The resignation of Mr. Balfour was necessarily to be regarded as final if it would mark the end of English political conservatism. As it is, and so long as there is any doubt whether Mr. Balfour will resume the leadership of his party, the fate of Conservatism is scarcely to be predicted. Two sections are now warring for predominance: the section of the Chamberlainite tradition—Radical with a veneer of Tory Imperialism; and the section associated with the name of Mr. Walter Long—Old English Tory with a veneer of Social Reform. The adoption of Mr. Bonar Law as a compromise between these two diverging sections is a desperate expedient. If Mr. Balfour can no longer straddle the gulf that daily widens between them, it is certain that Mr. Bonar Law cannot do it. In a very little while, Mr. Law will be a Longite or a Chamberlainite. 

We do not profess to look forward to the fulfilment of our forecast with any satisfaction. A strange fate has, however, befallen the attempts of the Labour party to destroy the Liberal party—a fate as strange as befel Luther, who re-established the Church by attacking it. Undoubtedly the early Labour leaders imagined themselves as the successors of the Liberal, not of the Tory, party. The Liberals were their particular enemy, and it was to the abolition of the Liberal party that they confidently looked forward, with the massing of Socialists versus Tories as the final formation. But it has all happened exactly otherwise. The Liberals have grown by attacks, while the Conservatives have languished under neglect. And not only have the Liberals themselves been strengthened by being made the object of attack, but their very attackers have become Liberals in the process. We are nearly all Liberals to-day, and the only Conservatives are a handful of Tories, now proved incapable of retaining Mr. Balfour as their leader, and a few Socialists like ourselves. All the rest have joined in the wild goose chase after social reform, progress, democracy, or some equally chimerical fowl. Not for years, perhaps not for many years, will the nation realise that its expedition is in quest of the moon. Meanwhile there is nothing to do but to continue talking sense—though few will listen to it—and to wait patiently for the recovery of national sanity. For it is as clear as noon-day that the Liberal expedition is a moon-hunt and nothing less. If the glamour of the Thessalian witches were not over our public men and electorate, they would see clearly enough that the drift of the applaudled legislation of the Liberal-Labour-Chamberlainite section is precisely up in the air. Not a single class of the community will actually be better off as a result of all the measures now being pursued by the whole herd. The poor in ten years' time will certainly be no less poor, though the rich may be pestered and irritated almost beyond endurance. What was it Macaulay said of Puritans and bear-baiting? The social reform of most Liberals is inspired, not by love of the poor, but by hatred of the aristocracy. Consequently both rich and poor will suffer. 

In speaking of Liberals, our caution must be remembered that most of the politicians of all parties are Liberal to-day. It is clearly the case with the Labour party, whose members, save one, have a unanimous resolution to play pilot-fish to the official Liberal shark. Another direction of travel altogether or genuine independence is inconceivable to those leaders. The Macdonald would be hard pressed to define a line of division between himself and, say, Mr. Lloyd George. Given a legal, instead of a scholastic, training, Mr. MacDonald might even be conceived as occupying Mr. Lloyd George's...
place at this moment. And Mr. Lloyd George, as the leader of the English Labour party of to-day, would strike nobody as out of his element. But the Liberalism of the nominal Conservatives is entirely beyond dispute. Nor do Mr. Balfour and his immediate friends, the entire mass of the Conservative members have any notion why it sits in opposition rather than on the Government side of the House. Outside the sphere of gilt and gingerbread politics—the House of Lords, Colonial Defence, and other meaningless mouthfuls—no difference of principle divides the majority of the "Conservatives" from the majority of Liberals. They even have the political indifference to admit it by the most obtrusive implication. Writing of the present session, during which, (as we rather fancy our readers are aware) the Insurance Bill is being passed, the "Morning Post," the organ of the Chamberlainites, calmly states that "with the best will in the world, the Opposition will find little to oppose in the Government's autumn programme." Nothing for Conservatives to oppose, remark, in a measure, soaked in Liberalism, reeking, nay, stinking, with Liberalism. And worse even than this, that late champion of aristocracy and present aspirant to the leadership of the "Liberal" party, Lord George, announced at Birmingham on Thursday last that "Unionists must more closely identify themselves with social reform, housing, sanitation, Poor-law reform" and—what, in heaven's name, do our readers think—"social security!" If that is not an unpalatable appeal to outbid Mr. Lloyd George in Liberalism, we have no words to describe it. Obviously, Lord Curzon, the "Morning Post" and the rest of the kettle of fish called Conservative, are really in the position of the Howards and the Howards, a little more Liberal than Liberals, a little more Liberal than the country can stomach at the moment.

In complete opposition to the charity-mongering tendency of Labour, "Conservative" and Liberal social reform, present and prospective, we put it as one of the possible effects—and perhaps the most likely one to return to national sanity that an entirely different conception of Social Reform should become prevalent. How soon it may be that the beggars now on horseback will ride to the devil we do not know. Mr. Balfour, we believe, optimistically calculates that two years will see the rout of the present Liberal party. He anticipates, we surmise, that by the time the present Insurance Bill, Home Rule, Welsh Disestablishment, and a new Franchise Bill are passed, England will have had enough of Lloyd George. By the time Mr. Lloyd George is ready to give up office (and nothing can move him without his own consent), the Smiths and the Curzons and the Whatstheirnames and the Whodoyoucallits will have it squandered by Mr. Bonar Law and Mr. MacDonald exactly as it is to-day being squandered by Mr. Lloyd George in free education, free old-age pensions, free or assisted insurance—free or assisted everything. And, in the event of the present Government squandering the money (at least, he thought he would) by a tax on land, Mr. MacDonald—the Lord knows how he would attempt to raise money. But the employment and destination of the money thus hypothetically or actually reared by the undertaking, to outbid Mr. Lloyd George in Liberalism, we have no notion why it sits in opposition rather than on the Government side of the House. Outside the sphere of gilt and gingerbread politics—the House of Lords, Colonial Defence, and other meaningless mouthfuls—no difference of principle divides the majority of the "Conservatives" from the majority of Liberals. They even have the political indifference to admit it by the most obtrusive implication. Writing of the present session, during which, (as we rather fancy our readers are aware) the Insurance Bill is being passed, the "Morning Post," the organ of the Chamberlainites, calmly states that "with the best will in the world, the Opposition will find little to oppose in the Government's autumn programme." Nothing for Conservatives to oppose, remark, in a measure, soaked in Liberalism, reeking, nay, stinking, with Liberalism. And worse even than this, that late champion of aristocracy and present aspirant to the leadership of the "Liberal" party, Lord George, announced at Birmingham on Thursday last that "Unionists must more closely identify themselves with social reform, housing, sanitation, Poor-law reform" and—what, in heaven's name, do our readers think—"social security!" If that is not an unpalatable appeal to outbid Mr. Lloyd George in Liberalism, we have no words to describe it. Obviously, Lord Curzon, the "Morning Post" and the rest of the kettle of fish called Conservative, are really in the position of the Howards and the Howards, a little more Liberal than Liberals, a little more Liberal than the country can stomach at the moment.

Whatever may be thought of the chances of doing this, the alternative is clear. In about two years' time, if not before, the present Government will be dissolved and a new Government will be elected. The question is: What is that new Government to be? If it is to be officially Liberal—the present Government returned—the mandate to Lloyd Georgism will be unmistakable. But the mandate to Lloyd Georgism will be equally unmistakable if it should happen that the Unionists come in on Mr. Lloyd George's programme of Social Reform. There may be—there probably will be—a considerable national irritation with Mr. Lloyd George himself; but the same irritation will not articulate extend to his programme if, in the interval between now and then, the Unionists at least provide a shadow of it. Now, strange as it may seem, the Lloyd George program of Social Reform is not really popular. Admitted that it has all the appearance of being popular, it is admitted that, with this programme, the Unionists have every temptation to adopt it for their own. But the fact remains that the Lloyd George programme is only popular in the sense that it is thought to be just better than nothing. A real alternative to it, and one more in the English line of tradition, would undoubtedly sweep it off the field. That Lloyd Georgism is not popular is evident to anyone who mixes in a wide range of society. Clearly enough, it is not popular amongst the rich and well-to-do. That was only to be expected. But in our own experience, and in other indications, it is equally, if not even more, unpopular amongst the working-classes and the poor. Why is it, then, that in spite of nine out of ten people privately detesting Lloyd Georgism, Lloyd Georgism should, nevertheless, be looming towards the election, in the party and in the Unionist party? The answer is that all classes have realised the existence of the horrible disease of poverty, and, so far, only one doctor—namely, Mr. Lloyd George—has professed to be able to cure it. He cannot cure it. He cannot cure the disease worse. But, to give him his due, he is trying his hardest, like a quack operating on a friend. The measure, indeed, of the national desire to remedy poverty is precisely its succession at Mr. Lloyd George. If the country is willing to permit Mr. Lloyd George to tap and finger and cut and burn and bleed the national body, and not only so, but to be grateful to him for the operation, how profound must be its sense of disease and how ardent its desire for a remedy? On the other hand, we cannot fail to remark on the
unfortunate ignorance of economic science displayed by our statesmen when, as actually is the case, to Mr. Lloyd George's quack treatment no party offers a hopeful alternative. The failure of Mr. Balfour to enunciate a political remedy for poverty has been his real weakness. And for most of the rest of his party, their only suggestion, it appears, is to continue the Lloyd George treatment as before.

* * *

It is a disaster to the working classes of this country that their political enfranchisement has so far been allowed to do them no great service. The enfranchisement of the middle classes was, as we know, almost immediately followed by their ascent to power. Their leaders ruthlessly pushed the interests of their clients to the front, and in a few years entrenched themselves in all the sunny spots of the political and economic world. England at this moment is the paradise of the middle classes. But the working classes have been too long under the tradition of servility, and their leaders are still scythophants of the wealthier classes at heart. Only this can possibly explain the miserable pace at which the Labour Party is moving forward. They are literally begging their way to their destination. If it were otherwise, we do not see why the Labour Party should succeed the present Liberal Government. With a Conservative Party broken to pieces, and a disinterested government? What, indeed, save the obvious facts which the Labour Party is moving forward. They are sectarian in their outlook, and have scarcely the courage to dictate terms to the capitalists. What happened to it—but in the meanwhile the interests of the average Nonconformist chapel. As for Mr. Snowden (occasionally) the Labour members have been out with them, and the working classes could accept not only their shareholders but the government of the railway companies, at any rate, it is possible to respect the sis points of the famous Charter. The reason is that their political enfranchisement has so far been allowed to do them no great service. The enfranchisement of the middle classes was, as we know, almost immediate. The governing classes of England will not, under any circumstances whatever, voluntarily dispossess themselves of their present position of affluence. It would be absurdly and fanatically Christian of them to do so. The all the railway directors to defeat it, is Tolstoyan than Tolstoy. They will, on the other hand, stick to their position as long as they can, and only a superior power will eject them. The question for workmen is whether they have the hardihood and the courage to conquer a position for themselves. Not by weakness of any kind, moral or immoral, will they do it. And they certainly will not do it by accepting the leadership of arrant cowards, who make them the laughing stock of the governing classes of Europe. The devices adopted by their officials to delay the next strike and to ensure the fullest interval for arrangements to be made by the railway directors to defeat it, are perhaps the most pitifully weak and treacherous that any working-class party has ever seen. If the men had any sense of what was happening, their present leaders would be dismissed at a moment's notice. If they have no such sense, all we can say is that they deserve to be defeated until they acquire it.

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As everybody knows now, the railwaymen last August held not only their shareholders but the government of the country. The maneuvers of the directors of the Great Northern Railway have continued. One day's more and the miners and engineers would have been out with them, and the working classes could have dictated terms to the capitalists. What happened? Why, their leaders suddenly finked the situation, ratted on their men, and accepted the terms of defeat. We do not say that this was not the "moral" course to pursue. It was undoubtedly the course that any "good" man (in the worst sense of the word) would advise under the circumstances. And Mr. Henderson is a "good" man. So is Mr. MacDonald. But it all played from the after effects that the course was not the wise course from the standpoint of the men themselves. Society, it true, is "saved" for the time being—saved, that is, from the best thing that could have happened to it—but in the meanwhile the interests of the workers. But ago for sacrificed from one point of view we are quite indifferent concerning the fate of the workers. It is ridiculous to waste pity on an army that professes to be out for higher wages and, at the moment of victory, bolts from the field, leaving all its baggage behind and wags its little tails. The railway companies, at any rate, it is possible to respect for their courageous ruthlessness. Did they refuse to accept a victory absolutely given to them? Not at all. They welcomed it, pretended to have won it, and instantly proceeded to dispose of the wounded by driving them back to the business of the day. But what of the feelings of the men who had bolted from the field. On the contrary, their instant concern was to gather the spoils. But the men's leaders cannot be acquitted of the charge of rack cowardice, all the more disgraceful because their only danger was that of too complete a success.

* * *

We are certain that we are voicing the opinion of the public in general when we declare that by this cowardice the Labour party did its reputation infinite mischief. It is not English to be smitten with conscience or sentiment at the moment of victory. Nelson, the national hero, cannot be conceived presenting the French with Trafalgar even while he lay dying. The railwaymen and workmen generally of this country assure us very manfully that they intend to raise capitalism to the ground. Very well, if they entertain that desire, why not, all to gain in their power. It may prove to be incapable of satisfaction, or it may prove to be bitter to the taste. It may, as Dean Inge has recently said, ruin society to have wages raised and hours of labour reduced. The responsibility of this, however, does not rest on the workmen, but on the governing classes. If society, as it exists, cannot stand the strain of higher wages, then either the workmen must docilely accept society's word for it and starve in patience, or they must put the state-ment to the test, even at the risk of overturning society. There is no half-way measure possible in war. The governing classes of England will not, under any circumstances whatever, voluntarily dispossess themselves of their present position of affluence. It would be absurdly and fanatically Christian of them to do so. They all authorized to defeat it, is Tolstoyan than Tolstoy. They will, on the other hand, stick to their position as long as they can, and only a superior power will eject them. The question for workmen is whether they have the hardihood and the courage to conquer a position for themselves. Not by weakness of any kind, moral or immoral, will they do it. And they certainly will not do it by accepting the leadership of arrant cowards, who make them the laughing stock of the governing classes of Europe. The devices adopted by their officials to delay the next strike and to ensure the fullest interval for arrangements to be made by the railway directors to defeat it, are perhaps the most pitifully weak and treacherous that any working-class party has ever seen. If the men had any sense of what was happening, their present leaders would be dismissed at a moment's notice. If they have no such sense, all we can say is that they deserve to be defeated until they acquire it.
the increase of the numbers of the electorate positively
enlarges the power of the governing mechanics. A
more handful of electors—a committee for example—is
often unmanageable, but a mass is a mob that can be
dragooned. Our governing classes here have certainly
the trick of handling mobs of electors, and exactly at
the moment when some of the mob (the Labour electo-
rate in particular) seem a new character, and with
the growth, are to be swamped again and drowned in
the deluge of new and ignorant voters. There is a
nemesis, however, even in this; for the candidates
of the future must descend to the lowest level of the new
electorate. But to do this they must themselves be of
a low type. The new character of the government
descends with the character of its creatures. It is en-
feebled by its new means of temporary power.

