THE EVERLASTING PARADOX.
NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Writing on the eve of the Second Reading Budget debate in the House of Lords and with Lord Lansdowne's motion for rejection before us, we are still doubtful among the doubts of the issue of the threatened crisis. Lord Lansdowne's motion may have been designed as a sop to the Cerberuses of his beery supporters, or it may be seriously meant. Of that we shall hear more when the debate is over; for the psychology of party leaders is always past discovery. On the other hand we will assume the worst. We will assume, that is, that the Lords on Thursday reject the Budget and throw it back in the face of the Commons with a command to dissolve. What is then to be done?

All the journals on both sides have apparently made up their minds that there will remain nothing for the Government to do but to dissolve. The alternative is supposed to be conceivable, still less desirable. For reasons which we stated last week, the Unionist journals might be expected to conclude in this way, since they stand to lose nothing and to gain something by a General Election at any moment. The Liberal journals, on the other hand, hope to gain; but what they hope to gain is in our view annulled and cancelled by what they are certain to lose. In short we are of opinion that for the Liberal Government dissolution at the behest of the Lords, even on so serious a matter as the rejection of the Budget, would be gross and irretrievable folly.

There are so many considerations involved that it is impossible to discuss them all; but we will name a few that have weighed with us. Dissolution on the rejection of the Budget would admit, in the first place, the very subject of contention, namely, the right of the Lords to order an appeal to the country. For that right there has never been in recent years the shadow of a foundation, nor should it be admitted now to be only problematically denied to-morrow. Depend upon it, if the Lords can compel the Government to dissolve today in the heyday of their majority, they can compel them to dissolve on any to-morrow they choose to select.

But it will be urged that should the Government be returned after a General Election they will then be able to proceed to cut the claws of the Lords with the mandate of the people. This involves as many fallacies as assumptions, and one of them so dangerous as to require to be instantly killed. We have heard a good deal lately of what is called the Mandate theory of government. The Liberals, we believe, were the first to resuscitate this fly-blown formula during the post-bellum administration of the Unionists under Mr. Balfour. Then it was contended that in introducing a drastic (and let us add, wise and salutary) Education Bill, Mr. Balfour was exceeding the limits of the instructions he was supposed to have received during the election which placed his office in the hands of the Liberals. We denied the mandate theory then, and we deny it now that it has come home to the Liberals to roost. So far from being either popular or democratic, the Mandate theory, like the Referendum, would strike a blow at the very conception of Representative Government. What can be more obvious than that Representative Government implies Government by Representatives? And what can be more fatal to Representation than the admission of the principle of Delegation? Yet it is precisely the implication both of the theory of the Referendum and of the theory of the Mandate. In the name of Representative Government which is Democracy, we therefore reject them both: on the double ground that both of them, singly or jointly, would reduce at once the status of the representative and the freedom of public discussion.

The notion that after a General Election in which they were successful the Liberals would be better equipped for an attack upon the veto of the Lords is equally indefensible. The Government at this moment commands a majority in the Commons of between two and three hundred. They certainly cannot hope to increase that figure nor would it be of any avail could they do it. What a Government with such a majority cannot do, a Government with a slightly increased majority could not do. And if the majority, as is probable under the most favourable circumstances, is considerably reduced, the moral effect of the reduction will still further weaken the case of the Commons against the Lords. In other words, the Government is as well equipped at this moment for an attack on the veto of the Lords as it can ever hope to be. Absolutely no new power could be added to it by a General Election, and its present powers might easily be reduced. What, then, has the Government to gain that it has not already got? Nothing and less than nothing.

The details are well worth a moment's thought. Let it be supposed that the Government dissolve on the present issue and are returned: how would they proceed against the Lords? A Commons declaring the future immunity of Finance Bills would be no more effective than resolutions in the past have been. For fifty years the Commons' resolution on the subject restrained the Lords, but in the fiftieth year the Lords have ignored it. How can the Commons' resolution bind in perpetuity the Lords, over whom their jurisdiction is not and cannot be final? Or suppose the Commons proceed by Bill. To become a law the Bill must be passed by the Lords. The Lords after a General Election in which the Liberals had lost part of their present majority be any the more prepared to assent to their own execution, and, in fact, to sign their own death-warrant in legal form? It is unthinkable. Precisely the same difficulties would confront the Commons then as now, and no devices that do not now exist would exist then. For an attack on the privileges of the Lords the Commons have, therefore, at this moment exactly as much power and precisely the same means as they had to have even if they were returned in undiminished strength.

On these grounds, we absolutely dismiss as impolitic any suggestion of immediate dissolution in consequence of the threatened rejection by the Lords of the Budget. That rejection can be dealt with as well now as after an election. We are of opinion that the Liberals are really serious in their campaign against the Lords' veto if when the opportunity for a battle is offered they run away to fight—another day.
Concerning the procedure to be adopted for immediately dealing with the Lords without a General Election we are not so clear. There are plainly many factors to be taken into account: and most of them are persons. It is useless to disguise from ourselves the obvious truth that as much now as ever people alienates everyone else. Everything depends in our judgment on the attitude and action of a few persons, most of whom can be named. What secret strings may determine their conduct we need not now speculate, but the point is that should the Lords actually reject the Budget the subsequent proceedings will depend on the precise actions of Lord Crewe, the Speaker, Mr. Asquith, and the King. This quaternary is the British square between the Lords and the country, and on their behavior will depend the question whether or not an election is held.

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Of Lord Crewe we cannot under the circumstances hold much account. He is compelled to move the Second Reading of the Finance Bill in the Lords and to defend the Bill against the attacking amendment. But he must beware of discussing Lord Lansdowne's amendment as if it were legitimate, which it is not. Nothing makes it legitimate in view of the fact that for fifty years by unwritten consent, by form of address in the King's Speech, and by numerous admissions and implications on all sides of politics, the power of the Speaker is an incident of the Commons alone. We shall look with the greatest interest to the reports of Lord Crewe's speech for indications that he has taken his stand on this ground. Any other ground is a morass and a sinking sand. The exclusive and absolute control of finance by the Commons to tax at all? It is not easily to be thought of outside the journals of liberal politics. Apparently it has been stamped with the least thoughtful of the Liberal camp-followers. We cannot believe that its editor has devoted an hour's consideration to the Budget. If any other ground is to be adduced it is perhaps the most foolish of all the Liberal journals. Apparently it has been stampeded by so much as a whisper. Nothing could be more disgraceful than a silent amendment, devoid of advice, and pure in the name of the various Liberal journals. Every one of them apparently is in favour of taking the decision of the Lords lying down, for that is what the dissolution of the Government would amount to. Each prays Mr. Asquith to dissolve at the command of the Lords in the vain hope that a new Liberal Government might do what the present Government cannot or, rather, will not do. What criminal folly and what iniquity! What sage counsel to offer at the moment when the actual crisis is upon us! It is not even prudence, it is rank cowardly despair. We should have thought that the very fact that the Unionists also were clamouring for an election would have opened the eyes of Liberal journalists to the peril of clamorous for the same thing. After all, both parties cannot profit by a General Election. If Unionists win, as they may, Liberalism becomes extinct.

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The "Nation" is perhaps the most foolish of all the Liberal journals. Apparently it has been stampeded with the least thoughtful of the Liberal camp-followers. We cannot believe that its editor has devoted an hour's meditation to the fiscal situation, or what are we to make of the "Nation's" naive remonstrance to Mr. Asquith's position is such as would, in Tom Paine's words, try the soul of any man. If ever statesman was weighed in the balance before the eyes of the world, Mr. Asquith will be weighed on this occasion. Various of his friends are clamouring for a fight to-morrow and to-morrow, but as we have urged, the moment for the fight is to-day. Not on the devious, obscure and doubtful issues of a General Election will the fate of the Liberal Party and the Conservative one depend, but on the instant decision of the Government voiced by Mr. Asquith within countable hours of the revolutionary act of the Lords. What will Mr. Asquith do, what will he say?

We pause for a moment to remark the fatuity of every single one of the Government organs. But in truth there are no Government organs. Each of the Liberal papers has an editor and a proprietor. Not one of them speaks the authentic mind either of the Government or of the Liberal Party as a whole. Nothing, in fact, could be more disgraceful than the elusiveness of methods, blandishments, intrinsic advice, and purely in the name of the various Liberal journals. Every one of them apparently is in favour of taking the decision of the Lords lying down, for that is what the dissolution of the Government would amount to. Each prays Mr. Asquith to dissolve at the command of the Lords in the vain hope that a new Liberal Government might do what the present Government cannot or, rather, will not do. What criminal folly and what iniquity! What sage counsel to offer at the moment when the actual crisis is upon us! It is not even prudence, it is rank cowardly despair. We should have thought that the very fact that the Unionists also were clamouring for an election would have opened the eyes of Liberal journalists to the peril of clamorous for the same thing. After all, both parties cannot profit by a General Election. If Unionists win, as they may, Liberalism becomes extinct.

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The decision to dissolve, however, does not lie with the Speaker, but with the Government, and here it is that the third person of our square must be considered. Mr. Asquith has been sometimes regarded as a potential Cromwell by his intimate friends, and we are inclined to say to him: If you are Cromwell prepare to show it now. As a leader of a Government, strong in numbers and not weak in popular support, face to face with a threatened attack not only upon the authority of his party, but upon the credit and standing both of the Government and of the Commons, Mr. Asquith's position is such as would, in Tom Paine's words, try the soul of any man. If ever statesman was weighed in the balance before the eyes of the world, Mr. Asquith will be weighed on this occasion. Various of his friends are clamouring for a fight to-morrow and to-morrow, but as we have urged, the moment for the fight is to-day. Not on the devious, obscure and doubtful issues of a General Election will the fate of the Liberal Party and the Conservative one depend, but on the instant decision of the Government voiced by Mr. Asquith within countable hours of the revolutionary act of the Lords. What will Mr. Asquith do, what will he say?

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But let us suppose that Lord Crewe has avoided that pitfall, and that the Budget is returned to the Commons for reconsideration. What is then to be done? It may be significant of the spirit of the Session that already this Session, and not once but twice, or thrice, the Speaker has of his own responsibility as the custodian of the privileges of the Commons, ruled out certain amendments of the Lords, notably in the Housing Bill, which were of financial import. Not a word was said in the Commons disputing the Speaker's rulings on these occasions, nor indeed was there any ground for it. The amendments by universal consent were disallowed, and not a dog barked. Are we to suppose that the Speaker on behalf of the Commons strained at a gnat and will now swallow a camel: that having ruled out of order Lords' amendments which altered the incidence of rating a halfpenny or so, he will now accept an amendment which absconds the entire power of the Commons to tax at all? It is not easy to be thought of outside the journals of a lunatic world. The plain and straightforward duty of the Speaker of the House of Commons faced with the rejection of the Budget by the Lords is instantly to declare the rejection illegal, an infringement of the privileges of his Chamber, and an act of studied insult and defiance. Short of that, the action of the Speaker himself is an illegal act; and we do not know that a strong Premier would not prepare to move a Bill of Attainder against Speaker who failed to discharge his chief function of preserving the rights of the Commons.

