NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The Report stage of the Budget was concluded on Friday, and there remains for the Commons only the final act of the Third Reading, which should be carried this week. A decent interval for the reflection recommended by Lord Rosebery will be permitted the Peers, and on November 2 the Second Reading of the Bill will take place in the House of Lords. On the following day, after an adjournment of two or three weeks, the faithful Commons will meet to consider the action of the House of Lords. That is as far as we can see the issue. But it seems unlikely that the Commons will adopt the Bill, even if it be unamended. The Bill is not a measure of taxation but a measure of expenditure, and the issue is doubtful. Next January, or even after next month, the issue would be still more doubtful. Every four weeks, the land taxes will serve as a cover under which the land taxes may miss their merited popularity. Mr. Lloyd George has made the cardinal error of attacking two powerful interests simultaneously: an error which strategists like Napoleon and Gladstone seldom or never committed.

* * *

Mr. Lloyd George contributes to the "Nation" an article on the Budget which is both an apologia and a manifesto. The only apologia we find necessary is an explanation of the myriad-mindedness of the Budget. The principles involved are far too many and contrary to dictate even to its author the rank of greatness among Chancellors. And from the discussions of the super-tax this week it becomes clear even, we should think, to Mr. Lloyd George himself, that he would have been better advised to accept the programme of Socialist taxation and to have confined himself to a strictly graduated plan of the income. Whether or not the land and licensing taxes are both onerous, and for the present unprofitable; and the rest of the taxes are not new. Moreover, it is quite possible that the licensing taxes will serve as a cover under which the land taxes may miss their merited popularity. Mr. Lloyd George has made the cardinal error of attacking two powerful interests simultaneously: an error which strategists like Napoleon and Gladstone seldom or never committed.

* * *

As a manifesto, Mr. Lloyd George’s article is conveniently vague; but we gather from it three principles of taxation and three directions of expenditure. We have frequently declared that Liberals tax like Socialists, but they do not spend like Socialists. Let us see whether Mr. Lloyd George has any reply to the charge. His principles of taxation are (a) to tax in proportion to means; (b) to tax luxuries and not necessities, and (c) to tax monopolies. Now these may sound like Socialists. Two at least of his three directions of expenditure may miss their merited popularity. Mr. Lloyd George, however, is on more solid ground in his next two proposals; (b) the development of the neglected wealth of England (including, let us hope, the greatest and most neglected source of all, namely, health of body and mind) and (c) the communal purchase of land. This last, we hold, is indispensable to any radical change for the better in our social system; and we can promise Mr. Lloyd George the support of Socialists in his attempt to secure for the community the possession of the chief means of production.

* * *

The article has some further significance on account of its moment of appearance. Are we to regard it as a potential manifesto issued on the eve of a probable General Election? Is it Mr. Lloyd George’s personal lead, or does it contain the support of a united Cabinet? We have no other means than divination of forecasting the probable results of a General Election on the Liberal and progressive parties. A month ago a General Election would, we believe, have resulted in a Liberal victory. Now, however, the Cabinet is divided, the Budget is doubtful, and the issue is doubtful. Next January, or even after next month, the issue would be still more doubtful. Everything depends, after all, on the temper of the Lords, which still commands the situation: they can, we feel, make or mar either themselves or the progressive parties. Until their decision is either known or guessed, nothing of real significance can happen elsewhere.

* * *

For this reason, we must decline to take the result of the Bermondsey election as meaning anything in particular. It is like a speech on Tariff Reform by Mr. Balfour, with meanings to suit every variety of taste. The election of Mr. Dumphreys was no more than a candidate pouring rire, even though he was returned by a substantial majority over Mr. Hughes. Nor can we regard the relative polls of Mr. Hughes and Mr. Salter as of any party significance. The whole play of the election was performed in the absence of Mr. Hughes, and until Hamlet enters there is only sound and fury signifying nothing.

* * *

With the Socialist poll, however, we are frankly disappointed. Dr. Salter had many advantages over both his opponents and a record to exhibit from his party of services in the House of Commons at least as great as those of the party of Mr. Hughes. The story already against him was, first, his effusive use of biblical terminology, and, secondly, his foolhardy profession of his belief in and practice of vivisection. We
do not suppose for a moment, however, that either of these considerations influenced more than a few votes each at the outside; but in a more enlightened constituency we are almost certain and of this we would. Let us agree that neither the vocabulary of the convocation nor the compe]ant jargon of the scientific shambles is necessarily barred on Socialist platforms. All the same, their presence does at least more harm than good.

But there must be more powerful causes operating to produce so small a Socialist poll even in a constituency in which political Labourism is only some year or so old and where the cause is still fresh in the minds of voters. I mean no doubt, the thing that can conceivably be carried out at once and something more immediately practical to offer, some-thing does not devolve upon the Parliamentary Labour and the middle classes in the rudiments of Socialist Perfectly true, the task of educating the proletariat Parliamentary party, on the other hand, must have immediately promissory and popular nature has the clearance that we would recommend as the first and immense accumulation of pauperised rubbish has been structicte side of Socialism can only begin after an necessary in which political Labourism is only some year or at the very proposal that is needed. It has been criticised both by Liberals like Mr. John Burns and by Collectivists like Mr. Sidney Webb. But neither of these criticisms has, in our opinion, touched the heart of the Bill or affected more than the drafting of the clauses. Briefly, the Right to Work Bill established, in our opinion, could be better. Nothing, we believe, would be either provided with work or with complete main-
tenance—is a demand which we venture to think is not only just but popular. It has also the immense merit of distinguishing the party that demands it from even the most advanced section of the Tariff Reformers. May we recommend the suggestion to the Labour Party for their consideration in drawing up their plan of campaign?

Mr. Balfour affects to be very indignant with the Advocate-General for proposing the "frigid and calculated lie" that the Unionists would respond to the Old Age Pensions Act. Of course it is a lie, since whatever the Tariff Reformers might desire to do, they simply could not cut off Old Age Pensions: they would have to vote the money if they adopted the" act of description. On the other hand, it is idle to pretend that Mr. Ure had no foundation for his imaginative structure: insufficient, it is true, to establish it, but sufficient to acquit him of the colossal malice of which Mr. Balfour accused him. After all, where is the money coming from? Mr. Balfour will not tax raw material, nor will he tax food. Only imported manufactures are left, and the higher the tax on these the less will be derived from it. Of course the real answer is that Tariff Reformers will not rely exclusively on the Tariff for their revenue. We predict, in fact, that they will accept and increase the Supertax, graduate the Income tax, and, possibly, increase the Death Duties. Tariff Reform is a blind behind which things will go on in much the same way.

With the ethics of Mr. Balfour's theatrical denunciation we are even less concerned. Mr. Balfour is himself a model of propriety in public affairs; his example is worth a ton of precept. But since we happen as Socialists to be compelled to accept as our daily food "asp and basilisk and toad" at the hands of Mr. Balfour's immediate entourage, a little denunciation of the "frigid and calculated lies," of his own side would convince us more effectively of his impartiality. We say nothing of the silly perversions of Socialism which pass as politics among people like Lord Rosebery, but to the Billingsgate of men like Mr. F. E. Smith Mr. Balfour might certainly put an end, to the infinite advantage of public decency.

A ridiculously overcharged outcry has been made over the incident which occurred during the Bermondsey election in the attempt of some adventurous mem- bers of the Women's Freedom League (whose new paper, "The Vote," is surely one of the worst journals ever published) to void the election by spoiling the ballot papers. The liquid employed for the purpose was a harmless hair dye, and we absolutely refuse to believe that the officer who got his eye splashed with it has suffered anything more serious than a politically magni-tude shock. We are not the advocates of the absolute necessity of public decency, and Ministers, who, we understand, go in fear of disfigurement, there is nothing to associate the members of either of the militant unions with deliberate attempts to hurt anybody but themselves. So far, at any rate, all the sufferings of the public and of Parliament together do not amount to the pain inflicted on a single imprisoned Suffragette performing the hunger-strike. All the wounds are on one side and all the bellowsings on the other.

We plainly affirm, however, that our belief that this state of affairs cannot continue if outrages such as the delib- erate torture of a Suffragette by order of the Visiting Committee of Strangeways Prison are allowed to go unpunished. Nothing in the history of the last twenty years has occurred in England of so abominable a nature. To subject a girl weakened by days of starvation to an hour's physical agony is treatment which can only be described by the inquisitorial and coquettings with the Black Tsar and the Spanish Inquisition. We should not be at all surprised to learn that the members of the Committee which commanded the torture were all Imperialists (save the mark), middle-minded and all as an answer to the question of unemployment in all the large urban centres and industrial areas. That every person shall be either provided with work or with complete main-
Raconigi.

October 24, 1909.

[The immense precautions already taken for the Tsar's advent were further increased as the historic hour drew near. The authorities ordered the Raconigi shops at 10 o'clock yesterday morning, summarily ordering all the customers to clear out and the iron shutterwork to be lowered. All the doors and windows were sealed. The townfolk had to quit their dwellings, and were escorted to a field outside the town, where they were edged behind a mighty phalanx of soldiery."

— The Daily Chronicle.]

Make bare the pathway of the Tsar,
Bare are his cloaks before his car!
Forth from your homes! Scatter far!
(My loyal Piedmontese,
Thrust down your memories!)
Out to the fields now make your ways!
What gain ours from the potentate?—
And from his tariffs may abate
That Austria shall encroach no more,
Nicholas outbidding Franz at Rome,
Nor stealthy creep down to the shore.
(Let heroes turn in their graves
While he shaketh in his iron shoon?
Cannot abide your live, warm breath.
When from far Finland comes a cry,
To pay such favours half the score
Of armoured spies that well him please.
He fans your flame of ancient hate—
You shall stand dumb and heartless by.
You're sending to another door
Now behind the thick chevaux-de-frise
Should prove a Brutus to our guest.
Out to the fields now make your ways!

(The cards were mark'd,
I learnt how empty are freemen's threats,
I saw long leagues of bayonets
And all heroic memories vain,
That liberty my soul abhors,
From Kertch even unto Helsingfors.
Yestereen a trembling, second Tar.
To-day Europe's exemplar!

For this then did their fathers fight,
For this were they made free,
All for to win the glorious right
To back my tyranny.
A. MacDonell.

Bermondsey.

This is the night of the poll. We are beaten. The "Daily Mail"bioscope is the first to give us the news, of course. There it is, the last word in civilization—that monstrous canvas flapping in the wind before a host of pale faces. The monstrous shadow of a hand writes upon it. First the figures, then "Be sure you read your 'Daily Mail' to-morrow," "Thank you," "Good night, my dear." The portrait of a gentleman with side whisiers. Another roar. Then darkness.

Yes, we are beaten. It's not easy to realize that all is over. This is the heart of Bermondsey. Bermondsey grown familiar in these last few days, with its mean, filthy streets and its casual, jolly crowds. There will be no vans to-morrow. No Suffragettes. No crowded committee rooms or flaming posters. Only a wilderness of torn paper, cold daws, and work. Work again. Casual labour at the waterside. Casual labour at the jam factory. No matter. This is a glorious night, torch-lit and riotous. Hurrah for King and country! Hurrah for Joe Chamberlain! Hurrah for Dumphreys! Another cheer. is no one on our side-to-night?

Here are the motors of the rich, returning West, their chauffeurs lolling back contentedly. All day long they have paraded the old Kent Road, vomiting the ties of the hastening voters to the poll! The cushions will need cleaning, maybe. But it has been worth while. They have done their dirty work, and now Bermondsey will never see them again. They have won. Damn them! There is something as they move away:

"You got the poor man's vote, you — — —!" someone shouts. The crowd press back to let them pass. There is a woman crying. That is because we are beaten—at the bottom of the poll.

A rocket leaps upward, strains, hangs for an instant, and breaks in a rain of tiny colobured stars. In the distance there is a flicker as of summer lightning. Bermondsey is signalling to the country—signalling perhaps to the House of Lords. Ah, Bermondsey is proud to-night!

We hurry along the street to the committee rooms. Thank God, there are some of us left! We have not all been snooded under. Here are red flags waving and a crowd bareheaded, cheering, singing. "Are we downhearted?" comes a cry, with an answering shout of "Never!" But of course we are, and in our hearts we know it. The workers have been fooled once more. Bermondsey, with nothing to lose and everything to gain by voting straight, has yet gone to the poll. We have not.

"We hurry along the street to the committee rooms. Thank God, there are some of us left! We have not all been snooded under. Here are red flags waving and a crowd bareheaded, cheering, singing. "Are we downhearted?" comes a cry, with an answering shout of "Never!" But of course we are, and in our hearts we know it. The workers have been fooled once more. Bermondsey, with nothing to lose and everything to gain by voting straight, has yet gone to the poll. We have not.

"We have not been fooled once more. Bermondsey, with nothing to lose and everything to gain by voting straight, has yet gone to the poll. We have not."

They know it. The workers have been fooled once more. Bermondsey, with nothing to lose and everything to gain by voting straight, has yet gone to the poll. We have not."