We call attention once more to the fact that the Insur-
ance Bill is being passed with the active co-operation of
the Unionists. There is really no disguising this from
the most ignorant of Tory voters. At the White City
on Tuesday Mr. Bonar Law allowed himself the plea-
sure of attacking the Bill and prophesying that it would
add to the property tax exists; but it will be observed
that in the House of Commons both he and his party
are almost as desirous of passing the measure as Mr.
Lloyd George himself. That the most outrageous viola-
tions of existing law are involved in almost every step of
the Bill's progress, appears to be an objection to
these professed friends of the Constitution. On the
contrary, their most extreme demand is no more than
to put a term to the absolutism of an irresponsible set
of Insurance Commissioners. The proposition eman-
ating from Mr. Lloyd George was the mild one of
dispensening the Insurance Commissioners from the con-
tral of Parliament for an indefinite period. During this
state of dictatorial power they were to be permitted to
make such re-arrangements of the terms of the Insur-
bill as they pleased without reference to Parlia-
ment, public opinion, and fact, and purely for them-
sew and Mr. Lloyd George. Doubtless some such
absolute discretion will prove to be necessary, for it is
very certain that, as it stands, the Bill is simply un-
workable. Unless Parliament sits daily to amend it
from the moment of its operation, any moment might
see it destroyed by its practical defects. To conceal
its shocking weaknesses, therefore, from the public at
large, it may be necessary to endow the Insurance Commis-
sioners possessing the largest powers; but for a Bill
so thoroughly distasteful to the English people as the
Insurance Bill, the less power the Commissioners pos-
sess the better for the country. The Unionists, how-
ever, were not of this honest opinion. They did, indeed,
protest against the indefiniteness of the period of
absolutism granted to the commissioners, but their
remedy was to fix the liberal term of eighteen months,
during which, as a matter of fact, all the mischief will
be done.

But the audacious proposal of Mr. Lloyd George was
followed by another equally anarchic in its implication.
It is very well known that with few exceptions our
country and town councils are corrupt as well as
incompetent. Nobody with any experience of munici-
pal life doubts for a moment that the majority of coun-
cillors seek office for the plums that grow on the trees.
The remedy for this, as Mr. Jowett and Mr. Lansbury
pointed out to Mr. Lloyd George, who made the charge,
is not to set another watch-dog, elected or nominated,
over the Councils, but to raise the tone of public
opinion. This latter may be a difficult operation, and
it is certainly likely to be slow; but, as every experience
of espionage proves, the system of checks upon checks
adds to the opportunities as well as the inducements of
corruption. If the County Councils cannot be trusted,
the elected nominated, and delegated members of the
new Insurance Committees, being drawn from the same
source, will prove to be similarly contaminated. A
community cannot rise above its own level. The first
step in the endeavour to raise the level of municipal
life is, we should say, the raising of the level of Parlia-
mentary life. After all, the great custodian of the
interests of the nation is supposed to be the House of
Commons. No minor public body can be expected to
be more honourable than its own creator. When, as
local councillors know very well, their Parliamentary
censorship are in the position of Satan reproving sin, the
temptation to sin amounts to an invitation. If Mr.
Lloyd George really wants to know why local govern-
ment in this country is corrupt, he should ask himself
why his own Government, all political members of his
own department are corrupt. In Parliament everything is
rewarded, save desert. Is it the coincidence of merit
and Welsh blood that determines the allocation of
pecuniary positions to so many Welsh members? Did
the Liberal Whip recently visit Mr. Carnegie to look at
his beautiful eyes? Are titles and honours and offices
sold for party advantage? . . . But why ask what
everybody knows. . . . In the matter of Parliamentary
checks upon local authorities, quis custodiet custodes?

A ROUNDLED FOR REVÉILLISTS.
(Written whilst the succession was still undecided.)

"BALFOUR Must Go!" With larynx like a gong
Wild Maxse hurled the slogan at the foe,
And Rowland waved his Boadicean prong,
"Balfour Must Go!"

And all the callow Dervishes of Joe,
And all the Strenuously Succumbing throng,
Echoed in warbles scarcely sweet and low.

One session of interminable Long
Or wooden Austen—then the wails of woe,—
Alas! that was a very silly song:
"Balfour Must Go!"

ALFRED P. BEGG.

A FABIAN FABLE.

A White Man called upon a Brown Man, and said:
"Dear sir, I am informed that certain of my baser
brothers are preparing to enslave you, to seize your
house for their profit, and to despoil you of your riches.
Beware! I say, beware! Let me protect you!

The Brown Man, thankfully accepting the White
Man's offer, received him and his servants into
the house, and he was just going downstairs to lock the
doors and loophole the walls against the White Man's
brothers, when, to his surprise, he was stripped naked
and cast into a dark cellar and set to labour. "I say,"
he said, when the White Man came to visit him, "this
wasn't in the contract!" "Hang it all!" answered the
White Man, "Here am I, locking after you and your
house, so that none of my brothers can molest
the furniture out of the best bedroom. "I say!" he
cried, "this wasn't in the contract." "Don't you be a
rude nigger!" shouted the White Man; and, picking
up a big stick, he hammered the Brown Man's knuckles
until he shut the window. And now, whenever the
Brown Man opens the window to ventilate his griev-
ances, the White Man hammers his knuckles until he
shuts it again.

C. E. BECHHOFFER.
As cables in code are not now permitted to be sent from Constantinople, these words are being hurriedly conveyed to the frontier for transmission. One cannot blame the Turkish Government for not taking whatever precautions it deems necessary for its self-preservation; but this one in particular will show that the situation here is not particularly calm.

The interest at the moment of writing, however, is in Berlin. We have just had the speech delivered by the Chancellor on the 9th. The speech is important; but its reception in the Reichstag was, I believe, more important still. I have never read of any occasion on which a German Chancellor was received with such jeering and lack of reverence. Especially noteworthy were the outbursts of indignation when England was mentioned, outbursts in which practically the entire House participated.

And as a matter of fact, we have the attitude of the Crown Prince, who honoured the Reichstag with his presence on this occasion. The Crown Prince, according to the newspaper reports as well as private messages which have reached me from Berlin, openly manifested his entire disapproval of the whole Moroccan settlement, and especially showed his dissatisfaction with England.

This necessitates a word or two of comment. The Crown Prince is on very bad terms with his father, the Kaiser, but he is, on the whole, popular throughout Germany. The Kaiser admires England immensely; the Crown Prince, on the other hand, speaks of England contemptuously. And as a matter of fact, we have the attitude of the Crown Prince, who honoured the Reichstag with his presence on this occasion. The Crown Prince, according to the newspaper reports as well as private messages which have reached me from Berlin, openly manifested his entire disapproval of the whole Moroccan settlement, and especially showed his dissatisfaction with England.

As it is, the dangerous temper of the Reichstag is an index to the dangerous temper of the German people at the present time. As I mentioned last week, the Prime Minister of the Reich, in connection with the alleged interview with Sir Fairfax Cartwright, our Ambassador at Vienna, said that this journal, which, from a literary standpoint, is one of the best conducted on the Continent, is not the prime mover in the present outburst. This is not true, and the immediate outlook in the Far East is not particularly calm. Nevertheless, Japan is steadily getting her troops ready, and the immediate outlook in the Far East is not particularly calm. Persia need not necessarily absorb the whole of Russia's energy, and there is a good deal of unrest on her part might bring the disruption of the Chinese Empire within measurable distance. On the other hand, if Japan interfered in China, the United States might try to interfere with Japan.

 Speaking of Russia reminds me of her demand for an apology from Persia in connection with the alleged seizure of the property of some Russian subjects. With British troops in the south and the Russians making ready to seize a couple of provinces in the north, the partition of Persia is only a matter of time.

In connection with the Chinese affair, by the way, it may be mentioned incidentally that Dr. Sun Yat Sen is not the prime mover in the present outburst. This honour falls to Yuan Shi Kai, to whom the Premier has formed a government. This man has long been notorious for knowing exactly on what side of the fence to come down; and he appears to have decided that it is possible to save the Manchu dynasty with the aid of a government on the Western model and Parliamentary representation. If we assume that the Southern Provinces can be smothered down, this task can be carried out. The Northern Provinces are in revolt against maladministration rather than against Manchusim. The task will, nevertheless, prove a difficult one, even for Yuan Shi Kai, who has in his time exhibited considerable Oriental talent as a statesman.

Portugal is once more beginning the old game of the ins and outs. Things are going on as before, with the exception of the fact that there is a President instead of a King. The latest Royalist incursion is planned for January, by which time "certain arrangements" (delightful and vague phrase!) will have been completed. In the meantime, I continue to have solemn assurances from some people on the spot that the country could not be quieter, and from others that the outlook was never more threatening. The fact is, there is a good deal of economic discontent, as there is in most other European countries, and Portugal is not the only country that can be confused with Royalism. Nevertheless, it cannot be contradicted that the Republic is still on its trial, and if the Royalists have really prepared their plans well this time they have a good sporting chance of setting their nominee on the throne. This does not necessarily mean that their nominee will be King Manoel.

Lord Kitchener is already putting various Egyptian officials through their paces; and, though there is no necessary connection between the two things, it is quite likely that the British garrison will be considerably strengthened with the abolition of the Capitulations, which is coming off shortly. In view of the impending downfall of the "Turkish City of the Desert," as it is called, and the fact that the Allies have been granted in many diplomatic quarters, it is recognised that it is more than ever necessary for this country to make sure of being able to hold the Suez Canal.

After Mr. Balfour?

By Kosmo Wilkinson.

HORACE WALPOLE has celebrated that brilliant eighteenth century term of Chatham's ascendency, during which the diarist found it necessary to ask his servant what fresh triumphs since yesterday; while at a later day, France being still in the revolutionary crucible, we have all heard about the cynical philoso-
pher who amused himself the last thing at night with speculating, under what fresh form of national government he would awake. Events, whose series may be even now at its commencement rather than its close, have of late forcibly reminded us that they are living in an age quite as kaledoscopic and as remarkable for its quick and unexpected changes as any earlier epoch that might naturally be expected to furnish a precedent for one's own. At the rate at which for some time we have been travelling, England's notification to the world of having annexed Bosnia and Herzegovina to her Empire, startling as for the moment it seemed, has long since become ancient history, entirely eclipsed since then, both in significance and novelty, by the news of Italy's belligerent entry into the war. There is at another time, by the beginning of China's transformation into a republic. As regards suddenness and moment, this sequence of surprises appropriately culminates, at least for the moment, in the sensation caused by the announcement that Mr. Balfour has ceased to lead the Opposition. And this just at the moment when the abdicating statesman's friends and foes alike were looking forward to the political functions of the coming Colston's at Bristol, or, as the latest possible date, to the gathering, a few days afterwards, of the Conservative Associations at Leeds. One of these events everybody felt certain would alloy the discontent of his followers with the Conservative chief after a fashion quite as effectual and perhaps almost as amusing as the way in which the general sense of the company assembled on a well-known convivial occasion composed—in Bob Sawyer's lodgings, Lant Street, Borough—the feud between Mr. Gunter and Mr. Noddy. Such, indeed, within living memory had been the end of so many Conservative risings against the captains appointed by the Carlton Club to organise the various lines of defence for the Altar and the Throne. Forty years almost have passed since, successively at Manchester and Glasgow, Disraeli, in two famous speeches referring to passing dissatisfactions with his management, declared that the leader of the Opposition, as much as the Prime Minister, was the choice, not of Pall Mall or Whitehall, but of the country. Since then Mr. Balfour has taken a subordinate line, merely Disraeli's successor. He has presided over the Stafford Northcote, out of existence, and has watched on the other side several performances of the same sort. For with Lord Rosebery, Sir William Harcourt and Lord Morley all sent to the rightabout within a few months after the death of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's term came, the Liberals used up as many leaders, and quite as quickly, as their opponents.

At the same time, the recent practice on what is now the Ministerial side became, many years ago, an established Conservative tradition. In the seventeenth century the game began with the most able and accomplished statesman whom the Tories then had—Lord Clarendon, the historian. His predecessor in position and in genius under the first Charles had been betrayed to his enemies and the block. Clarendon was not, indeed, handed over to the headman's tender merities, but was none the less victimised by his sovereign and his own followers. Within fifty years of Clarendon's dispatch the first man of original genius who led the House of Commons in his age, Bolingbroke, shared Clarendon's fate, and found an asylum, not in the grave, but in retirement. The next man of anything like Bolingbroke's calibre, George Canning, stood it longer than was expected, but received his death-blow in 1827. Five years, however, before then, Canning's rival, as well as opponent, his ephemeral, looked for support from the men for whose good he had spent himself in the Commons. Finding none to stand by him under the foul attack upon his honour he cut his throat. Coming down to the Victorian age, but for his horse's false step on Constitution Hill (June 29, 1850), Sir Robert Peel might, in the course of nature, have lived to receive Gladstone and Disraeli into the same Cabinet. But though he never physically succumbed to them, the attacks of the men he had so often led to victory had begun in 1846 to make his existence a burden.

