NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The "Christian Commonwealth" has again become lyrical, and this time on the subject of Mr. Masterman's speech before the P.S.A. Brotherhood in the Albert Hall. "The speech," it says, "was a brilliant effort, delivered with power of language and gesture, and with moving sincerity." But however sincere to himself and to his hearers Mr. Masterman may have appeared, nobody who considers his speech at leisure can fail to discover its fundamental insincerity. Mr. Masterman, like his leader Mr. Lloyd George, is by nature a double-dealer, a sophist, a Mr. Facing-both-ways. In his public career it is open to demonstration that he is an adept in the art of running with the hare while hunting with the hounds. This trait was well exemplified in the speech in question. Referring to the recent strikes, Mr. Masterman observed that it was not the function of the Government to approve or condemn one side or the other; and the Carpenter to the youngest oysters. On the one hand, it is impossible to deny that Mr. Riasterman, of the Government of which Mr. Masterman is a member, is driven to admit, on behalf of the workmen in their struggle for higher wages, and must induce him to decline a place in a Cabinet which is even now plotting to make his task illegal.

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This duplicitous attitude is thoroughly bewildering to the ordinary plain man, though as attractive to the little innocents of the P.S.A. as the address of the Walrus and the Carpenter to the youngest oysters. On the one hand, it is impossible to deny that Mr. Masterman appears to be encouraging workmen to strike. On the other, it is undeniable that he assists in shooting strikers down. We may well ask under these circumstances what it is that Mr. Masterman really means. The practical problem before the workmen of this country is to raise wages and improve the conditions of labour. With this object Mr. Masterman professes himself in complete sympathy. When, however, the workmen approach the Government for facilities, the Government of which Mr. Masterman is a member disclaims all responsibility and defines its duty as merely "understanding." The workmen then turn, with Mr. Masterman's approval, to strikes and agitation generally, only to find that the sympathetic understanding with which the Government is loaded with cartriges that actually kill. Doubtless there are explanations to be had of this inconsistent conduct of Mr. Masterman and his friends; but, frankly, we are not interested in them. We deny emphatically that the duty of a Government is to make men "understood." On the contrary, its duty then begins. If it be true that the Government understands and sympathises with the very moderate demands of labour for higher and better conditions, its plain business is to assist labour to procure them. And if it neither does, nor will, nor can assist, its failure to perform its duty is patent.

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If strikes are, as Mr. Snowden remarked last week, "a confession of lost faith in democracy," it is no less certain that the avowed sympathy of members of the Government with strikes is a confession of lost faith in themselves. After five years of practically unlimited power, Mr. Masterman is driven to admit, on behalf of his colleagues, that they are powerless to assist the workmen in their struggle for higher wages, and must needs encourage resort to the method of the strike. But this desperate counsel, from a Government whose first business is to maintain law and order, is so self-contradictory that no sooner has the Government wished the men success in their efforts to raise wages than it is compelled to call out its troops to ensure their failure. What evidence of muddle-headedness is here! And what a commentary on the political sagacity of our governing statesmen! Yet from their own point of view the dilemma is inevitable. Having committed themselves to a line of legislative social reform which manifestly does nothing but reduce wages, raise prices and increase profits, they are in the end compelled in despair to throw their own task on the men's shoulders. We admit, they say to the men in effect, that our efforts to do for ourselves what we have failed to do for you. Only remember that as a responsible Government we shall be bound, while wishing you success, to impede your efforts with all the forces at our disposal. There is no wonder with this attitude prevailing that the national mind is completely confused. The absence of clear ideas in our statesmen is faithfully reflected in the presence of divided counsels among the public and the workmen. It may be true that we have all seen a great light, but the darkness in which our governing classes still walk threatens to extinguish it.

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Now what is the simple fact which lies at the bottom of all the labour unrest of our day? It is that workmen...
are demanding higher wages and more humane conditions. There is nothing criminal in this demand. It is the natural outcome of popular education, the general increase of wealth and the congregation of men in large bodies in our cities. So far from being a criminal demand or a demand contrary to the well-being of society, its selfishness is of the most enlightened kind. The workmen of to-day demand the conditions under which they can guarantee the improvement of the workmen of to-morrow. It is not on temporal or idle luxury that they propose to spend an increase of their wages or their leisure, but on preparing themselves and their children for a more humane and enlightened life than their ancestors have known. It may please theorists of the various schools to fancy that this demand for higher wages is a demand for the devolution of society. But nobody who knows the British workmen would attribute to him any such intention. He is neither a Collective nor an Individualist. In actual fact, he is in theory nothing whatever and has no schemes for state-making or Utopianism. Give him a rough approach to justice, a fair chance to earn a decent living for himself and his family, reasonable security and honourable work, and he will be perfectly satisfied to continue to labour in that estate into which it has pleased God to call him. Middle-class propagandists must avoid the mistake of attributing their own restless ambition to the workmen at large.

With this perfectly concrete demand of labour it is impossible for humane persons of all classes not to sympathise. In point of fact, the vast majority of persons, rich as well as poor, do sympathise with and understand it. If this were not the case the conditions of the industrial struggle would long ago have been transformed into a civil war, or, to give it its proper name, a slave revolt. On the other hand, it must be frankly admitted that the classes and the persons who undoubtedly "understand" have as yet got very little further. Oddly enough the men of all will the can be gathered together in a single conference the resulting resolutions would entirely fail to solve the simple problem of raising wages. Counsels on the subject exist in such multitude that the result is not wisdom, but confusion. And there is no master mind as yet around whom the vague goodwill of society can crystallise. On the other hand, it is impossible to declare off-hand that some, at least, of the counsels are not truth. That wages can be raised only at the cost of rent, interest or profits appears to them to be an incredible proposition. Yet there is no escape from it. The great clouds of economic witnesses bears testimony to the sound conclusion of common sense, that of the four parts (two really) into which the product of industry is divided any one can be increased only at the expense of the others. No fiscal or legislative jugglery can conceal this fact for ever from the minds of workmen themselves; and, to tell the truth, it has never been a secret to the classes who live on rent. They at least have no cause to doubt that an increase of wages means a decrease of one or other of the remaining elements, and great enough pains they take to keep down wages in consequence. On the other hand, it would seem as if the present Government had set out to bamboozle the working classes into remaining in their ignorance. By doles, by free and assisted services, by the taxation of leisure, but on preparing themselves and their children for a more humane and enlightened life than their ancestors have known. It may please theorists of the various schools to fancy that this demand for higher wages is a demand for the devolution of society. But nobody who knows the British workmen would attribute to him any such intention. He is neither a Collective nor an Individualist. In actual fact, he is in theory nothing whatever and has no schemes for state-making or Utopianism. Give him a rough approach to justice, a fair chance to earn a decent living for himself and his family, reasonable security and honourable work, and he will be perfectly satisfied to continue to labour in that estate into which it has pleased God to call him. Middle-class propagandists must avoid the mistake of attributing their own restless ambition to the workmen at large.

We have seen that their ambiguous attitude in regard to strikes, but their attitude towards social reform is equally ambiguous. Their response to the demand of labour for higher wages and better conditions is to offer labour something entirely different, which labour is invited to accept as a substitute. Free education, assisted medical services, assisted insurance, assisted this and assisted that, when all the while labour is asking not for help, but for help to help itself. If wages were doubled to-morrow in this country, does anybody doubt that what the men who compose the Cabinet deliberate perversely and thoroughly bad-will. * * *

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People who have followed the evidence given before the Railway Commission must by this time have realised that the main object of the railway directors is to stave off recognition of the trade unions. The men's executives have discovered now what should have been plain to them before, that the meeting in the same room of two railway representatives and the union officials with the Board of Trade in the chair did not constitute

is the filthiest of all ties. Recent Liberal legislation, we maintain, has enormously weakened the State at the same time that it has ignored the simple demand of the workmen for higher wages.

This is evident from the fact that strikes for higher wages are not only taking place, but they are on the increase. We put it to any reasonable man whether, if recent legislation had been to the liking of our workmen, they would still be alternating between a peaceful and an entirely different. It leaps to the eyes, as the French say, that no gratitude is felt towards the Government for all its measures for the simple reason that they are not the measures which the labour demands. Mr. Lloyd George, as we see, complains somewhat bitterly that we are opposing an Insurance Bill that gives workmen 9d. for 4d. But workmen have never asked for 9d. for 4d. They ask for 9d. of wages for nine-pennyworth of work, and when they get that they will buy their insurance at cost price for themselves. To offer them charity when they demand justice and then to expect their gratitude is simply stupidity. Gratitude for demoralising legislation of the I.S.A. order is the last thing we should be prepared to see. To denounce as thoroughly bad-will. Fortunately, however, there is ground for Mr. Lloyd George's bitterness. The workmen are not grateful for the social measures to which we refer, but merely see, will any gratitude be forthcoming save from the swimmyn sentimentalists who compose the Brotherhood movement and whose chief function appears to be to form a claque for hybrid statesmen of the type of Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Masterman.

We have had little success so far in our appeal to publicists to inform the world how wages can be raised. That wages can be raised only at the cost of rent, interest or profits appears to them to be an incredible proposition. Yet there is no escape from it. The great cloud of economic witnesses bears testimony to the sound conclusion of common sense, that of the four parts (two really) into which the product of industry is divided any one can be increased only at the expense of the others. No fiscal or legislative jugglery can conceal this fact for ever from the minds of workmen themselves; and, to tell the truth, it has never been a secret to the classes who live on rent. They at least have no cause to doubt that an increase of wages means a decrease of one or other of the remaining elements, and great enough pains they take to keep down wages in consequence. On the other hand, it would seem as if the present Government had set out to bamboozle the working classes into remaining in their ignorance. By doles, by free and assisted services, by the taxation of leisure, but on preparing themselves and their children for a more humane and enlightened life than their ancestors have known. It may please theorists of the various schools to fancy that this demand for higher wages is a demand for the devolution of society. But nobody who knows the British workmen would attribute to him any such intention. He is neither a Collective nor an Individualist. In actual fact, he is in theory nothing whatever and has no schemes for state-making or Utopianism. Give him a rough approach to justice, a fair chance to earn a decent living for himself and his family, reasonable security and honourable work, and he will be perfectly satisfied to continue to labour in that estate into which it has pleased God to call him. Middle-class propagandists must avoid the mistake of attributing their own restless ambition to the workmen at large.
recognition. It certainly did not, and it was idle to pretend that it did. No such illusion was present in the minds of the railway directors whose evidence on this point before the Commission is unanimous. Not only was there no recognition, but the companies are not prepared for recognition even if the price offered them is freedom from strikes. Here again a vivid sense of reality has been displayed by the directors, for they are well aware that the price offered cannot be paid. One witness, Mr. Marriott, of the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway, was brazen enough to suggest that the payment, if it could be made, should be made for nothing. Recognition of the unions he refused on any terms, but he was quite willing that the unions should be forbidden by law to support men who had struck contrary to an agreement in which the unions had had no part. What does Mr. Marriott take the public to be that he should insullt us in this manner? But the problem to be maintained by the men at vast trouble and expense; they are to be equipped as a fighting force and to succour the wounded in the struggle; they are to be refused the right to share directly in the drawing up of agreements between the men and their masters; but one other thing they may also do—when the agreement is drawn up they are to employ their force in keeping it, under penalty of fine and imprisonment. If this is the temper in which the Conciliation Boards have been administered the public will gather that their failure may very well be due to the railway officials.

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Reflection suggests that the problem of recognition is by no means an easy one. It cannot be denied that the unions are composed, after all, of only a minority of the men; but it is doubtful whether, in fact, the unions are composed, after all, of only a minority of the men, the public is inclined to think his refusal reasonable. The logic of that refusal demands, however, that something shall be done to prevent the union minority from acting as if they were a majority. And we confess that if we were railway directors we should despair of discovering the means. It is too late in the day to declare trade unions illegal combinations. It is even too late for railway corporations to refuse to employ union men. Yet once admit the right of men to form unions and confess the inability to dispense with union services as an economic necessity, the railway companies must make the best terms they can. If it happens that the unions insist on recognition as the price of their permission to the companies to run trains, the price will have to be paid. There is no doubt about that whatever. We do not know whether the unions set as high a value on recognition as, let us say, the British once set on suzerainty; but if they do, be law or sense what it may, they will get it or wreck the whole railway system in the attempt.

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Theoretically, we may say that recognition is merely an instrument, a means to an end. It is thought to be indispensable to the work for which unions exist, namely, to enable them to enforce the agreements made with the masters. It is the trade unionists that recognition is an empty pomp. It is for empty pomp that men fight most valiantly; and we are as certain as can be that until recognition is formally admitted in the railway world there will be no peace, no, not at any price. If, therefore, the railway directors desire peace let them ensue it by granting recognition. Doubtless recognition will bring new troubles on them, but the troubles will not be so great as they may be, nor will they be as formidable as the certain troubles that will follow recognition formally refused.

