to it to come forth and be swallowed up in the desolate waste places. It swung on its anchor. On all sides the smooth eddies glinted

softly like the black coils of a snake, and momentarily dissolved into the darkness of the bay. Above the regular breathing of the ocean I could hear faintly the noise out of a million throats, the noise of the forests and of the swamps. It sounded like a vast and universal whisper. The riding lights of a few scattered ships glowed over the water and were reflected in long streams upon the hollow of the sea. A man on one of them had got a banjo and was accompanying himself to "Within a Mile of Edinboro' Town." Perhaps he was a Scotch engineer. They are like that. I daresay *he* hadn't seen Edinburgh Town for a good many years. His boat lay a fair distance off on our starboard beam, but in the stillness I could catch the words quite clearly. There are a queer lot of men on tramps.

On our ship there was no longer any sign of life. The one harbour lamp shone in the distance, cast outwards its red beam as though guarding for ever the sacred country from invasion. The lights that had been scattered down the sides of the mountains and upon the margin of the sea had disappeared. The shadowy land seemed to hold all the desires, all the fascination of the tropics. And holding steadfast watch over it was this single lamp suspended above the flowing darkness of the bay. It will always typify for me the romance and call of the tropics—the red lamp, sultry and mysterious, announcing to me the secrets of adventure and love, the hidden secrets which no one will ever be able to discover.

As I was musing thus, I heard someone carefully rowing round our vessel. It was a furtive sound, a sound you couldn't mistake. "I know what that is," I said to myself, "it's a darkie on the prowl—wait a minute." When a ship is at anchor there are always fellows like that, circling slowly round and round, with their eyes fastened on the deck, watching for stray jobs. It must be a poor business. I've seen a darkie at it nearly all night. However, no one can understand a darkie. A great idea had flashed upon me—an adventure! I bent down and peered at the water. A spectral little boat was moving along at a snail's pace, leaving in its wake a trembling swell of ripples. The negro was doing hardly more than feathering. I could see his body half swung round towards the ship in a listening attitude which gave to his figure a statuesque rigidity. I called softly to him to come round to the ladder. He did give a start! But I soon reassured him. I said I would give him ten shillings to row me to the nearest point on shore, wait there for me, and take me back before we sailed. I couldn't miss such a chance.

"Me tie up de boat," he said, "and sleep. When you want go back, you call 'Hey, Joseph, take up!' I tell you, last night take unripe mango. No good sleep. All de time dream men kill me. Velly bad. Eat nutting all day, but sick, sick."

He was an amusing chap. He rubbed his eyes with his sleeve. "Velly sleepy," he muttered; "to-morrow velly hungry."

Every moment the smell of the land grew more pronounced and its shadow clearer and sharper. A tongue of sand, low and dark, appeared straight ahead. "Take care, Joseph," I cried, "land ahoy!" He glanced round. "Mullin's Point," he said triumphantly. He rowed past the spit and ran the boat upon the beach of a minute, natural harbour. A dense wall of trees, tier upon tier, rose straight from the narrow strand like an impregnable barrier. I could make out several boats lying high and dry at the very edge of the forest.

"Whose boats are these?" I asked.

"Up dere," he said, with great nonchalance pointing towards the tops of the trees, "de men from Mullin's Village fish plenty. No like dese men. Velly stoopid. Velly angry see you fish near here."

"Where's the path?" I inquired.

"Me show 'em," he answered.

It was overhung by branches, and led steeply uphill winding through the thick jungle. Half-way up I stopped and looked back. Through the interlacing boughs I could see the dark glitter of the water. The scent of decaying mould and of some heavy night flower was in the air. The sighing of the forest mingled with the murmur of the tide, with the croaking of frogs, and the shrilling of innumerable insects, seemed like the beating of an immense sentient heart. And ever and again a strange cry would sound through the wood or a branch would snap like a report. It would be followed by a great silence. I can remember it all to this day. The ascent was probably about 300 feet. The trees ended abruptly, and the path opened out into a broad, white track. I followed it. Quite near me a cock crowed, and was answered from every side, loudly and faintly. It was like an echo dying away over the plain. In some remote hut a dog was yelping incessantly.

About half a mile down this road I stumbled upon the village itself. There was one straggling street, lined with wooden houses, each standing in a little garden. No light was to be seen; it was as quiet as death. Trees interspersed with the houses, and I could hear a stream tinkling on my right. A signboard nailed to an old stump had the word "Coffins" written on it, with a finger pointing towards a tumble-down shanty. I walked noiselessly through the whole length of the place. It certainly was an eerie sensation. The powdered dust of the street gave to my steps the softness of a funereal decay. In all that organism nothing seemed truly alive, but as though shrouded in a perpetual sleep. The running water and the crowing cocks emphasised in a very pronounced way the dream-like unreality. They were as incredible as the voices of a fairy-tale, as fantastic, as unhuman. In the bright darkness the shadows of trees and houses checked the road, looked like enormous black coffins emphasising grimly the one written word which dominated a land of slumber. A street full of coffins waiting for the houses to open and deliver up their dead. And they would never open because there was no one there. I could hardly bring myself to believe in the reality of the people sleeping on either side of me. It seemed as if there were simply two rows of empty houses. It was like a place which had been secretly deserted, and was tenanted only by the fantastic voices of fairies. It was as if I had entered the forbidden zone of a taboo, the scene of some appalling catastrophe or crime, from which men had hurried forth in dreadful haste, not to return until the forest should have closed upon it for ever and buried utterly the traces of some dark event. But spirits flourish in the atmosphere of disaster. They were singing all round me, sure of being undisturbed, in the semblance of frogs, of running water, of cicalas, of crowing cocks, of a barking dog.