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The decision to dissolve, however, does not lie with the Speaker, but with the Government, and here it is that the third person of our square must be considered. Mr. Asquith has been sometimes regarded as a potential Cromwell by his intimate friends, and we are
the heads of the Lords. And why not? In the very form of the King’s Speech to the Houses of Parliament there is a break to admit the principle of the sole control of the Commons in matters of finance. " ‘Gentlemen of the House of Commons’ is the address prefixed to the section of Finance, when ‘ ‘My Lords and Gentlemen’ is the form of address prefixed to every other command and request. Surely that is enough to demonstrate that the King, at any rate, concerns himself solely with the Commons in the matter of a Money Bill. And it follows that Mr. Asquith would be quite entitled to request the Royal Assent to the Budget even should the Lords at the threat persist in their attitude of rejection. This is only one course open to Mr. Asquith; and the resources of civilisation are not exhausted thereby.

Or let us suppose that this is too high-handed a policy. What, we ask, is wrong with the ancient device of creating new peers to carry the Bill in the House of Lords? The very threat of this should be effective, since the increased supply of peers would considerably lower the value of their services to the back of him the King, and around him every democratic policy. What, we ask, is wrong with the ancient mans have at their disposal. What is clear is that the device of creating new peers to carry the Bill in the House of Lords to pass a halfpenny tax on land. However, we may not recover but the Lords as well.

**VASHTI.**

Prince beside prince sat when Ahasuerus
Boasted his queenly gem.

"Summon her!" cried they.

"Bring her before us.
I—to dispose for them!"

I, Vashti, scorned them. "Return, thou, my answer,
Briefly, O Memucan,
Say Vashti queries: "Is left no dancer
In all of Babylon?"

Leap! To the walls, ye slaves! Away! blind and halting. Kings' horses halt never.

Breathless, the eunuch shall tell my defaulting.

"O King, live for ever!"

Lonely I wait. Hushed my women around me,
Hushed all this dais’d room,

Hushed the wild music, as though Death had bound me
Yesterday! in the tomb.

Courage, heart! Though men may enter this chamber,
Signing me forth to die—

So that, in days to be, none dare remember
My name was Vashti:

To-night I am Queen! See the blue, green, and white,
The tassels all golden,
And silk cords of purple. A thousand lamps light
The Feast I have holden.

Rise up, O Women! and sound out your chorus,
Lift high each head serene:

Leading the Banquet of Freedom before us,
Vashti, this night, is Queen.

**LE JARDIN DU TREPAS.**

Il est un jardin clair dont la senteur trop forte
Livre un assaut furit au coeur halluciné,
Révélant à demi son secret, dévinit
Comme l’odeur étouffée d’une jacinthe morte.

Dites, tout le jour durant, se carre la pivoine,
Ondoe je lierson et fleurit l’églantier.

En ce repos profond s’alourdit l’espalier
Et, dans tous les recoins, verdit la folle armoire.

Mais ce jardin si doux vit cent ans de batailles
Et leur clameur rugit au rouge de leurs fleurs,
Et saisit mon esprit d’un état de terreur,
Et hurle tout leur crime aux échos des murmures.

Autour de moi s’élève les armées de fantômes,
Sombres comme leur fin, parés de bâtardises,
Enguirlmées de roses et d’orties vaseuses,
Tout couverts de corolles aux ménacants arômes.

Glacé, je veux les fuir...

Les clairons étouffés renforcent leurs échos
Et font rémîr, soudain, la moelle de mes os,
Car je le sais enfin, c’est pour moi qu’ils rappellent.

Alors, étreint d’horreur, comprenant mon destin,
La face ensevelie dans les herbes damnées,
Je maudis mes espoirs, mes trop courtes années,
Et mon étoile pâle à l’horizon s’éteint.

W. L. GEORGE.

**PETER THE PAUPER.**

To Peter belonged, in Peter’s sight.
Living and lands and heart’s delight:
So Peter took what Peter might,
All in the middle of the night.

They put him in a mansion great,
With men to stand and men to wait,
Silent and sedulous as fate,
All in a livery of state.

They kept him close, they kept him tight;
They barred the sun, they gagged the light
(For sons do blast, and moons do blight),
May Heaven their tender care requite!

They watched by night, they watched by day;
They watched him till his head grew grey,
And all his kith had passed away:
May Heaven this vigilance repay!

When he came out, they watched him still
Through the valley and up the hill;
For friends in need may find and fill,
But donors pay the Devil’s bill.

But fools rush in where angels fear:
A fool gave Peter chance and cheer,
They stole along, they crept anear,
And whispered in the dotard’s ear.

Now, Scripture saith that Satan fell:
And Satan’s damned by book and bell:
’Tis so on earth
For men are damned, if men will tell.

And ’tis most right: for Scripture told . . .
So Peter slipped from hold to hold:
They watched him hot, they watched him cold,
Till Peter stole a bag of gold.

They came behind, they came before;
And Peter turned and cursed and swore:
They took him in, and shut the door.
May Heaven their vigilance repay!

E. H. VİSAK.
Foreign Affairs.

The Republican Party in Portugal is profiting by Queen Amelia’s surrender to the Clericals, so the success of King Manoel’s visit is vital to the House of Braganza. The Portuguese Throne is tottering, and an English Princess has been sought in alliance as a buttress; but the negotiations are not proceeding very harmoniously.

Queen Alexandra, supported by the King, is anxious to unite by marriage the English and Portuguese thrones. The Duchess of Fife, on the other hand, has flatly refused to far distant Ardeil and allows herself to be satisfied for political considerations. King Manoel is a young man of very little ability. He is almost a puppet in the hands of the Queen-mother. The Portuguese army and navy stand against Retrenchment, and the miseries of the Portuguese people are unremedied by legislation. Political life in Portugal stagnates in the slimy pool of corruption. Education is at a standstill, and the proportion of illiterates is 72 per cent. Hardly a pleasant prospect for a charming well-educated English girl!

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The most notable event of the week in Spain has been the return of Señor Lerroux, the Republican leader, from exile in the Argentine. He addressed an enthusiastic meeting of 10,000 people at Barcelona, receiving a great ovation. The constitutional guarantees have been restored; but the poverty of the people is as pitiable as to-day as ever. Threatened kings live long but their thrones will probably be submerged unless the two Courts are freed from Clerical influences. Catholicism, so much admired by that sturdy upholder of the democracy, Mr. G. K. Chesterton, has given Spain a percentage of 68 in illiteracy.

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Mr. Joseph McCabe has rendered many services to the cause of education, but none better than his investigation into the Ferrer case ("The Martyrdom of Ferrer," Watts and Co., 6d. net). The "Revista Cristiana" is cited as stating that the sum spent on wax and incense burned in Spanish churches reached £1,500,000 a year, which need not be digested by themselves; but their thrones may be submerged unless the two Courts are freed from Clerical influences. Catholicism, so much admired by that sturdy upholder of the democracy, Mr. G. K. Chesterton, has given Spain a percentage of 68 in illiteracy.

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The British Government receives the report that the Foreign Office that there are over 2,000 Russian troops in Persia. About 3,000 more are being concentrated for emergencies on the frontier. The Anglo-Russian Treaty on Persia, dividing that country into two spheres of influence, has been regarded by the Russian Government in the same light as the Treaties of Gilsan and Turkomanchai, as an excuse for perpetual stirring up of internecine strife. Russian policy is unchanging in its incessant advance. Prince Gortchakoff’s Circular Note of 1864, defending the Russian annexations in Central Asia, and implying that Russia would proceed no further, was followed in a few months by the fall of Tashkend, Khokand and Samarqand. In 1879, Count Schouvaloff informed Lord Salisbury that the Russian Government had no intention of occupying Merv. “Lord Dufferin received similar assurances by special sanction of the Emperor. In 1884, Merv was taken by Russia. Sir Edward Grey has probably never heard of Merv.

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M. Briand has been strengthening his influence in the Chamber of Deputies during the past week. His speech on the Budget motions was an eloquent appeal to the patriotism of Frenchmen. A similar appeal in the House of Lords would pass unheeded. The English aristocracy keeps its patriotism mostly in its pockets. The religious difficulties in France are being smoothed over. The Catholics have not been too well treated; but that has been due to priestly interference in politics. M. Briand will have performed a great action if he can persuade the French Bishops to consent to a divorce between religion and politics in France. The decree of divorce has been already pronounced. The Vatican is the body which can prevent the decree nisi being made absolute, but as the French Bishops are showing an independent balance sheet, a divorce between the Freemasons and the Catholics is possible.

* * *

The Congo meeting at the Albert Hall was an imposing protest at first sight; but, on examination, the protest becomes an imposition on European opinion. Of those who appeared on the platform, only the Bishop of Hereford, Dr. Clifford, and Mr. Mackarness have any humanitarian record. The protest was a sectarian one. Do the people associated with this movement realise their own hypocrisy? The Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London gave their episcopal blessing to Chinese labour and hence to the vice consequent upon the Chinamen being herded together without any women. Can one be surprised that the hypocrisy of England stinks in the nostrils of Europe?

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A recent article in The New Age urged that the British Government should acquire new inventions, such as taxi-cabs and aeroplanes, in their early youth, and then develop the industry. The cities of Hamburg, Munich, and Frankfurt have subscribed £2,500,000 each to the share capital of the Zeppelin Airship Construction Co. The British Government receives a handsome revenue from the Suez Canal Shares. If this policy of profitable investment were carried on in acquiring promising inventions, the British Government would not be troubled with the intractable problem of its budget deficit. These German municipalities are to be commended for their public spirit. * * * STANHOPE OF CHESTER."
Perks!
By O. W. Dyce.

Although the prospect of a General Election in January has started a thousand pens scribbling about the probable result, not one of these scribblers has allowed for a certain new factor that may bend the issue to the Government side. Thus it falls to me, no camp-follower of Mr. Asquith, to cheer up despondent Radicals, if such there be, with the assurance that the new factor—the retirement from Parliament of R. Perks—is an omen of victory or may be wrong; it will be objected that whether a particular man goes or stays matters little. What is one among so many? If, however, the passing of Perks prove in any way the end of Perksism, there is reason to think that the Radical Sindbad, freed from his Old Man of the Sea, may cheerfully embark upon new and more propitious voyages.

It would not be right to put the case higher than the facts justify or to speak of Sir Robert Perks as if he were Sir Robert Peel. This sixty-year-old solicitor and railway director does not control a party; he is not the leader of anything bigger than a group. But what is significant is that his withdrawal is based on the belief that the Radical party has made travel no longer on his lines. He sees social reforms, at which he shies, usurping a front place hitherto occupied by educational wrangles, in which he revels. He asks for moral coercion in the working-men's clubs, he offers super rates for the rich. He gets a Bill to secure taxes on land when he wants a Bill to shut off access to beer. Wherefore he marches away, protesting that he will fight no more for this Government.