They know it. The workers have been fooled once more. Bermondsey, with nothing to lose and everything to gain by voting straight, has yet gone to the poll. We have not."

They know it. The workers have been fooled once more. Bermondsey, with nothing to lose and everything to gain by voting straight, has yet gone to the poll. We have not."

They know it. The workers have been fooled once more. Bermondsey, with nothing to lose and everything to gain by voting straight, has yet gone to the poll. We have not."

They know it. The workers have been fooled once more. Bermondsey, with nothing to lose and everything to gain by voting straight, has yet gone to the poll. We have not."

They know it. The workers have been fooled once more. Bermondsey, with nothing to lose and everything to gain by voting straight, has yet gone to the poll. We have not."

They know it. The workers have been fooled once more. Bermondsey, with nothing to lose and everything to gain by voting straight, has yet gone to the poll. We have not."

They know it. The workers have been fooled once more. Bermondsey, with nothing to lose and everything to gain by voting straight, has yet gone to the poll. We have not."

They know it. The workers have been fooled once more. Bermondsey, with nothing to lose and everything to gain by voting straight, has yet gone to the poll. We have not."

They know it. The workers have been fooled once more. Bermondsey, with nothing to lose and everything to gain by voting straight, has yet gone to the poll. We have not."

They know it. The workers have been fooled once more. Bermondsey, with nothing to lose and everything to gain by voting straight, has yet gone to the poll. We have not."

They know it. The workers have been fooled once more. Bermondsey, with nothing to lose and everything to gain by voting straight, has yet gone to the poll. We have not."

They know it. The workers have been fooled once more. Bermondsey, with nothing to lose and everything to gain by voting straight, has yet gone to the poll. We have not."

They know it. The workers have been fooled once more. Bermondsey, with nothing to lose and everything to gain by voting straight, has yet gone to the poll. We have not."

They know it. The workers have been fooled once more. Bermondsey, with nothing to lose and everything to gain by voting straight, has yet gone to the poll. We have not."

They know it. The workers have been fooled once more. Bermondsey, with nothing to lose and everything to gain by voting straight, has yet gone to the poll. We have not."

They know it. The workers have been fooled once more. Bermondsey, with nothing to lose and everything to gain by voting straight, has yet gone to the poll. We have not."

They know it. The workers have been fooled once more. Bermondsey, with nothing to lose and everything to gain by voting straight, has yet gone to the poll. We have not."

They know it. The workers have been fooled once more. Bermondsey, with nothing to lose and everything to gain by voting straight, has yet gone to the poll. We have not."

They know it. The workers have been fooled once more. Bermondsey, with nothing to lose and everything to gain by voting straight, has yet gone to the poll. We have not."

They know it. The workers have been fooled once more. Bermondsey, with nothing to lose and everything to gain by voting straight, has yet gone to the poll. We have not."

They know it. The workers have been fooled once more. Bermondsey, with nothing to lose and everything to gain by voting straight, has yet gone to the poll. We have not."

They know it. The workers have been fooled once more. Bermondsey, with nothing to lose and everything to gain by voting straight, has yet gone to the poll. We have not."

They know it. The workers have been fooled once more. Bermondsey, with nothing to lose and everything to gain by voting straight, has yet gone to the poll. We have not."

They know it. The workers have been fooled once more. Bermondsey, with nothing to lose and everything to gain by voting straight, has yet gone to the poll. We have not."

They know it. The workers have been fooled once more. Bermondsey, with nothing to lose and everything to gain by voting straight, has yet gone to the poll. We have not."

They know it. The workers have been fooled once more. Bermondsey, with nothing to lose and everything to gain by voting straight, has yet gone to the poll. We have not."

They know it. The workers have been fooled once more. Bermondsey, with nothing to lose and everything to gain by voting straight, has yet gone to the poll. We have not."

They know it. The workers have been fooled once more. Bermondsey, with nothing to lose and everything to gain by voting straight, has yet gone to the poll. We have not."

They know it. The workers have been fooled once more. Bermondsey, with nothing to lose and everything to gain by voting straight, has yet gone to the poll. We have not."

They know it. The workers have been fooled once more. Bermondsey, with nothing to lose and everything to gain by voting straight, has yet gone to the poll. We have not."

They know it. The workers have been fooled once more. Bermondsey, with nothing to lose and everything to gain by voting straight, has yet gone to the poll. We have not."

They know it. The workers have been fooled once more. Bermondsey, with nothing to lose and everything to gain by voting straight, has yet gone to the poll. We have not."

They know it. The workers have been fooled once more. Bermon 
**Foreign Affairs.**

SENIOR FERRER’s testament, which has been published by the Humanitarian. Many people who till hitherto regarded Ferrer with some suspicion with the remarkable qualities of this Spaniard. It begins:

I protest before all, and with all possible energy, against the unmerited punishment that has been inflicted on me, declaring myself convicted that before very long my innocence will be publicly recognised. I desire that on no occasion, either immediate or remote, or for any purpose whatsover, whether the demonstrations, either of a political or a religious character, be paid to me; as I remain, my remains.

The next clause of his will expresses regret that he could not be cremated. It would have been well if the bones have been scattered by the winds of heaven, conveying the seeds of nobility and freedom into those countries where the dull ignorance of the people has a close relation to the number of the Black Fathers. But Ferrer will abide in the world’s easter of hope, while to his assassins will be reserved the immortality of execration. This Spanish teacher has been accused of every crime known to society by his Jesuit enemies. Could such a criminal, in his last hours, speak to himself thus: “I despise also those who have said little or nothing of me personally, seeing that idols are so easily made when men are exalted, and this to the great mischief of the future of the spirit.” Acts alone, by whomsoever performed, are to be recommended for our imitation when they conduce to the common good, and condemned for our avoidance when they are inimical to the general well-being.

Against the malice of his traducers he has offered the calm reflections of a humane and philosophical humility. The Catholic Church has had many noble sons, but it may be questioned whether modern Catholicism possesses a teacher of such a delicate and fine mind. Who can without doing harm to himself judge of Ferre’s merits? He won an entrance into that Academy in which there shall be admitted “only those who are free of mind and whose hearts are linked with all the valiant passions of earth.” By his death his life’s work was crowned with success.

The natives of the Congo are at last to reap substantial reward from the agitation for reform. According to M. Rénkin’s speech, they have been granted the right to take possession of the soil in the Domain; the system of provisioning the agents is to be abolished, and the taxes are to be levied in money. This is a considerable advance, which has been made none too soon, as a “Morning Post” telegram shows: “Detached movements of both German and British troops, with machine guns, are on the Congo watching developments with regard to the Congo.” The Belgian Government will be well-advised to bring the reforms into operation immediately “as the Congo Reform Party in England, which seeks the partition of the Congo, are pressing Sir Edward Grey very hard.”

Sir Edward Grey may be hard to retrieve the reputation he has lost on the Denshawai executions, the execution of Ferrer, and the Tsar’s visit, by embarking upon some “humanitarian” adventure in the Congo. The situation is very critical, and the Belgian Government cannot afford to delay reforms another instant.

The Tsar’s visit to Racconigi must have been staged by the management at Drury Lane. The Italian authorities ordered all the doors and windows to be sealed along the route, and the townsfolk were escorted to outlying fields, where they spent the time behind a vast body of soldiers. Moreover, the ladies of the Court were searched, and several Italian ladies of high rank are inclined to “cut” the Italian Court! The Court of St. James is casting glaring eyes on a religious character, be paid to me; as I remain, my remains.

The murder of Prince Ito by a Korean lifts the veil which has fallen upon Korea since the Japanese occupation of the Boxer Press. The Russian attack on Finland was an inevitable result of the check in the Far East, the rejuvenation of Turkey, and the watchfulness of England in the Persian Gulf. Sir Edward Grey has placed himself in an impossible position by allying England to Russia in Persian matters. Russia is seeking a warm water port in the Persian Gulf. The interests of India would force England into war to prevent this. The result is that friction between the Russian and English representatives in Persia is very great. Russian forces are being strengthened and all parties in Persia are uncompromisingly opposed against the common foe.

The murder of Prince Ito by a Korean lifts the veil which has fallen upon Korea since the Japanese occupation of the Boxer Press. The Russian attack on Finland was an inevitable result of the check in the Far East, the rejuvenation of Turkey, and the watchfulness of England in the Persian Gulf. Sir Edward Grey has placed himself in an impossible position by allying England to Russia in Persian matters. Russia is seeking a warm water port in the Persian Gulf. The interests of India would force England into war to prevent this. The result is that friction between the Russian and English representatives in Persia is very great. Russian forces are being strengthened and all parties in Persia are uncompromisingly opposed against the common foe.

The murder of Prince Ito by a Korean lifts the veil which has fallen upon Korea since the Japanese occupation of the Boxer Press. The Russian attack on Finland was an inevitable result of the check in the Far East, the rejuvenation of Turkey, and the watchfulness of England in the Persian Gulf. Sir Edward Grey has placed himself in an impossible position by allying England to Russia in Persian matters. Russia is seeking a warm water port in the Persian Gulf. The interests of India would force England into war to prevent this. The result is that friction between the Russian and English representatives in Persia is very great. Russian forces are being strengthened and all parties in Persia are uncompromisingly opposed against the common foe.

The murder of Prince Ito by a Korean lifts the veil which has fallen upon Korea since the Japanese occupation of the Boxer Press. The Russian attack on Finland was an inevitable result of the check in the Far East, the rejuvenation of Turkey, and the watchfulness of England in the Persian Gulf. Sir Edward Grey has placed himself in an impossible position by allying England to Russia in Persian matters. Russia is seeking a warm water port in the Persian Gulf. The interests of India would force England into war to prevent this. The result is that friction between the Russian and English representatives in Persia is very great. Russian forces are being strengthened and all parties in Persia are uncompromisingly opposed against the common foe.

The murder of Prince Ito by a Korean lifts the veil which has fallen upon Korea since the Japanese occupation of the Boxer Press. The Russian attack on Finland was an inevitable result of the check in the Far East, the rejuvenation of Turkey, and the watchfulness of England in the Persian Gulf. Sir Edward Grey has placed himself in an impossible position by allying England to Russia in Persian matters. Russia is seeking a warm water port in the Persian Gulf. The interests of India would force England into war to prevent this. The result is that friction between the Russian and English representatives in Persia is very great. Russian forces are being strengthened and all parties in Persia are uncompromisingly opposed against the common foe.

The murder of Prince Ito by a Korean lifts the veil which has fallen upon Korea since the Japanese occupation of the Boxer Press. The Russian attack on Finland was an inevitable result of the check in the Far East, the rejuvenation of Turkey, and the watchfulness of England in the Persian Gulf. Sir Edward Grey has placed himself in an impossible position by allying England to Russia in Persian matters. Russia is seeking a warm water port in the Persian Gulf. The interests of India would force England into war to prevent this. The result is that friction between the Russian and English representatives in Persia is very great. Russian forces are being strengthened and all parties in Persia are uncompromisingly opposed against the common foe.

The murder of Prince Ito by a Korean lifts the veil which has fallen upon Korea since the Japanese occupation of the Boxer Press. The Russian attack on Finland was an inevitable result of the check in the Far East, the rejuvenation of Turkey, and the watchfulness of England in the Persian Gulf. Sir Edward Grey has placed himself in an impossible position by allying England to Russia in Persian matters. Russia is seeking a warm water port in the Persian Gulf. The interests of India would force England into war to prevent this. The result is that friction between the Russian and English representatives in Persia is very great. Russian forces are being strengthened and all parties in Persia are uncompromisingly opposed against the common foe.
Mr. J ohn Ch _ _n and the
Member for Bermondsey.

[The following letter is copied from some pages which were handed to me by a friendly dustman, who sometimes pulls up and discusses on unconsidered trifles which he thinks may be interesting. Both the date and signature had been obliterated by dirt and moisture, and other parts of the content were in too condition. The missing words have been restored by conjecture by a competent scholar, and the whole may now be accepted as being at least as authentic as any political information published by the Harmsworth Press.—FLAVUS SECUNDUS.]

Birmingham, October 29th, 1909.

DEAR DUMPHREYS,—I am sorry to see that malicious persons have been accusing me of lukewarmth in the letter of good wishes which I sent to you a few days ago, and some of the more malignant of them have even hinted that I was sitting on the fence to see which way the Bermondsey cat would jump with regard to you. Let me hasten to assure you that no one can be more delighted than I am that Bermondsey has dumped you into Parliament to support the policy of taxing prog instead of grog, and the industry of the improvident multitude instead of the acres of the thrifty and fortunate few on whose goodness the former depend for their employment and living.

Little did I think, years ago, in my Radical days (and "in my prime," too, I grieve to say) that I was utterly in the wrong, and that you, my dear Dumphreys, who now so kindly and generously refer to me as your "old pal," were entirely right. What a strange world it is! I was absolutely wrong; and yet I prospered exceedingly, and became once and again a Cabinet Minister, and presently changed sides, and afterwards borrowed your guns, the very guns which I had spiked long years before, when you fired them at Birwards borrowed your guns, the very guns which I had yourself into Parliament to support the policy of taxing prog instead of grog, and the industry of the improvident multitude instead of the acres of the thrifty and fortunate few on whose goodness the former depend for their employment and living.

