"ONCE YE HAVE SEEN MY FACE,
YE DARE NOT MOCK."
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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Everybody, it seems, has made up his mind that the Lords will reject the Budget. With incalculable optimism we are still inclined to believe that everybody is wrong. The two sets of journals and two sets of persons are quite certain of the event, and from two entirely different motives, though from the same desire. The Tariff Reformers are naturally anxious that the Lords should pull the chestnuts out of the fire for them. What have they, then, to fear? They are risking the death of the Budget, or to gain by allowing the Budget to pass? Moreover, Tariff Reform is not under practical discussion. If the Lords win, Tariff Reform will have done it; if the Lords lose, Tariff Reform remains the only remedy. Under these circumstances, Tariff Reformers may well be anxious to precipitate a crisis in which they can lose nothing, and may possibly win something.

A good many Liberal journals and persons, on the other hand, are spoiling for a fight with the Lords on less creditable grounds. First, a constitutional disturbance would provide plenty of occupation for Radical politicians, who love nothing so much as pulling the machinery to pieces now to examine, but to prevent, its working. Secondly, there are some nasty snags ahead in the political stream, not to mention such disagreeable circumstances such as the question of Woman's Suffrage. Thirdly, they may well hope (and here we join them) that a mountain of labour may yield at least a little moisture in the eyes of Tariff Reformers. After all, the King cannot be supposed to be anxious to do exactly what they are already doing. Its columns have lost the pretence of impartiality and all their reputation for consistency. Six months, five months, two months have all the land? Not one of them, to our knowledge, has not been given the attention it deserves.

Observe that Lord Rosebery was silent after a visit to the King no longer counts in constitutional crises. After all, the King cannot be supposed to be anxious to see the hereditary barrier between himself and democracy subjected to the pressure of a popular movement. We prophesy nothing because, like Artemus Ward, we do not know; but a Radical movement that began with the cry of Down with the Lords might conceivably end with the cry of Down with the Kingship. At any rate, while there is no confounding the Persons of our constitutional trinity, it is also true that no one of them can be affected without involving changes in the others.

For this reason, we attach some importance to the State Banquet to be held at Windsor on Tuesday of this week. There will be assembled representatives of all the parties in more or less friendly concert with the King as host. Are we wrong in anticipating that other things than the weather will be casually mentioned among the guests? Certainly nothing will be allowed officially and ostentatiously to transpire, since the fiction must be maintained that the King has no concern with politics. But we risk the conjecture that the bubble of the crisis will find itself strangely and mysteriously pricked on and from that evening. Little by little the imprisoned hot air that expanded it to the dimensions of 1688 will escape, and we shall find by November 22 or thereabouts that nothing is left of the monster save a little moisture in the eyes of Tariff Reformers.

And all this we say in the interests of Truth alone: for, as is obvious, we democrats have nothing to lose by the struggle. On the contrary we have everything to gain by a satirized attack upon hereditary privilege. Our first object as democrats is to abolish all hereditary privileges that are not due to worth, native or acquired. Muddle-headed Darwinians accuse us of being anxious to protect individuals from the results of a selection. But it is we who are the true Darwinians. By abolishing all the artificial privileges bestowed on a man's children unto the third and fourth generation we would compel a great man's posterity to come into the field on a fair footing and win the place his father won, if he can. Smacks it not something of the Darwinian policy? To abolish the hereditary privilege of a factitious aristocracy would be to open their ranks to a real and worthy aristocracy. How many of the present peers could win their title in a fair and equal combat of brains or intelligence? The staff of The New Age would challenge the lot of them (exception made of a round dozen) in any exercise requiring any faculty of the mind to do justice to the State. And that, to put it frankly, is what democrats are after: carrière ouverte aux talents! Down with the pseudo-lords, up with the real lords wherever they be and whatever they are, they be only Lords of Service!

It will be seen then that if we refrain from egging on the Peers to their possible doom it is not from any desire to save them. Rather it is because we are afraid of our friends. These Radicals love a lord as ardently as above all, his title. What one of them would, as we would, abolish the whole House of Lords root and branch? What one of them would, as we would, make the House of Commons the final and the only authority in the land? Yet these same Radicals love a lord as ardently as above all, his title. What one of them would, as we would, abolish a Single Chamber man; not one of them but secretly thanks God that the House of Lords exists if only as...
the last defence against the remote possibility of establishing a Socialist state in England. Let us be sure that if the Liberal party can help it, no great harm to the Lords will be done even if after rejection and election the Government is returned to power with an overwhelming majority. The Lords will die in every event at a "little death only." There is nothing more grotesque still, as a Chamber for Safeguarding Popular Rights. By what miraculous means were these qualifications imparted to a Chamber that has throughout its whole history had as its sole function the preservation of the rights of the nobility and of the nobility alone? Doubtless the legion Liberals who desire a second chamber of some kind will assent to the Revisionary Chambers of the Lords less than to the Commons. Is this not what is called the "Mint?" To everybody's surprise, and to our disgust, the Chancellor of the Exchequer had contributed to the first number an article of warm welcome and wishes for the "fullest measure of success." Mr. Robertson Nicoll does not seem to justify them. As a matter of fact, there has been far too much "British Nonconformity" in both this and several previous cabinets. Not the Education Bill only is an example of Nonconformist legislation, but the policy of the Government on public houses, the Indeterminate Sentences Bill, and the whole question of school feeding. British Nonconformity has all the disadvantages with none of the advantages of a dogmatic religion. To it everything approved by its members is not merely harmless but actually commendable. The highest and noblest results are invaded by the State, even to ventilate it; the family is sacred, therefore starving children may not be freely fed by the State; marriage is sacred, therefore a woman may be kicked or starved. As a matter of fact, there is no remedy; and what also is not "sanctified." "Why, cocoa is almost a Biblical drink! We will put a question to those who believe that Nonconformity is losing its control of politics. Would not Parnell be invited to listen were not only not clever, but they were offensive to his political chief, Mr. Asquith, who, whatever else he may have omitted, has never failed in loyalty even to the most reckless of his colleagues. One verse to which Mr. Lloyd George listened with rapt attention ran as follows: He's got his party leader in the hollow of his fist, In politics he's playing Box and Cox; For they are within the Clique, where Socialism, He keeps the Liberal label on the box. But this is not Mr. Lloyd George's only breach of intelligence this week. On Friday there appeared on the streets of London a new penny paper, the "London News," with no remedy as to be better left unprovided. We hope the next Liberal Parliament as in the present. We hope his fears are well founded, though the knighting of the noble Lord as a representative government that is on its trial. Very well, let us have representative government that can act as an advertising agent for the comic opera, "The Mountaineers," at the Savoy on Monday. What little reputation he has will soon be gone if he continues doing such things. The verses to which he was invited to listen were not only not clever, but they were offensive to his political chief, Mr. Asquith, who, whatever else he may have omitted, has never failed in loyalty even to the most reckless of his colleagues. One verse to which Mr. Lloyd George listened with rapt attention ran as follows: He's got his party leader in the hollow of his fist, In politics he's playing Box and Cox; For they are within the Clique, where Socialism, He keeps the Liberal label on the box. Some weeks ago The New Age published a series of memorable articles by Mr. Francis Grierson advertising an Anglo-American alliance. The articles were extensively reprinted in American journals and were the subject of a good deal of discussion in the States, if not in England. On Tuesday of last week at Delmonico's, New York, a banquet in celebration of the King's birthday was held at which some 200 hosts of Americans and English were present. "The incident of the evening," says the "Daily Telegraph's" correspondent, "that provoked the greatest applause was a vigorous advocacy of an offensive and defensive alliance between America and Great Britain by Mr. W. T. Blackstock, K.C., of Ontario." Mr. Blackstock, we understand, had the kindness and the courage to refer to Mr. Grierson's articles in The New Age, thereby acknowledging a debt which many English publicists have incurred so often without a word of thanks.
A Song Without a Name.

A little breath, love, wine, ambition, fame,
Fighting, devotion, dust—perhaps a name.

Were these the lures of life, who would sustain
The weight of days unblest?
The wine without a zest
On simple palates does not turn again
Disrelished. 'Tis a sin without a stain
To lie upon the moulded breast
Of love, and yield thyself to rest.

Not all are born to storm the Muses' Court,
With daring rapture shod.
We walk the cultured sod
Not fiercely, nor with clamant tread distort
The bland repose of Earth, God's own consort.
Behind the plough contended plod
The servants of a simpler God.

The ardent soul suspires a finer air
Upon remoter heights,
And treasures up delights
Of vision that beyond all dreams are fair.
Their love beyond the stars, or blush for shame
Of thought in Fancy's crucible,
But lacked the proper chasuble.

Their name of Work before
Except in Nessus' shirt that Hercules wore?
The modern bard, the ardent soul applies
The inspiration caught from Heaven or Hell,
Or hears from Provence, that fair land of lies,
Of Heaven mantling the air is rich with spikenard,
And allure the frantic bard.

Who ever heard the name of Work before
Mentioned in a poem?
Would anybody know him
Mentioned in a poem?
Apollo served Admetus, but I'm sure
No modern bard would dare to show him
Working, except in a poem.

The modern bard, the ardent soul, applies
His vision unto things
He never sees, and sings
Of viewless voices, and of vocal eyes;
Or hears from Provence, that fair land of lies,
The echoes of rememberings
Too musical for underlings.

'Twere fine to be a poet, and to tell!
The too admiring throng
Of women that a song
Is distillated heather from the dell;
The inspiration caught from Heaven or Hell,
Or from the sweetest soul among
The ladies, one both fair and strong.

'Twere fine to talk in French, be understood
In every tongue except
One's own. One night I went
Because Chriselephantine marred my mood.

I might have climbed to where the poet stood
Like Phaeton in his chariot swept
Past earth, had I been an adept
At talking in a foreign tongue. I know
That poems are beautiful,
And homage is dutiful,
Because the poets always tell me so.
I would have worshipped then the molten glow
Of thought in Fancy's crucible,
But lacked the proper chasuble.

But I digress. I meant to show that life
Is not all beer and skittles,
Nor even love, nor victuals;
That one should not romance too much of strife.
Of fame, or wine, or someone else's wife,
When half the world boil common kettles
With the loose chips that Labour whittles.

The world rolls on in music 'midst the spheres,
And if its undertones
Are curses mixed with groans,
The prayers unspoken and the vocal fears,
'Tis harmony; the many moans
Make music that for all atones.

Alfred E. Randall.

Ballads of Hecate.

II. Ballade of the Doomed Longhead.

[Professor Gustaf Retzhuis, lecturing recently before the Royal Anthropological Institute, said the North European long-headed race cannot properly adapt itself to the demands made upon it by industrialism. It desires a freer, less constrained life; lacks the endurance necessary for carrying on a uniform kind of labour; the patience to stand chained to machinery day after day, year in, year out; and craves leisure for enjoyment. The brachycephalic individual seems far better suited for the demands of an industrial life; and the long-heads are doomed to extinction.]

Oakum-picking's against the grain?
Loom-minding curbs your spirits free?
(Unemployable, sirs, that's plain!)
From stools ye slip; from ledgers flee,
And the drill-sergeant calling you wooingly.
Yet ye stretch your hands! . . . Superfluous Shirkers and drones! Hear us decree
The doom of the dolichocephalous.