In that mournful stillness I became aware of a woman who was leaning over the fence of one of these little gardens not ten yards from where I stood—a white woman. One expected so little to meet anyone like that. I never saw anyone look so white. She stood there quite motionless with her eyes fixed on me, like an apparition, like a pale phantom, risen to confront my sceptical imagination, as though she had stepped out of one of these houses, which were full of other phantoms, and silent not because of desertion, but because of death. All down the street the tenebrous shadows appeared more than ever like rows of coffins ready for the opening of doors. She continued to stare at me without recognition or inquiry, just as if I had been a mirage that would soon fade away from her experienced eyes. In her whole attitude there was a profound lethargy, a kind of frozen despair.

"What's the matter?" I said. Her glance covered me blankly.

"The matter is that death's been here," she answered.

It rang in my head like a bell. Nothing but death in a world full of madness, nothing anywhere but dead bodies waiting for the opening of doors. And she was dead, too—a pale phantom conjured forth by the songs of fairies. Looking up I saw her wide-open eyes turned upon me.

She pointed behind her to the house, and said steadily "Go and see." I went up a little, rickety staircase, and opening the door at the top entered a room in which two candles were burning. On a bed wheeled

into the middle lay a young girl of twenty. She was attired in a white nightdress, and her dark hair was spread in two slanting heaps upon the pillow. Her hands were folded in front of her; her oval face was as transparent as wax on which someone had traced a multitude of blue lines. Her shut eyes seemed like a demure pose, as though she were well aware she was surrounded by a crowd of admirers and did not wish to awake with anything but a feigned surprise. It was extraordinarily quiet in the room. Her untroubled look gave me the feeling of a rest eternal and calm. No corruption, no sorrow. How easy——. In the doorway behind me I heard a step. The woman had followed me. She stood swaying slightly, like a somnambulist groping in the twilight of her thoughts for the hidden truth lay somewhere near at hand, but which was surrounded by deceptions and dreams it was impossible to pierce.

"Asleep now," she murmured; "can't remember——"

She came close up.

"Doctor," she said, "my daughter Elsie—ill—thought it best—but all right at last—haven't slept for four days—something I wanted to tell you—recollect soon—soon—what?"

All at once she gave a loud and terrible cry.

"Dead," she shrieked, "wake up." She flung herself down by the bed, sobbing wildly.

The young girl lay with her eyes demurely closed as though ready to spring up joyously and end this elaborate hoax. I went to the window on tip-toe. The weeping of the mother sounded in my ears like an echo of all the sorrow and insanity ruling an earth made up of madness and death. She wept uncontrolledly, fondling the cold hands, which were growing stiff and remained clasped together as though set in an attitude of repose or prayer.

"Oh, God, not like this," she sobbed, "don't look like this, Elsie, my darling!"

The face of the girl, delicate as transparent wax, kept rigidly its expression of complete aloofness. I stole over to the door. In the stifling chamber both candles were spluttering out. The night stood like a sombre messenger upon the threshold, and seemed ready by its erasing hand to wash away the unhappiness of life, with its memories, with its hopes, with its lost illusions.

At the bottom of the staircase I ran into a young negro woman standing against the wall with her teeth chattering.

"Tell me," I said, "how did this happen."

"Missie, she die dis afternoon," she answered; "dat lady her mudder no understand. Sometime tink she die, sometime tink she sleep. Me velly frightened. De man say, come to-morrow and carry missie away. Her mudder no tink she die right. Me help nurse her. What you say?—dat lady mad. Me hide—to-morrow go home. Missie, she die velly soft—like dis. De mudder weep—my mudder weep too, once. De good Jesus love Missie plenty and take her to de stars. Oh! sah, me velly frightened."

"You wait here till the man comes," I said; "remember that."

Above our heads the noise of sobbing filled the house with a disastrous flood.

The negress began to whimper. "No weep like dat. Oh, I tell you! Oh, I tell you!"

I felt a nerve beginning to crack in my head. The invading darkness seemed poisonous, like the breath of something insidious and evil. How can I explain? I fled out of the house, right along the street, right along the road that led to it, and never ceased running till I had reached the edge of the cliff. And then I halted, panting, and looked back over the plain. It was enveloped in gloom.

I made the descent of the wood shakily and with slowness. My boatman lay fast asleep, his head leaning against the seat and his face all silvered in the starlight. He was breathing heavily through his mouth, his knees tucked up to his chest, and his bare feet turned outwards like those of a duck. The boat was being lifted gently upon the sand by each roll of the tide, which was lapping it with a tiny gurgling sound. The night seemed to have grown suddenly quiet, as it often does just before dawn. The drowsy voices had ceased entirely—all the frogs and cicalas were silent. No fireflies glittered any longer. As I put down my hand to wake him, he opened his eyes all at once and looked up at me with a remarkable expression.

"De night is over," he muttered in his thick, guttural voice; "hush, massa." And raising himself slowly he began to unfasten the boat. We rowed back to the ship in silence. It is strange how common to man and beast is that stillness of the early hours.

Fortunately there was no one about—at least, no one that I could see. I went and sat down on a coil of rope, and waited for the sunrise. A procession of the oddest ideas kept chasing one another through my brain. Somehow it all seemed so utterly unreal. It would never be cleared up—never, never. One of the inexplicable things. There are so many of them. For a long time I could hear the sound of Joseph's oars, paddling wearily homewards. It grew fainter and fainter till at last it died away altogether.

