

we call progress improves the food and the shelter, modifies the clothes, elaborates the sex relations and the code governing companionship. With each step forward the cruder methods become more actively disagreeable, and only the refined methods prove agreeable. In other words, desire keeps pace with improvement, so that although great advances materially have been made, there has been little advance, if any, in contentment. This is because as we progress in refinement little things come to be important, manner becomes more essential than matter, and we get to the hyperæsthetic stage.

Thus the dinner becomes less important than the manner of serving it. In the "highest circles" it is the *savoir faire*, the niceties of conduct, that count more than character. Words become the means of playing with thought rather than the means of expressing it, and thought itself scorns the elemental and fundamental and busies itself with the vagaries of existence.

From another angle, to the hyperæsthetic more and more things have become disagreeable. To the man of simple tastes and simple