THE DECLINE AND FALL

OF THE PARLIAMENT BILL. By Kosmo Chesterton

NOTES OF THE WEEK

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Our readers' interest in the Veto Bill has, we are sure, been exhausted by the two years' discussion, and we do not propose to comment on the incidents of its final passage. More important at this moment is the consideration of the future of politics under the new Bill. It is plain that in a material and brute sense the Cabinet is now the sole dictator in public affairs. The House of Commons, regarded individually, has long since abandoned even the appearance of independence. Without drastic changes in public opinion, we need not expect any assistance from the members of the Lower House in any struggle against the autocracy of a Minister. On the other hand, the House of Lords, while losing the appearance of independence, has in actual fact picked up the substance of it. Freed by the recent conduct of the Caucus from any obligation to respect or obey either of the two great parties, the House of Lords is now invited and morally compelled to assume a non-partisan attitude; and its opportunities for assuming this attitude with dignity and efficiency are multiplied rather than reduced by the Parliament Bill.

It is essential, however, that there should be no mistaking of the functions of what amounts to a new Chamber. Association with either of the parties will be as fatal to its present composition as its indissoluble marriage with Unionism has proved fatal to its powers. For this reason, and this alone, we welcome the otherwise insane intention of the 114 so-called Stalwarts who voted against the Bill to maintain their separate existence. If they can do this, not in the interests of the Unionist Party, but in the interests of the nation, their united vote on all the great occasions in the Lords will determine the issue. Unfortunately for this prospect, however, among the names to be lettered in gilt and hung upon public walls we see few that stand for anything in particular, save simple negation. Even in the conduct of their case against the Cabinet and the leaders of their late party, they have been distinguished by noisy negatives rather than by illuminating affirmatives. What they proposed to do, if the Parliament Bill should be withdrawn, they have never had the leisure to explain. We are afraid the conclusion must be drawn that they meant to do nothing. Nothing, at any rate, appears now to be the chief item of their programme. To reverse the Veto Bill is an impossibility; to "reform" the composition of the Lords will prove impossible for another quarter of a century; to resist Home Rule for Ireland will be fruitless folly. Yet these apparently are the only items on the Stalwarts' programme. No prospect of power with such ideas.

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If the Stalwarts are negative, they are at least definite. The other sections of the parties have not even this merit. The total incapacity of our journalists and politicians for taking long, clear views is exemplified in journals so different from each other as the "Nation," the "Spectator" and the "Daily Mail." The "Nation" declares that with the passage of the Veto Bill the course is now clear and the nation has its feet set on the path of democratic progress. Just in the world does democratic progress mean on the pen of journalists who have been praising the Insurance Bill? The very phrase smacks nowadays either of dishonesty or muddleheadedness. We solemnly defy Mr. Massingham to give any intelligible or acceptable meaning to it. But the amusing metaphor which represented the House of Lords as a sluicegate against "democratic reforms" has become the common property of tired journalists. What Mr. Massingham regards as a beneficent accumulation of democratic reforms which now will be free to pour themselves over the land, the "Daily Mail" regards as death and damnation. The floodgates of revolution are opened. What revolution? The phrase is as meaningless as democratic progress. All we know is that though these two journals profess such contrary views they agree beautifully in their support of the Insurance Bill. The only revolution we fear is the slow, insidious and irrevocable revolution which such a Bill as Mr. Lloyd George's will inaugurate. But the "Daily Mail" will not call this revolution and arouse its readers to oppose it. The "Nation," on the other hand, will call it democratic progress.

We looked to the "Spectator" to adumbrate at least a line of policy for the Lords under the new régime. But nothing that can be called a policy is to be found in its pages. The nearest approach to an idea is contained in the following sentence: "It is the by-elections which will give us our opportunity to make good the rejection of bad legislation by the Peers." What, we ask, does this mean if not that the Lords must in future keep a tremulous finger on the pulse of the Stick-in-the-mud caucus to be quite sure that they have been right in rejecting a bad Bill? A good measure, we candidly confess, is not a bit more to our liking for being popular with the caucus; nor is a good measure any the worse for being unpopular. The only sound line for the Lords to take in future is to ignore the caucus and to meditate on the meaning of justice in legislation; to defy both popularity and unpopularity;
to play the part in legislation that until recently the judges have played in law; to act, in fact, as umpires in the affairs of the Empire without fear or favour. We can imagine only raise them a position second to none in the world if they take this advice and hang the rest of their advisers.

No better illustration of the divorce between caucus-politics and genuine public opinion could be found than Mr. H. H. Asquith's Defence Bill. Not a soul outside the House of Commons approves of the measure; not one soul inside disapproves of it. The debate on Friday week in which Mr. Lloyd George summarised the parliamentary progress made on the Bill and ventured to foresee its probable course in the autum session was too striking a reminder of the shocking co-belligerency of the Unionists and the intelligence of the whole House. With an ounce of gumption the Unionists might have seen in the proposals an opportunity of turning out the present Government neck and crop. Far from attempting anything so statesmanlike, they continued their support of a measure which they know is bad. As for the Labour party, their spokesman on this occasion, Mr. G. O. Roberts, made such a kickspitting speech that we wonder his constituents have not protested. Among other expressions of base gratitude he assured Mr. Lloyd George that the working-men of this country were anxious Part I., and the Bill as amended on condition that Part II. was satisfactory and, further, that the Chancellor would not continue "to grasp the purse-strings too tightly." What is this but begging pure and simple? Had any poor devil solicited alms thus plainly forced upon him and with a kickspitting speech wrung by the police. Is Mr. Roberts so illiterate that he cannot read the "Times," the "Spectator," the "Eye-Witness," and the "Clarion," all of which journals have proved that the Insurance Bill was signed to ruin workmen's classes? We are rapidly forming the opinion that the working-classes have no worse enemy than the Labour party, whose brains, such as they are, seem wholly engaged in misrepresenting and opposing the intentions of their constituents. The point was not made, however, was this: that in the gap between Parliament and the people as revealed in the Insurance Bill, there is ground for the rejuvenation of the Lords. All they have to do is to throw the Bill out when it comes to them and to sit down and wait for the applause.

Under the auspices of the Fabian Society a public meeting was recently called to protest against the Insurance Bill, and a number of critical resolutions were passed. Chief among them, in our judgment, was the first resolution, which condemns the Bill "because it establishes a system of compulsory deductions from wages. . . ." It is indeed the introduction of this new principle into social legislation that makes the Insurance Bill the pioneer of slavery; for there is no doubt whatever that if the working classes are willing to allow officials to spend 4d. a week for them they will be expected before long to submit to a much greater tutelage. As a matter of fact, the spending by government officials of most of the wages of the workman can be justified by such sophistry as the Liberal Party knows well how to employ. Mr. Chioggia Money defends the compulsory deduction of 4d. a week from a man's wages on the ground that the workman can be insured that the police will not, insure himself, and, secondly, that the State will add a bonus to it. On much the same ground the State may shortly take over the responsibility for spending quite half the weekly wages. Why not compulsory baths with free soap and massage by way of bonus; or compulsory purchase of Dent's Everyman's Library with a dictionary given in? The depths to which Mr. Lloyd George's wedge in the Truck Act may be driven are inconceivable, especially under a Government that is suffering from the nation of a party triumph.

The "Spectator" has frankly answered our challenge to produce an alternative to the Insurance Bill by admitting that "it is not prepared with a counter-proposal. We cordially agree that inability to produce a counter-proposal is no reason for not opposing a bad Bill, and we sincerely hope that the "Spectator," with the other journals we have named, will continue their criticisms, and alternative constructive proposals, with their hands or not. At the same time, it is fair to point out that the situation stands at present in this fashion: The nation must either accept the Insurance Bill and sequential legislation involving slavery in the end, or be prepared for an endless series of strikes, as in the problem that has never yet been seriously tackled of organising industry nationally. The "Spectator" was unfortunate enough in its issue of Aug. 5 to express some doubt as to the inevitability of so at least an alternative; but before the issue had been well read, its readers were better informed. From one end of the country to the other, as everybody knows by this time, the world of labour is seething with unrest. In London during the past week we have seen a strike on a scale unknown in the city for over twenty years; it has been wonderfully successful, and it is, we confidently predict, the earnest of more to come. London has usually been the despair of the Labour organiser, but under Mr. Ben Tillett's masterly direction, London is now in the forefront of the militant labour forces. What London has done this week, the provincial towns were already doing last week and will do next week with even more spirit. In short, like it or not, the forecast for a year or two of increasing intensity is being borne out by the facts and will continue to be.

The "Times" bitterly remarks that under these circumstances "the blessings of peace are rapidly coming to bear a very alarming resemblance to the horrors of war—for the poorer classes. A great strike such as London has just seen merely gives a glimpse of the same horrors which the classes usually blind to them. But the "Times" do well to acknowledge that the horrors have been mitigated by the strike-leaders' humanity. It is a tribute to their intelligence that not only did they delay the strike for a whole week while negotiations were being dragged out by the masters, but from the moment of its declaration provision was made for the supply to hospitals of ice and drugs, for the maintenance of the main drainage system and other social prime necessities. If the governing classes expect gratitude for their creation of concentration camps and other humanitarian exceptions to the methods of barbarism in warfare, they must be prepared to be grateful for the same humanitarian treatment. As a matter of fact, the public at least was not unmindful of the matter thus shown. Save in one or two streets the strikers were everywhere heartily cheered by the public. It was obvious that both they and their cause were popular.

It is this last fact that perhaps distinguishes the present renaissance of the strike from its previous forms. Only during very great strikes, such as the Dock Strike of '89, and the Engineers' Strike of '92, has public sympathy been hitherto on the side of the men. To-day, however, nobody can doubt that public sympathy is completely with the men, practically on every occasion of striking. The public inconvenience caused by strikes, so far from being resented, is cheerfully endured. The public more than the masters deal toughly with the men's objects. Now this, we do not hesitate to say, is a feature that ought to be as disquieting to a capitalist government as it is cheering to us. For it means that the public has the same sympathy with the men as they ought to win, and is determined that they shall win. For twenty years to public knowledge trade unionists have been trying to raise wages by Parliamentary means. Partly from their own stupidity, partly from the stupidity of our party managers, they have hitherto failed. This being the case, and nobody with authority offering any prospect of national legislation, what wonder if they resume the old weapon,—this time with the public on their side? The "Spectator" may be assured that for a peaceable solution of the labour problem only our proposals for national organisation remain.
The "Bulletin de l'étranger," which forms so prominent a feature of the Paris "Temps," is usually written with so much accuracy and care that one is naturally diffident in questioning any statement made in it. It seems to me, however, that the writer of the leader of August 8 is not quite correct in indicating that the writer of the leader of August 8 is not quite correct in indicating that the agitation in connection with the return of the ex-Shah has done much to reconcile the Medjliss and the Sipahdar. Without wishing to convey anything personal in the present case, it may be said generally that it is a difficult matter to rely absolutely upon any Persian official. There are grave rumours, if not something even more decisive than rumours, in diplomatic circles to the effect that the present Sipahdar is willing to favour the ex-Shah rather than otherwise, a point to which I drew attention in these columns a few weeks ago.

There are certain powers which the Sipahdar, a highly important official, possesses in theory; but in view of the extreme youth of the present Shah, the Sipahdar can do practically what he likes. It is therefore of some consequence for us to know how he will act, for if he favours Russia at the expense of the Persian Parliament, or Medjliss, things may possibly hum rather later.

The ex-Shah, Mohammed Ali, it may be recalled, found it desirable to leave Persia towards the end of 1909, and he took up his quarters in Odessa. Everything was quiet for months, and Western Europe did not trouble much about the ex-Shah, even when he paid a visit to Austria for a "cure" last spring. Then, early in July of this year, we had the news that the ex-Shah had managed to elude the vigilance of the Russian Government and to reach the Persian frontier, and on July 22 last he entered Astrabad.