Ah, coward words are pleasure and pain!
Hail, holy god Machinery!
We cast before thee a nation's brain,
And a million spirits' atrophy.
Surely we are the people, we!
And virtue shall certainly die with us.
We have learn'd Life's price is monotony,
And doom'd are the dolichocephalous.

The Longhead answereth:—
Go hug your bonds and clank your chain,
Short-headed, short-view'd helots ye!
But to-morrow may call and crave in vain
For what we vikings learnt on the sea,
We vagrants sought so eagerly,
For us, become drones, and blear-eyed,
Since to the slum and the factory
Ye doom'd the dolichocephalous.

Envoi.

We have starv'd, but we have not bent the knee.
Our workhouse record is scandalous.
Yet blest—if ye rule in the age to be—
Is the doom of the dolichocephalous.
Foreign Affairs.

Mr. Asquith's speech at the Guildhall was chiefly directed to the Congo problem. The Prime Minister recognised that the Belgian Government should have a fair chance of fulfilling its pledges. Atrocities, forced labour, unfair taxation and general misgovernment have all been accused in many parts of the Congo Free State, but such abuses are common to all African dependencies. Atrocities were committed in Natal as bad as any recorded in the Congo, while in Nigeria local trouble has raised the question whether the device of running a railway line to Cape Town can be justified. The British Association is not to be blamed for the noisy campaign that has been carried on by natives working in chains. By a melodramatic exaggeration of such evils the Congo has been placed in a specially discreditable limelight. The Congo Reform Association, scattered over the Congo State, and what-not other inexactitudes. This association, it may be remembered, with its allegations of ten million hands and feet scattered over the Congo State, and what-not other territorial aggrandisement and free trade in Liverpool fire-water were removed.

The date is put down as June this year. The foundation of Suda Bay, other Powers occupying other forts during the earlier Cretan troubles. The cession of Suda Bay to Germany would create serious attacks are being made on the mal-administration in Mexico. These criticisms emanate from American sources, they might be of some assistance to an American journalist. Brazil and the Argentine are entering upon a Dreadnought competition. Ship is being constructed against ship, and the same as though they had never built a single ship.
The Birthday Honours.
By O. W. Dyce.

When King Edward, who was born in the month of November, ordained that his official birthday celebrations should be regularly held in June, leaving the genuine date to be recognised in various ways all the same as it came round, two sections of the community were delighted and two sections were disappointed, one of these sections rejoiced at the fact that two birthday-honours lists would give them the opportunity of getting cash for the war-chest without having to ask their customers to wait an hour or two longer for delivery of the honours bought. The other gratified section of the community consisted of certain little boys and girls who, having heard that fashions set by the King were generally followed, voted the two-birthdays-a-year idea splendid. Long as was the list of titles bestowed in the summer, the 6th of November has seen the roll of honour swelled by the names of two Peers, six Privy Councillors, six Barons and more than 30 Knights. No attempt can be made to instruct the crowd into any categories indicating whether particular dignities rested upon money payments or merit. Such a division could be drawn up by any one of a couple of dozen men behind the scenes, but the details of political bargains are kept from the plain man. The editor of Who's Who has acknowledged that one of the by-products of this week has proved too short a time to verify suspicions, one is justified in believing that the latest list has been constructed according to precedent, and the nature of the past transactions has been established on the clearest evidence, including not a few frank admissions on the part of those concerned. "There seems to be a notion abroad," said I, once upon a time, to a new marquis who temporarily accepted it evidently regarded by the Marquis of Salisbury's orders, but the other no resentment at the insinuation said I, once upon a time, to a new marquis who temporarily accepted it evidently regarded by the Marquis of Salisbury's orders, but the other no resentment at the insinuation said I, once upon a time, to a new marquis who temporarily accepted it evidently regarded by the Marquis of Salisbury's orders, but the other no resentment at the insinuation said I, once upon a time, to a new marquis who temporarily accepted it evidently regarded by the Marquis of Salisbury's orders, but the other no resentment at the insinuation said I, once upon a time, to a new marquis who temporarily accepted it evidently regarded by the Marquis of Salisbury's orders, but the other.

A recently published biography of Sir Wilfrid Lawson records a resolution moved by him which prayed the Sovereign to accompany each grant of a title with a statement of the reason for its bestowal. He thought that it would be instructive to have it officially published, which honours were to be attributed to the successful brewing of beer, which to the wholesale bribery of votes, which to the extensive slaughter of enemies, and so forth. Both front benches were shocked at the suggestion. For civil honours and the orders of the day and Victoria Cross, yes; for politicians and the magnates of finance and commerce, a thousand times no!

Thus one is left in ignorance, as regards the list of last week, of the real services rendered to the nation by most of those singled out as worthy of their Sovereign's recognition. Those who are fond of puzzles may amuse themselves in guessing why Mr. Henry Bell blossoms out as Sir Henry Bell, Bart., whether Mr. Evans is honoured for his connection with the Clanchery Law, or for his organisation of gout sufferers of Welshmen in London, and which of their various claims are held to justify the knighthoods allotted to Mr. Boot, Mr. Friswell, Mr. Gurney, etc. Some of these names, redolent of Widdicombe Fair, are not to be found in any of the ordinary books of reference. The editor of Who's Who has a wonderful nose for a distinguished contemporary, but he draws the line somewhere, and is apparently more exclusive than the present Government.

In printing the names of the newly honoured, however, the daily papers have added little explanatory notes. They have told us, for instance, that Mr. Jesse Boot is in the drug business on a large scale. Many a young man has gone through the hard work of being qualified as a chemist only to find "Boots" suddenly planted in the same neighbourhood, mopping up his custom. From the same shops in a host of towns "Boots" has lent out library books and competed with handbag-dealers, stationers and picture-sellers. "Boots" is within his rights, but he has reaped a rich reward and there is surely no need for any makeweight to be brought forward by the Government. For instance, the Press has explained that Mr. Friswell gave a number of cab-drivers the training required to fit them for the driving of taxicabs. I do not know how many men were thus benefitted; the training of three or four hundred cost to operators eight or ten thousand pounds, but I have no authentic figures. It is also pointed out that Mr. Friswell lent thirty motor cars for three weeks for the use of eminent Pressmen attending an International Conference. As they were his own cars, it might not be unfair to imagine that the thousand pounds. The humorous element in this entertaining of the Pressmen is the fact that Friswell obtained a magnificent advertisement, photographs of his cars appearing in most of the illustrated journals. Now he is to get a knighthood, which, to a dealer in second-hand cars, is worth a thousand a year or more as a permanent advertisement of his business. At the annual dinner of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders last week, speeches were delivered by members of Parliament and others connected with the motor movement or the industry. I have it on excellent authority that not a word was said on the subject of the Friswell knighthood, announced on the previous day. That would have been natural if motor traders themselves do not regard the selection of Mr. Friswell for a birthday honour as any compliment paid to the motor trade.

It is the rule with honours lists that the Government of the day let it be known, by any one of a couple of dozen men behind the scenes, that the selection of the men for decoration is the difficulty of mending it, but, if possible, spend a thousand or two in fighting the man who. Thomas Hardy is also on the waiting list for an honour; had he been a pill merchant he might have had it in middle life. Nor could I find that the editor of Who's Who has a wonderful nose for a distinguished contemporary, but he draws the line somewhere, and is apparently more exclusive than the present Government.

The Government's policy is one of wholesale promotion of men in the political and commercial world, whilst deliberately snubbing the historians, economists, engineers, poets, composers, painters, sculptors and architects. To secure a prize, you must amass a fortune, observe the conventions, subscribe to charities, and, if possible, spend a thousand or two in fighting constituencies. Properly played, the game can even be made attractive to onlookers. There are, nevertheless, certain types of citizens by whom these adornments are regarded as of little account. The names given them at birth have sufficed for quite half of the great men of the later Victorian age, to go no further back. The last knighthood was declined by Dickens and Thackeray, Darwin and Carlyle, Ruskin and Swinburne. Although Gladstone was responsible for the conferment of an abominable superfluity of peerages, he took none himself. Even Chamberlain in that respect is still "unhonoured," but, thanks to Mrs. Brown Potter, not "unsung."

One argument for ending the system of singling out men for decoration is the difficulty of minding it, but, with the rival plans in the market for the honour for which a word might be said would be the straightforward sale of titles at a fixed rate. Let any man who hands over to public use a specified sum of money or a specified number of acres receive payment from his grateful controller in the form of a knighthood. But let it be open to all and an above-board transaction. To-day we pretend that the "fountain of honour" cannot be set playing with a golden key.
The Art of Home-Making. I.
The Socialism of Design and Craftsmanship.
By W. Shaw-Sparrow.

I.
It has been my lot to work hard for twenty years at domestic architecture, which includes the many crafts that embellish and equip homes, and that unite a thousand trades and industries to various ideals of the hearth in every class of the community. There is but one finer profession in the world than the study and practice of this home-making architecture, and that one profession is to diffuse the waters of democratic art knowledge by a great many irrigating channels over the whole length and breadth of our town-burdened land. Pugin began that fertilising work for us soon after the era of steam-power enabled science to rule over the humane arts with immense benefits to Capital, but with few (if any) to Labour. Quantity and quality, like Walter Crane and William Morris, or Socialists malgré eux and without knowing it, like Ruskin, Carlyle, and J. J. Stevenson. Ruskin, it is true, was not always a sure guide, a good pioneer. His nature was feminine and very impulsive it carried much too far at times into the region where half-bred and reared a greater Socialist of humane genius than Ruskin, who is he? William Morris, no doubt, had gifts of a finer kind, but to his genius the nation was feebleer than Ruskin’s, and the industrialism of the age was too strong for him in his great revival of design and handicraft. He, the true Socialist, did not labour for the many; his appeal was to the rich; his art reformed an aristocracy of taste. It marks a revolution in the aesthetic side of education among the well-to-do; and its influence on the people was never more than a weak filtration through debased copies of his work. The art of building and jerry-furnishing governed despotically as huge suburbs that transformed smiling landscapes into enemies to the commonweal. Town after town threw out traditions of handicraft a thousand years old weakened into failure, and jerry-building and jerry-furnishing governed despotically as enemies to the commonweal. Town after town threw out huge suburbs that transformed smiling landscapes into dreary wastes of mean, degraded streets, so that the genius of the hearth among those families whose incomes were little and precarious had to make shift to survive, not unlike health in a time of plague.

Yet there were but few protests for a long time. England held monopolies in the world’s trade and commerce; she had yet to teach her foreign buyers how to become formidable rivals even in her own home markets; and the ease with which money was earned, particularly during the decade that followed the Franco-German war, reconciled the nation to slipshod workmanship and to a down-going standard of self-respect in trade. The simplest needs in the people’s architecture were scornfully put away as too expensive for bungling methods to sanction. Thus, for example, it was deemed extravagant and absurd to build sound-proof walls with sound-proof doors. Let each then hear all the secrets of their parents’ most private talk and life, since decency would take money from the builder’s pocket and put it into the hands of bricklayers and plasterers. Let the fire-grates be as bad as cheapness could make them, so that 90 per cent. of heat from burning coal might go up the chimney, for tenants would bear that cost, not builders or landlords. And let new enterprises in jerry-work be sold as quickly as possible, because the act of selling would relieve speculators from the annual cost for repairs and transfer to ignorant and poor householders with a desire for property. These are just a few of the anti-social principles of trade that tyrannised over the home arts during the Interbell of Queen Victoria’s reign.