Mr. Balfour's place, therefore, in political history will be by no means exceptional or unique. So far he has only shared the fate common, as has now been shown, at all times to the chief pillars of his party. That which really distinguishes his case from others is the precise nature of the tactics adopted to make his position intolerable. In Parliament, indeed, a minority has occasionally shown itself restive under his management. However, he has, however secretly, been stung from his command. His rivals of the Halsbury Club and others have indignantly repudiated the charge of disloyalty; the utmost they have ever wanted to do has been, by the application of pressure, to strengthen his hands. Even superficial readers of English history know the point in the Georgian age at which the only resistance to Walpole's long predominance was organised by the Press. Those were the days in which Pulteney, through the writers he employed upon the "Crafted Babel," contributed more to the national revival than he ever did as a debater at St. Stephen's. There is, of course, only a general analogy between the newspaper assaults contrived by the Tory leaders upon Walpole and the spirit of the journalistic criticism that has preceded the disappearance of the great Lord Salisbury's influence from his party and confronting the Ministers. Not Mr. Balfour's motives but his methods have been often perhaps sharply criticised, but never indifferently condemned by some among the organs of his party. It is a highly journalist's business to be something of a freelance; but against the "Observer's" censures may be set the sustained loyalty of the "Telegraph" and the "Standard," and the not unsympathetic monitions of the "Morning Post."

The question now to be asked, and in some degree tolerably sure to be settled, during the present week at the Leeds meeting of Conservative Associations is, After Mr. Balfour, who and what? The two considerations will proceed towards a settlement pari passu. The members of the Opposition now assembling at the great Yorkshire centre will take definite steps to secure entire freedom to local considerations in the choice of candidates for the next General Election. It was that freedom of initiative that gave Disraeli in 1874 the first working majority Conservatism had ever mustered at Westminster since the days of Peel. Six years earlier election control was dominated by local magnates, with Conservative discomfiture as a result. But in other words, the new Conservative leader will be the product of the representatives of national Conservatism assembled at Manchester this week at Leeds, nor Mr. Walter Long, or anyone else, the Prime Minister, was satisfied with his management, declared that the leader of the Opposition, as much as the Prime Minister, was the choice, not of Pall Mall or Whitehall, but of the country. Since then Mr. Balfour has taken a subordinate line, merely Disraeli's successor. He has presided over the Stafford Northcote, out of existence, and has watched on the other side several performances of the same sort. For with Lord Rosebery, Sir William Harcourt and Lord Morley all sent to the rightabout within a few months after the death of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's term came, the Liberals used up as many leaders, and quite as quickly, as their opponents.

Arrangements in the same direction are already in progress. As they advance towards completion, the personal agency under which they are conducted will have consideration. In other words, the new Conservative leader will be one who has had special experience of time and place. Though Mr. Balfour is gone, there remains, it must be remembered, Mr. Balfour's colleague, Lord Lansdowne. Mr. Walter Long is Lord Lansdowne's neighbour in their common county, Wiltshire. He has qualifications not surpassed in his own Chamber for his succession to the vacancy now existing in the House of Commons.

About one important detail there is no doubt. Neither the representatives of national Conservatism assembled this week at Manchester, nor the parties to whom the mantle of Mr. Balfour's authority descends, will encourage the cancelling of any legislation already achieved. For such a step political history affords no precedent, notwithstanding any continuance of idle talk to the contrary. Indeed, the new Conservative programme it is, therefore, absolutely certain that no place will be found for an impossibility so patent as the repeal by one political party of any measure passed by the other.
The Fraud of the Conciliation Council.

By H. Russell Smart.

The newly-formed Conciliation Council which has just held its first meeting has received that universal approval that is usually given to well-meaning incompetency. Its object is to prevent or shorten industrial troubles such as those which have recently disturbed the serenity of the comfortable classes. So far as its membership gives evidence, it would appear that the Government wishes to hold an even balance between the hostile armies of capital and labour. There is, however, an old proverb about good intentions, and unfortunately no amount of honest dealing can make inefficient machinery work successfully.

The scheme is that of Sir Charles Macara and is based on the success of conciliation in the cotton, coal and other industries employing skilled and well-organised labour. But the existing voluntary machinery is quite adequate to deal with all matters of dispute that arise between these contending parties. So long as the masters are willing to meet the official representatives of the men it is certain that every means will be exhausted before resorting to a declaration of war. Both sides will understand the questions with which they have to deal, and both know the relative strength and weakness of the other's position, conditions which must always be the chief consideration in negotiations between the contestants, for, after all, it is might and not right that settles these matters.

But the recent strikes and those that are threatening have little to do with adjustments of wages and hours based upon the rate of profits, but are questions of principle on which the contestants hold opposite and irreconcilable views, questions which can only be solved by a fight to a finish and the triumph of one over the other.

Perhaps some of the hopefulness with which the Council is regarded is due to the fact that its chairman is Sir George Askwith, whose intervention in recent labour wars has been so markedly successful. This gentleman possesses diplomatic ability of high order. Where conciliation is possible Sir George Askwith will achieve it, but even he is incapable of accomplishing miracles or calming the waters of the industrial movement. Sectionalism is disappearing, and a solidarity, of which the seamen's, docker's, and railway men's strikes are the first evidences, is taking its place.

The other instance occurred in Liverpool, where a non-unionist was taken on in a factory employing over a thousand workpeople of various trades. The whole body struck and refused to resume work until the offender was dismissed. The Irish railway strike also arose from just such a cause.

Now the justice and fairness of these two actions are certain to be judged according to the bias of the individual members of the Council. In fact, they are beyond the scope of any judicial body. They are the beginnings of a new principle in industrial organisation. Conciliation inevitably brings delay, and caused them to yield up the fruits of a gallant resistance which is the result of a fait accompli.

The Conciliation Board, though fair in its constitution, contains a danger of frustrating the aims of the new Labour movement. So evident is this, that it is a matter of surprise that positions on it should have been accepted by the trade union officials. We have just seen the Railway Commission has been used to bamboozle the railway men when victory was in sight and caused them to yield up the fruits of a gallant struggle for a shadow. This is the underlying intention of the Conciliation Council. The new strike weapon depends for its effectiveness upon the suddenness with which it is used. Conciliation inevitably brings delay, involves preparation on the part of the masters, and the men and, therefore, though its constitution is impartial, its formation is distinctly an employers' move.

It may be that in this there is a more subtle intention than appears on the surface. There is a growing tendency to penalise the striker. It only requires compulsory powers to be given to the Council to convert it into an instrument for depriving workmen of a weapon which, with all its dangers and sufferings, is yet the most effective defence Labour possesses in its armoury.

In fact, the Council is either a hopelessly ineffective body, or it is a subtle method of frustrating the new industrial movement.

In either case it is a fraud.
Triumphant Republicanism.

By V. de Braganca Cunha.

"The most disquieting fact in the present state of the world is the frequent triumph of acknowledged wrong." These words were written by a bold English thinker, and recent events in Portugal fit their meaning.

The Powers have recognised the Portuguese Republic, and the Republicans have hailed with joy the unexpected attitude of the Powers towards them. But a recognition could not decide the question whether in Portugal democracy would assume its true or spurious form. National destiny can only be decided by the genuine force and manhood of the nation.

That the Republican hoax so beautifully engineered was a success few persons will deny. But it has cost its authors dear. Their satisfaction was short-lived. They are now in a worse plight than ever.

Whether the desire to defend themselves against the "conspirators" is second in urgency to the duty of fighting each other—as unanimously declared by the Republican Press—is for the many factions struggling for dominion over each other to decide. The firebrands of the "Uniao Democratica," led by Senhor Affonso Costa, the ex-minister of Justice, may despise as much as they like the "Independentes" led by Senhor Machado dos Santos, the "hero" of Rotunda. They may continue to be not on speaking terms with the famous "Bloco," led by the ex-ministers, Senhores Camacho and Almeida. That is no concern of ours. But great national interests being also at stake, we are naturally concerned; and the greater interests of the nation cannot be sacrificed to the lesser interests of factions.

No sooner was the Republic recognised by the Powers than events of unexampled gravity occurred in Portugal. Senhor Almeida, the ex-minister of the Interior and the editor of the "Republica," whose private character, we confess, is entitled to much respect, was brutally attacked by an infuriated mob, and had to take refuge in a shop until squadrons of cavalry had to be sent for to maintain order in Lisbon. We shall not be harsh. It was the Republican first great grief: their worst instincts were now in honour of the murderers of King Carlos.

And that, when the brains were out the man would die. And then an end: but now they rise again.

But while Senhor Camacho suddenly assumed the attitude of a philosopher patronising the masses from a distance, the Republican Congress passed a motion in honour of the murderers of King Carlos. "The Congress sorrowfully salutes the memory of the great Portuguese, Buica and Costa," were the words of the motion, which was passed unanimously. We will not quarrel with the monomaniacs who saw in a ghastly crime that stained the history of Portugal the realisation of a long, sanguinary dream. Some years hence, when the history of the Republic is written by an expert in lunacy, the motion of the Republican Congress will, perhaps, raise the question: if it is usual to tie raving lunatics, why does the political world let loose nations suffering from morbid impulses?

To us, however, the action of the Republican Congress is significant. In order to arrive at a correct estimate of its gravity it is necessary to call attention to a few facts which cannot be reasoned away, and, however the champions of the Republic may explain them, go to prove that the Portuguese Republicans looked upon the recognition of the Republic by the Powers as a gift of plunder. And if the whole infamy shall be revealed to the British public.

It is a fact that since the day of King Carlos' assassination until the period we are speaking of, the Republican leaders have tried to clear themselves of the disgrace of profaning by a crime which, they knew, had turned the better elements of all countries against the murderers of the King and their accomplices. And no person was more strong in his assertions and louder in his assurances than the ex-minister of Foreign Affairs, Senhor Bernardino Machado, who now presided at the session of the Republican Congress. When the tragedy of February 1, 1908, discredited Portugal in the eyes of the civilised world, this fastidiously polished Republican leader declared that he believed in "republicanism by evolution." Again, when the Portuguese revolution had the effect of sending himself to power, and he set out with the most astonishing prudence to reconcile the nations in Europe to the change of regime in Portugal, he dischárged all the bile of indignation on the foreign Press for accusing him of being present in his official capacity at the opening ceremony of the so-called Museum of the Revolution, an exhibition of the regicides' arms and of the explosive bombs used by the Revolutionaries. Anxious to clear the Republic from the guilt of murder and to erect a respectable government, he declared to a writer who gave the account of the interview in the "Nineteenth Century Review" of last July, that the Portuguese Republicans and their intentions had been grossly abused by the foreign Press. It was a purely private exhibition organised for a worthy charity," said Senhor Machado to his interviewer. Such were the sophistries and diplomatic lies of the Portuguese Minister of Foreign Affairs, whose object evidently was not to give royalty a character of martyrdom and to the Republic that of last of blood. But once the Powers recognised the Republic, it was the duty of supreme moment to baptise it with blood. Thus with that moral cowardice so eminently characteristic of the Republican mind, the Republicans waited for a year to do homage to those who set in movement the Revolution by which the Republic lives! We have some regard for the man who professes openly the doctrine that political assassination is a legitimate weapon in the armoury of nations, and has the courage to face all the consequences, but we view with contempt castisists who as Positivists execrate political murders and attempt in their political capacity to establish the maxims of political crimes.

Be that as it may. The time has been

That, when the brains were out the man would die. And then an end: but now they rise again.

With twenty mortal murders on their crowns, And push us from our stools: this is more strange Than such a murder is."

"Macbeth," Act. III.

What future, then, does await Portugal? Is a question which arises at present. The soiled linen of the Republic has been washed in public, and the bulk of the nation has cried: "Shame! The people have seen nothing but the Republic's political parasites. Let us borrow a phrase from the Republican paper, "O Popular," "endanger" the life of the Republic more than "the legions of Conceiro," the Royalist leader. Ministries living on hand-to-mouth expedients are having such a short duration that no Minister can ever

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die in harness. The veteran Republican leader, Senhor Eduardo d'Abreu, who was for a considerable time a silent Republican, has boldly denounced the scandal of title-deeds in connection with the last loan, and declared the outlook for Portugal in the near future to be gloomy. This has convinced the body of men with whom he has been found to the wheel of party faction, that a revolution made by men whose character and opinions have been formed under the bad monarchical governments and who owe to them their training, will only lead to havoc and bloodshed.

Civil war is inevitable when we come to view the representative of the "Daily Graphic" who drew our attention to the first telegrams that reached this country in the early days of last month. But since that interview appeared it has become too notorious that some Republicans have declared that, haunted with the foreboding of a destruction of Portuguese nationality, they are ready to vindicate the country's honour in a movement that will overthrow all political tyrannies. We, therefore, repeat our conviction that civil war is inevitable, but the battle ground will have to be carefully selected.

Delenda.

By John Nicholas.

A hopeful symptom among the novels of the day—some of which the respectable libraries have obliged me to read—is a distinct if not quite a growing tendency to attack the Family. The Family, rich is the way it may be well to explain, is an institution for the isolation of youth which makes it possible to stifle enterprise, love and adventure in the eager bud.

There is an age when the spirit of youth is strong, when the heart swells at a word and the eyes glow, when all the prompter of the soul seek to con it out into the sun, and cry aloud for revolution. Love, I suppose, who makes the world go round, is at the bottom of all revolutions. "It is an age With fancy at the full, and reason Still in the bud."

Such urgent spirits as these Plato would have educated, led out, that is, into the sun, where fancy might grow strong and warm among the flowers and all beautiful things; trained by the influence of fair sights and melodies that have like the freshness of the wind from a healthy sky, bending their unconscious childhood to instinctive likeness and love and harmony with the principle of beauty.

And when the love of beauty had been stimulated, and yet more by reason, the Family, rich is the way it may be well to distinguish between true beauty and any image to which the uncritical senses might too easily respond), the Soul was led from the Garden where she had lingered in wonder, waited on by invisible servants of glowing treasures—you will remember the Garden I mean—some fruit tree or other, between the unit of intercourse and of government, the city populous in the golden plain, to mark and learn the usual puritans defending a convention as that of maternal love, yields, not, of course, in practice, but at least in theory, to a world morality and some vague imagination of the federation of man; now, indeed, the ideal of social morality held up so proudly by the Family has been submerged and again and again: it is three places removed from the truth; and yet is strong and horrid in our midst.