A protest naturally followed from the Medjliss, and on August 18, after an exchange of compliments, the Russian Government issued a remarkable semi-official Note. St. Petersburg blamed Teheran for not taking steps to check the intrigues of the ex-Shah. The Note went on to state that "grave representations" had repeatedly been made to Mohammed Ali, "not only during his stay at Odessa, but also while he was abroad." Then a direct charge of neglect is made against the Persian Government:

To fight the intrigues was first and foremost the duty of the Persian Government, which displayed insufficient energy in the task, and took no measures to prevent the return of the ex-Shah, although it was evident that his return was the interest of the Turkish and other European states. Since the autumn of last year the ex-Shah has resided mostly abroad, where the Russian Government had neither the duty nor ability to observe his movements, and he crossed Russia quite unexpectedly and incognito.

The Note from which I quote these passages proceeds to blame the Medjliss for what no member of the Medjliss can deny—viz., that constant Ministerial crises and the petty machinations of parties have not left sufficient time to prepare the Medjliss for the ex-Shah's intrigues, but have, in addition, left the Persian Government no time to devote to the pacification of the country and the establishment of order. This is undoubtedly true, and Persia cannot grumble if her strong neighbour points to these facts with some sternness and adds that she will hold Persia responsible for any loss which the Russian Government's private interests may sustain owing to internal disorders in Persia.

While the Medjliss must take its share of the blame, however, no one who is acquainted with the diplomatic methods of the Russian Government will be deceived by its pose of lamb-like innocence. It is notorious that Northern Persia has long been earmarked for Russian; the only matter not yet decided is at what time Russia is to take it over. The Persian revolution threatened to interfere with the plan, or at all events to postpone its accomplishment; but in the confusion necessarily engendered by internal disension and dynastic disputes there is no saying what may happen, or what the Russian Government may cause to happen. Russia has scarcely really been quiet since 1905; it would have been easy to find an excuse for intervention last year, just as the British Government had to threaten interference if the southern trade routes were not looked after better. Germany, however, stood in the way. The imperialist finance, which has prevented Persia from getting money on positively ruinous terms. There is, however, some slight excuse for this, for interest on money lent to an unsettled country must necessarily be rather high. But 12½ per cent. seems as near the limit as one would care to go.

During the greater part of last year Russian and German emissaries were busy in Persia. The Potsdam Agreement turned Germany away from there—though possibly only for the time being—and Russia had matters pretty well to herself. To say that the ex-Shah eluded the vast corps of Secret Service men and detectives of all ranks and classes whom the Russian Government has at its disposal, therefore, sounds ridiculous. The ex-Shah has been intriguing for more than a year; but the Russian authorities made it their business to turn their heads in another direction.

My own information is to the effect that the Russian Government still arranges for the ex-Shah to come back to the throne if afterwards he will set no obstacles in the way of the Russian annexation of Northern Persia. In exchange for suitable compensation he will have no objection to this, and he has for some time been sounding various Persian notabilities to ascertain what measure of support he is likely to get. He is particularly anxious about the inevitable Sipahdar, while the Russian Government presumably will devote its attention to the interests of these careerists without whom very little can be done nowadays.

The Moroccan "conversations" are where they were last week. It is, of course, clear that practically nothing can be arranged without England; and it may be news to readers of this journal to hear that the permanent officials at the Wilhelmstrasse and the Quai d'Orsay are grumbling considerably because England is moving so slowly. The fact is, Sir Edward Grey has always been a bit of a stumbling-block in connection with our foreign policy; for his ignorance of French and his ignorance of geography are aggravating various Persian notabilities to ascertain what measure of support he is likely to get. He is particularly anxious about the inevitable Sipahdar, while the Russian Government presumably will devote its attention to the interests of these careerists without whom very little can be done nowadays.

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After the Parliament Bill.

By Kosmo Wilkinson.

After the prolonged, feverish strain of suspense, the satisfied repose of reaction. Those who survived the ordeal of the rack used to say that the mere cessation of torment seemed the perfection of bodily bliss. And in a Platonic dialogue is a well-known passage where Socrates, after the removal of the iron from his leg, discusses whether pleasure means anything more than the absence of pain, or whether, for mental repose, there is need for anything else than the withdrawal of a positively tormenting anxiety. One mountain height gained, the natural tendency to call it a halt, and with rest to blend thankfulness for the progress made, quite forgetting the series of summits to be surmounted still. The sensational addition to the Statute Book just made marks, however, in reality the end of an episode, not the victory in a campaign. The leader of the House of Commons Opposition has at last brought himself to do violence to his own personal antipathies by discovering his political inspiration for the immediate future in just the counsel that would have been offered and the line that would have been taken by the one genus of genius with whom he formerly associated, and against whom he intrigued to the end.

Lord Randolph Churchill’s real statesmanship was not shown in the paradoxical platitude, so often attributed to him, that the object of an Opposition is to oppose. His true strength and real statesmanship lay in his readiness to recognise accomplished facts, and, instead of charging a stone wall, to make a dash for victory by fighting with his enemies’ weapons. Had he been alive now, it is certain that he would entirely, as far as that matter cheerfully, have accepted the Parliament Bill as it now stands, would even have alightened his features with one of his droll smiles at the modified surrender of an order that he never admired or liked the more because of his having been born within its pale. He would then have carefully reviewed the socio-economic-political questions likely to make their way to the front in the near future. Such, he would have seen, are the taxation of ground values and other usages that operate prejudicially to the proletariat, and that give some justification for the complaint of a handicap being placed on labour in its competition with capital. Matters such as these, and innumerable other problems connected with them are of a practical importance to the working classes far more pressing than the re-distribution of legislative control between the two Houses. Like most scions of ducal houses, Randolph Churchill had a healthy contempt for that section of the peerage whose members were not entitled to the address of “Your Grace.”

If in this respect Mr. Balfour resembled the former friend and rival whom he made it his life’s business to try and subvert, he would have ensured himself a free hand throughout the controversy by letting the Lords fight their own battles. As it is, he seems disposed to do the next best thing by facing the situation fairly, and making the most of the chances in which, to him and to his party, it will prove increasingly to abound. One mountain height gained, the natural tendency to call it a halt, and with rest to blend thankfulness for the progress made, quite forgetting the series of summits to be surmounted still. The sensational addition to the Statute Book just made marks, however, in reality the end of an episode, not the victory in a campaign. The leader of the House of Commons Opposition has at last brought himself to do violence to his own personal antipathies by discovering his political inspiration for the immediate future in just the counsel that would have been offered and the line that would have been taken by the one genus of genius with whom he formerly associated, and against whom he intrigued to the end.

One man sows, and another reaps. Should the attempt to translate his own ideas into fact not be reserved for Lord Lansdowne’s present colleague, the notion new exalted is too promising not to be attempted by other hands. And this is surprisingly soon, as the many startling possibilities of the future opened up by the party triumph of the session. The imperial reaction that signalised the twentieth century’s earliest years under Queen Victoria, and the re-assertion by the Peers of their forgotten prerogatives in fiscal legislation under King Edward VII., should remind the most superficial and thoughtless that in politics, more often even than in other things, it is the unexpected that happens. This very principle of hereditary government is the source of every sign of its not being nearly played out, nor of its constituting, in the eyes of the masses, the outrageous absurdity which it has sometimes been scorned for being. And this very principle provides a distinction contrasted with the descent of power from father to son? Is the elective portion of our polity absolutely secured against the attacks and the infringement which have been feared to the echo in the case of the hereditary House? Under the shade of great names like those belonging to its historic leaders from Pym to Gladstone, the popular chamber, if it has often lacked the affection, has rejoiced in a certain measure of belief and respect. How will it be when future Budgets are swelled by the taxes necessary for providing M.P.’s with the means of supporting their Parliamentary state? That fresh impost might perhaps be acquiesced in if we could count on the continuity, which has existed till now, in the duties of the people’s representatives at Westminster. But if in the near future, present, there comes a lull in the agitation for “Home Rule all round,” so much is talked and actually planned about Devolution, that it will be almost a miracle if the present century reaches middle age without the occupants of St. Stephen’s Chapel feeling a touch of the same reformer’s hand that has been so triumphantly busy in the crimson-bench assembly. Here, then, is reason enough for thinking that the point now reached may prove not so much to have ended a period of anomaly and abuse as to mark the beginning of projects and activities, in comparison with which what has just been accomplished may some day be looked back upon as harmless and humdrum.
The Decline and Fall of the Labour Party.

By Cecil Chesterton.

VIII.—TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

I NEED say little more of the Labour Party. It is already dead. Its epitaph was written a few days after the election of 1910 by Mr. Philip Snowden. "In the last Parliament," he wrote, "the Government had the command of votes sufficient to defy the Labour Party. The Labour Party was able to bring forward proposals and force divisions upon them without fear that the consequences of their actions might involve the downfall of the Government. That was the plain meaning of Mr. Snowden's words—is not likely to trouble anybody much in the future. A party which dare not bring forward any motion unless it is quite sure of that motion being defeated—and this is the plain meaning of Mr. Snowden's words—is not likely to trouble anybody much in the future.

The Labour Party is dead. My object in writing these articles is not to mangle vindictively its corpse, but to prevent other things that I value being entangled in its doom or poisoned by its decay. One of these things is Socialism. That Socialism has had a bad set-back during the last year or two I suppose nobody will deny. The falling polls of Socialists is one symptom, the falling sales of Socialist literature is another, the failure of the Anti-Socialist Union to get into Parliament is a third symptom, and perhaps the most menacing. I cannot but attribute these things to the failure and potent impotence of the Labour Party. Thanks to Mr. Ramsay Macdonald more than to any other living man, the Socialists are no longer inspire and the rich are no longer afraid. I want the Labour Party out of the way so that Socialism may live again.

But the Labour Party has not only weakened Socialism; it has weakened trade unionism also. Trade union officials who have become politicians—and hack politicians at that—have lost touch with their men and no longer work at their job. No ordinary man can contrive to be the friend and associate of the capitalists in the form of the House of Commons and remain at the same time the watchdog and implacable enemy of the capitalists in the office of his union. The doctrine of the Class War is the very foundation of trade unionism. The Labour Party has abandoned that doctrine, and perhaps the most menacing. I cannot but attribute these things to the failure and potent impotence of the Labour Party. Thanks to Mr. Ramsay Macdonald more than to any other living man, the Socialists are no longer inspire and the rich are no longer afraid. I want the Labour Party out of the way so that Socialism may live again.

The sooner the Labour Party ceases to be even in name independent the better for all parties. For myself I am disposed to wish Mr. Ramsay Macdonald good luck, and to hope that he may soon find his natural place beside Mr. Burns on the Treasury Bench. Then the Labour Party will be quietly absorbed and the way will be clear for a new democratic movement.

What materials for such a movement exist? That is the most important question we have to ask ourselves. First there are the independent Socialists, with whom may also be reckoned those who have never explicitly broken with the Labour Party, but who are so violently dissatisfied with it that any such event as the inclusion of Labour leaders among the Government of Romulo and Cato would drive them out, especially if they saw the nucleus of a genuinely independent group forming.

The only organised body of Socialists worth talking about which, in the midst of the slimy compromises and fatuous "taetica" of the last five years, has preserved its independence with honourable consistency, is the Social Democratic Party.

In the first article of this series I ventured some remarks on the S.D.P., and those remarks have called forth a protest from a source of which I can never speak or write save with the deepest respect. No words can ever express, much less can any attitude ever repay the debt which every Socialist owes to Mr. Hyndman, who may be said to have created English Socialism. If he feels that I have been unfair to the party with which he has been associated for so long, I must needs carefully reconsider what I have said. I have called the S.D.P. a "sectarian" and the word seems to have caused much misunderstanding. Mr. Hyndman, for instance, says "truth is always sectarian. If he means "truth is always dogmatic," I agree with him, and in the passage in question I praised the S.D.P. for their insistence on the dogmas of Socialist. But "sectarianism," as I understand it, has nothing to do with dogma; it may, and does, exist in the complete absence of dogma.

Let me take an illustration from religion. Of all ecclesiastical bodies the Roman Catholic Church is the most dogmatic. It claims to define the faith of divine authority and it enforces strict conformity by excommunication. Yet it is not sectarian. The English Non-conformist on the other hand, have abandoned all their dogmas; yet they remain incurably sectarian. What I mean is that if I am to meet a man and am told that he is a Roman Catholic, I know that he will hold a certain creed; but that is absolutely all I know about him. I do not know what he will say about it, or how he will talk, whether he will be cynical or sentimental, conventional or bohemian, coarse or super-refined, a man of the world or a recluse. But, on the other hand, I am to meet a Nonconformist, I do not in the least know what he will say about it, or how he will talk. Now, in this respect I want to see the Socialist movement resemble the Roman Catholic Church and not the Nonconformist sect. I want it to have hard dogmas, but I want it to be a net gathering in of all kinds. At present I want the S.D.P. to be a fine old fighting Puritan sect. The I.L.P. is like a slobisy, modern Puritan sect. But both are sectarian.