But a nation’s family life cannot be scorned and outraged without stirring into action a good many leaders of thought, and it is worth noting that the champions who came forward were either Socialists by conviction, like Walter Crane and William Morris, or Socialists malgré eux and without knowing it, like Ruskin, Carlyle, and J. J. Stevenson. Ruskin, it is true, was not always a sure guide, a good pioneer. His nature was feminine and very impulsive; it carried him much too far at times into the region where half-bred and reared a greater Socialist of humane genius than Ruskin, who is he? William Morris, no doubt, had gifts of a finer kind, but to his genius the nation was feebleer than Ruskin’s, and the industrialism of the age was too strong for him in his great revival of design and handicraft. He, the true Socialist, did not labour for the many; his appeal was to the rich; his art reformed an aristocracy of taste. It marks a revolution in the aesthetic side of education among the well-to-do; and its influence on the people was never more than a weak filtration through debased copies of his work.
On Governments.

Although the question of the most desirable form of government is not only a very ancient one, but has also not unfrequently been answered in various ways, I will venture to make a suggestion thereon which I think is applicable to the present time.

Monarchy, in the sense of an effective supreme ruler, is a thing of the past, for all the heroes and demigods have gone, and no one can be a real monarch unless he is a head and shoulders taller than all his contemporaries not only in stature, but also in understanding, and in "favour with God and man."

The attempted substitution of an elected monarch is also not successful, owing to the insuperable difficulties presented by his election. As he is not a "complete" hero he must be elected as a "specialist," whether it be in capability, in bribery, or in inpetitute, and as such by the votes of those who either hope for direct profit from his speciality, or at least fear no loss from it.

Of directing others, the elections will take place on no very exalted platform, and the deliberates, and still more necessary that each individual shall become quickly and clearly aware of the results of its decisions as they concern him personally, and that it shall not be found when too late that the individual has gone, and no one can be a real monarch unless he is a head and shoulders taller than all his contemporaries not only in stature, but also in understanding, and in "favour with God and man."

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At the other pole—Democracy, whatever its value in past days may have been, is not adapted for present conditions. When States were as counties now are in size and complexity of internal affairs, and even less troubled than counties with external ones, Democracy was a possible answer to the question. But it is essential to the success of Democracy that the Demos shall know something about the matters on which it deliberates, and still more necessary that each individual shall become quickly and clearly aware of the results of its decisions as they concern him personally, and that it shall not be found when too late that the State is committed to a course of action which will take years to work itself out. In fact Demos is a shortsighted body, and, as such, cannot deal with long-reaching matters.

But little removed from Democracy is a Representative Government. It is true that by this change the precipitancy of action which characterises the crowd is to some extent avoided, but at the cost of an equivalent sluggishness in repairing mistakes. The representatives, moreover, are liable to the shortcomings both of Democrats and Monarchs. But, whereas the field of utility for Democracy is limited, so, too, it is by far the best government within these limits. Local government in purely local questions, which are daily getting more numerous, is theoretically quite an ideal one, and would probably become so in practice, too, were the attraction of Parliament removed, which now draws the more capable class of representatives away from local activities and leaves these to what can only be called a most unsatisfactory type of man.

From the representatives' point of view local government is at best only a school for Parliament, and as there is no superannuation in this school it is chiefly filled with those who cannot rise higher, together with whom are, perhaps, a small number who prefer to be gods in hell than angels in heaven. Were it, however, recognised that it is internal health and vitality which are the determining factors of all external manifestations, in a nation as in an individual, instead of vice versa; and were a different class of men to interest themselves for this reason in local government, one can hardly imagine what the outcome might be.

It is here, too, that women should find the work politic for which they are most suited and for which the State would be most indebted to them.

The words local government will have to be accepted in their actual meaning. That is to say, it is not to be distinguished at all from Aristocracy; it does not just a sociological process by which the stage of local government is to be passed through before the stage of national government is reached. If an elected Aristocracy will not ventur to describe presently.

We have still Aristocracy to consider. An Aristocracy which is elected and representative we have to hand in Parliament. An Aristocracy which is not to be distinguished at all from a Democracy. When a member was not looked on as a delegate, but as a king, things were rather better, but with the awakening of the people who desire to govern, and the consequent degradation of a member to be a delegate, the flavour of Aristocracy which once attached to Parliament is disappearing.

If then an elected Aristocracy turns out not to be an aristocratic body, how might one be chosen? As we are not talking of "the Aristocracy," it is clear that heredity is quite unconnected with our question. The other solution seems to be that no one should be elected as an aristocrat until he should be self-elected. Now obviously, this, in its crude form, would lead to a most impossible condition of things before which the worst Board of Guardians would turn pale. Such a body would consist in a short while of all the cleverest, most capable and most unscrupulous men in the land. But I do not think that the problem should be quite insoluble.

In the first place, what is wanted? A body, not too large, of men and women, all of whom are prepared to make this their only business. They must represent all the elements in the land, not only in someone's opinion, but also in the opinion of the elements themselves. Not, however, in proportion to their numerical value, for they are all parts of the State and equally necessary, from this point of view, in its structure. Moreover, the numerical values of the various elements will be already represented, in the present political sense, in the local bodies.

They must not depend on an electorate for their position. Still, they must be under the control of public opinion to a certain extent, as any chance of the body ceasing to become generally representative must be avoided. But in general it is of course impossible that all departments they must be considered the most capable of knowing how they wish to have the body composed.

When once constituted the body would elect whoever it chose, either to increase its numbers, or to fill vacancies. It could also remove any member. This would probably be best done by having periodic re-elections of the whole body. Further, any member could be removed, expelled, or ostracized by vote of the Demos. The question of the majorities which should be needed in the two cases is a difficult one. A good deal depends on whether there are more good or bad men in the world. To the question if asked thus the answer would be that it is of good, of good predominating, but if for "good" and "bad" we substitute "altruist" and "self-seeker," or "honest" and "of average commercial morality (or under), I feel little doubt that "self-seeking" and "average vote" would head the poll. So as altruism, the understanding of others, and quite instinctive honesty, are just the qualities we must demand from our Aristocrats, and as we must, I think, act on the assumption that there will be a natural agency for the selection of these qualities to be ousted from the body, precautions must be taken to favour the minority. In the case then of the Aristocrat vote it seems that a small number of blackballs should exclude. In the Democratic vote, on the other hand, a considerable majority should be necessary to ostracise. "Good" will always appeal to the Demos more than "bad," for at worst the "good" will not affect it.
much, while the self-seeking will always tend to exploit it. The largeness of the majority required will prevent, to some extent, political intrigues carried on by bilbery, either direct or indirect, and by thumping.

This would be the scheme in its rudest outlines, but closely connected therewith arises the question of guilds, or at any rate, representative societies, not probably covering such a small area as each separate trade’s union, but more nearly representing trades as a whole, the various bodies giving medical degrees as a whole, all the Law Inns, etc. Whether such unions or societies should put forward their own nominees as suggested members of the Aristocracy or not, and whether the vote of ostracising should in any way be limited to the societies of which the Aristocrat was a member, requires further consideration, but probably the best course would be to leave the Aristocratic body entirely to its own devices in their search for, and election of, their own members. It is not desirable that the body should consist to any great extent of "specialists," as might very easily happen if the guilds had a hand in the matter, for the type of mind which makes a specialist in one subject is one which is more often than not limited to only one subject. Our Aristocrats must be real Aristocrats and not only successful men.

LEWIS RICHARDSON.

The Nymph and the Stag.

Her anxiety was lest she might wound the creature. It challenged her out of the dim, wet thicket. Now in this place and now thither she beheld it, and, hurling forward, attempted to seize its horns with her hands. This, a hundred times repeated, at the sundredth find her at fault. The dazzling antlers eluded her grasp.

"Intelligent one," she cried, and did not refrain from clapping her empty palms.

Yet, in rage, often she grasped a dart. Always the shame of defeat appeased her before the throw; since to have maimed the wonder had come short of her desire to take it alive. Maimed, it were dead to her.

So all the day they crashed through woods whose brambles defied their cunning. The nymph left crimson points upon the thorns; also, the adorable animal displayed its trail where white locks floated like winter flakes among the thicket.

Out they came upon a stretch of lawn. And now had she only to choose the moment of victory; for none was ever more swift than she in the open.

The stag fluttered when it saw her skim to its front. With her right hand, then, she took its horn, and, with her left, she encircled the charming head, and she led her captive towards the temple where she dwelt.

But here, the animal began to pine. Not snow-white bowl or the renewed oblation contented it. At the length of its leash it pointed its head towards the forest; and forth from the forest pointed another head.

She wearied of the weary brute. "Go! I will sport with thee again," she said to it, and loosed the tether. But, free to be gone, it lingered; and now towards the nymph, and now towards the scintling head in the forest it went bewildered.

"Hist!" she exclaimed. "Off with thee!"

It looked at her with grieved eyes, and slowly footed across the grass. The one in the wood came out a step, and lo! the lucking head was set upon the body of a stag. Yet the face wore a doe’s face.

"Return, thou unfortunate!" cried the nymph to him she had cast out. But the witch beset him, and drew him in, and shut the teeth of the thicket.

How deeply, then, the nymph lamed her indulgence of beauty in the brute. Among those she had hunted, him only had she set free; he, most, was auspicious to have held. And believing that body of a stag to be not his true form, she resolved to re-capture him. By magic, magic is met. She burned an image of the creature, and ate the asa.

Thrice strengthened by the potion, she sprang into the wet forest, and soon upon the trail of the property she counted the prints of six feet. Four proved the feet of the stag, and two were like those of a woman running. Not together went the six feet; but the four lagged behind the others, yet always following. At the river, swollen by the tears of piteous Cryane, thefoot-prints failed along the slippery bank. The eyelids of night shut down, and the nymph, afraid of the rising water, went to a distant bush and slumbered, in her dreams still pursuing.

She wakened at the sound of a voice, and drew up one knee, and poised her body ready to attack or to fly in a sheltering direction.

"Weeping and cries of sorrow pierced the forest. Yet so attuned and melodious was the voice which uttered them that, listening, she thought she heard only the river moaning, or the leaves sighing from the weight of rain-drenched boughs, and the rending of a branch in the gloom sobbed, so that she wondered whether it were that thing which had wakened her and not some tone of lamentation. When the white light broke through the east she beheld who had grieved. A maiden lay close by the water. She did not hear the approach of the nymph, but, sunken in sadness, told of a never-ending search for one she had lost. The nymph lifted the long hair dabbled among the stream. Still the maid stirred not nor looked round, but said: "Cast me not, by a blow among the shades. In misery I live, yet with hope. Send me not to sigh among those who sigh without hope."

The nymph consoled her. "O, wretched with love and with lack of love, poor triumph would that be to me to afflict one so poor through affliction. I hunt not thee, but a stag with horns of silver."

"Then shalt thou indeed afflict me, for in such a form degraded runs he whom I seek. Yet may Diana stay thy hand and keep thee still unwilling to load up my misfortune."

Thus saying, the maid arose and stood like one condemned who, asking for life, expects not life, but to be rejected.

"God-gotten am I, O maid, and disposed to pity. Who art thou?"

"Near by this river I was born of my mother Haira to Gyas, a mariner of this coast. No claim of birth have I. I was loved by Strato, a shepherd beloved by the daughter of his master. She cast him into the body of a stag, and I have sought him now five summers and winters."

