manage by their own almost unaided efforts to keep on the razor-edge of respectability; and, so far as we know, they can barely manage to continue to do so, with only an occasional fall into shameless destitution or shameless crime. But the class of which we are speaking has long ago lost its footing on the perilous edge of comparative independence. They are down in the abyss, and their lives are the lives of the dwellers in hell.

* * *

We have not the least doubt that the impression both produced and intended to be produced by Mr. Lloyd George, particularly in his Tabernacle speeches (and most of his speeches are fitter for the Tabernacle than the public platform) is that his Bill will benefit this class above all other classes. Nobody would gather from his descriptions of the poverty his Bill would relieve, that the poverty he had in mind was not precisely poverty of this order. Surely, if his heart bled so profusely in public at the spectacle of these wretched invalids, of this order. Surely, if his heart bled so profusely in public at the spectacle of these wretched invalids, casuists, wasters and footlers, the conclusion would be drawn that the new earth he was creating, like a second Jehovah, would include them first in its celestial embrace. Alas, however, for conclusions drawn from the rhetoric of a politician nearing the popular throne. Every other interest has been placated, because every other interest has been organised and vociferous. But the interests of the pariahs, being neither organised nor articulate, have been sacrificed at every step of the process. With their very life-blood, as it were, he has fed everything he safely may to glut their ravening and to pursue him morsel after morsel of the flesh of the poorest and most wretched and most helpless of the workers of this country, that so he may bring his Bill home and himself occupy the place of power.

* * *

Nothing more discreditable has ever been committed by the combined selfishness and narrow-mindedness of Parliament and fairly well-to-do people than the provision in this so-called National Insurance Bill of a special pen for the outcasts and derelicts of wage-earning society. We will not acquit from blame and shame the representatives of the wage-earning classes themselves. When all is said and done, nobody can


case. When all is said and done, nobody can
expect of officials of the friendly societies wider consideration of the interests of society than their own small circles. They have done their duty when they have safeguarded their own members. But by profession as well as by obligation the Labour members are bound to regard the interests of their clients as a whole. It is not for them with sobs and tears to pick out from their clients those of the largest size. All labour is their province; and it is not merely another set of private buccaneers banded together for plunder to share amongst a selected many. Yet we are compelled to say that with the nonchalance of plutocratic indifference the majority of the Labour Party have seen the formation of the Post Office depository section, have seen it narrowed and defined and hacked about until at last it has become a sort of narrow portal of the rich man’s house prospectively heaped up with the bodies of ulcerating Lazaruses. All this, as we say, has been witnessed by them with a toleration that disgraces their class no less than themselves. Once having been assumed by the great actuary, Mr. Levine, that the financial interest of the trade unions that pay them their salaries are safeguarded, their indifference to the destitute is colossal in its cynicism. We gladly except from this charge Mr. Lansbury and Mr. Snowden. But for the rest of the gang, decent who cannot, for reasons of wages, join a trade union, ninepence does not insure them in the sense in which that pay them their salaries are safeguarded, their systemic earnings, exactly as if they were of the aristocracy of events, bought for them by reasons of health, to be admitted to a friendly society. But now note what they must pay for this disability of theirs. The sum of fourpence weekly is to be compulsorily deducted from their microscopic earnings, exactly as if they were of the aristocracy of events, bought for them by reasons of health, to be admitted to a friendly society. And if devotees of Equitable would like to provide for any unfortunate who applied to them for assistance, but they would include, in addition to the very sickly, the “thriftless, shiftless,beckless” class, the casual labourers and the seasonal servant-girl class. It would include, in short, every sort of worker who, by himself, could not reasonably make provision for himself. For the “respectable” working-class, already capable of insuring itself in friendly, benefit, and union societies, Mr. Lloyd George makes a provision which at best is superfluous, and at worst is a device for controlling their lives and their societies at the cost of the State to twopence a week. But for the very class—numbering, at least, a million—that can obviously barely keep body and soul together, he and the callous place-hunters who are consenting to his scheme have no better suggestion than compulsory saving. We fully understand the objection that might be raised if this class were allowed to accumulate its funds in the Post Office. If these depositors were permitted to draw the sums extracted from them, together with the bonuses provided by the State and their employers, it would amount to a tidy sum in ten, twenty, or thirty years. These wretches would then (or their nearest relative might) draw a lump sum of £20 or £100 with which they could conceivably set up a little business of their own, that they may safely be permitted to body rush would into the Post Office section. The friendly and collecting societies would have to whistle for victims. Oh, yes; we understand this very well. The friendly societies first refuse to admit these unfortunates unless for the period of their working hours. Then we propose that they should be treated preferentially, in a class apart, the friendly societies scream their fear that their own members will desert them. To placate the friendly societies, therefore, it is essential that the people that refuse to admit them in a hydrophobic condition. The friendly societies not only bite the unfortunate and destitute who apply to them for assistance, but they insist that the Government shall bite them as well. And the “statesman of the Kingdom of Christ” is perfectly willing to oblige.

Mr. Lloyd George waxed tactically indignant with Mr. Lyttelton for suggesting that the units of this class of Post Office depository would be mainly, if not entirely, the poorest of the poor. It might include, he said, a man in receipt of £3 a week in wages, whose health excluded him from the societies said to be friendly. If there should prove to be in the million persons who will fall into the Post Office section one individual answering to this description, Mr. Lloyd George will, no doubt, contend that his words are strictly accurate. But what a piece of chicanery it is to pretend that a single exceptional case—a minute fraction of a percentage of a million persons—can characterise the whole class. It was obvious from Mr. Lloyd George’s own later classification of the prospective members of this group that he was aware that his one white crow would not make the whole flock white. He admits that the Post Office depositors would include,
Unionist criticism of the Insurance Bill have now ceased. The “Times,” while still publishing independent articles in opposition to the measure, devotes its leading articles and excises the best and most cogent sections of the Bill that even the “Daily News” cannot surpass. Under their very eyes the Bill is growing daily more and more complicated, incomprehensible and oppressive in its probable working; yet so complete is the absence of honesty or intelligence from among the Unionists, that their children are quite naturally to assume that where the parents have abandoned the doctrine of individual responsibility, is not to do for them; but to provide, maintain and guarantee the basis of communal responsibility. The penalty of subservience is to be despised; and nothing, we should think, proves more clearly the contempt as well as loathing in which the House of Commons is held by the Cabinet than Sir Edward Grey’s alleged massacres of Arabs by Italians in Tripoli. We have no special knowledge of the circumstances of the case, but not only French and Austrian journals, but
reputable Italian journals like the "Stampa," have testified to the statement that the Italian army has been seized with the most barbarous blood-lust. Whether this is true or not is, for the moment, of less importance than the right of Englishmen in public to inquire about it, and, when they have done so, to offer their judgment on it. Short of a censorship, indeed, no means exist to prevent the most general discussion of all the circumstances of the alleged horrible events in Tripoli; and, as a matter of fact, one can go nowhere now without finding groups of people discussing them. Yet, if we are to take the attitude of Sir Edward Grey and Mr. Asquith as final, the one place in which not only human beings, but the rest of the world, may be inquired into, is the House of Commons, where, traditionally and etymologically, public men are supposed to "speak their minds." Every politician of the street, the club, the pub, and the journal, may deliver his judgment on the events as reported, without let or hindrance; but their paid and delegated mouthpieces, their vocal representatives, may say nothing at all. And why, forsooth? Lest our declaration of neutrality should appear to be impaired, and Sir Edward Grey's golf or fishing be disturbed by an unwanted call upon his time. For we cannot believe that England has sunk so low in her own opinion, as well as in the world's opinion, that we alone of all nations are to be muzzled from speaking our minds. What sum was paid us to ensure our neutrality, that it should conceivably prejudice our inquiry while the civilised community was being slaughtered by devils. He would look at his treaty and conclude he had no duty beyond it. But when he fishes, which is fish and which is fisher is no great matter. Sir Edward Grey is not a representative Englishman. It is another matter, however, when sincere inquiries are made in the House of Commons, and the questioners are met by a blank sign, "he has been suborned to publish lies about Italian soldiers. Whether or not the worst enemy of Gladstone deny that if he was living, pro-Italian as he was, he would be ready to risk even a European war in defence of the best English opinion? And when a threat is added to the cause of liberty to speak in the House of Commons, all England, saving only the place-hunters in Parliament, would be behind him. That handful of paid, over-paid, and still to-be-paid legislators who have usurped the cause of liberty to speak in the House of Commons full of confidence, when the nation is plunged in despair; in the utmost harmony with Ministers, whom the people regard with the utmost abhorrence; who vote thanks, when the public opinion calls upon them for impeachments; who are eager to grant, when the general voice decries a scandal; who, in all disputes between the people and their elected representatives, take the side against the people; who punish their disorders, but refuse even to inquire into the provocation to them. This is an unnatural, a monstrous state of things in this constitutional assembly an assembly may be a great, wise, awful senate; but it is not, to any popular purpose, a House of Commons." And as it was in the days of Burke, so it is to-day. The House of Commons is not only an assembly where public and national feeling fails to find expression, but where these feelings are openly suppressed. And opprobrium has been shown in facts may be in regard to the massacres in Tripoli, we undertake to say that there is no body of English public opinion that would assent to being muzzled in their investigation and in their discussion of the truth. Treaty or no treaty, neutrality or war, peril or safety, boon or bane to England, the average Englishman stands by his right to inquire, to judge, to pass judgment. Yes, and in the last resort, to back up his judgment with his strength. For what other purpose, indeed, has he acquired strength save to employ it, first, in his own defence, and, secondly, in defence of "those ideals of civilisation that are dear to him?" (the words are not Burke's or ours, they are Sir Edward Grey's). For the most powerful country in the world to stand by dumber civilisation, and whilst the criminal, which alone claims itself to the level of Fanti Malays is itself a criminal against la force oblige. But that an English Prime Minister, an English Foreign Secretary, and an English House of Commons should not only permit, but enforce and applaud his sottish apathy, this is a crime against England. Oh, for an hour of Palmerston, cried Milburn. Oh, for an hour of Gladstone, we may echo. Does even the worst enemy of Gladstone deny that if he was living, pro-Italian as he was, he would be ready to risk even a European war in defence of the best English opinion? And when a threat is added to the cause of liberty to speak in the House of Commons, all England, saving only the place-hunters in Parliament, would be behind him. That handful of paid, over-paid, and still to-be-paid legislators who have usurped the sovereign power of the English people alone stand aloof from the national opinion of their day, and in deed no less than in word administer, represent and govern us as though we were a conquered and inimical people.

Extract from "Economic History of England," by Professor Porge, Published 2011 A.D.

"In 1911, the last and greatest of the long line of Liberal statesmen introduced a measure which held the key of the future. He showed how Socialism could be made acceptable to its enemies. Instead of nationalising land or railways, he partially nationalised insurance, introducing those two principles of compulsion and graduation which did so much to make the England of the later twentieth century. The measure was so great a success that these principles were applied to the whole of legislation. Instead of legislating for Socialism undreamed of by Marx or Morris became the framework of society. The matter of insurance being disposed of, bread was nationalised in 1913. The principles of compulsion and graduation were then again applied with the Bill of 1913. All persons subject to compulsory insurance, were supplied with a special kind of inferior bread, which they were forbidden to refuse if they had to lose their insurance premiums. In successive years the principle was applied to the drug trade (the sale of digestive pills having now become a lucrative monopoly, which was thus bought out, to the satisfaction of all concerned), the novel-producing industry, newspapers, clothing (insured persons wearing a picturesque dress adorned with a broad arrow), and ultimately to ecclesiastical establishments. The glorious career of the statesman who..."

H. P. A.
State Insurance.

It will be a sad misfortune if the Insurance Bill passes in anything like its present shape. A measure of this magnitude would be of tremendous importance, both in immediate and probable effects, direct and indirect, should be seriously pondered—before it is permitted to reach the Statute Book. Above all, we should make absolutely sure of the ground to be covered by a scheme of this kind. Unfortunately, the authors and framers of this measure appear to have been very badly advised concerning some of the ground to be covered. Indeed, this Bill is based upon one or two fallacies.

For example, the scheme is based, in part, upon the idea that the majority of our workers are unprovided for in cases that are the greatest tragedy. Above and above our recognised friendly societies, with their 6,000,000 members, we have an almost complete network of miners’ relief societies, railwaymen’s benevolent associations, factory and workshop clubs, and public-house sick and dividing clubs. Again, it is a common custom, in the pit, on the railway, in the workshop, and in the public-house in the working-class districts to make collections for the sick, particularly for those who have been unable to pass the medical examination, or to pay their fees to a friendly society for membership of the big societies. It is hardly possible to find a bona-fide working-man in this country who is not financially provided for in case of temporary sickness.

What with recognised societies and unrecognised clubs, coupled with the public-house, and left to the common, the field of temporary sickness provision is already very thoroughly covered—covered by democratically, economically, and efficiently-managed agencies. To this extent, therefore, Mr. Lloyd George’s scheme is an intrusion upon a field already occupied and cultivated.