Again I felt all round me the fierce longing of the tropics. The restless sea rose and fell so noiselessly that you might suppose it was asleep. Over the inky bay a cool air was spreading itself. The man with the banjo had stopped singing long since, and a great silence lay upon everything. I was conscious of a peculiar stillness in the air as though night threw on us questioningly her profound and melancholy gaze. The daybreak was at hand. An ominous light shone over the east, and in the heavens the stars seemed to melt away into the dawn. I heard the waves rolling on the beach. It was like a sound echoing from a huge distance. Rays trembled on the immense gloom of the water, and on the mountain tops there glowed a frigid lilac. The ships at anchor in the bay appeared to be floating in space, and came out like spectres above the diaphanous mists. A breeze blew landwards, carrying with it the sharp smell of the open sea. An indefinable sigh stirred on the recumbent earth; all round me life seemed to move uneasily in its waking sleep. Imperceptibly darkness paled into morning, and the vague dusk widened above the fleeting shadows. The pulse of the tropical day throbbed again with its eager creation; a flock of parrots screamed in the recesses of the forest. I heard them distinctly. A glamour, stranger than that of sunset, lay upon the horizon—it looked incredibly unreal, remote, and fragile. For a moment life appeared to shiver in its intense desire. But rapidly colour thronged upon the brim of the ocean. All at once the sun flamed over its uncertain verge and morning rose up alert, vast, full of wakefulness. The things of the night came back to me like a recollection out of a distant past. In place of the dark veil there fronted me calmly the steady glare of the composed, gigantic day.

Recent Music.

By Herbert Hughes.

Ende vom Lied.

Sometimes, and especially when I am miles from a concert hall, I think I should like to mind other people's business. The other day, for example, I felt immensely inclined to write to the "Times" and congratulate it on its latest argument in favour of Home Rule. The day after the row in the House of Commons—the occasion, I mean, when Parliamentary gentlemen behaved like Parliamentary gentlemen—the "Times" correspondent describing the preliminary scenes, used a sentence (loyally quoted by the "Evening News") that ran something like this:

> When after long waiting the officials led us into the Strangers' Gallery the crowded House was buzzing with excitement in the midst of which Mr. Birrell's answers to a score of trumpery Irish questions, more fit for a parish council than for Parliament, were monotonously read out.

I found this as delicious as a gavotte of Rameau. . . .

The same afternoon I picked up an illustrated weekly journal—I have forgotten now which one—in which a gentleman signing himself "Jingle" discoursed facetiously about my poor benighted country. He had been, he said, in Ireland, and he had discussed that problem with everybody. I should like to have been present at the discussions, for I suspect that this gentleman, whose "facts" are as impressionist as his humour is tawdry, had his leg pulled more than once over a whisky and soda. I know how they treat top-hatted Fleet Street when it goes for a week-end to listen to the "begorrahs." The one amusing thing about the article was that the gentleman's witticisms about nationalist "agitators" were illustrated by a drawing (obviously done by an independent artist) of a group of tub-thumping Orangemen. Mr. Jingle doesn't seem to have discovered the difference. I found this as stimulating as a symphony of Stanford's.

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At the end of a season it is usual for people who write about music to pull themselves together and go in for reminiscences. It is a plaguey sort of habit to get into, especially when other people have the same reminiscences. But I am in the happy position of having heard less music this season than most people, and my memory of the works I have heard is therefore distinct, even if I do not wish to remember all of them. The ballet, of course, is uppermost. Some writers have been regretting the consequent poverty of opera. This is unintelligent. Ballet is essential to our artistic health. If there was one physic we required more than another it was Ballet. Our view about the human body (to take one aspect of the case) required readjusting; we have been drilled by the Nonconformist conscience to regard a half-draped body as an immoral thing on the stage, by the people, too, who have not objected to "mixed" bathing. There never was anything in this world more respectable than the bare legs of the Russian ballet, and there never was anything more suggestive of indecency than watch committees. However, nobody who has been at Covent Garden lately will for a moment doubt the enormous stride the public, as a public, has made since its first acquaintance with the fine and subtle art of the Russians. It has amazed the artists; it has even amazed the public. The opulence of the "Prince Igor" ballet and the voluptuousness of "Cléopatre" were less enthusiastically applauded than the slender fantasy of "Le Carnaval"; even the shocking "Scheherezade" was less praised and appreciated than the very precious beauty of "Les Sylphides." On the last night of the season Nijinsky and Karsavina had to repeat their dancing of Chopin's C-sharp-minor Valse in "Les Sylphides," and nobody would have grumbled if it had been danced again.

* * *

Of course, Maud Allan, Isadora Duncan, and others, with the Russians, Mordkin and Pavlova, have paved the way for the big season of the St. Petersburg Ballet. A few years ago we knew nothing of dancing beyond the delightful academic art of Adeline Genée, an art that was usually set in abominable surroundings; while now, I think, we have so far recognised the difference between real dancing and dancing for dividends, that a bad dancer would have no chance at all. No amount of money spent on effective scenery or pretty dresses is ever likely to deceive us again.