The S.D.P. does not "gather in of all kinds." "Justice," in the course of some very friendly criticism of my remarks, said that what "intellectuals" in the S.D.P. was just that its members were ordinary workmen. Show me a S.D.P. branch where the principal topic of conversation is "Who is going to win the Derby?" and I will reconsider my opinion. Yet there is no earthly reason why a workman should give up interest in the Derby because he has come to the conclusion that he might have more money (to bet among other things) if the rich did not exploit him. If he were really an ordinary workman he certainly would not.

In my first article I illustrated my meaning by referring to the men who had left the S.D.P. I will not return to that subject except to point out that I expressly admitted that some of these men were in the wrong and that in every case something could be said for the organisation. But I prefer to take another illustration. When the betrayal of the cause by the leaders of the Labour Party was made manifest to all the world, there were bodies that would have brought that body which had preserved its independence. Some who had previously left the S.D.P. (Mr. Tillett for example) did return. But the S.D.P. did not react anything like the harvest it ought to have reaped. The Graysonites did not as a body join the S.D.P., as they surely would have done could they have found what they wanted there. I conclude that there is something in the S.D.P. that acts as a bar to those who fully accept its general doctrine. In fact I know there is, for I was there.

Finally, let me ask my friends of the S.D.P. to believe that if I criticise them it is in no unsympathetic or
antagonistic spirit. From the leaders and from the rank and file of the S.D.P. I have received nothing but kindness, incidentally to quote the words of Mr. Mann may prove such a one, but they have behind them a real, if blind, sentiment of revolt. These are the men who made the South Welsh coal strike and showed themselves ready to put their bodies in danger—the ultimate test of revolutionary sincerity. They will do things in the future when once the Labour Party is out of the way.

Also their numbers will increase. The Bill now before Parliament called, as I am informed, "A Bill for the Reduction of the Working Classes of Great Britain to a Condition of Chattel Slavery" (short title, "National Insurance Bill"), will doubtless pass smoothly enough through all its stages; for it is supported by the two Front Benches and (of course) by the Labour Party. Mr. Macdonald assured the House that the trade unions would be delighted to co-operate. Doubtless the trade unions are quiet enough now. They do not know what it is all about, they assume that the Labour members would be 'delighted to co-operate. Doubtless the trade unions are quiet enough now. They do not know what it is all about, they assume that the Labour members would be 'delighted to co-operate.

The trade unionists will ask you against the Lords or the judges, or even, primarily, the dignation throughout the trade union world as will eclipse much mistaken, there will be such an outburst of in-destroyed. They will remain quiet until an attempt is

Now for the other elements. There is the large class of discontented trade unionists who are in partial or complete revolt against their officials. They have no leader (though Mr. Mann may prove such a one), but they have behind them a real, if blind, sentiment of revolt. These are the men who made the South Welsh coal strike and showed themselves ready to put their bodies in danger—the ultimate test of revolutionary sincerity. They will do things in the future when once the Labour Party is out of the way.

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dignation throughout the trade union world as will eclipse much mistaken, there will be such an outburst of in-destroyed. They will remain quiet until an attempt is
idea is a difficult task at the best of times; but a century ago it was out of the question. The stream of thought initiated by Paley, Priestley, and Bentham carried all before it; and the "Philosophical Radicals," with the assistance of the "Westminster Review," did the rest. Attacks on every ancient British institution followed one another without a pause, until at length the historical tradition of the nation was thought to be sufficiently broken. The great danger was, as can be given to them by the accidentally unequal distributions of opinions in different localities. . . .

Of course, the fallacy here would be evident in practice. True, the minorities might be organised; but in the representative assembly actually deliberating, of which Mill speaks, they would still be outnumbered, and consequently out-voted by the majority. And Mill himself specifically says that such out-voting is quite in order: "Minorities, so long as they remain minorities, are, and ought to be, outvoted; but under arrangements which enable any assembly of voters, amounting to a certain number, to place in the legislature a representative of its own choice, minorities cannot be suppressed."

"A utilitarian," says Brown, "is, therefore, a man who must not be allowed to press his individual convictions to the exclusion of his country's interest."

The doctrine of proportional representation, indeed, Mill is almost seized with intellectual hysteria: as Ostrogorski points out, the calm style of the philosophical Radicals, abstract reasoner becomes almost lyrical; for in a fallacy of proportional representation's Mill thought he had discovered the remedy for all the evils of individualistic government. Note this almost psalmistic passage from his autobiography—Mill is referring to Thomas Hare's plan of proportional representation:

I saw in this great practical and philosophical idea the desire of Burke to shun the idea of a new and more sanguine hopes respecting the prospects of human society; by freeing the form of political institutions from the accidents of local and religious differences, and enabling the strongest party to exclude the weaker parties from making their opinions heard in the assembly of the nation and to override them, as practical as they may be given to them by the accidentally unequal distributions of opinions in different localities. . . . This great discovery, for all that, is, I think it has inspired all thoughtful persons who have adopted it, with new and more sanguine hopes respecting the prospects of human society; by freeing the form of political institutions from the accidents of local and religious differences, and enabling the strongest party to exclude the weaker parties from making their opinions heard in the assembly of the nation and to override them, as practically as they can. . . . This discovery, for all that, is, I think it has inspired all thoughtful persons who have adopted it, with new and more sanguine hopes respecting the prospects of human society; by freeing the form of political institutions from the accidents of local and religious differences, and enabling the strongest party to exclude the weaker parties from making their opinions heard in the assembly of the nation and to override them, as practically as they can. . . .

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Letters from Abroad.

The New Idea of Dramatic Action.—V.

THE BEER FESTIVAL AT BAYREUTH.

Nürnberg, July 31.

When Wagner conceived the idea of establishing a theatre at Bayreuth he doubtless intended to give Bayreuth the atmosphere of Wagner. But that was many years ago; and since then Bayreuth has taken its revenge, and in a calculating, speculative sort of way has contrived to invest Wagner with the atmosphere of a tradesman.

To-day it is Wagner here, Wagner there, Wagner, in every way that one can think of. If one quits the alluring Wagner Avenue leading up to the high-priced Wagner Theatre, the eye falls on Lohengrin pensions; the step may turn in the direction of Tannhäuser cafés where one is privileged to pay five marks for the 25c breakfast they give you in Berlin. In the Theatre, one meets the commercial glances of Wotan, Siegfried, Tristan, Parsifal, and other distinguished heroes, falling from houses, streets, shops, flashing from all sorts of unpretentious commodities from desiccated soup to soap, all warranted in trade tests to help you on the road to the Master's world-view. The bright spirit of Wagner reigns in Bayreuth—in music and money.

Wagner's idea in handing over his theatre and his glory to Bayreuth was not to give that secular-minded place, acting in co-operation with lottery agencies, an opportunity of exploiting his genius for ready cash. It was in pursuit of his desire to make a church of the theatre, to consecrate it to the highest form of expression, to make it a retreat to which human beings might go to hear the finest examples of creative work. He wanted to show how much more important becomes work rescued from the vulgar and immature when represented in a temple whose design should be fitting to its gravity and consistent with the import of its ideas. He was dissatisfied with the conventional way of representing his own music-dramas whose design is without his architectural ideas? He has stated that in the Church the higher self may project itself in the deepest devotion; while in the theatre man is brought face to face with his higher or lower self. (Of recent years it has been only his lower self.) In seeking to impart to the theatre the consecration and dignity of the highest artistic expression of the same spirit of enlightenment which has manifested itself as religion under various forms, symbolically expressed, Wagner might have gone the whole length and introduced the aesthetic unity so conspicuous in the Church and which is so successful in creating an essential mood of religious face with his. If the theatre is to replace the Church, as it promises to do in Germany, where in many places it occupies the central position, near the castle, there is no reason why it should not preserve some of the best artistic features of its prototype. The theatre in the future, like the Church in the past, should foster the growth of brilliant schools of artists.

Wagner has, however, made his house consistent. It is big, theatrical, and monotonous. The exterior aspect conforms nicely to that of the interior, which is constructed solely to strengthen the mood produced by the works represented. He rendered a real service to opera-goers when he put the orchestra and the conductor out of sight. The place for a number of hot, uncomfortable-looking persons dressed in quaint costumes and led by a highly excitable individual whose eccentric movements are obviously calculated to provoke mirth, is clearly underground—or vaudeville. He rightly believed, also, in the powers of the rows and rows and rows of "self-contained" seats rising boldly to the tier of boxes, of producing the right mood in the spectators. So seated, each spectator is in his own kingdom of imagination for the time being. But there was no need for him to add those columnar projections to the interior, even though he was opposed to flat walls. These bits of monotonous architecture, loudly congratulating themselves on the assumption that they are an addition to the attractions of Wagner's Theatre, are a bore.

It may be assumed from Wagner having tried to build his theatre in Munich that another of his ideas was to give as many musical-minded persons as possible an opportunity of hearing his works performed under ideal conditions.

Under a different form of civilization it might have been possible fully to realise the Master's benevolent intentions. To foster our own form of civilisation we have only succeeded in setting in motion powerful commercial forces calculated to defeat their ends. The remoteness of the theatre and the shortness of the season have rendered the Wagner Festival accessible only to the monied class. The latter approach the enchantress music through an abyss lined with agents and speculators.

The striking success which attends the efforts of these gentlemen to make the Bayreuth Festival purely a money-making affair is a matter for tears. Not long ago I wrote to the director, explaining that I was coming to Bayreuth with the pious hope of hearing a Wagner different in temper and design from the pompous underestudy which London mostly sees fit to inflict upon a long-suffering public. Could he reserve seats for me, and could he, moreover, give me an opportunity to see the fine theatre which the world was now accustomed to talk about—or worse to that effect.

From the official reply I culled the following amazing passage: "There are no seats. We cannot permit you to see the theatre. There are no standing places." Accompanying this document was a circular with the following notice. It has just been announced that all the performances in Bayreuth will be performed in red ink. In a conspicuous place were the words, "No more tickets to be had, also in red ink. On the reverse of the circular were notices of the Business arrangements: "Tickets for the Ring will be issued for the complete cycle only. Price £4." Applications for tickets must be made several months ahead. Beyond this the agents undertook to supply visitors with apartments and carriages, etc. Letters that "Two restaurants are in the immediate neighbourhood of the theatre, where dinners, suppers, and light refreshments can be had at fixed prices."

It was an extraordinary communication, and it was self-explanatory. If the business persons who run this Bayreuth Festival are unable to get all the profit they desire out of the performances, they are evidently determined to fix up a further source of income by competing with the lodging-house keepers and by under-taking to supply their patrons with exhilarating food and beverage when such are required to supplement the exhilarating music.

But the letter I received was not true. When I reached Bayreuth I found there were seats to be had
for the first performance. In effect this kind of advertisement is a stupid trick played off upon the Press in order to circulate a report of the extraordinary demand for seats. The depth to which the average devout Wagnerians have fallen is plainly indicated by the fact that they will stand the impositions of the Festival agents without a protest.

In another way Wagner contrived to play into the hands of these money seekers. He wrote extremely long-winded operas that require a deal of patience to sit out. In consequence, intervals of an hour between each act have been introduced, apparently to enable the intellectuals to revive, but in reality to allow the manager of the restaurants to conduct a flourishing business.

During the intervals of the "Meistersingers," the first opera presented this season, one could see how admirably the arrangement worked. In most persons, especially of the vacuous monied class that finds its way to Bayreuth, operas, like other performances, are calculated to provide a healthy appetite and thirst. To them the "mood" is not complete without a visit to the theatre bar. Accordingly, it was not surprising to find the restaurants crowded with elite, while in another part of the grounds beer-benches had been provided for the groundlings and the distinguished chorus. The scene was full of strange contradictions. One knew that Wagner had been at great pains to devise means to preserve the "mood" of the spectator, while here everything contributed to destroy it.