But never mind, old pal! The fact that you are a simple old Humphreys only makes you the better advocate of Protection: which, by the way, we call Tariff Reform by preference, because the other word has a kind of odour which some squeamish folk do not appreciate. There is so much in a name! Which reminds me that I am getting quite to like the word "dumping," now that I associate it with you—the sound and the fact of it, also, for I am sure the party counts you cheap. You will make a first-rate defender of the privileges of our old nobility, and the members of it will love you even better than they have loved me. No more "Vimbos" now, eh, old pal! You'll have your revenge in signing documents of which you had not read and did not know the contents? and to be obliged to confess that you saw it plainly.

But never mind, old pal! The fact that you are a simple old Humphreys only makes you the better advocate of Protection: which, by the way, we call Tariff Reform by preference, because the other word has a kind of odour which some squeamish folk do not appreciate. There is so much in a name! Which reminds me that I am getting quite to like the word "dumping," now that I associate it with you—the sound and the fact of it, also, for I am sure the party counts you cheap. You will make a first-rate defender of the privileges of our old nobility, and the members of it will love you even better than they have loved me. No more "Vimbos" now, eh, old pal! You'll have your revenge in signing documents of which you had not read and did not know the contents? and to be obliged to confess that you saw it plainly.

But, my dear Dumphreys, there is just one suggestion which I, as member for part of one hub of the Tariff Reform go-cart, would like to put before you, as member for the whole of the other hub. Bermondsey is entitled to that distinction, after having elected you, and because, as the "Daily Mail" informed us recently, the opinion of Bermondsey to-day is always that of England to-morrow. (N.B. I can't help wishing you had not been in the anti-Budget candidates, just to keep that journal's assurance in countenance.) My suggestion is that you should have the splendid audacity to carry the principle of Tariff Reform to its logical and proper conclusion. It must be clear to you—how can anything he obscure to an intellect which has discerned the "remedy for unemployment—employment," and the way to make employment is to hinder trade?—I say, it must be clear to you that if Protection (meaning Tariff Reform, of course) is good for the whole, it must also be good for the party. If it benefits England against the other countries (and you are quite convinced that it does so, are you not, my friend?)—then it would, necessarily, benefit every town or borough of every country to have a tariff against all the other towns and boroughs of that same country. In other words, if Tariff Reform is sauce for the goose, Britain, it is also sauce for the gosling, Bermondsey.

A word to the wise is as good as a volume, or even, when the wise one is Dumphreys, a whole library. You will see the argument of that. You may question my election, and crown your commencing career as member for Bermondsey, than by advocating Protection (but call it T. R.) for Bermondsey itself against all the rest of the country. Why should your industrious constituents let outsiders come in and sell things to them more cheaply than they can make them at home? I am sure everyone of Tariff-reforming capacity must see the outrageousness of this. Therefore, tell your constituents to go in for local Tariff Reform as well as national. Don't be afraid of the idea of taxing the very things which they can't live without, such as boots and shoes and hats and coats, not forgetting pantaloons and strait waistcoats. They must not even let washing be done outside without levying a tax on the laundresses. Bread and meat should be well taxed, to keep up the profits of the Bermondsey bakers and butchers; and flour, to protect (or rather tariff-reform) the millers. Of course, your intelligent constituents must make the outsiders pay. You, who know so many things, no doubt know how that is to be done. If there is any uncertainty about it, ask Mr. F. E. Smith, who knows everything and lots besides—all bottom upwards. Oh! I nearly forgot one important thing: there should be a stiff tax on wheat and other corn imported from outside the borough, whose farming industry has been simply ruined by the scandalously unfair competition that has been going on for generations. This must be stopped; and it can be stopped, by only the gentle resolve to defend the home Wealth, and I could find several more, equally readable and in other words, in other conditions. It is only a question of adequate taxation—except, of course, that you have to find a profitable market for your produce, because you cannot afford to consume much of it yourselves; but that is another story, which we need not bother with just now.

Isn't this a splendid idea, old friend? It's a great gun, Humphreys; and, as you are now one of the party great-gunniers, I give it to you in return for the guns which I appropriated of you when I was a Minister: Take care not to blow yourself up in fighting it, though. And, by the way, there are just one or two products which it would not be worth while for Bermondsey to tax; as, for instance, fools. So long as they elect you you may assume that they need not fear any competition in that line; there will always be enough for home consumption and some over. But, so long as you don't overload it, this new gun will do you service. The very look of its vast bore is terrifying enough. So fire away with it, Humphreys! To dare! To dare! and ever again to dare! as Danton said. You may be Duke of Bermondsey yet; and you'll make a typical peer.

How nice of you to refer to me as your old pal! Your affectionate pupil and devoted admirer,

Joe.
Aviation at Blackpool.

By O. W. Dyce.

It evidence should be called for in support of a charge of decadence against the modern Englishman, the aviatory world would come forward to say something disagreeable. Let me pick out one or two entries from the historical record of the aeroplane. It was as far back as 1903 that two Americans in North Carolina, using a petrol motor, accomplished the first flight in a machine heavier than air. Skipping the intervening years, note may be taken of the fact that one of those Americans, Wilbur Wright, flew 30 miles in 40 minutes more than a twelvemonth ago. Item: a Frenchman has crossed in a monoplane from Baraques, near Calais, to Dover. Item: a Frenchman has flown over the multitudinous roofs of Paris and over the 984 feet high Eiffel Tower. Why rub it in? The point is that a prize of £1,000 is still waiting for the first British aviator who shall succeed with a British-made aeroplane in flying over a circular course of one mile!*

Racial considerations are not, of course, of first importance where science is concerned, and that aspect of the subject may be quitted with the comment that the prize in question stands a good chance of being won by Mr. Cody, who became a British citizen a fortnight ago. As it is, at any rate, the fault of the Blackpool Corporation that the home-made article has failed to come to the front. That enterprising municipality has rendered a great service in offering rewards for achievements in the air and in providing, in spite of the weather, a wonderful spectacle for the sight-seeing public. There is no need to attribute lofty motives to the promoters of the undertaking; their desire avowedly was to extend the local "season" into one of the months in which the seaside ceases to attract the visitor. And there is no particular reason why we should rejoice that money from anybody's pockets should pass into the pockets of the Negropudlians. What is charming about the "Aviation Week" is its marking one more step in the process of substituting public enterprise for private profit-mongering.

As there appears to be some mystery attaching to the Doncaster Aviation Week, in so far as the relations between the Doncaster Town Council and certain spectators are concerned, that particular undertaking is disregarded in this argument. What is my argument? It is, I hold, of prime importance, no matter what growlings are heard from the doctrinaire minds, of the power of imposing a twopenny rate for promoting the town's welfare by advertising. By that means and by the aid of a guarantee fund, some £21,000 was spent on the aviation function, and there would have been from £5,000 to £10,000 profit for the municipal treasury if the prizes were won. In the present case, more loss fell upon the ratepayers, but the guarantors may have to pay perhaps per cent. of their guarantees. Incidentally, the Meeting brought £40,000 to the restaurants and theatres and lodging-house landladies of the place.

For the most part, other towns have hitherto had to be content with enlisting the good fortune of Blackpool in having the chance of investing the rates remuneratively. The Isle of Man, with a Parliament of its own, has for years and years enjoyed the advantages of expenditure from its exchequer on making known the amenities of its sea-girt resorts, but with such places as Clacton and Weston-super-Mare it has been a case of temporary subsidies as nothing, with the result that some beggarly hundred or two hundred pounds has been collected. During the session that is now nearing its end a Local Authorities Advertising Bill was introduced, but it has apparently lost its way somehow. It contained a clause in a private Act was somehow or other scraped through, escaping the claws of the anti-municipal watchdogs; it conferred on the Council the power of imposing a twopenny rate for promoting the town's welfare by advertising. By that means and by the aid of a guarantee fund, some £21,000 was spent on the aviation function, and there would have been from £5,000 to £10,000 profit for the municipal treasury if the prizes were won. In the present case, more loss fell upon the ratepayers, but the guarantors may have to pay perhaps per cent. of their guarantees. Incidentally, the Meeting brought £40,000 to the restaurants and theatres and lodging-house landladies of the place.

*Since the above article was received, a public announcement has been made that a young Irishman, Mr. Moore-Brabazon, has succeeded, subject to certain verifications, in winning the £1,000 prize. We have decided, however, to let the article stand as written.—EDITOR.
Socialist Fundamentals.

The common theory that Socialism means no more than a proposition in economics has been more than once criticized, and would not now deny that its definition is exhaustively defined in the well-known economic formula concerning the possession and exploitation of the means of production, distribution, and exchange by and for the community, but it would go further and affirm that this very principle itself, constituting the central demand of Socialism, is based on certain ethical postulates, from which it derives its sanction. These ethical postulates are no other than the revolutionary trinity of Equality, Liberty, Fraternity. The aim and sanction of the economic formula is, I contend, the effective realisation of these principles as essential to the purposes of human life, individual and social. If this be so, it follows that they, together with the principle of justice which is involved in them, constitute the pillars alike of Socialist theory and policy, without which Socialism ceases to be Socialist.

It behoves us to examine more closely the consequences that arise from a recognition of the aforesaid ethical postulates as essential to Socialism. For our present purpose let us take the first of them—Liberty. Now Liberty may be Socio-economic, or may be political, or may be personal.

(1) Socio-economic liberty may be defined in the present connection as the right of society in its corporate capacity to freely regulate all matters directly concerning the Commonweal without obstructing individual interests confused or otherwise. It involves the right of a democratic State to organise production and distribution, to regulate the conditions of property holding, in the best interests of the community, etc. But it would not include the right to act aggressively towards individuals as such, for example to single out individuals of a class for the operation of measures which did not apply to the class as a whole, for this would involve the violation of another ethical principle, that of equality. The individualism of the Manchester school refuses to recognise this form of liberty at all.

(2) Personal liberty may be defined as the right to freedom of action of the individual without let or hindrance, moral or material, on the part of society, in all self-regarding matters (to use Mill's expression), i.e., in all matters directly affecting himself and not directly affecting the community as a whole or others outside himself, save, of course, by that way the sphere of self-regarding action it must be shown that the matter in question directly, and not merely indirectly, affects the community. This is necessary, and it is easy, with the aid of a little sophistry, to show that every course of thought, expression, or action may conceivably affect the community indirectly, and thus the way is thrown open for the unlimited oppression of the individual in his private life and the total destruction of personal freedom.

(3) Political liberty may be defined as the right of every individual to have a voice in the management of the public affairs of the community. This is, of course, the individual's right to act oppressively to individuals as such, for example to single out individuals of a class for the operation of measures which did not apply to the class as a whole, for this would involve the violation of another ethical principle, that of equality. The individualism of the Manchester school refuses to recognise this form of liberty at all.

A logical consequence of this principle of absolute toleration in matters of personal opinion follows in connection with the much-discussed question of sexual relations. Here, it seems, the best form of the sexual and family relation vary. In a word, they are, like religion, largely a matter of opinion, and as such ought to rank equally as "a private matter" alike in theory and practice. There is, however, a point here where the question of marriage, or cohabitation, ceases to be a matter of mere individual opinion, and that is in so far as the question of children enters into it. Here, of course, we strike a very important sociological and ethical postulate, that the authority of the power of Society has undoubtedly a firm right of inter-vention. But let us not confound two things—the right and duty of the corporate power of Society (the Socialist State) to see to the proper upbringing of children—and the right to coerce individuals, either by moral or material pressure, in their private relationships.

The legality and morality arise from the present Socialism confined to two things in an illogical and inextricable jumble—it ties them up in an irrational knot, in fact. The practical problem of Social Democracy in this regard is to effectively distinguish between the legal and moral. The legal side, as regards the upbringing of children, is clearly the whole of the field of the sexual relations per se, which is a matter of merely individual taste and preference. The maintenance of the present legal and moral.
individual liberty in matters not themselves directly affecting Society in its corporate capacity, and a fortiori in matters of economic production, must be uniformly maintained as an integral principle of Socialism. The principle must be recognised that Society in its corporate capacity has here no locus standi.