This progressive expansion of the sphere of social morality is a permanent law of moral evolution which has never yet been formulated, though it is the only sure guide to the history of moral philosophy. It is a sort of parallactic law of an observant deity. For it is curious that our morality has expanded as our conception of God has receded; as if the sphere within which moral, or limited, action is expected were the space which fell under God's eye. For instance, to kill Germans or Boers, but seldom Englishmen, is yielding, not, of course, in practice, but at least in theory, to a world morality and some vague imagination of the federation of man; now, indeed, the ideal of social morality held up so proudly by the Family has been submerged and again and again: it is three places removed from the truth; and yet is strong and horrid in our midst.

Plato's attack failed so completely that now it does not shock anybody; the conspiracy against youth is still overwhelming. In five years at a public school and four at a university I learned to smoke expensive Turkish cigarettes and other poisonous amusements which were formally forbidden until they became habitual. But the triumphant part of Oxford in the conspiracy is to teach a boy to read philosophy without realising that it has any meaning. "Academic" has come to mean "meaningless," because the modern university has traversed the Athenian boast of Pericles, philosophicum videtur nullam: our undergraduates, or rather our systematised graduates, may claim a contrary proficiency, and study philosophy without the manliness which would apply abstract thought to their actual environment. They may read Rousseau with impunity and procure for themselves the satisfaction of imagining theories about the corporate universe without endangering their individualism.

Such institutions, by the careful insulation of ideas, reproduce artificially one of the ordinary signs of mental senility. So Reason has no chance against the organised puritanism of common-sense, which in the knowledge of centuries of stagnant ugliness, has little difficulty in stifling Fancy and Love. Youth, with his nascent faculties aspiring to beauty, looks heavenward from the jealous thicket into which he fell from heaven: but the thorns soon spring up and choke him.

All anarchisms in the sphere of thought are poisonous, because they are dead. The Family is a stinking anarchism defended by such stupid, and therefore popular, conventions as that of maternal love, although as a matter of fact maternal cruelty and selfishness are at least equally well established.

It is still the method to teach, and the Family is defended and encouraged in teaching, the morality originally developed by a small and spiteful Jewish theocracy.

As the unit of intercourse and of government, the Family yielded in due course to the clan and to the State. And now that the State morality under which, to a large extent, we live (which encourages us, for instance, to kill Germans or Boers, but seldom Englishmen), is yielding, not, of course, in practice, but at least in theory, to a world morality and some vague imagination of the federation of man; now, indeed, the ideal of social morality held up so proudly by the Family has been submerged again and again: it is three places removed from the truth; and yet is strong and horrid in our midst.

To-day, while we dream of a law of action centred in our own hearts, and therefore universal, we lift our hands to the jealous thicket into which he fell from heaven: but the thorns soon spring up and choke him.

To-day, while we dream of a law of action centred in our own hearts, and therefore universal, we lift our hands to the jealous thicket into which he fell from heaven: but the thorns soon spring up and choke him.

Today, while we dream of a law of action centred in our own hearts, and therefore universal, we lift our hands to the jealous thicket into which he fell from heaven: but the thorns soon spring up and choke him.
The Medical Revolution.*

A CURSORY reading of this book might lead an unwaried reader to suppose that the revolution is neither im-
minent nor necessary. Dr. MacIlwaine makes so many ad-
missions that at first sight his book has only the marks of
being a thesis, and, as it appears to bear no apparent
bearing on practice. If, as he says, "the profession, out-
side the narrow circle of 'pure physicians,' now
ignores Virchow's pathology, as a basis of practice,
quite as completely as our fathers ignored the Humoral
pathology of the practical value of which we speak,
Virchow's pathology is not immediately apparent. But
if we remember that a fallacious pathology is the
scientific basis of medicine, that by its very terms it
makes necessary the modern hospital and a system of
specialism that works in a closed circle of symptoms,
that the curing practitioner is trained in the hospital
to be anything but the complete physician—one of two
things is plain. If his training is right, it can only
produce another specialist; if it is wrong, he finds him-
self, as a practitioner, compelled to deal empirically
with causes of which he has no very clear knowledge.
Voltaire said that the physician poured drugs of which
he knew little into a body of which he knew less; the
modern practitioner, who has received a 'scientific'
training in the hospital, is compelled to a similar
helplessness.

We know that the principle of causation is philo-
sophically invalid; but its practical value cannot be
gained, and it is the fundamental law of science. It
is obvious that neither curative nor preventive medicine
can be successfully practised unless the causes of dis-
ease are known; and without a clear conception of what
constitutes a disease the causes can never be scienti-
fically demonstrated. Virchow's pathology is sum-
marised in his phrase: "Every chronic disease is rooted
in an organ or a group of organs which has suffered a
change of structure." For pathology forbids the physi-
can to look beyond the morbid change of structure for the
cause of the disease; so that when certain lesions in the spinal cord
are demonstrated, after death, we are supposed to know
the cause of locomotor ataxy. That the same group
of symptoms may arise from the action of different
toxic agents, that it may also arise in cases of intrinsic
causation, matters nothing. When the clinical symp-
toms are correlated with the lesions in the spinal cord
we have a complete pathological entity." A case of the
disease has been demonstrated.

It is clear to the layman, at least, that what is
common is not characteristic; and what is not charac-
teristic is not causal. All characteristics are not causal;
but all causes are characteristic. But the pathologist,
Virchow himself, thought otherwise. A certain group
of symptoms may arise from the action of different
toxic agents, that it may also arise in cases of intrinsic
causation, matters nothing. When the clinical symp-
toms are correlated with the lesions in the spinal cord
we have a complete pathological entity." A case of the
disease has been demonstrated.

It is here that Dr. MacIlwaine makes clear his
difference. The medical revolution will take effect first
in nomenclature: the substitution of morbid change of
state for the name will precede a
date diagnosis, he has not named a true disease. The causes
are not determinate or similar; yet, according to
Virchow's pathology, the disease has been traced to its
source in a particular, and the conclusion

That the matter is not trivial a moment's thought will
convince anyone. A man is not a collection of organs,
but an individual; he has a constitution, but Virchow's
pathology ignores it. For if every chronic disease is
rooted in an organ, then treatment must be directed
to the organ. Thus, asthma was treated, only a few
years ago, by cauterising the inside of the nose; and a
distinguished specialist said that he looked forward to the
time "when every practitioner would treat every
case of asthma with the cautery." Yet one patient may
have a first attack at the age of two, caused by a con-
stitutional defect; another may have a first attack at
the age of seventy-two, when the kidneys are cihosed and the end is near. Between these two extremes lie
cases of intrinsic and extrinsic causation, some so
complex, others so definite, that it is impossible to
decide for all. We may smile at the absurdity of the reason-
ing, but the consequences in practice may be serious
enough; and the specialist thrives on his minute know-
ledge, not of the constitution, but of the organ.

With a clarity of thought not unlike Macavell's,
Dr. MacIlwaine divides diseases into those of intrinsic
and extrinsic causation. The latter sub-divides into three:
diseases caused by parasitism, poisoning, and
traumatism. But of the five classes of disease that
may be intrinsically caused, only one—incomplete de-
velopment—is recognised officially by the Royal College
of Physicians. The other four are ignored; and, instead
of a frank recognition of the existence of a constitution
morbibly affected by an environment and habits, we have a long list of "local" diseases, in the treatment of
which men specialise to the exclusion of everything
else. That neither curative nor preventive medicine
can progress to the treatment of causes instead of
symptoms until the conception of a "disease" is clear,
minds no further development. Yet the patient has resulted
in a lamentable confusion of thought; it has given rise
to a host of spurious diseases, and has made possible
the growth of a body of specialists—such as derma-
tologists, rhinologists, and neurologists—who look no
further than the organ for the cause of disease. The
return to Nature and the Hippocratic tradition means
the restoration of the physician and the recognition of
the existence of the patient; and it will, at least, make
clear the ignorance of causation which is now cloaked
by the indiscriminate use of the word "disease." Such is
the medical revolution heralded by Dr. MacIlwaine; and
it offers a prospect of hope to those who wish to
see a healthy world.

It is a fault in a reformer to want to do too much.
He must have the "tact to let external forces work
from him if he is to be sufficiently convinced that to
to change, he must apply his reforming energy to that
particular; and let the rest accommodate itself to the
alteration. For it is certain that a practical people is
prejudiced against proleptic reconstruction. It does not
believe in it, and it is the duty of the reformer to frighten it with an elaborate plan. He must
communicate the impulse. If Dr. MacIlwaine can secure the official adoption of his definition of disease,
so ore otor will be raised against his
theoretical reconstruction of the hospital system. We
will not, even for the benefit of our health, tolerate the


* "The Medical Revolution." By Sydney W. MacIlwaine.
(P. S. King and Co.)
idea of a medical inquisition of our domestic life. We would damn the doctor from the door, as we have damned the priest. Our bodies might perish, as our souls have declined; but we should at least be free from the tyranny of inspection, and an Englishman's home would still be his castle.

Those who have any knowledge of the history of medicine, who remember how, in the last century, the curative power of hypnotism was denied, and antiseptic surgery was denounced as "a Scotch lid," will not be surprised to hear that Dr. MacIwaine's proposals have been ignored by the medical profession for twenty years. That he now appeals to the profession through the laity, that he is compelled to obtain professional consideration of his proposals by attracting public attention to them, is my only justification for writing this article. My purpose is simply that of publication; for in the interest of clear thinking, no less in that of public health, his book must be preserved from ostracism.

THREE POEMS.

By Rupert Brooke.

MUMMIA.
As those of old drank mummia
To fire their limbs of lead,
Making dead kings from Africa
Stand pandar to their bed;
Drunk on the dead, and medicined
With spiced imperial dust,
In a short night they reeled to find
Ten centuries of lust.
So I, from paint, stone, tale, and rhyme,
Stuffed love's infinity,
And sucked all lovers of all time
To rarify ecstasy.
Helen's the hair shuts out from me
Verona's livid skies;
Gipsy the lips I press; and see
Two Antonys in your eyes.
The unearth invisible lovely dead
Lie with us in this place,
And ghastly hands above my head
Close face to straining face;
Their blood is wine along our limbs:
Their whispering voices wreath Savage forgotten drowsy hymns
Under the names we breathe;
Woven from their tomb, and one with it,
The night wherein we press;
Their thousand pitchy pyres have lit
Your flaming nakedness.

For the uttermost years have cried and clung
To kiss your mouth to mine;
And hair long dust was caught, was flung;
Hand shaken to hand divine;
And Life has fired, and Death not shaded,
Of moveless horror; an Immortal One
Himself not lives, but is a thing that cries;
That is the essential flame of night,
Drowned colour there, but black to hues,
As death to living, decomposes—
Red darkness of the heart of roses,
Blue brilliant from dead starless skies,
And gold that lies behind the eyes,
The unknown unnameable sightless white
That is the essential flame of night,
Lustreless purple, hooded green,
The myriad hues that lie between
Darkness and darkness! . . .

And all's one,
Gentle, embracing, quiet, dun
The world he rests in, world he knows,
Perpetual curving. Only—grows
An eddy in that ordered falling,
A knowledge from the gloom, a calling
Weed in the wave, gleam in the mud—
The dark fire leaps along his blood;
Dateless and deathless, blind and still,
The intricate impulse works its will;
His woven world drops back; and he,
Who killed, who lived between the eyes,
In a cool curving world he lies
Silent and straight the waters run.

THE FISH.

In a cool curving world he lies
And ripples with dark ecstasies.
The kind luxurious lapse and steal
Shapes all his universe to feel
And know and be; the clinging stream
Closes his memory, glooms his dream,
Who lisp the roots of the shore, and glides
Superb on unreturning tides.
Those silent waters weave for him
A fluctuant mutable world and dim,
Where waivering masses bulge and gape
Mysterious, and shape to shape
Dies momentarily through whorl and hollow,
And form and line and solid follow
Solid and line and form to dream
Fantastic down the eternal stream;
An obscure world, a shifting world,
Bulbous, or pulled to thin, or curled,
Or serpentine, or driving arrows,
Or serene slidings, or March narrows.
Those slipping wave and shore are one,
And veiled and mud. No ray of sun,
But glow to glow fades down the deep
(As dream to unknown dream in sleep);
Shaken transluency illumes
The hyaline of drifting glooms;
The strange soft-handed depth subdues
Drowned colour there, but black to hues,
As death to living, decomposes—
Red darkness of the heart of roses,
Blue brilliant from dead starless skies,
And gold that lies behind the eyes,
The unknown unnameable sightless white
That is the essential flame of night,
Lustreless purple, hooded green,
The myriad hues that lie between
Darkness and darkness! . . .

O world of lips, O world of laughter,
Where hope is fleet and thought flies after,
Of lights in the clear night, of cries
That drift along the wave and rise
Thin to the glittering stars above,
You know the sigh, the song of love!
You know the sigh, the song of love!
You know the sigh, the song of love!
You know the sigh, the song of love!

And all's one,
Gentle, embracing, quiet, dun
The world he rests in, world he knows,
Perpetual curving. Only—grows
An eddy in that ordered falling,
A knowledge from the gloom, a calling
Weed in the wave, gleam in the mud—
The dark fire leaps along his blood;
Dateless and deathless, blind and still,
The intricate impulse works its will;
His woven world drops back; and he,
Who killed, who lived between the eyes,
In a cool curving world he lies
Silent and straight the waters run.

THE LIFE BEYOND.

He wakes, who never thought to wake again,
Who held the end was Death. He opens eyes
Slowly, to one long livin' oozing plain
Closed down by the strange eyeless heavens. He lies;
And waits; and once in timeless sick surmise
Through the dead air heaves up an unknown hand,
Like a dry branch. No life is in that land,
Himself not lives, but is a thing that cries;
An unmeaning point upon the mud; a speck
Of moveless horror; an Immortal One
Cleansed of the world, sentient and dead; a fly
Fast-stuck in grey sweat on a corpse's neck. . . .
I thought when love for you died, I should die.
It's dead. Alone, most strangely, I live on.