The nymph looked not longer at the eyes of the maid, but turned, biding her follow. They went from vale to vale and across the misty plains, and upon every hill they climbed to seek the white hide and the shining horns.

Where the river Anapis turns its last length towards the sea there is a ring of trees. Hither arriving, ahead of her companion, the nymph beheld the stag tied fast and guarded by the sorceress, who, swiftly leaping, received the twirter arrow within her heart and lost the evil flood from her veins. Upon the trembling stag the huntress laid the steaming shaft, and where it touched him the skin split, and, peeling as apart, disclosed his restored to his own shape. Himself but lately a four-footed beast, he runs upright now to support the maiden stumbling upon her knees. He carries her towards the nymph, who is returning her arrow to the quiver.

BEATRICE TINA.
A Continental Trip.

III.—Waiters and Cafés.

By Bart Kennedy.

Of course it is delightful to be abroad. It is delightful to feel yourself in a new and strange place where you can't be dunned for your debts, and where neither writs nor summonses await.

But there is a rift in every lute. There is a crumpled roseleaf in the downiest bed. And the crumpled roseleaf in the downy bed of luxuriation in foreign travel is that the wily and polite waiter, and the other persons who do you the pleasure of handling your money, will in moments of forgetfulness give you bad money for your good money—or at least will give you money that is out of currency. To give a waiter, or other person, a hundred centimes note and to receive in the change you get twenty francs that are no good, is to pass through an experience that whilst it is interesting is at the same time saddening.

In certain parts of the delightful Continent giving the unfortunate strangers bad or impossible money is looked upon as a neat and artistic joke. Spain is perhaps the most humorous country of all in this respect. There are people there who would palm off unworthy coins even upon the mint authorities themselves.

When I was there I always took the precaution of taking the numbers of the bank notes in my possession, so that the waiter could not play the trick of substituting the note I gave him for a false one. This is sometimes done. The waiter takes your note, goes to the cashier to get the change, and comes back in a moment saying that the note is bad. Of course, if you don't know the number of your note, you are done. Some waiters are in the habit of keeping bad notes of various denominations to substitute for good ones when the chance arrives.

When you receive a coin that is wrong you would be more than human did you not try to pass it along. There I was dining. He brought his easel with him. But let that pass.

And I don't think the waiters in the restaurants along the Digue in Ostend speak quite the perfect English they think they speak. And I fear that they sometimes indulge in statements of the misleading order. There was a waiter who told me that he was a naturalised subject, and that he had lived in dear old England for twenty years. He was a German—a Prussian—and his English bore the broken, three-months' stamp. He told me how fond he was of good old English. And he added that if war broke out between his native land and the land he had done the honour of adopting as his own, he would naturally be compelled to fight against Germany—that is, should England insist upon it.

"But how would you do if the Germans captured you?" I asked. "Wouldn't it go hard with you when you found out that you were a German?"

He asked me how they would find it out.

"Why, by your accent," I answered. "By the way, you speak English?"

The Prussian of the English of the broken, three-months' stamp looked very pained indeed. And he gazed upon me as one would gaze upon a foe, or a dun.

And then he let me into the secret of how he would be guarded from the danger of the Germans finding out his true nationality. He said that his English was so perfect, through his long residence in England, that he would be taken for an Englishman. His English was broken and most guttural and German-sounding. And still he told me this. He was a very intelligent-looking man. But he was like the rest of us. He had his own particular bee in his bonnet.

But perhaps he was a humourist.

The Cafés of Ostend are most delightful places. They are delightful, open-air clubs where you can go and idle the hours away without going through the bothersome formality of being proposed and elected. And in them is an air of friendliness absolutely unknown in English hotels and restaurants. The people don't scowl at one another. If a joke is passed at a table, people at the tables near by laugh at it or glance merrily at the jokist. There is no such thing as a funeral air in the Café. The people in it are there to make the best they can of the hour they are living. Such a thing is impossible in England. Why, I don't know. Perhaps it is because of the climate. The English climate has, to say the least, a chastening effect upon the spirit. It is sound enough, but its best friend could hardly call it pleasant. And we English are exactly like our climate.

In many of the Ostend Cafés the proprietors adopt a human and sympathetic attitude towards those who might be styled the under-dogs of art. I remember one night a poor threadbare artist coming into a place where I was dining. He brought his easel with him and began to make a quick crayon sketch of a rural scene. The poor chap was old, and his face was worn and haggard. There had doubtless been the time when he had dreamed of being world-famous—as all artists dream. And now he was a worn and broken man.

When he had finished the sketch he came to me and said something, the meaning of which I could not catch. And seeing that I did not understand, he passed on to another table. Each person at the table gave him a coin. I called the waiter over, and he explained to me that the artist was raffling the sketch he had made, and that he was getting as many as he could in the Café to take a chance. The chances were five centimes each, and I put down fifty centimes, and so got ten chances.

The old artist shook the numbers up in his hat, and I am pleased to say that I won the sketch.

The Cafés, too, were the best places for studying the people who were holidaying in Ostend. They were the best places for noting the differences of national character. Here you would see a French family, father and mother and children, and the inevitable baby of two or three—the darling of the family—who toddled around the café, the admired of everybody. And here was the German group that sat around a table looking at nobody, but attending strictly to business—"I mean wiring whole-heartedly into food. I must pay the Germans the compliment of admitting that they are the finest pack of dives-away of food I have ever seen. If you would see the English coming in with the air of lords of everything in sight. You would see them throwing their coats and things down as though they were alone in some wide desert. And here were the Americans—"
Englishmen and Aesthetic Sensibility.

The success with which I carry on my business as a commercial traveller with a portfolio supposed by the respectable but not well-informed British public to contain treasures of Fine Art, a success which is reflected in a detached villa residence, a leisurely walk when Holbein Bagman is at home, and substantial confidence inspired in the rich bosoms of those who establish me in a position of great deorum among my neighbours, whereof I receive many pleasing tokens. One of them is the invariable receipt of an invitation to be present at the opening of our local exhibition of pictures and handicrafts when the season comes round. The newly-elected Mayor usually precedes and speaks at such functions; we afford him almost the opportunity of making his debut, while he adds to us the dignity of several inches of municipal gold chain. Apart from the social decency of the thing, I rather like our Mayors. As representatives of the British liberal tradition, educationally themselves through a government, they do our town credit. But they fail to relieve me of the depressing burden of the conviction which has only settled down upon me the more heavily the more my business operations have been extended, that the Englishman upon the whole is the least likely in Europe to look with eyes of understanding upon a picture.

The latest new-born Mayor whom I have had the pleasure of listening to has just congratulated painters distributed among my neighbours, whereof I receive many pleasing tokens. One of them is the invariable receipt of an invitation to be present at the opening of our local exhibition of pictures and handicrafts when the season comes round. The newly-elected Mayor usually precedes and speaks at such functions; we afford him almost the opportunity of making his debut, while he adds to us the dignity of several inches of municipal gold chain. Apart from the social decency of the thing, I rather like our Mayors. As representatives of the British liberal tradition, educationally themselves through a government, they do our town credit. But they fail to relieve me of the depressing burden of the conviction which has only settled down upon me the more heavily the more my business operations have been extended, that the Englishman upon the whole is the least likely in Europe to look with eyes of understanding upon a picture.

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FROM THE CHILDREN TO DEATH.

The streets are cold, though all the lamps are lit; the rain is cold we have to wander through; we have no more to eat, what shall we do? The men have closed the parks where we could sit and play in the rain; we are so tired. We have no toys or dolls, and nothing new; it will be worse when we are grown-up, too. We wish we might stop living for a bit.

Dear death, we do not mind your hollow eyes, we will not mock your face, and run away; you are our only chance of some surprise and delight. We are not born on purpose; we are wise and know we have no other place to play.

E. DE TIEL.

Books and Persons.

(AN OCCASIONAL CAUSERIE.)

Decidedly this autumn is dignified by an unusual output of essays that demand to be seriously counted as literature. The other week I noticed the volumes of Mr. G. K. Chesterton and Mr. E. V. Lucas. Last week three more volumes reached me, all produced by their publishers with that air and that care which denote to the observant that their publishers are rather proud of their authors. "Ceres' Runaway and Other Essays," by Alice Meynell (Constable). It is said that Mrs. Meynell does not write enough. But if she wrote more she would be undone. To write little is an essential quality of hurrying you on in pleasant anticipation to committed it, all the legions of literary preciosity would be Robertson Nicoll would dictate as much in a couple of elaborate prose contains a quantity of blank verse. For wonder I remember that when her famous essay, "Ichabod," which I have vividly remembered ever since reading it in "Cornhill" years ago, Mr. Beerbohm has added nothing in explanation of a mystery which it contains. The mystery is this: When travelling on the continent, having once given up his hat-box to be labelled with his larger luggage for the guard's van, how did he regain possession of it and take it to his compartment? The thing is easy in England, but the continent is a different pair of sleeves.

The Rationalist Press Association has first-class importance. The book differentiates itself instantly from the ordinary well-produced volume. One sees at once that it has been watched over, not by the publisher, but by the author. The tint and material of the binding, the specially engraved label, the beautiful title-page, the admirable disposition of the general page: these things disclose that Mr. Beerbohm meant to express the individuality in the corporeal body of his book, that he possessed the moral force to create both its depositors and binders, and that he knew how to imagine and create a homogeneity. "Yet Again" is a book, body and soul. The people capable of appreciating either its body or its soul are few, even among those who praise it. Hereafter it will be collected by the connoisseur, as well for its outward beauty as for the literature within it. There are qualities of simplicity, naive charm, honesty, sheer wisdom, and highly skilled self-revelation in this book that may not clearly emerge before the public until long after we are all dead. It is a book to dérouter the merely clever. It is a shy and proud book. I observe that to the essay "Ichabod," one of those witty and amusing little pieces which I have vividly remembered ever since reading it in "Cornhill" years ago, Mr. Beerbohm has added nothing in explanation of a mystery which it contains. The mystery is this: When travelling on the continent, having once given up his hat-box to be labelled with his larger luggage for the guard's van, how did he regain possession of it and take it to his compartment? The thing is easy in England, but the continent is a different pair of sleeves.

The Rationalist Press Association (which does not receive sufficient attention in literary periodicals) has just started a series of "Histories of the Sciences," which seems to me to fill a felt want. The first two volumes are "History of Astronomy," by Sir Edward Thorpe (both illustrated); these volumes are not banal examples of popular book-making. They are for the plain man, but for the plain man who takes himself seriously. Both are excellent. They really do enlarge the mind. They have genuine educational value. And however expert you may be in a science, you cannot philosophically grasp the import of that science in the general evolution unless you are acquainted with its history. I wish that the Rationalist Press Association would arrange to publish a compendious history of philosophy at about five shillings. The only readable one that I know is George Henry Lewes's, "Revelations: Historical and Ideal," which, however, has greatly interested me. If I esteemed myself as a student of philosophy I should assert that Mr. Bennett's essay, "The Ethical View of Hellenism," utterly and definitely demolishes long-accepted theories.

JACOB TONSON.
The Social Half-Way House.

By Francis Grierson.