After all, he has had a good run for his money. It was to please the Perkeses that the Government devoted enormous slices of its valuable time to an Education Bill and a Licensing Bill, of which I for one am prepared to say that it was a fortunate matter for the Radical party that they never got upon the statute-book and revealed their unworkable character to an indignant nation.

The Lords threw out the Education Bill; the country was indifferent to its fate, and the Lords felt pleased with themselves. They threw out the Licensing Bill; the country showed the greatest elation, and the Lords felt themselves braced up with a new vitality. Incalculable mischief was wrought by those Bills, for, at a time when it was important to demonstrate that the Upper House was out of touch with public opinion, the Government, to oblige Perks, provided it with the very justification it wanted. Thus we know that Perks signifies in one direction. Perksism means a stronger House of Lords.

When Mr. Perks, faithfully, that Education Bill was not the genuine article. Exactly! However anxious to oblige, the Government was not so lost to all sense of honesty and logic as to bring in a really out-and-out Perksian measure. There is no space available here to describe in full what such a measure would have provided. One feature may be mentioned; it would have stopped all State subsidies for schools where the religious teaching was unacceptable to certain Dissenting bodies, and it would have exempted the Dissenter from all payment for what he disapproved of, whilst making everyone else pay for a certain brand of religion. Some common to certain denominations was to be State-established, apparently with Perks as the common denominator. A blend of several sects, it was to be called unsectarian. Thus Cathoics would continue to pay for what was unacceptable to them, Freethinkers would pay for dogmas, Unitarians for Trinitarians, Jews for the Sabbath, and on Mondays he would support a policy of blood and bayonets who ought to be accompanying Perks on his journey to an occupied place. The Government was seeking salvation from the trouble in store for it, compromised. It chose Mr. Birrell as Bill-drafter, knowing that he was the one Nonconformist who could see through the illogicability of the Nonconformist demands. The second step taken was to make concessions during the debates on the Bill, but even then the Bill never pleased the public, whilst every concession infuriated Perks. Perksism means more fevers for Churchy children.

As for the Licensing Bill, let us see what has that done for the Government. After making due allowance for the bending of river, as other influences at work, try to estimate the damage done by the teetotaters, as shown by the following figures:—

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<th>Conservative gains</th>
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<td>By-elections in 1906 (February to December)</td>
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It is unnecessary to remark that the Licensing Bill occupied a vast portion of the Session of 1906. The solitary Tory gain in 1906 was due to the division of 1,500 votes to a Labour candidate, whose poll, if added to the Radical poll, would have put the Tory in a minority of more than 700. The Tory gain in 1907 was due to the fact that the resigning Liberal member had caused a scandal—a magnificent electioneering advantage for the Tories. As we should expect, the Trades Disputes Bill and other early measures of this Parliament gave the Tories no advantage. The country was even more ready to support what was shown by the capture of Liberal seats by Pete Curran and W. Grayson. Then came the plunge into the turbid stream of coercive legislation, the turning aside after the temperance will-o'-the-wisp, legislators otherwise sane and sober—having observed with some envy that the man who got drunk in a street that had twelve ginshops would keep sober if the number were reduced to eight. After that came Peckham, where a Liberal majority of 2,339 in 1906 was transformed into a Tory majority of 2,494. If that gigantic turnover represented the position to-day, we should be faced with a seven years’ Tory régime. It is not the position; the disappearance of the Licensing Bill has brought the Government into smoother waters. Bermondsey was unpleasant, but the figures of that by-election do not point to overwhelming disaster, as Peckham’s figures did. The moral is as clear as crystal. The working-classes have no more intention of allowing themselves to be deprived of their houses of call than the rich have of losing their clubs or the pious of losing their chapels. A national beverage is not destroyed in a day.

Perksism means more sherbet and soda-water. It would make the Budget easy to show that the Bills have always been smashed when they touched the debateable questions that concern the private morals and daily habits of the people. In 1895, although a Liberal Government had established Parish Councils, amended the Factory Acts, and done much to make itself popular, the Local Veto Bill cancelled the whole record and returned the Tories to power with an even bigger majority than they obtained in the great Kaaki election of 1900. Perksism in those days meant eleven years of Tory rule.

If the Budget meets with a hostile reception from the electorate two months hence, it will not be because the millions of tenants object to the taxation of landlords, but because the possession of beer has been watered down. Were it not for that tax on the poor man, the Lords would never dare to ask for an appeal to the country. Perksism means interference with the Budget by the Lords.

A catalogue of the meanings of Perks would fill several pages. There are, for example, all the connotations of Liberal Imperialism. "Scatter the nations that delight in war," Perks used to pray on Sundays, "and on Mondays let there be peace." This was shown by the disembowelled Boers.

How many others there are in the Nonconformist ranks who ought to be accompanying Perks on his journey to an occupied place? In this spectacle of a lonely old man turning away sorrowful there is one sorrowful element for us—the fact that he is lonely.
F. E. Smith: An Appreciation.
By Montagu Brixton.

In writing of Mr. Smith I shall endeavour to suppress all such personal sentiments as might lead me into too violent an enthusiasm for my subject. I would guard, if possible, against any suspicion of servility in my praise which the malevolent, recollecting that Mr. Smith will doubtless exercise considerable influence in the future, might ascribe to motives of self-interest. By way of hedging against any ascription of this kind, I will begin by admitting that Mr. Smith is regarded by many of his own class, and even by some of his own party, as merely a loud-mouthed "bounder." Surely it is a Socialist's is a futile pet. I need only indicate the obvious truth that "bounder" is a word very ready in the mouths of the younger members of the class which Mr. Smith belongs to and represents, and that those who fling the epithet oftener at others are generally best entitled to it themselves—and pass on.

The class Mr. Smith represents! It is the chief merit and distinction of F. E. Smith that he represents the upper middle-class uniquely, in a way it has never been done before, in a way that no one else could do it. He not only represents it, it is—is thought-voiced, and he is a man-type. His genius, great as it may be, is still not of that quality which lifts a man above all social classification; it is, on the contrary, the outcome of his class consciousness and prejudice. He is typical of the whole middle-class from the absurd clerks who have been at one of the public schools, and to whom their capitalist employers pay about twopence a year to keep a wife and family on, and who yet refuse to be Socialists on the ground that it is "bad form," and that "a gentleman can't be a Socialist"; all the way up to the capitalists them- selves, the wealthy families who live amidst all the comforts of life in the restless expectation of a baronetcy or a peerage. Mr. Smith is the typical middle-class man in just the same way as the last Lord Salisbury was the typical Tory aristocrat. You have only to look at Mr. Smith's thin face, with its intelligent and (it must be added) rather conceited and pretentious and English family whatever, Mr. Hemmerde's or Mr. Smith's, or any other, sitting tranquil under an invitation to dinner from a Duke. In this matter at least our Mr. Smith bears an honourable resemblance to Mr. Chamberlayne, for all his airs and snobs, was probably, as Disraeli pointed out, as big a snob as any. Whenever Mr. Smith is invited to dinner by a Duke—and God knows it is the least the Dukes can do for such a man—we don't say dances—no; but we are confident his breast must swell—and no shame to him!—with an honest, English middle-class pride; and doublet he mentions that he is dining with a Duke in a few of his letters. He among us who would not do the same, let him cast the first stone!

Upon his entrance into political life, my hero, if I may call him so (my admission will peep out sometimes despite my efforts to write with cold impartiality)—Mr. Smith, I need only perceive the falseness that the old courtesy and mellifluous phrases of a Gladstone or John Bright were played out. Chamberlain and Lloyd George had made their way by "slanging"; he too determined to "slang." Upon the duplicity of the brain-power between the half-clan-like family who were a Lloyd George and an F. E. Smith I need not dwell: it leaps to all eyes. Therefore we are not surprised to find that the "slanging" powers of F. E. Smith are vastly superior to those of his former friend Chamberlain did sometimes draw the line, and so does Lloyd George; but our gallant Mr. Smith stops at nothing; watch how his lambent wit plays about a subject like the water in a duck-pond round the pole stuck in the middle; or as that figure may be leered invidious, let us say like the flame round a match of British manufacture. Chamberlain had no wit, and the wit of Lloyd George is intermittent, but the wit of F. E. Smith is always there to delight us. Was it not he who declared that Lloyd George should have been called "the Slimehouse speech"? Did he not lately set his hearers in a roar by surmising genially that the Labour members slept three in a bed? You can say what you like: this is genuine wit and of a high order.

Up to this time the newspapers, I regret to say, have refused to treat F. E. Smith quite as seriously as he deserves. He has been looked on by them as a useful party hack, but he has not been what they call in their jargon "featured." Should this present article come under his eyes, he will probably welcome it not only because praise is dear to the greatest and strongest of us, but also because it is a preliminary sign that he is arriving. May he arrive soon! All those who, finding themselves personally comfortable under the present dispensations can see no reason for change, must ardently desire that. For I can promise them, arguing from the evidence that is available, that a public career I am led to deal plainly with him for his own good before it is too late. It pains me thus to drift into bitter waters of remonstrance and blame; but after all, most of our great men have had their faults, and Mr. Smith is not yet too old to correct his. I must urge him, then, to drop his present tone as soon as he conveniently can. His speeches read rather too like the articles in an undergraduate magazine. He must try to be less the man at the lawn-tennis parties. That was all well enough when Mr. Smith was callow and irresponsible and there was nobody to be pleased
but an Oxford debating Society and the Walton electors, but those days are gone. It is as discon- certing to see a man whom we know to be well on in years keeping up the tone of youth, as it is to witness the antics of the stout and elderly party who would still be Don Juan. Mr. Smith must ship some ballast. Easily said without Voltaire's lapses in the countenance, I can't expect to arrive solely by vulgar abuse and re- crimination, however good the quality may be. There must be something else; not much, but something. He must make an effort to introduce some solid argu- mentative stuff into the mixture—we don't say often, as that might be too great a strain; but now and then at all events. For of late I have heard it said freely among Mr. Smith's warmest admirers that his abuse has come to be without consequence, because it is monotonous and what everybody expects. I appeal to Mr. Smith's most partial friends if what I have here written, inspired by the tenderest anxiety on his behalf, does not make for his benefit. It was time that some one of us should get up and respectfully, but firmly, point out to our leader where we believe his weakness lies. And we have the infallible conviction that the sooner or later Mr. Smith adopts our advice, by so much will be hastened or retarded the happy day when he will recommend himself as a bench in that Upper Chamber, at which he will be equal, politically at any rate, of those of he has served so faithfully. Sublime spectacle! There has been a play running in London lately called "The Servant in the House." Mr. Smith's admirers, one of those wealthy Hebrews, says, proficient in the arts, who have hung their harps on flourishing trees in our pros- perous suburbs, may yet write a drama round Mr. Smith's career and entitle it "The Servant in the House of Lords."

Equality and Opportunity.

By Francis Grierson.

Perhaps the most discouraging thing of the present time is the increase of knowledge and the decrease of wisdom. There never was a time in the history of the world when people with a little learning had so much on their tongues and so little in their brains.