November 16, 1911.
THE NEW AGE
59
Art and Drama.
By Huntry Carter.

When Ibsen broke with the old form of drama that had been degraded to a mere makeshift for walking gentlemen, and built the new drama out of symbolic materials, he not only revealed to moderns the possibility of casting a play in one piece, but the practicability of a new conception of intimacy. The great work thus begun by Ibsen was destined to bear evil fruit in this country. It brought to light a certain race of intimacy builders, and there has been for some years in this country a so-called "new" breed of dramatists splashing a "new" faith abroad, sworn to a "new" manner of thinking, aiming to evolve something entirely "new" of their own, whose fevered mind appears to have conceived a "new" creed (of a sort) admitting of a "new" conception of intimacy (also of a sort).

The bricks of their intimate theatre were of straw. There was to be no art for art's sake. Art must be practical; it must have an ethical and political purpose. There was to be a novel technique whose purpose would seem to be to accentuate the great excess of "what I mean." The play that was to engage the audience was to be "constructed in such a way that could be made effective upon the stage of a theatre by human agency." (For instance, a black-pudding, if it smelt savoury.) The "boundaries of the drama were to be extended to fit it for every sort of expression." (Save, of course, the only expression—the dramatic.) The action (of which the audience were supposed to be a part) was to be unconventional, made up of incoherent, disjointed conversations, a new sort of volubility rambling along what time the golden action of imagination stood still, amazed at the array of high-thinking qualities of the talk-action, wondering whether, after all, it was not closely related to the parrot tribe—that thinks too little because it talks too much. Furthermore, the audience was to be carried out of itself by sociologies, psychologies, and chop-logics presented by minds full; minds that, without sentiment, have made it a bear-garden for talking gentlemen.

Clearly such materials of intimacy had but one origin—that of the propaganda of social and political reform. The "new" creed was, in fact, ingeniously manufactured on Fabian lines by one of his Fabian new gang, who later induced one of the Fabian new gang to assist him to carry it out. The special tap of intimacy was laid down on Fabian lines for the delectation of an audience that does not object to remain in its seat till its brain has been beaten to a pulp by endless chatter and cast-iron argument. And the new drama was accordingly Fabianism; its end the greatest scrappiness of the greatest number.

As the inevitable result of this incentive to empty broken syphons, fences and flower-pots in a space that should be reserved for the swiftly-pace perfume of enlightenment, came The Views' Inheritance. The stage was endowed with a drama that totally disregarded everything connected with drama save the cackle; and neglected the physique of the theatre save as a catchpenny for intellectual midgets. Thus deprived of its birthright the theatre lost self-respect and degenerated in turn into a school, forum, platform, hotbed, nursery, for the use of didactic professors, pedagogues, propagandists, idiot instructors, moonshees and dry-nurses—all, in fact, who mistake a waste of words for a wealth of words. Indeed, the "new" intimate theatre stood to prove that if Ibsen found the drama a stalking horse for wooling gentlemen, those that came after him have made it a beur-garden for talking gentlemen.

"The Honeymoon" is a fair sample of what the word-drama has come to in the hands of novelists, pressmen, publishers' assistants, peers and benevolent cabmen. As soon as I entered the Royalty Theatre the scattered remnants of this strange hybrid hailed upon me. I turned to my catalogue for an explanation, and there I read:

The bits of scenery supplied by H. O. and Co.
The bits of furniture supplied by Tottenham Court Road.
The bits of dresses supplied by Modiste and Co.
The bits of hats supplied by the Head-Joy Co.
The bits of bronzes supplied by the Electro-plated Association.
The bits of music supplied by the persons in the sawpit.
The bits of professional gramophones supplied by various managements.
The bits of business supplied by the producer.
The bits of policemen supplied by the L.C.C.
The unreminbered bits of conversation supplied by Mr. Arnold Bennett.

I was clearly in for a great and good performance of tit-bits of which only the dialogue mattered. And this did not matter very much. I knew by instinct it would consist of the usual stuff—Society gossip on current events, and from the beginning I looked for the old familiar Views made up with sticks of two-and-a-half and Clarkson's woolly wigs. So it did not surprise me when the Views got to work in the first act on the general question: Is marriage more important than aviation? I felt it coming. And perhaps I anticipated the naiveté of the exposition of the plotless plot. It was likely there would be two Views on their honey-moon, and the Male View would maintain that half the sloppy period should be devoted to the patriotic business of conquering the blue dome and fleecy clouds, otherwise space; while the Female View would contend that it would be more to the purpose to spend the said period on the usual bank whereon the wild thyme grows and blow what time they could get as much of the conquest of the blue and fleecy as might be expected under the circumstances. It was inevitable, too, that as a clue to what she meant she would call in the aid of sundry bits of business which would suggest it was time She and He repaired to the said thymy bank. For as the end of the long confab, during which there was bound to be another View or two to go off the track (like the Swiss-milk waiter on the subject of international competition), it could of course only be something irregular. This is precisely the case, for the Views take the occasion to remind us they are not legally married. It is unnecessary; we can see it with half an eye.

It is an excuse for the introduction of further drawing-room Views in two unnecessary acts. These Views approach the limit. There is the exhausted View on woman as a work of art (personified by the unmarried wife). There is the View (by a ponderous vegetative novelist) on the novelist in the making. There is the particularly short View (by the false crying of the joy of imposture. There is the View (by the unmarried Benedict) of how to be an unmitigated bore. And there is the View (by the tea-party bishop) of how to be unnecessary though in the "piece."

To all of these Views one may say, in the words of the author, "May I beg you to tell me exactly what you mean without being too particular?"
Nine for Four.

By Beatrice Hastings

ACT I.

SCENE: An Office in the Treasury.

[Enter Mr. Welsh Collie and a Deputation of Ten. Mr. Collie wears a large dog-bellar round his waist. The rest carry sheepskin on their shoulders, but exhibit great independence in a neat little military Forehead Lock.]

THE TENTH: Our instructions are to demand a rise in grass all round.

COLL.: Pretty sheep! noble sheep! pious sheep! free sheep! British sheep!

NINE: Baa! baa! Dear dog! kind dog! Welsh dog! You're aware we love you dearly.

THE TENTH: But our comrades sent us merely To demand, De-mand more grass!

THE NINE: Things have come to such a pass That though we let our backs be sheared each season without bleating, We can't compel the fleecers to return us grass for eating.

O noble dog! we fear unless you pass a resolution To make us proper pay the herd will rise in revolution.

COLL.: Well, friends, you know my way's—Conciliation. But I can bark when needful at your masters. No slack, Balfourian, barkless canine, I! I bark—and bite; I bit them with the Budget. Did not I now? and bled them in your interests?

THE NINE: Yet your eightpenny provision I've maintained and near betrayed.

THE TENTH: To give us all more grass.

COLL.: There, he meant nothing. Do not quarrel. Let me unfold my scheme: it's very simple. It will give you everything grass could give—Health, strength, and, best of boons, security.

Three years I've spent in hermit solitude, Imploring Providence to whet my brains—It will give you everything grass could give—Health, strength, and, best of boons, security.

My wife's quite right: if I can't play their game my life's a sneeze.

You see there is no unowned grass. I can't steal grass, you know.

Well, gentlemen. I'm wasting time, I fear; I'll leave you to the fleecers, since I must.

Worthy veterans of the workers—you that, either right or wrong, With my eightpenny provision I've maintained a cherished long—Come to my aid! I'm here waylaid: misunderstood, and near betrayed.

THE TENTH: Our instructions are to demand a rise in grass all round.

COLL.: As I said, I am the boodle-bringer.

NINE: Thanks, gentles. [Cheers.]

THE NINE: Praise God!

THE TENTH: If it's a scheme to give more grass.

COLL.: Why, ingrate, all my schemes are grass-giving—(to somebody).

THE NINE: Ingrate!

COLL.: There, he meant nothing. Do not quarrel.

Let me unfold my scheme: it's very simple. It will give you everything grass could give—Health, strength, and, best of boons, security. [Prolonged cheers.]

Three years I've spent in hermit solitude, Imploring Providence to whet my brains; Nor once have wined or dined or golfed or shot, But every moment spent in studious prayer; To solve what all men found insoluble—How to make peace and plenitude prevail.

THE NINE: That's simple: give us all more grass.

[Silence.]

COLL.: The gentleman is right, and I am going to do it. [Silence.]

It makes no difference how you get the grass. To get it is the thing, or get what grass implies—Health, happiness, and certainty for all. Whereas you now go begging when you're sick, You should be safe insured to draw some grass, Or its equivalent—grass is but what grass gives. Well, now, as I was meditating underneath the stars And wishing I could melt them all for you to silver bars, I was startled (joke intended) by the title of a Bill That will positively remedy your ills and every ill. To cut the story short—I mean to rob the fleecers' till. [Cheers.]

They shall every one contribute towards a great Insurance fund

Three blades weekly—oh! I know they'll raise the deuce, be fairly stunned!

THE TENTH: But we haven't got enough to manage now on—that's the trouble!

COLL.: But if I give you nine for four, my friend, that's more than double!

He hasn't thought it over yet, he's dizzy still with shock.

THE TENTH: Fleecers who offer nine for four intend to flay the flock. You fellows don't observe the levy of the Forehead Lock.

COLL. [snarling]: Friends, you have trusted me often, Yet never have been betrayed. Think of the famous Budget, Of the great reforms I made. I taxed the rich man's land,

THE TENTH: The poor man's baccy and beer!

COLL.: I gave each day to the worn-out worker Eightpence-halfpenny clear.

THE TENTH: Fourpence a day for rent, A penny each breakfast and tea; Twopence for dinner, the rest to be spent On pleasure, absolutee.

Medicine, clothes, and coals, and candles, and soup he gave away free! [Laughter.]

COLL. [aside]: I am beset by poets and the Intellectuals. My wife's quite right: if I can't play their game my rule's a sneeze.

I'll try that tag she taught me out of Aristophanes. [Aloud.] Worthy veterans of the workers—you that, either right or wrong, With my eightpenny provision I've maintained a cherished long—

Does he think with idle speeches to delude and cheat us all?

As he does the doting elders that attend his weekly call.

COLL. [aside]: Curse this popular education—Balfour really makes me sick! [Aloud.]

For gross, ungrateful, spite-your-facing sheep, you're quite the pick. Well, gentlemen, I'm wasting time, I fear; I see that nine for four's not wanted here. I'll leave you to the fleecers, since I must.

THE NINE: No, don't that. In you we humbly trust. This upstart to the door we'll quickly thrust. He's an idle versifier, never worked at bench or fire, He's an idle versifier, never worked at bench or fire, As he's always urging everyone to think of the famous Budget, Of the great reforms I made. I taxed the rich man's land,

THE TENTH: Out, away with him! The slave! The pompous, empty, fawning knave!

Does he think with idle speeches to delude and cheat us all?

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COLL.: Oh, be gentle with him, friends. Do not kill him, do not hurt him; evil feelings now pervert him, but he's sure to make amends.

THE NINE: Suppose we put him gently off to sleep?

COLL.: That would be nice to put him off to sleep. But not just now, or here. Let him run loose; he's sure to run his head into a noose.

THE TENTH: And you—run on! You're on your destined chain. The Fates unwind, but sometimes wind again. 

[They hustle him out.]

COLL.: So now to get to business I'll be able. You'll find my gift upon your Christmas table.

[Frantic cheers.]

ACT II.


[Enter Tom and Dick.]

TOM: Hi! what did you find on your Christmas table?

DICK: Nothinsk.

TOM: Same here.

DICK: I've paid my four blades regular every week. Never been out of work, or sick, or lazy; not ever missed one payment. Something's wrong.

TOM: Same here. I wonder where you see about it?

DICK: Oh, I know that. There—at the Checker's.

TOM: Where?

DICK: There, of course. That big house there. The "Mirror"

Often has pictures of the Chancellor walking beside his kiddie to the Checker's, off to keep an eye on the book-keepers.

TOM: Well, let's go and ask. We got a right to.

DICK: Hee! I've never been in them places.

TOM: Me neither; but I'm going now, sure's I'm alive.

DICK: Alright; I'll come as far's the door.

[Enter Harry.]

TOM: Ullo yourself! Harry: Got your 'surance? No.

TOM: My good fellow, what are you talking about?

TOM: Talking about? I've paid, I've paid. I want what was promised.

HARRY: Beg pardon, sir, but that 'ere ain't likely to happen to me.

TOM: I hope not, I'm sure. I wish I could say the same. Well, I need not detain you any longer.

Harry: I wonder where you see about it?

Harry: There-at the Checker's.

HARRY: This here's been brewing. We knew it. More extra duty! [Walks off.]

SCENE II.: An Office in the Treasury.

[Secretary seated at a table. Enter Hodge, Tom, Dick, and Harry.]

SECRETARY: Well, gentlemen? [Dead silence.]

HARRY [nudging Tom]: Go on!

TOM: Er—about the 'surance, sir. It hasn't come. [Secretary seated at a table. Enter Hodge, Tom, Dick, and Harry.]

TOM: I've scraped up four by eating less'n I liked.

HARRY: That's a rum 'un.

TOM: The Fates unwind, but sometimes wind again.

HARRY: There, of course. That big house there. The Checker's.

TOM: I'm on. Why not? It's ours.

HARRY: I've paid my four blades regular every week.

TOM: Ah, ask me!

HARRY: I've paid in alright.

HARRY: D'yer think we ain't? 

HARRY: No offence, mate. I'm feeling queer about it.

DICK: Well, look here. If he'll come, I'll come—come right in.

TOM: Me neither. Where d'yer get it?

SEC.: This is not the place to find out anything.


TOM: Me a'rible, sir. I'm feeling very queer about it.

DICK: Well, he'll come, I'll come—come right in.

TOM: Er—about the 'surance, sir. It hasn't come.

TOM: And I believed that about the nine back.

HARRY: I've paid in alright.

TOM: Everything quite clear.

TOM: I've paid in alright.

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TOM: Er—about the 'surance, sir. It hasn't come.

TOM: And I believed that about the nine back.

HARRY: I've paid in alright.

TOM: Everything quite clear.
FOOTMAN: Allow me, sirs. You've dropped your forelock.