The half-way house in the social world resembles the half-way house on the mountain-side; it is a place where fatigue begins and danger increases. For the climber who wishes to reach the summit the worst of the journey is yet to come. One of the characteristics of this house is that it looks toward the summit, yet all who enter remain at the same social altitude until they return to the normal realities by the route they came. It is a hot-bed of illusions. The mistress, the hostess, as well as the habitué, make a fascinating study for all who are interested in paradox and enigma; for here, in some mysterious way, people are supposed to succeed where the business gosseins would fail. The habitués are expected to pass on to a point which overlooks and even commands the movements of ordinary people and events. Here it is always "to-morrow and to-morrow." If there be a variant to the phrase it is an allusion to yesterday. The things which never happen is a satisfactory termination of the present.

In society the half-way house has its raison d'être in the peculiar mental temperament of its mistress. She is a person who lacks some power or combination of powers; some talent for combination or combination for talents, to attain a place on or near the social summit. She conforms to social routine, is, of course, lacking in originality, seldom makes an independent move for fear of being compromised, is ever on the alert, like a nervous pilot in ships, for the slightest hint of success. The mistress would like the iVar with illusions, and pass gently down the social stream (not up) on a raft which eludes its shallows and avoids its squallor. For the mistress has long since abandoned the notion of going against the tide, of taking absurd risks. These things are left to the novice, the fanciful guest, the habitual visitor. The house exists, not so much from lack of means to dare and to do as from lack of moral courage to be simple and sincere. Without insincerity there would be no social half-way houses.

In all great capitals there are thousands of persons who aspire to an atmosphere of art and intellect; and many of these join the crowd. The beast which flows through the open door. For this reason the place constitutes a trap for the tyro and a bait for the over-ambitious. Still, the bait seems as tempting to the delicate trout as to the coarse and eager gudgeon; all are supposed to nibble one day.

But it is at dinner the saddest disillusionments occur. A dinner is given to meet So-and-So, and the repast, like the house itself, is spread midway between luxury and necessity, on a plane of illusions in appearance as solid as sand. All goes well until the champagne arrives, for with that comes the supreme test of the evening, and this can easily prove a fatal quarter of an hour for the hostess. It may decide by a coup d'oeil or a smash of the lip what is the length of her purse and what the quality of her taste; for as often as not the champagne is both spurious and cheap, and the knowing guests give up all hope of reaching the summit of the social Chimborazo once this point is reached. Then they recall the table-talk, and conclude it, too, by supposition, on a sliding scale that rose by a jump as high as politics and fell with a thud as low as manslaughter. For the short, elusive phrase does signal service here. It is useful both as a weapon of defence and as a feint at knowledge. Vague confessions, accompanied by a few words of the summum bonum out of the mouth of the mistress, resides in the paradox of the house having nothing beneath it. Its supposed position on the social mountain is measured neither by tape nor by theories and dates, facts and figures; but counts for nothing when considered by each person separately.

One of the most curious things about the half-way house is that it looks down on vacancy. The truth of the matter is that the impression which is produced by the master, mistress, hostess, is that the house is a hot-bed of illusions. The flow of visitors is without end; the stream taps. There is magic, for instance, in a brace of old miniatures, hung low, in an odd place, with seeming carelessness. A secret and potent charm issues from a pair of life-size portraits, the colour somewhat dim, the frames a little dusty, especially if the nose of the male ancestor be Roman, and that of the female Grecian, with eyebrows long, delicate, and arched. With such objects the mistress can produce an impression on wax. It represents no date or fact, but a quality, an atmosphere, a distinction. Commerce is stamped; society is sealed. But at the half-way house the sealing-wax symbolises the people who undergo the impression of a counterfeit seal.

After such things as these the most important weapon is an air of feigned assurance. Charity may cover a multitude of sins and keep them covered, but assurance can never hide a world of insincerity for long. And this is one of the reasons: it is always accompanied by an aplomb as blind as it is self-willed. It errs from want of tact, in hasty hints, in promises of fine things, leading to nothing—except the prolongation of the patience and endurance of each fresh acquaintance. Yet, its first impression strengthens the most wavering and dispels the doubts of the most sceptical. But there is too much fire and flame, too little of the smoke of susiv and spiral illusions. Its rule is brilliant, vigorous, and brief. The next in order of importance lies in a grace of manner, little tricks of speech, accompanied now and then by an assumption of a mysterious air; and this seeming authority, being a pure illusion, remains nothing beneath it. Its supposed position on the social mountain is measured neither by tape nor by theories and dates, facts and figures; but counts for nothing when considered by each person separately.

One of the most curious things about the half-way house is that it looks down on vacancy. The truth of the matter is that the impression which is produced by the master, mistress, hostess, resides in the paradox of the house having nothing beneath it. Its supposed position on the social mountain is measured neither by tape nor by theories and dates, facts and figures; but counts for nothing when considered by each person separately.
as two oceans—divide between them the poes of desire and disillusion.

If the flow of new-comers is continual, so is the flow of out-goers. The discriminating pass out and down with as little delay as possible. For such as these it is not a question of going higher but one of descending to an altitude where the rhythm is normal, the pulse healthy, and the mind unhaunted by chimeras. But, in many cases, it requires some time even for the wisest to discover that the so-called ascent is nothing more than a continual zig-zag round and round, leading again and again to the point of departure. The best minds do not climb into the best society and can have no need for the houses supposed; it is not a question of going higher but one of coming at last, by a secret attraction, to that plane where only the natural.

"It is a hot July afternoon. Upon the white, dusty road that leads from Aldershott to Basingstoke there is a village, clustering about a little Norman church. Beyond the churchyard, and neatly, modestly screened from the highway by a dense box hedge, lies the rectory with its garden. Subdued voices are heard, and a girl’s voice cries: ‘Fifteen-Forty,’ ‘Thirty-Four.’ Above it all rises the clink of tea-cups and the murmur of conversation. Presently one can see that he is ragged, unhaven, sunburnt. As he approaches another figure appears—that of a girl carrying a bundle, and following him boldly, marches up the path, and makes a leisurely survey of the house and garden. The rector’s housekeeper appears at the door.

HOUSEKEEPER: [calls out]: Not to-day, thank you!


HOUSEKEEPER: Not to-day. Go away.

THE TRAMP: [mocking her tone contemptuously]: Not to-day, not to-day, not to-day!

HOUSEKEEPER: You:re a rude man. Go away!

THE TRAMP: [with satisfaction]: Go away! Cawn’t yer say somethink fresh? Or are yer wound up?

HOUSEKEEPER: We don’t give to beggars. The rector: I ain’t beggin’. I’m arskin’.

THE TRAMP: Go, it, old girl! Wound up, that’s wot you are! Tell me next that you’ll set the dawg on me!

HOUSEKEEPER: [impotently]: We haven’t got a dog.

THE TRAMP: [with satisfaction]: Ain’t got no bloomin’ dawg, ain’t yer? That’s all right. I’m a goin’ ter sit down. [He subides into a deck chair on the front lawn.]

HOUSEKEEPER: [scandalised]: Get up! I shall send for the policeman.

THE TRAMP: Your bloomin’ local copper’s two miles up the road, sittin’ in a ditch wiv a stop watch, lookin’ out for motorists. Like ter fetch ‘im? Nice walk for yer.

HOUSEKEEPER: [at her wits’ end]: I shall bring the master!

THE TRAMP: [signing to her to come nearer]: ‘Ere. [She comes unwillingly]: ‘Ere. [Taking a dirty piece of paper from his pocket.] Your master. Is ‘e the Reverend George Palmer, rector of Farnley?

HOUSEKEEPER: Yes.

THE TRAMP: And are you Miss Jane Pippin, is ’ousekeeper?

HOUSEKEEPER: I am.

THE TRAMP: [surveying her critically]: Yus. You look it.

HOUSEKEEPER: Well, of all the—


The housekeeper takes the paper reluctantly, and retreats to the tennis lawn. Presently the rector appears, hurriedly putting on his coat.

RECTOR: [to the housekeeper]: Where did you say?

THE TRAMP:([$...Ah, I see—[$He approaches cautiously.] Come, come, my good man! You can’t stop here!]

CANNON: [looks him up and down without speaking.]

RECTOR: [more peremptorily]: You can’t sit here!

CANNON: [slowly]: That won’t suit me. I’ve got a pressin’ engagement.

RECTOR: Then I am afraid—

CANNON: Gimme somethink to eat. And drink.

RECTOR: I make it a rule not to—

CANNON: Gimme wot I arskin’ for!

RECTOR: Is that all your business with me?

THE TRAMP: I tell yer wot my business is when I got food in me. Not before.

RECTOR: That is not the proper tone to adopt—

CANNON: I don’t care. I ain’t got no manners. The bloomin’ upper classes ’ave pinched ’em all. I just arn’t got no manners. I just arn’t.

RECTOR: [weavering]: Perhaps—there are extenuating circumstances in your case... You are really hungry?

CANNON: Am I hungry? Get the grub!

RECTOR: [hesitates, then calls]: Miss Pippin! [To Cannon]: Possibly—if you will go into the kitchen—we will see what can be done—

CANNON: I’d sooner ave it ‘ere. Then I can talk to yer garden.

RECTOR: [calrly]: All right. I’ll wait.

RECTOR: [gives way reluctantly. To housekeeper]: Ah—Miss Pippin—perhaps you would be good enough to bring somethin’ to eat... and [with a doubtful glance] possibly tea. . . ?

Cannon grunts his assent.

RECTOR: [ardily]: And will you please ask them to excuse me at the tennis court; I shall remain here.

[Miss Pippin, visibly disapproving, brings the tea.]

CANNON: [looks at her wits’ end): Possibly—if you will go into the kitchen—we will see what can be done—

CANNON: I’d sooner ‘ave it ‘ere. Then I can talk to yer garden.

RECTOR: Really—that is quite impossible—

CANNON: [calrly]: All right. I’ll wait.

RECTOR: [gives way reluctantly. To housekeeper]: Who is Jinny?

CANNON: Jinny Dawson. She’s my gal. On tramp with me. [Pause.] She’s expectin’ a child. Next Michaelmas. She wants ter git married.

CANNON: [perises]: Do I understand that you are living together?

RECTOR: [Course we are.

RECTOR: And that you are the father of her child?

CANNON: Yus.

RECTOR: I am sorry to hear it—I cannot help you. CANNON: You was recommended ter me.

RECTOR: By whom?

CANNON: Chap of the name o’ Palmer. You give ‘im yer gardenin’ last summer.

RECTOR: Ah—I remember.
Cannon: 'E recommended me ter you. 'E'll marry you,' e says. 'E'll make a 'oly fuss about it, but 'e'll marry you if yer worry 'im long enough. Immorality's agin 'is principles. It's 'is business ter tie 'em up,' e says.

[Rector coughs.]
Reactor: Is your... is this young person here?
Cannon: Yus. Outside. Shall I fetch 'er?
Reactor [hastily]: O' my moment, please. You say that it is her wish that you should marry?
Cannon: Yus. I don't think much on it meself, but Jinny's mother was a Methodist... and there's the ed. o' course... We thought it was just as well, if we could find a parson 'ardy.
Reactor: I hope you realise that it is very wrong of you to go about the country in this—irregular way?
Cannon: It's company, like.
Reactor [staggered]: I was speaking of the moral aspect of the case—
Cannon: I know. Just as yer please. Don't mind me.
[Pause.] Will yer marry us?
Reactor: I will consider the question.
Cannon [indicating the roadway]: Shall I fetch 'er?
Reactor: If you please.
Cannon [rises. turns]: I expect she's come, by this time. She was a bit beind. That's 'ow we allus got 'Arf a mile apart. Saves naggin'. We see enough of one another every night. When yer got a 'ouse o' yer own yer can sit in different rooms, or go out and walk the streets. But on the roads, wiv an empty stumick—take my tip. 'Arf a mile apart! [He goes to the gate, and utters a low whistle.] Are you there, Jinny? Aye, 'ere she is.