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We are not going to pretend that we understand the motives of the general strike of union men on the Irish railways. On the surface the provocation was inadequate and ill-chosen. Yet we are sure, and we are frank, we are in these matters of the opinion of the hero who "so there were battles cared not for the cause." We know in general that men do not strike for nothing. If the two Dublin porters who refused to handle blackleg goods were in consequence degraded by the company had not the sympathy of their union fellows the general movement of revolt would have been impossible. Somewhere discontent lay smouldering in large quantities, and something small sparked the general flame. On the other hand, we are quite certain that the railway officials in Ireland have done nothing to damp the fire and everything to intensify it that wilfulness could suggest. Both the chairman and the general manager of the Great Southern Railway line on which the struggle began have distinguished themselves by more than usually foolish conduct. To the letter inviting a conference which was sent by the Railwaymen's Committee the officials we should despair of discovering the means. It is amusing to see the efforts of the English Liberal papers to recover their prestige, temporarily lost during the English railway strike. Then, as we all know, they valiantly straddled the fence after the manner of their great leaders, Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Masterman. The men were right, so were the masters. But the masters had been guilty of this, that, and the other, so had the men. The strike ought to be stopped, but not until the men were satisfied, or until the masters had got their way. The men who struck were loyal, so were the men who did not strike. In fact, everybody was everything, and the whole affair was an admirable pity. The Irish strike, however, has given these creatures a chance to stretch their conditons and to the earth of abuse. The Irish strikers are wrong, it appears, and the Irish railway directors are innocent lambs whom these wolves of unionists worry for no reason whatever. So up go the hats of the "Westminster Gazette" and the "Daily News," when news arrives that only a small number of railwaymen obey the command to strike; and in the excitement of the moment leaded and headed papers to recover their prestige, temporarily lost during the English railway strike. Then, as we all know, they valiantly straddled the fence after the manner of their great leaders, Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Masterman. The men were right, so were the masters. But the masters had been guilty of this, that, and the other, so had the men. The strike ought to be stopped, but not until the men were satisfied, or until the masters had got their way. The men who struck were loyal, so were the men who did not strike.
qualities for our admiration. And that they should, as we fear, be doomed on this occasion to be frustrated of their object, this is surely matter for regret. Nevertheless, the strikes we have so far seen are merely trial trips of the workers. If they are to succeed, many of them will fail before the great strike succeeds; and every failure will teach a lesson in success.

The "Nation," among other Liberal journals, perfectly remarks that one result of the trouble may be "to forward the movement for nationalising the Irish railways." The movement for nationalising British railways has been forwarded so often that it is now some centuries ahead of practical politics in this country; and yet the English Government is in such a hurry that no such movement will exist among them. The abuses of the railway monopoly have already proved so formidable that practically the whole of the railway community, the whole of the travelling public, and the whole of the workmen are dissatisfied. Yet from some occult apathy not a section of these legitimately disaffected persons has moved until the workers themselves opened the ball and even now the other two partners of the inconvenience are ready to resume their shackles. What the reasons are for this strange inertia of the public we cannot discover. They certainly do not lie in any well-founded fear of State-owned railways. With very few exceptions every civilised State in the world has gone as far as a majority of the English Government itself built and owns the railways of India and British East Africa. Plenty of arguments as well as experience exists, in fact, for demonstrating that State-owned railways are not in every necessity with which no country that has ever tried them would think of attempting to dispense. For all this, however, the nationalisation of railways in the United Kingdom is as far off to-day as ever. Throughout all these worrying disputes, Mr. Snowden's voice has so much as whispered the word. If Mr. Lloyd George had any real moral courage he would abandon his Insurance Bill which nobody wants and which will infallibly ruin his chances of the Premiership, and substitute for it a Bill to Nationalise the Railways, which everybody wants and would make him Premier for obtaining. His Welsh gifts of bargaining would be better employed in buying for the State than in selling English liberties.

Mr. Snowden, in the article we have already quoted, deprecates the propaganda of the general strike on the ground that the workers in a generation of political enfranchisement have failed to assert themselves, and are never so advised as to require enormously more solidarity and self-sacrifice. "If the workers will not unite to strike on the ballot-box, how can they be expected to unite in a general strike?" The question is worth discussion since it involves turning over with the spade a good many problems which ought to be faced. To begin with, we object to Mr. Snowden's identification of democracy with Parliamentarism. If the method of the general strike is, as we admit, a confession of lost faith in Parliamentarism, it by no means follows that faith has been lost in democracy. On the contrary, if democracy carries with it the idea of self-government, the decline of parliamentarism amongst the workers may possibly mean a revived faith in democracy and not a lost faith. Again, it is obvious to observers outside the Labour Party that the loss of faith of the workers in Parliamentary action arises mainly from loss of faith in the Parliamentary Labour Party itself. Since 1906 there have been no fewer than forty Labour members, who together on several occasions held the political machine in the hollow of their hand. We have seen, however, that after kicking every man of brains out of their own party and dividing them to equally effectively from the rank and file of their constituents, with the result that they found themselves cut off from life above and from life below, and became Liberals in consequence. Their utility to the movement that created their party was completely shattered, and their constituents were sadly driven to turn elsewhere for help. Mr. Snowden himself cannot maintain that he lifted a finger in those dark days of the Labour Party in favour of either freedom of discussion or enlargement of the official Labour Party's sympathies.

Still, again, it must be remembered that the official Labour Party have not only no programme, but they sit Micawber-like, waiting for anything to turn up. Neither their object nor their policy is intelligible to more than a small number of their supporters. Why should we deny any of them to formulate acceptably to the rest the party's plan of campaign? Is it to extract as much as possible from the Government in return for support? Then all we can say is that what they have extracted is as often poison as honey. Nobody among their constituents wanted the Children's Bill, for example, or the Railway Conciliation Bill of 1907, or the Labour Exchanges Bill or the National Insurance Bill. Yet these are the goods that have been bought by Labour votes. Not one of these Greek presents has raised wages, reduced hours, or improved the conditions of labour by a penny, a minute, or a sensation. And what else the party may be selling themselves in the political market to buy, goodness only knows. But for all the effect on wages in this country, their talk might as well be set in direct action than in representation. Not a tithe of the sacrifices made in a single week of the railway strike were ever made or are ever likely to be made on behalf of a body of aspiring gentlemen sitting at Westminster with fuddled brains. The solidarity of the workers, however, is revealed in sacrifices such as these. There is no delegation of sacrifice.

If we can judge by the comments of journalists, there is no doubt that of the two methods here compared, the Parliamentarism of Mr. Snowden and the General Strike, the latter is by far the more effective. After all, the friends of the capitalists do not care what Labour says so long as Labour does nothing. Like Tanner in Mr. Shaw's "Man and Superman," Labour may go on talking until doomsday and no notice will be taken of its demands. Reputations will be made by talk for certain members of the Labour Party and offices of one kind and another will be provided for themselves and their personal friends. But for all the effect on wages in this country, their talk might as well be delivered to the deaf. The Labour Party itself should be a good judge of the effect of its policy with scores of weeks we and others have alternately pleased with them and reasoned with them to consider their policy before it was too late, and all without the smallest effect. "We grieve to confess that their stupidity appears to have become 'set' in consequence of criticism, which could not be supported by votes. The Labour Party might learn from this what will be the effect of its own correct Parliamentary chatter on a Government which is assured that under no circumstances will the Labour Party be used against it. Compare the smooth words to which the Labour Party is treated in the Press with the hard words used of the propagandists of the General Strike. Where the shoe pinches there the foot cries out. The cocoa-fed "Nation" may forward the movement for nationalising the Irish railways. Where the sacrifices made in a single week of the railway strike were ever made or are ever likely to be made on behalf of a body of aspiring gentlemen sitting at Westminster with fuddled brains. The solidarity of the workers, however, is revealed in sacrifices such as these. There is no delegation of sacrifice.

We are profoundly glad to learn that doubts now exist whether the Insurance Bill, after all, can be carried through this autumn. Some seventy clauses, besides the nine schedules, still remain to be discussed, and 100 pages of amendments to these are already printed. But the details are of very little importance in comparison with the quarrel now reping between the Friendly Societies and the Medical Association. The doctors obtained concessions in July which the Friendly
Societies bitterly resent, and if their power is great enough they mean to recover them. This promises a controversial campaign for the autumn which can enough they mean to recover them. This promises a controversy for the merits of the dispute between the two interests. Our only concern is that a Bill which Mr. Lloyd George refused to discuss in principle should be killed, if need be, by a congestion of detail. Some portent of the coming problem must surely have inspired Mr. Lloyd George to pen his ill-tempered letter to the hereditary successor of Mr. Gladstone. The Insurance Bill," he begins his letter, "proposes that for every fourpence paid by the workmen, he shall receive benefits worth ninepence."

Mr. Lloyd George then goes on to enumerate the benefits in detail—payment during sickness, during unemployment, or sanatoria, etc., etc., "I observe," he continues, "that hostile critics deliberately avoid mention of these benefits." And we observe that Mr. Lloyd George deliberately avoids mention of the more than compensating disadvantages. What is the use of Mr. Lloyd George pretending that his Bill is all benefits and no malefics? We have enumerated scores of objections to the Bill both in detail and in principle. Yet not by so much as a nod has Mr. Lloyd George admitted that his Bill contained errors of judgment. Much may be said for his political enemies, who gladly came to the assistance of the Government when called upon to do so. The repeated panics on the Berlin Bourse had their effect, and the urgent banking deputation to the Foreign Office did the trick.

Certain factors now stand out prominently in this affair. The first, and the most important of all, is that the French people have recovered from their fright of Germany, a state of mind which has haunted them for years. The French are once again ready to fight, and are no longer to be tricked. Similar distresses of his own case; but in a politician the habit is detestable. Throughout the whole of the history of the Insurance Bill Mr. Lloyd George has played the advocate. He always tried to make that Welsh ingenuity and legal training could suggest. Introduced in a misleading speech, the Bill was hailed as a celestial enactment before a single clause of it had been seen in print. By this device Mr. Lloyd George secured the support even of his political enemies, whose mouths were closed when they discovered that they had been tricked. Similar means procured its Second Reading, during which Mr. Lloyd George promised so many alterations in Committee that the day of judgment was again postponed. Mr. Lloyd George may point to the fact that there has been in Parliament no criticism of principle as sufficient reason for letting no detail wreck the Bill. It has been an ingenious game, and we are by no means sure that in the end Mr. Lloyd George will not win. Nevertheless, as its effects in practice will prove, it will be a game not worth its candle.

WHO WILL TAKE MY PLACE?
(Translated from the Czech of Petr Bezruce by P. Selver.)

So scant is my blood, and now from its channels it flows.
When there grows
Above me the grass, when my body decays,
Who in my stead,
Who will my 'scutcheen upraise?'

Night gazed from my eyes, and the flame from my nostrils trailed.
I stood, in the smoke of the Witkowitz furnaces veiled.
And whether the sun was aglow or the evening was falling fast,
I, with a frown on my brow, my gaze on the murderers cast.

They were the wealthy lords, and the counts of a high-born line,
A gloomy-faced miner was I, as I sprang from below in the mine.
And tho' on their temples a diadem scattered its rays,
Each of them flinched as he met my gaze,
My clenched fist and my stubborn scorn,
The wrath of the miner who up on the Beskyds was cast.

So scant is my blood, and now from its channels it flows.
When there grows
Above me the grass, when my body decays,
Who will relieve me on guard,
Who will my 'scutcheen upraise?'

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.
By S. Verdad.

THE German Government's gigantic bluff has collapsed. A settlement of the Moroccan question is now in sight, and that settlement will be favourable, more than favourable, to France. Let it be repeated that this result is not due to any lack of thoroughness on the part of Herr von Kiderlen-Wächter, who has played his cards very skilfully throughout the great game. It is due to the patriotic determination of certain French financiers, who gladly came to the assistance of their Government when called upon to do so. The repeated panics on the Berlin Bourse had their effect, and the urgent banking deputation to the Foreign Office did the trick.

Another factor is the readiness of this country to come to the assistance of France. It has often stated on this page that a secret agreement had been entered into between France and Great Britain as the result of which we were bound to assist our ally with ships, men, or money if necessary. Does anyone imagine for a moment that the British cavalry manoeuvres were put off merely on account of the drought? If so, let him be undeceived. And why was long leave suspended by the commanding officers of various regiments? And why was there sudden activity at Aldershot and places where they camp? And, oh, that curious coal-shifting experiment!

The fact was that this country, owing to the critical state of the negotiations at one time, was compelled to take ordinary measures of precaution. Leave was stopped at the instigation of the War Office. Technically, however, it was stopped by the commanding officers of the regiments concerned, so that the War Office, when questioned, was able to give bland assurances that it had issued no such orders. (It is characteristic of Government offices to seize upon technicalities and to deny accordingly.) Coal was got in readiness, simply because the Army authorities were making arrangements to send 60,000 men to the Continent within thirty-six hours after the outbreak of hostilities. They were to be shipped to Flushing, whence they were to march on Cologne, and they were to be followed within forty-eight hours more by a further contingent of 50,000 men—horse, foot, artillery, commissariat, ambulance corps, and so on, complete. Hence the coal, as stated. Almost any size of boat, even a Thames ferry, if there are any left, would have been pressed into service.