In fact, the whole affair has too many loose ends to hold one's undivided attention. Apart from the beer festival, which quite destroyed my interest in the representation of the "Meistersingers," there was the unsatisfactory nature of the new Royal Academy scenery by Professor Bruchner to irritate further. There were, in fact, many who are stage decorators by instinct, and others who are not. Professor Bruchner is not. He does not understand how to create a picture solely for the stage, so as to obtain movement and to meet the variations and peculiarities of lighting effects. His unsuccessful attempts to provide a background to Wagner's pieces follow in the steps of many others, which have not been governed by stage laws and have had no relation to the symbolism of Wagner's music and words. The Wagnerian decorator exists, but he is unknown to Bayreuth.

One performance serves to complete my disillusion. There were other fine things to it. But the vision of Parsifal handing round litres of beer, and of the Rhine maidens singing their melancholy song, "Trau-lick und treu ist's nur in der Tiefe," waist-deep in flowing Plisener, was too much for me. I fled to Munich, where Messrs. Cook conduct a Wagner Festival.

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The one gleam of hope in all this muddled dullness is to be found in the fact that a theatre devoted to the representations of music-drama of the highest order has been established, and this through the generosity of the King of Bavaria. The Wagner Theatre is, in fact, further evidence of the great interest taken in the theatre and drama by the German aristocracy. Kings and ruling dukes in pursuit of a fine hobby have devised means to preserve the "mood" of the spectator, while here everything contributed to destroy it.

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me no end, 'cause I shouldn't see me way clear to the
paving o' it. An' when we goes to shops for to fetch
what us wants, an' pays cash for it, us don't get half
so well treated as them that says: 'Put down to my
account an' send it up, please!' That's how your sort
learns to spend money, I s'pose, by not paying it when
'tis due.'

"You 'spect you'll pay it all right in the end."

"No doubt; 'cause for your work, when you comes
to do it, you 'spects to get a sight more'n th' hunderd
paying a year that Dave here wants."

"I should just about think I do. See what my
education has cost. I told you a couple of thousand or so!
One ought to be able to earn something after that.
Your education costs you nothing."

"That's right. An' your two thousand pounds at four
pent per cent. would bring 'ee in eighty or a hundred
a year if you didn't hae no other advantage
besides the money that's been spent on 'ee. An' you
'spects a lot more'n that, don't 'ee? An' how did you
get your education if 'twasn't that your father had
more than I knows; aye, an' laughs at 'ee to your face
'tis due."

"I don't tell her I couldn't afford it for fear her'd
think I was whining an' begging. But if her'd offered
thing in what her said, an' not a mere matter
form.

"I didn't tell her I couldn't afford it for fear her'd
think I was whining an' begging. But if her'd offered
thing in what her said, an' not a mere matter
form.

"I shouldn't see me way clear to the
account an' send it up, please!

"I knew that; an' I knows I ain't got nuther the money nor the time. I've
a-got to drag my kids up, an' then they've got to take
their chance. Not that they'm the worse for that; only
they's bain't got no chance, an' they gives us more Iaws.
They's always passing for to reckon up things the s'other way, an' we says the second way is
right. An' so 'tis. A man counts more than ort.

They says: 'What's a man worth?'—meaning what's
he got. We says: 'What's a man worth?'—meaning himself an' his money together. They says: 'What's just between this rich man an' that poor man?' an
the supposition that 'they'm stay as they be—one rich and
t'other poor. But we says: 'What's just between
this man and that man? An' how is it that one o'em
is rich an' t'other poor?' They asks: 'What was a
man born to? Poverty or property?' An' works out
justice between 'em accordingly. But usually we says
that was all born naked, wi' nort at all till 'twas give'd
'm. That's the difference, an' there can't be no agree-
ment till they sees it. I don't know w'er I explains
meself proper . . ."

"I should say that you ought to write clown your
views or else go in for politics, if you know all about
it . . ."

"I can't write, not fitty an' I ain't got the rivets
for to go in for politics. An' 'tisn' my views; 'tis
our views, or our feeling, an' has been for a yarn time,
though 'tis only now that people's beginning to see
it plainer. Besides, don't you think that politics is
trying to alter things, really, 'cause they bain't."

"But they're always legislating for the benefit of the poor!"

"G'out wi' thee chackle! We wants more money,
an' they gives us more laws. They's always passing
summut that don't make things no better, not in the
long run, an' only hampers the likes o' us. Rivets
ain't everything by a long way; as known th' fact, but
'tis precious little you can get wi'out them, an' next
it used to be, too. An' when we asks for more rivets,
they passes laws how us shall behave, so's our want of
rivets shan't show: an' how to keep our health, so's
us shall work better to their profit. What we want is
proper pay; the rivets to work out our own life accord-
ning to our own ideas, not theirs. But they's trying
'to make it heaven on the cheap. 'Tisn't to be done,
I tell 'ee, an' so they'll find."

FATALISM.

I rule, and am ruled. I have not seen
My subjects, and my king, or queen.
By planet, satellite, and sun,
"Whatso is bidden must be done!"

"My subjects, and my king, or queen."

By planet, satellite, and sun,

"Whatso is bidden must be done!"

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By planet, satellite, and sun,
The Breidenbach Family in England.

Frau Breidenbach rolled up her breakfast napkin with a sigh, pushed it into the landlady's silver ring and pointed it at the empty dish before her. "There's the end of the good Munich sausage," she said, portentously; "and what on earth for the next meal?"

"Eggs!" said Maria, suddenly. The Herr Doctor delightedly patted her hand. "Maria is always so clever—"

"But there will be no dinner to-day?" he demanded. The Frau pursed her lips before replying: "I wish, Herr Doctor, that I could say yes, but I must be vexed. I will contrive. Perhaps I can find something in the village, isn't it?" Frau Breidenbach interrupted. "Ach, papa, when the tickets were very nearly opened her mouth. "Ach!" Frau Breidenbach indicated the whole country-side with a waving stick. "To-morrow." "Eggs!" said Maria, suddenly. The Herr Doctor delightedly patted her hand. "Maria is always so clever—"

"But what did I tell you—England is full of wasps!" "But what do I care about bad judges and wasps? But what do I care about bad judges and wasps?"

"Come, we go now." "First, Carl, I put on you your neck-scarf, and Maria fetches the rug, and then we go, though I am quite terrified of the people. Hurry, dear! That child grows so fat!" "Poh! do her good. Heavens! Emelie, will you plague me with a woollen scarf in August?"

Frau Breidenbach determinedly knotted the huge red roll around her breast. "So! Up! That was excellent. Come, now." "That is difficult to get up, we ought to have found a bank." Frau Breidenbach seized him under the arms. "Out!" she ejaculated, pulling. "Push, Maria! Ach, Carl, you have a sweet nature, but you are so fat!" The Herr Doctor pointed indignantly. "Should I not have known as well as you if it was a trap? But see the stick—na, that is difficult to get up, we ought to have found a bank."

"Yes, it is better. I think still there is a slight tendency to acidity. But it is much better. That is a very good prescription. Hoch! hough! hough!" He glared indignantly at his wife. "Ach! that poor cough!" her husband crooned; "how anxious I am. But now we deep salute me amiably this morning; I think I have offended the Germans—"

"So! Up! That was excellent. Come, now." She led towards the gate, a trim, serviceable-looking figure with her blue dress and stick. Beside the jamjar she stopped and called back: "Heavens, Carl, the wasps! But you did not see them, for they are full of wasps."

"But what wonder if the people do such things? Look here at this—a jar of strawberry juice to feed them!" The Herr Doctor retorted, "That is a trap. They fall in and are drowned." "FRAU BREIDENBACH rolled up her breakfast napkin with a sigh, pushed it into the landlady's silver ring and pointed it at the empty dish before her. "There's the end of the good Munich sausage," she said, portentously; "and what on earth for the next meal?"

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"Come, we go now." "First, Carl, I put on you your neck-scarf, and Maria fetches the rug, and then we go, though I am quite terrified of the people. Hurry, dear! That child grows so fat!" "Poh! do her good. Heavens! Emelie, will you plague me with a woollen scarf in August?"

Frau Breidenbach determinedly knotted the huge red roll around her breast. "So! Up! That was excellent. Come, now."

The field was right in front of their lodgings, and as the Germans—the stout Herr Doctor with stick and scarf, his wife in navy print and a smart hat and a scarf, his wife in white muslin and a stick—moved across the white road to the gate that led in, rural England giggled audibly from behind its window-curtains. Frau Breidenbach was prepared for everything to happen every time she stepped from shelter. She now hugged Maria and the Herr Doctor by their arms and whispered. "We do not look to the right or the left in case we offend somebody. The landlady did not salute me amiably this morning; I think I have offended her when I showed her the dear Kaiser's photograph. "Rubbish, my dear. The Crown Prince was the absolutely most popular figure at the Coronation. But look what is here—no bank in this field! I cannot sit down flat! It is my duty to keep you up against the wasps!"

"Come along, we don't meet the trouble yet," said the Frau; "we will go down the slope, some bank there must be." "But there is not!" The Herr Doctor indicated the whole country-side with a waving stick. "Ach, Maria, you are so fat!" he ejaculated, pulling. "Push, Maria! Ach, Carl, you have a sweet nature, but you are so fat!" The Herr Doctor pointed indignantly. "Should I not have known as well as you if it was a trap? But see the stick—na, that is difficult to get up, we ought to have found a bank."

"Yes, it is better. I think still there is a slight tendency to acidity. But it is much better. That is a very good prescription. Hoch! hough! hough!" He glared indignantly at his wife. "Ach! that poor cough!" her husband crooned; "how anxious I am. But now we deep salute me amiably this morning; I think I have offended the Germans—"
A Tale for Men Only.

By R. H. Congreve.

II.

On the day following the evening already described at Marion’s flat I spent an hour or so in meditating on the common events of the day their practical and logical meaning. Blake never Schofieldised his universe ON the day following the evening already described at that every event in the philosopher’s life is a seed that this relationship between Marylebone and Marion signify? What did it mean not only to Marylebone but to us who had unwittingly been drawn into it? Above all, what was the proper thing to be done under the circumstances?

That Marylebone was sexually infatuated with Marion was obvious enough as an answer to one of the questions. If there had been no other evidence, his display of her charms for his own and our seduction was conclusive on the subject. It was indecent, and that is always evidence in a normally sound mind of infatuation of some kind. But it was also obvious that Marylebone was not infatuated merely, so to speak, up to his neck, a spontaneous movement of his own will. It was not a partial blindness. It does not in the case of men of strong minds overwhelm and darken the whole natural intelligence. Yet undoubtedly Marylebone’s judgment was as much at Marion’s disposal as his sensations. Here he was, playing down to her intelligence as if she were a goddess as well as a female. How much sentiment as well as sensuality must have entered into his nature to produce this effect!

There was also the question of our group of friends to be considered. It might be difficult to rescue Marylebone from the pit into which he had fallen, but it was impossible that we should all continue to enter it. No man has any right to introduce into a circle of equals an inferior who cannot possibly belong to it. The Knights of the Round Table would certainly have rejected if the greatest Lancelot that ever lived had brought his squire to their company, and expected them to treat him as one of the fellowship. If even he had had the audacity to bring Guinevere herself—supposing, he said, that Marion were a man whom you are prepared to entertain, any part of the group. It would be utterly unseemly if she did. I don’t mean to be rude either to her or to you; but the fact is that Marion and metaphysics will not go together. If she comes, the rest of us will leave. That’s the long and short of the matter.

This opening, I am aware, was not as smooth as it might have been, but I was prepared from my experience of Marylebone to receive an invitation to discuss the whole matter at length, and I was not disappointed. Very well, he said, come in and let us demonstrate our own capacity for dialectics by threshing this question out. My confidence in Marion’s ability is quite equal to a defence of her right to join the discussions of men on equal terms. As we sat down and lit our pipes Marylebone remarked: I need not, of course, ask whether your prejudice is simply masculine. It would be useless to attempt to arrive at a rational conclusion if we began with an irrational prejudice.