In Shakespeare's time wit was closely allied to wisdom, and the wits of both sexes could think for themselves. In Pope's day wit and wisdom came together as naturally as the meeting of two streams; but with the French Revolution the wits and the wise- heads parted company. Voltaire's sarcasm was imbibed or ignored by his inheritor's literature, with the result that all the best people were hurried off to their guillotine. Culture and common sense were more hated than wealth and titles. Witty cynics showed neither patience nor reverence for the counsel that fell from the lips of the orator of the greatest days and supreme moments. The populace, headed by the sansculotte, were fed with leaflets instead of books, extracts from the most superficial utterances of the most popular thinkers, and from that day on it became the custom everywhere to read quickly, imbibe quickly, and forget quickly.

Unassimilated knowledge is as dangerous as un- assimilated food, and the disease most prevalent today is intellectual. There is a law which many capable thinkers seem unable to grasp, a law regulating the advancement of the thing men call progress. At no special time has the world progressed more rapidly than at any other time. Slow progress is an illusion. Many brilliant thinkers have fallen over this stumbling-block, and the populace have followed them. All history, recent and remote, proves the impossibility of the world's rapid advancement. Each new discovery brings with it new mysteries, each step forward new problems, each new promiseRenewed disappointments.

There is good proof that Utopias are positive set- backs. And this seems reasonable, since all delusions are signs of weakness—it makes no difference how much eloquence and persuasiveness there is in their dissemina- tion. The reader in a hurry to attain both knowledge and wisdom never stops to think how best the philosophers are with error.

It is not difficult to become a specialist; the calling fits the modest and ambitious age which demands an immediate result under the eternal illusion that a novel result is a manifestation of progress. Each new invention is apt to bring with it a train of unsuspected disorders and unknown discomforts. At a time when the outlook in science is everywhere new, the masses have attained a level which corresponds to that at the beginning of the French Revolution. We are in a period of irreverence and persiflage. One class of the populace is tired from excitement; the society is tired from work; between these two the prophet has a voice, but no audience, the preacher an audience, but no influence. And a curious paradox of the situation is that never were people's bodies so well fed, while their minds were never so nugatory. The masses are suffering more from spiritual impoverishment than from lack of material nourishment and opportunity. The majority of the people display an inquisitive hunger which is in no way related to philosophical or relevant curiosity. A great many millions of them are merely trying to reach and what Nature never meant they should attain. A spirit of mimicry characterises the inquisitive human machines of the school-schools, while the young dreamers of the so-called aristocratic schools dawdle through their books and accumulate knowledge of that kind that proves how far off from their thoughts is the idea of the superman. Certainly the spirit of this uobermensch is in the air, imminent with menace and suggestion, although his material form may be as yet undistinguishable. Amidst the phantoms and the ghostly isms of a passing world.

The people are suffering from the effects of an inverted meaning applied to the words "equality" and "opportunity." A world of superition has grown up around these two words, springing in the first instance from the shibboleths of the French Revolution and the astounding declaration of 1776 that all men are created equal. Opportunity, in the minds of a good many people, means, not freedom to develop the best that is in them, but freedom to follow the bent of their whims. With the ambitious housemaid opportunity means whatever will give her a chance of imitating the foibles and follies of her mistress. On the other hand, the wealthy but illiterate mistress is haunted by the notion that she can buy her way to most of the places frequented by women of talent and refinement. Neither will ever be made to understand that it is not position, but con- centration, that is the inestimable good, as in everything else. There never was a time when opportunity brought forth so many insignificant results. In Paris it has developed the Apache on the one hand, and on the other an ugly and vulgar art the like of which was never known before in the history of French painting. In New York opportunity has made the "freak banquet" an admitted institution. The typical millionaire cannot see that the freak entertainment places him on an intellectual footing with his cook and butler, but he could do exactly the same if they possessed the same means.

The notion of equality, then, springs, in most cases from a false notion of what wealth and position will bring, and not from the supposed benefits of a common fraternity. We have arrived at a time when the selfish will become more and more pronounced, for science is only beginning to lay bare the crudities and superstitions taught under the agis of equality. It will soon become impossible for the incompetent and those without the qualifications to frame laws for the government and control of the scientific and philosophical. One by one the supermen will arrive. They will bring with them, perhaps for the first time in some thousands of years, the much- needed and little understood thing known as common-
A Continental Trip.

IV.—In the Kursaal.

By Bart Kennedy.

A tenor with a resonant soful voice was sobbing forth the famous song from "Pagliacci." I listened with much unenthusiasm, for if there is anything that makes me more tired than usual it is the having to listen to a soulful, sober tenor. Why, oh why, is there not a law for his suppression? And here let me put in a word for the English tenor. He may not have a vast amount of temperament, but at least he refrains from lacerrating your soul with sobs. He may shout out his top A's like a navvy, but he will refrain from inundating his voice with tears.

The last sob from the tenor died a natural death, and—well, there were thunders of applause in the great concert-hall. Why, I don't know. But evidently the audience liked this sobbing business, for they applauded and applauded till the tenor came forth to sob again. I personally would have presented him with a well-aimed orange, but I didn't dare. I had to put up with it and look handsome.

And then there came a baritone, one Jean Notè. And maybe for what I had to endure from the sobster. How beautifully he sang. He got his effect by the telling of the story. He remembered what so few singers remember: that the voice, however beautiful, is after all but secondary. It is the story that must come first, always first. The ear soon tires even of the most beautiful voice—if there is nothing behind it. The singer must tell you something.

But not only did this Jean Notè tell one a story. His voice in itself was beautiful—a clear, fine, powerful, ringing, man's voice. And a voice of strange and individual timbre. I should say that he was the finest baritone I ever heard.

How beautiful was this great concert-hall here in the Kursaal! It held thousands of people, and still the softest tones of the singer could be heard. As I sat I could hear the low, deep sounding of the water out beyond the Digue. It came, a curious under monotone.

Here in this hall the people of the great world were taking their ease. Here were well-dressed men and beautifully dressed women of all nationalities. And children. All enjoying themselves, listening to the music. The people here represented the apex of the vast, human pyramid. At the base of the pyramid, down beneath—But what was the use of thinking of that? Darkness exists as well as light, and someone must work. And I felt that I had hardly the right to cavil. For was I not here myself?

The concert was over and the vast crowd was moving away. But there was now the ball. There was now the dancing. And I strolled towards the ball-room.

Some of the people went off to gamble. But they were, so to speak, only the privileged few. For before you were allowed to gamble you had to belong to the club. You were not allowed to lose your money in a free and easy and casual fashion. You had to be named and labelled and docketed. The casual gaming had been stopped in Ostend.

Here was the ball-room. It was enclosed, as it were, in a vast room. From this room you could look through beautiful arched spaces in upon the dancers.

Ah! Here was the lift of a waltz. One of the divine waltzes of Strauss. Surely are the waltzes of Strauss amongst the greatest achievements in music.

They picture the very soul and spirit of movement. And movement is life. These divine, moving, music-dreams of Strauss! They are movements etherealised. A man was holding a beautiful woman in his arms. They were wafting to the wonderful, sensuous music.

This music was a spiritualising of the glorious and enchanting mystery of sex. Sex in its wondrous essence. This dance was as a beautiful phallic rite.

Yea, it was an echo of the religion of a time gone thousands of years. Of a time when was worshipped the profound mystery of sex.

Couples were going around and around. How joyously contented looked the women. A true daughter of Eve loves dancing above all things. She would give her soul to dance. Around and around to the spiritualised sensuousness of the divine music-dream.

Yonder was a girl with fair, beautiful hair. Her eyes were shining as she moved round with the young man who was holding her. He was a fine young fellow, a fitting mate for her. And here was a woman upon whom the hand of time had failed. But her eyes were shining. The spirit, ay! and the actuality of youth were with her. She was dancing now as she had danced in the long years ago. The wonderful, lovely, mazing music was carrying the couples along.

How the diamonds of the women flashed and sheened as they circled round and round. There was a woman with glowing, wondrous, red-gold hair. She was gone, and here again was the fair-haired girl with the fine young man. Here were women dancing together. And the music stopped, and the dancers streamed out from the ball-room. Merry voices were rising.

Again they were dancing. The music was now going faster. And it went faster and faster. There was a madness in it. A reckless gaiety and devilry. The dancers whirled around with flushed faces. Their eyes reflected the meaning of the music. They reflected strange abandonment. How strange was the face of that girl as she whirled past. And the face of that man. There was something in it that was sinister.

Back again to one of the divine music-dreams of Strauss. Back again to the waltz. I knew these people by now. I knew the woman with the glorious, red-gold hair. I watched and watched for her amongst the dancers. I wondered about her. Who was she? What was her life? I would like to have known her. And I would like to have known the woman with the bright, beautiful face. And yonder beautiful woman. I would like to have known her. I began to single out the women amongst those who were dancing whom I would like to have known. No, I would not care for her. There would be no consonance between her temperament and mine. True, she looked desirable. But she would be in consonance with some other than me. But this woman. I would like to have known her. And her. Here was a woman whom I had not noticed before. A dark-haired, strange-faced girl who was dancing with a man with a hard, reckless face. I would like to have known her. Her face was lit up with the glow of the magical music-dream to which she was dancing. I would like to have known her.

Beautiful were the blending lines of the figures of the women as they danced. Beautiful were their passing faces. Beautiful was the flashing of their jewels and the sheening of their silken dresses. Moving to the divine, entrancing music I could have watched them for ever.

To be here with this magical scene of light and music and moving, beautiful women was to be inspired with the glow and the fire and the power of youth!

To be here with this divine, moving music-dream was to live!

II.
The Socialism of Design and Craftsmanship.

By W. Shaw Sparrow.

Since the Newspaper Press gained ascendancy over the popular mind, and began to shriek for pence and ha'pence from breakfast to bedtime, the whole finance of trade and manufacture has been upset by a mania for advertisement. If advertising were put under control, instead of being a reckless free-lance without discipline, it might easily be made an instrument of justice, bringing to public notice the best work and the most reasonably fair prices. As things are present, unfortunately, advertising is nothing less than a national danger, and it ought to pay to the State a heavy tax to be used for Old Age Pensions. The socialism of art has much to say on these important matters.

We start out with two principles: (a) that newspapers are in a position of trust towards their reading public, and (b) that the people suffer wrong when they are tempted by newspapers to invest their money in the work sold by mendacious advertisements. These principles, i.e. one great field of public finance, are acted upon with watchful care, each newspaper having a City gambler who is to hold the public occasionally for poor work plus immense bills for printed bombast. Consequently, when housewives ask for a written guarantee as to the wearing value of the goods purchased, it is to a great extent the obedient servant of advertisers and their high pressure tactics. How these advertisements of lead photographs and books, is there anything that reputable dailies will refuse to advertise at their current rates? And is it not often argued that they have no responsibility either in devious tactics of the money market, and their City editors and staffs are journalistic philanthropists. Advertisements of household things are public appeals for money, and newspapers by charging pay for them become sharers in their worth or in their trickery. Even one announcement of bad work may mean a loss of many shillings to each of a hundred thousand readers.