* * *

The superb orchestra of Thomas Beecham has added a good deal to everybody's enjoyment. If orchestras, like other living organisms, have temperaments, then I think Mr. Beecham's has a distinct one of its own. The London Symphony, for example, is a good, serious orchestra, occasionally careless with its brass instruments; one might perhaps label it "serious." The Queen's Hall Orchestra is sentimental, feminine, romantic, occasionally given to hysteria; one might simply label it "feminine." The New Symphony is nervous and ambitious. The Beecham Orchestra has all these qualities except nervousness and untidy brass instruments, but it has vitality and energy and youthfulness that none of the others possess so strongly, and a performance by them, especially of a modern work, is a lively business, excellent for jaded nerves. It has indeed been a good thing for the Russians to have an electric force like that under the footlights.

* * *

The music of "Scheherezade," although it has been performed once or twice here in a concert room, is new to us. With a stage in front of us and the wild picturesque melodrama being acted under our very nose, Rimsky-Korsakov's music tells us much more than it had done before. Probably since Wagner re-wrote the Tannhäuser overture there has been no music written like this. The prelude is a masterpiece of restrained heat; and through the scenes and dances the tempo quickens and the sensual music rises from climax to climax, higher, and more passionate, bursting forth eventually into a delirium of incredible fury. . . . It is, perhaps, as well that we cannot hear much music of this kind—we might wake up one morning and find ourselves admiring Brahms. My only objection to the scoring (it is possible it may have been in the playing) was that I could never forget there was a man at the other end of the trombone. I had no illusion about the fortissimo. But there remained in my mind one solemn thought at the end of this season: we shall never produce Opera until we can produce Ballet. We have always had the cart before the horse.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE INSURANCE BILL, ETC.

Sir,—Mr. Norton's able letter in your last issue would require a volume of reply, but I think generally that a phenomenon to which I have frequently drawn attention would put him and others on the right track. I refer to the "masking" of economic effects by their complex distribution. It is admittedly true that wages can be raised by trade union action in isolated cases and at intervals; but it is my contention that this is done at the expense of economies in wages elsewhere. In other words, if wages are raised in one trade they are immediately depressed in another or in several others, either directly or indirectly. The only evidence that might dispose of my contention is the experiment of raising wages in all trades simultaneously.

Again, the rise of wages simultaneously with the fall of prices which occurred during the second half of the nineteenth century, was due not to the suspension of the simple law of cause and effect, on which I rely for my conclusion that increased wages mean higher prices, but to the operation of disturbing causes. Purely accidental discoveries in machinery and materials or markets may have the effect of cancelling the effects which otherwise would certainly be produced. But these favourable circumstances cannot be so confidently predicted as to entitle anybody to declare their appearance, under an increase of wages, an economic law.

I certainly do not deny the conclusion of "Industrial Democracy" that wages generally can be raised without Socialism. What I do deny is that they can be raised other than absolutely. Relatively to the share which rent, interest and profit absorb, wages under private capitalism tend to fall; and this, I think, is conclusively demonstrated by Mr. Chiozza Money's statistics.

In reply to Mr. Wilson, I beg to say that the difference between raising prices and reducing wages is the difference between Tweedledee and Tweedledum. On the well-grounded assumption that the public will bear the cost of the employers' contribution to National Insurance, the conclusion is evident that employers will not; and employers and employed make up the State. In short, it will fall on the employed, whether in prices or in wages.

Mr. Belfort Bax is theoretically accurate, no doubt, in refusing to distinguish between Socialism and Communism. Nevertheless, I venture to think that for practical political purposes a distinction between the communisation of production and the communisation of the product is worth making and maintaining by the use of these words. Otherwise we shall find it difficult to distinguish between the admitted Socialism of e.g., the Navy, which is completely communalised, and the equally-claimed Socialism of, e.g., the Post-Office, in which "production" alone is communalised.

THE WRITER OF "NOTES OF THE WEEK."

* * *

Sir,—The first duty of settlers in an untamed country is to build stockades in order to protect their families against wild beasts. The country being settled, they proceed to exterminate the beast and abolish the stockades.

Mr. Lloyd George tells us his Insurance Bill is framed on the experience of the pioneers of the early friendly societies. He is building a stockade on a wider basis, enclosing, he maintains, all he can afford to enclose. I look at the Bill to see on which side the fence he has left the wild beasts.

He enumerates some of them in section 46 of the Bill, such as bad housing, insanitary conditions, defective water supply, badly regulated industries, infectious and epidemic disease. These beasts are still with us, despite modern sanitary and factory legislation, which requires the aid of Mammon to make it effective. Might it not be well to devote some portion of the funds to be levied under the Bill in preventing disease rather than palliating its consequences? For the State to insure against the effect of preventible diseases is a species of malingering that may have deadly results to the community. At this moment I know of typhoid, bad water, insufficient drainage, no isolation accommodation amongst children suffering in overcrowded cottages in this heat. These things are notified regularly to the Local Government Board, but the Board dare not speed the machine and use the powers they already have. They will be no more likely to move if clause 46 is enacted.

The beasts that glare at us through the pages of Part I. of this Bill are for the most part mortal if we should but grapple with them. But we are following in the footsteps of the friendly societies, who had no organisation to deal with causes, and no fund but the wages fund to turn to. They sought only to provide medical treatment for the individual sufferer and food during his temporary incapacity.

Cannot we, whilst the Bill is still on the stocks, do something to make it more acceptable to the working man and more advantageous to women and children? We intercept the wages of a man and compel him to make provision for his family's maintenance during his illness. If he die of an infectious disease we offer his wife and children the workhouse. That is, we compel him to insure against the lesser of two evils. Surely it is incumbent on the State and economic to use more of the public funds to prevent disease.