My dear Marylebone, I replied, if I say that I have no masculine prejudice whatever against Marion, but on the contrary, except in matters of intellect, a masculine prejudice in favour of her, you will ask why I except matters of intellect, since it is precisely these that are in question. But the fact is that not being in love with Marion as I am myself, I save myself from the illusion of believing her brain to be the equal or superior of your own or mine or of any of the men of our set. In all other matters, such is my predisposition to her, I am prepared to believe her superior to all the women, save one, that I know. Probably she is nothing of the kind, but in the veil of glamour she has cast over me I, nevertheless, see her as such. But there is one rent in the veil she cast over me, through which I can see that her intellect is definitely inferior to that of any of our men. You, on the other hand, are completely veiled. You not only see her, like me, superior in all other qualities to the rest of her sex, but you are under the delusion that her intellect is of equal account with ours, that it is an equal.

Marylebone was not at all disconcerted by this attempt of mine to fit the cap he had prepared for me upon his own head. He had evidently meditated a good deal, as metaphysicians do, upon his own personal doings, and though he had not arrived at the point where he could discount his own illusion and detach his judgment from his feelings completely, he was, nevertheless, prepared to entertain the suggestion as a hypothesis. Supposing, he said, that Marion were a man whom you and I had not seen. I don’t mean to be rude, but if she has not, from her conversation, ideas, record and present studies and inclinations, conclude that she was fit to mix with us on equal terms? I have, as a matter of fact, questioned myself and observed her to this end very often, with the specific intention of checking my prejudice by reason. I am bound to say that she has come out of the ordeal very well. Long before I met her she had begun on her own account the study of philosophy. Her B.A. degree at Loddon was the most brilliant of her career, and unlike the case of the students, she did not drop her studies with her degree. She continues them for her own pleasure. One extraordinary and, I think, unique piece of evidence of her native interest in our subject is a fact I only came across by accident; she regularly searches the old secondhand bookshops for complete editions of the mediaeval and mostly neglected philosophic classics. Her collection is better than any man’s I have seen; and
no woman in my experience has ever begun such a thing. So much for her bent. As for her ability, I need not tell you that I have had innumerable opportunities of testing it. Often when you and the other men have left the room after a long, elaborate and inco-
clusive discussion, she and I have finished it out to-
gether over the embers; and the conclusions we came to by ourselves you afterwards heralded as discoveries. Well, they were mostly hers. It is she to whom I go when you and the others have given it up; and she seldom fails to solve it, or, at least, to put me on the track of the solution. What should I be, knowing all this as I do from experience, I should accept your conclusion as interesting and continue to her exclusion merely on the ground that she is a woman? That would indeed be cowardice on my part, as I maintain it is prejudice on yours.

Marylebone had so stirred his own feelings by this defence of Marion that by the end of his peroration he was visibly flushed. In order not to embarrass him too obtrusively, I therefore turned the conversation on to my own supposed delinquency. Let me admit, I said, that I am possibly prejudiced against Marion's intellect exactly because she is a woman. Is that not a sufficient reason for excluding her from our society? After all, these prejudices, whether we deplore them or not, or explain them or not, have to be taken into account. Marion, I am convinced, is uncomfortable when we men are discussing our problems. She would be even more uncomfortable if she were expected, as she would be expected, to debate the merits of her sex, to suffer the scrutiny severely with us. And her discomfort would be faithfully reflected in ours. In fact, we should all be uncomfortable. Do you suggest that a man who induced the same feeling in us would be willingly admitted? He might, for all I know, be our superior, but if he could not be one of us he would have no right there. Inferior or superior, I am content to leave the problem at that. Marion cannot come because she is either one or the other. You object that she is superior. Very well, that disqualifies her in my eyes.

All the time that I was saying this I was aware that I was lying. But what can one do with one's friend who is under a gross illusion which he has rationalised? I knew, if I knew anything, that Marion's interest in philosophy was only word-deep. Her sympathetic solu-
tion of Marylebone's difficulties was all fudge. She could not solve the difficulties of another man. It required for her insight to play that her relations with her fellow-countrymen were intimate, though she could communicate nothing. And we, myself and the rest of the men, being unattached to her by that ent-
 angloured tie, found her arid, shallow and empty. The little wretch was well aware of this, and her realisation and the conclusions we came to passim.

I have already remarked that Marylebone is a philoso-
pher when, as at this moment, he was on his mettle. His reply to my tirade was, therefore, no surprise to me. I said to him solemnly, if by some miracle Marion ceased to have any sexual interest for me, my judgment of her intellect would remain un-
affected. And I wish that we had the means to prove it. (To be continued.)

Books and Persons.

(AN OCCASIONAL CAUSERIE.)

By Jacob Tonson.

I UNDERSTAND that the Abbey Theatre Company is going to America in the autumn for a fairly long season. This information fills me with misgivings. Time was when the Abbey Theatre Company was an Irish enter-
prise for the encouragement of the taste for the theatre in Ireland. Mr. W. B. Yeats used to go about talking of his "peasant players." I suspect that this phrase showed a certain poetic licence on his part, for it is absolutely true that the Irish and certainly heredity does not consist of peasants; it consists, I should say, rather of journalists, clerks, lawyers, engineers, and women of the middle-class. Still, if the company does not object to being lumped with the peasantry, I really don't mind the appellation on its behalf. And conceivably Mr. Yeats is by this time convinced that the company genuinely is a troupe of peasants uplifted into culture under his benign influence.

Mr. Yeats also used to make us aware that he was appealing to the right kind of pit in Dublin, and gradu-
ally creating a public fit to appreciate his plays. But apparently the Abbey Theatre has of late come under the sinister influence of Dublin Castle— influence which must be fatal to the true, honest, racial quality of the enterprise. I need not give details in proof and illus-
tration of this statement, but I think I could give them, if I were called upon to do so. It is not to be supposed that the authorities of the Irish parliament or the Dublin Castle will support a theatre whose programmes are liable to modi-
fication at the pleasure of the house-party of a Castle official. And even assuming for an instant that Mr. Yeats scorns Dublin Castle, and in fact regards it as his wash-post—a poor thing, but his own—it is demonstrable that he is neglecting Dublin altogether. The company, according to my inquiries, left Dublin on April 3rd. It gave a fortnight's performances soon after Easter, and one special performance for the Dominion Parliaments. It will perform during Horse Show Week, the Horse Show being notoriously a popular and not a society function! And I gather that it will give a farewell week before leaving for the United States, whence it will not return till February. One month's performances in ten months seems to me to be an insufficient proof of Irish patriotism. After all, the object of the Abbey Theatre is not to divert London, nor to open the eyes of the United States, but to save Ireland—see Mr. Yeats's "For the Dying," "passim." The Abbey Theatre wants money, doubtless. Well, £3,000 has recently been collected for it; and it has just had a successful season in London, and it does not squander gold on its players, nor on scenery. The players are miserably paid, and the scenery—especially that everlasting cottage "set"—is simply terrible. I think that out of the £3,000 the Abbey Theatre might, with ordinary attention to business principles, manage to offer itself a new cottage.

But there is one thing that the Abbey Theatre enter-
prise wants far more than scenery and far more than money. And in stating what this thing is, I do not wish to be a little Mr. Ballyfermot. Though he has written nothing of importance during the last few years, I regard Mr. Yeats as a great poet, and I regard his achievement in the creation of the Abbey Theatre as very considerable. But the time is now coming when the Abbey Theatre will be the fashion. Indeed, it already is the fashion. And that which is fashionable is in the most serious danger of being ridiculous. The Abbey Theatre wants a firm-handed producer, and it wants a harsh reading-committee. The production, for ex-
ample, of "The Playboy" was a shock to the sym-
pathetic intelligence of London—so at variance was it with the real spirit of the play. As regards a reading-committee, I should very much like to know who does read the plays that are accepted for production.
The late J. M. Synge used to be associated with Mr. Yeats and Lady Gregory in the direction of the company, and the latter are now, I believe, in sole authority, which is obviously a pity, if one is to judge by the productions! By dint of perseverance Mr. Yeats has arrived at the point of persuading London that an Irish play must be good because it is Irish. The truth is that a considerable proportion of the plays given are utterly mediocre or worse. The press of these islands has learnt how to be amiable to the pieces of the amiable Lady Gregory. But every person of taste must know that the pieces of Lady Gregory are devoid of artistic significance.

They are nice, however; the worst plays given by the company. If Mr. Robinson's "Harvest" had no Irish accent it would be mere crude melodrama. Who that has heard the heroine cry out to her lover for the "dreadful, splendid life" can ever forget the effect of the scene—which might have been written by an inferior pupil of our most popular lady-novelist. I could write an Irish play myself. I could almost teach an intelligent typewriter to write one, or a circus horse. The artistic snobbery of the first-night crowd. But it is not the trick that was the school of Irish dramatists. Up to the present Mr. Yeats has only brought forward two Irish dramatists of any importance—Synge and himself. Let him establish a reading-committee, and let him require that it is high time he himself furnished a new play of dimensions and guts. In the foregoing remarks I have said little in favour of the Abbey Theatre. But I admire it much, and I know that a great deal is to be said in its favour. What it needs, however, at this critical stage of its career is a discord in the stupid union of praise.

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

By Jack Collings Squire.

V.—THE PRETTY FABLE.

The sun beat down pitilessly. The illimitable sands stretched out tawny and blindingly hot to the horizon. The blue sky trembled and burned with a fierceness that seemed as if it could never be dimmed.

The Man toiled on beneath his load. How long had he been walking thus over these parched wastes? Centuries, thousands of years, perhaps... he had lost all count of time. He could not remember the days when he had been free. It seemed to him as though from the dawn of the world he had been treading the sand, scorched by the rays of that torrid sun and mocked by the intense blue of that yawning gulf over his head. His back bent beneath his burden and great gouts of sweat gathered on his brow and rolled down his furrowed cheek.

No, there was no hope. For thousands of years he had been alone. Every century at sunset a Shape had passed him. One had passed him yesterday. He had no Irish accent; it was his own. But when he felt his feet they were firmly bound, and he could not release them. And he lay in a profound sleep it happened that he fell into a dream.

He dreamed that he was in a great forest, a forest that had never been penetrated by the light of the sun. Giant and wirthing creepers stretched from tree to tree. The trees were ancient and their trunks massive. How lofty they were he could not tell, for the darkness was such and the density of their foliage such that he could not see their tops. In his dream he saw himself lying, bound hand and foot, at the base of one of the largest trees in the forest. How long he had been there he did not know. It might have been thousands of years. As his eyes became more accustomed to the strange light he noticed that he was not alone. There, right in front of him, at the base of the next tree, gleamed two eyes, as red as live coals, in a form vague but horrible. The eyes looked at him. They fascinated him. He could not take his eyes off them. They seemed to burn and bore their way into the deepest recesses and caverns of his soul. And they seemed to speak to him.

At first, for all his straining, the Man could not penetrate the meaning of the words. They came floating to him, vague and unintelligible as words in a dream, which indeed they were. "Oh," he thought, "that I could understand!" But he could not understand. And his dream shivered and ended.

And again he dreamed. This time he lay in a reedy marsh by the brink of a great lake. The reeds were around and about him, but through their waving tops he could perceive patches of a twilight sky, cloudy, yet clean and star-sprinkled between the interstices of the clouds. The wind sighed and the reeds rustled, and instinctively he made a movement with his hands. To his surprise, though he knew not why he should be astonished at it, he found that his hands were free. He felt over his body, his poor, wasted body, and he knew that it was his own. But when he felt his feet they were firmly bound, and he could not release them. And suddenly he realized that he was not of a furnace, but of a large and lustrous moon. And as he looked he knew that the eyes were speaking to him.

At first he could not hear the words aright. They were strange and foreign, like words in a dream, which, indeed, they were. But as, leaning forward with his eyes wide open, he heard, at first indistinctly, then more plainly, the words that the eyes were speaking, he slowly dreamed. He lay in an open meadow under the sky of dawn. Not a cloud marred the placid surface of the heavens, and though the light of morning had half flooded the sky, a few large faint luminaries still gleamed in the ineffable vault. He felt happy, he knew not why; but when he felt his body he knew. His hands and his feet were free; his strength had returned to him; his thaws and sinews were robust and braced as in a youth that he had long forgotten; he sighed contentedly and stretched himself, his breast gently heaving with some
mysterious sense as of freedom new won and a world new-conquered. And as he lay and stretched himself he knew that he was not alone.

There, standing on the grass right in front of him, stood a Being in form and feature like a man but more glorious. He had a long garment without seam, and his brow shone like the fading stars. And as the man looked at him it seemed as though the eyes spoke.