Every now and again there have been scandals in the world of advertising, than we meet with a general fascination for the newspapers. Putting aside advertisements of lead photographs and books, is there anything that reputable dailies will refuse to advertise at their current rates? And is it not often argued that they have no responsibility either in devious tactics of the money market, and their City editors and staffs are journalistic philanthropists. Advertisements of household things are public appeals for money, and newspapers by charging pay for them become sharers in their worth or in their trickery. Even one announcement of bad work may mean a loss of many shillings to each of a hundred thousand readers.

Oh, the luxury of cheapness! No sane person would go to a bank in the hope of receiving twenty-five shillings for a 1/- cheque. Yet most of us expect to buy in work for our homes the most astonishing bargains, as if rent, rates, taxes, wages, interest on capital, deductions for the wear and tear of machinery, and the cost of materials, were all agents of cheapness. We pride ourselves on being a practical nation with a love for the cheapest, yet no sooner do we pass from this careful justice to the announcement columns. The socialism of art objects to that, and asks the public to protect itself in three ways:

1. By remembering that daily newspapers owe their great sheets and their low price to the fact that they gain their profits on advertisements; hence journalism is to a great extent the obedient servant of advertisers.

2. By refusing to buy any household things which are not purchased on a given commodity, after being profusely advertised for several years, has been proved a sham, a product of cheating. During those several years newspapers competed for its advertisements exempt from risk, riveting the notice of the advertisement columns. The socialism of art objects to that, and asks the public to protect itself in three ways:

By recollecting always that successful advertisers do not bear the cost of their unlimited self-praise; it is their customers that pay the piper, but forget to call the mending tunes. In other words, advertisements belong to that, and asks the public to protect itself in three ways:

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The Sociologist Upon the Streets.

By Professor Patrick Geddes.

II. Fleet Street.

Place, Work, Folk: these are the triune elements of the sociological panorama that confronts us. Here, before us, are the dramatic personae of the human comedy; here around us is the scene; while their alternate action and reaction is not hard to see, that of the place upon its people, that of the people upon the place, and that of the place was much more fully that of the people upon the place yesterday, yet is being changed, be it worsened or bettered, by those of to-day, while the people commonly bear yet more plainly the stamp of their place; for though every spirit makes its house, afterwards the house confines the spirit.” Hence that general impression of the environment, that collective type and stamp of the community, so hard to describe, yet so easy to see, and even caricature, which is our first impression of each and every human hive, and which so far exceed in its prominence, and even in its intelligibility to the fresh-eyed spectator, those innumerable interactions of folk on folk, those detailed contrasts of place here with place there, of which the inhabitation is so much more conscious—may which they are accordingly so much more interested, and in which they therefore think themselves practically alone concerned. It is all their actions and reactions which made up that stir and hum of activities, which alone concerned. It is all their actions and reactions innumerable interactions of folk on folk, those detailed easy to see, and even caricature, which is our first stamp of the community, so hard to describe, yet so

by those of to-day, while the people commonly bear yet more plainly the stamp of their place; for though every spirit makes its house, afterwards the house confines the spirit.” Hence that general impression of the environment, that collective type and stamp of the community, so hard to describe, yet so easy to see, and even caricature, which is our first impression of each and every human hive, and which so far exceed in its prominence, and even in its intell...
The Passing Dispensation,
By Judah P. Benjamin.

I.

NATIONS develop according to fixed law, stages of advancement being plainly marked on the map of progress. And we know what material progress and prosperity mean. The merest tyro can tell the difference between a country which has everything in its favour and one which has everything against it.

The drums and trumpets, the symbols of pride and hollowness, the two things which have always led the unhinging multitude to destruction. National misfortunes are never avoided by the excitement of change and the realism of war. On the contrary, misfortune follows in the train of every victory gained for the sake of personal aggrandisement. Seek where we may in history, the note of warning is there: the futility of dominion for the sake of domination.

In order to see things as much as possible as they are, it is necessary to consider the lessons of history. What are the earliest signs of national decadence? How are they manifest to the minds of thinkers and philosophers? There is but one answer: in the disintegration of social, religious, and political forces. Wherever decadence has already set in there you will find the hand on the milestones pointing towards the vale of ease and lethargy, where the mind may dream in vain of life and beauty, and where the flight of time has no longer any meaning. The descent may be slow; it may proceed in a joyous and a merry mood or it may laugh and weep by turns, but the descent never ceases.

Dickens depicted the happy-go-lucky mood of the typical Londoner of his time with masterly fidelity in photographic word-pictures, by which he unconsciously exposes the helplessness, the impotence, and the inefficacy of thought, of action, and of the worthlessness of Dickens all point toward municipal and social decrepitude. The principal characters manifest a sentimental humour or a cynical selfishness which belongs to the early symptoms of national helplessness. They live in a world of illusions, never fully realising their condition as working, thinking entities. "Micawber," among the people, is the living symbol of that undiscovering optimism, now so general, in which, at last, many leaders of the state-craft and religion are steeped. Dickens depicted things and positions as he found them. The significance of his work lies not in his plots and his style, but in the faithfulness of his characterisation. And here, as elsewhere, everything moves with the age. Dickens captured the dissensions in the Established Church. Episcopalianism was undermined by the democratic spirit of the Salvation Army, while in the world of politics a band of men appeared whose chief business lay with the chimeras that hover about the horizon of the dusky future. They sought excitement and glory in distant countries, in questions and interests that in no way concerned the welfare of the people at home, in regions that touch the romantic, and in adventures that touch the fabulous. There was nothing real in all this, except the slow and certain movement towards material disintegration.

A certain capricious humour, on the one hand, and a strained, stodical demeanour on the other, precede and predict national disruption. Now the poet and the prophet often turn to cynicism or stoicism for relief. Grecian ascendency was brought to an end not so much by what philosophers taught as by the politicians and generals did. The cynics and the stoics, heroes of Antiochus and of Epiphanes, appeared just at the time when Athens thought herself secure against civil and military decadence; but Alexander followed, with his feverish orgies of conquest in distant lands, and material disruption began. In a like manner the humoristic and satirical element in Dickens and Thackeray marks an epoch in the social history of England. Here, too, we find the spirit of melancholy seeking relief and distraction in comical description and cynical humour. For genius can do no more than observe and depict contemporary man. The great delineators and caricaturists of history invented nothing; their types are real, their portrayal is taken from nature, their philosophy from actual experience. There is no new thing as the creation of a type. The writers of every age, be they satirical, philosophical, or sentimental, are impressed and impelled by the persons and events of their own epoch. Thus we find Juvenal satirising decadent and Imperial Rome, while a little later Epictetus and Aurelius took refuge in stoical courage and resignation. Under the Republic there was no need for stoicism and no occasion for satire. So, too, Epicus appeared when Athens had witnessed the greatest triumphs, and not very long before Greece became a province of Rome.

Thinkers, prophets, philosophers, and novelists all make their appearance at the proper time. Men of genius never appear too soon or too late. Dickens represented the happy-go-lucky, sentimental humour of the people; Thackeray the manifestations and interludes of the middle classes; George Eliot the philosophical element of the cultured few. She represented modernised stoicism. It was Seneca and Aurelius who had dwelt in the Roman romance; it was the scientists and philosophers who had brought down to our very doors, speaking through the illusions of imperial power, evading to the last the secret presentiment of social and political disruption. For nothing happens without a cause, and the ultimate outcome of the age in which they live. Thus we find ourselves face to face with two formidable signs, the like of which Europe has not seen since the beginning of the Roman decline: a cheap stoicism and puerile cynicism. These symptoms of decadence, long apparent in Continental Europe, are now palpably visible in England, where cynicism has assumed a form that is almost devoid of sensibility, and where pessimism is attaining the last limits of moral repugnance. In the Elizabethan age there was no place for the cynical, the satirical, and the stoical. An age of action and progress is an age of hope and contentment, and the idea that poets, writers, and artists spring up here and there like sprouts of capricious Nature is a superposition. Wherever there is a manifestation of that undiscovering optimism, now so general, in which, at last, many leaders of the state-craft and religion are steeped, there is no need for stoicism and no occasion for satire. For genius can do no more than observe and depict contemporary man. The, too, was an art that attained
the apex of delicacy and precision, a perfection which laughed at perfection, a consciousness turned in upon itself, mindful at once of power and decline. And it is not only art that has furnished better examples of the breaking up of old ideals and old systems. Music has been evoked in the cause of sarcasm, irony, and ridicule. In the world of music we are confronted with the trivial on the one hand, and on the other with the Wagnerian symbols of the futile and the empty. The Cassandra and the stand like masses, the second represents a hopeless struggle against the irremediable. For Wagner’s final pronouncement is Renunciation. Parsifal, for example, means negative pessimism. Parsifal renounces the spiritual and the secular, but it is the Schopenhauerian philosophy distilled into music. An earthly Nirvana is evoked by a combined musical and verbal magic in which all the arts have a place, in which illusion is followed by disenchantment and weariness. Indeed all Wagner’s work, mighty as it is, stands before us as the symbol of the disruption of the old civilization. He scaled the heights of long-tryed systems, and from the last pinnacle sounded the lugubrious call of disillusion and retreat. The call was heard by Germany, France, and England, who recognised in it a solace for fulfilment, error, and deception. When, in Parsifal, the walls of the palace of illusion fall to the ground with a crash, something more than mere personal disenchantment is symbolised. The plain truth is this: the falling of the walls of the house of pleasure and sense typifies the fall of material power, the dislocation of every system and thing founded on material dominion. How comes it then that such a work was produced during the ascendency of a man like Bismarck, and under the very eyes of the new Bonaparte? Genius everywhere has an ascendency over all other manifestations of intellect. Its business is to see as well as to act. The man of transient dominion births, but he cannot see. Genius does what the forces of destiny compel it to do, but the man of mere power blunders much from blindness as from ambition.

On Consumption.

[Address by the Right Hon. John Burns, M.P., President of the Local Government Board, at the Whitechapel Tuberculosis Exhibition, June, 1909. Printed here with the express permission of Mr. John Burns.]

This disease, called appropriately “The White Scourge,” is in my judgment more beautifully expressed by John Bunyan, who called consumption “The Captain of the Men of Death,” has been challenged in its stronghold in recent years, is being fought, and ought to be subdued by all responsible authorities, societies, and individuals. Happily Britain leads in this crusade, and, true to its public health traditions, it must accelerate its power of attack upon this evil, which has existed too long.

In the past forty years tuberculosis has been reduced so remarkably that this year great advance has been made in the methods of its treatment, and in the past five years the greatest progress of all has been made.

Every year the world loses 5,000,000 of people through the scourge of tuberculosis. Remember that figure. A London periódico annually from one disease, tuberculosis. Britain loses a population from death by tuberculosis equal to the annual extinction of a town like London, which is the result of consumption. So much for the facts and figures. I come now to the facts and figures. I come now to the need there is for rapid advance being made. Take, for instance, my own trade, that of a working engineer. Certainly those who are shorter than the average age of consumption are coming to our work for the direct loss in death and sickness, death, and disability that this complaint causes. It means countless millions in money; it means health, the only wealth—wasted to an incalculable degree. What is more, it affects the temper, it depresses the spirit, and it clouds the outlook of everyone who sees this dread complaint in process of exhausting the individual.