To get something like a model for his scheme, the Chancellor went to Germany; but the problem we have to face in this country is not like the problem they have to deal with in Germany. It is certainly not like the problem they had in Germany thirty years ago. When German statesmen tackled the question of State-conducted, compulsory sickness insurance their country was practically destitute of friendly societies and sick benefit agencies such as we now have giltore. They had a clear and an open field for their scheme. We have no such field available—at any rate, in the matter of temporary sickness.

Besides, on top of our network of societies and clubs, giving financial assistance in case of temporary sickness, we also have the powerful existing agencies; and attendance on long credit to those men who are not in societies providing medical treatment, or who do not go into hospital when sick. Again, shopkeepers will usually supply food on credit while the breadwinner is off work ill, and landlords will generally let the rent stand over. Then, again, our country is studded with infirmaries, hospitals, and convalescent homes open to our workers. For the very lowest class—for those who are covered by neither societies nor clubs, and who are not sufficiently respected to get credit, or have collections made for them, there are the poorhouses, with their hospitals and medical attendance and food free. Practically the whole of our workers—and even loafers—are provided for already in case of temporary sickness, and Mr. Lloyd George’s scheme cannot be set up without doing considerable harm to existing agencies, and striking a blow at much that is best in our voluntary movements. If our compulsory scheme was confined to permanent disablement, leaving temporary sickness to those agencies which so well manage it, or to the devising of remedies, in case of some of the very lowest-paid workers, the course would be much more easy.

The real truth is that Mr. Lloyd George has no case for the greater part of his scheme. There has been no manner of popular demand for universal compulsory sickness insurance in this country. There is no need for it. All the best of our workers make provision for themselves. It is true that in many cases the provision is not adequate, but it is at least as adequate as the benefits of this proposed scheme would, in most cases, work out in actual practice. For those who cannot, or do not, make provision for themselves, there is at least the hospitality of the Poor Law. It may be that this is not all that could be desired, but it would be easier, and cheaper, and less harmful to our splendid friendly societies and helpful sick clubs, to reform the Poor Law—to humanise the poor-house—than to set up this complicated scheme. So far as those workers are concerned who cannot afford to make provision for themselves, we have here the real poverty problem, and surely the best way to tackle this is not by compulsory deductions from wages already inadequate.

It may be recalled that the movement which has culminated in the Insurance Bill is not for sickness insurance at all, but for unemployment legislation.

For many years successive Governments were requested to do something for the unemployed. Many of the best of our social reformers devoted their energies to pressing the claims of the unemployed. The agitation grew. The problem became more acute as industrialism developed, and men came to have less and less control of their own employment. By degrees it came to be recognised by all parties, and most schools of thought, that the State could no longer decently neglect this big problem of unemployment. We were to face in this country the same problems which were being recognised in the United States, and Germany, and France, and Switzerland, and elsewhere. The agitation grew. The problem became more acute as industrialism developed, and men came to have less and less control of their own employment. By degrees it came to be recognised by all parties, and most schools of thought, that the State could no longer decently neglect this big problem of unemployment. We were to face in this country the same problems which were being recognised in the United States, and Germany, and France, and Switzerland, and elsewhere.

The Labour party put up the claim for the Right-to-work. There was danger of some ‘quick’ remedy being applied. I then ventured to point out that there was a long list of such reme# Press, that there was no permanent remedy for unemployment. I pointed out that the problem could not be solved; that all artificial labour-creating devices were foredoomed to failure; that the Right-to-work was a fallacy; that there must always be some unemployed somewhere; that the change of weather, the vagaries of fashion, the march of science and invention, all combined temporarily to displace labour; that industry created unemployment as well as employment; that, in fact, industry was already created, but required, a reservoir of idle labour; and that the real problem before us was not how to find work for all the unemployed, but how to feed them until industry needed their services again in the ordinary course. As a practical man and a close student of industrial economics, I held it down that there was no help, no cure, no remedy for unemployment in any progressive industrial community, but that there was a remedy for the worst evils that accompanied unemployment, and that that remedy was insurance.

The insurance idea was taken up, and it was pushed right into the middle of the field of practical politics with almost dramatic suddenness. Both parties accepted it and advocated it. But the Government, instead of accepting my suggestion and appointing a Royal Commission to take evidence, make inquiries, carefully consider how the insurance remedy was to be applied, and then draw up a rough scheme or make recommendations for Parliament to work upon, sent Mr. Lloyd George, accompanied by a party journalist, to Germany to see how the compulsory sickness and accident scheme worked in that country. The Chancellor became enamoured of the German scheme, and, ignoring some of the fundamental differences between the two countries, an attempt has been made to side-track unemployment out of the way, and a German sickness and accident scheme upon us without adequate inquiry, consideration, or discussion. Although the popular agitation was for unemployment insurance, not sickness insurance, and although Mr. Lloyd George himself promised to provide ‘adequate’ insurance in case of unemployment, the idea that what he now offers us is either inadequate in its terms nor insurance in its principles; it is practically limited to a couple of well-paid trades, is so arranged that the most deserving men in those trades will never qualify for the benefit of the scheme. A man has to pass a test based on to the tail-end of a long and cumbrous sickness Bill for which the nation has never asked. The position, in a nutshell, is this; Mr. Lloyd George proposes to trespass all over the field so splendidly covered and culti-
vated by voluntary effort—the temporary sickness field —while the wide, open field of unemployment, with all its needful horrors and tragedies, and after all his promises, he scarcely enters.

T. Good.

**Foreign Affairs.**

By S. Verdad.

Berlin does not appeal to me at this time of the year; but there were some inquiries which I could only make personally at No. 77, Wilhelmstrasse, where Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg's offices have the honour to be located. So I called there on my way to Constantinople.

Blue funk; anger; gradually accumulating resentment: such were the impressions I brought away with me. I have lived among the German people sufficiently long to know pretty well what they think of England and France, and their opinions are reflected very faithfully at the various Government offices. The nation feels that it has been fooled over Morocco and over Tripoli, and in both cases England is blamed for interference. The feeling among the German people as a whole is directed towards the authorities in Berlin, and these authorities are feeling sore in consequence.

Now, when a few Radical members of Parliament talk, as I heard them talk before I left London, about strengthening the ties of friendship which bind us to Germany, and so on, what exactly do they mean, or how do they propose to set about their task? As soon as an attempt is made to put the wishes of such people into force we are at once confronted with certain difficulties. The greatest is the natural antipathy of the German people for the British people. It would be perfectly easy to give a comprehensive psychological explanation of this antipathy, but such an explanation would be far too wordy. The fact remains that there actually is this antipathy; and it is fatuous to pretend that it does not exist. We, and not the French, are held responsible for the French diplomatic victory over the Morocco question. It has been borne in upon the Turkish Government day after day that we are responsible for the Italian incursion into Tripoli. These opinions are seriously held in Germany.

What really happened was that we supported France in her negotiations with Germany to the extent of our Treaty obligations; we supported Italy to the extent of observing the neutrality to which we pledged ourselves ten years ago. In doing so we crossed the path of the Kaiser and his advisers, and we disturbed the self-complacency of the German people. We held the balance of power in Europe, which we always tried to do. At a time of crisis we followed our traditional policy of using our power in behalf of what we deemed to be the weaker side. We supported France from purely tactical and strategic reasons. Our Foreign Office is not influenced by sentimental considerations and does not, or should not, pause for a moment to consider whether we are bound to France by stronger ties than we are to Germany, or vice-versa. Our Foreign Office considers the interests of the country.

The fact, nevertheless, remains that we are bound to France by stronger ties than we are to Germany. The Thirty Years' War, the Seven Years' War, and the Napoleonic Wars set German civilisation back by at least two centuries. When we speak of war as the great civiliser we speak truly; but we must make the important reservation that war is a great civiliser in the majority of cases for the conquering nation only. In this sense, indeed, internecine strife cannot properly be called war at all. Germans flew at the throats of Germans during the Thirty Years' War and left their country desolate. The Seven Years' War was a campaign of which the country might be proud, but it led to nothing. Hardly had the German States settled down when they were forced to suffer under Napoleon. The Seven Years' War was but an interlude: Germany has never fully recovered from the effects of the Thirty Years' War and the Napoleonic campaigns. To-day she is one of the most backward of European nations in all forms of culture; and the list of her exceptional and great men is startlingly short.

France and England were never retarded in the same way. They may be looked upon, on the whole, as conquering Powers, and they have advanced accordingly. Intellectually and morally we have much more in common with France than with Germany.

It is, of course, customary to say that England and Germany possess the same religion. In point of fact they do not. There are, in round figures, some 30,000,000 Protestants in Germany to 22,000,000 Roman Catholics; the proportion in England is very different. But the German Protestantism is not our Protestantism. The German Protestants are Lutherans, and anyone who takes the trouble to examine into the question will find that the Lutherans do not correspond to the adherents of the Church of England, but to the sects which we class as Nonconformists. On the other hand, we are far beyond the Germans in culture, even if we have not yet reached the level attained by France; even if we are never likely to reach the level attained by France.

Well, there was a great deal of fuss before the Morocco agreement was initialled on Thursday last. Peace and war hung in the balance for days on end, and all because the war as speedily determined as possibly was of the whole people, withdrew her original semi-official proposals. So long ago as June last, I find, the French Government approached the Wilhelmstrasse authorities—not officially, however—and offered practically the entire Moroccan exchange for a defensive protectorate over Morocco. The offer, foolishly enough, was refused. It was afterwards withdrawn, and Herr von Kiderlen-Wächter has now to be content with much less. But the German Ministers long hesitated before they decided to go to the extreme lengths with the news of what amounted in practice to a diplomatic defeat. By skilful juggling the blame was laid on England; and this may lead to a sabre-rattling, bigger-navy campaign for the sake of saving the official face at the coming elections. This Morocco settlement, however, is not regarded in some quarters as altogether satisfactory, and a Cabinet Minister or two may resign in consequence.

Here in Constantinople politics are more chaotic than ever. Hakli Pasha, the ex-Grand Vizier, has stated that he is not a Barab. He is not even a Turk. The German Foreign Office, Kiderlen-Wächter has now to be content with much less. But the German Ministers long hesitated before they decided to go to the extreme lengths with the news of what amounted in practice to a diplomatic defeat. By skilful juggling the blame was laid on England; and this may lead to a sabre-rattling, bigger-navy campaign for the sake of saving the official face at the coming elections. This Morocco settlement, however, is not regarded in some quarters as altogether satisfactory, and a Cabinet Minister or two may resign in consequence.
Pages from a Book of Swells.

By T. H. S. Escott.

The Diplomatic Peacemaker of the New School.

The Honourable and Right Honourable Sir Almeric Beaufoy, H.B.M.'s representative at the bright European capital of Laetitia, is a link between two diplomatic dispensations. One of his ancestors during Tudor times presided over the same chancery which he controls to-day. After a certain vicarious fashion, therefore, he can claim family relationship with the ambassador of the old school, who was in full force till late in the Victorian age, but is now extinct. The august officials composing that order might have been almost counted on the fingers of a single hand. One of the number had begun life as an attorney's clerk, another was a Scotchman, owing, therefore, his promotion to exclusively national methods, and taking a titled heiress for his wife. The others either inherited titles of their own, or, which came to much the same thing, belonged to titled families. Promotion in those days was even slower than it is now. It took, in fact, some twenty years of attachéship and secretariness combined before one could do the ambassadorial trick. When, therefore, those who had stood for their sovereign abroad retired into private life, they had generally reached an age suited only for purely decorative functions. Joint stock company mongers were always angling for them to use their names in prospectuses as baits for the unwary, but generally without success. Now and then one of them found his way into a Cabinet and, less rarely, strolled down to the House of Lords when a foreign policy debate happened to be on. But they always mustered in some force at weddings and christenings of the peerage and its hangers-on. There was quite a rush to secure their names as trustees for marriage settlements; while reduced squires, of old lineage but long diminishing acres, found some compensation for their misfortunes by getting one of these ex-ambassadors, especially if he stood high in Debrett and Burke, to be one of their executors. Sir Almeric Beaufoy had exceeded the two decade period for making an ambassador when, thanks to his family name, in fluence, and the discreet management of his own affairs, he was invited by Lord Dalling to take the reigns of the same chancery, or by the consummate skill with which he devised a salad sauce that tickled the ambassador's palate with a new sensation of pleasure. Now and again there may be slight foundation of truth for these stories; but for the most part they are antiquated myths, suggested by reminiscences of the period when the quickest and best Foreign Office promotions fell to the lot of tactful youths of quality, who had the knack of gratifying the ambassador's whim, himself an elderly epicure, who left all the work to his secretary. The F.O., therefore, for long spells together often forgot his existence, and so failed to superannuate him. Since his day to that of Sir Almeric Beaufoy we have had no representative at Laetitia of brains and accomplishments approaching those of Dalling, not even during those brilliant four years (1887 to 1891) illuminated by the social brilliancy of Lord Dalling's nephew, and known in the Faubourg St. Honoré by the name of Lord Lytton.