This information may seem strange to those who have constantly denied that we are under any agreement or compulsion to aid France. I am, nevertheless, prepared to stand by it in spite of all official technical denials. It is absolutely accurate; and upon its accuracy I am willing to stake any reputation I may have secured among the readers of this paper. I have on occasion seen paper which was one time very pro-German in their
utterances, has emphasised the fact that Germany can be of no use in the organisation of the new Turkey. The Turkish Empire wants money badly, and it is evident that she can have none from her Teutonic neighbours.

I have had the privilege of examining some correspondence of a diplomatic nature which passed between Paris and St. Petersburg and between Berlin and Vienna in connection with the crisis which is just over. I am thus enabled to state that Austria, in the event of war, would not have been able to render any great assistance to her ally, Germany. She was, on the other hand, quite ready to steal a march on Turkey and to make her way to Salonika, or, at any rate, as near thereto as she could get. Russia, in view of this, was not quite certain how to act. There is no love lost between Constantinople and St. Petersburg, especially after the recent bickering over Montenegro, so it is probable that the Tsar's Government would have endeavoured to find some "compensations" in Asia Minor.

Italy, again, the third partner in the Triplice, would have tried to seize Tripoli in the event of Germany being engaged with France and Austria with Turkey; and this plan has certainly not been lost sight of by her means. Italy means to have what she regards as her share of the spoils of Africa; and the fact that the Italian Confederation of Labour has entered upon a vigorous campaign against the proposed colonial expansion shows that the matter is now of immediate practical politics. This is a point to which, it will be remembered, I referred some weeks ago; and recent outbursts in the official Turkish Press show that the Porte is becoming uneasy.

Coming back to the Moroccan question once again, there is one feature in connection with it to which I should like to draw the attention of readers of The New Age, and that is the advantage which European culture would have reaped from a Franco-German war in which France was successful. The German Empire, in such a case, would almost certainly have been broken up into the States which were formerly separate units, and this would have been a great blessing. England is a much more homogeneous country than Germany: there is a common bond between Yorkshire and Essex, between Kent and Northumberland. But Prussia and Bavaria have as little in common as, say, Ireland and Wales, and a similar remark applies to most of the States of the German Empire. It is not an empire that grew up naturally, like our own; but it was something which the power of Prussia welded into what has for forty years looked like a whole. But it is not.

I mention culture because the old German spirit, the spirit to be found in the separate States, has disappeared. This spirit, however homely and rébarbatif it may have seemed, was helpful to the type of culture peculiar to Germany: it produced, in different parts of Germany, a Goethe, a Heine, a Uhland, a Lessing, a Schopenhauer. But the modern spirit which is being slowly developed by this precious German Empire is thoroughly anti-cultural, anti-poetic, anti-philosophic; it is impossible to imagine another Heine or another Goethe being developed in it. It is too materialistic, too Imperialistic; too modern, in short. By becoming an Empire, the German States have cut themselves away from their roots. They have withered, and there is no health in them. But it is not yet too late to return to the old order of things; and a French victory would have helped to bring about a result to which every cultured man and woman must look forward with hopeful eagerness.

As I write, the complete election returns have just come to hand from Canada; but I must defer my comments upon them until next week.

The Italian designs on Tripoli, to which I have referred above, have been betrayed, Germany having withdrawn her objections. An expedition is being prepared, and, unless Turkey agrees to lease (which is improbable), definite seizure is practically certain within a very short time.

Unedited Opinions.

The Spread of Ugliness.

The medical profession has experienced some sharp criticism of late, but there are reasons for regarding it as a credit that nobody has properly appreciated. It is undeniably a triumph of commercial organisation and a testimony to esprit de corps that we can speak with respect of the medical profession as a whole at all. For it means that the reputation of the whole body may with comparative safety be entrusted to each of its members. Each member, in short, accepts and to the best of his ability maintains the reputation of his profession. That is so great an achievement that I count it as the germ of the restoration of the mediaeval guild-system. You will note, further, that the medical sense of responsibility extends beyond the boundaries of professional interest. In the case of lawyers and the clergy I doubt if any public responsibility exists at all. You do not find lawyers perturbed with shame at the increase of crime; they do not, in fact, accept the responsibility of reducing crime. Nor are the clergy of all denominations stricken with bad conscience when the community to which they are supposed to minister visibly goes from bad to worse. In neither of these instances has society's ill health been realised to its efficiency of the legal or clerical profession. The medical profession, on the other hand, does definitely feel itself to be at fault when bodily diseases prevail beyond the accepted maximum limits. If some plague spreads or the death rate goes up in any district, if diseases once rare threaten to become epidemic, or if the food or water or sanitary arrangements of any district prove to be unsatisfactory, the medical profession as a whole accepts the responsibility, and within limits spares no pains to remedy the defect. This is an admirable state of things, and may it continue and perfect itself.

To what, may I ask, are we indebted for this eulogy of the medical profession? I was contrasting it in my mind not only with the legal and clerical professions, but with a profession of whose reputation I am still more jealous—the artistic profession, if I may give it that name. As doctors exist to make health prevail, lawyers to make justice prevail, and the clergy to make virtue prevail, so I conceive that it is the economy of artists to make beauty prevail. Yet I fear that, great as are the depths to which the legal and clerical professions have fallen in respect of their purpose, the fraternity of artists has fallen still lower. Nor do I see much hope that the mass of them have yet reached bottom.

On what do you rely for evidence of these gloomy conclusions? First, on the indubitable fact that our country is growing more ugly year by year. Secondly, on the deduction from this fact, namely, that artists will find their task more and more difficult as time goes on. If they are unable to stem the rising tide that is submerging beauty now, how will they be able to master it when it is risen?

Suppose, however, that I dispute your assumption that England is growing uglier year by year. Then I would ask you to point to indications of the contrary. On my side I can enumerate dozens of circumstances which were once charming and are now repulsive. Take, for example, our cities, our villages, our country districts, our mountains, our lake districts, our islands, our seaside resorts, our moors—I challenge not merely you, but anybody, to say that the former beauty of these places remains, or that they have not been vulgarised and uglified within the last thirty years.
But why need I dwell upon this? It is a commonplace even among Philistines. You know that it is so.

From the standpoint of beauty I admit it, but are there not compensations in the form of liberty, facilities for travel and holiday, the pleasure of mudlakes, and so on?

If the price of these things is beauty the cost is ruinous. What is the value of travel facilities if there is nothing to travel for? What is a holiday spent in a crowd? Where is the rest in the midst of a scurrying herd? What is the use of money if you can purchase no beauty with it? Nothing really compensates for the loss of beauty. You may endure its absence, you may even grow to forget its necessity, but the soul suffers by lack of it all the same. And the most sensitive souls feel it first and suffer consciously. I imagine that artists born in England are necessarily unhappy if they are sincere.

But surely there are still islands of refuge to which they may retire?

Name one, oh name one, but not aloud, lest Gath hear it. Not in cities can the artist live happily, for there the noise is too great. You might as well expect the nightingale to sing in Fleuglet, in a room to write there. Nor in all the country districts is there a green island of beauty and quiet to be found.

You forget, surely, the stately homes of England how beautiful they stand. Are there not plenty of country mansions secluded and beautiful as Avalon? There are, my friend; there are.

But how would a poor artist get into one of these? It is not the least of his grievances that the wealthy have stolen from him for their own ignoble use the only places in which he could happily sing. These country mansions with all their exterior charm produce no beauty, nor are they even the cause of it. Crows that have dispossessed even among Philistines.

But why need I dwell upon this? It is a commonplace of anti-intellectualism or anti-rationalism. Aristotle says somewhere that one becomes a misologist just as one becomes a misanthrope.

The enemies of reason are no newcomers in the world of the philosophers. In earlier times they were called sceptics or misologists. Aristotle says somewhere that one becomes a misologist just as one becomes a misanthrope.

The affective thesis leads to conclusions which are frankly subjective. Our entire intellectual life is dependent upon our affective life. Our ideas have no reality or efficacy beyond the feelings which they satisfy. Doctors do not need to be dragooned into recognising anti-intellectualism or anti-rationalism.

A French View.

GEORGES PALANTE is already known to many thinkers in France, and to a select circle in England, as the author of a book: "La Sensibilité Individualiste." In the "Mercure de France" of August 16, 1911, M. Palante publishes some racy comments on pragmatism, of the William James and other types, which may be of some interest to the English reader. He says:

The enemies of reason are no newcomers in the world of the philosophers. In earlier times they were called sceptics or misologists. Aristotle says somewhere that one becomes a misologist just as one becomes a misanthrope. As a general rule, we turn into enemies of our fellow-men because we have expected too much from them and have been deceived in the good opinion we formed of them. In the same way we turn into enemies of reason because we begin by placing excessive confidence in it. It is a disillusion of this nature which we find underlying the arguments of the ancient sceptics. They set forth at length all the ill tricks that reason plays upon us, all the deceitfulness it practises on us, all the traps it sets for us.

They have summoned psychology and criticism to their aid; they have closely scrutinised the idea of truth; and they have arrived at a new philosophy of knowledge, the tendencies and conclusions of which are sufficiently variable and may be designated by the generic term of anti-intellectualism or anti-rationalism.

However diverse and multiform this philosophy may be, it may be traced back to three main theories upon some one of which the modern adversaries of reason base their opinions: (1) the affective thesis; (2) pragmatism; (3) scientific irrationalism.

The affective thesis leads to conclusions which are frankly subjective. Our entire intellectual life is dependent upon our affective life. Our ideas have no reality or efficacy beyond the feelings which they satisfy. A philosophy is a state of soul; a personal sensation of life. Truth is what flatters the secret desire of my profound sensitiveness, what corresponds to my own fashion of feeling the contact I come into with the world; it is, at bottom, that which produces upon me an aesthetic impression.

Pragmatism would avoid this philosophic impressiveness. At bottom, pragmatism does not profess to give up the idea of truth, but only to depreciate intellectual truth to the advantage of moral truth. Why so? Moral truth is the truth of rest and quietness, a truth which is wholesome, comfortable and comforting, consoling and reassuring. In the intellectual field, on the other hand, is at times burdensome and dangerous: it threatens so many precious things both within and
without ourselves. It is of this latter truth that Mr. R. de Gourmont has said: "The most terrible thing about looking for truth is that we find it.

Terrible indeed, and especially for certain minds. And these are the pragmatists. They look upon it as their task to disarm the dangerous truth, to take away its sting. The best way of doing this will be to invent a new criterion of the true. This saving criterion will be nothing more or less than utility—practical utility—which, indeed, was old invention. Even Aristotle invoked a pragmatic argument in behalf of free will. "If free will did not exist," he said, "men could not be either praised or blamed, which could not be tolerated. Which could not be tolerated! That is certainly a pragmatic expression. Aristotle was a pragmatist before the word was invented; and so was Brunetière, when he demonstrated the truth of Catholicism by its social efficaciousness. Pragmatism possesses the mentality of the priest, the mayor, the policeman. It is a defender of order, the guardian of "good" principles. This is the authoritative, stern aspect of pragmatism. But there are others.

Mr. William James makes pragmatism appear tractable, insinuating, pliable, and agreeable. It adapts itself to all circumstances, to our most varied and even our most contradictory needs, and it professes to satisfy them one after the other or all at once. It grasps our hand and takes us through all the paths of life, and it always did the exploits several generations ago, in transforming them all into "velvet paths" for us. What a sweet and amiable philosophy! And one that affords us an opportunity of taking several "moral holidays" by leaving to Providence, the good God, the care of watching over our destiny!

Observe, too, that Mr. William James, in making us present a such of a convenient moral truth, does not ask us for any sacrifice of intellectual truth. He gives us the latter into the bargain, and finally reconciles it with moral truth. For Mr. James, more than perhaps any one of his contemporaries, everything possesses, even its theory and practice, commonsense and science, science and philosophy, philosophy and religion. You, perhaps, draw clear distinctions between these things. You are wrong. Mr. James proves you that both of them are indistinguishable. His philosophy signifies nothing at all; that all is in all, that all runs into and is mingled with all. The pragmatism of Mr. William James belongs to what Nietzsche has described in "Ecce Homo," that philosophy which, with an enviable appe-

In all this, pragmatism is a thoroughly anti-rationalistic philosophy if it be true that the rationalist method lies in separating genera and in setting out clearly-defined categories of thought. Clearness of detailed views must have no illusions for Mr. James. This philosophy is the philosophy of a universal confusion, a wished-for confusion. It is a chaos of clear ideas; an ideological hodge-podge where you can find just whatever you are looking for. It would be by no means impossible, in pushing the principle of pragmatism a little further, to draw from it conclusions which would be directly opposed to those of Mr. James. For nothing is more elastic than the principle of utility. If there is a social utility, there is also—at times siding with it and at other times opposing it—an egoistic utility. And what is there to prevent me from taking my personal utility as the criterion of the 'true, and from saying with Max Stirner: "My truth"? There would thus be room beside social, religious, and moral pragmatism for an individualistic pragmatism which would have for its motto, in the most subjective sense, the aphorism of Pythagoras: "Man is the standard of all things."