Now there is no single cause for the ravages of consumption, but the chief cause is social inequality. Generally speaking, consumption is the child of poverty, the daughter of ignorance, the offspring of drink, the cup of sorrow of the poor, and it is to all of us a duty—so far as we can, whilst we are permanently removing the bed-rock causes of this terrible complaint. It can be fought by many forces in many ways, led by
general well-being, higher wages, cheap and abundant food, better housing, increased sobriety. As pauperism diminishes consumption declines; as food cheapens tuberculosis disappears. The cost of food, its abundance or scarcity, has great influence on the decline of consumption. Except where bad housing and drink counteract the effects of high wages and cheap food, tuberculosis recedes as the general standard of comfort advances.

What I want to say in this connection, "But if that is true of London, what about other countries?" Well, it is customary for us to jump from London to Germany, or Berlin, for our illustrations. Well, there, with all their progress, and none is prouder of it than myself, with all their great cities, at which none reproaches what than myself, what helps Germany profits us; what benefits the rest of mankind in the advance of general progress helps every nation, by example, reaction, and by stimulation. But look at Germany's record, and in this respect we have some striking figures. The figures as to invalidity pensioners in Germany show that of every 1,000 German workmen between the ages of 20 and 45 who are unfit for work, 3.4 per 1,000 are unfit owing to consumption. Between the ages of 25 and 30, 512 out of every 1,000—that is, more than half of these cases are due to consumption whilst the statistics of the German Health Insurance Board show that for the year 1893, of all the persons who died at the age of 15-60 33 per cent. were victims of consumption. And it does not matter whether it is in the barrack dwellings of Berlin, in the tenement dwellings of New York, in the slums of Dublin, Glasgow, and Paris, consumption to a greater extent than here in England is the great cities of the world in its record of combat against tuberculosis. It is due, in the main, to our smoking and alcoholism which is no longer in a condition to resist the invasion of a parasite. Professor Brouardel says that alcoholism is the most potent factor in propagating consumption; and a celebrated French doctor, Professor Baudron, says it is now generally admitted by those who, that the most potent factor in the spread of consumption is the public-house. In all probability at least one-half of all cases of consumption are due to infection in the public-house. Where twelve litres of drink are consumed, there is 32 per thousand; where thirty-five litres per head are drunk, there is 107 per thousand.

After those figures it is not necessary on the statement of authorities like these to dwell any further upon the evil that drinking habits have upon the predisposition of the people to consumption. Let me give one or two illustrations. Infection of healthy people by the spum from consumptive victims is one of the most prolific sources of this disease. Anyone who goes through the streets of London will see, and must be appalled by the sight of thousands of derelicts, maimed, diseased, and destitute, who know, that the most potent factor in the spread of tuberculosis is the public-house. In all probability at least one-half of all cases of consumption are due to infection in the public-house. Where twelve litres of drink are consumed, there is 32 per thousand; where thirty-five litres per head are drunk, there is 107 per thousand.

Now I come to one or two more direct and practical proposals for combating consumption, and it is mainly by the commonsense of most, operating through immediate, personal, practical, and direct remedies, and of all small things that tuberculosis is combated. I mean directly and not indirectly by making the public-house the very deathhouse. Let me give one or two illustrations. Infection of healthy people by the spum from consumptive victims is one of the most prolific sources of this disease. Anyone who goes through the streets of London will see, and must be appalled by the sight of thousands of derelicts, maimed, diseased, and destitute, who know, that the most potent factor in the spread of tuberculosis is the public-house. In all probability at least one-half of all cases of consumption are due to infection in the public-house. Where twelve litres of drink are consumed, there is 32 per thousand; where thirty-five litres per head are drunk, there is 107 per thousand.

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a very creditable motive. You see it in every working-class district. I suffered from it when I was a boy. I mean the fetish of the workman’s best front parlour. I will tell you what it was in my day. In my day the workman’s best front parlour was a mausoleum for wax fruits, stuffed birds, and china dogs. It was a museum sacred to the landlord, the insurance man, the solicitor, and the doctor, where children dared not enter, and where even father was a trespasser; and the chief function it discharges is to overcrowd the other portions of the tenement, to the discomfort of everybody and the loss of the whole house. If the front parlour were used for the children to read or play in when it rained, or, better still, for mother to tear off its sacred character by resting in—it as she ought to more than the work is done. If the fetish of the front parlour were broken up, it would add 25 per cent. at least to the breathing space of every workman’s home, to add to the comfort and the happiness of the woman and the children, and I am convinced that father’s tea would be more congenial at night-time if this were done than it now is.

Now I come to another practical remedy; that is the abolition of the comforter and the soother. This is a very serious thing. The bomb, the pistol, and dynamite have killed their scores, but I believe the comforter has killed its tens of thousands of little children. What is it doing? What is it doing? What is it doing? What is it going to do? Well, first—and doctors will follow me here—we have abolished the comforter and the soother. This is a serious one. I express it as my opinion as a layman, the most dangerous instrument as a dangerous instrument for the children of our towns and cities.

Now I come to one or two other remedies. Recently, in London particularly, we have seen a housing crusade. Well, it is a good crusade. The consumptive is found in the slum, the tuberculous person in the back-to-back house, and in London I am glad to say that builders have taken our advice, which I have publicly given them in and out of season, in never building new houses in London, in the tenement house and dirty barrack that is made more consumptive “slaves,” more tuberculous general servants, who have to live in the gas, with their front window opening on the dustbin, and the back kitchen window probably on a damp and airless court or alley. They have put it in their contract that they have no responsibility, if developed and stimulated as it ought to be, will do an enormous amount of good, and I trust I shall be able to issue soon a circular to follow up, if I may say, our great Notification of Tuberculosis Order that was issued in January of this year—I hope to issue a circular to Poor Law Authorities, who I am sure will co-operate, much good can be done.

I hope we shall have our Housing Bill upon the Statute Book, and that by wiser planning of towns, the better laying out of new communities, we can avoid the organic cause of adenoids which we are told are the result of present co-ordination and arrangement of places where people shall live.

I am glad to say that our Milk Bill has been more favourably received than I had ever hoped it would be, and that Milk Bill, coupled with the excellent Tuberculosis Order issued by the Board of Agriculture, ought to do a great deal in the next few years to diminish tuberculosis in particular, and infant mortality in general.

The crusade which has taken place against infant mortality has already shown itself in a wonderful diminution in the last three years. May I illustrate the progress that has been made? In thirty years my own parish has trebled its population and halved its death-rate; reduced it from 20 per thousand to 13 in thirty years; and in the last ten years the infant mortality of Battersea has dropped from 163 to 107 per thousand births. Do you know why mainly? Parks and open spaces, and fewer public-houses than in nearly every other parish in the whole of London. Medical inspection by the Board of Education, if developed and stimulated as it ought to be, will do an enormous amount of good, and I trust I shall be able to issue soon a circular to follow up, if I may say, our great Notification of Tuberculosis Order that was issued in January of this year—I hope to issue a circular to Poor Law Authorities on the conditions of the receipt of Poor Law relief by out-door consumptive recipients, accompanying that with methods of self-treatment, removal perhaps to another place, advice and guidance, perhaps other and extended help, all in the direction of cure and prevention, which we have made up our mind to do.

Now may I be allowed to give you another reason why we found in fighting consumption in London? It is a simple but significant fact; it is due almost to an accidental cause. The isolated treatment of advanced cases in Poor Law Infirmary has been a great factor in reducing consumption in London. What does it do? It removes the cases of infection at the most dangerous period from the poorest tenements; is it helpful to him, and it removes contagion from others; it saves the family from infection, it helps the bread-winner to recover, and by the segregation of consumptive patients in our Poor Law Infirmary, England has been put at the head of the crusade against consumption of the countries in the world.

Now, this must be extended and improved upon, from humanitarian as well as from social and preventive reasons. When I tell you that 35 per cent of the total...
There is a reason why the critic who usually deals with verse in *The New Age* should not discuss Mr. F. S. Flint’s “In the Net of the Stars” published by Mr. Elkin Mathews (2s. 6d. net). Nevertheless, the volume should specially interest the readers of this paper. It is always piquant, after having heard a man talk of how a job ought to be done, to see him attempting the job. In a short prefatory note Mr. Flint says, “If I had not been writing a morning poem. It is also an exceedingly intimate and personal document. Artistic courage and simplicity of an advanced kind are needed in order to be one’s self as Mr. Flint is himself in this book. The artist runs all sorts of risks, of getting laughed at, of not being understood; he is indeed absolutely certain to be misunderstood. This courage and this simplicity—which together constitute artistic shamelessness—are invariably the mark of a true vocation. Mr. Flint is a poet. He is a poet because he has known how to reveal his personality in musical rhythms. As a revelation of a poet the book is quite remarkable. You may not wholly like the personality. What does that matter? I myself find in it an occasional querulous and mournful weakness, and an exaggerated preoccupation in the phenomena of secondary importance, such as the mistress’s gold hair; I find in it a sort of anxieties towards the mistress which chills my sympathy. But what business is that of mine? The revelation is authentic and convincing, and on the whole very sympathetic in its youthful wistfulness and its fine idealism. My first impression, gained in the introduction, that some of the book was trivial, gradually disappeared, and on p. 36 I found this, which enlightened my sensations:

No, dear, nothing is foolish

We two may say, and yet all, is foolish.

The book may be judged as a single organism. So judged, it will solidly stand up against criticism. If one may question whether Mr. Flint has always escaped the banal, the reason lies in the honesty, originality and completeness of his intention. I was never publicly any more. “Une Voix dans la Foule” is quite as fine as any of its predecessors. It contains things even as impressive and unforgetable as the magnificent “Chanson des Vieillards.” When we find ourselves apt to assert that the United States has produced no first-rate poets since Whitman, we should remember Stuart Merrill, who was born on Long Island, of pure American blood, though he was entirely educated in France and uses French with more ease than English.

Readers who follow the tortuous course of French verse will be perhaps surprised to learn that Stuart Merrill has published another volume of poems, "Une Voix dans la Foule" (Mercure de France). Mr. Merrill has never been prolific, and it is nine years since the appearance of his previous volume. In twenty-two years he has issued six slim volumes of verse. Mr. Burns, if windows were kept open day and night, if many of the simple remedies were carried into effect, consumption might be stamped out in a generation."