And he knew what they said at once, without doubt or hesitation. This was their message: "You are not afraid."

And the Man rose and stretched his arms towards the rim of the golden sun now appearing over the edge of the world. He cried aloud in the strength of his joy and his new-won freedom. And as he cried there blew a little wind; and as the wind blew there came from the far away a little voice, a still small voice no bigger than a man's hand.

And the voice whispered, "You have conquered."

And the Man fell down, and the Woman danced on his Chest.

REVIEWS.

The Province of the State. By Sir Rowland K. Wilson. (P. S. King and Son. 7s. 6d. net.)

A far more fruitful field of political discussion than the comparatively easy operation of devising the grammar of the conception of the true function of the State. From our conception of the province of the State will flow not merely a programme for the immediate future, but a criterion and a standard by which to judge every political expedient put forward. Without some standard it is obvious that the legislature is at the mercy of the loudest interest or the most stropidest fad. Having no tribunal in the region of principle, but confessedly basing itself on popular demand, there is no logical reason for resisting any proposal that is supported by a majority of the electorate.

The absence, in short, of a common theory of the province of the State leads straight to demagogy via the caucus.

It is the realisation of this and the palpable association of cacus government with such measures as the Insurance Bill that will compel Socialists, or as Sir Rowland Wilson prefers to call them, Collectivists, to re-examine the bases of their faith. If, as a consequence of the doctrine of laissez faire without seam, or by which we mean to say that there is no logical reason for resisting any proposal that is supported by a majority of the electorate, the absence, in short, of a common theory of the province of the State leads straight to demagogy via the caucus.

From each of these Sir Rowland Wilson finds no difficulty in separating his own theory, and in finding in them a basis for the consideration of the special principles involved in the certain currents of modern proposals for legislation. Is it, for example, the duty of the State to educate the children of the poor? Should the State concern itself with secondary and higher education? Ought the State to make a brother and sister affair, Phoebe and Ernest, commonly called Phoeb and Ern, to be a typical pair of American-novel brother and sister. Ernest is an unattractive, stupid hobbledehoy; and Phoebe is a smart piece of sentimental goods. She grows up despising her brother, but after sampling American youth and doing so for a little while she returns home, and the plot proceeds to marry her. Except for the terms there is no romance, of course, in Mr. Hueffer's work. His idea for his romance is a very good one. Mr. Hueffer naturally does not make any gross mistakes in his procedure. Many of the American-novel brother and sister plays are shockingly inane. Why, for example, should the title of "Paradise," a trading station in Malay, and the "prisoner" of English trader, by name Jim Goffer, who has been stationed there for some fifteen years in the service of an Australian company. He made up his mind to leave the place and to return to England, but his departure is delayed by the appearance on the scene of a pretty half-caste girl named Lolo. Lolo is already engaged to a Malay native, but Goffer has the satisfaction of seeing him murdered by a neighbouring
tribe. All seems in train for the usual ending when matters are complicated by the appearance of the company's boat with a captain on board who proves to be Lolo's white father. The father, in the bustle of a native wedding, takes Lolo and her maid away, leaving Goffer a prisoner

The Glory of Clementina Wing. By W. J. Locke. (Lane. 6s.)

Naturally, with the equipment of a great creative artist, Clementina chose the other glory of marrying a man who cried "I want you for yourself." Obviously a model to be straw-packed and sold to the thousands of geniuses who will yearn over Clementina, reflecting how they, too, at marriage gave up their piano or their art classes. The familiar oddments are heaped up. Sheer sex, sheer womanhood, a diabolical idea of revenge, cigarettes, ladies, sensation through a loving woman, and then kisses, kissable curves, bare, shapely arms and swift passion! If such an output cannot compete for shattering sheer life with anything which have sampled confidently I commend for this secondary class of goods: Woman of thirty-six, great genius, awakening to sexual life, after considering herself an old maid is sound market stuff. Throw in an orphan child, ready manufactured, and a man with a soul to be snatched from hussies, and the thing is bound to go off.

Queed. By H. S. Harrison. (Constable. 6s.)

One difference between current American and English novels is that, with a few notorious exceptions, the American ones are guiltless of sexual indecency. Another is that American novelists are still so humble as to suppose necessary some knowledge of what was written before 1890. The result is that their fiction is at once less enervating to the robust reader and less stimulating to the decadent whom nothing but a shock can make feel alive. American fiction, though often straw-packed, is usually packed with clean straw. Mr. Harrison, we take it, from a perusal of "Queed," his first novel, is not quite safe from becoming a literary manufacturer, because his selective gift appears weaker than the novelty of originality is often contemptible, especially as compared with the biggish mould of his story. Nor, in our opinion, has the author's sympathy is with the too close-packed characters. As a first book "Queed" promises much. Few young men now writing could handle a long and much-involved plot with Mr. Harrison's tenacity. Fewer, perhaps, could write the discovery scene between Qued and his father. His fault is in enthusiastic elaboration—no bad sign of youthful copiousness, but to be corrected if a place in literature is desired.

The Desire of Life. By Matilde Serao. (Stanley Paul. 6s.)

The author doubtless means to be complimentary to England, a pure, young countrywoman of ours being awarded the crown for suicide-rather-than-life-without-the-object-of-her-love. We had thought this species was extinct, except in the servants' hall; but Miss Lilian Lillian, throwing off "headlong" foreign conventions, of the Isola Perea. Reluctantly we add Lilian's corpse to our literary mortuary. Not even the unstained honour and the gentle birth can make the addition convenient. We are full up, and except it were a gentlewoman she should ha' been buried out o' English burial. But we can scarcely refuse the probably very last specimen of the Ophelian order, so herewith we solemnly dig her grave, though that "headlong" foreign obituary does not, somehow, prejudice us to the humour like our own.

"Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay

To many of the inhabitants of the Isola Persa.

The inevitable morbidity of disappointed sex welters through the novel. The desire of life means nothing so simple here, but desire for a certain special man, with a man who dared not marry her with an old man's flame for fear the flame should put itself out—commit suicide! As stufing to these figures we are given sketches of invalids on the Engadine, religious ceremonies, the smart set abroad, and an American fortune of fifty millions—the sanest thing in the book since it looks at Engadine life squarely and goes back to America, apparently with the disapproval of the author.

A Woman of Small Account. By M. E. Martens. (Scott. 6s.)

The theme of the author to have presented "a South African social picture" is scarcely legitimate. An observant eye might have noted more about the country during a Cook's tour. Even a liberal sprinkling of Taal idioms cannot make Miss Martens' Boers anything but a Devinian, as with art the former deserts the individual nor typical. Still, the earlier half of the book is not uninteresting, though melodramatic. One or two scenes promisingly reproduce the Colonial atmosphere. But the promise is not fulfilled. Women's books probably fail in form as well as content. Miss Martens may have had in mind is soon lost. Hester, the woman of small account, who lives at war with her Dutch relatives, is led, through the example of her friend (once a famous lady violinist who has sacrificed art to become the wife of a missionary) to attack the evils of prostitution. Her rather bungling methods bring about a quarrel with her husband. Hester, zealous, leaves home and wedlock rather than give up the propaganda, the results of which are vague, unless we accept world-fame in literature as the natural crown of espousing the fallen sisterhood. After many years Hester returns home intent on a reconciliation. But meanwhile Mr. West has divorced her without her knowledge (is that really possible?), married again, and become a father. So the woman of small importance goes forth into the night and the wide, cold world. Miss Martens should be able to write good sketches if she chose. She cannot, at present, manage a long story.

'Varsity Types. By Frank Rutter. (Heffer. 3s. net.)

The republication of opus one is only justified when it can be offered without apology. These sketches were written and published ten years ago, soon after the author had left the University, and they are reprinted here without alteration or addition. "Though conscious of their many imperfections, the author throws them once more upon the charity of the public." This insufferable complacency will probably recommend him to the public he desires—he deserves no other. One must be very young to appreciate the humour of "The Trophy Maniac," who is, in the language of the law, a thief. The same system belongs to the schoolboy career of "The 'Pi Man"' in his first stage, and the furtive admiration of him after he had learned to cheat at a gambling game and to crib at examinations. The author's sympathy is with the rowdy set, his hero is "The Agitator," who never seemed to work and was the leader of every "rag," and yet was Senior Classic of his year. "The Swot," of course, failed to pass his examination. There is a public for this sort of stuff, but not in The New Age.

The Town of Morality. By C. H. R. (Mills and Boon. 6s.)

This imitation of "The Pilgrim's Progress" will disturb nobody. It is a weary description of Church and chapel services, P.S.A. meetings, ethical lectures,
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

WAGES AND PRICES.

Sir,—I should be the first to admit that the complexity of industrial problems makes it impossible to arrive at a solution based on economic cause and effect by a mere non-analytical reference to economic history. But is the connection between high wages and high prices economic in origin? I contend that this is not the case, and that the idea that trades unions or legislative activity cannot raise the general level of real wages.

Consider what will happen, if by law or by the efforts of combinations of workmen, an attempt is made to raise the general level of wages. If the wage-earners consumed the whole, or even the greater part of the products of industry, then, and only in that case, the employers would be able to raise prices correspondingly; for the increase of wages would mean an increase of demand precisely equivalent to the rise in the cost of production. But the very feature of our industrial system to which Socialists object is that the wage-earners consume less than half the annual national product. A rise in wages, therefore, means a rise in the cost of production unaccompanied by an equivalent rise in demand. What will happen in this case? In the case of a commodity having a very "inelastic" demand, the increased cost will fall chiefly on profits; in the case of a commodity which has a very "inelastic" demand, the increased cost will fall chiefly on prices. In the average case the cost will fall partly on profits and partly on prices. Two things now have to be observed, in the effect of a latent demand for a long run." (1) Such an advance in wages is usually made in a season of good trade (i.e., when demand is brisk). That is, the general character of demand will be "inelastic"; and it may then be possible for a considerable part of the increased cost to be transferred to the consumer. But when the inevitable slack time returns, demand falls; prices follow suit, wages remain the same level to which they have been forced up during the time of good trade. The natural result, as pointed out by the Webbs, is that a considerable advantage is given, in the competitive struggle, to efficient modes of production, as compared with those which depend for their success upon mere cheapness of labour.

Ultimately, then, the national "economy of high wages" shows itself, and, other things being equal, the real cost of production tends to fall. (The effect of the lean years of the trade cycle in stimulating the efficiency of industry, by "selection of the fittest," is referred to by W. H. Beveridge in "Unemployment" chapter; see p. 121.) (2) From the fact that the wage earners are only consumers to the extent of less than half the annual product of industry, it follows that even if the whole of the increased cost were shifted on to the shoulders of the consumer, the real wages of the worker would rise. In such a case the real rise, on an average, would be rather more than half the nominal rise in wages.

It follows, further, that the greater the inequality of distribution, the greater opportunity there exists for such a rise in real wages—e.g., it ought (theoretically) to be easier to raise wages by law in this country than, say, in New Zealand. Finally, I fail to see how the question of "absolute" and "relative" advances in wages affects the point at issue. The argument in your "Notes of the Week" means that neither "absolute" nor "relative" wages can be raised by law or by trades unions, or else it means nothing at all. If the writer of the "Notes" now admits that such action can raise the absolute level of real wages, he has admitted all that I have been contending for.

Henry H. Norton.

* * *

Sir,—Your able criticisms of the economic consequences of the Insurance Bill continually reiterate that the one remedy for the existing evils is an increase in wages. This is by an increase in wages. The editorial writer denies the utility of the Liberal dole legislation, because eventually the employer takes back the dole in some way or other. Does not this argument equally apply to any rise in wages? Cannot a rise in wages be nullified by an increase in rent or enhanced prices of food and clothes? A man may be as poor on £3 a week as on £1 a week. As long as the one is no better than the other, how far can wages be forced above the minimum standard of life? Under present conditions is it possible for the workman to press his wages up beyond a certain point?

Should a body of workmen be lucky enough to secure a rise in wages above the minimum, the employer could gradually re-win what he has lost by various means. He
can introduce new machinery; he can substitute female labour for male labour; he can reduce his personal establishment; he can buy up the produce of food and clothes. This is a fact which has been per- meating the minds of the workers very rapidly of recent years, and it has been conducted on different principles to the old strike.