M. Georges Palante goes on to point out that the third form of modern anti-rationalism is the scientific agnosticism of M. Le Dantec; but as this is not directly concerned with pragmatism it is hardly necessary to enter into a detailed discussion of it at the moment.

LEIGHTON J. WARNOCK.
Mr. Jones: Is that all, Mr. Dror?

Gumdigger: That is all, Mr. Jones.

Mr. Jones: The total is eight pounds ten.

Gumdigger: Thank you. Now deducting three pounds five leaves a sum of five guineas.

Mr. Jones: I hardly follow your line of thought, Mr. Dror.

Gumdigger: Well, it amounts to this: I will not press you to demonstrate how you ultimately deduct three pounds five from fifteen-hundredths of eight pounds ten; nor will I stress the point that the said eight pounds ten will probably rocket by twenty-five per cent. owing to rejection; but I may, I hope, venture to suggest that to stake three pounds five now in anticipation of a problematical five guineas God knows when is a sporting offer calculated to damp the enthusiasm of the most reckless punter.

Mr. Jones: (rising and speaking frigidly): You must excuse me if I decline to go into that. We never touch work save under the conditions I have just recapitulated.

Gumdigger (smiling equally): Quite right. Still, I fancy the poor, obscure, unknown young author whom you yearn to assist might more profitably take a ticket in the lottery and keep his manuscripts on the move till they get lost in transit.

Good afternoon!

Mr. Jones (slamming door): Damn!

Failure.

Translated from the French of Alfred Cypus by N.C.

While Chambon, in a nervous condition, threw little piles of papers into the stove, open and shut drawers, fidgeted round the room, and murmured vague phrases, Antonin, his valet, very collected and very calm, occupied himself in putting the furniture straight and clearing up odds and ends. Finally he asked:

"I can set a light to all that now, sir?" Chambon made a sign of assent and soon the papers were flaming high. Then he pointed with his finger to the railway time-table.

"It is not necessary to verify the time, sir. I know that the train leaves at a quarter past eight."

However, Chambon reassured himself half mechanically.

"I've still three or four hours."

Then he fell into an arm-chair and sighed heavily.

"Don't be down-hearted, sir. These things happen to everybody. Last year it was your friend. . . . What was his name?"

"Varron?"

"Yes, M. Varron. His enterprises turned out badly. He went away, and to-day he is living happily abroad—I don't know where. . . ."

"He left a deficit of six millions. I nearly lost money with him," continued Chambon. "Ah! I had a lucky escape that time!"

"Six millions!" exclaimed Antonin. He seemed to hesitate.

"You won't be offended at my asking, sir, but I've been with you so long—and—Is your deficit—?"

"There's the disgrace of it. My good fellow, it won't be anything at all—not a sixth part of Varron's. . . . What am I saying? . . . Not a tenth part!"

"Ah, there are real injustices in the world!" sighed Antonin. "Are you quite certain, sir, that there's no mistake that you don't—"?

Chambon had absolute confidence in his valet, an old servant of solid responsibility and methodical habits. Antonin had been with him for fifteen years, ever since
the time when his first speculations rescued him from poverty.

"If I don't clear out this evening I shall be arrested to-morrow or the day after, certainly not later," said Chambon, with conviction.

"Of course you know best, sir. Don't let it worry you. When one has money one is at ease everywhere."

Chambon's hand rose mechanically to grasp his pocket-book, but when the sum it contained he experienced a feeling of consolation. He put on his fur coat, took his hat and stick, saying to Antonin:

"It's the station at a quarter to eight."

The valet, much moved, bowed.

Chambon's flat was situated a few steps only from the Boulevard. Turning the corer, he ran into one of his comrades on the Stock Exchange.

"Are you for the club?"

"Yes; I was just going along there."

"I'll join you."

In fact, it was the best way of spending the hours which lay between him and his departure. Besides, it was not a bad idea to remain in evidence for these moments before his final disappearance. Not a single one of his friends could guess the truth, for no one knew his exact position. Beneath his good-tempered, careless manner was hidden a profound reserve. His love for gambling had been chance ones, and of no importance. Chambon's story was the ordinary one of the insolvent of a petty financier. The newspapers would give a few lines to it, and the day after only the creditors would remember his existence.

During the night which followed the smash he slept without scruples or the natural feelings of humanity. He even entertained for a moment the thought of not bolting at all, of awaiting the decisions of law. He was forty years old, enjoyed excellent health of body and mind. He even entertained a moment the thought that which had obsessed him. An exquisite glow penetrated to his every fibre, dispatched by the stomach, that parent of philosophy.

But he enjoyed, on the contrary, the most unheard-of happiness. He preferred to patronise beginners.

He gave his order, and then, as he spread butter on his bread dispiritedly, the pathos of his situation enveloped him. To-morrow the head waiter and all those ridiculous youths in their black coats would know that he, Chambon, had bolted after failing on the Stock Exchange. The whole Boulevard would know; the journalists would spread the news scornfully; articles about him would appear in the spaces generally devoted to financial puffs. He would be spoken of everywhere as a swindler. And Belin—poor Belin!—He kept the man to come worst out of the disaster. Ah! Chambon went through a bad moment then.

"I will answer for bécasse, sir," said the head waiter. "Bless me, I ordered a bécasse, did I? I'd forgotten all about it."

He ordered a bécasse, did Chambon, and was something of a gourmand. He ate the greater part of the delicious creatures and, under the pretext that a bécasse cannot be eaten without a good Burgundy, he ordered half a bottle of a fine vintage. A hot cup of coffee, a stiff glass of liqueur brandy, and a cigar of his favourite brand soon banished the morose thoughts which had oppressed him. An exquisite glow penetrated to his every fibre, dispelled by the stomach, that parent of philosophy.

Chambon settled his bill, left a generous tip, and walked out with a firm step. When one came to think of it, his position was not bad, particularly possessing a sufficient number of 1,000-franc notes.

"After all, I am not sorry to be going. Paris was really becoming uninhabitable." He hailed a cab which jolted him slowly along. "And what miserable cabs!" reflected Chambon.

Antonin was waiting at the station.

"I have taken the ticket, sir, but following your instructions, I packed no bag."

"Ah! I'll buy all I want there. I'll write in a day or two for you to join me."

"I notice you are very cheerful, sir," said Antonin, looking at his master's cheerful face, "that you are feeling yourself again."

"Quite, quite!"

"I've secured a corner for you, sir."

"That's right. Au revoir, Antonin!"

Chambon extended a hand to his valet, which the latter touched with respect. Then he stepped into the train.

In the compartment he installed himself comfortably. At the further end sat a gentleman of about his own age, also enveloped in furs. A rug appeared to constitute his entire baggage.

"It may be a colonies," thought Chambon, with pleased amusement.

And this thought seemed to make the first few hours of his journey pass agreeably.
On the Native Franchise.

By Richmond Haigh.

I.

BIDDICOMBE carefully scraped the last bit of Boer tobacco out of his pipe and took his pouch of "Craven" from his pocket. "It appears to me," he said, "it is not that the native cannot be trusted to exercise the vote in a reasonable and proper way, but that the white has exactly the fear that he will do so. That is, that, being an unsophisticated, brave fellow, he will consider each candidate on his record, and, judging by that, will not be afraid to vote for the man who is likely to be of the best service to him.

"I take it that this is the proper and reasonable way to exercise a vote. At your election, in ten years' time, there would have been a very large number of natives qualified to vote, and the chances are that most of your present politicians would have fallen out on weak records. Don't you think the fear of this influenced those who insisted on the native clauses in the Union Bill?"

"If by 'weak records' you mean that they had not laid themselves out to make life more easy and comfortable for the niggers," said Grainger, "it is likely you are right; but I think they were wise to guard against being swamped by nigger interests. The lazy beggars don't do the country any good or help it to progress in any way."

"Perhaps so," said Biddicombe. "But my point for the moment was that it was the personal fear of being forced out that carried most weight, although, of course, such a suggestion would be called outrageous. I do not agree that it is so. Politics and morality rising to the present height can't do what I think can be claimed for more than, perhaps, one or two of the delegates at the convention that they were anything above politicians. If you agree that at your general election in ten years' time the majority of your present leaders would have been, with the native vote, at least very uncertain about retaining their seats, then I am content that the point had its due weight."

Blount smiled. "Certainly, I agree with you, Bid, although the suggestion is new to me. But I should be inclined to give the delegates credit for being themselves hardly conscious of such very common selfishness. The fact that they would be compelled to learn new methods of wheedling, and dodging the truth, to catch the native vote, and the repugnance which most of them would feel at having to address natives at all on some approach of equality, would be strong enough to make most of them refuse to budge on the question. It is ridiculous to lose sight of the personal item in casting the account, and finds it necessary to deal in a firmer way with him. But his early softness had spoiled him a little while, for some glaring misdemeanour, he actually kicks him, and from that he begins to see all kinds of evil until the climax is reached, generally about the fifth or sixth year. Who is the nigger in the native has modified and broadened wonderfully generally culminates either in prejudice and the fear of native competition are powerful - or in a sympathetic, than a lazy cunning animal, and the 'sambok' is the only way to deal with him. 'Yes! I talk to a native through his hide and he respects you. Kindness and leniency he puts down to weakness,' and so on.

"But with twenty years in the country, provided one has travelled and kept his eyes open, one's idea of the native has modified and broadened wonderfully; and generally culminates either in prejudice and fear," as Biddicombe remarks, or in a sympathetic, than a lazy cunning animal, and the 'sambok' is the only way to deal with him. "Yes! I talk to a native through his hide and he respects you. Kindness and leniency he puts down to weakness,' and so on.

"The thought of rebellion causes very little actual fear to South Africans. I think you know, old chap, it is more hoped for than feared. But the colour prejudice and the fear of native competition are powerful indeed.

"The certain knowledge that the education which the rising generation of natives are receiving will make them disinclined for farm work and other rough labour at the present rates of pay, and will teach them to combine in an irreproachable way, in the position a jolly sight worse than I thought it was-" "you make the whites give way for the blacks, and yet, if things go on in the way you suggest they are now, it must mean that in a few years the whites will be swamped out. I am not surprised that some of the people who can see what things are coming to should bring forward desperate remedies.

You make the position a jolly sight worse than I thought it was—" "you make the whites give way for the blacks, and yet, if things go on in the way you suggest they are now, it must mean that in a few years the whites will be swamped out. I am not surprised that some of the people who can see what things are coming to should bring forward desperate remedies.

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"But," said Grainger, passing the bottle in response to Blount's remark about "dry work," "you make the position a jolly sight worse than I thought it was—" "you make the whites give way for the blacks, and yet, if things go on in the way you suggest they are now, it must mean that in a few years the whites will be swamped out. I am not surprised that some of the people who can see what things are coming to should bring forward desperate remedies.

"The certain knowledge that the education which the rising generation of natives are receiving will make them disinclined for farm work and other rough labour at the present rates of pay, and will teach them to combine in an irreproachable way, in the position a jolly sight worse than I thought it was—""
Views and Reviews.

SHELLEY was a poet who knew Nothing. That he called it Reality, and hymned it with all the fervour of his passionate soul, cannot disguise its kinship. He was of the Tennyson and Omar Khayyam. He differed from them in this, that their denial of the value of life resulted directly from their experience of it; Shelley condemned with an interrogation what he had never experienced. His passion for abstractions offered him a way of escape from knowledge, and "The Triumph of Life" he left unfinished with the question, "What is life?" While yet a boy, I sought for ghosts," he said in the "Hymn to Intellectual Beauty"; and he never sought or discovered anything. What Mr. Angeli said of the poet in "Prometheus Unbound" is true of himself:

He will watch from dawn to gloom
The lake-reflected sun illumine
The yellow bees' the ivy bloom,
Nor heed nor see what things they be;
But from these create he can
Forms more real than living man,
Nor see what things they be.

He looked at life as he looked at bees, "Nor heed nor see what things they be," and in his lyric rapture he praised not life but Life of Life, hypostatising his native fact, Death, without the hope of resurrection. As a far taper fades with fading night,

As a brief insect dies with dying day,

My song, its pinions disarrayed of might,

Dropped; or 'er it closed the echoes far away

Of the great voice which did fill its flight susurrant,

As waves which lately paved his watery way

His round a drowner's head in their tempestuous play.

He was, as he said of Byron, "little better than a Christian"; and the burden of his cry was, "Oh, to be nothing, nothing! His Pantheism had its Thoas, and he concluded his hymn to the golden age in "Hellas" with:

The world is weary of the past,—
Oh, might it die or rest at last!

"Adonais" tells the same story with a Christian addition:

The One remains, the many change and pass;
Heaven's light forever shines, Earth's shadows fly;
Life, like the dawning sun, new brilliant mass;
Stains the white radiance of Eternity,
Until Death tramples it to fragments—Die,
If thou wouldst be with that which thou dost seek!
Follow where all is fled!