Consumption is not so deadly as feared if early and adequate precautions are taken. The Germans say that every one at the end has a touch of tuberculosis—another way of expressing what the post-mortems prove, that many have it and most recover from it. It is a question of dosage; if repeated under bad conditions the disease will very generally develop, and it may be that a cure impossible. It is hereditary only—and this is the glad tidings the doctor conveys to us—so far as predisposition is concerned. Spitting is the chief cause of the disease, almost it is a bedroom disease, and preventable. It is not more artificial work we want, it is not more work we require; it is the best organisation and regulation of the total work which is now imperfectly, improperly done, in an unorganised and thoughtless way. And one of the best things the rich men could do, one of the wisest things that captains of industry could do, would be to raise the wage, give regular employment, as a means of fighting the disease, and even of protecting himself, to the general labourer, the casual labourer, the charwoman and the poor, lone woman in the streets of London, who puts up a brave, noble, and enduring fight on behalf of the children of whom she is the protector. Raise their wages, fill up the swamps of low wages by pulling down the peaks of disproportion, and wasteful expenditure on the part of foolish individuals.

My last word, my summing up, is this: Consumption is a house disease; we are here for simple remedies—here is my summary. Consumption is a house disease. We can do without our invalid bedrooms, courts, alleys, and living rooms. Beds are best. The best, simplest, cheapest remedy is to open your windows day and night. Sir William Broadbent, shortly before he died, came to see me, and when he was ill he put his hand on my table and said, "M. Burns, if windows were kept open day and night, if many of the simple remedies were carried into effect, consumption might be stamped out in a generation."

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If poetry is to be kept truly alive, by the periodic conquest of new material for it, and by a queer, bland daring in the use of that material, then “In the Net of the Stars” is one of the books which help to keep poetry truly alive.

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I predicted “a bad press” for Mr. Frank Harris’s "The Man Shakespeare and His Tragic Life-Story." I was quite wrong. The book has been admirable reviews, I admit still surprises me, for it is a masterpiece. However, the chief Shaksperian mandarins have not yet spoken, and I am hoping that some of them at any rate will have the courage of their
stupidity and try to destroy the book. "Hope" is not a misprint for "fear." No spectacle is more diverting to a sanguinary and cruel heart like mine than that of a handful of mandarins engaged in being ridiculous. Mr. Harris has really tried to add substance to writing an article in answer to the two criticisms which I offered. I cannot reply to that article; to do so is not within my competence. In what I wrote about the book I merely described the sensations of an artist in reading it. After considering Mr. Harris's article I am rather more disposed to admit the propriety of the word "snobbishness" in Shakspeare's regard. But I still cling to the idea that in the character of snobbishness there is an almost universal characteristic, and therefore should not be a subject of serious reproach in an individual. As to Herbert, my mind remains open. All I wrote was that Mr. Harris seemed to me to have "less clearly established" Shakspeare's innocence in this affair. I am not convinced either way. Unhappily, as The New Age is now read by many quite respectable people, I cannot say that all I should like to say in this column concerning a matter so excessively delicate as the relations between Shakspeare and Herbert.

JACOB TONSON.

Some Disremembered Lessons.

This is the people's story of the revolution; the people who suffer everything, the people who hope everything, the people who obtain so little. It is not a story of passionate harangues, of beautiful phrases—we hear nothing about the magic of property,—of flashing deeds. Hunger and misery, dirt and despair, wide aspirations and partial failure do not set themselves picturesquely. Peasants perish by the score, they die of starvation, of wounds, in prison, on the scaffold. In dying they fry their own hands; they regard their children as mentally and morally to bookish persons. But though they seem to have perished utterly their work is not lost; the spirit of the world has not forgotten them. Nay, their memory remains among the people, and when the world-spirit next calls forth their children and their children's children to uprise and beright themselves it calls in the name of the nameless martyrs who have preceded them, who have made a stage in the agelong war against oppression and degradation. The reason that the French Revolution is, as Kropotkin shows us, one of a series of battles waged by the people. They won much in that fight, but much remains to be conquered; they are pressing onward to another battle which perhaps will come some day. What will be the sign of a revolution take place? Kropotkin writes: "One may have thought for a time that it would be Russia. But if she should push her revolution further than the mere limitation of the imperial power; if she touches the land question in a revolutionary spirit—how far will she go? Will she know how to avoid the mistakes made by the French Assemblies, and will she socialise the land and give it only to those who want to cultivate it with their own hands? We know not; any answer to this question would belong to the domain of prophecy." I will not endeavour to criticise Kropotkin's work, but a few words may perhaps be well spent in the study of a work so excellent and so instructive as "The Great French Revolution" by P. A. Kropotkin.

There is a sentiment which is the foundation of every revolution, which is the true fount and origin of the Revolution—the people's readiness to take up arms—that the historians of the Revolution have not yet done justice to, as Kropotkin says. "When we consider the political power which the French Revolution so formidable. It was the betrayal of Shakspeare's innocence in this affair. I am not convinced either way. Unhappily, as The New Age is now read by many quite respectable people, I cannot say that all I should like to say in this column concerning a matter so excessively delicate as the relations between Shakspeare and Herbert.

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There is a sentiment which is the foundation of every revolution, which is the true fount and origin of the Revolution—the people's readiness to take up arms—that the historians of the Revolution have not yet done justice to, as Kropotkin says. "When we consider the political power which the French Revolution so formidable. It was the betrayal of Shakspeare's innocence in this affair. I am not convinced either way. Unhappily, as The New Age is now read by many quite respectable people, I cannot say that all I should like to say in this column concerning a matter so excessively delicate as the relations between Shakspeare and Herbert.

JACOB TONSON.

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shall converge to that end, the people must understand clearly and definitely what shall be their aim, what kind of a world they mean to have. Now in the days that precede the revolution is the time to enlighten ourselves, to hammer out our hopes, our aspirations, into clearly formulated schemes. This undone, we shall be undone again as the people of France were, like them, we shall but accomplish the smaller part of our task. Says Prince Kropotkin: "In their hurry to push on to the day of revolt they (many Socialists and Anarchists) treat as enemies every one who attempts to throw some light on what ought to be the aim of the Revolu-

More than once it seemed as if the people were to triumph, but ever were they pushed back by the reactionaries, now by the Girondins, now by the Montagnards, again by other com-

The suppression of the Communards, the fight carried on by the Convention against the Paris Commune, the attempts to restore feudal rights, the sup-

In the Net of the Stars.

REVIEWS.

In the Net of the Stars. By F. S. Flint. (Elkia Mathews.)

Come with me, love, and through the Milky Way, From cloud and dust, into the golden day.

Come with me, love, and we will walk away Into the shining knotted net of the sky;

The above stanza we consider most representative of Mr. Flint’s verse; yet instantly we say that, in this very volume, he has far surpassed the obvious limits of the collection of poems which lends its title to the book. The "Swan Song" will be beloved by many readers to have a claim upon immortality. The lovely lyric beginning "Bramble and fern" is a true song; of the higher mood, also, is a poem in free rhythm containing many good lines.

A little murmure in the leaves—
A cold, calm night of many stars.

Time and change creep over the earth,
And red rot sucks us back to clay;
But the stars shine ever and a day,
Little knots in the net of light

That holds the infinite dragon, Night.

There are echoes of these lines to justify the giving of a more enthusiastic welcome to their maker than the average of the volume allows. The fault of most of the poems is a fault of youth—sentimentality; the short-cutting a shortcoming of youth—inexperience. We bear too little of the golden-snowed Muse and too much of earthly amber hair. One almost comes to dread a line ending in fair or despair or rare. We are not even given the illusion that the golden-tressed lady is beyond our own possible vision. The poet addresses her in terms of grateful condescension.

The burden of too many of the verses is a bitter hatred of cities.

Dead trees, grey skies, gaunt streets, snake, grime, and squalor.

That is true, but it is not poetry; and to behold Mr. Flint wasting himself on such stuff makes one hope that when that millionaire patron comes along for whom we are all praying, he may be able to discern in this young poet a being worthy of transportation to some "rarer clime." He loves the sea and the braeken. Beside these he should dwell. What he sings about is of longing, not of realisation. He does not sing as if he knew them, and he cannot tell us their secrets—only his yearning to be initiate among their mysteries. The "Palinode" and "The Heart’s Hunger" throw with this yearning, and bid us forget much that is really sentimental and wasteful. We are made to understand, as few writers before him have made understood, the linking chains of false environment.

Among the lesser verse there is a dialogue upon the familiar theme, "Unto us a child is born." A woman longs for a girl-child which may take a name she admires "fanthe, violet-blossom!" If we are firmly in these days, women have wanted children for less worthy reasons than even to have a pretty name. The beginning of this dialogue is un-

"Breathe on our burnished hearts and throb with thine," the poet addresses to his patron. The verses on our burning breasts are heavy nonsense. "The Vow" is better, and contains some fine couplets.

Inexperience of life and poverty of classical form cannot fail to be noted, but the command of these lack-

sings may be given. There are several perfect examples of the four-lined lyric and an indication of power over the difficult rondeau, and although the sonnet "Once in Autumn" is neither strong nor polished, the one entitled "A Country Lane" shows both inspiration and workmanship. Some of the poems read as though they were meant to be sonnets but had gained a superfluous line or two. Constantly one finds here, in following two successive phases of one thought, just the line or couplet too much which destroys the strength of the poem. Perhaps it will be agreed that the best lines in free rhythm are these making the "Foreword":

I drink
Of that cold flagon of the Moon,
Wherein my sun-sweet heart is crushed to wine
For me to sup;
And as I drink it up,
Pale blossoms of silver rhyme,
With the green damask leaf
And rhythmic line
Of verse
Through my brain creep.
And twine and intertwine.

Villa Rubein, and Other Stories. By John Gals-

worthy. (Duckworth, 6s.)

It is a fact that we could be more interested in, or rather less bored by, a tale out of "Home Chat" or the history of "Queechy" than by these stories from the pen of an author whom, nevertheless, we admire
and respect. The explanation is simple, and we hope that it may justify our very frank expression of opinion.

In immortal works such as "Queechy" commonplace people are written about in a proportionate way: that is, in a commonplace way. This principle of treating small things in a simple fashion is taken for place people are written about in a proportionate way. What could he do with Nicholas Treffry but let him die; or with Hartz, the artist, wanted by the police for some mysterious crime, but stand him down at last in the library and respected. He is too big altogether for his people. He chokes over pages of home journals and domestic annals--that it may justify our very frank expression of opinion.

That, whether one likes it or dis-slike it, the man is known as scientific fact shall be found to be antagonistic to science and religion and metaphysics in no unallied with such stuff as the nest sentence discloses plainest perhaps the fundamental principle of the Unity of the Universe is, that our own nature, in all its heights and depths, in all its relations and proportions, is one with the Self-Existing Reality which must necessarily lie at the Root of all things; that Principle--by whatever name it may be called--which is the Universe. That is the key to the author's position. In a brief review it is not possible to do full justice to a work of this magnitude. We can only indicate the demand of the author—a well-tried mystic—for a rounded doctrine of spiritual truth. "What is true," he seems to say, "is adaptable, otherwise it is obsolete." To reach the truth there must be a passage between science and religion and metaphysics and ethics and so on, a reconciliation between Berzelius and Galton and Bradley and James and Bergson and Poincaré. Finally, an enlightened age will discover that "Religion must be scientific in as far as nothing which is known as scientific fact shall be found to be antagonistic to it, and philosophical in so far as it shall be rational and logical instead of authoritative." Though the book puts forward no startling theory and aims to offer a grand synthesis and workable theory of the universe, it has the great merit of dealing with vital problems from a new and stimulating point of view.