If the hospitabilities of our Laetitia embassy do not seem all that they once were, this is partly because Sir Almeric Beaufoy invites to his dinner table more of the native society leaders in the capital, and therefore fewer than was done by some among his predecessors of his compatriots, and partly because the conditions of the time, both social and pecuniary, have been changed. Avowedly geniuses, he is at least the equal of Sir W. E. Frühling, and elsewhere of Sir Hare Münjoh and Sir Funnel Dod. All these have mounted by honest effort and unadvertised merit each successive rung of the Foreign Office ladder. Indeed, in the diplomatic generation now referred to is Sir Granard Eakcliffe, whose difficulties have arisen not from lack of talent or industry, but from the powerful family connection that has insisted on strewing his path with flowers, gold, frankincense and myrrh. It may sound a paradox, but it is none the less literally true, that, of the two departments, the Colonies and Foreign Affairs, granted the aspirant who has sufficient private means not to be pestered with mean worries, the Foreign Office and diplomacy offer a better chance for first-class brains than the Colonial service, in which the multiplication of small appointments and the recent institution of a patronage committee handicap good men who have not always powerful friends on the spot to push them after a fashion comparatively, if not quite, now unknown at the F.O.

But, for the aspirant to the ambassadorial dignity, the private means still are and probably will always remain, even more essential than private connection. Yet a moderate competence, if paid not only with regularity each quarter, but, with the certainty of Government stock, on a fixed day, will, with discreet management in details, go far enough towards removing every obstacle to the sufficiently clever young diplomat reaching the top of his profession. Stories, of course, are still told of how Mr. Napier Fitztimmins Phipps made himself a first secretary or a chargé d'affaires by his knightly courtesies to the ambassador's chancery, or by the consummate skill with which he devised a salad sauce that tickled the ambassador's palate with a new sensation of pleasure. Now and again there may be slight foundation of truth for these stories; but for the most part they are antiquated myths, suggested by reminiscences of the period when the quickest and best Foreign Office promotions fell to the lot of tactful youths of quality, who had the knack of gratifying the ambassador's whim, himself an elderly epicure, who left all the work to his Secretary of Legation. Sir Almeric Beaufoy has inherited from his ancestors all the credit and blame that belongs to a diplomatist of a reputation above the average of his time. At forty years ago is, after all, a business whose prizes are won by the same agencies that open the road to prosperity in business of every kind.
Mr. Lee does not write like "a zealot with a mad ideal in reach." With a humorous deference to the sceptic, he is the director of his own industry, and has an intense faith that in the next one or two hundred years we shall have an inspired millionaire who will, appropriately enough, make a successful business practice of the Golden Rule. It is a faith before which literary criticism is dumb. The reader is constantly reminded of Emerson's "English Traits." Carlyle's "Hero-Worship," Shaw's "Socialism for Millionaires," scraps of Nietzsche, and the Holy Bible, only to recognise how impossible it is to deny Mr. Lee's originality. The idealist does not, as a rule, base his hope on a frank acceptance of things as they are. He discovers that certain things in life are objectionable to him; he imagines their abolition; and he constructs an Utopia in which they never had, and never will have, part or lot. He notes (as Emerson noted, for example) that the use of machinery unmans the user. If he cares for man at all, he says, "abolish the machinery." If he does not care for man, he bids machinery thrive and copulation cease. In either case, he evades the problem and declines the challenge.

For the problem of the age is, as Mr. Lee says: "Can men who work with machines have souls?" We have discarded the bodily training because we never understood the teaching of the old mystics, that the purified body was capable of conveying force and applying it immediately for the purpose desired. We have no longer believe in miracles; and we are therefore committed to the use of machinery. "Lo, this only have I found," said the preacher, "that God hath made man upright, but they have sought out many inventions." And the many inventions dwarf the man. "The robust rural Saxon" said Emerson, more than fifty years ago, "degenerates in the mills to the Leicester stockinger, to the imbecile Manchester spinner—far on the way to the spiders and the needles." We are face to face with the issue; in Mr. Lee's phrase, "the vast distinction of the age of Matter—live, terrible, steel-fingered, boiler-souled—to the manhood of the earth." Most of our answer the challenge by inventing social systems that will operate mechanically; we believe in iron laws and Golden Rules that will compel obedience and make men subject to abstractions. Mr. Lee invents a man.

The difficulty that besets all schemes of social reform is that of transition; and we may pervert Nietzsche's meaning for the sake of his phrase, and say that in order to bring about a new industrial system the inspired millionaire will try to reform nothing that exists; he will leave philanthropy to the fool, and education to those who think it possible to create intelligence by a course of classical reading. The library cure has failed, "there is no moss on the books," said a manufacturer to Mr. Lee. The inspired millionaire will attempt to cure imbecility neither by libraries nor by garden suburbs; he will recognise that, for the majority of people, the work is the life, and unless that work is whole-souled and intelligent, the life itself is vain. We must have machines, and we must have men; and if, as is the case, men are becoming scarce in relation to machines, the inspired millionaire will have to create them. For this reason he will engage in no competition with existing industry; the conditions of success are so fixed and final that an archangel would fail to make his goodwill triumph over the difficulties. It is to the new industries that the inspired millionaire will look for his opportunity; and the reform of the world will begin by changing his own in his own hands. His "inspired" invention, in the hands of a man with imagination, could have been made the basis of a new industrial system. A business genius would have made that invention necessary to the world; and if he had been inspired by Mr. Lee's ideal, he would have been able to show that he was not merely saving everybody several pounds a year, but was also saving alive the souls of his workmen. There is scarcely a problem that is not one of money. If the inspiration of the age is to be purchased, in this world at least, if Mr. Edison had determined to work his own patent. He could have established ideal conditions of labour; he could have paid extravagant wages; he could have kindled interest in the heart of every man who worked for him; so that every flicker of inventive intelligence among them would have been at his service. He could have shown us one invention that was not a curse; one industry that did not degrade those who laboured at it. The artist imagines something that has the effect of an arrow upon earth. Mr. Edison had the opportunity of showing us how to build a heaven on concrete, and missed it.

It is true, of course, that no such man exists: Mr. Lee's originality lies in the faithful prophecy of his coming. For it is certain that the making of money for the sake of making money is not merely ignoble but unintelligent. "How was it made?" and "What are you going to do with it?" are questions that the millionaire cannot evade. Generosity is an act of grace; it has become a national obsession, according to the old dispensation; for it is a homely wisdom that says, "A fool and his money are soon parted." But if he is disposed to be benevolent, there is only one organised body that has publicly declared that it does not ask the first question; and as that body devotes itself to remaking the men broken by the very system that made him rich, his benevolence will only remind him that it is the love of money that is the root of all evil. And to an intelligent or imaginative man what can he say besides that, having got the money, he suffers, as all specialists suffer, from lack of interest in life. Darwin, for example, said that he had become a machine for grinding generalisations out of masses of fact. He differs from every other specialist in this: that his achievement is scrutinised, and himself treated with contempt if the money alone is the man. Money talks; and if it says no good of its owner, he can have no more than he buys. He sees that his money, not himself, is wanted; and if there be manhood left in him, he is ashamed.

It may be that it is only the old process of conversion that Mr. Lee predicts: but surely no preacher has ever shown so completely that "the way of the transgressor is hard." "There is not a million pounds' worth of joy to be got by the inspired millionaire," Mr. Lee says, "the body has the same ideal as the millionaire: the necessity of getting a living controls even the emotional expression of the people, so that art, literature, and religion are the mere repetitions of worn-out phrases. The system that made the millionaire has so cursed the world that scarcely anything is done for love; and if it were, the millionaire could only offer money for it. The millionaire will find that the joy of the creator cannot be purchased; he must himself create if he is to buy anything more than a name attached to his works. He will suffer. He will have to bring to the creation of a great industry the passion for perfection of the artist: the need for originality will itself compel him to reconstruct the very basis of industry. If a handful of men can hold up the world and make it pay tribute to them, so that meaningless money is piled up in their hands, he will have to hold up the world while he is making alive every penny that he possesses. A millionaire can only be inspired to do good: there is no other way to it. His tension to creation in his own hands is the mainspring of his goodwill towards men. The original inspiration of which invention, in the hands of a man with imagination, could have been made the basis of a new industrial system. A business genius would have

*"Inspired Millionaires,"* By Gerald Stanley Lee. (Grant Richards. 3s. 6d. net.)
Apathy in Architecture.

There is a story told of the late Sir Edward Burne-Jones that, when he was at the very zenith of his fame, he came across an old gentleman in Birmingham who had been his drawing-master in very early days. "Why, if it isn't Ned Burne-Jones!" said the old man, and then turned to the great Mr. "B.-J."

At the end of their conversation he blandly inquired, "Are you still keeping your drawing up?" This story is probably quite untrue, but that is of no matter. The fact remains that Burne-Jones was a famous man during his lifetime, and, as well as after. Now, it is not in the nature of things that instead of expressing himself in paint, his love of mediaevalism and mysticism had drawn him into the meshes of architecture, the whole point of the apocryphal little story would have fallen to the ground, for the very simple reason that he could never have been a famous man. The modern architect is not famous, if compared with the leading men of the past. The art of art? Why on earth should they be famous?

William Chambers, Kent, Soane, Nash, and, later still, had hopes they will always remain heard. After the next morning had been heard. I think it can be safely said he would have able statistics of the numbers of workers engaged, the particular firm of contractors employed, the innumerable, and to a gentleman, who sent him to Italy to study the art of architecture and landscape painting. Of William Kent, that he was taken up and made member of by the Burlington House, Mr. J. J. Shannon's Regent Street, that "he was the favourite architect of George the Fourth." You read of how, in the eighteenth century, all the peerage of England regularly wore the "grand tour," and visited Italy, where they studied architecture, so do the millionaires of the twentieth century, who have the knowledge to choose the very best talent to build that noble series of palaces which stands to-day a memorial of the splendid and glories of the eighteenth century. As the Birmingtons, the Ilchester's, and the rest are dead and gone, their descendants have departed for most of them, into the city where they direct companies, or into the garage where they perform a like office to motor cars.

This age of democracy has seen the rise of county council schools, polytechnics, and innumerable provincial art schools. They still have scholarships for their promising students. The result has been, of course, that the art patron of the present day no longer feels it incumbent upon him to secure some knowledge of the art of his own time so as to be able to encourage it personally and to get the best talent for his design. That, however, is the business of the National Art Schools with their scholarships and travelling studentships. The patron consequently lives his life in a state of abysmal ignorance and apathy. There are some, it is true, who, deeply versed in defunct art, are ardent devotees at the shrine of "Christie's." They there vie with the dwellers for what their prototypes of past ages had the temerity and sagacity to commission for themselves from the artists and craftsmen of their day.

It may be argued that America is a flourishing democracy, and yet has arrived at an architecture that is far in advance of ours in England. But, it must be remembered, America is a polyglot country with no architectural past worth considering. The American millionaire, standing to his country today as the peerage of England stood to theirs in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, in that he is the man with the money bags, realises this, and has commissioned his architect, with whose work he, or rather his wife, is thoroughly acquainted. Just as these millionaires have acquainted with the work of Mr. Sargent and Mr. J. J. Shannon to build for him on modern and palatial lines. Mr. B.-J. is dead, and his spirit is gone, and yet has arrived at an architecture that is far in advance of ours in England. But, it must be remembered, America is a polyglot country with no architectural past worth considering. 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hand, in spite of Tattershall Castle, is practically beyond this pale. The Millionaires are not wholly indigenous to the Western world; we have them here. But it must not be forgotten that we have an impoverished peerage, and a large number of magnificent old houses. It is this fact that makes the great difference in architecture between ourselves and our American cousins. For our self-made plutocracy, instead of having the artistic courage to build large new houses of their own, are tending over one another to secure the fine old mansions of the impoverished peers, just as they also prefer to give fancy prizes for antique furniture, silvers, tapestries which are saying "what awful stuff modern art is!" If anyone has the pluck to stand up and tell him he does not know what he is talking about, what coals of fire he will pour out on his unfortunate victim's head!

Very well, let us admit that owing to the various reasons that have just been discussed, architects to-day are not the equals of their departed brethren, who practised in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and let us agree that they do not deserve the fame that is accorded to them. It does not alter the question, however, "Why should architects be less famous than sculptors and painters?" and "Why should the title 'artist' be solely applied to painters?"

It would not be difficult to contend that the architecture of to-day, although it has reached from the high level it reached during the eighteenth century, is every whit as good as the painting and sculpture that is being carried out at the moment.

The answer to the two questions is quite a simple one. Architecture is the most scholarly and erudite of all the arts; it is consequently extremely difficult for the uneducated mind to comprehend its beauties and its failures alike. "A little knowledge is a dangerous thing," William Shakespeare says. "And of course if one's art does not please it is antique, that we must ascribe the decay of modern art.

The patron, wholly universal in good taste, because the art schools have taken his proper patronage out of his hands, is now terrified of the blunder of not 'getting his friends about the house from the street,' a compliment which is saying "what awful stuff modern art is!" If anyone has the pluck to stand up and tell him he does not know what he is talking about, what coals of fire he will pour out on his unfortunate victim's head!