[Jinny enters... She comes forward nervously, laying down her bundle.]
Cannon [in an undertone]: Buck up, ole gal! It's all right. 'E's game.
Reactor: Good afternoon. Ah—I understand from your friend that you wish to be married?
Jinny: Yes, sir. If you please, sir.
Cannon [audibly]: Not so 'umble, ole gal. Stand up to 'im!

Jinny [to the reactor]: Oh, sir, I hope you won't mind what 'e says. 'E do talk so wild. But 'e means well.
Cannon [to Jinny]: 'Ere, stow it!
Reactor [kindly]: Well, well, we shall see. Perhaps something can be arranged. And now—I suppose you are very hungry?
Jinny: Yes, sir.
Reactor [calling]: Miss Pippin! [The housekeeper appears.] Will you please give this young woman a meal. And [in an undertone] have you engaged a new housemaid yet?
Housekeeper: Not yet, Mr. Armitage.
Reactor: Then perhaps we can give her a trial. Just for a few weeks. You understand?
Housekeeper [eyes Jinny with disfavour.]
Reactor [to Jinny]: There. That way. Never mind your bag. That's right. [The housekeeper and Jinny go into the house. The reactor comes back rubbing his hands.]
Cannon [after a pause]: I suppose you're one of them blues wot go about don' good? Bloomin' Samaritan, eh?
Reactor [overflowing with satisfaction]: Well, in one's limited sphere, and when opportunity offers... But don't let us speak of that. I suppose you know that you will have to live within the parish for some little time before you can be married.
Cannon: Yus.
Reactor: Then there are the banns—
Cannon [suspiciously]: Wot's that?
Reactor: Ah—we can discuss the details later. First we must find you work. What is your trade?
Cannon: Joizer. Trade unionist. Out of a job these three years.
Reactor: Ah! No doubt you will take any work that offers itself?
Cannon: Depends.

Reactor: Depends upon what?
Cannon: On the wages, o' course. None o' yer 'Ere's a 'arf a crown, my good man. Touch yer 'at and say 'Thank yer.' 'Not for me?
Reactor: I should have thought you would be grateful for any—
Cannon: Would yer? Then you're wrong. Yer can't expect gratitude for twelve bob a week. Or if yer do, you've come ter the wrong shop! Employer ought ter be grateful ter git 'is dirty work done cheap.
Reactor: But I hope you would take work if it were
Cannon: Tike it? Course I'll tike it. 'Cos I got a bloomin' stumpick wot 'as ter be filled. And for 'er...
Reactor [hopefully]: Come, I feel sure you will easily find something to do. You seem to be an intelligent man—
Cannon: 'Ere, stow that! 'Oo are yer gettin' at?
Reactor: I am not getting at you, as you put it. I mean that you have, if I may say so, a peculiar aptitude in voicing your grievances.
Cannon: 'Ere, would you like ter know what my grievance really is?
Reactor: Well?
Cannon: 'Cos I'll tell yer. First of all I want a house. And a garden, where I can grow things in spare time. Like yours. See?
[Reactor nods.]
Cannon [meditatively]: About the furniture—books and pictures an' all that—well, I dunno. But I want em. [Warming to his subject.] Then I want a woman ter live wiv me. And some kids. Same as you 'ave.
Reactor [hastily]: Ah—I am not married—
Cannon [annoyed]: Never mind. P'raps you will be. Any 'ow, I want 'em. An' I want the 'ouse properly arranged—meals at regular hours, and no waitin'. See?
[Reactor is speechless.]
Cannon: Then I want ter be a kid again meself, and ter be brought up different. With manners. And edification. All wot you got. [Reflectively:] There's a few more things, like travel, 'olidays abroad, and p'raps a stinkin' motor car. They may be all right when yer git inside 'em. But then's luxuries. Wot I said before, that's wot I want. And my grievance is that I don't get it. See?
Reactor: I understand. But you must know that every one cannot have these advantages, as society is at present constituted—
Cannon: Then scrap yer bloomin' socity, and start afresh! 'Cos if yer don't, it'll git scrapped for yer. See? Take my tip. Scrap it!
Reactor: It is very wrong of you to speak like that.
Cannon: Preach me yer sermons, p'raps?
Reactor: No. I can find you work. Will you do it?
Cannon: You'll get me work, arter wot I said?
Reactor: I will do my best. That will be a fresh start for you.
Cannon: A fresh start. . . .?
[Reactor goes into the house. Jinny comes out by the side door.]
Cannon: 'Ullo, Jinny! This is a bit of all right, ain't it. [She does not reply.] Why, wots' up wiv yer?
Jinny: O' Bert, I can't do it! I can't!
Cannon: Cawn't do wot?
leavened. Then, there's another regular source of income in that broken-down vegetation sighing for the flesh-pots, and running to the doctor for a dispensation. He'd promise to pay anything if the doctor will but discover in him a disease engendered by lentils and to be cured only by steaks and chops. Furnished with this certificate, he can face with calm the family still pursuing the higher life on a little oatmeal.

With comparative calm. For there's no one quite so pugnacious as your full-fledged vegetarian. I know not why vegetarians assume that the diet will make man gentle and peaceable; Lieutenant Powell seems, like most die-hard reformers, to labor under this delusion. Surely the instance of Mr. G. B. Shaw might have put us on the right track; there is not in this country a more redoubtable fighter; no one so ruthless and crushing in his attack. Of course, Mr. Shaw scoffs at the soldiery with their ancient, inefficient methods, just as Lieutenant Powell would be furious were it proposed to arm his Royal Engineers with the bocadero.

Mr. Powell has written a very useful book presenting the work of a large number of writers on the subject in a convenient form. Like most writers on diet reform, he gives a number of very bad reasons in support of a case which does not stand in need of any such small arguments.

We are told that a diet of fruits, nuts, and the like, is the "natural" food of man because his teeth and bodily structure resemble those of the frugivorous monkeys. Alas, these same monkeys have never studied the vegetarian text-books, and they utterly refuse to confine themselves to the diet they found natural for them as natural. On the contrary, besides fruits and nuts, monkeys (whilst living in their normal elements) eke out this frugal diet by supplies of birds, lizards, snakes, and insects of all kinds. On the other hand, nothing is more "unnatural" than the fruits and nuts which man, vegetarian or not, himself consumes. There is a pious belief that the orange, banana, chestnut, as sold, say, by Shearns, are like unto the fruits that grew in the Garden of Eden. But ages ago our aboriginal ancestors were dissatisfied with the woody, tasteless stuff that nature produces and commenced that cultivation of unnatural apples, oranges, and the like. A vegetarian would have a very bad taste of it did he have to subsist on the "natural" fruits of an Amazonian forest.

Mr. Powell gives a list of races of men to show that a diet composed of vegetable products is able and sufficient to keep them. In a high state of physical health and intellec
tual vigour."

The Art of Living.*

I like vegetarians; their facts and prejudices appeal to me; I like the illogical reasoning by which they arrive at some very happy results. And then I like them as a source of income to doctors. In the bad old pre-vegetarian days no one ever thought of asking his doctor what he should eat for breakfast or how many cups of tea he should drink, and certainly none ever thought of paying for such counsel. Nowadays a doctor gets a regular income by ordering people to eat a particularly nasty bread of his contrivance—something perhaps un-

* "Food and Health." By Arthur E. Powell. (Methuen, 35. 6d. net.)

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

THE NEW AGE

November 18, 1909

JINNY: I—don't want ter get married—
CANNON: Well, soak me bob, you are a wunner! An' you bin at me every day this last ten weeks an' more—
JINNY: O, I know. But they wanter make a 'oush maid of me. Wiv a cap an' strips, an' a little time-table for gittin' up an' downin' all things day and night. An' a bedroom wiv texts. An' that old cat of a 'ose-keeper naggin' at me from mornin' to night. O, she's a 'oly woman! Never done nothin' wrong in her life. An' knows it. You take a look at 'er eyes. I nearly blacked one of 'em for 'er jes now.

There's another of 'em. A lidy this time. No, I can't do it! I ain't no claws!—
CANNON: 'Oo says you ain't no claws?—
JINNY: O, you know it, Bert. You know. I ain't got the cheek ter stand up to 'em, same as you 'ave. Bert!—
CANNON: Did yer get a good meal?—
JINNY: Not 'arf!—
CANNON: Wot?—
JINNY: 'Am, 'am, eggs, an' jam, an' everythink.
CANNON: Feel good?—
JINNY: Feels—like 'eaven. [They laugh.]—
CANNON: An' so yer wanter sleep out to-night, do yer? Give me a kiss?—
JINNY: Changesh'ing him! : O, git along!—
CANNON: Well, I'm on. [He takes the bundle upon his back.] Come, Jiny!—
JINNY: 'Ush! There 'e is!—
RECTOR: Comes down the steps from his study, and coming to him:

[They go out before the rector has recovered his

smiling. He looks at her with some annoyance.
She continues to smile. With a quick exclamation and a little whisk of his coat tails he goes past her

and disappears into his study.]

THE END.
from flesh. Disease still pursuing them, other refinements were introduced. Some counselled a diet of fruits, others nuts, others again roots; finally some discovered in their books all the sources of man's woes. I have known unhappy mortals who have flown from one diet to another whom ill-health still pursues. Of course, vegetarians have invented all kinds of excuses for these dietary permutations; they had been permitted by the course of corpse diet (even after 20 years' faithful vegetarianism); they have been too quick or too slow in the change.

But what are we to say when we find the very diseases that medical man cure by a diet of cereals, fruits, nuts, and milk cured by another doctor on a meat diet. (See Dr. Hare's "The Food Factor in Disease.")

Vegetarians have been guided hitherto too much by laboratory experiments; the analogy between the human intestine and a test-tube has been regarded as absolute. If chemical experiment shows the pulses contain 25 per cent of protein and beef 18 per cent, it has been said this is their relative value as food. The question of absorption owing to the liking or repulsion of the human stomach have been almost overlooked, Dr. Kellogg and a few other physiologists having alone drawn attention to this aspect of the question.

Among other bogies with which the true believer attempts to initiate the uninitiated is word stimulant. The poor mortal who has been harassed all day in the city or in his profession, enveloped in the gloom of London, fights her or his way home through a raw London fog, stifled by a sojourn in a tube, and is offered a cup of tea contains so many grains of xanthin, and the unhappy mortal must not be stimulated.

There are signs of saner views prevailing—stimulated into existence of a certainty by the splendid extravagances of the early vegetarians. The National Food Reform Association issues a very sensible programme which appeals strongly to sober persons like myself. It says, "As an apostle, and an inducement of Wallace Bread. A cup of tea contains so many grains of xanthin, and the unhappy mortal must not be stimulated."

"The Great Mrs. Alloway" (Globe Theatre).

The New Age, in New York, dedicated to the

M. D. Eder.
uncommercial drama and opened with a flourish of triumph. A novel of this appears destined to be known as the Millionaires' Theatre. The nickname is a little unfortunate, but it is to be hoped that it will not keep people away. There is, of course, no reason at all why millionaires should not endow a theatre, provided they have the means to do it. They had better appoint a capable director, give him a free hand and plenty of money, and retire into the background.