HODGE: A got mine, thank ye. A begin to see summat. A'll eat my fill the coomin' year; An' my missus and my children'll eat their fill; An' Mr. Welsh Collie'll come whistlin' to me; An' a'll vote what way I think next 'lection.

FOOTMAN: You let me alone. A'm savin' the Government's a thief! And Mr. Welsh Collie is a liar. Let me alone, by gum, or a'll show ye! [Whistles and confused shouts.]

COLLIE: Is that all? Thanks. I'll arrange some-thing.

FOOTMAN: Out with him. [They hustle him out.]

ACT III.


MR. COLLIE: A delicate business demanding diplomatic tact.

Six Insurance Commissioners determined to resign! Just the morsel I know how to swallow. I'll gobbet 'em and hand 'em back to themselves Transmogrified into pious Christians,

Praising Providence for the Chancellor of the Exchequer,

I'll moddle 'em, coddle 'em, razzle 'em and dazzle 'em. I'll oil 'em, spoil 'em, coil 'em and foil 'em, I'll riddle 'em andiddle 'em, rate 'em and placate 'em;

And if that doesn't make 'em mine I'll simply threaten to resign!

My threats of resignation never failed to seat me tighter;

As all the mud thrown at me never failed to wash me whiter,

The people simply can't believe I'm not a seraphim.

If I swear they swear I'm praying,

If I sneeze they hear a hymn.

Let 'em think you're out for boodle and the good'll But just hold on and help. I've got the schemes in tow.

1ST C.: Sir, my son directs a coal-mine, closed for lack of labour.

2ND C.: Sir, my son owns works where men draw double-pay—their favour

3RD C.: Sir, my son must sell his coverts to a speculating neighbour.

COLLIE: I want—a!—six sons of trusty men, for sinecures. I needn't beat about the bushes. Take them: they are yours.

1ST C.: Thank you!

2ND C.: Thank you!

3RD AND 4TH CS.: Thank you!

5TH AND 6TH CS.: Thank you!

COLLIE: That's the spirit. Now I thought—or—

You might go so far—

Just to please my little daughter—

As to gently murmur Baa Baa!

ALL: Baa! Baa!

MARY: They don't do it properly, daddy.

COLLIE: Oh, they will next time. Thank you, gentlemen. A most historical morning! [Exeunt the Six.]

Now run away, Mary. No more sheep coming. Big black dogs.

Biter. [Some-wow-wow!]

[She runs off. Enter a manufacturer of wooden legs.]

MAN: All congratulations, sir! The Bill is simply splendid;

Not a man among the masses but has some limb to be mended.

I've forty factories going now, and forty more in building.

You're England's glory, sir: you're sterling gold that needs no gilding.

The heights you're rising to would make a steeple dizzy.

COLLIE: That's happy! I must save it up. So long! I'm awfully busy. [Enter an Inspector from Scotland Yard.]


COLLIE: Is that all? Thanks. I'll arrange some-thing.

[Enter Inspector. Collie rings up on the telephone.]


2ND C.: But it isn't only legs; it's arms and every sort of limb, believe me!

COLLIE: Ha, ha, ha, ha! That's witty. You really must not leave me. I can't hear of resignation; though, of course, if you insist.

I'll have to muddle through with men from my inferior list.

Now help me save the country.

1ST C.: The country, sir, is lost.

COLLIE: I've saved it many a time and oft ere now.

1ST C.: But at what cost!

COLLIE: No cost to us, my friend. We simply must work hand in hand.

The moment we dissolve there'll be the devil 'on the land.'

1ST C.: Well, what do you propose?

COLLIE: I'll take your opinion;

I've several schemes in hand for maintaining dominion.

T'would waste your time to bore you with 'em now. But just hold on and help. I've got the schemes in tow.

1ST C.: Sir, my son directs a coal-mine, closed for lack of labour.

2ND C.: Sir, my son owns works where men draw double-pay—their favour.

3RD C.: Sir, my son must sell his coverts to a speculating neighbour.

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COLLIE: Is that all? Thanks. I'll arrange some-thing.

[Enter Inspector. Collie rings up on the telephone.]

McKenna's made it a bit stale. Here, I've got it: have yourself photographed bathing. Good Lord! not done that, too? Have your wife photographed bathing. What? I don't believe you: you're joking. Was she really? Well, what's left? Oh, I've got it. Send for the baby, and walk down Whitehall with it. Think what? Oh, think it's ripping! Right. I say, don't forget to-night—at nine sharp. Ta-ta, dear fellow. [Enter a Second Inspector.]

INSPECTOR: Regret to inform you, sir, of a riot in Kendal.

COLLIE: Kendal?

INSPI.: Near Carlisle, sir. Party of workers suddenly struck worse itself, "Taffy was a Welshman" and "Rule Britannia," and went off to the mountains.

COLLIE: Well.

INSPI.: Nothing, sir; but they said they were going to find a poet.

COLLIE: That might be alarming, Simpkins, if there was a poet there.

INSPI.: There is said to be, sir: one who escaped before the Sedition Bill.

COLLIE: Thank you, Simpkins. Just go and ring up Scotland Yard and enquire about the Bridge riot.

[Exit Inspector.]

COLLIE: Hello! Is that the War Office? Mobilise the troops. There's a poet up in Cumberland. Yes,—yes,—yes—at once!

[Re-enter Simpkins.]

SIMPKINS: All quiet, sir. Mr. John Pug gave his baby the bottle on the Terrace. Mob's dissolved in laughter.

COLLIE: Another respite. I mean, alright Simpkins. Good-morning.

[Exit Simpkins.]

COLLIE [writing]: Bill to prohibit the singing of "Rule Britannia." No—not yet. Bill to prohibit the singing of "Taffy was a Welshman."

CURTAIN.

Steps to Parnassus.

Thoroughness in Plagiarising.

By Jack Collins Squire.

DOUBTLESS the fault arises rather from lack of vigorous training and sound precept; but no intelligent reader of the bulk of our contemporary poets can have failed to observe that their plagiarisms, though frequent, are not quite whole-hearted. Occasionally the weakness of the flesh asserts itself, and the poet will put in a line which has been somewhat altered, or even (for such is the hardihood of some) a line which expresses in which has been somewhat altered, or even that many parts will be all to their advantage. For if the critics cannot understand your argument or detect the junction of your images they will call you a symbolist. And such at least is the devout hope of the present-writer—the following little lines, hastily strung together in the spare moments of a busy life, may be of help to many who need but a little judicious counsel to set their feet on the high-road which leads to Success and Fame:

A VISION OF TRUTH.

As it fell upon a day
I made another garden, yea,
I got me flowers to strew the way
Like to the summer's rain;
And the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
"Poor moralist, and what an thou!
But blessings on thy frosty paw,
And site shall rise again!"
Laughter that reached that fatal shore,
A highly-respectable Chancellor,
A military casque he wore
Half-hidden from the eye;
The robin-redbreast and the wren,
The Pickwick, the Owl, and the Waverley pen,
Heckety-peckety my black hen.

"Ho! bring us wine to quench our thirst!
We were the first who ever burst
Under the Greenwood tree.
Little Bo-Peep fell fast asleep
(She is a shepherdess of sheep),
Bid me to weep and I will weep,
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Then up and spake Sir Patrick Spens
Who bought a fiddle for eighteen-pence
And reverently departed thence,
His wife could eat no leas.

If an epilogue be desired, the following may perhaps serve as a useful model:

'Twas roses, roses all the way
Nor any drop to drink:

Or, again:

Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Whose goodness faileth never,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

Some readers may—indeed, very likely will—contend that in one or two places the thread of the narrative in the above lines is a little tangle. But even if that many of the lines have no obvious connection with one another.

But that really does not matter. Speaking as one who would not willingly mislead a fly, I tell my brother-poets, with the most profound concern for their welfare, that obscurity and apparent discontinuity of parts will be all to their advantage. For if the critics cannot understand your argument or detect the junction of your images they will call you a symbolist. And that will be so nice for you.

Music and Musicians.

By John Playford.

I HAVE often wondered during the last eight years whether it is humanly possible to administer the Patron's Fund in a less intelligent way than it has been administered. On Friday week I came to the conclusion that it is not. The administrators of the Fund gave a concert at the Queen's Hall, and the London Symphony Orchestra—one of the first orchestras in Europe—was engaged for the occasion. In 1893 a very wealthy manufacturer, sentimentally interested in music, was persuaded or cajoled into leaving £6,000, and in 1896 another £5,000, to the Royal College of Music, for the encouragement of young British composers and executants. And as it is the duty of a public benefactor to make known the cause for which he gives, I feel bound to say that the encouragement has been directed principally towards the pupils who can be found to fit each other metrically and with respect to rhyme. To quote once more from our rich national treasury of proverbial wisdom, "An ounce of example is worth a pound of argument." Perhaps—perhaps at least is the devout hope of the present-writer—the following little lines, hastily strung together in the spare moments of a busy life, may be of help to many who need but a little judicious counsel to set their feet on the high-road which leads to Success and Fame:
of the Royal College and its maiden aunt, the Royal Academy.

In the pages of Friday evening's programme were printed two lists of names, one of the performers (i.e., "executive artists") who had taken part in the previous sixteen concerts, and one of composers whose works had been performed at those concerts. The list of performers lists only those who have been patronised by the Patron's Fund, not more than ninety per cent. of them require no encouragement at all, and would be better without it. From my own personal knowledge I should say that most of them are quite well able to pay their rent, and save money, by their own independent means. It is not desirable that the Patron's Fund should be far-reaching, and in a sense national, a clause was inserted in the deed of gift to the effect that the benefit of the fund, though primarily for past and present pupils of the Royal College of Music, could be extended to any other British subject, whether educated at any of the musical schools or privately.

This has all the appearance of benevolence. "In a sense national" is a phrase capable of any interpretation; so is "the influence of the Fund should be far-reaching." Candidates are not warned that Sir Charles Stanford, an important member of the Board of the Royal College, has declared himself against an untempered scale, and that their compositions must not be of a style later than 1882.... If the concert on the Friday night, which I am referred may be taken as an example of the Fund's work, surely Mr. Palmer's money would have been better spent in rescue work in the London County Courts. As it is, his Fund is merely a laughing-stock amongst serious musicians. I refrain from mentioning any new composition played at that concert, except Mr. Carse's symphony, for everything else was bad or mediocre. And who in the world wants to hear a student, or anybody for that matter, play Max Bruch's Violin Concerto in G minor? That piece of music always reminds me of a half-witted lady with a trill in her hand.

The Classical Concert Society proceeds guiltily on its career. At its most recent concert Pablo Casals played the 'cello. That, of course, was an immense feather in the cap of a latter day lute. Just the other day the new publishing firm of Stainer and Bell, Ltd.—no Stainer and no Bell, I am told; but a well-known professor and a famous baritone—has issued a "Communion Service" of his. This is the sort of stuff a man needs no encouragement to write; it is fashionable and vulgar, and, in my opinion, slightly irreverent. Mr. Hubert Bath has given himself over to the sale of "royalty" ballads. Mr. Arnold Bax is a member of a very well-to-do family, and he ought to do without the Patron's Fund; he should himself persuade the public that his music is worth paying to hear, or let the public have it for nothing. Mr. W. H. Bell is a professor at the Royal Academy and has directed the pageant music at St. Albans and the Festival of the Empire; he also should stand on his own feet. Mr. York Bowen is another professor at the Academy; his compositions are brilliant, but ordinary. Mr. Frank Bridge is, with Mr. James Friskin, one of the darlings of the Royal College. In Mr. Bridge's compositions usually there is spirit without intelligence; in Mr. Friskin's there is intelligence without spirit. Mr. Arnold Bax has a name in the finishing touch to her unconscious argument against those fellows by playing, a few minutes later in the same afternoon, pieces by Martucci and Sgambati. These two are moderns; they are not famous, but they wrote like musicians, not like schoolmasters. At the same concert a performance was given of a clarinet sonata by Brahms. This struck me at the time as a conclusive argument in favour of suppressing the Classical Concert Society. I yield to no man in my admiration of the best work of Johannes Brahms; but this sonata is a boite noir. Its very ugliness seemed to be accentuated by the raucous clarinet playing of Mr. Gomez.

Another familiar figure at the Society's concerts is Mr. Donald Francis Tovey. In conjunction with Señor Casals he played, on Wednesday, a sonata by Julius Röntgen for piano and 'cello. The sonata was a fair example of good professors' music, always immaculate and very seldom inspired—but, however, than most things of its kind. Probably if any other than Casals had been playing it would have made no impression. He alone seemed, on Wednesday, to play it with any sense of freedom, the pianist trotting along like a good old 'bus horse, and no pranks. Mr. Tovey's playing of the "Waldstein" sonata is surely unique. I have too much respect for metronomes to compare it to one of those eloquent instruments; but I wonder what Beethoven would have thought of it?

A plebiscite programme should be an interesting thing always. Mr. Wilhelm Backhaus, whose audiences are largely composed of ladies' schools, is a pianist of delicate sensibility. On Thursday, last week, he played a programme drawn up by a plebiscite of his adherents. The programme contains Raff's "Prelude"—the only thing I know of the Russian's that is worth listening to and even it is now badly hackneyed—the "Moonlight" and "Appassionata," sonatas of ...
Beethoven, the “Andante and Rondo Capriccioso” of Mendelssohn, the “Papillons” of Schumann, three Chopin and three Liszt pieces. I don’t know whether the ladies’ schools have had anything to do with his development, but there was, I think, four or five years ago, when it was a pleasure to hear Mr. Backhaus play a valse of Chopin. Now his artistic boundary would seem to be Mendelssohn; his Beethoven is better left undiscovered.

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The recent productions of Sir Frederic Cowen’s “masterpiece” (advertised as such) entitled “The Veil,” and a first symphony by Dr. Wallfrod Davies, have left English music in the same state it was in the week before last.

REVIEWS

The Case of Richard McConnell. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. (Smith, Elder. 6s.)