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A mysterious signal—whence it comes I cannot determine—and the ring quickly clears. Red-coated attendants hustle stragglers through the barricades, and the arena is empty. A mighty sea of faces surges up on every side. Safety has been expected by all.

Then, of a sudden, a roar that seems to shake the very earth announces the advent of the espadas and their attendants. Gorgeous in scarlet, silver and gold, they parade, with hands on hips and erected heads, before the royal box. A mounted official removes his plumed hat and bows before the president. A key is hung down, which the official dexterously catches and conveys to one of the attendants.

Meanwhile, the glittering throng in the arena has spread out. Two mounted picadors, swathed in leather from head to foot, yet garbed one on either side of the gates that give access to the bull pit.

Again there is a hush. The gates swing back, and a great bull dashes stumblingly into the glare of the sunlight, and pauses for a moment to take breath, snuffling the air with widely distended nostrils. I look at my programme:

**TORO, JABONERO CLARO SALPICAÑO NÚM 13.**

The number is clearly indicated upon the brute's heaving flanks.

A mantilla is waved. The bull accepts the challenge. The man evades its blind rush. There is a slight applause. A few more passes of the mantilla, and the bullfighter's manoeuvring has succeeded. He has brought the bull round until it faces one of the horses. The exploit is applauded with a wild outburst of cheer.

The horse—I can even, though blindfold, of the approach of death. The bullfighter's manoeuvring has succeeded. He has brought the bull round until it faces one of the horses. The man evades its blind rush. There is a slight appendage, surveys its victim, then it charges. Twenty, ten, five yards separate it from man and horse, when the blood is pouring from its body in a widening pool.

The bull's horns drive home, deep into the animal's heaving flanks. The bull turns upon him. Evading by inches the blood-spattered horns, he drives his banderillas deep into its neck. There is a hiss as the mechanism in the banderilla fires the fuse attached; a little flame springs up, followed by a series of explosions, and a rain of fire plays into the gaping wound.

Then, above the clamour of the multitude, rises the roar of the frightened brute. Were my hands not pinned to my sides by the pressure of the crowd, I would press my fingers to my ears. I avert my eyes. When I again look into the arena, the bull has succeeded in dislodging one of the banderillas; but, with the agility of monkeys, men spring up behind the animal, and half a dozen darts go home.

A crouning of necks, a murmur that swells into a roar of cheering, and the people's idol, the hero of the corrida, takes a gleaming espada from an attendant and faces the exhausted animal. The roar dies to an excited murmur.

"Vicente Pastor! Vicente Pastor! No, no, Bienvenida! Bienvenida!"

It is, in fact, Bienvenida, hero of a hundred corridas, the greatest matador of his time. He treads lightly, a blood-red mantilla in his left hand; in his right a sword. He dare not for an instant divert his gaze from the bull's horns.

It comes! The matador, underrating the strength of his crippled antagonist, has approached too close. The bull's hefty dip and rise. The man evades the rush, but fails to clear the horns. Men run forward, but he waves them back smiling, exposing a great wound in his left forearm.

Disdaining to have it banded, he again faces the bull. A few rushes cleverly evaded, and he has manoeuvred the animal into a safe position: forefeet together and head well raised. Slowly he lifts his sword arm until the blade is in a line with his shoulder; then a forcible plunge, and the blade is buried to the hilt high up in the bull's heaving flanks.

The enthusiasm of the crowd is expressed in a frenzy, in a shout and a roar such as must have sounded at the climax of the gladiatorial shows of imperial and republican Rome! Women rise in their seats, shrieking, wildly gesticulating. A rain of fans, flowers, jewels, cigars, hats, walking-sticks and umbrellas was poured in wild enthusiasm into the arena.

Bleeding from a score of wounds, yet game to the last, the bull sinks to its knees, defiant. Avoiding its last frantic plunges, the wounded matador wrenched the sword from the dying brute, wipes the blade upon his mantilla andhumanly asks for the ovations.

The gaily-decorated miles career wildly across the open space. They are quickly harnessed to the dead animals, and in a trice the arena is clear and ready for the second bull.

When this scene has been six times repeated the corrida is at an end, and the audience returns home to eat arroz and to discuss the gruesome details of the encounter and the prospects of the next.

M. V.

**FABIAN FABLES—III.**

**A Socialist was arraigned before the tribunal of Public Opinion.**

"You're a Thief!" cried the Illicit Diamond Buyer.

"You're a Forger!" cried the Company Promoter.

"You're a Liar!" cried the Barrister and the Newspaper Proprietor together.

"You would abolish Liberty!" cried the Employer of Sweated Labour.

"You're a Sneak!" cried the Racehorse Owner.

Naturally he was not allowed to speak in his own defence, and was found Guilty On All Counts.

C. E. B.
Art and Drama.

By Hunty Carter.

If our picture exhibitions may be taken as a criterion, the new ideas in painting are not yet understood in this country. The endeavour to give the widest and most spontaneous expression to the unity and rhythmic vitality of a living and expanding universe is still obscured by old fallacies, foremost being those of narrowness of expression, treatment of light, and the delusion of decoration. London men are, in fact, either in the "Tuppenny Tube" turning out muddy, disjointed smudges, or in the back-wash of the scientific pre-expressionists, or refusing to take the naked idea and clothe it only in its own language.

For instance, to judge from the work of Alfred Wolmark, the Goupil Gallery Salon, the lead of the pre-expressionists is seriously threatening to affect our best men now that it is no longer needed. It is a pity that a painter who is our most advanced colourist, with a capacity for development of which the most is to be expected, does not see this and bring himself up to date in all directions. The pre-expressionists can do nothing to enable him to develop the power to fire the emotions by a subject quickened by widest expression in rhythmic language. They themselves missed the big rhythm by inventing the narrow one of vibrating atmosphere. This they threw like a veil over all things, thus robbing them of organic relation. Beyond making the mistake of subordinating the mind to atmosphere they sought to give the latter scientific expression thereby depriving it of what little personality it possesses.

It was reserved for the post-expressionists to subject things to the mind and to find and express the wide rhythm of sensation which, starting with the mind wherein it originates, first calls into play a power far surpassing physical force. Then in the logical order of movement it fuses and focusses things, extracts the fundamental design, and thereafter expands the design, giving it the original rhythmic direction and relation charged with the possibility of infinite expansion. This is no more than the assertion of the power to will and the will to power in art. The coming of this element is hopeful. It is will alone that can dust the white surface of art clean of every speck of pseudo art and illusion of decoration. London men are, in fact, either:

If Mr. Wolmark will come with me to the Autumn Salon he will see what I mean. I will show him how M. Fauconier and M. Duchamp illustrate the new expression of vibrating light by the apparent interchange of masses. This painter's "Jardin" is full of the clash of direction and of colour. If M. Picabia had treated the flat sails of those fishing vessels in Mr. Wolmark's "Etude Decorative," he would have given each set a different colour and so made them move against each other with the sense of a sunlight "swell." Then we will examine the wonderful treatment of light and life by the miscellaneous cubists, M. de la Fresnaye's "Figure Nue" is a useful instance of a painter seeing light at angles and emphasising it to bring out the character of a subject. Character from the average point of view means drawing. But M. Frenay's facettung means the essential character of light and form.

Next the extraordinary studies by François Nansard, Duchamp will explain the meaning of crystallisation. This painter's "Portrait," and "Jeune Homme et Jeune Fille" are studies in light crystallised into different forms having different meanings. Here the feeling of life and the play of light are tremendous. And the two figures rising and expanding in the very subtle and mellow atmosphere are the incarnation of internal ecstasy. M. Fauconier's crystallised landscape, "Village dans la Montagne," will also arrest us on account of its subtle feeling for light and its wonderful direction of line and colour. In the foreground we shall find a little blue wife waiting modestly to see us into the welcome recesses of the forest away from M. (Gleizes's) academical drawing with cubes stuck all over it grunting in the opposite corner. This is cubism, and it may justly be related to wood-paving. The process is the same.

It would be as well, too, if Mr. Wolmark did not leave so many broken links living about in his pictures. Much of his really brilliant work recently exhibited at the Baillie Galleries was marred by the lack of association of ideas. The arbitrary arrangement of many of his "Decorative Arrangements" suggested that the painter works in several moods at once. Let me introduce him to M. de Segonzac's "Boxers," one of the finest examples of direction of line in the Salon. It will keep him busy dodging those prize-fighters' punches delivered not only by the two combatants in the foreground but by the mind of the spectators symbolised by the direction of the tremendous swishing line in the background.

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Now that the ideas of rhythmic expansion and vitality are in the air in this country, artists should read Mr. Lawrence Binoy's little book, "The Flight of the Dragon" (Murray, 15s.). The dragon has flown to England to expound the principles and ideas of rhythm expressed by his art. The dragon's words follow: "There are deep intuitions of a race are deposited in its art; "Rhythmic vitality is the Life-movement of the Spirit through the Rhythm of things"; "Whatever Rhythm is, it is something intimately connected with life, perhaps the secret of life and its most perfect expression; "With the idea of Rhythm in our minds we are led to think, above all, of the relation between things." The book is for moderns who are interested in pictures rather than in prices.
Five Poems.

By Roy Meldrum.

The Ash Meldrum.

Quiet ash, I felt thy presence self-possessed,
Forgetting such reproach were idly made
If thou consort nowise with man's unrest'd
Unfounded ways; whereby each mortal guest
Taking his joys and sorrows at the breast
Quickly grows old in them, soon from thy shade
To go, his frail life bent upon the spade,
His instrument of thought, his tool of rest.
—Thou orderest thy growing frame to be
An awful hermitage for all sweet song
A chain of snowdrops floating to the moon
Who wore a dainty buckle by her waist;
And here and there a star with twinkling shoon,
In rime. O, clad in green sobriety,
Thou must to some high lineage belong,
Drawn from the lyric wind and quiet earth.

A Dream Dance.

“Enough is as good as a feast,”
Of Judas kisses I have seen enough,
Of much endearment chaste incestuous found
With bread of manners, deeds and schemes unsound;
Which sways the gilded vane; of wits, that wound
Of lips with insincerity grown tough:
Of much endearment chaste incestuous found
We buried him beneath the lilac brake.
Weep no more; the niole has seen his corse,
Nor all your tears, nor all our late remorse
And seeing enough—I may by Fortune’s bounty
Of protestations, which, had Venus made,
Assuming that all men esteem one’s love;
Of niceties in having friendships weighed,
Leaving these refinements with their native county.

—Thou orderest thy growing frame to be
A chain of snowdrops floating to the moon
Who wore a dainty buckle by her waist;
And here and there a star with twinkling shoon,
In rime. O, clad in green sobriety,
Thou must to some high lineage belong,
Drawn from the lyric wind and quiet earth.

Song.

We buried him beneath the lilac brake.
Weep no more; the mole has seen his corse,
Nor all your tears, nor all our late remorse
Can shake
The fingers of cold Death
From those pale lips, from whence has fled all breath.

A Question.

If Sibyl have lazullan eyes,
Progeny of fire and dew;
Chloé’s lips immortalise
All syllables that venture thro’;
And, deët archeress, she equip
With sweet envenomed shaft each tip;
Fragrant roses, newly blown,
In Aminta’s cheeks be strown,
And in the quarry of her teeth
Snow immarbled glisteneth;
If Rosalind be Grace and Muse,
And gracious music be her voice,
And Celia a dainty ruse
To change dull fancy into joys,
And Dian be a huntress fair
With Diana’s form and air;
And Cynthia a household queen
Exchequer-wise, and prophetess
Of satin, silk, and crépé de chine,
Nurse and vestal monitress;
And Joan on Vulcan’s anvil roll
Her glowing Aphrodial soul;
And Zoe, in whose nut-brown eyes
Sight is sleeping everymore,
Merry be—as in spring skies
Larks with blind enchantment soar,
When with winsome smile she tries.
Some new scarf or mouseline veil;
—for her patience ne’er doth fail;
She sees with orbs of Paradise.

And a thousand graces be
Their respective property;
One has passion blent with care,
One a meditation rare.
One kindly tact, and one devise
Charitable enterprise;
One a nymph of commonplaces,
One a critic of her praises,
One a sprite of air; and one
Votaress of a Parthenon;
One breathe Grief’s solemnities,
One as wild as wayward breeze,
In the weary tops of trees.
One half cyanic, and half saint
Sad to err, sad to repent;
One a gambler in desires
Whose old fraud new fraud inspires;
—Constant as Iphigeneia
She renew Hope’s flickering pyre—
One a flame of melody,
One a sister perfectly,
One the mind’s idolatress,
Brilliant in its gay finesse;
One a domino in satin
Slient chaunting Pitý’s matin;
One a patient Cinderella,
Sweeping ashes from her cellar;
And there be innumerable
Graces other, verse could tell
Given by divine selection
To the circle, each to one;
If this be, then how may man
In one maid perfection scan?
And in that consummate she
All beauty and all virtue be?
And I, devote to Delia’s face,
See there the content of all grace?
—Yet One was to the Florentine
Of all the complement divine!