It is cheap and convenient to pander to vulgar prejudice by upholding the principle of personal freedom as a whole burnt offering to the Philistine, as has been done on one occasion by Mr. Ramsay Macdonald when he sought to soothe the middle-class in their communion with the Russian Socialist society of the future might possibly institute a Draconian system of life-long monogamy for care lest the "stability" of the social fabric should suffer from the admission of any measure of personal liberty in sexual matters as being "too subversive," and introduce slavery, servdom, etc., or on the grounds that humane methods of criminal law and administration also threaten this precious "stability," might proceed to re-establish the rack and other concomitants of the criminal court of a bygone era! We venture to assert that few Socialists, outside Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, will admit the excuse of a thing being "too subversive" as an adequate ground for surrendering the basal Socialist principle of personal liberty, because, forsooth, in the opinion of certain persons some particular manifestation of it tended to threaten "stability." Those who have once grasped the true inwardness of Socialism would be only too frequently of prejudice or sentimentalism. We now come to the question of political freedom. Political liberty implies the greatest possible influence of all the members of a given society in its regulation and management. This is what is known as democracy. But, as Friedrich Engels has pointed out, even democracy, like every other form of government, represents the possible or actual coercion of human beings within its pale. Socialism, on the contrary, has for its end the substitution of the administration of things for the government of persons. The whole economy of democracy can only be regarded as a transitional phase tending to the true liberty of the ultimate Socialist ideal society. From this it follows that the weapons of democracy end in these states, but merely towards an anterior end. There is nothing intrinsically sacro-sanct in these means. For example, take the palladium of democracy, the determination of questions by a count-of-heads majority of the population. Now, if we elsewhere pointed out, this method is simply the one that experience has discovered to be the least objectionable and the most effective on the whole in the interests of the progress of the Communist. To call it "not say that imperfect, or under given conditions, other means intrinsically more objectionable might not be more effective."

There is certainly no magic in the verdict of a majority, and public opinion, as it is called, is often a manufactured product of class interests, and, at the best, only too frequently of prejudice or sentimentalism. We may often be inclined to think that an honest, far-seeing, and disinterested "master of thirty legions" might sometimes add a new twist to the stock of public opinion. But the improbability of the occurrence and, still more, the recurrence of wisdom and honesty in your "master of thirty legions," is quite enough to give pause to anyone who is inclined to take this view, and to convince him that democracy has all its drawbacks, represents the least of evils in this connection. As such every Socialist must accept, in general, the conditions of democracy, including universal manhood suffrage and the decision of the majority.*

Equality, understanding by the term social and economic equality, is a condition of the universality of liberty. Equality in any other sense is a chimera. Needless to say, the dead level of mediocrity which haunts the imaginations of so many critics of Socialism is not the equality implied by Socialism. Differences of ability, of character, etc., must continue, but social equality based on equal economic advantage and equal economic opportunity is essential to the full fruition of all forms of liberty, but also to that spirit of Fraternity which will knit together a Socialist society in a manner inconceivable to the individualist bourgeois society.

* I have elsewhere given my reasons for not regarding woman suffrage as a necessary corollary from the principle of democracy.
influence of the outcast hypnotised the deputies in their seats. So much licensed audacity had never been known in the history of Parliaments. No one had breath to oppose such unremitting invective. Danton the lion growled a patronising assent. Robespierre the owl, with his lofty eyes the Song of Life, Saint Just, a stoopit with a petrifed heart and the cold-blooded vice of an intellectual saint, cooled for a moment Marat's fevered brain with unctuous flattery and icy compliments. These attentions, fears, evasions, and threats, added fuel to his fury, strengthened his decapitated body, and a superhuman energy to an audacity which would now pass the bounds of human wit and daring. While the audacity of Danton was a monstrous blunder, that of Marat was direct, unrelenting, never looking back, brashing everything aside in his triumphal march to the dungeon and the guillotine. The audacity displayed by Danton was a passionate outburst, regretted as soon as past; that of Marat belonged to the temperament of the man. Instead of giving way to doubts, reactions, and feelings of remorse, he grew more aurantious with every discourse, more fearless with every edict, more cruel with every outburst.

At last the awful awakening came—the Convention realised that here was the bolt that would open the dungeons, caves, and secret retreats of Paris; the image and speech that would act as confusion to confusion. Before the advent of Marat the Assembly was like a cauldron just beginning to simmer; but now his fevered veins added the one drop that changed it to a seething witch-broth of conflicting passions, interests, and ambitions. People beheld him with mingled feelings of disgust, contempt, horror, and stupefaction. An otorhical leper had crept into the arena of politics, and the stoutest gladiators refused to grapple with death in so fearful a form. When he disappeared in his bath of blood the Assembly breathed a long sigh of relief. Then, to appease the people, they accorded him the honours of opprobrium on the doings of the populace.

The Revolution had begun like a whirlwind, but Marat made it of a cyclonic and irresistible force. He was the centre around which the sections whirled in irresistible anarchy. From this vortex no one escaped; he hurled leader at leader, group against group, made hypocrites of the majority by mortifying individual pride, brought in confusion, fear, and cunning, made heroes of cowards and precipitate boasters of cautious counsellors. People beheld him with mingled feelings of disgust, contempt, horror, and stupefaction. An otorhical leper had crept into the arena of politics, and the stoutest gladiators refused to grapple with death in so fearful a form. When he disappeared in his bath of blood the Assembly breathed a long sigh of relief. Then, to appease the people, they accorded him the honours of opprobrium on the doings of the populace.

II.

Marat was no more. And now, crouched behind the anxious horde, sat Robespierre, awaiting like a hungry hyena the passing of the human shadows on the dial of time. Like one of the pre-destined, he possessed the patience of demonic genius with the prudence of worldly wisdom. In his seeming weakness there was strength, in his patience a hidden power, in his power the force of destiny. He began by being the Moons of the Assembly, his appearance on the rostrum being the signal for sarcastic badinage. He was regarded as one of Nature's jokes but that is how Nature lays her traps. The greatest tragedies begin by a sort of cauldron just beginning to simmer; but now his fevered veins added the one drop that changed it to a seething witch-broth of conflicting passions, interests, and ambitions. People beheld him with mingled feelings of disgust, contempt, horror, and stupefaction. An otorhical leper had crept into the arena of politics, and the stoutest gladiators refused to grapple with death in so fearful a form. When he disappeared in his bath of blood the Assembly breathed a long sigh of relief. Then, to appease the people, they accorded him the honours of opprobrium on the doings of the populace.

The obscure and timid Advocate of Arras became the one fixed star of the Convention around which all revolutionary planets revolved, and the slow, mysterious unrolling of the tragic panorama seemed like a revival of the legends, symbols, and mysteries of the mythological past. The reticent Voltaire, so distinctly human for the great and solemn days, was the Jupiter, the sceptered Camille Demoulins was the Bacchus, the merciless Lambertine de Mericourt symbolised the Furies, Madame Roland stood alone as Minerva, the vulnerable baby that in him all the demonic forces in Nature were concentrated, his appearance on the rostrum being the signal for sarcastic badinage. He was regarded as one of Nature's jokes but that is how Nature lays her traps. The greatest tragedies begin by a sort of cauldron just beginning to simmer; but now his fevered veins added the one drop that changed it to a seething witch-broth of conflicting passions, interests, and ambitions. People beheld him with mingled feelings of disgust, contempt, horror, and stupefaction. An otorhical leper had crept into the arena of politics, and the stoutest gladiators refused to grapple with death in so fearful a form. When he disappeared in his bath of blood the Assembly breathed a long sigh of relief. Then, to appease the people, they accorded him the honours of opprobrium on the doings of the populace.
A Continental Trip.—I.

By Bart Kennedy.

Going to Ostend.

Going over on the boat to Ostend I fell in with a hard-faced man, upon whose cheek was a deep scar. He was an Englishman, but he was obviously an Englishman who had travelled far and who had seen many things. He wore the air of one who had seen life from many different angles. He was one who I would have been surprised to see anywhere. He was elegantly dressed, though his speech and accent were not quite that of the shined-up and cultivated person who is classed under the generic term of gentleman. A hard-faced, hard-eyed man, who would have robbed a bank with much aplomb, or who would have robbed money from perfect strangers behind a pistol. I knew the type, for I had met it now and then in the North-western Territory, and in the wilds of Alaska, and, I may as well say, amongst British officers. The people of England owe more than they realise to this fine, hard-faced, blue-eyed desperado type.

I liked him. He turned out to be a bookmaker, though I did not find that out till afterwards, when I met him again at the races in Ostend.

His eye weighed me up critically as we talked, and he asked me questions with the absolute frankness that one sometimes uses with utter strangers. I confided to him the fact that I had never been in Ostend before. And then he told me that he knew Ostend like a book. He was often over there! He asked me as to the hotel I had decided to stay at. And when I told him that I had not yet quite decided, he gave me the name of a hotel where he assured me that I would be treated with much consideration at a moderate charge. All I had to do was to mention his name!

At this point a lanky American came up to us—we were in the saloon—and cut into the conversation. He was a long-faced, shifty-eyed person, who bore the air of a three-card-trick man out in search of adventure amongst British officers. The people of England owe more than they realise to this fine, hard-faced, blue-eyed desperado type.

He did this a little while afterwards. "Just mention his name to the hotel where you are to stay, and I will give you all the information you need," he said. It was a name that did not quite fit him. It was very Scotch. I thanked him again with fervour, but I refrained from asking him what his name might be. I thought I would wait and see how he would manage to convey it to me.

And then the three of us talked together as if we had known each other for years.

The eye weighed me up critically as we talked, and he asked me questions with the absolute frankness that one sometimes uses with utter strangers. I confided to him the fact that I had never been in Ostend before. And then he told me that he knew Ostend like a book. He was often over there! He asked me as to the hotel I had decided to stay at. And when I told him that I had not yet quite decided, he gave me the name of a hotel where he assured me that I would be treated with much consideration at a moderate charge. All I had to do was to mention his name!

At this point a lanky American came up to us—we were in the saloon—and cut into the conversation. He was a long-faced, shifty-eyed person, who bore the air of a three-card-trick man out in search of adventure amongst British officers. The people of England owe more than they realise to this fine, hard-faced, blue-eyed desperado type.

He did this a little while afterwards. "Just mention his name to the hotel where you are to stay, and I will give you all the information you need," he said. It was a name that did not quite fit him. It was very Scotch. I thanked him again with fervour, but I refrained from asking him what his name might be. I thought I would wait and see how he would manage to convey it to me.

And then the three of us talked together as if we had known each other for years.

Again the conversation veered round to hotels, and again the hard-faced Englishman told me that all would be well if I mentioned his name at the hotel where I intended to stay. I thanked him with fervour, but I refrained from asking him what his name might be. I thought I would wait and see how he would manage to convey it to me.

He did this a little while afterwards. "Just mention his name to the hotel where you are to stay, and I will give you all the information you need," he said. It was a name that did not quite fit him. It was very Scotch. I thanked him again with fervour, but I refrained from asking him what his name might be. I thought I would wait and see how he would manage to convey it to me.

And then the three of us talked together as if we had known each other for years.

When I mentioned the name of my friend, the eye Which described in glowing words the merits of their respective hotels. Slim men and burly men rushed up and surrounded you threateningly. The air was filled with all kinds of good things at once. Even though you did not know the language you would still be able to tell that these people were out to make you happy—under a consideration. Cards were thrust into your hand which described in glowing words the varied magnificences of various hostleries.

And then it was that there came into my head a weird idea.

I called out the name of the hotel that the hard-faced Englishman had told me of—the hotel where I had but to mention his name to be received with open arms. It struck me that his name might turn out to be a talisman after all, even though it had not seemed to fit him.

On I drove in state to this hotel behind horses whose hoofs clumped loudly and importantly. And here was the hotel! A place of many lights and magnificence. From it you could hear the waves sounding and splashing.

And a grand-looking person in a frock coat came forth to meet me in the splendid hall. The hotel looked as if it might turn out to be a bit too rich for my blood, but I thought that perhaps the name of my friend on that boat might possibly soften the financial aspersities of the morning bill.

Alas! Alas! Alas!

When I mentioned the name of my friend, the eye of the grand-looking person in the frock coat hardened. The look of genial though lofty welcome left it. He said that he had but one room vacant, and when he showed me what it was I could not help exclaiming that I nearly had a fainting fit. It would have taken a millionnaire's purse to stand the racket.

I looked sadly at him—and departed.

Bart Kennedy.
I. Strength that is born of the injustice of kings, 
Truth that survives all times, 
Love that is union through life and through death,
With one vigorous breath 
Like the breath of a thousand springs, 
With the rush of a thousand wings;
Wake me up from my trance like the lustre of a lance betimes.

II. Hate for all things that are evil and wrong, 
Hate for the power of a royal-crowned head, 
Hate for the wiles of a minister's might, 
Thy great love of the right, 
With the breath of a force more strong
Than the breath of a guiding song,
Hurled thee on to thy doom and thy glory-lit tomb blood-red.

III. Spaniards weighed down with the burden of years, 
Spaniards engirdled with Liberty's light, 
Spaniards that fear or that hope, old or young, 
Shall your nerves be unstrung 
By a cold-blooded crime that sears
Their immortal soul?
That has lost you your guide with power and pride
i' the night?

IV. Spain, re-scow, re-awake from thy shame! 
Let thy republican o'er the earth 
Rise once again, never more to go down! 
Re-acquirethy renown.
With the help of thy servaunts' flame, 
With the help of the past's fair name!
Let thy son's glorious death be the life and the breath
Of thy birth.

[Note.—Last year the editor of "Black and White" commissioned me to write a story for his Christmas Number. I wrote the following story. He expressed a deep personal admiration for it, but said positively that he would not dare to offer it to his readers. I withdrew the story, and gave him instead a comic tale about a dentist. Afterwards I was glad that I had withdrawn the story, for I perceived that its theme was only handled adequately in a novel. I accordingly wrote the novel, which has been published under the same title. A. B.]