Women come badly out of this Bill. In each household side by side with the man exchanging his labour for wages, is the woman giving her labour, baking his bread, washing his clothes, and keeping him fit for work, and also rearing, nursing and nurturing a family for the community. She takes no wages for her labour, but her mate's employer gets the benefit of it both ways. Yet because this Bill is founded on the friendly society basis of a wages fund, neither she nor the children are, broadly speaking, to receive benefit if she or they are struck down with sickness. At least the same medical benefits might be asked for her as are provided for her husband. Those who have lost their husbands and are in the worst plight of all appear to be almost forgotten.

The factory girls of Lancashire, we are told by Mr. Lloyd George, leave their work at about thirty years of age, during which period their contribution is far in excess of their one week's average sickness. They are to be suspended from benefit, though they have simply transferred their labour to found a new home. As the Bill stands the wealthiest societies can pick and choose the youngest lives in the best paying trades, and so build up funds to provide future benefits to the dependents of those who are lucky enough to be chosen members. But what will be the state of the badly paid agricultural labourer and his family? Are we not in danger of building up a compulsory caste system which may seriously keep back society and cut across the present free and healthy trades union organisations? And why do we call in the employer and wage earner alone to help build our fence? Why take no toll from, and make no terms with the land monopoly that holds in check our local authorities when the public calls for drainage and water supply, hospitals and cemeteries, and above all, breathing space to their dwellings? And why are mineral owners so shy with their contributions?

The Bill may need pushing, but it also needs watching.

WALTER DODGSON.

* * *

TRADE UNIONISM AND WAGES.

Sir,—The question of the efficacy of trade union action is indeed of very great importance, as your correspondent, Mr. Henry J. Norton, remarks. If, however, the statement that the whole of the burden of increased wages gained by means of a successful strike can be shifted by employers on to the shoulders of the consumers is to be refuted, some better argument will be needed than a mere recommendation to study the pages of "Industrial Democracy." Unless my memory be at fault the Webbs make no further attempt to meet this statement than to remark in a footnote that "Actual variations in price have in most industries little connection with variations in wages." But the statement is not that a rise of wages, however attained, must be accompanied by a rise of prices, but simply that unless a successful strike be accompanied by some increase of competition within the ranks of the employers, either from fresh employers or from the State, the employers will undoubtedly shift the burden on to the shoulders of the consumers. State credit restrictions now place employers within a charmed circle, and it rests with Mr. Norton to prove that the employers will not take advantage of such an obvious method of recuperating their loss.

But I would go further and affirm that a successful strike is not only of little benefit to the working class as a whole, but, in the absence of freer credit conditions to enable the establishment of fresh industry, is positively harmful in that, by rendering production dearer, it prevents the normal entry of fresh competition into the ranks of the employers. This has been the common vice of all factory legislation in the past. We saw men, women and children in insanitary factories; we prohibited the factories. Our eyes were then no longer irritated with these sores, but did we ask ourselves what the workers would do who had worked in these factories, or whether we were not rendering the competitive struggle among the workers the fiercer by making it more difficult for a man to set up a factory? It was so easy to pass a law, and, apparently, so difficult to see that our sympathies were subsequently solicited for men whom our own action had deprived of employment.

There seems to be opportunity here for a dogmatic statement. Let me take it. I affirm that the workers can at present be benefited only by an increased demand for their labour, which increased demand must arise from the establishment of fresh industry. I await the Fabian who will come to grips with the problem of exchange. The vast mass of present exchange, 98 per cent., is transacted by means of credit granted by our banks. Is there a Fabian who is familiar with the machinery of credit—who can assert that the machinery works as smoothly as it might?

HENRY MEULEN.

* * *

THE WAGES SYSTEM.

Sir,—If it is impossible under the present system to raise wages without raising prices, it is perhaps due to the existence of a huge element in our working population composed of persons mentally, morally, or physically incapable of earning other than low wages.

In the middle of the 14th century wages in England increased considerably owing to a great plague and famine which swept out of existence vast masses of the more ignorant, idle, thriftless, dirty, vicious, weakly, unenterprising, and incapable elements of the population. But unfortunately plagues and famines no longer occur in England, while the operations of the other coolie-eliminating, wage-raising agencies are neutralised to a great extent by Socialistic, or grandmotherly legislation.

Among the superior Aryan races indulgence in intoxicants has in the past been a valuable coolie-eliminator, and the enormous proportion of the Japs, Jews, Chinese, Hindus, and other Asiatics who are of the coolie class is probably due to the absence of drunkenness among those races. In England, however, taxation has increased the price of intoxicants to such a degree that few of our English coolies are able nowadays to guzzle themselves into extinction before reaching the breeding age. If during the past hundred years intoxicants had been sold in England at their natural price, few of our low-wage earning coolies would have been born, as their parents or ancestors would have swilled themselves to death before they had been able to reproduce their kind.

The tendency of coolies to herd together under filthy, insanitary conditions is another beneficent eliminating agency. Turn Mayfair over to coolies, and in a short time it would become a foul, stinking, disease-breeding slum. The law in England, however, no longer permits coolies to be as uncleanly as they would like to be, with the deplorable result that the death rate in our slums and rookeries no longer exceeds the huge birth rate.