Present-Day Criticism.

“Writing of Mr. Arnold Bennett’s book (‘Hilda Lessways’), I may mention that I have been subscribing for a long period to The New Age on purpose to read the articles on books by ‘Jacob Tonson’—understood, of course, to be the pseudonym of Mr. Bennett—which appeared there every week. They were not quite worthy of Mr. Bennett’s great reputation, but they had plenty of salt in them, and that always appeals to me. However, imagine my surprise when last week I took up The New Age and found no article by Jacob Tonson, but instead of this a review of ‘Hilda Lessways,’ which was unsympathetic, not to say brutal, in its tone. Well, well, there are no quarrels compared with those of old friends.”

Before we deal with this self-revealing little anecdote, which appeared over the initials ‘C. K. S.’—understood, of course, to be those of Mr. Clement K. Shorter—we may interest our readers by some quotations from Mr. Shorter’s own review of ‘Hilda Lessways.’ After an opening eulogy and a double-edged note that this novel contains 90,000 words fewer than Clayhanger, he declared that he could have wished it equally long if only the space had been given up to the Five Towns. I have never been in any one of the five towns, but Mr. Bennett has given us a classic of place...
that will lead visitors to the pottery district—so keenly is one's curiosity excited." Americans, presumably—
not Englishmen—not, confessedly, Mr. Shorter! After this back-handed compliment, he goes one better:
"Assuredly 'Hilda Lessways' is a fine story within the limitations of Mr. Bennett's art. It is not great art
[a moment since we were told he had written a classic] and to compare it with Balzac's art, as has been done,
is absurd. Mr. Bennett has not the imagination, the
poetry, nor the story-telling faculty of Balzac; he has,
however, Balzac's high quality of minute study of
humanity." With this criticism we agree, adding for
our part, that for a minute study of humanity, lack-
ing imagination, poetry, and the story-telling faculty,
we have, so far as art goes, no use. We were bowled by
"Hilda Lessways," and we gave it the same treatment
we give to similar novels by authors of whom we have
never before heard. That we did not employ Mr.
Shorter's method of alternate nectar and poison means,
among other things, that we have not to conciliate a
public that judges a man's work by its popular reputa-
tion and that might rend the blasphemer of its josses.

Another review, full of poisoned nectar, of this same
book appears in the current "English Review." Our
simple mind is set wondering whether Mr. Bennett
should not really feel less indifferent (if he does feel in-
different) with all our lack of sympathy, our uncom-
forts, our brutality, than with these mixers of bane. Like
Mr. Shorter, the writer in the "English Review" begins
with an eulogy. "'Hilda Lessways' is a brilliant
achievement in literature," but the author "gets the
drop" here even quicker than in the "Sphere." "And
yet one is not satisfied." A brilliant achievement in
literature—and yet one is not satisfied? What, then,
does a brilliant achievement mean? Of course, here it
means nothing; and the pretty words are soon almost
openly confessed not needed. I can say it for a story
or yet; first, a little more sugar. Then Mr. Bennett
is compared with himself to his present disadvantage.
"Despite the notable book that 'Hilda Lessways' is,
despite the literary architectonics of this epochal tri-
ology, 'The Card,' one of Mr. Bennett's throw-offs,
remains the best thing he has done." And he has done
two-thirds of an epochal trilogy! Epochal = epoch-
making? We are just not bewildered enough now to
understand what the "English Review" proceeds to
say, namely, that the heroine of this epochal work
was alive, that it is not really reprobate, that we
misses the feeling of the flesh. Almost we doubt our
Hilda," which, in plain English, means that within a
season or so at most "Hilda Lessways" will, in
the opinion of the reviewer, be buried in the cemetery of
dead books. Vambrace him! To go by Mr. Bennett
now at the summit of his art—at that summit the
shamelessly Hilda—and the "English Review" has done
its worst.

The truth about the novel is, that it is not well, but
deadly, constructed; the "architectonics" do not exist.
The "trilogy" has been adopted for a set of
circumstances which leave everyone unconvinced of
their fatal necessity, and the result is a tedious—and as
we look back on our own morning with it—irritating,
because soulless, failure.

With regard to Mr. Clement K. Shorter's paragraph
on 'The New Age,' we reply by one question: Are we
to conclude from his insinuation that Mr. Bennett's
novel was adversely reviewed by us for personal
reasons; that Mr. Shorter would expect us to have re-
viewed it favourably supposing Jacob Tonson had still
been a regular contributor?

But, in fact, 'The New Age' has had no quarrel with
Jacob Tonson. Jacob Tonson discontinued his 'Books
and Persons' in 'The New Age' for reasons abso-
lutely unconnected with the paper, the contributors,
or the editor. People will remember when Mr. Shorter has exhausted
the explanations that naturally occur to him, he will
realise that Mr. Arnold Bennett has lately been produc-
ing a play, and is now in America.

Mr. Balfour, Bergson, and Politics.

It seems to be the function of certain men in the com-
plex mechanism of modern society to act as centres
of publicity. If you can by some means or other hitch
an idea in which you are interested on to them it
vibrates to the four corners of the globe. They play
the part in the world of advertisement that the central
ganglions do in an organism.

Mr. Balfour is such a ganglion. Paris is only seven
hours' journey from here, and there must have been
quite a considerable number of people who for several
years have known that Bergson was an important per-
son, but it was necessary for Mr. Balfour to write an
article. "For the benefit of the general public, which
an article has had some remarkable effects. It has
produced four columns about Bergson in the "Evening
Times," references in the "Reformer," and an article in the "Saturday Review." This latter is an amuse-
ment of paragraphs from the two articles in the
"Hibbert," the only original remark in it being very
original indeed. "We all know," says the writer," the
great wave of idealist revival that followed the publi-
cation of 'Creative Evolution' some ten years
ago. There was also a note in 'The Nation,' but
which I can scarcely anticipate here. The view I take
of Bergson is that one finds in him three perfectly
distinct parts. There is first the new "method," the
theory of intensive manifolds; there is secondly the
result of the application of this method to the night-
more of universal mechanism, which constitutes the
theory of duration; and finally there is what I might
call his "conclusions," his cosmology, his views on
the soul, and the rest of it. Now in my opinion the
first of these is by far the most important, and it is
in these that his originality lies. But the conclusions
are the part of Bergson which, while they are the
easiest to explain and criticise, are also the most
attractive to the ordinary man. The result of this is
that the popular expositions of Bergson give an
entirely wrong impression of the whole thing. For
Bergson's conclusions, by the very nature of things,
cannot differ very radically from those of other philoso-
phers. After all, there cannot be more than a definite
number of theories about the soul; and in any case
the whole reason why his conclusions are worth dis-
covering at all is that they have been arrived at by this
new method. Put forward merely as interesting
theories, they would have no claim to be con-
sidered as anything more than preferences. If this is
so, then no discussions of the conclusions without a
preliminary discussion of the method on which they
are based can be of much value.

But Mr. Balfour definitely states that in the limited
space of his article it is impossible for him to give
any systematic discussion of Bergson. This is why I find it impossible to make any serious criticism
of his own remarks on Bergson's conclusions, for they
are all admittedly made from a standpoint which, from
my point of view, is inadmissible. What he does do is
to state the conclusions and then to criticise them from
the point of view solely of their attractiveness or satis-
factoriness, quite apart from their claim to be con-
sidered as necessary conclusions drawn by the new
method from empirical evidence.

Now this is interesting and from one point of
view quite legitimate, it would be quite absurd for me,
having the view I put forward in the previous para-
graph, to attempt to meet it on the same ground. I
can put my view of the matter perhaps more clearly by
mentioning Mr. Balfour's article in the "Hibbert,"
and while I was still obsessed with the idea
that, after all, the truth about the world was that it

November 9, 1911.
Now suppose that a partial breach is made in the walls through which the inhabitants, though they cannot pass out, can yet see the particular fields which face the breach they have made. It would then be futile for a dissatisfied person to say, "But I don't find these kind of green fields satisfactory; I would much have preferred to see the fields which we have pictured to exist behind the unbroken south wall." That would not be legitimate criticism. What you see depends entirely on the place in the walls which you have broken through. In this comparison the wall represents the mechanistic content, the one by consideration of the place of value in reality, and the other by the theory of intensive manifolds. To each method of escape there is a corresponding alternative to mechanism. What Mr. Balfour does is to take both methods of escape as equivalent in so far as they are both escapes, and then to proceed to a criticism of Bergson's conclusion without any consideration of the fact that he escaped in a particular way. I think that while this criticism is quite valid from his point of view, and fits in naturally with the kind of attack on naturalism, which was made in the "Foundations of Belief," it is not the kind of attack which could possibly be answered by anyone taking the view of Bergson I have outlined above. An attack for me could only be an attack if it attacked Bergson's initial method, but Mr. Balfour disclaims any such intention.

I said at the outset of this paper that I should deal later with the remarkable production that Mr. Balfour's essay had called forth from the "Nation." It is really annoyance at the snuggest and fatuous tone of this article which is making me write on the subject here. It reads like the lifelong production of the worst kind of dotard, the "progressive" dotard. That peculiarly irritating form of Radical who irritates us, not because he is of a different opinion from oneself, but because, living, as a matter of fact, still in the seventies, he imagines that the "revolution" he is悲观地 living in the forefront of time and can look on us with a kind of pity as befuddled stragglers, left behind in the dark ages. This is irritating in any case, but it is doubly so in the case of the dotard, who should have lived down an incipient sentiment. I quote examples of this kind of fatuousness. The writer complains of a certain ambiguity in Bergson, which ambiguity "can be twisted to sinister uses by philosophers like Balfour, who, having no firm philosophic attachment, are disposed to value theories just as they have constructed or for the purpose of Conservatism... Balfour, even from his standpoint of orthodoxy or reaction, would have done better to have left alone this central thesis of Bergson."

"Sinister" is delightful, but on the whole I prefer the sneer at no firm philosophic attachment. This is a regular Tory sentiment. It is simply a translation into another sphere of the idea that the "landless man" is a dangerous person, who must be regarded with suspicion. In any case, I should have thought that the less firmness there was about your philosophic attachments the more likely you were to arrive at truth. However, I have only dragged in this poor blemished creature to illustrate the "Nation," because I get thereby a pretext for talking about Bergson's relation to political theory. A correspondent in this review a few weeks ago informed us that "Bergson stands for Democracy," and at the end of an article by Mr. Stephen Reynolds there occurs the phrase: "Now the critics of Bergson appear to have noticed that a complete theory of Democracy can be got out of him."

Both these statements are untrue. Bergson no more stands for Democracy than he stands for paper-bag cookery. At the same time, the critics have got onto him a complete theory of Democracy. I ask Mr. Reynolds to look at Sorel's "Reflexions sur la Violence," or to read the articles in "La Mouvement Socialiste," which, during the first five or six years, have been written by Sorel, Bertheau, and the other members of the group.

The fact is, of course, that while Bergson has in reality no connection with politics, the various sects can restate their positions in terms of his vocabulary, and thus manufacture new weapons for their own purposes. I do not propose to examine here the theory of democracy that can be got out of Bergson. I propose to deal with that in an article on Sorel. I am concerned here with the minor point, which is yet of some interest.

While the real influence of a philosopher must necessarily be very limited, he yet has a kind of spurious influence of a very widespread character. In his endeavours to state accurately his position a philosopher finds it necessary to create a certain special phraseology. The ordinary person reading his books retains only a vague feeling of excitement and the delusion that by repeating these phrases in an interjaculatory kind of way they are conveying over to the other person the kind of excitement that the reading of the book produced in them. It thus happens that all that survives as a rule of any system is a döbris of phrases and catchwords which float down the floods of controversy for the next thirty years.

Something of the sort has already happened and is destined to happen still more here in regard to Bergson. One already meets people who, in arguments on all kinds of subjects, use phrases like "le continu," "l'elan vital," and "la duree réelle." Now this kind of thing has been going on for several years in France, and some interesting lessons for our own future may be drawn from it.

The particular thing I am interested in is the use of the phrase "real time" in political controversy. The only two groups at the present time in France which show any vivid interest in the theoretical basis of their position and which make an endeavour to find a thought-out, consistent political philosophy are the Syndicalists and the brilliant set of Neo Radical writers grouped around L'Action Française. I noticed early this year that one of the most interesting of the group, M. Pierre Lassere, had made an attack on Bergson.

I was very much in sympathy with the anti-conservatism of his two books, "La Morale de Nietzsche" and "La Romanisme Française," and I wondered from what point of view exactly he was attacking Bergson. I was in agreement with both sides, and so I wondered whether there was any real inconsistency in my own position. When I was in Paris, then, last April I went to see Lassere and talk to him about it. I reproduce here the substance of his criticism:

"I don't understand Bergson," he said, "because I think that from the political point of view I represent him constitutes a real danger. Put very briefly, the attitude of L'Action Française is this: At the back of our position there is a certain intellectual discipline. We think that the only way to dignity in the world is to take as a guide for theory and practice the natural and necessary relations of things. We believe, then,
in the existence of laws which express what we know of the necessary and permanent characteristics of any social and political order, which laws can be drawn by induction from the experiences of history or by deduction from the elementary knowledge that any man may have of human nature and the exigencies of life in society. It is by the clear objective application of these laws and truths that we have shown the mischievousness of democracy and the necessity for the kind of polity which we recommend.