The Glimpse.
By Arnold Bennett.

I. When I was dying I had no fear. I was simply indifferent, partly, no doubt, through exhaustion caused by my long illness. It was a warm evening in August. We ought to have been at Blackpool, of course, but my illness I had noticed that a sort of tiredness, a soft, different, partly, no doubt, through exhaustion caused me to offer it to his readers.

II. Difficult to describe my next conscious sensations, when I found I was not in the bed! I have never described them before. You will understand why I have never described them to anyone. But as you came all the way from London, Mr. Myers, and seem to understand all this sort of thing, I've made up my mind to tell you, for what it's worth. Yes, what you say about the difficulty of sticking to the exact truth is quite correct. I feel it. Still, I don't think I over-flatter myself in saying that I am a more than ordinarily truthful man. Well, I was looking at the bed. I was not in the bed. I can't be sure. I can't be sure. But I think it was between the two windows, half behind the crimson curtains. Anyhow, I must have been near the windows, or I couldn't have seen the foot of the bed and the couch that is there. I could most distinctly hear the Cauldon Bank whistle 2 miles away, strike two. I was cold. Margaret was leaning over the bed, and staring at a face that lay on the pillows. At first it did not occur to me that this
face on the pillows was my face. I had to reason out that fact. When I had reasoned it out I tried to speak to Margaret and tell her that she was making a mistake, gazing at that thing there on the pillows, and that the real midst in my heart there within. I was not even capable of speaking. I could not speak. Then I tried to attract her attention in other ways; but I could do nothing. Once she turned sharply, as if startled, and looked straight at me, but she could not make signs to me; but no, I could not. Seemingly, she did not see.

I thought: "I'm dead! This is being dead! I've died!"

Margaret ran to the dressing-table, and picked up her hairbrush. She rubbed it carefully on the counterpane, and then held it to the mouth and nostrils of that face on the pillows, and then examined it under the gas. She was very agitated; the whole of her demeanour had changed; I scarcely recognised her. I could not help thinking that she was mad. She put down the mirror, glanced at the clock, and a glimmer of it down on the window (she was much closer to me than I am now to you), and then flew back to the bed. She seized the scissors that were hanging from her girdle, and cut a hole in the top pillow, and drew from it a

I've pulled the bell-rope. I could hear the bell. There was fearful silence. Margaret, catching her breath, rushed round and round the unscalable smooth walls, and beating against their stone with her hands. That is a good simile, except that I could not move. 

The servant whispered: "They do say that if you put a full glass of water on the chest you can tell for sure."

Margaret hesitated. However, the servant began to fill a glass of water on the washstand, and then poised it on the chest of that body. The glass did not even tremble. Then she raised the breast of the body on the pillow, and laid her ear upon the region of the heart; I could see her eyes blinking as she listened intensely. After she had listened some time, she raised her head, with a little sob, and frantically pulled the bell-ropes. I could hear the bell; we could both hear it: we had done nothing, but no response. The servant whispered: "Do you think he's dead?"

"No, nothing to do with me, which was loathsome and as insensible as a log to the expressions of her love. She was not weeping over me. She was weeping over an abstraction. She was all wrong, all trifling; I might have been right, but I was wrong desolately. We had been happy together for sixteen years. Her error desolated me, as a painful incision. But a slow, horrible change in my own consciousness made me forget her grief in my own increasing misery.

I do not suppose that the feeling which came over me is capable of being described in human language. It can only be hinted at, not truly conveyed. If I say that I was utterly overcome by the sensation of being cut off from everything, I shall perhaps not impress you very much with a notion of my terror. But I do not see how I can better express myself. No one who has not been through what I have been through—it is a pretty awful thought that all who die probably go through it—can possibly understand the feeling of acute and frightful loneliness that possessed me as I stood near the windows, that wrapped me up and enveloped me, as it were, in an icy sheet. A few people in England are possibly in my case—they have been, and they have returned, like me. They will understand, and only they. I was solitary in the universe. I was invisible, and I was forgotten. There was my poor wife lavishing her immense sorrow on that body on the bed, which had ceased to have any connection with me, which was emphatically not me, and to which I felt the strongest repugnance. I was even jealous of that lifeless, unresponsive, decaying mass. You cannot guess how I tried to yell to my wife to come to me and warm me with her companionship and her sympathy—and I could accomplish nothing, not the faintest whisper."

I had no home, no shelter, no place in the world, no share in life. I was cast out. The changeless purposes of nature had ejected me from humanity. It was as though humanity had been a fortified city and the gates had been shut on me. I was there in the surface of the world, round and round the unscalable smooth walls, and beating against their stone with my hands. That is a good simile, except that I could not move. Of course if I could have moved I should have gone to my wife. But I could not move. To be quite exact, I could move very slightly, perhaps about an inch or two, and in any direction, up or down, to left or right, backwards or forwards; this by a great, straining, fatiguing effort. I was there in the surface of the world, desolate and undone. It was the most cruel situation that you can imagine, far worse, I think, than any conceivable physical torture. I am perfectly sure that I would have exchanged my state, then, for the state of no matter what human being, the most agonised martyr, the foulest criminal. I would have given anything, made any sacrifice, to be once more within the human pale, to feel once more that human life was not going on without me.

There was a knocking below. My wife left that body on the bed, and came to the window and put her head out into the nocturnal, gaslit silence of Trafalgar Road. She was within a foot of me—and I could do nothing.

She whispered: "Is that you, Mary?"

The voice of the servant came: "Yes, mum. The doctor's been called away to a case. He's not likely to be back before five o'clock."

My wife said with sad indifference: "It doesn't matter now. I'll let you in."

She went from the room. I heard the opening and shutting of the door. Then both women returned into the room, and talked in low voices.

My wife said: "As soon as it's light you must..." She stopped and corrected herself. "No, the nurse will be back at seven o'clock. She said she would. She will attend to all that. Mary, go and get a little rest, if you can."

"Aren't you going to put the pennies on his eyes, mum?" the servant asked.

"Ought I?" said my wife. "I don't know much about these things."

"Oh yes, mum. And tie his jaw up," the servant said.

His eyes! His jaw! I was terribly angry, in my desolation. But it was a futile anger, though it raged through me like a storm. Could they not understand, would they never understand, that they were grotesquely deceived? How much more would they continue to fuss over that body on the bed while I, I,
the person whom they were supposed to be sorry for, suffered and trembled in dire need just behind them? At a superior level, above it all? There was only one penny in the house, they decided, after searching. I knew the exact whereabouts of two shillings worth of copper, rolled in paper in my desk in the dining room. It had been there for many weeks; I had bought it with one penny a year ago. But Mary didn't know. I wanted to tell them, so as to end the awful exacerbation of my nerves. But of course I could not. In spite of Mary's superstitious protest, my wife put a penny on one eye and half-a-crown on the other. Mary seemed to regard this as a desecration, or at best as unlucky. Then they bound up the jaw of that body with one of my handkerchiefs. I thought I had never seen anything more wantonly absurd. Their trouble in scripting the arms—the legs were quite straight—infuriated me. I wanted to weep in my tragic vexation. It seemed as though tears would ease me. But I could not weep.

The servant said: "You'd better come away now, mum, and rest on the sofa in the drawing-room." Margaret, with red-bordered, glittering eyes, answered, staring at all the while at that body: "No, Mary. It's no use. I can't leave him. I won't leave him!"

But she wasn't thinking about me at all. There I was, neglected and shivering, near the windows; and she would not look at me! A determined silence, Madame. Margaret induced the servant to leave the room. And she sat down on the chair nearest the bed, and began to cry again, not troubling to wipe her eyes. She sobbed, more and more indescribable. I thought I could still move only an inch or so in any direction. I was sorry for what I had been. I perceived that the sensation of being cut off from intercourse, at any rate, the sensation was losing its painfulness. I thought that there was no such thing as being one of the glories of those men that I had so profoundly admired. My possibilities had defied thousands of years of human imagination. That world spent nearly the whole of my life as a mere trifle, as simple as Euclid. It was surprising that the solution of them had not presented itself to me before! I thought: With one word, one single word, I could enlighten the human race beyond all previous limits. I have ever learned. Feeble-bodied, feeble-minded humanity!

And then I had a glimpse. . . . I was in the bedroom, near the windows, all the time, but nevertheless I was nowhere, nowhere in space. I could feel the roll of the earth inside of me, just as I had felt the roll of the earth—just as I had felt the shaking which did not affect me. Still, I was in the bedroom, near the windows. And I had a glimpse. . . . The heralds of a new vitality swept trumpetting through me, and a calm, intense, ineffable joy followed in their train. I had a glimpse. . . . And my eyes were not dazzled. I yearned and strained towards what I saw, towards the exceeding brightness of undreamt companionships, hopes, perceptions, activities, and sorrows. Yes, sorrows! But what noble sorrows were they that I felt awaited me there! I strained at my mysterious bonds. I seemed to be about to break and that I should be winged away into other dimensions.

And then, I knew that they were thinning again, and the brightness very slowly faded, and I lost faith in the gift of vision which momentarily had enabled me to see the innermost secrets of the life of my brother. And I was slowly, slowly drawn away from the window. And then I felt heavy weights on my eyes, and I could not move my jaw. I shuddered convulsively, and a coin struck the floor and ran till it fell flat. And the door swiftly opened. . . .

Yes, my whole character is changed, within; though externally it may seem the same. Externally I may seem to have resumed the affections and the interests which occupied me before my illness and my remarkable recovery. But I am different. I am different for the better, I know. I have descended again that strange transcendental knowledge which was mine for a few instants. Certainly I have descended again to the earthly level. All those magic things have slipped away, except hope. In a sure hope, in a positive faith, I am waiting. I am waiting for all that magic to happen to me again. I know that the pain of loneliness, when again I shall see my own body from the outside, will be exquisite, but—the reward! The reward! That is what is an effect of my mind, the source of the calm joy in which I wait.

Externally I am the successful earthenware manufacturer, happily married, getting rich on a China-firing oven, employing a couple of hundred workmen, etcetera, who was once given up for dead. But I am more than that. I have seen God.

Books and Persons.

(AN OCCASIONAL CAUSERIE.)

After a long period of abstinence from Rudyard Kipling, I have just read "Actions and Reactions." It has induced gloom in me; yet a modified gloom. Nearly a quarter of a century has passed since "Plain Tales from the Hills" delighted Anglo-Indian, and then English society. There was nothing of permanent value in that book, and in my extremest youth I never imagined anything else from Kipling. But "Plain Tales from the Hills" impressed me. So did "Barrack-room Ballads." So did pieces of "Soldiers Three." So did "Life's Handicap" and "Many Inventions." So did "The Jungle Book," despite its wild natural history. And I remember my eagerness for the publication of "The Seven Seas." I remember going early in the morning to Denny's bookshop to buy it. I remember the crimson piles of it in every bookshop in London. And I remember the personal anxiety which I felt when Kipling lay ill of typhoid in New York. For a fortnight, then, Kipling's temperature was the most important news of the day. I remember giving a party
with a programme of music, in that fortightnight, and I
began the proceedings by reading aloud the programme,
and at the end of the programme instead of "God save
the Queen" I read, "God Save Kipling," and every-
body cheered. "Stalky and Co." cooled me, and
"Kim" chilled me. At intervals, since, Kipling's
astonishing political manifestaions, oddly in verse,
have shocked and angered me. As time has elapsed it
has become more and more clear that his output was
sharply divided into two parts by his visit to New York,
and that the second half is inferior in quantity, in
quality, in everything, to the first. It has been too
plain now for years that he is against progress, that he
is the shrill champion of things that are righteously
doomed, that his vogue among the hordes of the re-
spectable was due to technical reading, and that he
refused to join the politicians over the said hordes because he
is the bard of their prejudices and of their clayey ideals.
A democrat of ten times Kipling's gift and power could
never have charmed and held the governing classes as
Kipling has done, and yet to me, I for one cannot,
except in anger, go back on a genuine admiration. I
cannot forget a benefit. If in quick resentment I have
ever written of Kipling with less than the respect which is
eternally due to an artist who has once excited in the
reader's mind and heart admiration, and has remained
honest, I regret it. And this is to be said:
at his worst Kipling is an honest and painstaking
artist. No work of his but has obviously been fingered
over with a craftsman's devotion! He has never spoken anything that
no artist was ever more seductively tempted by pub-
lishers and editors to do so. And he has done more
than shun notoriety—Miss Marie Corelli does that—he
has succeeded in avoiding it.

* * *
The first story, and the best, in "Actions and Re-
actions," is entitled "An Habitation Enforced," and it
displays the amused but genuine awe of the
Americans is well derided with distinction and effectiveness
and describes the crossing of the Atlantic by the aerial
earlier story, "An Error in the Fourth Dimension."