Where is there any hope of solution? I can see no chance of the workers getting that ample and full life, to which every one of them is entitled by the nature of the work they do, and the expropriation of property is taken in hand by the working classes. The time for an armed insurrection in England is approaching, and in the near future it will be found that the Fabian policy has failed. The country is seething with unrest and social discontent. One would feel more comforted if there were a little blood on the surface we shall find that what superficially appears as humaneness is in actuality the refinement of cruelty.

The strong, healthy, capable worker is starved by heavy taxation, which is, in the phraseology of the philosopher, a consumptive tax. The physically and mentally rotten shall be patched up and allowed to propagate their kind instead of dying decently at an early age. The inefficient cools, who, according to Mr. Bannister's letter, has encouraged enormous families quite out of proportion to any possible demand for future workers of this type and quite outside the possibility of obtaining proper sustenance. Not seeing an inch before our noses we allow councils to appoint at enormous expense an army of health workers who swoop down upon this class and either by coaxing or instilling in them the fear of those in authority, compel them to keep alive wretched scraps of humanity who, all their lives, are miserably wandering in and out of hospitals and workhouses. Even when wretched, disease-eaten babies weighing perhaps three-and-a-half to four pounds are born there are hospitals ready to spend time, money and skill, and sanitary authorities only too anxious to assist, in keeping these miserable wretched lumps of humanity who, all their lives, are miserably wandering in and out of hospitals and workhouses.

More and more we see the strong being preyed upon to keep a flicker of life in the weak. I doubt if it's fully appreciated that the effects of this are as great as the over-weighted working classes. The scribes of Fleet Street have averted their eyes but that will not excuse their readers or their employers.

C. H. NORMAN.

Sir,—The points raised in Mr. Bannister's letter badly require ventilating in these days of so-called humanitarianism (perhaps we look a little more deeply now we shall find that what superficially appears as humaneness is in actuality the refinement of cruelty). The strong, healthy, capable worker is starved by heavy taxation, which is, in the phraseology of the philosopher, a consumptive tax. The physically and mentally rotten shall be patched up and allowed to propagate their kind instead of dying decently at an early age. The inefficient cools, who, according to Mr. Bannister's letter, has encouraged enormous families quite out of proportion to any possible demand for future workers of this type and quite outside the possibility of obtaining proper sustenance. Not seeing an inch before our noses we allow councils to appoint at enormous expense an army of health workers who swoop down upon this class and either by coaxing or instilling in them the fear of those in authority, compel them to keep alive wretched scraps of humanity who, all their lives, are miserably wandering in and out of hospitals and workhouses. Even when wretched, disease-eaten babies weighing perhaps three-and-a-half to four pounds are born there are hospitals ready to spend time, money and skill, and sanitary authorities only too anxious to assist, in keeping these miserable wretched lumps of humanity who, all their lives, are miserably wandering in and out of hospitals and workhouses.

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C. H. NORMAN.
In a word, capital in its operations is becoming more international every day. It knows no country, its one creed being profit for its owners. Mr. Money gives a list of the rise in prices in the U.S. and it is worthy of note that all those price rises are food prices.

in prices in the general way. It cannot be maintained that we have reached the limit in those forms of insurance in which the premium is paid entirely by the assured; and I can quite imagine that your friend would point to the large profits made by many insurance companies as a further proof of the soundness of his contention. He would ask, "Why should I diminish my resources by paying premiums to insure my life or my goods? I should only be making my position worse. The fact that the insurance company makes a profit shows that the dice are loaded against me. I can touch and handle the premium in my pocket, but I cannot touch and handle the benefit I should get in exchange for it. I will therefore keep my premium and be richer to that extent." He cannot see that the sense of security that premium gives is a benefit in itself which is worth the money paid for it. He also believes that an employer is allowed to shift the burden on to their shoulders, even then there is no reason why the workpeople should not be getting good value for their money. But a State insurance scheme should not be examined solely for the purpose of giving the employers a larger percentage of their wages.

The judgment of this Court may be wrong, but at least we can appeal to an international court, where a belligerent at present our only remedy is an appeal to force. This is a defect that it shares with every court in Europe.

In this instance Mr. Money's argument is defective, for it cannot be maintained that wages have either remained stationary or the advance in prices has been infinitesimal as compared to the rise in all the commodities that the worker has to buy. The men who have their grip upon the world's markets are all the time attempting to force prices up. Anyway it is certain that the investments of rich individuals at an average rate year by year, while the budget always tells the same story—increased amounts received from income tax and death duties.

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SOCIALISM AND COMMUNISM.

Sir,—If Mr. Belfort Bax had given us his definition of the expression "Communisation of the product," we might have been able to understand what he means when he says that the distinction between Socialism and Communism "is spurious," and has "neither historical nor economical justification." As his letter stands, it does not clear away any difficulty or afford any enlightenment.

Does Mr. Bax agree with Mr. Blatchford that under Communism all salaries and wages would be abolished, that goods of all kinds would be produced and distributed by the consumers or users of these utilities, each proportion to his consumption, a price covering all costs being paid for and not for sale in such quantities as were needed, hours of labour would be fixed, and every citizen would take what he or she desired from the common stock, that food, clothing, lodging, fuel, transit, amusements, and all other things would be absolutely free?

The distinctive principle underlying the economic activities of such a system is that of supplying all the wants of the individual at the public expense, by public free services, the cost being raised by the taxation in one form or another of the general community.

Does Mr. Bax not see that there is a vast and fundamental difference between such an ideal and that of Socialism, in which, while per capita distribution, and exchange are public property, the cost of maintaining such capital, as well as the cost of the labour and of the materials required, is borne only by the consumers or users of these utilities, each in proportion to his consumption, a price covering all costs being placed on services and commodities, and collected from the purchasers?

Is Mr. Bax's ideal "free everything," which could only be rendered possible by an intolerable system of taxation, for the individual for utilities judged necessary for him, not by himself, but by the majority or their representatives? Or does he prefer to allow the individual liberty to spend his money on such utilities as he might desire and to pay for them himself?

The one system is Communism and the other Socialism, and the difference between the two is that between slavery and freedom, injustice and fairplay, between the impossible and the possible. Most of the prejudice against Socialism is due to its being mistaken for Communism. "Philistine" or not, even I, who have been a Socialist for over thirty years, have never been able to find Communism "palatable."

J. Haldane Smith.

THE BLACK PERIL IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Sir,—When opinions are expressed upon the people of the overseas dominions by those who have never lived amongst them, as for example, the old phrase, "les absents ont toujours tort," may be said of attempting to follow up misstatements made 6,000 miles away.

Those of his critics. Why has he suppressed from the statement, from the first word to the last, in direct opposition to the facts, and conveys an entirely false impression of the situation which really exists in this country. To traverse her inaccuracies and to prove categorically the mischievous tendencies which would take up more space than I could ask you to place at my disposal. Less space is always required to make a charge than is necessary for its complete reutation, and pleasant as the task was to me, I felt that it was a waste of time to carry on such discussions on the public platform.

Sir,—From the day the New Age passed into your hands I have been, as you know, one of its most loyal—and, so far as lay in my power, zealous—supporters, since, as you know also, I have a very high regard for its contributors and for the exceptionally clear and far-sighted quality of its intellect. In common, however, with other of your readers, as Mr. Radford's letter in your issue of July 13 shows, I have for some time observed the spirit of several articles published by you with growing distaste and anxiety. While it is inevitable—and, indeed, I feel it necessary—to express a feeling that any questions of policy and public good, sincere and intelligent thinkers should not see eye to eye, and while, though I have frequently disagreed with the opinions you and your contributors have expressed, I have still listened to those opinions with attention and endeavoured to weigh them with understanding. Yet, for this spirit which has increasingly manifested itself in the New Age, I, a sincere and intelligent thinker can entertain any respect, nor indeed hold it in anything save profound aversion. It is the spirit of blindness, spite's twin sister.

To Mr. Masefield's "Nan."

Sir,—From the day the New Age passed into your hands I have been, as you know, one of its most loyal—and, so far as lay in my power, zealous—supporters, since, as you know also, I have a very high regard for its contributors and for the exceptionally clear and far-sighted quality of its intellect. In common, however, with other of your readers, as Mr. Radford's letter in your issue of July 13 shows, I have for some time observed the spirit of several articles published by you with growing distaste and anxiety. While it is inevitable—and, indeed, I feel it necessary—to express a feeling that any questions of policy and public good, sincere and intelligent thinkers should not see eye to eye, and while, though I have frequently disagreed with the opinions you and your contributors have expressed, I have still listened to those opinions with attention and endeavoured to weigh them with understanding. Yet, for this spirit which has increasingly manifested itself in the New Age, I, a sincere and intelligent thinker can entertain any respect, nor indeed hold it in anything save profound aversion. It is the spirit of blindness, spite's twin sister.

I have been loth to think this, and have therefore refrained from saying it, but an article in this same issue of the New Age shows, I am sorry to say, a tendency towards.of the black people in Africa and the States," I have been, as you know, one of its most loyal—and, so far as lay in my power, zealous—supporters, since, as you know also, I have a very high regard for its contributors and for the exceptionally clear and far-sighted quality of its intellect. In common, however, with other of your readers, as Mr. Radford's letter in your issue of July 13 shows, I have for some time observed the spirit of several articles published by you with growing distaste and anxiety. While it is inevitable—and, indeed, I feel it necessary—to express a feeling that any questions of policy and public good, sincere and intelligent thinkers should not see eye to eye, and while, though I have frequently disagreed with the opinions you and your contributors have expressed, I have still listened to those opinions with attention and endeavoured to weigh them with understanding. Yet, for this spirit which has increasingly manifested itself in the New Age, I, a sincere and intelligent thinker can entertain any respect, nor indeed hold it in anything save profound aversion. It is the spirit of blindness, spite's twin sister.

There has recently been published in England and America a play whose intensity of poignant beauty is comparable with that of Masefield's "Tragedy of Nan." It is a great tragedy, and I am loth to find any fault with it. Sir,—With reference to the letter signed "Your Reviewer," concerning Mr. H. G. Wells, I may lodge a protest against the smear charge of dishonesty that has been brought against him. The present criticism of his "The Time Machine" and "The War of the Worlds" by a gentleman who has not read them, and who apparently cannot be bothered to do so, is a travesty on the work of one of the ablest science-fiction novelists of our time. "The Time Machine" is a splendid tale, and "The War of the Worlds" is a fascinating piece of literature that has become a classic in the field of science fiction. To call it dishonest is to misrepresent the intentions of the author, who, I believe, intended it to be taken as a piece of satire on the state of the world at the time it was written. It is a story of war and conflict, and it is a story of change and progress. It is not a story of dishonesty, but rather a story of progress and enlightenment.
Assuming that your reviewer is not applying homeopathic remedies to the "flith and outrage" under discussion, allow me to state the tone of his communication does not augur well for what "we restorationists" are going to do. If the classics to which your reviewer refers teach anything, it is the severity of self-criticism and critical discussion, with which essential qualities no one can be said to be an artist at all. There is a vast difference between the expression of justifiable indignation and the indignation which arises through mere pique (hysterics). A reviewer, like all persons, should learn to distinguish the one from the other. The sentences I have quoted are not forcible, but only "inspire" nothing but disgust.

J. M. KENNEDY.

AN EARNEST ENQUIRY.

Sir,—If it is the desire of Mary Lavinia O'Malleys heart that sex be an open field without favour—and that, I take it, is the substance of her summary manifest in your issue of July 20—what is the explanation of the coy simper of the P.S., "Being a woman and Irish, I've omitted the question"? (The italics are mine.) In short, has Mary Lavinia O'Malley made any serious and responsible attempt to discover where she stands on a matter of most tremendous import? She cannot be gnosiforme to a movement that says sex has been scrapped, and in the same time consistently claim fatuous immunities for her sex in the worst manner of small pseudo romance from "As You Like It" to "The Rosary" or "Septimus." As either she may pass, but not as both.

And may I have the further presumption to point out to Mary Lavinia O'Malley that it may be screaming, but it is not hypocrisy, nor is it contemptible, to divide the world into the sane and the insane on the basis of its sharing or differing with her opinion or nature. That kind of racism is more admirable than the vicious appearance of people as egomaniacal obsession. (I am returning Mary Lavinia O'Malley by means of the vulgarly suggestive title of Miss or Mrs., first out of regard for the position she has taken up, and next, because I have no exact information as to which she is.