Now we are told that we have combated the sincere partisans of the French Revolution. They are inspired by a legitimate and necessary sentiment, that of the dignity and value of the individual and the right that he has to enjoy the institutions which will procure him the maximum of good. But when we just postulate the democrats conclude that it is the individual who ought to govern and the will of the majority to decide the fate of institutions they misunderstand in the grossest fashion the necessary relations which hold between things and the law of facts. What is actually produced under the name of democracy is not this absolutely irrealisable government by the majority, but a régime which can be defined as an oscillation between two apparent contraries, the despotism of the State and general anarchy. There are two conditions which all the individuals suffer, with the exception of little groups and cliques who are able to exploit this régime for their own benefit.

"Our side," he said, "can claim all the intellectual, if not the material victories. Nothing serious has been opposed to us by the 'progressives.' But recently there has been a change in their tactics. Formerly, if they attacked us, it was with the same weapons with which we attacked them. They have not contested our method, but merely our application of it. But now they wish to place us in the position of a barrister who has quite correctly interpreted certain articles of the code, but who is then told that the code in question is superseded. They have endeavoured to cut the ground from under us, so as to leave us suspended in mid-air, waving a now useless dialectic sword."

"To get down to more concrete terms, what is this code that they claim is superseded? Simply our assertion that there are such things as necessary laws governing societies, and more particularly that these laws can be defined from past experience. It is useless, they say, to search in the past for general truths which shall be applicable to the present, because there is no common measure between the political and social situations offered us by the past and those of the present.

If we ask why, we are told that Bergson has now proved that Time is real—that is, that the present moment is a unique moment and can be paralleled by nothing in the past—"Time is real," so that there is no repetition. If we point out that history does or does not show us any prosperous, strong, and conquering nation, which was at the same time a democracy, they retort, history would not be history if it were not change itself and perpetual novelty.

To our judgments on politics in the name of reason interpreting life as a whole, the Bergsonians oppose to us what they call 'Life'—life which is always creation and always inconstant."

M. Lassere then endeavoured to prove to me that Bergsonism was nothing but the last disguise of romanticism. If I thought this was true, I should be compelled to change my views considerably. I can find a compromise for myself, however, which I roughly indicate by saying that I think time is real for the individual, but not for the race. I shall try in a later article to work out the consequences of this uncontestable fact that one has to cut all the sentiments expressed at the ends of Bergson's chapters, but I believe that it preserves most of the essentials. I remember talking about it to M. Batault, who wrote one of the first articles that I read about Bergson, and he assured me then that I was no Bergsonian. I asked Bergson himself and he said, "M. Batault is, then, more of a Bergsonian than I am myself."

T. E. H.
PéliSSier: Did you hear what the sixth old man said, Mr. Thomas? 

Mariane: Yes, I have heard of him, PéliSSier. . . It was Aggravette who told me, your cousin Aggravette. We had been one day over the lake in a great galleys. The rowers rowed. They rowed hard. They were great men, and their muscles gleamed in the sun. . .

[Enter A Man.] 

The Man: X22, what are you doing off your beat? 

CURTAIN.

REVIEWS.

Maurice Maeterlinck. By Edward Thomas. (Methuen. 5s. net.)

There is usually something offensive in a biography of a living celebrity. The revelations are necessarily intimate and personal, and hence they smack of impertinence. Frank hero-worship is the only automatism that can be offered, and in nine out of ten cases the biography of a living person is an unmitigated eulogy. Of a living celebrity, the revelations are necessarily, admiration by critical comments which, if they had appeared alone, would inevitably suggest malice. It is inadmissible to adduce sentimental tone, especially when it is trimmed with patriotic, morally religious, beggarly thoughts, passes among the masses for the sign of a beautiful, pure soul. But M. Maeterlinck is even more than a sentimentalist, he is a mystagogue. Mystic, of course, he certainly is not, for he frankly admits—as frankly as his moony vocabulary allows—that actually he knows immediately nothing of the spiritual life. But he guesses a great deal, more especially when he has lately been reading Plato or Emerson, Nietzsche or Grierson. Then, indeed, for some hours he becomes lyrical with the ideas. A plagiarist of mystics, he thinks by stealth and pretends to blush when he finds himself famous. Yes, it is this mystagogy that makes him popular in England. Mysticism itself can never be popular. However, as Mr. Thomas points out in his study of Maeterlinck's English, of course, is translated for sixpence: “Mysticism itself can never be popular. However, as Mr. Thomas points out in his study of Maeterlinck's English, of course, is translated for sixpence;” though it can be bought in a good translation for five shillings. But why should we import such stuff? Have we not enough of our own? Or is it a waste of time for a man of Mr. Thomas's equipment to writhe about M. Maeterlinck? We must note a delicious misprint on the cover of this work, which almost justifies the publication and compensates for M. Maeterlinck's lack of humour. In the publisher's note to Mary Magdalene we read: "In addition to the main heroine, a number of biblical characters take part in the action."

The Romance of the Rhine. By Charles Marriott. (Methuen. 10s. 6d.)

A minor Sturm und Drang. Mr. Marriott has seen the Rhine as an idea. There is no objection to this so long as the idea is reduced to reasonable proportions and fully expressed, as Wagner saw and expressed it in the "Rhinegold." Unfortunately, Mr. Marriott has failed to do so, and mainly because he has gone wrong with the idea. He has attempted to trace the Rhine in space as "something that has lived in the hearts of the human race." In the first place he has overlooked the gigantic nature of his undertaking. He calls it, indeed, modest, and says that "the materiality of all things is being even such a modest purpose." Mr. Marriott's "way is to marry" the "Rhinelan in time to" the "Rhine in space" by means of "a glancing record of men, women, books, pictures and music that have lived upon or been inspired by the Rhine." This is ambiguous. "That have lived upon the..." really means that have made a living out of the Rhine, which would be a simple way of saying that the inspired sources of Mr. Marriott's information are school histories, geographies, topographies, literature, with some Latin
and Greek classics thrown in by way of variety. Then we could get on very rapidly building up the reputation of the book upon such statements as: "Geographically the Rhine connects the highest Alps with the mud banks of Holland. Now the depth of the Rhine varies from five to twenty-eight feet, and at Düsseldorf amounts even to fifty feet." Clearly the best spot for giggling Rhine maidens. There would be instances of a craze for tit-bits to help us a stage further. The steamer "Hollandia" carried, in addition to its passengers, "pickled herrings, cheese, Düsseldorf mustard, and Sauerkrout." We have no doubt it was also heavily laden with beer. At Düsseldorf "we ate calves' heads and drank Munich beer in a long brown room downstairs, with a frieze of gastronomic joys." We prefer our beer in a mug with a thimble of tripe hooked on top. A reference to certain quaint ways of the author would complete the business. His unforgivable habit of flitting with his sentences, and of throwing the cloak of mediocrity over his impressions, and of leaving unsaid things that ought to be said. "Through the lush and homely come-day, go-day flats of Holland his looks and manners were noticeably unbuttoned and gossip," is a sample sentence. In the midst of a personal impression come advertisements, I must refer the reader to Mr. M. M. by way of illustrating the impression the author has made, having written books on the "Cathedrals and Churches of the Rhine," "The general characteristics of the school are well described in a passage in Miss Mary's 'Schools of Painting.'" We are not given the character of places. The author babbles very much about Cologne Cathedral, and places it in the midst of history and romance. But he neglects to tell us that its romance is almost ruined by its present business associations. At one time it was surrounded by quaint old houses that intensified its atmosphere. Now the desolation of the Rhine varies from one side of the river to the other side of the river. Well, it is certainly impossible to make anything of the exterior on one's own. This is why we go to a café just opposite the entrance and study the twin towers, while helping oneself to unlimited pennorths, or more correctly pffenig-worths, of refreshments. The truth is, Cologne, like many another place on the Rhine, has been ruined by the present German mania for city improvement and development. Mr. Marriott's pictures, collected in the way of a hobby, suffer from lack of truth. He has completed his plan of seeing the Rhine in space. It is empty space. The reading of the book is like the magneto by a married man with the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. It is followed by a period of depression to which the thirty-six flabby coloured illustrations contribute.

The Belgians at Home. By Clive Holland. (Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.)

This is Belgium from the point of view of a rambler "who has cycled and travelled many hundreds of miles along its highways and byways." The author has also done much of his rambling in company with a number of works of doubtful interest, among these the "Masterpieces in Colour." Series. His first ramble is an historical one through "The Story of Belgium," dotty as his account is, the young quaker does some rambling of his own among "The Men and Women of Belgium," in order that they may receive justice which "English journalists, writers and tourists deny them." He begins by rescuing the Belgian police- man from the local "Comic Cuts," where the discriminations of the physiques is apt to play tricks. This persists, it seems, a bit of an athlete, and one of the sights of Brussels is its athletic body stopping "a runaway horse in one or other of the parks where the animal has had an opportunity to bolt," which arrangement, new to the foreigner for being the same, it also gives the horse a run for its money. After the policeman, we find the Brussels postman being lifted out of the mire of neglect. "He is usually an optimist," and the author has known him beam after climbing with a letter five flights of steps."

We know where that beam comes from. Further on we read, "Most officials connected with the railways or tramways look for little tips for services rendered. The tremendous amount of money realised by officials of all sorts is usually the result of extortionists beaming. Next we discover the author apologising for the iniquities of the Continental cabby on the ground that "it is not easy for the person eager to make hay while the sun shines to resist the temptation to double his fare." The best place for dishonest persons of the sort is the nearest gaol. Rambling on in this fashion, the author manages to whitewash a fair portion of the gang of Continental thieves hirelings. Even that unminted liar, the Hougmont guide, does not escape his blessings being quoted as having "a genius for editing history."

The rambles through domestic joys are no better. The women of Belgium "have the virtue of being early risers and are also generally remarkable for their cheerful appearance and their great activity." We assume they also go to church in motor cars and have children that squeal. One of the most noticeable types of women is the patronne of the cafés. "She sits or stands behind a kind of bar," during which time her "eagle eye" goes into the detective business. It is well to be on one's guard, since the women are given unduly to pleasure and mere amusements. "Cinematograph performances seem to be the most popular form of dissipation." People "go to bed at an unconscionably early hour. The domestic servants and adorning of the Belgian agreeably and regularly contended with their hard lot. And so on for ever. It does not appear to have occurred to Mr. Holland that his view of Belgium has come out of "Tit-Bits," for nowhere does he acknowledge the fact. Neither is he aware of the possibilities of the gay society and people as dull as a parish church on Sunday. The coloured illustrations by Douglas Snowdon do not improve matters. They are very good tit-bits, but have no connection with the text. Mr. Holland sees Ostend as a concentrated extract of wickedness, "wicked with the concentrated wickedness of a truly cosmopolitan holiday resort," while the all-seeing eye of Mr. Snowdon pictures it as a pleasant stretch of sands, with a Casino that looks like a cage for the breeding and rearing of white-chested crows, commonly called writers.

In the March and Borderland of Wales. By A. G. Bradley. Shropshire, Hereford and Monmouth. 5s. Glamorgan and Gower. 3s. 6d. (Constable.)

It may be recollected that this illustrated work, now appearing in two parts, has been plogging about from place to place in Wales, carefully putting down topographical, geographical and archaeological facts in good English. But its journeys from parish pump to parish pump are not without suspicion of slumbers on the way. We remember being on the plod in Wales similarly equipped with a sense of research and romance. We remember the prevision of history, its grasp gathering impressions of sandstone rock, impressive broken landscapes overflying with mud-colour dwellings and woods shot with gleams of fiery sunsets like tall masts before a volcano. Once we shot through the Severn of the English and into the Welsh Marches with the Castle. We had heard of the wonderful restoration work by Burgess and of the unique interior decorations, each room being treated according to a central idea. There was the married men's room, for instance, decorated with mahogany wood and holding its own. We wanted to see that room. Another time we wandered across the green to the smallest cathedral, where Rossetti had been busy spreading out his fellow P.R.B.'s on a triptych, in the likeness of kings and shepherds and other adoring and unadoring persons. There was then the other Blair Castle, seeing the results of restoration beyond this, in another direction, Penarth telling the world's history in geology, and demonstrating this with earth formations of all eras, strata upon strata—white lias, black shale, grey marl, red marls. We certainly were not going to miss seeing a memorial of an era.
preceding that uninteresting event—the appearance of man.

None of these facts on but one small region of Wales appears in these plodding volumes. Can it be there are two Wales? And Mr. Bradley has yet to swallow the really digestible one.

Later Letters of Edward Lear. Edited by Lady Lafestette. (Duckworth. 2s. 6d.)