***

Aforesaid poltical manifestations, oddly in verse,
have shocked and angered me. As time has elapsed it
has become more and more clear that his output was
sharply divided into two parts by his visit to New York,
and that the second half is inferior in quantity, in
quality, in everything, to the first. It has been too
plain now for years that he is against progress, that he
is the shrill champion of things that are righteously
doomed, that his vogue among the hordes of the re-
spectable was due to technical reading, and that he
refused to join the politicians over the said hordes because he
is the bard of their prejudices and of their clayey ideals.
A democrat of ten times Kipling's gift and power could
never have charmed and held the governing classes as
Kipling has done, and yet to me, I for one cannot,
except in anger, go back on a genuine admiration. I
cannot forget a benefit. If in quick resentment I have
ever written of Kipling with less than the respect which is
eternally due to an artist who has once excited in the
reader's mind and heart admiration, and has remained
honest, I regret it. And this is to be said:
at his worst Kipling is an honest and painstaking
artist. No work of his but has obviously been fingered
over with a craftsman's devotion! He has never spoken anything that
no artist was ever more seductively tempted by pub-
lishers and editors to do so. And he has done more
than shun notoriety—Miss Marie Corelli does that—he
has succeeded in avoiding it.

* * *
The first story, and the best, in "Actions and Re-
actions," is entitled "An Habitation Enforced," and it
displays the amused but genuine awe of the
elements of the narrative are consistently, though I believe
entirely fatal fault, is the painting of the English land
system. To read this story, one could never guess that
time has staled it. The author's constitutional senti-
manship has corroded it in parts. But it is still a
very impressive and a fundamentally true thing.
It was done in the rich flsh of power, long before its
creator had even suspected his hidden weaknesses, long
before his implacable limitations had begun to compel
him to imitate himself. I was done in the days when he
could throw off exquisite jewels like this, to deck the
tale:—

To Love's low voice she lent a careless ear;
Her hand within his rosy fingers lay,
A chilling weight. She would not turn or hear;
But with a parted face he kissed her day.

But when pale Death, all featureless and grim,
Lifted his bony hand, and beckoning
Held up his cypress-crease, she followed him,
And Love was none the wiser for wondering.

That she who for his bidding would not stay,
At Death's first whisper rose and went away.

JACOB TONSON.

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

Shelley.*

Favoured beyond the usual run of men was Shelley.
Fortunate in his birth, his father a fool and his mother
acquiescent, fortunate in the wealth that made him
independent, fortunate in his expulsion from Oxford,
fortunate in his early marriage and separation, and
again fortunate in his union with Mary, fortunate in his
friends, fortunate in the manner of his death, drowned
off Via Reggio with "a volume of Sophocles in one
pocket, and Keats's poems in the other, doubled back
as if the reader, in the act of reading, had hastily thrust
it away.

Fortunate, too, has Shelley been in his biographers,
Hogg and Peacock and Trelawney and Mary Shelley,
whilst even Professor Dowden's Life is an excellent
piece de resistance for a professor. But it is not wholly
due to the poet's friends that we know Shelley, so
intimately, that we stand so much nearer to him than we may to our contemporaries, to men and
women we shall meet daily. It is because Shelley was
all of a piece, because we find, as Browning said, "his
carnal speech to agree faithfully with Kipling's
tone and rhythm of his most oracular utterances." There are no
twisted and tortuous passages in Shelley; his character
has the directness, the simplicity, with an engaging frankness of outlook and learnedness, by the
spoken or written, that only the very

* "The Letters of Percy Bysshe Shelley." Compiled and
edited by Roger Ingram. (Pitman. 2 vols. 25s. net.)

(Methuen. 7s. 6d. net.)

"The Letters of Percy Bysshe Shelley." Compiled and
edited by Roger Ingram. (Pitman. 2 vols. 25s. net.)

ceedingly simple, and will then explain to you that no actual fluid, etc., possesses this simplicity, but the more nearly anything approaches this standard the more honestly may it be called a true fluid. So we may say of Shelley, that he approaches most nearly the standard of "true" man, absolute man (and I mean it as opposed to "feminine" woman, and to the ineffectual angel rubbish.

Whatever he wanted he wanted with all his might; whatever he did he did with all his might. His indomitable will-power carried all before him. The joy of achievement and the joy of possession were the forces that guided his life's work. If in political action he seems to have achieved little it is because he would, practical man of affairs that he was, content himself with less than the realisation of a form of society which should be the final and which could satisfy his ultimate ideal: an ideal which he kept ever fixedly before him, which in earliest childhood he had intuitively adopted, which experience tended but to confirm.

Life had little to teach him in the way of new truths, although it gave him an experience of men and of manners which he was ever ready to profit by. In his first extant letter, at the age of eleven, he signs himself "I am not, your obedient servant"; there is more than a boyish prank here—he never was an obedient servant, he ever refused to want to be a drone.

Like all deeply religious persons of the modern world he was early stung into Atheism by the indifferention and wickedness of the religious folk among whom he moved, but Shelley's code was something very positive. He did not take the beautiful ones as a contrast—but he ever sought a world where perfection of beauty and love should be something positive and eternal, reigning supreme over the hearts of men.

Music is in the sea and air, Winged clouds soar here and there
Dark with the rain new born and the dreaming of: "Tis love, all love!"
sings The Moon in "Prometheus Unbound," that lyrical drama which Mr. Clutton-Brock so profoundly misunderstands.

Mr. Clutton-Brock says that Shelley was "like an angel strayed on to the earth, and that he could accept nothing as it is; he could not reconcile himself to the fact that there are poisonous plants."

Shelley knew and understood wickedness most exactly, but he refused to reconcile himself to it; gods and angels, although knowing good and evil, seem faint to Shelley. He cleaves to a dualistic universe as his ideal inasmuch as he was "pure " man. Evil he must fight wherever he saw it, and whatever form it might take.

Shelley unwraps the mummy cloths of our minds, fold after fold of which we have acquired in our easy journey through the world. He discards the wrappings and deals with basic humanity, with our fundamental wishes, joys, and aspirations. He takes man at his best, just as Mr. Balfour and the "Daily Mail" seek to exploit him. His worst filled with ambition, envy, revenge, and a desire for personal aggrandisement. Shelley knew the imperfections of this world, but he refused to accept these as ultimate, and looked forward with splendid vision to the world as a nobler dwelling-place.

His criticism of society is entirely applicable at this moment. For instance, in the Declaration of Rights, written at the age of twenty: "What the rich give to the poor, whilst millions are starving, is not a perfect favour, but an imperfect right." Here is Mr. Lloyd George and the Dukes with their charity lists. In a letter to Miss Hitchener, when he was nineteen, Shelley writes: "That I should entain £120,000 of command over your suffering to remit $10,000! No, no! This you will not suspect me of." Command over labour—could Marx have expressed it more clearly?

Could Mrs. Pankhurst put the woman question more explicitly than the passage in "The Revolt of Islam" which begins:

Can man be free if woman be a slave?
Chain one who lives, and breathes this boundless air
To the corruption of a closed grave.

He was ever ready to profit by experience, and an amusing instance is that of the Elizabeth Hitchener episode. Before she joins Harriet and Shelley, Elizabeth (Bessy-Portia) is his beloved friend: "I esteem, revere, and love every part of your character. She dwells with them a few months, and gets the lot of her.

"The Brown Demon, as we call our late tormentor and schoolmistress, is gone. She is an artful, superficial, ugly, hermaphroditical beast of a woman."

This complete collection of Shelley's letters will gladden some of the poet's admirers; although only a few of the letters, thirty-eight, have not been printed before; no new light is thrown upon Shelley's character, nor do I think there is any to throw. The evidence from his verse, his prose and his letters, is ample for anyone to form his own judgment.

Of his execution as poet Shelley was a severe and, I think, a just critic. "I despair of rivalling Lord Byron, and there is no other with whom it is worth comparing."

Byron was the more perfect artist; his appeal is more universal. Shelley you can only approach in rare moods; his flavour is best relished in the open air, away from the din and fret of man's daily toil. Not that Shelley sets out to describe nature nor to closely observe her ways; he is rather a part of the very events he portrays; he enters into the very spirit of the cloud, he is the gentle stir and breath of the west wind; he is with the pale stars hurrying to their folds compelled by the sun, the swift shepherd of the facts of life, and it is just that it does require a certain amount of honesty to face the facts of life, and it is just that intellectual honesty most Englishmen lack.

Miss Shelley's story is shown over and over again. Thus he says: "Before you joins Harriet after he had run away with Mary: "Never before or since can a man who had just run away from his wife have written to her giving an account of the country, etc., etc." His and Mrs. Pankhurst have actually acted in just the way that seems so unlikely to Mr. Clutton-Brock.

We can all pass judgment upon Shelley; his whole life is bare to us, and, as I have said, it is a simple character to read. Some of his conduct was ugly, but would any man's better stand the limelight? The average squallid-minded stockbroker or journalist would not bear
comparison. Shelley has left in poetry the example of his splendid courage and its impetuous real in humanity's battle. His essay and his picture of the Clutton-Brooks.

The Magazines.

"The Quest" is a quarterly reviewed edited by Mr. G. R. S. Mead, and is established "to emphasise the need of a vital science to crown and complete the discoveries of physical science..." All are called upon to help in the discovery of the underlying reality of things which shall satisfy man's most imperious needs. Prof. Parkers article on "Religion in China" is mainly historical. He admits that there is a great stirring of new thought among the people, but "the Chinese intellect is quite averse to its own recognition and it is not likely that it will ever surrender itself to the dogmatic teaching of any Christian sect." The Chinese "see that the war- ring nations of the West, in spirit of their science, their philosophy, and are in very much the parlous state that old China was in when Lao-tse and Confucius tried to bring men back to the simple life or to the polite life respectively." The late Rev. George Tyrrell's "The Divine Fecundity" gives a remarkable exposition of his atheism. He had the profoundest disbelief in man, and savagely dismisses the "piece of intellectual jugglery," due, doubtless, to his clerical training. He finds no pious or order in the universe. "Does not all the evidence we have explain our apparent order or the blind resultant of a competition between brute masses and brute forces?"

"Let us not be blinded by our instinctive craving for perfection, for unity, understanding, comprehension, which, after all, is only an exegy of our practical life," God "hates, but He cannot help, the conflict and agony." While man's quest for perfection, an illusion, is, thus, real. Obviously, the last is no logical sequel, but man-cowardice. Tyrrell must not disown Christianity, although he disowns both God and man. Mr. Mead, "On the nature of the Quest," is fitting an end to this blank atheism: "Our search is not only for Light, but also for Life, and, above all, for the Good; for these three are one in the fullness of Diety—MIND and Soul and Spirit." Mr. A. E. Waite writes on "The Romance of the Holy Graal;" Dr. Mitchell on Modern Hypnotism; and there are interesting reviews in this number.

"The Local Government Review" is a new periodical which is certain to attract much attention just now for the coming of local government affairs are assuming ever greater importance. We note with scorn that the review "will eschew politics. It will not attempt to explain their apparent order or the blind resultant of a competition between brute masses and brute forces." He finds no pious or order in the universe. "Does not all the evidence we have explain our apparent order or the blind resultant of a competition between brute masses and brute forces?"

"Let us not be blinded by our instinctive craving for perfection, for unity, understanding, comprehension, which, after all, is only an exegy of our practical life," God "hates, but He cannot help, the conflict and agony." While man's quest for perfection, an illusion, is, thus, real. Obviously, the last is no logical sequel, but man-cowardice. Tyrrell must not disown Christianity, although he disowns both God and man. Mr. Mead, "On the nature of the Quest," is fitting an end to this blank atheism: "Our search is not only for Light, but also for Life, and, above all, for the Good; for these three are one in the fullness of Diety—MIND and Soul and Spirit." Mr. A. E. Waite writes on "The Romance of the Holy Graal;" Dr. Mitchell on Modern Hypnotism; and there are interesting reviews in this number.

"The Local Government Review" (is) monthly is a new periodical which is certain to attract much attention just now for the coming of local government affairs are assuming ever greater importance. We note with scorn that the review "will eschew politics. It will not attempt to explain their apparent order or the blind resultant of a competition between brute masses and brute forces." He finds no pious or order in the universe. "Does not all the evidence we have explain our apparent order or the blind resultant of a competition between brute masses and brute forces?"

"Let us not be blinded by our instinctive craving for perfection, for unity, understanding, comprehension, which, after all, is only an exegy of our practical life," God "hates, but He cannot help, the conflict and agony." While man's quest for perfection, an illusion, is, thus, real. Obviously, the last is no logical sequel, but man-cowardice. Tyrrell must not disown Christianity, although he disowns both God and man. Mr. Mead, "On the nature of the Quest," is fitting an end to this blank atheism: "Our search is not only for Light, but also for Life, and, above all, for the Good; for these three are one in the fullness of Diety—MIND and Soul and Spirit." Mr. A. E. Waite writes on "The Romance of the Holy Graal;" Dr. Mitchell on Modern Hypnotism; and there are interesting reviews in this number.