The other case, the one which will sell the book, is of Hester, the Rev. Richard’s ward. She provides the sexual scandal. Some time or other somebody’s reproductive system took the wrong turning; and while we sit about with Mrs. Ward’s characters in their drawing-rooms, we are speculating—which is the sort of woman does the illegitimate child of a pair of these ladies and gentlemen; and the reader is skilfully led to think ill of first one and then another perfectly respectable name, for all one the world as though some village beldame were relating her suspicions. The novel is dull.

Father Maternus. By A. Haussuth. (Dent. 6s.)

The publisher reviews this novel for us on the cover. In one chapter he lectures Messer Santi (Angelo) on morals and models!

Buble Fortune. By Gilbert Sheldon. (Dent. 6s.)

A buccaneer tale of the time of the South Sea Bubble. It is badly written, but we are tired of rascals and girls in men’s clothes.

The Disputed Marriage. By Lilian Street. (Dent. 6s.)

A tale of modern society, all in letters—307 pages of letters between people one would never drop more than a post-card to. If, after reading twenty pages, you open haphazardly at any one further on, you have not an inkling which of our circulationists is writing that direction. The cover says that “the witty by-play is sufficient of itself to lend interest to the book, even apart from the deeper interest of the plot.” Evidently we did not get deep enough.

Broken Arcs. By Darrell Figgis. (Dent. 6s.)

This time, “The plot itself, apart from . . . should maintain a very deep interest.” Mr. Figgis’s clichés are nearly rival that author of the other week, who wrote a whole book in them. They are made even more noticeable by perfectly desperate attempts at original phraseology: such tediums as “strait opinions and swift, unerring judgments . . . complete purity . . . a moral career . . . the world . . . chiepest luminary . . . first flush,” etc., contrast with conceits like “she flowed with continuity of curve, decorative of apt proportion”; and “Does the preternatural sixth sense . . . come with the bearing of child?” He has few fault of the sex. We have never observed any, we reply to this indelicate question; but we might easily have overlooked them.

The Benson tribe have inflicted enough scribbling on the world to merit the honour of satirical parody, but “A Sweeping” is a German monk bent on saving the world, and, at least, his author’s opinion, is qualified for the task. In one chapter he lectures Messer Santi (Angelo) on morals and models!

A Sweeping. By the Author of “Letters to My Son.” (Unwin. 3s. 6d.)

The Benson tribe have inflicted enough scribbling on the world to merit the honour of satirical parody, but “A Sweeping” is too mild to be effective and too fluent to be severe. Parody is a form of art and requires to be handled with extreme care. Satire is even more delicate in its demands. The author of “A Sweeping,” however, appears to think that anything that comes into his head is good enough to make a parody and satire. She rambles on after this fashion: “Elbows is like nothing else in the world. He is a rainbow; a rainbow whose mother was a chameleon and whose father was a German band. And that accounts for so limited a part of him, that one’s curiosity drives one to speculate
as to the nature of his earlier antecedents. If on the
maternal side his grandfather was not a Hogsherd, he
was married in a family that was garrulous of a well-oiled
typewriter. There is no form in it, no purpose, and consequently no effect from it. Satire should be made to kill.

The Doll. By Violet Hunt. (Paul. 6s.)

What the doll has to do with this story we do not
know, but certainly the atmosphere of the book is no
place for a doll. Miss Agate, the child of a divorcée,
leaves her guardians on her twenty-first birthday and
joins her mother. She finds her a celebrated novelist
and suffragist, but still so unsatisfied that she is on the
eve of being divorced by her second husband, Co No. 1.
Her twenty-one-year-old daughter, however, saves the
situation by proposing to the potential Co No. 2 and
marrying him. After reading this story we are compul-
sed to exclaim, What an imagination! We thank
our stars that even in nightmare so sale a plot would
not occur to us.

The Lotus Lantern. By Mary Finlay Taylor. (Paul. 6s.)
The sexual infatuation of a military attaché of the
British Embassy at Tokyo with a native geisha-girl
would not in real life have expectations of marriage;
and we do not see why it should in a book. No affection
than sex conceivably exists between a British
bounder whose conversation, when it is not slang, is
rant, and an imaginary Japanese girl who talks like a
dull baby. Save for the outlandish words and one or
two outlandish characters, the story might have been
set anywhere. Of Japan we learn nothing, and of
Japanese women we learn what we hope is not true.
Lafcadio Hearn’s letters should warn novelists off these
mixed marriages.

The Revenues of the Wicked. By Walter Raymon. (Dent.
6s.)

No good, we are sure, will come of marrying the
village girl Thomasine Scutt to young Squire Philip.
Isaac Cledworth might not have been the pick of the
village boys, but he understood his kind better than
Philip ever would. But why trouble about them? They
carelessly live through an hour’s reading. We have
already forgotten them.

Love in Manitoba. By E. A. Wharton Gill. (Swift.
6s.)
The author, we are told, has opened a “fresh field of
fiction.” But there is no cause for alarm. The more
the field of fiction changes the more it is the same.
The Swedish colony in Manitoba has, apparently, no
character of its own, for the usual love-making, inter-
rupted by the usual difficulties, culminates in the usual
wedding scene “such a thing as marriage” has come to be associated exclu-
sively with the preliminaries of marriage. The setting
is unimportant.

A Question of Latitude. By L. B. Luffman. (The
Bodley Head. 6s.)

Miss Mainwaring left the luxury of Severn Court,
England, to live with her uncle in Armadale, a suburb
of Melbourne, Australia. The change is distressing to a
girl who has been brought up to live in a quiet town;
but love comes, of course, to her assistance. She
marries the drover, Heron, only to discover afterwards
that he is the nephew of Sir Roger Heron, of Vere Hall,
Cheshire, England; so the change of latitude again
becomes imperceptible.

The Ealing Miracle. By Horace W. C. Newte. (Mills
and Boon. 6s.)

When a miracle occurs twice it resumes the state
of coincidence. The sudden exchange of personalities
between Mrs. Teversham-Dingle, the suburban lady,
and Miss (or Mrs.) Swallow, recalls the case of Multi-
tude, father and son, in Anstey’s “Vice Versa.” In
the latter there was plenty of humour, as well as veris-
militude, to keep the illusion going; but Mr. Newte
has no humour and only a somewhat acid observation.
No character emerges clearly from the canvas.

Earth. By Muriel Hine. (The Bodley Head. 6s.)

Earth is, of course, symbolic, and stands, as our
readers know, for sex and procreation and the family
life generally. Diana is at first disposed to the
angelic life, but after one or two encounters with men
she concludes that she “cannot stand aside, sexless, in
Mother Nature’s scheme.” The first serious proposal,
however, shocks her. “Ripple” (Major Kill) behaves
coarsely. A sample of humorous ingenuity is evi-
dent between this incident and her conversion to the
complete gospel by Otto Evrins, the painter. He
complains of this age that in it “sex is out of date, we’re all
so moral now, where we aren’t degenerate.” And
having started on a bad old way, the hickory-nut is
naturally cantered into a eulogy of maternity. “With-
out Maternity, where would you find the Madonna,
Mother of Christ...? Give earth, Diana, give earth.”
“Ripple” returns, and the concluding words of the
story are these: “Kiss me, Tony!” Here voice thread
him. So Diana ‘gave earth.’” Sloppy earth is mud.

each.)

A touch of W. W. Jacobs’ and Frank Stockton’s
humour redeems the novels of Mr. Lee from utter con-
demnation. But the admixture of transcripts of life or as works of art. “The Widow
Woman” appears in its fourth edition and with illustra-
tions by Mr. C. E. Brock. “Dorinda’s Birthday” is
described as a Cornish idyll. Poking uproarious fun,
or nothing quite so, at the things youthful girls do for a
man who can at least write. But the Scottish
Kairyald School, we suppose, was bound to find soil in
English counties.

Motley and Tinsel. By John K. Prothero. (Swift.
6s.)

Miss Prothero has made a skilful and witty use of the
absurd action for libel brought successfully against
her story while it was running serially. In place of the
names formerly adopted she has obtained permission
to use the real names of some of her characters: Mr.
Bell, Mr. Cecil Chesterton, Mr. Barry Pain, etc., etc.
The interest thereby given to the story is a little bizarre,
and necessitates a new orientation of the readers’ con-
ception of these celebrities. But it must be admitted
that, without this interest, the story would be rather
flat. Miss Prothero apparently knows stage-life inti-
ately, but she has chosen to envelop it in an atmos-
phere of melodrama and sentimentality which properly
belongs to the front rather than to the back of the stage.

The Blue Bird. (Methuen. 21s. net.)

Looking through the twenty-five illustrations in colour
by Mr. Caley Robinson, which, his admirers must con-
clude, fulfills the definition of the ‘Blue Bird,’
we feel sorry for the two juvenile stars. Either through
accident or design their life on the whole has been
monotonous. Like John Stuart Mill, who swallowed
Latin and Greek with his teething powders, they have
been fostered on dead classics till all the joy of life and
spontaneity have gone out of them. The cast of their
minds, as pictured by Mr. Robinson, is accordingly
static, severe, cold, unemotional and disjointed. They
themselves have the appearance of a pair of well-bred
little prigs who could not by any manner of means
spatter a sheep. They have strange visions. One is a blue ship with a sea-sick moon hoisted at the
yard-arm, approaching a Greek portico. The classical
“Dance of the Hours” takes place while they them-
soever stand shivering on the bed afar off. They see
the #"Welter" symbolised in the form of an academic head
of Mary Magdalene. They see, too, the “Land of
Memory” with the eyes of two unhappy young persons
whom imagination has deserted long ago. Their
colourless minds get to work in the foreground, cover-
ing it with spring crops. They become more and more
healthy and happy with the two old dodderers on the bench.
They are more at home in “The Graveyard,” which,
accordingly, is more simple and dignified. But the
“Spirit of the J. ees” is too much for them. The
trees are fantastical; the spirits are not except in the wrong direction. No, we cannot accept Mr. Robinson's children and their classical vision. We shall have to send for the Moscow child-dancers and ask them to produce their wonderful imagination, spontaneity and movement which seem to us to be the instruments wherewith to teach human manners.

A Tour Through Old Provence. By A. S. Forrest. (Stanley Paul. 6s.)

This book presents the author in two parts—as a chronicler of small beer and an illustrator of much pickles. Mr. Forrest sees his subject from conflicting points of view. He has conceived the notion of wandering through Provence pen in one hand and pencil in the other. But what pen saw it forgot to communicate to pencil. As a result, we have pen going it in the following fashion: 'The stream, falling river, with unruffled surface, breaks into sound as it rushes past these remaining piers.' (The reliefs referred to are those of Pont St. Benezel, Avignon.) 'The gurgling swish of the hurrying waters and the sparkling little ripples, etc.' Facing this is pencil calmly announcing that, if it has no use for the water, it is the proprietor of the gurgling swish, but it prefers a liquid without histrionic talents, with some scraps of a bridge, boats, trees, by way of a relish. Elsewhere we discover the text defending the inheritance of Raymond of Toulouse against the meaninglessness of ownership of a modern 'Countryman' standing in the margin. Further on, the ancient Château de Tarascon is forced to go on explaining that 'its moat is now dry,' with a half-page picture of a well-stocked public 'bar' consoling it with the pathetic words, 'Sing on, my boy! We don't care.' It is completely impossible to read a book built on these lines. The friction is too great, even suppose its matter called for serious attention. But it does not. It is a Provence from the point of view of a relic hunter. The author has been to Orange and he writes of Roman ruins. He has lived abroad under the present renascence of open-air aesthetics. The half-tones announce that Old Provence is sick with London Fog.

Sugar-Beet. By "Home Counties." (Field Office. 6s.)

Sugar beet has been the subject of so many fictions, that it was certainly well worth while that someone should . . . lay bare once and for all the whole of fact—a respectable substratum as will be seen—upon which they have been founded. The way in which Mr. Robertson Scott has achieved his purpose makes a welcome break with English custom in dealing with such questions. 'We have gone on far too many years uttering generalities of approval or disapproval of sugar-beet growing . . . or pottering with experiments. There must have been not far short of five thousand of them—doing everything, in fact, instead of studying the subject at first hand on the Continent, where there are sugar-beet growers . . . with generations of practical experience and profit-making behind them, and a sugar-beet literature and journalism of surprising extent and thoroughness.' For sugar-beet read aforesaid, land reclamation, with anything else in rural economy, where we are half a century behind Western Europe, and the statement applies equally well. The upshot of the national colour is that even if farmers get the price that a well-managed factory can presumably afford to pay, they will do as well in Holland, provided they grow the beet with the same intelligence and skill as the Dutchmen. This is rather a large order, for no factory yet exists. So far as we can gather from the figures put before us, it takes £150,000 to £100,000 to equip one, while the profits would range between four and seven per cent; not a great deal for a new and speculative enterprise. As an investment for the public there is not much in it.

The real advantage of sugar-beet is indirect. The necessary deep ploughing and careful manuring, with the corresponding high farming, should increase the yield (and the profits) during the crop rotation, and thus make arable land more valuable. Much labour, too, is required that will help to repopulate the countryside. But these collateral advantages cannot be reaped in the shape of cash returns by outside investors. Nor is it mainly the concern of the farmer, unless our system of land tenure is altered, to find capital for new methods of husbandry. It is, therefore, up to the landlord and his friends to provide the money for the factory and cottages. If a venture on a suitable commercial scale succeeds, the public can be attracted on a basis of philanthropy at five per cent. State aid should be limited to scientific advice and, more doubtfully in the author's view, to a remission of the excise duty for five years.

It should be borne in mind that sugar, unlike milk, butter, fruit and vegetables, is easily stored and transported. For the area of cane sugar, of which the production is rapidly increasing, is capable of wide extension, while that for beet has nearly reached its limit. It is a question, therefore, whether in any given locality a group of landlords would not do better to sink their money in modern dairying or fruit farming; while from a national point of view afforestation and the extension of co-operative methods are far more urgent. In any case, sugar-beet is only likely to succeed in a few areas in Eastern and Southern England, and is not a matter of much public interest until a successful factory experience has been gained.

The Complete Billiard Player. By Charles Roberts. (Methuen. 10s. 6d.)