These letters to Lord Cowardenford and Lady Wadegrave add nothing to our knowledge of the author of the “Book of Nonsense.” He was a simple character, with a few well-marked virtues and no apparent vices, who had a trick of mis-spelling that seemed humorous to the Victorians. He would work a joke to death, as for one-letter letters sometimes surpass after his name. Lord Cowardenford inviting him to bring the Prixy Seal to wallow in a cistern at San Remo. He would use alliteration to help him in his attempt to knock a joke out of nothing; and his perseverance sometimes led to lamentable results. Objecting to the handwriting of one of his correspondents, Lear said that he ran one letter into another, “so that any word may be cata-
pillar or convolvulus, or crabapple or cucumber. By the time you are head engineer, no one will be able to make out a single word of your geography.” That is the sort of writing that makes this book almost unread-
able, except to those who knew him in the flesh. To Lear, humour was not a spirit, but the repetition of the first letter of a word; and the letter, we know, profiteth nothing. The reader becomes weary of his attempts to make his jokes, and sometimes speculates how “Fortyscue,” “jo sce,” “Excelsue” (XL is forty), and so on. This is humour for children, who certainly appreciate it. Lord Cowardenford, however, took his jests about the Prixy Seal with sufficient seriousness to make him write describing its real nature and use, which he said was a piece of solemn trilling. When a joke goes astray in this manner, Thalia wanders discon-
solately looking for her child. In his later years, aristocratic patronage began to fail him, his friends died, himself and his servants became ill, and the build-
ing of an hotel at San Remo spoiled his view of the sea and made his villa uninhabitable. A typical Victorian could not be melancholy, but Lear was pre-occupied with domestic worries, and thought sometimes of the immortalizing the idea of his soul. That is to say, he imagined himself and Lord Cowardenford as cherubs perching on a rail in Paradise. But the later letters are rather doleful; and the man who had made thousands laugh at his jokes, and at least some hundreds weep at his singing, had only a doctor and his wife to cheer his later days. The volume has many illustrations, and is unnecessary. For the lives of Catherine of Siena, later days. The volume has many illustrations, and is unnecessary. For the lives of Catherine of Siena, was a man of his time; and his humour is as antiquated as that of Artemus Ward.

A Book of Noble Women. By C. C. Cairns. (Jack.

7s. 6d. net.)

Why a publisher should issue a book of this kind is impossible for a reviewer to know. That the author should desire to pay “tribute to noble women who have passed away” is at least a creditable ambition; but that he does not profess to set forth his subjects in any new or original light is to admit that his work is unnecessary. For the lives of Catherine of Siena, Victoria Colonna, Emma of Ault, Sarah Siddons, Jenny Lind, and Catherine Booth are, as the author admits, well known in outline; and his treatment of the lives of Saint Margaret of Scotland, Lady Russell, Lady Grisel Baillie, Louise of Prussia, Louisa Alcott, and Dorothy Webster is not original. A bare recital of some facts of a life is not biography: it is hackwork with which we are only too familiar. We do not know what the author means by nobility, and as he lacks psychological insight, and either cannot, or will not, paint in the historical background, we cannot learn from him to what extent the woman should “shine like a good deed in a naughty world.” These are simply dull; and are more creditable to the publisher than to the author.

Pilgrim Man. By W. Scott Palmer. (Duckworth. 2s. 6d net.)

This is a volume of essays dedicated to “The Road-
mender,” otherwise known as Michael Fairless, “and all travellers who lift up their eyes unto the hills.” The book is a sequel to “The Growth of a Religious and Mystical nature of a modern kind; that is, it tells us of all sorts of things that we want, but it does not give them to us. For example, Mr. James says that “we want a philosophy that will once more justify to the minds of men the ways of their religion”; but he does not offer us the philosophy. He writes on the Preacher, only to “wonder who invented him”; but he makes no attempt to confirm or supersede his philosophy. He adopts as his own, without acknowledgment, Carlyle’s argument that the origin of religion was not conscious allegory; but he is so poor in spirit that he cannot affirm, as Carlyle did, that the early men had scientific certainty of the awful Fact. He argues that development is not a mere unfolding of potentialities, that the “free crea-
tive power of man” is the incalculable element that makes all conjecture impossible; and he wants a word which will “show that a new idea is no thing, or machine of mind, that could have been predicted, its steps and results foretold, even with the utmost skill and the fullest knowledge of beginnings.” But the “free creative power” of Mr. Palmer fails to invent the words. The man who had a trick of mis-spelling that seemed humorous to the Victorians. He would work a joke to death, and at least some hundreds weep at his singing, had only a doctor and his wife to cheer his later days. The volume has many illustrations, and is unnecessary. For the lives of Catherine of Siena, was a man of his time; and his humour is as antiquated as that of Artemus Ward.

The Critical Attitude. By Ford Madox Hueffer. (Duckworth. 5s. net.)

The critical attitude, as Mr. Hueffer said, is not popular in England; and we are not surprised to find that these articles, reprinted from “The English Review,” do not “dare damnation.” Mr. Hueffer asserts the right of judgment, but does not make clear the conditions of its exercise; and he scarcely dares to use it himself. The man who can include Shaw and Barrie in one paradoxical appreciation is not adopting a critical attitude towards either; and the disquisition on the two-shilling novel has only a pecuniary interest for writers. That the articles are pleasing, notably the one on “The Woman of the Novelists,” and have something of Stevenson in their pleasantness, is the best that can be said of them. But, as Mr. Hueffer says in his preface, “when I consider the sheer levity, the unbridled licence of appraisement of the Great and the Serious that is contained in some of the pages that follow, truly I sit appalled.” The title is justified by the preface; but Mr. Hueffer’s taste is so catholic that we do not know what he prefers, and as he never con-
dems, except in generalities, we are ignorant of his methods and canon of criticism.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

FABIAN FINANCE.

Sir,—In Mr. Emil Davies we have a Fabian who descends (it should rather read “ascends”) to matters of practical finance. Good! Mr. Davies wants a cool 1,000,000 pounds to take over the railways. Presumably he would raise it either by taxation or by application of the money market. Is Mr. Davies aware that the withdrawal of such a sum from its present function as exchange medium would, under our present policy of credit restriction, bring about such a crisis in ordinary industry as would result in the proposers of the scheme being strung up to the street lamp-
posts? And is he aware that if he so alters the credit system as to defeat the wish of the welfare state, he will be an injury to the rest of industry he will be on the high road towards abolishing the need for any further nationalisation of industry whatever.

Your contributor, Mr. I. M. Kennedy, after criticising the Fabian policy for so long, propounds his own scheme—the
Mr. Penty's book, "From Guild to Factory." I have noticed Prof. Milnes' book, "From Guild to Factory." I have read Mr. Penty's work. He objects decidedly to nationalisation of industry, and proposes that the Trade Unions should voluntarily raise themselves into a form of co-operatives with the employers to form guilds which shall demand that no work be produced except that which has been carried out under certain conditions and at certain standardized wages. The Government is to confine itself to the education of the community up to these ideals. The first disadvantage of this scheme is that if we are to wait until the Government is able to educate a mass of people so sunk in economic misery as is our own, the outlook is indeed bad, and Fabians may be pardoned for preferring the sight of a shack, rather than a capitalist downfall of the present state. Secondly, throughout his book Mr. Penty argues as though the cause of the present misery were people prefer cheap and nasty goods to tasteful and dearer products. Surely even a Fabian can tell him that this is an inversion of cause and effect, at least as regards a considerable portion of the population. People buy trashy goods because they cannot afford to buy better articles. It is noteworthy that Mr. Penty upholds competition; but declares that since labour-saving machinery does not tend to raise the worker's wages, and that the limit of consumption of utilities is therefore practically fixed, his system of regulated production and consumption must be introduced. But this is the crux of the matter. Will Mr. Penty or Mr. Kennedy tell us why the schemes do not increase wages when they are created from the profits of the labour-saving machinery? What stands between the able man and possession of machinery? We still see around us to-day men who were once craftsmen progressing into employers. Why is the movement more general? I suggest that the cause is credit restrictions.

HENRY MEULEN.

FINANCE AND PATRIOTISM.

Sir,—Mr. Verdad surely does not mean his statement in The New Age of October 26 to be taken seriously. He says: "The average Englishman ... is a phlegmatic brute, incapable of passionate love or passionate hatred. His primitive instincts are drowned in bad beer, and his main object is to muddle through. Can we get it into the head of this brute ... that finance is not the only factor that can cause a war, and that there can be and have been wars into which the financial factor did not enter at all?"

In the foregoing extract Mr. Verdad is dealing with the possibility of war in the near future between France and Germany. No one can deny that there exists the danger of an age-long hatred that exists between those countries, irrespective of any friction that may have arisen through trade conflicts or other industrial interests. Yet it is only when we remember that the present impasse has largely come about through the operations of Messrs. Mannesmann in Morocco, and that it is in these countries two companies agree to a liquid pro quo necessary to liquidate Germany's claims, it will be seen that Mr. Verdad's argument is a little thin. On July 10 Mr. Verdad wrote: "It is safe to leave Morocco to the financiers. ... German financiers want a share of the spoil. ... But the Paris Bourse is wealthy and the French Army in a fairly efficient state. Even Britain's share in the transaction is commercial; ... let us leave these sordid people to their own sordid doings." And on September 14 he adds: "Germany's demands would make her practically paramount in Moroccan commerce." So it seems beyond argument that all wars can be traced to the desire for loot in some form or other. As has been well said with regard to our own exploit on the "illimitable veldt," if the war had been mere mines the issue would have been a war. It is her lost provinces that is the sore which keeps France in a state of constant arising nearly swept us into what might have proved a universal conflagration.

The old "bulldog breed," methinks, is still the same—as ready to take offence and as jealous for the national honour as ever it was; and would be just as easily led to shed its blood and cash on behalf of the investments of Jewish and Christian millionaires as it did ten years ago. May I remind Mr. Verdad of a little ballad that was sung with patriotic fervour the length and breadth of the land in "Peace with honour" days:

"We don't want to fight, but by jingo if we do,
We've got the ships, we've got the men,
We've got the money, too,
We've fought the Bear before."

I forget the remainder; but it's something about not letting Brutin have Constantinople. This, I think, is distinctly interesting in view of present possible developments.

GEO. I. NEWSON.

THE REVOLT AND THE REMEDY.

Sir,—While the directors of great organisations like railway companies decline to adopt, on the ground of expense, proper methods of automatic coupling, thus causing the loss of many lives which otherwise would be preserved, I strongly advocate legislation under which no men could be sent to penal servitude like other malefactors.

C. H. NORMAN.

THE INSURANCE BILL.

Sir,—I send you still another sketch of actuality:

TIME, MAY 1, 1912.

The Lloyd George Act, for the State manufacture of Slaves, Prigs, Prostitutes, and Paupers, came into force on that date.

SCENE: Pay Office of Master Builder.

Master Builder (to crowd of bricklayers): Jack Macdonald, Fred Henderson, Ben Hardy, Pat O'Grady and Bill Clines—you men stand by. I will deal with you in a few minutes. It is not your wages, it is your men.

Master Builder (to five men): Well, men, I am going to pay you five off. During the past week, the rate of laying by my pace-maker was fifteen hundred bricks a day, but the average of you five men was only thirteen hundred; therefore you must go.

Jack Macdonald: There's no set standard in the building trade.

Master Builder: Perhaps not, but that's my standard for the future.

Fred Henderson: Yes; set up by a young fellow of twenty-five.

Master Builder: My men shall be all twenty-five, if I can get them. At all events they'll be young enough to go on by pace.

Tom Hardy: In that case, maybe you'd tell us what's going to become of men of our age?

Master Builder: Apply to the Insurance Officer; that's his department.

FOLLOWING MONDAY. SCENE: Labour Exchange. Insurance Officer: Are you a Frenchman, Sir? Well, my man, what can I do for you? Perhaps you'd better sign to the spokesman from amongst yourselves.

Bill Clines: I suggest Pat O'Grady state our case. (Agreed.)

Pat O'Grady: Our case, sir, is this: As you will see, we are men between forty and fifty years of age, who have worked at our trade as bricklayers all our lives. On the 26th we lay twenty-five bricks an hour, and McDugall paid us off, because, as he said, he had noticed that our speed was declining, that whilst his pace-maker, a slip of twenty-five, was laying fifteen
hundred bricks a day, we five were only laying thirteen hundred.

I O.: Haw. Mr. McDougall was perfectly correct. He is under no obligation to retain the services of men whose physical powers are declining.

Pat O'Grady: Powers declining, did you say, sir? Faith, my powers are not declining. I'm forty-five years of age, in the prime of life, and I decline to be drave like a nigger by any man.

I O.: Haw, that may be so, but as I observed before, Mr. McDougall is under no obligation to employ you.

Pat O'Grady: May be you'd condescend to tell us what our position is now?

I O.: Your position is this: You will try to procure employment, but should you fail, say, over the period of a month, come back and see me; good morning.

ONE MONTH LATER.

I O.: Haw, so you men have returned. Failed to obtain employment, I presume?

Pat O'Grady: Of course we failed. We had to explain why we lost our last job, and that settled it. What are we to do now?