"The Quest" is a quarterly reviewed edited by Mr. G. R. S. Mead, and is established "to emphasise the need of a vital science to crown and complete the discoveries of physical science..." All are called upon to help in the discovery of the underlying reality of things which shall satisfy man's most imperious needs. Prof. Parkers article on "Religion in China" is mainly historical. He admits that there is a great stirring of new thought among the people, but "the Chinese intellect is quite averse to its own recognition and it is not likely that it will ever surrender itself to the dogmatic teaching of any Christian sect." The Chinese "see that the war- ring nations of the West, in spirit of their science, their philosophy, and are in very much the parlous state that old China was in when Lao-tse and Confucius tried to bring men back to the simple life or to the polite life respectively." The late Rev. George Tyrrell's "The Divine Fecundity" gives a remarkable exposition of his atheism. He had the profoundest disbelief in man, and savagely dismisses the "piece of intellectual jugglery," due, doubtless, to his clerical training. He finds no pious or order in the universe. "Does not all the evidence we have explain our apparent order or the blind resultant of a competition between brute masses and brute forces?"

"Let us not be blinded by our instinctive craving for perfection, for unity, understanding, comprehension, which, after all, is only an exegy of our practical life," God "hates, but He cannot help, the conflict and agony." While man's quest for perfection, an illusion, is, thus, real. Obviously, the last is no logical sequel, but man-cowardice. Tyrrell must not disown Christianity, although he disowns both God and man. Mr. Mead, "On the nature of the Quest," is fitting an end to this blank atheism: "Our search is not only for Light, but also for Life, and, above all, for the Good; for these three are one in the fullness of Diety—MIND and Soul and Spirit." Mr. A. E. Waite writes on "The Romance of the Holy Graal;" Dr. Mitchell on Modern Hypnotism; and there are interesting reviews in this number.

"The Local Government Review" (is) monthly is a new periodical which is certain to attract much attention just now for the coming of local government affairs are assuming ever greater importance. We note with scorn that the review "will eschew politics. It will not attempt to explain their apparent order or the blind resultant of a competition between brute masses and brute forces." He finds no pious or order in the universe. "Does not all the evidence we have explain our apparent order or the blind resultant of a competition between brute masses and brute forces?"

"Let us not be blinded by our instinctive craving for perfection, for unity, understanding, comprehension, which, after all, is only an exegy of our practical life," God "hates, but He cannot help, the conflict and agony." While man's quest for perfection, an illusion, is, thus, real. Obviously, the last is no logical sequel, but man-cowardice. Tyrrell must not disown Christianity, although he disowns both God and man. Mr. Mead, "On the nature of the Quest," is fitting an end to this blank atheism: "Our search is not only for Light, but also for Life, and, above all, for the Good; for these three are one in the fullness of Diety—MIND and Soul and Spirit." Mr. A. E. Waite writes on "The Romance of the Holy Graal;" Dr. Mitchell on Modern Hypnotism; and there are interesting reviews in this number.

"The Local Government Review" (is) monthly is a new periodical which is certain to attract much attention just now for the coming of local government affairs are assuming ever greater importance. We note with scorn that the review "will eschew politics. It will not attempt to explain their apparent order or the blind resultant of a competition between brute masses and brute forces." He finds no pious or order in the universe. "Does not all the evidence we have explain our apparent order or the blind resultant of a competition between brute masses and brute forces?"

"Let us not be blinded by our instinctive craving for perfection, for unity, understanding, comprehension, which, after all, is only an exegy of our practical life," God "hates, but He cannot help, the conflict and agony." While man's quest for perfection, an illusion, is, thus, real. Obviously, the last is no logical sequel, but man-cowardice. Tyrrell must not disown Christianity, although he disowns both God and man. Mr. Mead, "On the nature of the Quest," is fitting an end to this blank atheism: "Our search is not only for Light, but also for Life, and, above all, for the Good; for these three are one in the fullness of Diety—MIND and Soul and Spirit." Mr. A. E. Waite writes on "The Romance of the Holy Graal;" Dr. Mitchell on Modern Hypnotism; and there are interesting reviews in this number.
tribute to “the-joy-in-the-heart-of-man-infusing” spirit that quickens their blood as with quicksilver. To see the old Greek spirit, turning to raise the joy of Life with as much eloquence as they can. The Dutch and Flemish Masters proclaiming the nature of man and the everyday adventures he has gone through. The English masters proclaiming the Soul of Man and felicitating it on the many advantages he possesses, or the Irish nature breathes its spirit into the brimming cup of inspiration which she generously offers them. Homer says somewhere exercising the language of poetic fervour on the sensations landscapists producing the spirit which Nature breathes the nature of man and the everyday adventures he has that quickens their blood as with quicksilver. To see shadows the claims of life. The Italians catching the honour of the Deity, who being so great a deity over-produced from himself. So you see these English masters as much eloquence as they can. The Dutch and Flemish masters singing the Pride of Man, praising master, in the words of Horace, “Loud in his praise of the Van Eyck it has everything, composition, drawing and composition, and thus gain an artistic quality somewhat doubtful educational value. They are too faultless Hymn to the Resurrection. In Vermeer Van Delft’s comparatively quiet masterpiece (50) you may also attract you. All these details are tributes to some dominating emotion in the painter. They are interesting for many reasons, but principally because they explain why the picture-poems in this gallery do not reach a dead level of excellence. In some indeed there are very few good lines, so to speak; whilst others exhibit a sum of first-rate beauties in everything, and the painter’s language in them is so faultless that they may without extravagance be declared immortal. Among the imperishable works there are just three that may be mentioned. In Hubert Van Eyck’s “The Ghent Altars at the Sepulchre” (75) the material beauties, the almost inconceivable perfection of surface, the charm of the minutest detail, of the delightful old city in the background, of the sleeping guard in the foreground, of the silent devotional mystery in the background, of the sleeping guard in the foreground, of the silent devotional mystery in the foreground, of the silent devotional mystery in the foreground, of the silent devotional mystery in the foreground, of the silent devotional mystery in the foreground, of the silent devotional mystery in the background, of the sleeping guard in the foreground, of the silent devotional mystery in the foreground, of the silent devotional mystery in the foreground, of the silent devotional mystery in the foreground, of the silent devotional mystery in the foreground, of the silent devotional mystery in the background. If you question my statement may also attract you. All these details are tributes to some dominating emotion in the painter. They are interesting for many reasons, but principally because they explain why the picture-poems in this gallery do not reach a dead level of excellence. In some indeed there are very few good lines, so to speak; whilst others exhibit a sum of first-rate beauties in everything, and the painter’s language in them is so faultless that they may without extravagance be declared immortal. Among the imperishable works there are just three that may be mentioned. In Hubert Van Eyck’s “The Ghent Altars at the Sepulchre” (75) the material beauties, the almost inconceivable perfection of surface, the charm of the minutest detail, of the delightful old city in the background, of the sleeping guard in the foreground, of the silent devotional mystery which, compared with that of other kinds of liason, is nothing less than surprising. To me they have a somewhat doubtful educational value. They are too artistic to appeal to the child-mind. In French schools pictures illustrating history are more drawn out, merely charts, and this is a mistake. You are suggesting to the child to see, seeing that its artistic side is undeveloped, and it can only grasp clear, simple, and almost rudimentary details. The colour, too, should be different; masses of colour, as crude colouring, do not satisfy the child’s imagination and hold it entranced. Still, the “Phoenicians in Britain,” by Spencer Pryse, and “Sighting the New World,” by Frank Braungwyn, are brave decorative pictures which educational centres ought to be producing.

HUNTY CARTER.
The Shakespeare National Theatre.

The Shakespeare Memorial project for establishing a National Theatre has made a great advance during the last few months. It has been taken up and sponsored by a number of influential persons, and the project is now being considered by a number of leading literary figures.

The establishment of a memorial theatre will be a fitting tribute to Shakespeare, and will provide a lasting monument to his genius. It will also serve as a reminder of the importance of the arts in our society.

The scheme is being very strongly emphasised at present. The words of one syllable. The scheme is being very strongly emphasised at present. Words of one syllable.

The view of the artist is expressed by Mr. John Masefield in a letter published in the "Times" of October 22nd, part of which I may quote here:

The establishment of a Shakespeare Theatre, in which Shakespeare would be freely played, without reference to any particular branch of his work, is a project which has been long in the making. It is to be hoped that it will be realised in the near future.

The comment of the "Times" leader-writer upon this was piquant in the extreme:

In the letter from Mr. John Masefield, which we published last Friday, among many significant words was one of outstanding significance. He wrote of a great "free" national theatre. Whether free always and free throughout, or free sometimes, or free in certain parts, his letter did not explain. The notion of a theatre in which every part is always free is obviously untenable for a moment. It is diff-

The Servant in the House (Adelphi Theatre).

This is one of the curious pseudo-religious plays designed (within the limits imposed by the Censor's office) to bring the figure of Christ upon the modern stage, and to answer the question, "What would Jesus do?" The audience are prepared for a new sensation by a number of Biblical quotations upon the printed programme, which also advertises several different brands of whiskey. The action passes in a country vicarage. Mr. Sydney Valentine, in Oriental turban and robes, is presently revealed as Manson, the new butcher from India. The derivation of this name may be left to conjecture. Manson (who looks singularly like the genie in Mr. Anstey's "Brass Bottle") has a mission. It is his task to reform the household into which he has come, and to expose hypocrisy—notably the hypocrisy of the Reverend Dr. Makeshyfte, Bishop of Lancashire. Of course, he fails.

The play is full of theatricality and artificial devices. The mention of the name of one of the characters is usually a signal for his or her entrance, and coincidence is pushed to the furthest extreme. There are great possibilities in this conception of an ideal personality at war with the conditions of modern life, but Mr. Charles Rann Kennedy has certainly failed to use them. "The Servant in the House," it is understood, has been very successful in America. This will cause no surprise.

Correspondence.

For the opinions expressed by correspondents, the Editor does not hold himself responsible.

Correspondence intended for publication should be addressed to the Editor and written on one side of the paper only.

SPECIAL NOTICE--Correspondents are requested to be brief. Many letters weekly are omitted on account of their length.

AMBROSE BIERCE AS HUMOURIST.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

Most literary-minded folk must by this time have acquainted themselves with the high imaginative quality and dramatic power of the "Tales of Soldiers and Civilians." There is, however, another side of Bierce's work of which very few (of my own friends at least) are aware.

In many parts of England the excellence of the books, "Fantastic Fables" and "The Cynic's Word-Book," I wish to speak of them now not so much for what good
qualities they may have, as for their significance and inci-
dental interest.

It is not expected that a great, vivid imagination should in
relaxed moments run to grotesquerie. Remembering that Poe
wrote "Loss of Breath" and "Some Words with a Mummy,"
we might almost have predicted, from this kindred
tragedian some fantastic fooling. We might have had to
search for it after his death among his manuscripts. But he
had already done it in "The Lightning." Poe, by his grotesquerie,
tickled some critics amusingly; to others he made himself out an ass. It is probable that An-
other Political Leader one day saw his Shadow leave him and
A Harvard Professor, who had lost a bulb in an egg-crate, Shadow, in-
creasing his speed, "I should not have left you."
"A Man Running for Office was overtaken by Lightning. "You see," said the Lightning, as it crept past him, inch by inch, "I can travel considerably faster than you."
"Yes," the Man Running for Office replied, "but think how
much longer I keep going."

The humour of Ambrose Bierce, it will be perceived, is
thoroughly American. The essence of American humour is
exaggerated simplicity of idea and a huge lie told sedately-naive extravaganza. I don't say it
disparagingly; myself, I think it a very good idea of a joke.

The last part of the "Fantastic Fables" is an Aesopus
Eminens. The best fable in this portion is:

"A Herdsman, who had lost a bull, entreated the gods
to bring him the thief, and he vowed he would sacrifice a
goose to them. Then a lion, his jaws dripping with bul-
locks, and the Lightning, and the Herdsman, and the
"I thank you, good deities," said the Herdsman, con-
no, them and the Herdsman, and the

"The Cynic's Word-Book" (published in 1906) is alto-
together inferior to "Fantastic Fables." It is impossible, of
course, for a book of this kind containing occasional gleams,
between it is invaluable stuff.

These are sample definitions:

Bore: A person who talks when you wish him to listen.

Bottle-nosed: Having a nose created in the image of its

mum.

Still less should I be expected to praise a book which is to be
bought simply on the title-page as a vehicle of all the

To ward off Mr. Hulme's most sturdy thrust. If I were
wished to see white elephants on the ceiling, I should not deny, a
generous, the elephant of elephants, or of the colour white.

Still less should I cast doubt on this kind. But in moments
I should most certainly bring such white elephants to the
bar of reason. I should appeal from the irregu-
larities of that transmissive agency, my brain, to those cor-
related conclusions we call "experience." If on one, or even
two, occasions I happened to see two moons, I should not
immediately begin a solemn treatise on the Inner Duality
of the Heavenly Bodies.
The argument that a Christian might make the same plea on the basis of
dogmatic Christianity is loose. What is Socialist or Com-

THE JEW IN SOCIALISM.

Mr. Hulme begins by rebuking me for imagining Mr.
Wells the "daring originator" of a certain metaphysical
point of view. Mr. Wells's dictum occurred to me not
because he was this originator, but because I had men-
tioned no "inner Nigerian" and put the prac-
tical aspect of the thing rather neatly. I realise that the
decorating itself; I was not able to refute it.