In former times, those of our paupers, vagabonds, and criminals who were physically fit were compelled to serve in the army and navy, where they usually got killed, or died of disease, while the criminal, pauper, and vagabond women, and physically unfit men of the same ilk, were shipped to the American plantations, where their coolie descendants now form what is known as the "mean white" element. But nowadays our Army, Navy, and Colonies refuse to accept coolies, either of the pauper, vagabond, or criminal kind, and so they can no longer be got rid of in that way.

At one time the natural increase of our coolie population was restricted by the mental, moral, and physical inefficients being prevented from marrying from lack of house accommodation. The farm labourer, for instance, who was incapable of earning a certain wage could not obtain even a

two-roomed cottage. But nowadays the coolie who desires to reproduce his kind encounters no such obstacle, as the capable non-coolie class is taxed in order to provide cheap house accommodation for those whose earning capacity is insufficient to enable them to obtain house accommodation at the market price.

Our corrupt, cowardly, and incompetent rulers and law-makers are not satisfied with promoting the increase of the native coolies. In return for the huge boodle funds the Jewish millionaires provide the three political parties with, the Parliamentary representatives of these parties willingly permit swarms of coolies from the ghetti and slums of Continental cities to be dumped on our shores. When the Tory party's turn comes to misgovern and betray our unfortunate country, this coolie importation is likely to be greatly increased, as the Hoggensteins and Swettembergs who have captured the Tariff Reform movement have already arranged that the industries that will receive protection from foreign competition are the worthless sweated industries in which their coolie tribesmen only are employed.

Apparently the only method whereby the coolie element in our population can be eliminated lies in teaching the women of the coolie class how to avoid motherhood. Few female coolies become mothers willingly. If, therefore, they were taught how to avoid having children, other than by abstaining from sexual intercourse, they would remain childless.

Of course Parliament could enact a law making it illegal to pay anyone a lower wage than, say, thirty shillings a week. But this would be unfair and cruel to the coolies, as the wretched industries which employ them would be killed, or have to use machinery, and thus the coolies would be deprived of their employment, and have to starve, or enter the workhouse. Not being Scotch, they could not all become labour fakers. JOSEPH BANNISTER.

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DIRECT SOCIALISM: WHAT NEXT?

Sir,—Mr. J. M. Kennedy says he does not take the Fabians seriously. Is Mr. Kennedy willing to refer to some of the recent publications of the Fabian Society and to say what it is in the Fabian propaganda that he cannot take seriously? For example, he might look through the tracts on "Rent and Value," "Capital," by E. R. Pease; "Nationalisation of Railways," by Emil Davies; "Our Taxes," by R. Jones; and that on "Wastage of Child Life." He might then refresh his memory by glancing over Tract 70, and by reading the tract which contains William Morris's lecture on "Communism," with a preface by G. B. Shaw; and also "The Necessary Basis of Society," by S. Webb.

Mr. Kennedy would clarify the issue and generally preserve it from possible verbal complications if he were to define in the precise language at his command the difference between what he means by Socialism and what William Morris meant by "direct" Socialism.

If Mr. Kennedy would do what I suggest—or something of the kind—it would be possible for a Fabian to ascertain whether or not Mr. Kennedy's education as a Socialist has advanced beyond that of most Fabians, and, if so, what is the new message which he (pace Mr. H. G. Wells) is declaring. P. J. REID.

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WORKING MEN AND MILITARISM.

Sir,—In your issue of June 29 Mr. M. R. Russell Lightbody combats my assertion that the military spirit is declining about equally fast in all countries. He is afraid of "hardy and savage Oriental races." I wonder which races Mr. Lightbody has in mind. I have some knowledge of three of the great Asiatic peoples. I have a wide experience of Chinamen, a fair knowledge of Japanese, and some acquaintance with Hindus, under which name I include all natives of India who come to America. Everybody knows that the Chinese are exceedingly pacific in disposition. The hatefulness of war has been preached for thousands of years in their country; and the seed has fallen on good ground. The Hindus who come to America (mostly Sikhs, I believe) are considered very mild persons. The Japanese are a brave race, but I am sure they are not more pugnacious than the English or the Germans. Moreover, it is well known that Socialism and Anarchism are making enormous progress in Japan, and there is a very strong anti-military feeling in that country. It is safe to say that the military spirit will not decay faster in Europe than in China, India, and Japan.

If the white races behave in a rational manner, they have nothing to fear from Asia. If, however, the white races imagine that two-thirds of the human race can be bottled up forever in the south-eastern portion of Asia, they will find that they are mistaken. The Asiatic races must have their full share of the unoccupied lands of the world, and they will take it by force if necessary. I am absolutely certain that the yellow races will take and hold Australia in less than fifty years, and they will take and hold a good deal more than that. As soon as Asia has an outlet, however, it will become quite pacific.

Mr. Lightbody is afraid of the fecundity of Asiatics. If he will study the history of the birth rate, I think he will cease to fear. Before 1878, France had the only declining birth rate in the world. Now every country in Europe has a falling birth rate, and the fall is getting more and more rapid. It is quite obvious that this example will soon be followed by every other country in the world. Whatever England and Germany do to-day, China and Japan will inevitably do to-morrow, and the Kaffirs and Zulus will do the day after. A line of division in such a matter as the limitation of the family is unthinkable. Just as surely as the negro woman copies the hat of the white lady, so surely will she copy her small family.

No doubt a few mountaineers like the Afghans, and a few desert tribes like the Arabs, will remain warlike longer than the rest of the world. But these peoples are too weak in numbers to do much harm to anybody. Besides, they are always desperately poor, and cannot afford modern weapons. Fuzzy-wuzzy was brave enough, but he had only his "coffin-headed shield and shovel spear." At Omdurman, not one of the enemy got within a hundred yards of the British line. The civilised world has nothing whatever to fear from savages or barbarians of any kind.