The life he desired was to be like the Anglican conception of God, "without body, parts, or passions." The featureless and the inane were his ideals; and in justifying the absence of human interest from The Witch of Atlas," he wrote:

Oh, let me not believe
That anything of mine is fit to live!

If he was not, as Matthew Arnold said, "a beautiful and ineffectual angel, beating in the void his luminous wings in vain," it was because he wished to be less. He fled from the articulate and the concrete: "his poetry was always trying to become more," says Mr. Clutton-Brock in his introduction to this edition. The consequence is that no poetry in our language is more void of content, or more nearly resembles Macbeth's famous description of life.

As the Poems of Percy Bysshe Shelley." Edited by C. D. Locock. (Methuen. Two vols. 21s. net.) "Shelley and His Friends in Italy." By Helen Rossetti Angeli. (Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.)

This passion for abstraction drove him to infer the eternal existence of what he desired from its temporal absence. In spite of his experiences with Harriet Westbrook, he never married Mary Godwin, and he never wrote of love. To strip a passion of its particular circumstances is to strip it of its universality of the passion of love," evidently Shelley did not write of love.

His dramas show the same ignorance of life. Whatever he touched he simplified, he reduced to a simple contest of good and evil will. "Prometheus Unbound" is a schismachy concluded by a miracle. The Cenci, like Jupiter, is the embodiment of abstract evil and the friend of the Pope. Charles the First and Archbishop Laud conspire to make England suffer. To Shelley there was no power in the world but the tyranny of evil. God was the first tyrant, the Pope and the king were his agents; and Freedom was the only desideratum. He did not know, not even with the result of the French Revolution before his eyes, that Freedom is the magic word that releases the fettered tyrant. Napoleon said that "Freedom is the privilege of the few; therefore it may be abridged with impunity." Shelley knew nothing of consequences because he knew nothing of reality: an abstract Tyranny made an abstract Freedom desirable, and we have not forgotten his fatuous inspiration of Harriet Westbrook's revolt against the Tyranny of being sent to school. All the questions the Cenci. "Good for what?" "Freedom for what?" would have been nonsense to him. Freedom was a good in itself, and it had no consequences. He was not in his poetry "of a large discourse, looking before and after." Whether he looked beyond or not is a moot question. What is certain is that he regarded life as Fate flying towards Oblivion: he would have agreed with Omar Khayyam that "I came like water and like wind I go."

He was no brevialy bard. He had not divorced his poetry from his experience he might have been less prolix; but he meant so little and he wrote so much that even Keats advised him to write less. Leigh Hunt records that when he met Shelley in Italy he found him the same but with less hope; but it is doubtful whether disappointment would ever have taught him the blessedness of brevity. He shrank from society; and in the company of Byron he became mute. He wrote from Pisa in 1822: "I do not write. I have lived too long near Lord Byron, and the sun has extinguished the glow-worm." Solitude and a boat was his ideal. In a castle on a lonely island, furnished with the comforts of civilization, he could despise life, "eight years of life, and then the sound of the sea, and the twinkle of the star." To such base uses he may come at last.

A. E. R.
Another Tale for Men Only.

By R. H. Congreve.

III.

Two or three days after my interview with Freestone I received a letter from him, which ran as follows:—

MY DEAR CONGRELVE,—It was with difficulty that I recovered from our rather lugubrious conversation of the other evening, but I have now to assure you that my mind is completely at ease, having determined on temporary disappointment, will, I venture to think, bring me both happiness and poetry. For some hours after I had left you, and, in fact, until I had seen Miss Searle and talked the matter over with her, I confess that your pleas for a form of celibacy appeared to me weighty. But after reflection and discussion I have concluded that the disadvantages from which your friends of selfish exclusiveness. On the contrary, I recognise gladly that it is in what you suppose to be the interests of art itself that you are endeavouring to set yourselves apart. Nevertheless, if I may turn moralist for one moment, I warn you that a possible fate in store for your group is degeneration into a clique, than which no fate can be worse for artists. For what is there to preserve you from hardening on the confines of your circle and thus shutting out the world as securely as you shut in yourselves? Even supposing you succeed in making a Garden of Eden for yourselves and your friends, will you not, when the gate is finally closed, find the serpent of self within? I do not presume, however, to do more than suggest my own doubts of the wisdom of your plan. You and the rest will, of course, have taken these dangers into account, and may be armed against them.

Regarding myself, I may say that I propose definitely to remain by the human way. It seems good to me that the fellowship of man should aim at maintaining the time-honoured customs of the race. In these matters, which are the conventions not of an age, but of all time, I prefer to stake my faith on the side of my fathers. To create poetry is a high and noble work, but in my judgment to be a man is even more noble. Nor can I really believe that art will suffer from the fact that the artist is also a man. I call to mind all the great artists who have also been great lovers. Can you balance them with a list of names as glorious of artists who, as your group would have it, have despised and cast out love? Admit that, in the majority of cases, my human artists have known more of the unhappiness than the happiness of love. Even of unhappiness, perhaps, the artist has made the perfect use, and, but for it, his work would have lacked depth. Need I remind you of Shelley's words or Wordsworth's? Take it all in all, then, I am for facing the normal circumstances of men and trusting to myself to extract beauty from them. I shall feel deeply, I shall, perhaps, suffer intensely; but exactly on these accounts my poetry may profit.—Sincerely yours,

CLIFFORD FREESTONE.

To this letter I was not disposed at first to make any reply. But Barringer and the rest to whom I showed the letter at our next group meeting were not disposed to leave the affair in this unsatisfactory final form. They are fighters as well as philosophers, and disliked the complacency with which Freestone had been permitted by me to cut himself off from the group. For all his ostentatious courtesy, Barringer remarked, it is impossible for Freestone to conceal his sense of triumph; and we ought not to leave him triumphant after a victory which he has taken no real pains to earn and none whatever to dispute. I suggest, in short, that you should reply in a spirit the contrary of his own and put the uxorious poet on his mettle to defend himself, if not to ignominious flight.

The writing of such a letter was not exactly in my line. As Barringer had suggested it, Barringer, I thought, should write it. I should be quite prepared to sign what Barringer wrote. But Barringer was as little disposed to write it as myself. He urged as a reason the convincing fact that Freestone's letter was addressed to me and bore on a conversation in which I alone had shared. You will know his most vulnerable spots, he said, better than I, and can perform the happy dispatch.

I therefore composed a letter and, after showing it to the group and making some emendations in it, I sent it off to Freestone.

MY DEAR FREESTONE (I wrote).—You will be surprised at first to learn that I think your letter disingenuous. But on reflection the charge, I am sure, will become acceptable to you. For you must realise on reading over what you have written that you were in the painful and invidious position of being compelled to defend on sentimental grounds what you had once been disposed to despise on imaginative grounds. I mean an addiction to a code of conduct that must certainly blight your myopic vision. If such a vision has no obligation attaching to its possession I should think you quite entitled to waste yourself on a female if that form of living death appeals to your taste; but in our judgment you are not merely not entitled to squander the talents due to the Muse in sentimental lechery, but you shall not be permitted to do so without being made aware of your negligence.

The arguments by which you attempt to screen from yourself the real state of affairs are as weak as they are pitiful. Under the eyes of our group, your girl, as you insipidly love to call her, made a fool both of herself and you, a proceeding which under no circumstances should be forgiven or condoned. As to whether she was plain as if her name were written throughout the whole of your letter or had interlarded your remarks to me of the other evening, that when you magnanimously (as you suppose) offer yourself as the solace of her afflicted, and the friend of man, it is of her and such people as her that you are exclusively thinking. The fact that she has done you what injury she could, and is ensnaring herself in your weaknesses to do even more, constitutes in your eyes her positive meritoriousness. Her defects, in short, are her chief weapon, and one by which she proposes in all simplicity to lay your genius low in the dust. I dismiss, then, your argument from magnanimity, by assuming that you regard as magnanimity is merely weakness. To save yourself the pain of removing a clinging parasite you pretend to be moved by pity.

And here let me warn you that your pity will prove a curse rather than a blessing, however you may fancy you desire it otherwise. Gifts such as yours are created for the happiness of certain natures and for no others. To those for whom they are not intended, to whom they do not rightfully belong, they are, disguise it as you will, a calamity. The artists to whom you refer who have given themselves to inferior women have without exception ruined thereby not only their own happiness, but the happiness of the women they dowered with unseemly gifts. You think of the artists themselves and are prepared to risk their unhappiness for their profundity, but what, when you have reviewed the lives of their wives,
will you say of the unhappiness invariably entailed upon these? Again, you will see that your "magnanimity" is in reality cruelty as well as weakness. You will make your "girl" wretched as surely as she will give you an excuse for it.

That your judgment is at obvious fault is plain from the choice you are compelled to make. Paris was not more deluded when he gave the apple to Aphrodite that was meant for Pallas. If you were offered the choice of books for perpetual companionship you would not choose Marie Corelli in preference to Homer. Why should you, when you must make a choice among living companions, prefer Miss Searle to lour group? I do not put our group forward as unsurpassable in appreciation and intelligence; better groups will be formed, and, I hope, are already forming. But I make bold to say that it is not an idiosyncrasy of ours to refuse to accept you with Miss Searle; it is and will always be a feature of any such group. In short, you are condemning yourself by your present choice to the society of Searles for ever.

Lastly, your hint to us that we shall degenerate into a clique is the cliché of the Philistines, and should be left to them. What the populace means when it dubs a group of people a clique is that a circle is closed against the mob. I do not deny that the value of the contents of the circle varies considerably, or that in many cases closed circles contain nothing. But when a circle contains such ideas as you yourself can bear witness to, the more safely it is secured against intrusion the better for their preservation. After all, the Ark is the symbol of the clique; and when we have gathered into it the treasures of art and philosophy our duty is to see that our vessel does not leak. We are in for difficult times, in my opinion. All around us artists are being submerged by the flood of sex. You were invited to our boat because you had a right to be invited. You have declined,—to perish in the flood with a worthless girl.

I shall read such poems as you write with a melancholy interest. Addressed, as Miss Searle will see that they are, to her, I shall miss the invocation of the Muse in your ancient style. From mythotheism you will descend to symbolism, and if that is too obscure for the girl, down you will go to valentines. I pray I may be wrong.—Yours sincerely, R. H. Congreve.

[THE END.]

Jean Moréas.

By Richard Buxton.

It is a singular fact that, while in English poetry it is usually divorced from poetical theory, yet in France, since Bélay's "Defence and Illustration of the French Language," innovating poets have attempted to describe in as exact terms as possible their objects and their methods of attaining them. In the nineteenth century manifesto rapidly followed manifesto, but one theorist stands out from the rest by his energy in controversy, by his two changes of opinion, and by his mastery in all three forms of poetry.

This man was Jean Moréas, by birth Diamantopoulos, a native of Athens, educated and domiciled in France. If there were no other cause for his glory, he need justly be remembered as the man who invented the word "Symbolist" as an alternative to the word "Decadent," then used to describe Verlaine and his followers. Moréas published his first book, "Les Syrtes," in 1884, and immediately plunged into the literary war with manifestoes, prefaces, and literary documents of all kinds. In 1886 he published "Les Cantilènes." These two volumes cover the period during which Moréas considered himself an official Symbolist, though many of the poems in them do not come under that head, and many of his poems published afterwards bear the mark of the symbol. One is even a little started in opening, "Les Syrtes," to find poems which appear hardly to have felt the existence of Verlaine. The early pieces with which the volume opens, "Remembrances," musical and glowing with colour as it is, has no mystery,

none of the power of suggestion upon which the Symbolists prided themselves.

Hauts sierras aux gorges nues,
Lacs d'émeraude, lacs glaçés,
Isards sur les crêtes dressés,
Aigles qui planez par les nuées.

Sapins sombres aux larges troncs,
Fondrères de l'Entadécé
Où chante la trêle cascade
Derrière les rhododendrons.

This landscape is beautiful, but its beauty is of an entirely different sort from those painted in Verlaine's "Clair de Lune."

Votre âme est un paysage choisi
Que vont charmant masques et bergamasques. . .
Au calme clair de lune triste et beau,
Qui fait rêver les oiseaux dans les arbres
Et sangloter d'extase les jets d'eau,
Les grands jets d'eau sveltes parmi les marbres.

The effect in "Remembrances" is gained by vivid description, in Verlaine by a delicate suggestion which calls up a scene alive with the emotions of the poet. Other poems, such as the ode "Les seins des femmes," show very distinctly the influence of Baudelaire.

But for all this the symbol is present in these two volumes, not by any means in the extraordinarily difficult form in which it is sometimes presented to us by Kahn and Régnier. Moréas, at its simplest, only one step removed from the metaphor. Take this poem, one of the sections of "Accalmie," in which it is employed in a plain straightforward manner.

My heart, my heart was the swinging light
That lit the brothel up by night;
My heart, my heart was the rose that spread
Over the dunghill its flowering head.
My heart, my heart is the taper alight
By a maiden's coffin, pure and white;
My heart, my heart on a pond afar
Floats, a chaste white nenuphar.