To carry on from the last sentence, I would say that it is not
possible to make an articulate speech in which I was
more (or less) than I am in the god

I did not say that I"priori believer in

We know how this transmissive agency may distort reality.

I do not say that I was an "a priori believer in the
goddess of the light shining through both the rest of the

THE NEW AGE.

Mr. Hulme knows the philosophical country so well that it
seems rather arrogant to keep to a road which he has called
non-legitimate. But before leaving it I should like to be
quite sure that it cannot be found somewhere in his
official map.

Mr. Hulme begins by rebuking me for imagining Mr.
Wells the "daring originator" of a certain metaphysical
point of view. Mr. Wells's dictum occurred to me not
because he was this originator, but because I had men-
tioned no "inner Nigerian" and put the prac-
tical aspect of the thing rather neatly. I realise that the
decorating itself; I was not able to refute it.

To carry on from the last sentence, I would say that it is not
possible to make an articulate speech in which I was
more (or less) than I am in the god

I did not say that I"priori believer in the
goddess of the light shining through both the rest of the

THE NEW AGE.

Mr. Hulme knows the philosophical country so well that it
seems rather arrogant to keep to a road which he has called
non-legitimate. But before leaving it I should like to be
quite sure that it cannot be found somewhere in his
official map.

Mr. Hulme begins by rebuking me for imagining Mr.
Wells the "daring originator" of a certain metaphysical
point of view. Mr. Wells's dictum occurred to me not
because he was this originator, but because I had men-
tioned no "inner Nigerian" and put the prac-
tical aspect of the thing rather neatly. I realise that the
decorating itself; I was not able to refute it.

To carry on from the last sentence, I would say that it is not
possible to make an articulate speech in which I was
more (or less) than I am in the god

I did not say that I"priori believer in the
goddess of the light shining through both the rest of the
THE PRINCE OF DESTINY
A Romance. By SARATH KUMAR GHOSHI. Author of "My Indian Night.

Being a Presentment of India by an Indian, (with its eternal patience, universal love, and universal love.) The book also reveals Britain's peril in India. In the circumstances depicted it would need the love of an extraordinary man like the hero to save Britain's cause.

Above all, this romance reproduces the atmosphere of India as no other work has ever done, and is a storehouse of information which could not be obtained from any other source. Without it unfolds a story full of dramatic interest and impregnable with deep emotions.

Ready this day. Deny 6vo. Cloth. Price 15s. 6d. net.

PROGRESSIVE REDEMPTION.
The Catholic Church, Its Functions and Offices in the World reviewed in the Light of the Ancient Mysteries and Modern Science. By Rev. HOLLAND E. GAMPSON, author of "Progressive Creation." (see below).

Now ready. Two very 8vo vols. Cloth, price 21s. 6d. net.

PROGRESSIVE CREATION.


SUCCESSFUL DAIRY WORK.
By T. MATTHEWS, Market Reporter to the Board of Agriculture, Author of "Channel Island Dairy Cattle."

METHUEN'S SCHOOLS OF TOMORROW
THE NEW AGE PRESS, LTD., 12 RED LION COURT, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

Methuen & Co. 36 Essex St., London, W.C.

NOURISHING LUNCHEONS
Teas, and Dinners

AT

THE EUSTACE MILES RESTAURANT
40, CHANDOS STREET, W.C.
(One minute from Trafalgar Square.)

Open 9.0 to 9.50.
Write for interesting Booklet on Diet by Eustace Miles, M.A.

SCHOOLS of TO-MORROW
HOW THE CHILDREN OF THE FUTURE WILL BE EDUCATED
By MARGARET McMillan,
24 pp., 1s. 6d., with Color Design.
A dreamer who is also a great-hearted and indefatigable worker—that is the person to enlist in any cause. All will do well to read and ponder over this inspiring vision of what our schools might become—Catherine Edgell.

Post free 6d., from the Publisher,
J. P. STEELE, Shelton, Stoke-upon-Trent.

EVERY SOCIETY
SUPPLIED WITH
BANNERS, MEDALS, BADGES, ROSETTES, ETC.

Methuen & Co., 37, Theobald's Road, London, W.C.

Catalogues, Designs, Estimates, etc., free on application.

ESTIMATES AND DESIGNS SUBMITTED.

Established over 50 years.

Messrs. METHUEN'S NEW BOOKS.

TREMENDOUS TRIFLES.
By G. K. Chesterton. Fcap 8vo. 5s.
[Second Edition, 1910.]

"Facile, adroit, effective."—Daily Telegraph.

DARWINISM AND MODERN SCIENCE.
By F. W. Headley. Crown 8vo. 5s. net.

MESMERISM AND CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.
A Short History of Mental Healing.
By Frank Podmore. Deny 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.

"We recommend all readers to read Mr. Podmore's book."—Daily News.

"An admirable account . . . lucid exposition and scholarly writing."—T. S. Platt.

THE DECAY OF THE CHURCH OF ROME.
By Joseph McCabe. Deny 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.

"A singularly impressive and penetrating volume."—Daily Telegraph.

"Mr. McCabe's volume is well written, full of romance, and full of pathos."—Spectator.

THE CONDITION OF ENGLAND.
By C. F. G. Masterman. Crown 8vo. 6s.
[Second Edition, 1910.]

"It is a brilliant, glowing work, the interest of which is unflagging."—Daily News.

Methuen & Co., 36 Essex St., London, W.C.
MR. BALFOUR AN AGNOSTIC?

To the Editor of "The New Age."

Is it not altogether misleading to speak of Mr. Arthur Balfour as an agnostic and free-thinker? That there may be a sense in which these views can be justified I do not deny. The like would be true of Pascal or Pascal, and many others. But a very slight knowledge of "The Foundations of Belief," or "The Doubt," should serve to show that the writer is occupied with removing certain grounds of objection to Christian belief, not in support of that dogma. If "objective" means, as I suppose it should, a quality of the term. As well call Mozley an agnostic, or even Newman.

J. NEVILLE FIGGS.

ANTICLERICALISM.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

In a collection of poems published in 1842, Robert Browning gives vent to national feelings:

THE CONFessional.

[Spain.]

I.

It is a lie,—their priests, their popes,
Their saints, their . . . all they fear or hope
Are hewn with them, no hole through my door
And ceiling, there! and walls and floor,
Their lies, their lies—shall still be hurled
Till spite of me I reach the world.

II.

You think priests just and holy men!
Before they put me in this cen
I was a human creature, too,
With blood like any other of you,
A girl that laughed in beauty's pride
Like lilies in your world outside.

III.

The church was empty; something drew
My steps into the street; I knew
It led me to the market place;
Where, lo, on high, the father's face.

IV.

That horrible black scaffold dressed,
That gilded scaffold, God sink the rest!
That strapped back, that binding vest,
Those knotted hands and naked breast,
Till near one boy hungman passed,
And, on the neck those arms caressed . . .

V.

No part in aught they hope or fear!
No heart in them, whereof they speak!
No earth, not so much as pens
My body is their worst of dens
But shall bear God and man my cry
Lies—lies, again,—and still they lie!

Furthermore, it may interest readers to know that the Oxford Union Society refused to put to the vote a motion expressing sympathy with Signor Ferrer.

OXON.

BERMONDSEY, ETC.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

May I enforce the need for a Socialist and Labour daily newspaper by a reference to the Bermondsey election? At the commencement of the contest Dr. Salter had 3,500 promises. The canvass confirmed these. On the Monday before the poll there was a demonstration at the Town Hall which was nothing less than wonderful. The final meetings on Wednesday went well, but not so convincing. The result you know. What had happened? The Liberal papers had started by misrepresenting the Socialist candidate, and they had fallen back upon, if not concealing, at least condoning, the unprofessional votes. On Tuesday they came out, without an exception, with the lie that he was out of the running. Every Progressive vote given to Salter is a vote for Dunbarney; vote for Hughes.

Bermondsey is not a constituency highly educated in the subtleties of politics, and the proportion of the electorate by the last three days you could watch the mean streets turning blue (where they weren't already red), and no effort could stop it. By Thursday the Liberals' lie was a straight truth.

Nobody is to blame, least of all the electorate. But until each party is approximately equally provided with the means of combating electioneering, the lies and other electoral necessities may cancel one another, there is but a poor chance of raising elections to that higher plane on which the Socialists and the Labour parties are entitled to compete.

While I am on the subject of Bermondsey, may I mention the other great factor in the result? Motor-cars are another enormous influence at electioneering which a fair-minded would like to see equally at the command of all parties. An under-educated electorate and a wet day put a premium on their value which you can only believe if you have seen them.

P. P. H.
Cadbury's is essentially the purest Cocoa; made amid the purest surroundings in England's Garden Factory at Bournville.

The PERFECTED SELF-FILLING FOUNTAIN PEN. Everyone is interested in the New Invention applied to "Bloom's Safety" Self-Filling Pen. It has the following advantages: Fills itself in a moment; Cleans itself instantly; No rubber to perish or other parts to get out of order; Does not leak or blot, and always ready to write; Twin feed and all Latest Improvements. The Makers claim that BLOOM'S SAFETY Self-Filling Pen is the Best Pen made being convinced everyone should use it. A REMARKABLE OFFER IS MADE TO THE PUBLIC FOR THREE MONTHS. The 15s. "BLOOM'S SAFETY" Self-Filling Pen, fitted with Massive Diamond-Pointed 14-ct. Gold Nib, 5s. 6d. 

MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS. A new series of handy volumes, containing representative Passages from the Works of the Great Writers, with full Biographical and Critical Introduction and Editorial Connecting links. Crown 8vo, Illustrated. WILLIAM MORRIS, HIS ART, HIS WRITINGS, AND HIS PUBLIC LIFE. By F. J. SNELL, M.A., late Scholar of Balliol College, and Reader in English Literature. This volume is uniform with Mrs. Sutherland Orr's well-received "Handbook to Tennyson" and "Handbook to Shakespeare." Write for a Prospectus and Complete List.

Bohn's Self-Filling Pen. It has the following advantages. Fills itself in a moment; Non-leakable, Fills and Cleans instantly; Twin Feed and all Latest Improvements. No other pen so simple, reliable, or such pleasure to use. ORDER AT ONCE.

THE REVOLUTION IN FOUNTAIN PENS. Why pay 10/6 when you can get same value for 2/6 as an advertisement? Owing to great extension of Factory, we are offering: 25,000 10/6 DIAMOND STAR FOUNTAIN PENS each. Non-leakable, Fills and Cleans instantly. Simplest Pen made. Fitted with 14-carat Gold Nibs. Fine Nib, Broad or J. Dots. Every Pen guaranteed for two years, and money refunded if not fully satisfied. Readers of NEW AGE desiring a guarantee Pen should order at once from the Makers.
FRANCISCO FERRER

A MAGNIFICENT PORTRAIT has been issued by the New Age Press. It is reproduced in Four Colours, and mounted Suitable for Framing. Size 12 ins. by 17 ins. Price ONE SHILLING EACH. By post (in roller) 1/2. Five or more copies sent post free.

HALF THE PROFITS from the sale of this print will be given to the daughters of the late Senor Ferrer to use at their discretion. This portrait should be hung in every Socialist Club.

Send at once to the—
NEW AGE PRESS, Ltd., 12, Red Lion Court, Fleet St., London, E.C.

Now Ready.

POEMS & BAUDELAIRE FLOWERS.

By JACK COLLINGS SQUIRE.

Quarter Canvas Gilt, 2s. net; by post 2s. 2d.

"Mr. Squire's versions of 'The Flowers of Evil' are successful in rendering the meaning of these gloomy, consciously morbid poems... His accomplished version, which gives access to his own skill as a versifier no less than the five original lyrical poems, mainly love poems; young and modern and pleasantly grim."—The Scotsman.

THE NEW AGE PRESS, Ltd.,

12-14 Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, London.

Just Published.

MARSYAS.

A Lyrical Drama.

WITH A PROLOGUE.

By FRANCIS BURROWS.

"There is good verse in this drama."—Times.

"There is a sense of beauty, a scholarship, a truly poetical spirit; a woodland dreaminess, an atmosphere of superworldliness refreshing in this earth of smoke and Nasmyth hammers."—Birmingham Daily Gazette.

Crown 8vo, 1/4 Canvas Gilt, 2/- net. By post 2/2.

THE NEW AGE PRESS, Ltd.,

12, RED LION COURT, FLEET STREET, E.C.

The Odd 1909 Volume.

A Literary and Artistic Annual.

PUBLISHED TO AID THE FUNDS OF THE NATIONAL BOOKSELLERS PROVIDENT INSTITUTION.

8 Full-page Illustrations in Colour.
32 Full-page Illustrations in Black and White.
30 Literary Contributions: Stories, Essays, Poems, &c.

Contributed by the foremost Artists and Authors of the day.

ONE SHILLING NET.

Ready NOV. 4.

At Booksellers and Bookstalls throughout the Kingdom.