Mr. Lightbody thinks the working class will give up Socialism and anti-militarism. It will do so if Mr. Lightbody can produce good enough arguments on that side. If he can show working men how they gain by killing each other, and how they lose by combining against the capitalists, let him do so. He had better hurry up, however, for at present his side is sadly worsted in discussion.

British Columbia. R. B. KERR.

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THE DECLARATION OF LONDON.

Sir,—Mr. W. S. Kennedy's remarks on the Declaration are of interest, but I think he has hardly grasped the significance of Article 33. It is true that food is "conditional contraband," but then Article 33 states that "conditional contraband is liable to capture if it is shown to be destined for the use of the armed forces of or a government department of the enemy state," etc. Discretion in this matter lies with the representatives of any country with which we might be at war, i.e., in practice, the commander of a foreign warship. In view of the importance of our food supplies, it is obvious that a determined attempt would be made by our enemies to stretch the legal interpretation of Article 33 to the utmost.

As Mr. Kennedy does not specify any instances of my "misleading remarks" regarding this country as a neutral, I am of course unable to reply to him; but in making the statements I did I had very good authorities, not scare-mongers, on my side.

"Contractor" is not a good translation of "commerçant." It was this particular mistake, together with several others not quite so glaring, which induced the U.S.A. Foreign Department to have a revised English translation of the Declaration prepared, as it was thought, and quite rightly, that the translation prepared for our own Foreign Office was none too trustworthy.

I am of course perfectly well aware of the position of the judges in the International Prize Court; my point was that this Court would be powerless to enforce decisions to which exception might be taken by a strong victorious Power. S. VERDAD.

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MR. MASEFIELD'S "NAN."

Sir,—Mr. Alfred Wareing's letter in your issue of the 3rd inst. clearly shows that he is, as he admits, unable to grasp the matter on which he writes, and that he has completely destroyed, unknowingly, the argument he is trying to bring forward in his letter.

He tries to prove that because 14,766 people have seen twenty-one performances of "Nan," without indulging in adverse criticism, it is all that it should be.

I do not know Mr. Wareing; I do not know the play; I do not know whether the reviewer is right or wrong; I do not care.

But I object strongly to managers of influential theatrical movements being unable to view things in reasonable perspective.

One could (and many have already done so) put on grossly offensive or risqué scenes, and not a voice would be raised in protest, whilst one's business would assuredly increase. Nearly all the recent provincial favourites owe their success mainly to some such element in their construction. But who objects?

Mr. Wareing would endeavour to class "Nan" with "The Woman in the Case," for instance.

Mr. Wareing tells us that he "read the original article laboriously, and only arrived at the vaguest understanding . . . ." That is not to be wondered at; but I do not think the writer of the review is to blame.

HERBERT B. HAMMOND.

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Sir,—There is certainly no disputing with Mr. Dukes, who sees no difference between his hero's "delighted brooding" over filth and outrage and the satires of men who loathe filth and outrage. I give up trying to convince him. I offered him a canon of good taste to cut a wisdom tooth on. He retorted by dribbling out the poison he has sucked in and gurgling, "Nice!" Like the "Manchester Guardian," he shows the brain-fuddle induced by imbibing rotten literature. He cannot handle words to mean anything: e.g., you, sir, he writes as being in "an indefensible position," with "a dangerous weapon" in your hands! He hears all I can say about the total defect of beautiful action in "Nan"; but though he cannot produce one single action to match the talk, he will not or dare not admit that he has been duped into believing the play visional by an empirical hotch-potch of decoration. To this blasé young man, by hope a dramatist, the artist's choice between the real true and the ideal true is nothing but "an arm-chair theory." He sneers at, as mere "clap-trap," a suggestion that noble persons would not go to a theatre to indulge themselves in scenes forbidden in real life by decency or the police. Thus, he dismisses the standard of behaviour which separates a man of taste from the mob that loves to be spectator of indecency and violence. His final paragraph discloses yet again the impotent state of judgment that comes of studying in the straw-packing school. He, professedly, is able to feel that the words in my article on the crisis in literature mean something, but he has taken no real grip of the ideas in the article. Mr. Masefield, the delighted brooder over a maniac murder, is certainly not on the side of the angels. As for the restorationists, we are at least likely to be as clear-sighted in distinguishing our particular enemies as in describing their general qualities. We have come out precisely against Mr. Masefield and his fury-worshipping school. (Mr. Harold Fisher truly reckons the modern school as survivors of the ancient devil-worship.)

Mr. Alfred Wareing's statistics of polluted sheep move one to contemptuous pity. And here, perhaps, I may opportunely correct an impression left upon some minds by my saying that the crown of the artist is to arouse other men to a sense of responsibility. That is his crown, but it is not his aim. His single concern is to establish beauty; in establishing beauty, himself becomes virtuous; in so becoming he inspires others.

We turn to the classics because there is the pageant of the establishment of beauty, still unattained, still possible to be attained. By going often in that direction the artist gathers strength to keep his mind steady when amid the illusions of falsehood, vulgarity and vice.

YOUR REVIEWER.

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BAX AND BERGSON.