I O.: All I can do for you is to reduce you in status from bricklayers to labourers, and find you work in that capacity.

Chorus of Men: What, degrade us to labourers?

I O.: Haw, yes. That is what I am empowered to do under the Unemployment Act of last session.

Fred Henderson: But, surely, sir, you don't really mean to say, sir, that you propose, sir, to degrade us to the rank of labourers. We are, sir, with wives and families, sir, who have been accustomed all their lives, sir, to a certain standard of comfort, sir. How is that standard to be maintained, sir, on the reduced wages table? I O.: Haw, well, when you put it that way it does seem rather a hard case. But I've only to administer the law. I did not make it.

Pat O'Grady: Then who did the devil make it, and what was it made for, anyway?

I O.: Permit me to explain. At the moment our arrangement, you say, is that if the person in charge of the course attended, or if the person in charge of the course attended

Fred Henderson: The rules are not public.

I O.: True—very true. But I have authority to administer the Unemployment Act, a particular section of which provides for such cases as yours, which I will now read to you:

"Section 74 (1): If the repeated failure of any insured workerman to obtain employment appears to the insurance officer to be wholly or partly due to defects in skill or knowledge, the insurance officer may, if he thinks fit, offer to arrange for the attendance of the workerman at a suitable course of technical instruction, and may, if the workerman is unemployed at the time, pay all or any of the expenses incidental to such attendance. If the workerman fails or refuses either to avail himself of the offer, or to produce satisfactory evidence of his competence, or if the person in charge of the course attended,

"I O.: But hurry up or you'll be locked out; there's the five-minute buzzer.

I O.: Haw, none. (Exit.)

Pat O'Grady: By the living God we'll see. Come.

WOMEN AND INSURANCE.

HUSBAND: Then who did it make it, and what was it made for, anyway?

Wife: Not till a week to-morrow. I couldn't get any eggs from the chicken shop this morning, so you will have to manage without.

Husband: I'm glad the month's not up yet. I've been talking to one of the charge-hands this morning about this. He says there's nothing to do but tell the Insurance Act to go to hell.

Wife: But I can't; there isn't threepence a week left out of 22s. when the rent is paid.

Husband: All I can do for you is to reduce you in status from housewife to servant, and I'm going to have to do it somehow. Why he told me that if you can kid the doctor you are sick, you'd get a bob a week, and it makes no difference how I am working. Why, it's money for now. Five bob a week and where are we going to put it up? By God, the threepence will have to come from somewhere.

Wife: Ah, well! I suppose it will if you say so; but hurry up or you'll be locked out; there's the five-minute buzzer.

QUERY: Will the concession to married women work the actuarial basis of the Bill? In my opinion it will, and that is one of the reasons why its announcement was well received. The other reason is sentimental.

CATHOLICS AND FREEMASONS.

The account in the "Encyclopaedia Britannica" is a fair summary of the historical record of the Society of Jesus. That it was the means by which the Jesuits were able to maintain the statements in my article. It will require a good deal more than the silly futilities of Mr. Cowley to dispossess its authority.

I never referred to the Monita Secreta or Titus Oates. I mentioned a perfectly well-known view concerning the Archduke Francis Ferdinand. What possible relevance Titus Oates has to the character of the Archduke I am afraid I do not understand.

The Society of Jesus does not publish any roll of members even if it be a matter of its own organization, nor any account of its wealth. These are also elements of secrecy of the strongest kind. The rules are not public.

Personally, I am not a Freemason nor a Roman Catholic. I object to the secret and underground methods of propaganda and of pushing their personal advantage adopted by both the Roman Catholics and the Freemasons. I am a little curious how Mr. Cowley reconciles his indignation at the description "secret" when applied to the Jesuits, with his membership of an avowedly secret association like Freemasonry. Moreover, there is a saying that "a good Catholic makes a bad Freemason, and a Good Freemason a bad Catholic." It is for this reason that on the Continent Freemasons are never Catholics, nor Catholics Freemasons.

As the Jesuits are a secret society, it is my case that one cannot dismiss the Jesuits who are responsible in Europe under any but their true colours; but their political activities are as patent as those of Nonconformity in England.

HENRI DE REMUEILLAC.

CORPORAL PUNISHMENT.

SIR.—I doubt whether anything I may say will shake the complacency of your intelligent and sympathetic correspondent "T. S.," but, with your permission, I should like to make one or two comments on his letter of October 26.

First of all he has a stupid parenthesis wherein he chides Miss Violet Mayne and myself for neglecting to consider the case of the public school boy. He seems to think that I was nothing whatever as to the infliction of punishment in public schools. If "T. S." would admit as frankly that he is equally ignorant of the working of elementary schools, we might arrive at some common understanding.

Elementary school children are not punished "only for really low-down and mean acts." They are punished for making mistakes, for being weaklings, for not doing as they are told, for being unable to repeat a certain number of lines of poetry, inability to parse and analyse, etc., etc. We punish them in order to make them attentive, and to turn them out good scholars. Otherwise, I beg to differ from what I said in my article. One last point, and I am finished.

In my article I stated quite incontrovertibly that I felt degraded by having to inflict corporal punishment, and that I was becoming more callous as time went on. "T. S." assures us that at the grammar school where he was educated, "the effects of this form of punishment on the
performer" were "the exact reverse." That is to say, they may have been spiritually elevated, and become more refined. I take "T. S.'s" word for it.

Sir,—In saying that sensitive, timid children are the ones who do not get punished, your correspondent, "T. S.," even if he were right in the outward fact, ignores the possession by such children of sympathetic natures.

It is a truth (which unfortunately cannot be demonstrated to those to whom it does not occur to) that whenever a cane strikes it strikes on every sensitive child within sight or hearing of it.

H. E. H.

THE BLACK PERIL.

Sir,—I am sorry not to be done with this subject, but, by your leave, I will reply to Mr. Marwick. With respect to "Mrs. Macfadynen's" statement that drink is one of the causes of native crime, I never thought of truism I never thought of repeating; it is just as true of cases of white crime as of black, in England as in Rhodesia. The African natives have been drinking dop ever since the majority were merely bewildered and miserable at being persecuted—a few individuals retaliated with terrible vengeance. The Government and the Judiciary kept calm, and except for the Lewis verdict—so inimical to order—have been restored as soon as the natives learned in their own generation, whereas these human bundles are none of them in such misery if, by dispatching them we should project their miserable souls into 'deeper consciousness of joy?'

He moved his lips slowly, horror-struck at my criminal suggestion. "But—" said I, "But," I repeated, "Bergson is the Divine Symbol of Ethereal Freedom, the Messenger of Eternal Hope—."

"Yes," replied my friend, irritably, "but these paupers have nothing to do with Bergson."

"Of course not," I said. "Bergson is a fashionable philosopher, a genius who is being recognised as such by his own generation, whereas these human bundles are none of these things; they merely represent a material social problem to which only appeals to the respectable, less savoury than that of—."

But my friend was paying no attention; his mind had, apparently, returned into the realm of ethereal freedom and eternal hope.

ARTHUR E. THORN.

BERGSON AND THE BUNDLES.

Sir,—My ingenious correspondent who wants to tell Bergson about Aristotle deserves some notice. Such a remarkable case of teaching your grandmother to suck eggs wants examination in detail. He is, perhaps, most interesting as an example of an unfortunate effect of excessive reliance on the reputation of a philosopher which I predicted some months ago in this review. When a philosopher's lectures are attended and enthused over by silly and ignorant people, you get people just one step removed from the philosophy, a philosophy he invented, and ignorantly repeat it as if it were the original. The author of the book I referred to, who wanted his philosophy to be appreciated by the public, had the misfortune that his philosophy is not easily crushed by a little display of undergraduate knowledge. It is quite evident, for example, that Bergson himself is a kind of intellectual character who can be easily crushed by a little display of undergraduate knowledge. I have just written a Latin thesis on Aristotle, and that his references to the philosopher are frequent and important, in "évolution ésotérique"—Eternal Hope, Divine Symbol of Ethereal Freedom, a philosophy, an inspiration.

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on motion in the "physics." Anyone who wants a good account of the latter had better read Scott's book on "The Philosophy of Chemistry." He had already realised that the statements that he quotes are not the ends, the solutions, of problems, but merely their enunciation, their beginning. It is therefore no wonder after a long career of perhaps mistaken, but, at any rate, arduous, reasoning on the nature of "becoming," to have an ingenious person like Mr. Simmons trot out, with an air of infantile triumph, the simple statement which enunciates the problem you started from.

Take the last quotation for example. Obviously things cannot both be and not be at the same time, but that leaves open the question of the nature of "becoming." This problem is just this: Do things exist? If reality is a becoming, then certainly not. Then your retort loses all point.

Mr. Simmons quotes first that passage in French and then in Latin. A man who really could become a professor of philosophy in a Catholic seminary with whom I discussed these things years ago: "All these disputes in philosophy," he said, "come from one cause alone—people are too lazy to read Aristotle." What language do you suppose Aristotle wrote in?" asked I. He looked at me in a kind of surprised way and answered, "Why, Latin, of course."

T. E. H.

P.S.—I put the book on Bergson he recommends in the bibliography I did for Mr. Pogson's "Time and Freedom" last year; but if anyone wants an account of Bergson and Leibniz for a few pence, he will find a wealth of better exposed and criticism in Tonguebear's "La Notion de Viteire," Beauchesne—T. E. H.

* * *

THE PAGANISM OF GOETHE.

Sir,—"There could be little doubt," said "Quiddam" (New Age, October 12), "about the non-paganism of a man who, among his life's rules, bids us to hate no man and leave the future to God. Dr. O. Levy has already answered (New Age, October 19) this very Carpathian approva-

GOETHE. Carlyle—whose merit in introducing Ger-

man literature in England remains beyond cavil—has,

nevertheless, committed a twofold mistake in his interpreta-

tion of Goethe: he did not see the whole Goethe, and he

saw certain points of Goethe to an exaggerated degree. In

saw the whole Goethe and he

translated the Wanderzahre," a work of Goethe's later years, he got hold of the Goethe of Renunciation (Eutsagung), and he interpreted the whole of Goethe's life in the light of these sentiments. He did not understand Goethe's artistic development, which is closely connected with his paganisms. Briefly, he turned Goethe into a prophet of Christian "reverence," while Goethe had nothing prophetic or Christian about him. We are still tormented every day—for the non-sense, or, rather, the poor sense of this architecture has yet by no means had its day. With mediaval sculpture Goethe scarcely concerned himself. Arriving at Verona (September 16, 1786), he ex-

pressed his aversion for the Gothic tombs and much pre-

ferred the antique sarcophagi. "The wind that blows here from the tombs of martyrs but a withering diminution of human personality. The garlands. . . ."

Weareed with the "Eutsagung" upon him by

Carlyle and the art of Weimar, Goethe arrived in Italy with an irresistible longing for pagan joy and art, a longed for rather than clearly thought out. But, as a matter of fact, a corresponding intellectual de-

velopment had been steadily taking place in him. Little by little he had withdrawn from the Frangipane type of religiosity, whose chief figure was of Frankfort type: a mysticism, which, in Klein-

temberg, outgrown the Christian enthusiasm of Lavater and the

prophetical philosophy of Jacobi. Captivated with Spinoza's Pantheism in 1774 (See Mahomet's "Gesang"), he later attempted to give a scientific basis to the doctrine, and encouraged Herder in the composition of his "Ideen" (1784). On receiving Herder's book in 1787, Goethe, then in Italy, wrote: A "Pagan and a fool, this is my favourite.

gospel." The noble human conception of Herder seemed to

him more real than the Christian reveries of Lavater, of

Lichtenberg, of the "whole parsons' brood" (October 17, 1790). It is obvious. Goethe arrived in Italy, a lover already wrapped up in the whole parsons' brood" (October 17, 1790). (It is interest-

ing to find Wagner singing the praises of Renunciation and singing out for admiration the very paintings which Goethe despised. See letter to Mathilde Wesendonck, March 25, 1859.)

Goethe mentioned Dante only once, but his opinion, ex-
pressed in a letter to M. de Mirabaud, is characteristic. It isChariseistic: "To me Hell appears altogether horrible, Purgatory ambiguous, and Paradise boring" (Rome, July, 1787). The preference of Goethe for Tasso is not without bearing. Tasso we are at the end of the Renaissance. Not a trace of true Christianity in the "Jerusalem Libera," which shows us only operatic chivalry and artificial religion. The German poet preferred the human scenes only. Tasso has re-

awakened, with an infinite delicacy of touch, the highly-maned elegance of the pagan Renaissance. In part of the "Song of the Clans" and Leonardo's Platid's Dialogues, and in the perfumed gardens of the Court at Ferrara, the bust of old Homer is decorated with garlands.

Goethe's journey to Italy was a "Wiedergeburt," a birth to a new life of spontaneous and natural joy. He was already a poet, he now became a man. Afterwards, in his life with Christiane Volumn, he experienced the deep feel-
gings which he expressed in the "Romische Elegien," a work which is instinct with pensive thought.

J. M. CARRE.
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