Here we have before us, easily comprehensible, the method upon which the Symbolists worked; the attempt to paint mental states by a series of images which should gradually build up one composite image in the mind of the reader. Nowhere in Moréas' first two volumes do these series of images become unintelligible; always they are of the simplest description, and penetrating in their simplicity:

Dans nos cœurs aussi, pauvre amante,
Il va neiger, il va neiger.
This, reminiscent of Verlaine's "Il plue dans mon cœur," and yet distinct from it, is wonderful in its suggestion of love that dies.

While asserting the simplicity of Moréas' symbols in these volumes, I would not be taken as asserting his complete simplicity of idea and language. The series entitled "Le Pur Concept" is extremely obscure and willfully so. It would seem that at this time the poet was desirous of finding some philosophical thread to run through his works as "L'Inconscient" is the groundwork of Laforgue's poetry; but his attempt was a failure, and "Le Pur Concept" is a riddle hardly worth the trouble of guessing. Much more valuable are the ballads in "Les Cantilènes," which appear in startling contrast to the poems amid which they are placed. Agha Véli is feasting in his palace when a rose-coloured bird enters and says:

"Your blue-eyed girl, your blonde,
Your blonde with lips so red,
To-morrow she is to wed
The king's son of Trebizond."

He rises and rushes off on horseback.

They leave the hills behind,
Behind, the brown, parched plain,
Moonlit, in the hurricane.
Like devils they pass on the wind.
At the last they meet a funeral procession and Agha Véli demands the name of the corpse.

"Tis the blue-eyed girl, the blonde,
The blonde with lips so red;
To-morrow she should have wed
The king's son of Trebizond."

This and the accompanying ballads far more resemble the work of Bürger, Byron, and Scott than that of any other French poet. It is plain that the literature of his adopted country was not the only one that influenced the young Greek. Indeed, "Remembrances" bears a certain faint resemblance to the lyrics of Heine.

Moréas was always of opinion that the new idea in poetry required not only a new style, but a new vocabulary; and from the first he advocated the revival of the words used before Malherbe. The use of such words as "antan" and "malitorne" gives already an archaic flavour to his early poems. In 1891, however, he published a volume, "Le Pèlerin passionné," which was to be the starting point of a new school, based largely on this revival of the antique vocabulary. A long new manifesto was issued announcing the foundation of the "École Romane," which had for its object "the renewal of tradition." The restoration of the speech of the Pélade and of writers earlier still was a difficult task, but to write modern poetry in such a form was more difficult still; and it is hardly surprising that even Moréas himself was guilty of numerous failures. He rallied round him a school of enthusiastic disciples, chief among whom were Charles Maurras, Raymond de la Tailhède, Ernest Raynaud, and Maurice du Plessy. The earnest co-operation of these writers secured much attention for the new method, and even Verlaine bestowed upon it a smile of benevolent amusement.

A bas Baju! Qu'ill meur' bien vite
Sous les coups d'un vaillant Maurras.
D'un Raynaud, tout aile au poursch,
De la gloire de Moréas. . . .

and again in "Epigrammes,"

J'ai fait un vers de dix-sept pieds:
Moréas, ne triomphe pas.

But three dangers beset this new method, and from all three Moréas suffered—extravagance, obscurity, the pastiche. If "Le Dit d'un Chevalier" is extravagant, and "Epître" obscure, then no less is the "Églogue et le Pèlerin passionné" a pastiche, brilliant as it is. But occasionally a fine height of vigorous expression is reached, in which his vocabulary and complicated method are handled lightly by the poet and not as an exercise. Take, for example, the poem "Against Juliette"—

To keep you in your evil power
With flags and gonfalons of Love,
I gave you love locks black as waves
When the north-west wind blows above.

For shields with tender words on them,
For crowns of deepest loyalty
I gave you my proud hands against
Your natural vulgarity.

A cup of melody and balm,
That you might drink and charmed be,
I gave to you my living mouth,
Red as the roses on the tree.

For tiring-maids and waiting-maids
Attentive to your fidgeting,
I gave you, 1, the prodigal,
I cast them down like pearls to swine.

It was Moréas' habit when he published a new book to disown all his previous volumes, and "Le Pèlerin passionné" followed "Les Syrtes" and "Les Cantilènes" into limbo on the publication of "Enone au Clair Visage." Here we have the Ecole Romane at its most extravagant and most arid period. These poems of Moréas are of no more value than those of his disciples. Elisions, archaic words and forms, compounded words, new loans from Latin, and obscure construction are the distinguishing characteristics. Only very occasionally does the verse free itself from the chains of these mannefisms. Maurice du Plessy, the most ardent follower of Moréas, exhibits the same faults. In their anxiety for style and vocabulary, the poets of the Ecole Romane forgot the importance of subject, and nearly all their poems which are models of classical themes, so treated as to bear no relation to the human life of to-day, are glorifications of one another. In du Plessy's book, "Le Premier Livre des Pastoraux," out of twenty-seven poems no fewer than nine are devoted to the Ecole Romane or to its individual members!

After the publication of "Eriphyle et Sylves Nouvelles," Moréas executed another volte-face and produced his last and greatest work. No volume of poems is at once so simple at first sight or so difficult justly to appraise. At the first reading it appears as though Moréas had slipped into the easy and unproductive way of traditionalism because age had narrowed his outlook and ossified his mind, but at the second reading you may catch a glimpse of something above and beyond this, and at the third the book becomes a permanent delight.

In criticizing it, one falls naturally into the fine old phrases of the classical era. The images are just and the language elegant and exact. Here is none of the fine, unequal fervour of youth; all is restraint, self-criticism, conscious artistry. The work is not cold, because it is restrained and calm; a strong life is perceptible beneath the measured movements of the surface. The prevailing note is a noble Stoic melancholy. The style is not bizarre, but it is most certainly not commonplace. If, as one critic has observed, it is not the French of any one period, it is, in some sense, the French of all periods. It is by its perfect style that the book will live. The thoughts expressed are not anywhere startlingly original, but they are always startlingly true. Here, indeed, is a criticism of life. Two specimens, one translated and the other not, will serve to show the quality of "Les Stances," as far as any extract can show it, for this is not a collection of poems, but one poem.

Say not that life's a joyous festival;
He that thus speaks is madman or buffoon.
Above all say not; sadness is it all;
That from a coward soul that tires too soon.

Laugh as in springtime waves the leafy bough,
Weep as the wind weeps, or the ruffled stream,
Taste every pleasure, suffer every woe;
And say; it is much, and the shadow of a dream.

Adieu, le vapeur siffle, on active le feu;
Dans la nuit le train passe ou c'est ï'ancre qu'on lève;
Qu'il arrive du large ou qu'il quitte
Les roses vont éclore, et nous les cueillerons;
Qu'il meur' bien vite
Sous les coups d'un vaillant Maurras.
D'un Raynaud, tout zèle au pourchas
De la gloire de Moréas. . . .

Maurice Barrès once dubbed Moréas "le poète grammairien," and the title was justified. He was ceaselessly seeking the method by which to express himself to the world, and first and foremost he experimented with words. Three distinct styles are visible in the small body of his poems, and it is difficult to believe that the same man could have written "Accalmie," "Sylves," and "Les Stances." But his untiring experiments brought him at last to the perfect medium, and "Les Stances" is immortal because of the harmony between thought and form. If there is any book which can provoke a classical revival in France it is the work of this Athenian.
Present Day Criticism.

There seems to be trouble in Gath. One hears rumours of wars and breathings and threatenings by the circulationists of never speaking again to certain critics. It is the nearest thing to real life that has happened in literary circles this double decade. But we back the Davids. The mediocrities who have been in possession have nothing at stake but their corner in the libraries of Philistia. The critics may not pursue them so far, but no one who reads even the daily Press for literature can doubt that the sling is raised. Only a reviewer can understand the feeling of the "Daily Mail" writer who, after reading the portentous autumn list of masterpieces by the champions of Gath, opened his window to let in the cool night air! The critics have a long score of wasted hours to reckon against the circulationists, and they apparently mean to settle it per contra. Says the "Mail":

"Shall we feel the quickening breath? Will our spirits leap forward in joyous welcome to the new poetic genius which our generation has lacked in literature, and therefore in life?

"The genius of poetry which our literature and therefore our life has lacked." The circulationists may set aside as stuffing for the million all but that final paragraph in the article. It is a judgment echoed by every man of taste.

The tradition of literature has been lost for a generation. We seem likely to recover it. Still, again and again, we shall read forced laudations of very bad books; still we shall find in one and the same journal particular praise of individual authors and only a general condemnation of the schooling gang that has deprived public taste; but the still small voice will thunder until it may soon be no matter of indignity for an artist to publish his works. Who, indeed, is there not familiar with the phrase: "No use to write anything good—for publication"? And it has been a fact. But the critics begin once more to distinguish themselves from the commercial reviewers. They, with artists, have something more than money at stake. They will be striving for all that makes the difference between a tolerable existence of tedium and a life able to men of wit. We cannot, by the way, overestimate the value of the classical reprints in inducing a more hopeful spirit both in artists and critics. It is the nearest thing to real life that has happened in literary circles this double decade. But we back the Davids.
The Story of Korea.

By Joseph H. Longford.

By David Alec Wilson. (Methuen. 6s.)

Mr. Wilson served in the Indian Civil Service in Burma, and has given us a selection from notes made during the last twenty-five years. When he writes of the native races of the East he is interesting, as, for example, when he suggests that not more but less intercourse between the races is needed, that social intercourse should be restricted to the intelligent people of both sides. Some of his stories are funny, notably "The Miraculous Milk"; but things like the report of the Huxley and Wilberforce debate have no right to the immortality of print. The volume is a strange mixture of literary criticism, political prophecy, philosophic speculation, and stories grave and gay. Mr. Wilson should write a book.


Messrs. Dent have issued fifty new volumes of the "Everyman’s Library," many of these being classical reprints. All is not lost while these continue to attract a public. The growing interest in the works of the great dead must be held of any kind of art to succeed. The Introductions to these classics make painful reading. They should be super-edited, only facts retained, and all puffing opinions cut.

Mr. Eugène Müntz, the patronage of the Courts of Chivalry, is very nearly ruined our taste for the book until another day. What a mine for writers in these old romances;
but whom could we trust to fill out these stories without taint of the modern literary diseases? The "Annals of Fairyland," also, are not further commended by a dedication, which must be suspect, to the young Massa Dent. The day for compulsory dedications is happily done; and as for voluntary ones—not even the sons of one's publisher have any claim on literature. The "Encyclopedia of Gardening" promises to assist some of our wretched plants, and the illustrations are delightfully numerous and well-defined.

**Good Boy Seldom.** By Oliver Onions. (Methuen. 6s.)

An interminable tale of a boy whose youth reminds us sadly of all that Huckleberry Finn's was not. The book is probably more than a solid hundred pages too long. Mr. Onions may have some ingenious devices for making a yarn, but it would be purgatory to have to search for them through such endless detail.

**Letters from Abroad.**

By Huntly Carter.

**THE DRAMA OF PATRIOTISM.**

Warsaw, September 11.

Cracow lives its life in collective patriotism. It is the true patriotism—that which resents the degradation of national life and character, and the glorification of mean and despicable types. There is a society to preserve the best that is left of the old city. Perhaps it is wrong to speak of Cracow as old. It has never ceased to be young. In spite of the new generation of conquerors that have come knocking at its door, it has retained its early forms. These persist. The wonderful dignity of line against the sky, the built harmonies, the extraordinary relation of shapes, the simple beauties of mass and proportion are the elements of eternal architecture.

Few cities have such right to be called artistic. Few are so full of painters' and draughtsmen's "bits." Few possess architecture with so much background, reason, and drawing. It is unnecessary to particularise. The big relation and direction of line in one street, Ulica Mekatajska, describe those of others, Ulica Sienna, Ulyce Golebiej, Ulica Braca, etc. One exquisite courtyard, the Gymnazzum Nowodworskiego, discloses the dignity and charm of others, Collegium Juridicum, etc. The circling towers of the fascinating Barbokancy give the eye to a realm of corresponding towers. The delightful curves of old doorways nod to each other across fertile spaces. One picturesque quarter, having a strong personality, raises the curtain on others.