As for the actual endowment of a theatre by the excessively rich, one can only say that it is an admirable method of restoring property, unlike other forms of charity in that it implies no demoralising condensation of one class of the community to another. This holds good also in the case of the proposed Shakespeare National Theatre for England. It seems that a personin possession of £70,000 has head the subscription list with that amount, and the committee have invited others to follow his or her example. The State is too poor to-day, it seems, to concern itself with the endowment of the arts. It has not yet solved the first problem of its own food and clothing, its cattle and cabbages. When that is once out of the way we can go forward. Meanwhile let the millionaires continue to endow art, science, education—anything they please. They are forging the weapons for their own destruction.

The Afternoon Theatre.

J. M. Synge's "The Tinker's Wedding" is little disappointing to those who have seen or read his other work, notably "The Playboy of the Western World." "The Tinker's Wedding" does not contain enough material for more than a very slight one-act play. Even if it were only an incident, without especial dramatic force, it would stand in two acts, the story tedious. The imagery of its prose is as wonderful as ever, but a play cannot live by prose alone. Miss Mona Limerick was interesting in the part of Sarah Casey, but the comedy hardly gives her an opportunity. "The Tinker's Wedding" is too poor to-day, it seems, to concern itself with the problem of decent food and clothing for its citizens. When that is once out of the way we can go forward.

When that is once out of the way we can go forward.

The Censorship Report.

It appears that the summary sent out to the Press some time ago with regard to the findings of the Censorship Committee was in the main accurate. The one really important fact is that the obtaining of a licence for performance of a play is recommended to be made optional. The point now is whether the recommendation has any chance of being adopted and passing into law. It will be easier to judge of this in a few weeks' time.

Recent Music.

A Medley.

Some time ago the historic house of Novello published a set of poems in possession of £70,000 his grandfather set The Tinker's Wedding. The poems are by Edward Carpenter (from his volume "Towards Democracy"), and the music has been published with his permission. I mention the fact here because it is a remarkable example of a sensitive poet treating such trash with scant courtesy; he does not even attempt to suggest its poor rhythm. Indeed, were it not that he approaches serious poetry with the nervous rhetoric of Carpenter's verses, and has for- gotten the first essential canons of song-setting. His music has boldness and energy, and a certain academic freshness of expression, but incidentally it is a matter he should have permitted this freedom to clash with the different freedom of Edward Carpenter's poetic forms.

It is not possible to congratulate Mr. Joseph Holbrooke upon the first performance of his opera at the Afternoon Theatre. "Pierrot and Pierrette" is but one more instance of good or clever music being written to a bad libretto. English composers have been more than usually unfortunate in this respect; but really one can hardly feel any sort of sympathy for musicians whose dramatic or poetic sense is so feeble that they can waste what gifts they possess upon a stupid subject. This particular libretto was written by Mr. Walter Grogan, whose lyrical genius is of the order of appreciation by those blissful souls who read "Family Herald" supplements. Those of us, however, who have patriotically cherished the cause of music, can only deplore the fact that we have alternately admired and condemned his work have always felt that opera is his real mérite, that his music thrills to express itself in some Adelphian manner. So we had hoped for great things when there were rumours of an opera being written. Unfortunately he was to be we were not surprised, but we knew it was quite impossible. Mr. Holbrooke would tackle any subject; he would set an Act of Parliament or the Ten Commandments to music (if it be necessary, a symphonic-prelude, or waltz form), but he has not the fastidiousness necessary for the proper treatment of the Pierrot story. Its artificiality is not within his musical scope; he doesn't seem to be even conscious of its dainty symbolism. Its music (in this instance) is excited and feverish and over-dramatic from beginning to end. Where it should be fantastic it is merely capricious; where it might perhaps be spirituelle it is soulful. Even the dance rhythms, of which there are many in the opera, are heavy and earthy; when necessary they are quick, of course, but mere quickness is not sufficient to suggest a mood, and in every case they are over-scored. Occasionally, however, the music is wonderfully expressive in detail. It smiles a good deal towards the end of the first act, when one frowns one can almost feel the wrinkles. Nobody can do this sort of thing more successfully than Holbrooke—not even Richard Strauss.

The most serious defect in the artistic equipment of Mr. Holbrooke is his complete lack of the poetic sense as it is expressed in verse forms. In this respect he is still a middle-Victorian. Certainly one cannot expect such villains as these to endow a theatre.

The earth is faint, it falls asleep,
The stars slip out their watch to keep,
And all the world beneath I know
Holds but my heart and dear Pierrot—
to inspire anybody. One may forgive Mr. Holbrooke for treating such trash with scant courtesy; he does not even attempt to suggest its poor rhythm. Indeed, were it not that he approaches serious poetry with the same insolent disregard of its technical beauties, we should be inclined to look upon this "lyrical musical drama" as a burlesque of old-fashioned song-setting. The whole business suffers terribly by comparison with "Prunella." Joseph Moorat's music to that exquisite little play is the best example of incidental music for the theatre we have ever had in this country. The music was always delicate and appropriate, and never ran counter to the dialogue, never intercepted (if I may use the word) the audience and the players on the stage. Holbrooke's music is written throughout in the manner of very grand opera, never reticent, never giving way in the slightest degree to the action of the piece, always dictating, always presumptuous. With the exception of Mr. Albert Archdeacon, who sang and acted with skill and understanding, the case was, I admit, hopeless. He was, but adequate, or not, the music was planned in such a way as to make the audible rendering of all the vocal music a physical impossibility, and for this Mr. Holbrooke alone can be blamed. He conducted this first performance himself, and I am aware he is experienced, but in this art, one or two numbers stood out in some relief. One or two numbers stood out in some relief: one a moonlight song, and one which the Stranger sang in- viting Pierrot to leave his garden and go out into the world in search of pleasure. Both, one would think, personally would enjoy playing in Mr. Holbrooke's orchestra far more than I have done in listening to it.

I have been reading a delightful little book which I can recommend to idle people with a taste for gossip about music and musicians. It is entitled "Imaginary Interviews with Great Composers," and is written by
Gerald Cumberland.* It is all very fanciful and amusing, and in placing each of his subjects in a typical environment: Schubert in a beer-garden, Beethoven in a disorderly garret, Mendelsohn (whose appearance and manners are compared to those of a dancing master) in a drawing room, the centre of an admiring throng of ladies; Gainsborough in the parlor of Mr. Mansfield's library, Arthur Sullivan on the verandah of a fashionable hotel, and so on, the author has been able to strike at once the note characteristic of each man. The discussions during Handel's dinner is a good piece of biography, and the vain little criticisms of Mendelsohn have a most delicious savour of satire. The hero-worship is a little overdue, maybe, but one forgives an occasional debauch of sentiment or an indiscreet enthusiasm for a good deal of sound criticism and a sense of humour.

**HERBERT HUGHES**

**ART.**

I have just been reading Samuel Taylor Coleridge's critical note on the poet Charles Tennyson-Turner. His words are so applicable to painters of to-day that I may quote them. He says, "In the present age (1830) it is next to impossible to predict from specimens how far the genius of a young man will turn out a great poet, or rather a poet at all. Poetic taste, dexterity in composition, and ingenious imitation, often produce poems that are very promising in appearance. But genius or the power of doing something new, is another thing." To-day there is an equal difficulty in predicting the future of our painters. Modern art has fallen among souvenir men. By souvenir men I mean those that have no vision save that of past generations. Of course such men have great talent; but they are ingenious imitators, not creative geniuses. Blake was a creative genius. He absorbed Michael Angelo's vision, but we speak of Blake's vision. Beardsley was a second-class creative artist. He absorbed the influences of all countries, and suggested them in his work, but we cannot say that he imitated them. How lamentably the power of original creative work is lacking in painters of the present day! We see it in the canvases of Mr. William Strang, a representative exhibition of whose work has just been held at the Leicester Galleries. Here is an artist hard at work in the studios of, among others, the old poetic Venetians, producing coloured souvenirs of their paintings. He has fallen in love with these masters, and has taken colour as the chief element in the expression of his feelings, and has failed. But Mr. Strang is a glorious etcher.

**HUNTY CARTER.**

Again, if you go to the present brilliant exhibition of the Goupil Gallery Salon you will find unmistakeable signs of poetic taste, a marvellous dexterity of hand, and ingenious imitation; but the evidence of doing something new, not even in the foremost men. Look at William Strang, a representative exhibition of whose works of at least two representative German painters. What are the lessons from this exhibition? Simply that we have no painters with an endurance of something more epical than materialism has made it, and to open a new world to the artist's eye. But no one is as yet engaged in drawing themes for a new style of painting. And, then, there is need of a journal that shall guard the painter's interest, interpret his voice, and give direction to his hand.

**HUNTY CARTER.**

Coming now to some artists who besides Orpen and Steer can paint, it is only possible just to glance at these three pictures by Mr. Philip Connard (105, 161, 163) and to note their style and wonder at their beautiful interiors of Mr. Blanche, certainly the next best things in the exhibition: at these vigorous living lines of Miss Winifred George's three studies (78, 170, 171); and at the very remarkable work of three street-masters—Mr. C. M. Maresco Pearse, Mr. Horace Man Livens and Mr. Muirhead Bone. It is refreshing to find men taking an interest, as Messrs. Livens and Bone are doing, in our London street scenes, and consenting to talk about them in a fascinating way. I welcome their work. Where are our street artists? When shall we stop importing foreigners to paint the mysterious beauties of neglected London?

**HUNTY CARTER.**

What are the lessons from this exhibition? Simply that we have no painters with an endurance of something new, not even in the foremost men. Look at these canvases by Orpen. Immense cleverness, great artistic ability, and a strong personality are there, but not one of them has been treated with full sincerity and truth. Why does Mr. Orpen call this one "In Dublin Bay," when it is so obviously In Mr. Orpen's. I have just been reading Samuel Taylor Coleridge's critical note on the poet Charles Tennyson-Turner. His words are so applicable to painters of to-day that I may quote them. He says, "In the present age (1830) it is next to impossible to predict from specimens how far the genius of a young man will turn out a great poet, or rather a poet at all. Poetic taste, dexterity in composition, and ingenious imitation, often produce poems that are very promising in appearance. But genius or the power of doing something new, is another thing." To-day there is an equal difficulty in predicting the future of our painters. Modern art has fallen among souvenir men. By souvenir men I mean those that have no vision save that of past generations. Of course such men have great talent; but they are ingenious imitators, not creative geniuses. Blake was a creative genius. He absorbed Michael Angelo's vision, but we speak of Blake's vision. Beardsley was a second-class creative artist. He absorbed the influences of all countries, and suggested them in his work, but we cannot say that he imitated them. How lamentably the power of original creative work is lacking in painters of the present day! We see it in the canvases of Mr. William Strang, a representative exhibition of whose work has just been held at the Leicester Galleries. Here is an artist hard at work in the studios of, among others, the old poetic Venetians, producing coloured souvenirs of their paintings. He has fallen in love with these masters, and has taken colour as the chief element in the expression of his feelings, and has failed. But Mr. Strang is a glorious etcher.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

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

Correspondence intended for publication should be addressed to
THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

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

A GREAT SOCIALIST DAILY PAPER.

To THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

The pressing need for a Socialist daily paper is again forcing
itself upon us, and is perhaps pressed with the greater urgency
by Keir Hardie’s speech at the opening of the National Labour
Press, we are, perhaps, on the eve of the actual establishment of
such a paper. Mr. Hardie quotes from "L’Humanité" as the prototype
of the British daily that is to be, and it is therefore opportune to recall the
lines upon which the unselfish spirit and the active solution of the
problems which have not only been made, but accepted; whilst the
ideals of the Socialist Party as described by Mr. Hardie said he had in his mind.
Then, indeed, will the foundation of such a journal in this country be a red
letter day to every friend of progress and every lover of democracy.

What is this Mr. Keir Hardie and Mr. Bruce Glaser (formerly editor of the "Labour Leader") mean when they talk of a paper like "L’Humanité "? Is it to be a newspaper in the ordinary sense . . . and when they appeal to the middle-class members of the I.L.P to help in establishing a "Labour paper under the control of the party "?

RICHARD MAURICE.

SHELLEY.

To THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

It hardly requires stating and restating that if Claire had had no child she would have escaped the suffering entailed by the separation of herself from Alleyne’s domicile, yet, however, does not guard the mother from such a parting. Just the contrary. An unmarried mother has only one difficulty to face—the necessity to provide for the children of her own creation. Mr. Clutton-Brock himself calls it. My comment was relative

Shelley’s invitation to Harriet to escape from the law authorising it. Marriage, in the case of a woman who is under twenty years of age, or not the child of a clergyman, is made impossible by faults of his own. Indeed, up till 1884, he could control the destiny of the child after his death against the mother’s wishes. In order to prevent a separation from her father the mother would have the sole right to the custody of the child; he alone can decide where and when it shall be brought up, and degradation. Others I have known compelled to part

To-day it may be a member of the Parliamentary party attempts to justify an action contrary to the generally accepted interpretation of a decision of the party; to-morrow an executive official of the party—accorded the same honours of position and big type—critisises freely the attitude of the party in Parliament, while in the next issue Jaures, the beloved leader to whose genius is due this journal, which is as guide to Shelley’s personality.

"L’Humanité" also reserves a column at frequent intervals for the duly authenticated correspondents of the world, where the theory and practice of cooperation, both in conjunction with, and as an alternative to, either trade union and parliamentary action, may be discussed. In with the McLaurin Socialist, who is manager of the Co-operative Wholesale,—although fully acclimatised to the great individual of the English Cooperative Wholesale, from whose directors it has received valuable assistance, the French Wholesale is run on Socialist lines—not only expoes and throws open to discussion the principles upon which it is based, but is able to urge sound business reasons why co-operative societies should support the Wholesale, and is not afraid to tackle the dangerous questions involving the theories of co-operative production to co-operative distribution.

Lately the paper has added a new feature in a column to be devoted to the agrarian movement.

Finally, to take the purely journalistic side, "L’Humanité" fills the bill as a complete daily newspaper with telegraphic news from all the usual sources and of freest type. We are, perhaps, more critical of the advertisements, the staff, also, who deals with all notable sporting events, particularly as regards football, swimming, running, and aviation. Horse-racing, even, is chronicled in the form of a brief announcement of probabilities, starters and favourites. Advertisements of Stock Exchange prices have recently—at the first moment that the daily improving financial situation of the paper made it practicable—been refused admission. Those who know what is French contemporary journalism will know what this means.

But is this what Mr. Keir Hardie and Mr. Bruce Glaser (formerly editor of the "Labour Leader") mean when they talk of a paper like "L’Humanité"? Is it to be a newspaper in the ordinary sense . . . and when they appeal to the middle-class members of the I.L.P to help in establishing a "Labour paper under the control of the party"?

RICHARD MAURICE.

68 THE NEW AGE November 18, 1909
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Many a bourgeois reads The New Age—I do myself.

M. D. EDER

* * *

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

What a controvertialist we have in Mr. Clutton-Brock! Some time ago he surprised us—I speak for Manchester—by his intimate knowledge of maternity, its joys and pangs. Now he is taking up the lance on our behalf again—marriage as a shield for women. We are told that marriage is a protection against "beasts of prey like Byron." My Land! Now we know. It is better for a woman to be secured for life by marriage than to stay with her at his command or his pleasure and escape! Neither Mr. Clutton-Brock’s intellectual fallaciousness, nor his hypocrisy, nor his ignorance can make his letter word said. There are few women of acquaintance who would have to deal with the Byrons than with the Clutton-Brocks.

* * *

AMY CLADDIER

SOCIALLY AND SCIENCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Mr. Eden Phillpott’s letter is very beautiful. It displays the novelist of the present and abundance of good. As any worldly person would have seen, I did not advocate any "ism" in particular; but simply suggested that consistency in ideas, better, whether it is Socialism or Sadism. Mr. Phillpott will pardon me if I fail to follow his high flights, and come back to solid facts. The Research Defence Society is an organisation solely for the defence of vivisection. What other "research" is attacked in any way except vivisection? The vivisector found things getting too hot, and in spite of his Royal mission. So they hit on the great idea of forming an organisation for attracting the subscriptions of people with an established name, and calling them vice-presidents. The mediocrity makes many; and the idea worked like a snowball. As the consequence is that the Research Defence Society has now more money than it knows what times as much about the North Pole as they do about research. Mr. Eden Phillpott might invest in a few volumes of the Journal of Physiology, take them to his Dartmoor haunt, read, and, I daresay, get the answer written by the "benefactors of mankind" of the research work. I read Dr. Paul’s letter on vivisection, and did not deem it worth notice. That sort of nonsense has been answered repeatedly until anti-vivisectonists are sick of it. Of course, Mr. Phillpott endorses Dr. Paul because he does not know his own case. Anti-Vivisectonists do not deserve the jibe flung at them, which was bad taste on the part of Mr. Phillpotts. He belongs to an organisation for the defence of vivisection. But his arguments must be met in another way. His choosing other term more open to dispute, and that is "morality." His choosing of the word "honesty" is rather funny. There is only one defence of morality. If scientists keep on our books. These men are practically starving. Com- posting the situation, Lord Roberts says: "I would gladly do something in the matter if I could see my way, but, until public opinion is roused on the subject, I fear it will not be possible to remedy a state of things which is a disgrace to the nation."

The British Anti-Militarist Association have determined to undertake the task. They will help the men to put their true case and claim for work before the public. Meetings will immediately be held, and funds collected to carry on. Funds are urgently needed to carry on this work. May we appeal to your numerous readers who are in sympathy to help! Yours faithfully,

G. HAMMOND.

C. TOWLEY,

ROBERT EDMONDS,

UNEMPLOYED EX-SOLDIERS.

To THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

From returns to hand from different centres of the United Kingdom we find that there are no less than 20,000 workless ex-soldiers. These men are not loafers, but men who are willing and eager to work, and have been in the best years of their lives for King, country, and Empire. In London alone there are 2,000. Of these we have 2,000 on our books. These men are practically starving. Commenting on the situation, Lord Roberts says: "I would gladly do something in the matter if I could see my way, but, until public opinion is roused on the subject, I fear it will not be possible to remedy a state of things which is a disgrace to the nation."

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ROBERT EDMONDS,

UNEMPLOYED EX-SOLDIERS’ Committee.

C. H. NORMAN,

Treasurer, British Anti-Militarist Association, 45. Chancery Lane, London, W.C.

* * *

THE RESULTS OF CONSCRIPTION.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

On page 59 of last week’s issue of The New Age Dr. Eder writes:—"This week we have the results of conscription, but I may tell them that there is scarcely a recruit in the German Army who has escaped venereal disease." Otto von Schjerning ("Sanitätstatistische Betrachtungen Uber Volk und Heer," Berlin, 1911, Hirschwald, p. 67) gives as a mean value of 7.8 per thousand for the year 1911 the figures of cases of venereal disease in the German army. Assuming these figures to include no re-admissions, this would give for every thousand recruits a total of 7.8 per thousand for the year’s service about 36 cases of venereal disease. We must next allow for the infections which are not brought to the knowledge of the medical authorities: thus, in the medical lists of the British medical organisation, we shall probably be in excess of "sanity," if that your correspondent says is true, it is curious that in Germany, where science and rationalism are so rampant, the number of suicides among the so-called "intellectuals" is so abnormally high.

Your correspondent seemingly remarks that working men should be less pragmatal, and not meddle with "their betters." I wish to goodness that scientists themselves would be—of not a little more pelf, at the least, able. Their old dodge of trying to awe people by firing off at them such "facts" as how many million miles we are from the sun, at what rate light travels, the composition of the Milky Way, etc., etc., may have something to do to make them hypnotised by such nonsense. (I expect many of our young scientific swashbucklers will think it blashphemy for me to use the word "skepticism," but I can’t help the scientific keep flooding us with new inventions such as Dreadnoughts, submarines, airships, etc., but not one of them knows why they are doing it. They working man is now beginning to "meddle with his betters," and to ask "what is it all for?" That is to say, the working man is becoming socialistic.

Science may, in fact, know how to collect knowledge, but it does not know, and, what is worse, it does not care, how to apply it. History proves this. It remains for Socialism to redeem and make use this knowledge so as to determine a general plan of social life.

Picture if scientists are left as they are at present, i.e., uncontrolled, it is obvious that all their achievements will inevitably only serve as "tools for our betters" to increase the present oppression of the great majority of the human race. It is to Socialism that the long-suffering and despised working man must look in his struggle against bigotry, privilege, and selfishness.

The greatest danger that threatens the Socialist State is not Clericalism, for we are only one of uncontrolled science, as history has proved that specialised Scientists, with one or two exceptions, sadly lacks any spirit of social service, and are always willing to sell their knowledge to the highest bidder.

J. L. REDGRAVE CRIPPS.

* * *

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

I have seldom read a more reactionary letter than that which appears in the current issue of The New Age, over the signature of Mr. Eden Phillpotts. The only point with which I agree is his assertion that he is not a Socialist. One must know for more of the world’s health, sweetness, and sanity than any other doctrine, creed, or policy is absolutely false. Science has—especially during the last century—simply been the toady of Capitalism, under whose gracious patronage it has destroyed, by which thousands of men are killed and maimed every year—not only in time of war, but in time of peace. Science has not Clericalism—as we are on our guard against that—but uncontrolled science, as history has proved that specialised Scientists, with one or two exceptions, sadly lacks any spirit of social service, and are always willing to sell their knowledge to the highest bidder.

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--- PORTRAIT ---

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

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BALLADS OF HECATE. I.

The LAT OF THE Hooligan.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.
By Stanhope of Chester.

MY INTERVIEW WITH HALDANE.
By Robert Edmondson.

STATE-ENDOWED AUTHORS AND ARTISTS.
By W. S. Sparrow.

THE SOCIOLOGIST UPON THE STREETS. I.
By Prof. P. Geddes.

SHAKESPEARE'S SNOBISHNESS AND SENSUALITY.
By Frank Harris.

JOHN BURNS.
By Francis Grieron.

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By Bart Kennedy.

ANTINous: A SONNET.
By Eden Phillpots.

LONDON.
By Judah P. Benjamin.

BOOKS AND PERSONS.
By Jacob Tonson.

THE POETRY OF OSCAR WILDE.
By F. S. Flint.

THE WORLD FOR DONS.
By M. D. Eder.

DRAMA: AUGUST STRINDBERG.
By Ashley Dukes.

ART. By Huntly Carter.

CORRESPONDENCE.

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By the Rt. Hon. John Burns, M.P.

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By Judah P. Benjamin.

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