Sir,—Aristotle employed many more words than "alogon" which have been subsequently utilised by philosophers. Indeed, if we are to ascribe to Aristotle all the ideas expressed in terms that can be traced to him, we had better burn all the philosophic works appearing after his date. As your facetious correspondent very wells knows—if he read my letter with attention—the point I urged was that Mr. Bax first employed the term "alogical" in the sense in which Professor Baldwin ascribes it to Bergson. And it was this attempt to "father" everything upon Bergson because he happens to be popular for the moment that I deprecated.

R. MONTAGUE BAIN.

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A FRIENDLY LETTER.

Sir,—There were two or three points in Mr. Kennedy's letter of the 27th ult. to which I have promised an answer: such as his defence of the statement that Socialism is dead, and his saying there is no need for any such change as I advocate, because THE NEW AGE never has been a party paper. ("What the devil d'you want of two parties; wouldn't the right one be good enough?" is the sort of thing Morris would say.) These are interesting points in themselves, and I shall certainly bear them in mind, but am most anxious to drop this correspondence, for enough has been said, on my side at least, about what from the beginning has been an exceedingly painful matter. By the way, I did *not* attribute to him the idea of a "Purely Conservative Aristocracy of Intellect," about which we are hearings so much just now, and it is unfortunate that his reply was to an uncorrected copy of a letter which I had not even seen in proof. Consequently on Mr. Kennedy's part there was a slight misunderstanding, and the sentence to which he took exception should read: The only remedy for this state of things—(the violent partisanship of THE NEW AGE)—is that suggested by Belloc and Chesterton, pp. 225-6, and I feel sure their advice would be to discontinue its publication as the mere mouthpiece, or organ, of either, or any party, and set it up on a broader base. Right or wrong, I hope that will seem clear enough. There is, I regret to say, a commercial side to my nature, and from that point of view I believe it is the soundest suggestion that has been made.

ERNEST RADFORD.

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CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

Sir,—Mr. Dixon has written another long letter about Jesus and Mrs. Eddy, and he continues to evade the significance of the various objections which I have raised. He accuses me of showing disrespect towards the world's greatest thinkers, and he has also labelled me "blind." I would remind Mr. Dixon that the world's greatest thinkers have not all been Christian Scientists, neither have they been infallible. Huxley did not know everything; even the wonderful Jesus was fallible, doubting at the last moment the purpose of his Omnipotent Parent. Not even Mr. Dixon is infallible; neither am I, indeed, as Mr. Dixon so sadly suggests; I may be blind, but, in any case, I am convinced by whatever absolute intelligence is in me, that no amount of Christian Science, as propounded by Mr. Dixon, will be sufficient to open my eyes. I know too much about Stratford and Silvertown. As a materialist, and a "common-sense" individual, I consider that these things, or manifestations of the unknown, which we can see, feel, and in relation to our consciousness define, understand, and to a large extent, through the medium of experience influence or re-adjust; laws of Nature, inviolate which never contradict themselves; these things, the only truly revealed, are of more importance to us under present conditions than volumes by Swedenborg, Mrs. Eddy, Jesus, or Mr. Dixon. I am of opinion that Ibsen was a greater thinker than all these put together, since he was honest in his treatment of human life. For the love of truth let us be honest.

Mental healing is a conditional salvation. Organic disease cannot be cured by suggestion. Why the distinction between mental and organic disease, as implied by Christian Science?

Jesus made no distinction between mental and organic disease. Two weeks ago Christian Science murdered a cancer-stricken woman; she, poor deluded creature, refused material aid, and placed her tortured body in the hands of Christian Scientists—she died. The surgeon at the inquest made a statement to the effect that had he been allowed to operate the woman would have lived. This is indeed evidence. . . .

Christian Scientists ignore the fact of the individual's personal sacrifice as demanded by natural law by persuading themselves that the law absolute, in relation to itself, is divine and benevolent, thus overcoming the difficulty of vindicating the effect of the law as it is manifest in relation to its human victim. "Nobody with ordinary intelligence," says Mr. Dixon, "would argue that a murderer was the image and likeness of God," as though the "image and likeness of God" was an established fact. Mr. Dixon apparently knows all about God. Will he explain who did create the murderer? Will he also explain how it is possible to conceive an absolute Intelligent Divinity producing an Evil Negation of itself? Are we to believe that a Supreme Intelligence which created Jack the Ripper and Crippen, and which allowed their criminal tendencies to develop unchecked—is such an Intelligence as that going to exert a further counteracting Intelligence upon the condition that it is requested to do so by itself?

We, the manifestations of the Supreme Intelligence, constitute "itself." I should be pleased if Mr. Dixon would consult the Almighty and settle the dispute. The world will also be glad; it has been ardently seeking the absolute truth about these things for millions of years, at the cost of enormous individual sacrifice. But it is destined to wade in abstractions. Mr. Dixon uses the term "First Cause," but the law of causation excludes uncaused causes. A study of logic is apparently unnecessary when qualifying for a Christian Scientist. Can Mr. Dixon intelligently answer the following? If God the Creator is absolutely Divine, and infallibly Perfect, when shall we his manifestations endeavour to instruct him, and initiate him into the various mistakes that he has made? Why shall we pray that he may be pleased to re-consider his decree absolute, or beseech him to contradict himself by eliminating diseases which he has by a Divine and Supremely Intelligent Necessity created? I am afraid that Christian Scientists will never be in a position to explain to the satisfaction of sane thinkers, why millions of human beings have been stricken with disease, and tortured by natural law for no possible individual benefit, or make clear and intelligible the why and the wherefore of the Bloody process of Evolution.

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