It may be the Jewish quarter, the Kazmierz. On a Friday. The old houses are pressing softly in upon a dense stream of languorous human lava. So much alike are the units of this stream it is difficult to individualise them. But one knows they are the despired race: refugees, picturesquely decked but in beaver hats, side curls and long trailing coats. The hall-mark of barter is upon them, and they are meek and long-suffering. So one may penetrate, un molested, down Plutonian passages into dark, low rooms where members of the Chosen Race are grouped in smoke and mystery. Here, while we drink with them the honeyed mood, we may gather such impressions of dramatic light and shade as Rembrandt sought and found. Or we may plunge boldly, still un molested, into Jewish meeting-houses to search in the slow fire of the intense devotional atmosphere and to marvel at the gathering of unforgettable Jewish types seen in a blaze of candle light bending over musty tomes, in feature and dress repeating so widely they vary in scheme of decoration, each has a compelling personality, unfailing in its evocation of the right attitude of mind. And it follows that, whether we stand before the gorgeous unity of the Marien Church, created by the finest achievements of art, reflected in the lofty coloured spaces, the jewelled windows, the ringing springs and shafts, the chiselled and painted and woven poems; or before the classic dignity of the University Church, where the quiet, restful sculptures advance from roof, wall, and column with rhythmic step and the frescoes celebrate the birth of beauty in one of its highest forms; or before the splendours of the cathedral chapels, it is always the same. The world of artistic symbols transports us into that mysterious realm of the imagination and prepares us for initiation into such mysteries as our faith inspires.

The associated power of these highly decorated interiors to contribute to the big sensation and to draw all classes together under its spell is amazing. In view of this supremacy of the united creations of beauty, it is surprising that their extraordinary influence has not been extended elsewhere. One knows they are the despised race: refugees, picturesquely decked but in beaver hats, side curls and long trailing coats. The hall-mark of barter is upon them, and they are meek and long-suffering. So one may penetrate, un molested, down Plutonian passages into dark, low rooms where members of the Chosen Race are grouped in smoke and mystery. Here, while we drink with them the honeyed mood, we may gather such impressions of dramatic light and shade as Rembrandt sought and found. Or we may plunge boldly, still un molested, into Jewish meeting-houses to search in the slow fire of the intense devotional atmosphere and to marvel at the gathering of unforgettable Jewish types seen in a blaze of candle light bending over musty tomes, in feature and dress repeating so widely they vary in scheme of decoration, each has a compelling personality, unfailing in its evocation of the right attitude of mind. And it follows that, whether we stand before the gorgeous unity of the Marien Church, created by the finest achievements of art, reflected in the lofty coloured spaces, the jewelled windows, the ringing springs and shafts, the chiselled and painted and woven poems; or before the classic dignity of the University Church, where the quiet, restful sculptures advance from roof, wall, and column with rhythmic step and the frescoes celebrate the birth of beauty in one of its highest forms; or before the splendours of the cathedral chapels, it is always the same. The world of artistic symbols transports us into that mysterious realm of the imagination and prepares us for initiation into such mysteries as our faith inspires.

So easy for them to do so. It is inevitable. The Poles, even the peasants, feel colour as our own delightful Yellow Press has falsified to such a degree they seem unable to miss it. From the delicate tones of the scarves on the women's heads to the harmonising tones of their stockings and lower wear, all is right. With them it is Colour's in the blood and all's right with the world, as Browning might say. We want to laugh at theColour's making on the walls for hours and there will not be a blot, only decoration. It is really worth while forming societies to preserve frames for pictures like these, even though there were not an unusual feeling and understanding for the beauty and simple forms of old architecture, combined with a love of patriotism to make it absolutely necessary.

The dominant note of patriotism is found, too, in literature and art. It is embodied, for instance, in Dr. J. M. Retinger's "Miesiecznik," a progressive art and literary publication having all the feverishness of fruitful purpose upon it. It is the note in the works of the old generation of painters, Grotgger, Mateiko, and others, and informs that of the new and advanced spirits, poets, and painters, Wyspianski, Gierynski, Pawłowiski, Chelmowski, Weiss, Wyroikoowski, Pankiewicz, Malarewski, Mehoffer. It stimulates caricature of an amazing order.

One of the most amusing and biting places in Cracow is the Café Michalek. It is the work of two artists, Mazyniski (architect) and Fryce (painter). These have combined to call forth a colossal laugh at the expense of the leading lights. There they all are, men of godlike arts and parts reduced to stuffed and shivering dolls in cases, or their personalities expressed by wild, gesticulating dancing and shouting lines and vitriolicolour. They are symbols of the superman minus sawdust.

Religion is patriotism also. There is the co-operative work in the churches to prove it. Nothing but a desire to uphold the finest national traditions could have called forth so much beauty. Every church is, in fact, a temple of art. Each one manifests the loyalty to the great idea. It is simply amazing to contemplate the richness, beauty, and variety of these interiors.

The strange thing to note is how inevitably they contribute to the expression of national character and how widely they vary in scheme of decoration, each has a compelling personality, unfailing in its evocation of the right attitude of mind. And it follows that, whether we stand before the gorgeous unity of the Marien Church, created by the finest achievements of art, reflected in the lofty coloured spaces, the jewelled windows, the ringing springs and shafts, the chiselled and painted and woven poems; or before the classic dignity of the University Church, where the quiet, restful sculptures advance from roof, wall, and column with rhythmic step and the frescoes celebrate the birth of beauty in one of its highest forms; or before the splendours of the cathedral chapels, it is always the same. The world of artistic symbols transports us into that mysterious realm of the imagination and prepares us for initiation into such mysteries as our faith inspires.

The associated power of these highly decorated interiors to contribute to the big sensation and to draw all classes together under its spell is amazing. In view of this supremacy of the united creations of beauty, it is surprising that their extraordinary influence has not been extended elsewhere. One knows they are the despised race: refugees, picturesquely decked but in beaver hats, side curls and long trailing coats. The hall-mark of barter is upon them, and they are meek and long-suffering. So one may penetrate, un molested, down Plutonian passages into dark, low rooms where members of the Chosen Race are grouped in smoke and mystery. Here, while we drink with them the honeyed mood, we may gather such impressions of dramatic light and shade as Rembrandt sought and found. Or we may plunge boldly, still un molested, into Jewish meeting-houses to search in the slow fire of the intense devotional atmosphere and to marvel at the gathering of unforgettable Jewish types seen in a blaze of candle light bending over musty tomes, in feature and dress repeating so markedly the devotional line, colour, mood of the architecture and decorations.
intense form of drama in which everyone is invited to take a leading part—invited into the holy of holies, as it were; while drama so-called is mainly a peculiar form of entertainment that requires one set of performers to retire within the Ark, while the others, the spectators, remain watching outside for developments that never come. Scattered about the Ark are bonds of intimacy and laws of association. But they are seldom used save to generate unreactive curiosities.

So far as it is able, Cracow has made one brave attempt to kill the monopoly. It has given birth to one of the most astonishing artistic geniuses that Poland has ever seen, who, possessing extraordinary gifts for church decoration, has declared himself in favour of the theatre. Stanislaw Wyspianski provides the new type of artist whose dreams are of the theatre, whose work is eloquent with a prophecy of the coming dawn, and who, is, indeed, destined to transfer the secret of the aesthetic development of the church to the theatre.

Wyspianski was colossal, a sort of modern da Vinci. He did everything in his short life. He died at 35, after a life of devotion to great ideals, struggle, illness, and poverty, his later years greatly embittered by an unhappy marriage with a peasant girl. It is wonderful how he impressed himself upon his city and generation. Turn in any direction and there is Wyspianski, his heroic life and aims recorded in beautiful forms of expression. And his artistic qualities? Originality, intensity, rhythm, fine draughtsmanship, a true sense of colour, harmony, and decoration. He has woven these elements into everything. He has set the sun’s gold vibrating through magnificent decorative windows. He has adorned church walls with fields of flowers. He has designed interior fittings, turned them with radiant hues, and decorated them with appropriate furniture. He has contracted the fever of the civic renaissance and left Cracow staggering under masterpieces for an Acropolis. And he has contributed masterpieces to the National Gallery. His versatility, however, meant little. His heart was really in the theatre. He aspired to write plays, to design for them, to paint the setting, to superintend their production. Though in his early search for the fullest means of expression he wavered between the Church and the theatre, he finally concluded that the latter was more suited to his ambition. It is surely a good sign when richly-endowed artists like Wyspianski woo the theatre.

So Wyspianski aimed to be the ideal author and producer, and not a mere master of decoration. He was well equipped for his ambitious task. He was a man of ideal vision and creation, his artistic outlook was wide, and the old passionate Polish blood was seething in his veins, warmed by the noble fire of national ideals. He saw the soul, social and revolutionary, of his country, and sought to reveal it in symbolic drama. But his method of interpretation lacked insight. Instead of creating a new dramatic action to which advanced artistic ideas might be wed, he helped himself to the old stuff. Hence his plays are a mixture of the classical and modern—an interesting mixture, but not that of which the new romance is being born.

The taste for old forms bred in Wyspianski an inordinate love of spirits. He is always calling them up in order to stimulate the action. In “Wesele” (The Wedding), for instance, he adopts Shakespearean methods of materialising psychological states. Women are transformed into his peasant wedding. And in one scene—remarkable for representation of peasant character—the “wrathes” of her memories look in during the course of the evening for a pipe and a chat, to speak.

Wyspianski appears also to have neglected the new principle of rhythm and mood. Either he had no notion of the modern conception of association of ideas on the stage, or he did not apply it to the productions which I saw. Of course, his period of intellectual artistic development was brief, and he scarcely lived long enough to commence maturity. Again, it must be remembered that the artistic principle to which I refer is new and practically unknown to the theatre. There is no doubt whether it has ever been stated in writing. I am speaking of the principle which claims that every good play has a fundamental rhythm. This rhythm must be discovered and applied to the mood which the scene expresses. Any intelligent person can imagine this fundamental rhythm—line, or note of colour, or both. When once found, being developed, and heavily fermented, so to speak, till everything in a scene—words, gestures, setting, costumes, accessories, is drunk with it.

The fault of Wyspianski in “Noc Listopadowa” (“November Night”—the second production that I saw at the excellent State Theatre) is that he seizes the dominant rhythm—revolution—but does not develop his picture accordingly. The play is concerned with the first Polish revolution of 80 years ago. It embraces the story of a Polish woman who was married to a Russian Prince in order to conciliate him to Polish aims. She is supposed to be swayed between the conflicting emotions of love of country and love of husband. Not much of this side is, however, shown. Wyspianski aims rather to represent the revolutionary crisis. The events of this are compressed within a single night, and they advance as swiftly and uninterruptedly as the rather clumsy action will admit, to the inevitable climax—the failure of the outbreak.

Apart from its archaic construction the play has a great deal that is beautiful and impressive. It does reflect the depth and intensity of the revolutionary spirit. It has the right atmosphere of suspense. There is always a feeling of something in the air, something about to happen. It stirs the imagination, grips the attention in parts, and the big scenes move silently to the expected end. There is also a process of enlightenment in which Fate takes a significant part. And the whole is coloured by suggestion.

But the points that produce such a profound impression upon the mind are largely interfered with by the apparitions of the Grecian ideals of stagecraft. That these devices can be taken seriously says much for the strength and sincerity of the author. The modern spectator is not accustomed to the introduction into modern serious plays of the Greek chorus and heroic sentiment clothed in positive mythological forms; and the introduction of symbols of the kind into modern drawing-rooms is apt to be the cue rather for laughter than for admiration. Even Helen and Paris as symbols of the highest physical embodiment of beauty would not be tolerated seriously, so accustomed are we to regard Niobe’s tears as a matter for laughter.

It would come then as a shock to most people to discover Pallas, supported by angels—the Winged Victories—making a stately entrance in the purpose of exhaling nineteenth century revolutionaries to supreme effort. Few among modern theatre-goers have the knowledge or imagination necessary to interpret this peculiar method of symbolising and invoking the heroic or patriotic spirit. Likewise it would be difficult for the London-trained mind to understand the introduction of devils expressing malign influences in the “Faust” entre-act played in a scene representing the stage of the old Variety Theatre at Warsaw. Thus the sculptured group of King John also at Warsaw would require historical reference. It is not generally known that the historic deeds of this King in conflict with the Turks were such as to inspire corresponding deeds. So to most people there would be a continual referring back to historical and other documents for the origins of these heroic conceptions in Greek mythology and modern history, and a consequent confusion of mind through not knowing off-hand who the deuce Pallas and other personages of the Imperial Grecian Court were.
and what part they are supposed to take in inspiring modern ideals. Nowadays people are so ignorant of ancient history that it is a dangerous experiment to clothe classical abstract ideas in positive forms. Owing to this defect it is not unusual to find authors mixed up with their creations losing their identity and being mistaken for Gothic devils.

Coming to Wyspianski's artistic omissions—his neglect to develop the fundamental rhythm in his settings—one or two of the great possibilities he missed may be suggested. In the first scene of "November Night" Wyspianski launched to the bridge of a revolution. In spite of the conventional setting we are conscious of an infinite space in which things, though they appear motionless, are revolving fiercely and rapidly. They advance, touch each other, recede, advance, and so on for ever. But only part of this congested movement is symbolised by the words and by the classic element. The rest is shut out by commonplace machinery, a background of weapons, piled-up cannon-balls, and other implements of war against which the military figures move. Rightly all the lines of the scene should be composed to represent the seething and involved movement, like a scourged flood-tide beating in upon itself. Bound within the narrowed-down space should be shapes and images of the greatest power, expressed swiftly, insistently upon one another. The lines and colours should express a chaos of pent-up emotions, contrasts, movements held in by iron necessity; nothing, in fact, getting away, but everything ready to burst forth like crashing thunderbolts at the desired moment.