This is teaching billiards by book. The bulky, technical manual is prepared to take 'the reader who knows nothing about the game and lead him on without a break till he can make breaks of considerable dimensions.' We infer that the reader must have an instinct (or this sort of thing is done) without all the text books in the world will not make him a George Grif. Given the instinct, a little of Mr. Roberts' wide experience, as set forth in text, diagrams, photos, facts and figures, should enable the novice to carry on the Robertsian tradition and delight strenuous sportsmen with the vision of two big men pushing three little balls about with long sticks, as Thackeray might have said. The volume needs an index.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Railway Nationalisation.

Sir,—Mr. Emil Davies' suggestion in his letter of the 3rd instant that to facilitate nationalisation of the railways, the debenture-holders and shareholders shall find the purchase money by loans to the State. Some of them would probably do so, but whether they were paid in cash or government securities the purchase must be made on the basis of Consols at 78.

The security of the railway profits would be illusory, as the railways at the hands of the State would soon become merely an administrative branch of the Government carried on for the convenience of the country, and just paying working expenses.

The State would require to add about 1,400 millions to the National Debt—if it could find tenders to that amount, which I venture to think is more than doubtful with our finances under the present management. As regards profits of production, I have carefully perused the London share list, and find few companies paying more than 5 per cent. during last year, and most of them paying less.

I am afraid that I failed to Mr. Davies by using the polite term "commercial representative." I was trying to picture to myself a British State employee in the useful rôle of commercial traveller calling upon foreign stockholders to solicit orders.

The request in my first letter, dictated by a sincere desire to see some practical suggestion, was for the well-defined outline of a scheme for raising wages without adding to selling prices, thereby increasing the cost of living to the home consumer and destroying our foreign trade. The State cannot accept State ownership of all the means of production as a solution of my problem.

O. HOLT CALDICOTT.
CATHOLICS AND FREEMASONS.

Sir,—M. de Remeuillac and myself seem to differ upon the meaning of the term "secret society." A society may indulge in political intrigue and refuse to give an account of its wealth without being a "secret society"; otherwise the British Cabinet and Army, both of which indulge in intrigue and in dissipation of considerable secret funds, would both come under that heading. The criterion is secrecy of membership. A society is a society to which your best friend might belong without your being aware of it. That applies to the Freemasons: it does not apply to the Jesuits.

As for Remeuillac's statement that "the account in the 'Encyclopaedia Britannica' is a fair summary of the historical record of the Jesuits," there is only one reply. It is not. M. de Remeuillac had better read history elsewhere than in the cyclopaedias. Like all fighting organisations the Jesuits have a lot to answer for, but the "E. B." account is merely the indiscriminate compounding of a fact. What possible relevance Titus Oates has to the character of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand I am afraid I do not understand. I suppose I must explain. It has the same relevance that a Jesuit has to a jam tart.

Sir,—May I draw the attention of every thinking man and woman in this country to the imminent danger of retrogression in the movement of China? I refer to the so-called United Universities' Scheme for the establishment of a University for Central China. The object of this scheme is to collect funds, so far as I am aware, has appeared in the "Times" (November 4), and I find in the same issue a letter from three representatives of this movement. It is, indeed, as everybody ridulously and correctly says, an advertisement for charity. We chaste Chinese, ought to welcome such a kind offer under such a beautiful name and yet to accuse the scheme as to which the advertisement was followed up. It reflects somewhat upon the up-to-dateness of architects that so intelligent an one as "D. B." appears to be should nevertheless need to be instructed in this matter. Like all the rest, however, he probably regards an article in the "Daily Mail" by Mr. Hamilton Fyle as the sole criterion of publicity.

Sir,—May I draw the attention of every thinking man and woman in this country to the imminent danger of retrogression in the movement of China? I refer to the so-called United Universities' Scheme for the establishment of a University for Central China. The object of this movement one finds, below a list of names of many eminent men, such words: "Its appeal is not only to patriotic, philanthropy and religion, but to practical and commercial interests, and the promoters of the scheme are justified in anticipating a wide and liberal response." (The italics are mine.) The scheme is again claimed as a "measure of self-preservation which England and America cannot afford to neglect." In the letter to the "Times" one is surprised to find that the "Times" do not condemn "collectivism" as will by its own dynamic force change the very nature of our industrial system, the "practical" scheme which is not pure charity is worth a moment's consideration. Each and all are foreclosed to failure, and it is only necessary to reduce them to practice to destroy their illusion. Nevertheless, these "practical" schemes do serve a useful purpose. They do not achieve what they were designed to achieve. But they do disillusionise people, and a complete realisation of the necessities of our industrial system, the "practical" scheme which is not pure charity is worth a moment's consideration. Each and all are foreclosed to failure, and it is only necessary to reduce them to practice to destroy their illusion. Nevertheless, these "practical" schemes do serve a useful purpose. They do not achieve what they were designed to achieve. But they do disillusionise people, and a complete realisation of the necessities of our industrial system, the "practical" scheme which is not pure charity is worth a moment's consideration. Each and all are foreclosed to failure, and it is only necessary to reduce them to practice to destroy their illusion. Nevertheless, these "practical" schemes do serve a useful purpose. They do not achieve what they were designed to achieve. But they do disillusionise people, and a complete realisation of the necessities of our industrial system, the "practical" scheme which is not pure charity is worth a moment's consideration.
vegetarianism, labour problems, and lastly religion. I explained that though we may not believe in religion (I mean Christianity) as our end, at least we may take it as a means. So many simple-minded people find consolation in it! Would you wonder if some sensible, if not faithless, friend once retorted: "Do you always attain any end by improper means?" And the volley of words is too much for me and too long for me to narrate here.

The next step to inquire whether the university is a religious institution. It is claimed that "the promoters of the university will welcome the foundation of other hostels, both Christian and non-Christian." The advertisement says "the presence of the university in Christianising China in the future will no doubt be enormous." Let me quote what has been declared by the author of "Changing China," who is supposed to have conducted the movement for years. In the American "Outlook" (January 14, 1911) be wrote as follows (no doubt he has made an appeal in this country but I was not able to get the original):

In fact, the whole faculty would be in full sympathy with missionary ideals. The university would teach knowledge from a Christian, but a non-sectarian, point of view, while it is hoped that the greater bulk of the hostels would be denominational. I am sure that the university will be essentially an educational body, controlled by educators in sympathy with Christianity, and whose desire it is to assist, not to hinder, the wonderful work the missionaries are doing; and that the hostels, on the other hand, shall be controlled by missionaries or by other bodies whose object it shall be to assimilate the best in the great tomes which are undoubtedly founded upon Christianity, and which therefore in most cases must be taught by those who have a sincere faith in Christianity. Now Christianity has been introduced to China for centuries for the purpose of the day: Nestorians; protestantism itself celebrated its centenary a few years ago. I do not deny the fact that the Chinaman has nothing, no history, medicine from those Early Christians, and no Chinese, I am sure, will be ungrateful to such men as Matteo Ricci, Adam Schall, etc. Many missionaries of to-day have, as many would say, done something, as the Fathers of early Ming's dynasty did, but what a poor comparison! In metaphysics, one has never gone beyond the pale of scholastic philosophy; in social science, genuine Western philosophy, and lastly, but gradu- ally, genuine Western art, but not through the missionaries! The educated Chinese of to-day appreciate Tolstoy and Andreiff, admire Oscar Wilde and probably Antoine France, criticise Schopenhauer and Nietzsche, and perhaps mock Maeterlinck and Bergson. The educated Chinese of to-day appreciate Tolstoy and Andreiff, admire Oscar Wilde and probably Antoine France, criticise Schopenhauer and Nietzsche, and perhaps mock Maeterlinck and Bergson. The "Education" in China is far from bad even the whole barter of a short account of courtesy to those readers who have not been accustomed to regarding the "Letters to the Editor" in the light of an advertisement column. I do not think the shallow-witted individual could fall to see the four little letters Ad-vt., between the lines of Mr. Tranton's communication, and though the news he imparts may be hystically exciting, surely we may rely on you, sir, to retail for us any interesting development of the New Drama movement. Personally I find the news that Mr. Huntly Carter's articles "are receiving the careful attention of Mr. Basil Davenport," not altogether surprising nor am I convinced that all of us are receiving them with careful attention, and have been doing so for some time, without hanging day-bills and prospectuses on the wall: or writing to the papers about it. As far as I can see, the very piece of intelligence Mr. Tranton has omitted from his letter which is not contained in the ordinary theatrical day-bill is the prices for admission.

Is the new Liverpool Repertory Theatre already catching that infection which has reduced its Art Gallery to a Review of Christmas Pictorial Supplements?

HAROLD B. HARRISON.

REPERTORY THEATRE.

SIR,—I think one of the greatest factors of the success of the New Age has been its habit of outspoken, unbiased and unmediated criticism. Therefore, and for this reason, I and a large majority of my fellows have learned to respect the paper. Consequently, when I see such a letter as that of Mr. Chas. D. Tranton's, which appeared in your current issue, I feel that some explanation should have been made out of courtesy to those readers who have not been accustomed to regarding the "Letters to the Editor" in the light of an advertisement column.

A MODEST PROPOSAL.

SIR,—I have a very valuable proposal to make to you in the interests of morality and religion. Ever since the Naps and Dagoes attacked the Turks we have been constantly informed by the daily Press that: "We are a great Mohammedan power." Then why not carry the religion of the Prophet as the religion of the Empire? For, consider for a moment, sir, what we should gain thereby. Egypt and the Soudan reconciled and content; the virile Mohammedan population of India bound to us by stronger ties than those of mere self-interest: not to mention the innu- merable Chinese professors of this religion, the Afghans, and the whole population of North and Central Africa, the hardy sons of the Arabian desert, and last, the brave, athletic, fighting Turc, our friends.

There are, moreover, further advantages to be considered. No more licensing legislation would be required: "Thou shalt not drink wine or fermented liquor" would automatically become the law of the land. We would assist in bringing over the noble army of teetotallers to the side of a religious condominium.

The open instead of the cryptic practice of polygamy would make for "righteousness" and tend to raise the moral of the nation, and thereby consolidate the Noncon- formist conscience, and also that of the Bishop of London, or the champion of the great Eastern sect of Monothe- ism, the Court of Rome. "Thou shalt not commit adultery." "Rejoice, thou barren that bearest not" would be heard in the land—for no gentleman would deny his wives the right of motherhood once in a way—and the cry of the Superfluous Woman would be hushed. At least, let us hope so.

Nobody would suffer by the change, except perhaps the politicians; but, Mr. Editor, there is no rose without a thorn, and we must endeavour to bear with this one, for the sake of the greater benefits accruing.

A short Bill could easily be drafted and run through the Single Chamber with the rapidity of an Insurance Measure. Mr. Redmond, could, doubtless, be persuaded to compel his party to vote for it. In the Upper Registry Office the Bench of Bishops are thus: 'Hope is not lost; we may yet waken the soul of the New Theology, why the devil should they? Yet even if they did, the Noble Five Hundred, or the five hundred New Nuncnem coule easily be bought by the franchise."

I hope that after considering its numerous advantages you will see your way to initiate a campaign in favour of my proposal.

HAROLD B. HARRISON.

RUBBER AND WHEAT

SIR,—Within a short time industrial chemistry will be enriched with a new and beautiful process—beautiful for technical reasons which would be out of place in your columns and new as being the forerunner of the practical
application of forces which at present are only vaguely understood, and the use of which we unhesitatingly accept. If we put spongy platinum into oxygen and hydrogen, it makes the two combine into water. If we put the yeast fungus into a solution of sugar, it breaks up the sugar and makes alcohol and carbonic acid gas. How they do it we do not know: it is in some way connected with their "zymogen activity." In the same manner the vital activity of a cell or the fermenting power of a rubber which we find in the sap, and this ferment, too, can be extracted; and if we treat it kindly and supply it with materials with which it is competent to work, it will make as much rubber as we like. Some trees make better rubber than others, and it is from such trees that we can get our ferment; and, further, having the control of the process in our power, we can avoid including in the final result other deleterious ferments, such as swamp us and make our lives a misery. But the discovery of the yeast plant and the microbes has still left us as far as the subject embraced. Where the inquiry will lead it is hard to say, for now it seems that ferments—unorganised ferments—are responsible for nearly everything that makes a living organism grow, and for the control of the processes in our power, we can avoid including in the final result other deleterious ferments, such as swamp us and make our lives a misery.

The fact remains: a philosopher named Aristotle, having considered the question of the nature of life, denied that everything changed and moved, and affirmed that the same attribute cannot at the same time belong to both objects and ends. The one who denied this was the most certain of all principles, that regarding which it is impossible to be mistaken. For "T. H. E. H.," however, "if reality is a becoming," things are "certain" or determinate. The most uncertain and unattainable of all conclusions.

HORACE B. SIMMONS.

BERNARD SHAW.

Sir,—I really must enter my protest, and as one who, from the very first number, of the "New Age," has received on the whole, education and delight every Friday in reading its strenuous and live articles. Any public man looming as large as does Shaw is, I suppose, considered "fair game," but, I think, and many friends agree with me, that your last issue contained the low limit.

"The Gospel of the Body and Face" seems to us not merely gross, but unfair, because it is untrue. Now, I suppose, the invention of the yeast plant and the microbes has still left us as far as we ever from knowing how these things happen. To make curds and whey it is not necessary to take the cell from the stomach but only the rennet which the cell has made; and however, every cell makes no curd; and given a cell we will curdle as much milk as we like. A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump.

In the early days of inquiry along these lines many other examples were found, mostly connected with digestion in animals: peptic, trypsin, etc. Next it was found that the juice of the papua fruit, papain, could do what peptic juice could not do, and that a "zymogen" or ferment, and so forth seem unaware of the revival.

Perhaps therefore your readers might like a short description of the principal one, which is some two miles to the north of Copenhagen. About two acres of land have been boarded round on the seashore. The water here is so clear and transparent that it is possible to see the most minute forms of plant and animal life. The water is so clear and transparent that it is possible to see the most minute forms of plant and animal life. The water is so clear and transparent that it is possible to see the most minute forms of plant and animal life. The water is so clear and transparent that it is possible to see the most minute forms of plant and animal life.

The younger men are often lying about letting their bodies drink in the sunshine, while the youngsters are playing, and this is the new method."
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