Not (may I be permitted to explain?) that I am deeply concerned as to what Mary Lavinia O'Malley may have to say, "being a woman"; but I do very seriously object, as an Irishman, to the implication of any kind in an Irishwoman with the febrile and frothy tone of Mary Lavinia O'Malley's "Earnest Enquiry." Further, I explain that I refrain from referring to Mary Lavinia O'Malley by means of the vulgarly suggestive title of Miss or Mrs., first out of regard for the position she has taken up, and next, because I have no exact information as to which she is.

Philadelphia.

T. D. O'BOLGER.

Nietzsche and art.

A fact I am constantly preaching is that we cannot leave any vital truth behind us with impunity in our march of progress, as it will surely arise and check progress by reaction. The existence of an attendant anarchism has left many valuable truths behind; and Nietzsche has reaffirmed them with unexceptionable brilliancy and power, and this was necessary in the interests of well-grounded anarchism, which essential qualities no one can be said to be an artist at all. Realism and Idealism are complementary and equally important; and when the writer on art takes sides and rails at either of these necessary branches of thought, he will be left too small and narrow; and rails and scolds like a Sub-man, rather than a grand Superman. This is well shown in his exclusionary splutterings against Wagner, who as an artist combines the dramatist and the poet to the fullest perfection. Nietzsche and Mr. Ludovici speak of decadence the term is meaningless; or it means simply that which differs from their narrow and archaic view of art.

But the master says so many brilliant things that are worth weighing that I prefer to judge of his art teaching by its results on myself. Nietzsche has taught me the uselessness to speak of art until you have some conception of its purpose; and that must rest on a conception of the purpose of life and art the critic is soon landed in the inane. This lack of conception of purpose vitiates the whole work, and we find master and follower girding at realism. Realism, in a sense, is the grammar and the vocabulary of art, and without a good deal of it the artist is inarticulate and out of touch of his fellows, or he does not rise to the status of an artist. Realism and Idealism are complementary and equally important; and when the writer on art takes sides and rails at either of these necessary branches of thought, he will be left too small for his task. The one unpardonable sin is to belittle art and to narrow its range; and in this sin the Modernity crisis is fixed, and it was fixed because Mr. Ludovici's work tries to correct. Then he would force the progressive life out of art by bringing it back to the iron-hard conventions of the Egyptian and Athenian artist that is admirable in Egyptian art should be adopted and carried forward to a higher power by the "live" artist. Mr. Ludovici's high admiration for the art of the Assyrians and Persians, even as one bewildered, as it is simply the apothesis of a Dutch doll. But the examples of Egyptian art given landed in the inane. This lack of conception of purpose is narrow and inadequate, and fits me particular mood. Still, to make one mood a criterion of all art is to commit the unpardonable sin.

Simplicity is lauded as the one cardinal virtue. Narrow again! Sweet simplicity for simple souls; orchestral opulence for those of larger needs! The terms, "ruler art" and "police art" are unhappily appropriate. "Tyrannical" and "paralyzing art" would be better. Or monumental art, commemorating something that formerly lived, and live art would meet the case. Still there is much in the work which should be commended with care; there are many lightning flashes into the profundities of art; and the doctrine that the artist should give, and create, from his abounding inner riches, is admirable. This tapping of the mystical depths is the source of all genius. Nietzsche is a useful spur, or goad, but a tyrannical and paralyzing master; and no man should be content to be a believer, but should be one, active in teaching and in all things aim at being a Super-Nietzsche.

E. WAKE COOK.

BAX AND BERGSON.

Sir,—MR. Montague Bain's second letter is only an attempt to confuse the matters by a change of ground in the middle of the dispute. It is a well-known trick of the资料显示ist to put forward at the same time two intermingled though different propositions in order that when one is refuted he may retort that he really meant the other. He thereby ensures that every attack will fail much in the way that when a child you were told that you might keep the horse if you ate your dinner, and then were given a piece of cake instead. The only way to meet such slipperiness is to open both hands at once. I'll try that method with Mr. Bain.

In as far as his view is that no artist has any real ground of complaint, apart from mere peevishness about Bergson's success, it could be stated in this way—that "something" is being omitted of the art, which is one of those compensatory adjustments by which Nature maintains her equilibrium. It is an aristocratic reaction against King Demos.

A fact I am constantly preaching is that we cannot leave any vital truth behind us with impunity in our march of progress, as it will surely arise and check progress by reaction. The existence of an attendant anarchism has left many valuable truths behind; and Nietzsche has reaffirmed them with unexceptionable brilliancy and power, and this was necessary in the interests of well-grounded anarchism, which essential qualities no one can be said to be an artist at all. Realism and Idealism are complementary and equally important; and when the writer on art takes sides and rails at either of these necessary branches of thought, he will be left too small and narrow; and rails and scolds like a Sub-man, rather than a grand Superman. This is well shown in his exclusionary splutterings against Wagner, who as an artist combines the dramatist and the poet to the fullest perfection. Nietzsche and Mr. Ludovici speak of decadence the term is meaningless; or it means simply that which differs from their narrow and archaic view of art.

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proved that what Bergson said was exactly what Mr. Bax described by the word "alogique," and Baldwin falsely attributed the invention of the conception itself to Bergson, then there would be a legitimate ground of complaint. But such is by no means the case. Mr. Bax may say he has made a rapid search through "Les Donnees Immédiates" in order to discover if the word "alogique" could be found there. If as the story goes by, he, like the sparrow, waiting to pounce on the one he wanted, he had at the same time endeavoured to follow the sense, he would have discovered that what Bergson says bears as much relation to Mr. Bax's statements as chalk does to cheese. Until he has undertaken this necessary task I cannot discuss the matter any further with him.

On another interpretation, then, there is no ground for complaint, and here, I think, this "recherche pour la paternité" might cease. When the only resemblance between a child and its mother is that they both have noses, there seems very little to write to the papers about.

Montague Antidote.

P.S.--I have just remembered that Baldwin's book "Thought and Things," was published simultaneously in French and in English. Baldwin is an American professor who spends a great deal of his time in Paris, and is probably quite as familiar with contemporary French philosophy as he is with English. He is, moreover, writing for French readers. Now it so happens that the word "alogique" has been used for a great many years in constant use in French philosophical criticism. I have seen it used in the "Revue Philosophique" ten years back, by writers who to my knowledge had never heard of Mr. Bax. I have not unfortunately a copy by me at the present moment, but if Mr. Bain will refer to the number of the "Revue Philosophique" he will find much beyond a mention of Aristotle, but the whole philosophy of in-determination is due to him. Baldwin's statements are only a belated, though unconscious, English echo of it.

M. A.

* * *

"The English Review."

Sir,—There is a curious error in the review of the "English Review" in your issue of July 13. The author is under the impression that radical views on the sex question are peculiarly characteristic of the writers of our time. They are not. For many centuries, and especially since the Restoration, the great poets of England have made savage war upon all that is not agreeable. Sexual freedom was advocated by Dryden, Congreve, Pope, Blake, Campbell, Byron, and Shelley. The opinion of all these poets may be summed up in the words of Pope:-

"Oh, when souls so happy draw
When love is liberty, and nature war."

The really striking feature of our time is that the theories of these poets are at last being put into practice by sober members of the middle class, and the skilled artisans, who know almost nothing of literature and art. England has hardly reached this stage, but the United States and Canada have got well into it within the last few years. In a certain agricultural town of Western Canada I am acquainted with three married women, living almost in adjoining houses, who have lovers in addition to their husbands. A few houses further off there is another case. All these women have spent their whole lives in Canada, and have had a very conventional training. All are good churchgoers, and are considered quite respectable. There is gossip about all of them, yet not one of them has been cut by anybody so far as I have heard. Two of them are the wives of business men, one of a professional man, and one of a skilled workman. All are strong and healthy, and the three youngest are fond of athletic exercises. All have children, and the large families, too, are healthy children. At least three are opposed to woman suffrage. None of them have the slightest claim to be considered literate or artistic.

There can be no doubt that American and Colonial examples like these will soon be followed by the general body of the English middle class. England may lead in politics, but in social life she always follows the United States and the Colonies. The women of America are the leaders of all women. It is interesting to note how dominant the feminine type of a theme is at the present time, and that the other day a conventional Canadian remarked to me that she could easily understand a man or a woman having a lover "on the side," but could not see how any decent man or woman could get a divorce and break up the home. That is exactly the woman's point of view. Women want freedom combined with stability, and they are getting it in America. R. B. Kerr.

The Pride of his Profession.

Sir,—When I read Mr. W. L. George's story "The Pride of His Profession," I thought it rather—how shall I put it—"unconnected with the truth." However, I have just found the following interesting items in an evening paper. Cutting enclosed.

Neville Eliot.

The Giant Hands.

The success of Dr. Wilmar's wonderful projector continues, and the morning newspapers at the present time are filled with letters whereby he is able to give the Oxford Music Hall audience the latest items of news meets with great appreciation nightly.

The news items which were telephoned last night from the "Evening Times" office, and were thrown on the white sheet, included the number of Lord Morley's supporters on the Parliament Bill, the drowning of the Rev. David D. John and his boy at Coston, Lowestoft, and other interesting items. "Evening Times" readers should not miss this latest novelty, the "Giant Hands."

Christian Science.

Sir,—Opposite to Mr. Dixon in regard to his belief, I have always admired his fairness and courtesy in argument. I was the first to ask him to write for the "Saturday Review" and the "Saturday Press," and I think I can say that no man did so little a trivial a thing on the surface, but none the less important, the other vital to Christian Science as a Church.

(1) Why are whisky and tobacco not "in harmony with Christian Science"? They are forms of matter, which is an illusion, as we all know, but why select the "curate" and a good Havanna as being specially objectionable embodiments of the universal illusion? What of gin-fizz and snuff? Surely these are equally objectionable. It seems to me that whisky and tobacco were Mrs. Eddy's pet aversions, and that is how they came to be stigmatised in "Science and Health." I should like to know from Mr. Dixon what it is in these forms of matter which make them impossible to Scientists. Logically, a scientist ought to be immune from the effects of alcohol or tobacco, for if rank poison is, or can be, harmless to them, why differentiate, even though the drink be Hamburg potato spirit and the smoke a tongue-parching penny whiff? This selection of forms of matter, as dangerous, is equivalent to a recognition of reality like that of those who still possess the carnal mind.

I once asked a woman scientist why she gave up wine. She replied, "Because it went to my head." I thought it was a good reason, too, but slightly inconsistent. Scientists who were dyspeptics affirm they can now eat anything; it was "mortal madness" that made them afraid of the deadly mince pies. "Truth" enabled them to eat without fear. By parity of reasoning, why should not Truth enable them to quaff a glass of Burgundy without feeling "heady"?

(2) Mrs. Eddy is described as the discoverer of Christian Science, precisely as Newton was the discoverer of the law of gravitation. My question is: Did Mrs. Eddy make an American "corner" in this healing power of mind? If not, why does she anathemise the New Thought people and others who do not agree with her? If she did, how does it happen that "cures" are found outside her fold? The point I wish to bring out is this: that if there is a law of healing the benefit of it will be reaped by any man who renders obedience. He may revere Mrs. Eddy or he may not; he may accept the synoptical gospels or dismiss them with a shrug of the shoulders; these things are, so long as he believes in the potency of the law his health is assured. I believe in the law of gravitation and in the circulation of the blood; but I smile at Newton as a theologian, and am not concerned with Harvey as an individual. If I respect the laws of which they were the discoverers I save myself from numerous ills. But the law asks no creed or shibboleth of me. It does not say, "I won't act for you if you read The New Age." If, then, Mrs. Eddy's discovery is a universal law, and I obey it, I have to have the fruits of obedience in sound health, even though I never entered a First Church of Christ, Scientist. If All is Mind, and I realise it deeply in my heart, why should the glass of whisky and a packet of "Woodbines" prevent the fulfilment of the law? Why should the law be exclusively "Christian"? Are we to become Christians before we can benefit by it?

Theodore L. Burns.
The Simple Life in the City

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Sensible Meals for Brain Men.

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