This fundamental rhythm would be traced working and developing through the succeeding scenes till it reaches the point of explosion. Then would come the tearing of the iron circle to pieces by the lines and colours which would go striking and scorching in lanes of fire in all directions. Here it would be further caught up and developed in a new motive—the failure motive. Conflicting lines and colours would be introduced to indicate the element of Fate surrounding the revolutionaries, and to carry the action forward towards the dénouement. So throughout the drama the rhythm-motives would be developed.

Wyspianski's line in "November Night" is mainly horizontal. Its direction is upward, towards classical dignity; at one time highly, marble ones, and it misses the direction which the line of the fundamental rhythm should take. Of course, the essential line should also exalt, but it need not be more efficient than definitely relating the ideas of theflower of rhythm is ecstasy.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE PREVENTION OF DESTITUTION.

Sir,—I of course, agree with your first point that the prime motive given to the proposals for the prevention of destitution has had the effect of thrusting into the background the earlier proposals for abolishing poverty as well as technical defective—in two terms bearing quite distinct. I justify this thrusting back of the earlier proposals as both idea and practice. In the idea, I don't think any way shrink from acceptance of the orthodox view that the prevention of destitution up to a minimum standard (the minimum, of course, liable to change) is part of the necessary basis of life, and that the means for the prevention of destitution would be required, though to a less degree, after the earlier proposals for abolishing poverty had been adopted. In practice, I don't see how you can get to work on the achievement of the earlier proposals until the preliminary provisions (first conference on the Prevention of destitution held at Caxton Hall, or to be outlined at succeeding conferences) are well on the way to being adopted generally in the country. To neglect these preliminaries would simply mean hampering yourself at every step.

With regard to your second point; cost of proposals for the prevention of destitution in relation to increase of efficacy—and according to the fairness of the destitute at any given time, leaving out preventive machinery, etc., see Caxton Hall report—you argue that it would be more economical to treat the residue of the destitute with frank charity, i.e., no "compounds," no training and no detention except for such breaches of law as you would choose. I say little of the individuals who compose this residue—sufficient to the fact that I am on terms which exclude possibility of illusion—and I have treated some of them with frank charity i.e., not Poor Law, and therefore I must part there, except in opinion, not differing.

Are we justified (1) as being practical men in our political strategy, and (2) in idea—see Mr. Webb's "Necessary Basis of Society"? We seek where we are and must part there, except in opinion, not differing.

A STUDENT OF THE MINORITY REPORT.

P.S.—Why call the prominence given to the proposals for the prevention of destitution "unfortunate"? I think the Minority Report's public should carry some weight; because it is not composed of people easily amenable to suggestion by catch-words, whether the suggestion come from above or below, or anywhere else; because it has had the benefit of two years of actual discussion and criticism; because, in its conferences, the climax being that held at Caxton Hall, it is using the instrument of collective thinking in a manner the practicability of which must have been a delight to all observers, for it meant nothing more nor less, if I may say so, than definitely relating the ideas of the Minority Report to experience.

THE REVOLT AND THE REMEDY.

Sir,—In the last few years I can quote to my conscience that the workman's right to his wages. I believe in the benefit to all of us of higher wages. I believe it would be to the interest of the manufacturers if the spreading of the workers was greater, but how to bring this about with our present competitive production I do not know. It seems to me that the manufacturer who would have the highest production, see Mr. Webb's "Necessary Basis of Society"? I think we are justified, and that we must part there, except in opinion, not differing.

C. H. NORMAN.
HELOTS NO LONGER.

Sir,—The editor of the "Railway Review" touched the spot when recently he said that the railway men are determined to be "Helots No Longer."

Taking into consideration the hundreds of advertisements which appear in official gazettes and daily papers, insisting that candidates for employment shall be "unmarried," or if married, "without children," it would appear that to-day, as of old times, "helotage" and "eunuchism" is a common condition of the wage-slave.

The use of the word "slave" leads me to submit a somewhat astonishing comparison arising from a study of some reports and papers forwarded to me by the favour of the High Commissioner of the Australian Commonwealth.

The London cormen were forced at last to strike against conditions which, when set out in full, seem very complete as a form of slavery.

In the "Daily News" of August 16, 1911, in parallel columns we have "Present Terms" and "Demanded," e.g.: Maxwell wage 22s. a week. Maximum wage 72s. 6d. an hour for work on Monday to Saturday inclusive....

YARD CARMEN. 17s. a week and no. 20s. for a 70-hour week. 

YARD CARMEN. 17s. a week and no. 20s. for a 70-hour week. 

THE NEW AGE, 22s. a week. Maximum wage 42s. 6d. an hour for work on Monday to Saturday inclusive.

VAIR GUARDS. 7s. and 8s. a week, no. 11s. 6d. a week of 70 hours. 

And so on. After reaching the verge of war these worse than slaves got some small concessions, one being a 74-hours limit.

Now please compare, from the "Handbook of the Territory of Papua," by Hon. Stanforth Smith, Administrator, 1909, p. 138:—

Native Labour Regulations under the Native Labour Ordinance of 1906.

1. The hours of labour for native labourers, other than household servants, shall be fifty in the week, counting from seven o'clock on Tuesday to seven o'clock on Monday inclusive; but, except in cases of emergency, a native labourer other than a household servant shall not work for more than ten hours in any one day. The hours shall always be estimated exclusive of the time allowed for meals. A native who has completed fifty hours of time in any one week shall, except in cases of emergency, be at liberty to absent himself from work for the remainder of the week.

(At p. 140 there are some regulations specially dealing with mining and carrying.)

18. A native may carry a load exceeding 50lbs. exclusive of blanket or calico and the carrier's food for the journey.

19. Upon the return of a native regularly employed as a carrier—

(i.) To carry a load exceeding 50lbs. gross a greater distance than 12 miles a day, or from one rest house to the next. 

(ii.) From the Zodda to Buna; or

(iii.) From the Alkora or Waria to Tamata, he shall be allowed a complete rest of 24 hours before he sets out on the road again. On his return from the Gira to Tamata he shall be allowed a complete rest of 24 hours before he sets out on the road again. 

The men are not slaves, bear in mind. They are signed on under the careful observation of men who seem really concerned for the well-being of labourers, who in many details are not exempted from the conditions which must be paradise compared with "free" England.

To make something like a fair estimate of what these native labourers do not have compared with a "free" London carman or docker, let any reader of THE NEW AGE go down into the Surrey Commercial and watch the men unloading a timber ship and stacking deals; or spend half a day when it is cold and wet, the air full of sleet and fog, down in that foulest food market in the wide world—the London Fish Market, Lower Thames Street.

The Philistines who never have worked are just now making great hoot about the 2s. per hour paid for labour in the fish market; make these dandy critics do one shift of such work, in such weather, make them stick it through, and then hear them say, "It is 'Ell right here and now; just 'Ell." 

THE INQUITIES (?) AND INACCURACIES (?) OF S. VERDAD.

Sir,—The NEW AGE being one of those papers, and they are very few, that one religiously preserves, I was impelled by the letter of Prof. W. E. Burghardt DuBois, printed in your issue of June 15, to find out what it was that S. Verdad had done, or said, to infuriate that distant and notable Professor. And so I rummaged in my file of THE NEW AGE, which lies next to the file of the 'Times," and in between the files of the "Claron," the "Contemporary," and the "National Review"—you see, we are cheerful eclectics here in Australia—until I dug up the so-offending issue of December 15. And now I want to know why the gentleman at Atlanta University feels so angry. Is he mad with S. Verdad—I know that this letter must arrive late in the day, but so does the complaint of Prof. DuBois—because Verdad talked uncommon sense, in uncommonly plain language; or does the lack of maudlin platitude and Christian sentimentality in S. Verdad's observations constitute the offending element? "We black men," screams Prof. DuBois, "may be shallow, superficial, unbalanced and lazy, before a certainly more Northern Christian, and yet to impose courtesy and ordinary consideration for the feelings of human beings never to make such an unwarranted attack as this writer and Mr. Balfour attempt."

We black men,--as we have done from all this great distance, and at this point in time, be allowed to urge the excited Professor to get away from that dangerous "we," please let him, as one who is broad, free from maudlin sentimentality, and as one who is broad, free from this racial cant—this assumption that "we," whether we happen to be university professors or common bootblacks, are necessarily a summation of all the excellences and virtues of our race. We black men, or we white men, as the case may be, are a very mixed lot; and the "we" that covers the charnel nostrils of any race, either white or black, in such a way as to include no mistaken assumption, is a very miraculous "we" indeed.

There are black savages in the Southern States of America, as well as cultured black professors like DuBois; and the "we" that includes the former. Professor DuBois is himself a representative of all that is best in the negro race; but between representatives we see it is best in a average (mentally, morally and physically) in a race, there is a great difference. Prof. DuBois and Mr. Booker Washington, for instance, are no more representative of the qualities of the nigger race in America than Mr. Balfour and Mr. Asquith are representative of the average qualities of the English race, The比喻 is not wrong. Balfour and Asquith are representative of the qualities of some of the people in Great Britain; of others, of the vast majority, they are no more representative as types than a wall-eyed Queensland steer is representative of the profession of theology. Hence, the preposterous use of the phrase "we black men," with its assumptions of general mental and moral excellence, reflects more credit upon the Professor's racial loyalty than upon his judgment as a man of affairs.

I crave pardon for labouring this point. In the judgment of a sober-minded Australian—one Australian; I don't say "we," because that would include our white university professors with our black aboriginals—the writings of S. Verdad are valuable precisely in so far as they are plain, blunt, and even—if you like—offensive. It is only the writer and the critic who is offensive, not necessarily the other side, who is of any use. Platitude-mongers and solemn slobberers of sickening sentimentality have in England a practical monopoly of the platform and the press. The NEW AGE, itself, is extremely useful also to include the former. Professor DuBois is himself a representative of all that is best in the negro race; but between representatives we see it is best in a average (mentally, morally and physically) in a race, there is a great difference. Prof. DuBois and Mr. Booker Washington, for instance, are no more representative of the qualities of the nigger race in America than Mr. Balfour and Mr. Asquith are representative of the average qualities of the English race. The比喻 is not wrong. Balfour and Asquith are representative of the qualities of some of the people in Great Britain; of others, of the vast majority, they are no more representative as types than a wall-eyed Queensland steer is representative of the profession of theology. Hence, the preposterous use of the phrase "we black men," with its assumptions of general mental and moral excellence, reflects more credit upon the Professor's racial loyalty than upon his judgment as a man of affairs.

September 28, 1911.

THE NEW AGE.
trouversial virtues of "we black men," would have been more beneficial to the cause of the American negro, and at the same time would have been more useful to THE NEW AGE, in its attacks on the Negro. My complaint about Verdad, on looking over that article of December 15, is of quite another kidney. Hilaire Belloc it was who, in one of his many weeks absence, wrote in THE NEW AGE, complaining about the inaccuracy of the present-day historian. It is in that particular that the conductor of your Foreign Affairs department offends. He said, in the article which so stirred the anger of Prof. DuBois:

"The negroes, wherever they are to be found, belong to an inferior class. If, however, the Northerners engaged in a struggle for the freedom of the slaves, and the result of this is only now beginning to manifest itself.

That statement as regards the motives of the Northerners is essentially false. The Yankees did not fight for the freedom of the slaves. They cared next to nothing about the slaves, whether they were free or otherwise. What they did care about was the preservation of the Republic; they wanted the United States to remain one nation, and not two. They objected to the assertion of Southern statesmen that a State had a right to secede from the Union if it wanted to. And they backed up that objection with bayonets and bullets. Therefore they proved at least in justice the superiority of the white man to the black; for it is the white race, more than any other, from the period of the Amphiarcynoid race, which exists to this present day, that has been the protagonist of the synthetic social movement. It is but a commonplace to remark that as biology commences with the single cell or unit of the organism and only grows beyond the tribe and expands into nationhood: the super-nations expanding yet further into Empires. "We black men" are simply lacking in this--and this is the tragedy of Prof. DuBois' position--in the synthetic force which impels cells or units to enter into relationship with one another; by successive combinations gradually evolving to those commonwealths of cells or units known, on the one hand, as the higher animals; on the other, as the higher States or civilisations. There is not the Indian nation in India, no African nation in Africa--and all for the lack of that synthetic force; beyond the tribe, the race expands into nationhood.

Sir,-In his paper on Toryism and Social Reform, I do not think Mr. Kennedy makes good his point as to individualism in the arts, nor does Mr. Penty's paragraph bear offensively, in order that the nigger's small American sub-goaded onward and upward-yea, even with bitter, protestation-will and must continue to be plain-spoken and candid. It is of quite another kidney. Hilaire Belloc it was who, in one of his many weeks absence, wrote in THE NEW AGE, complaining about the inaccuracy of the present-day historian. It is in that particular that the conductor of your Foreign Affairs department offends. He said, in the article which so stirred the anger of Prof. DuBois:

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