**Blind.**

"Because I am blind, and would eat That I may not die, All day, I must sit in the street, Making a show of my blindness, And starving on casual kindness."

"And it's money thrown away But, a blind man cannot earn With the wit and the will, Making a show of my blindness.

**Scientific Idealism.** By W. Kingsland. (Rebman. 75. 6d. net.)

Messrs. Rebman are acquiring a reputation for promoting the new school of metaphysic, which is, to say the least, enviable. Hence, thinkers have reason to interest themselves in Messrs Rebman's publications. "Scientific Idealism." Is this the late addition to the neo-metaphysical literature. What, it may be asked, is this neo-metaphysics? In Mr. Kingsland's able, sound and honest essay, it is really in itself the simplest of philosophic standpoints; it is merely the perception of a unifying principle as a pathway between Scylla and Charybdis, materialism and supernaturalism, for the ultimate escape of the human soul to its unity with the Universal Soul. Thus: "Intellectually it is seen that all science and all philosophy tend more and more to correlate and unify all phenomena and all Nature, both subjective and objective; and the immediate deduction which we must make from the fundamental principle of the Unity of the Universe is, that our own nature, in all its heights and depths, in all its relations and proportions, is one with the Self-Existing Reality which must necessarily lie at the Root of all things; that Principle--by whatever name it may be called--which is the Universe. That is the key to the author's position. In a brief review it is not possible to do full justice to a work of this magnitude. We can only indicate the demand of the author—a well-tried mystic—for a rounded doctrine of spiritual truth. "What is true," he seems to say, "is adaptable, otherwise it is obsolete." To reach the truth there must be a passage between science and religion and metaphysics and ethics and so on, a reconciliation between Berzelius and Galton and Bradley and James and Bergson and Poincaré. Finally, an enlightened age will discover that "Religion must be scientific in as far as nothing which is known as scientific fact shall be found to be antagonistic to it, and philosophical in so far as it shall be rational and logical instead of authoritative." Though the book puts forward no startling theory and aims to offer a grand synthesis and workable theory of the universe, it has the great merit of dealing with vital problems from a new and stimulating point of view.

**The Son of Mary Bethel.** By Elsa Barker. (Chatto and Windus. 6s.)

To write the Life of Christ in the form of a modern novel is, to say the least, daring. However well the work may be done—and Miss Barker's book is a remarkable achievement in its way—it is bound to cover its author with spume and contumely. Protestants will maintain that the proper place for such a theme is the pages of Josephus or Dean Farrer or a half-crafter's theological essay, certainly not a six-shilling novel. While Catholics will carefully guard their young from contact with a book that re incarnates Jesus as the son of New England parents, reproduces all the principal events of his life, repeats his miracles interpreted by them in terms of symbolism and will-power, provides him with disciples, and finally would crucify him in the New Testament manner, but that the authoress's ingenuity fails her on this point.
ART.

SCENE. A crowd at the Elephant. A child has been almost run over, but its toy banjo has saved it. Someone is consoling the little fellow, and someone is repairing the banjo with cotton. Banjo and cotton.

Southern Carolina and Degas. Another scene. Noontday in the temperate zones of the States. I am stretched side by side with some broad-chested, sun-produced nigger. I am in love with the nigger’s love of the sun-bath. Hour after hour we two lie dozing and dreaming, dreaming and dozing in the bronzing sun. All the joy ever sung by the great sun-men—Lamb, Southey, Goethe, Shimmie—we thus were also. God-men, is in our hearts. The sun holds us in its universal embrace, divided, yet linked by a noble sympathy—a black and white symphony expressing love. So bathed in the splendour of its stimulating sweetness we are happy as no sunless City man ever was or could be. Ever before us, awake or dozing, there is the vision of our fellow-bathers at work in the field. All day magnificent blacks and browns, with occasional white, continue to rise and fall in natural harmonies, and the play of coloured draperies is perfect in the dark landscape pervaded with soft white cotton. Earth never held superer eig sight than this of the rhythm of liquid forms and flowing cotton plantation as they appear as softness of sun.. Then as a moon comes, dark blue transparent nigst splashed with faintest stardog, and the moon suffuses space, filling it with poetic mystery. I reach down my banjo—as Ballantine has taught me, a powerful enchanter—benefiting the moonlight shades of a log cabin way down South. I play softly, leisurely. I hum the opening bar of a coon song. Leisured figures come out of the silence; they float into the magic patches of moon-light. They are caught up in the mystic atmosphere, bathed in beauty. So too, entering in sun-baths and moon-baths in Carolina, in Virginia, and elsewhere, I conceive those emotions which came to Degas when first he saw those wonderful cotton-bales drenched with light. Degas and his contemporaries have dragged the painters from their dark studios and split them into three—sun, moon, and limelight men. They have created a world of wizards wielding the magic wand of light. * * *

At the Exhibition of the Royal Institute of Oil Painters one may see how closely modern painters have entered into the question of colour and light as they appear in Nature. Here the pictures, when they are not mechanical pictures of pictures, are first-hand studies of moon-light, or light, or light as colour. Certain of them display a stronger love of life and men under the innumerable influences of light, space, and air than others.

Missing down altogether, I come into the full glare of John Lavery’s "Girls in Sunlight" (59), an admirable study of an open-air effect. I then pass to James Gibbon’s refined canvas (29g), in which the sense of enclosed space, of warm captitive sunlight, of perfumed air is charmingly rendered. I like, too, these two studies of subdued lighting—Charles Ince’s "Green Lane" (40); and H. Hughes-Stanton’s "sweeter Woodcutters" (51). Passing to fading sunlight, I pause to note Neils. M. Lund’s clever treatment of a rustic landscape bathed in evening mist (243). Thence to excluded daylight in "The Edge of the Black Country" (10), wherein H. Davis Richter has caught the dense grey pottery atmosphere with its suggestion of hell. As a study of light, Miss E. G. Currie’s very effective expression of Embankment light (25) appeals to me. Next, noting effects of interior lighting, I am arrested by Cyrus Cuneo’s "The Curtain" (106), in which the changing light entering through the window and reflected in the mass of white draperies is very skilfully treated. "Farmyard Dresser" (199), another very successful study. It is, however, hung too high to allow the details of its carefully observed effects of light and colour being seen. In his careful study, “After the Morning Dip” (233), Edgar Bundy has admirably expressed the effect of light striking through the canvas opening of a bathing tent, in colour contrasts and a series of movements seen instantly and fixed on the canvas. His decorative canvas (153) is worth noting for its quiet harmonies of greenish-blue and white. D. Meeson’s clever treatment of a head exposed to a red light (16) is obviously meant rather to surprise than to teach. The best drawings in portraits are those by Sir James Guthrie (333), the late R. Garrido (337) and Harold Knight (6). The worst thing in the show is the Hon. John Collier’s brutally ugly canvas (315).

For a complete contrast to the methods of the modern sun-men one may go to the Baillie Gallery. The Exhibition of the Society of Painters in Tempera takes us back to that early period of the history of painting before the utility of oils became apparent, and to which the pages of Kugler, Waagen, and Crowe and Cavasellie refer. On the artistic side not much need be said. Tempera painting is traditionally beautiful art which lends itself to the subtlest expressions, the finest gradations, and the most delicate modellings. Successful individual achievements of note are seen in the charming and finely coloured heads of Robert Anning Bell (172, 173). Two studies in cotton by Sir Sargent of Florence (13, 132), the effective decorative landscapes of Maxwell Armfield (29, 45), and in Arthur J. Gaskin’s “On the Cotswolds” (35). The Hon. Neville Cotton’s "Jockey to the Fair" (73), though a conventional and almost impossible canvas, has certain interesting features. Those quaint old-time dancing women in their landscape setting keep one interested and amused. Altogether the exhibition includes much fine work, and, moreover, it affords another convincing proof of how well women are doing. * * *

I should have liked, had space permitted, to consider more fully here the question of the painter’s language of light in which so much of the training, theories, and aspirations of the present generation of English painters is expressed, and the means whereby it may receive that recognition and appreciation do which it is certainly entitled. To ask, in other words, what is being and what ought to be done to assist the artist to do good work—and to sell it. The subject is not a new one to me. I have threshed it out in the only spirit, in the only condition, in the only way which I can consider. The spirit is that of the reformer; the conditions, artistic poverty; the way, grim truth that makes the heart ache. This spirit came to me in a studio, one of a group of studios—together they formed the centre of a republic of poverty. The place was packed with starving artists, whose work was never seen, whose names were never mentioned, all working with a note of despair in their hearts, all representing so many wasted lives, all looking forward more or less to being thrown on the rubbish heap of neglected art. My own studio—what was it? Imagine a boarded-off portion of a once lecture-room of a decayed school of medicine, with dirty walls, on which the damp brown painter hung stinking pictures, with a light and with a festering sink supplied with pestiferous water. Imagine all these horrors with but one charm to relieve them—a small grimy window framing a painter’s bit of old London—some russet roofs, an olive-green tree or two, a slice of blue sky with a yellow flag athwart it, and a grey opening—symbol of the grey tragedy of many an artist’s life—between the houses through which comes the drift of the colour and movement of human scenery beyond. In these surroundings I spent many a long day cursing my wicked
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Street, London.
landlord and the wealthy amateur who sends up the rents of the possible studios and thus flings penniless artists into slums, in many States, lofts and garrets, in fact, every place in back-streets that if put to any but art purposes would be ruthlessly condemned as unfit for human occupation. In these circumstances, it was not difficult to dream of reform, and in moments not devoid of hope, it was believed that up perhap six beautiful blocks of model studios which starving artists might rent for a mere song, in which they might live like fighting cocks, and not like rats any longer, and which should each contain permanent gallery open at all times to all-comers. Thus one tiny avenue of artistic liberty shone through the rosy mists of the imagination, and a little gold glittered amid the drab of wasted souls. Then, plans in hand, I approached one money

lord who subsidizes the picture dealer and begged him for a change to subsidise the artist. And he sold.

HUNTLY CARTER.

CORRESPONDENCE.

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

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

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Correspondents are requested to be brief.

Many letters weekly are omitted on account of their length.

WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE IN AMERICA.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

On arriving in New York, Mrs. Pankhurst said to a reporter, "I have come to America to speak on the subject of equal rights for women, and to study the situation in this country. I think we are away ahead of you in this matter."

If Mrs. Pankhurst has a receptive mind she will change it on this point. It is very easy to like a woman and a woman's face, but much more difficult to train a woman's mind.

Equal rights with men the women of any European country have done.

The right to work is perhaps, the most important of all rights. In England women are still, to a great extent, excluded from remunerative occupations. They cannot become barristers, solicitors, parsons, or professors, and use they are debarred by public opinion from holding high positions in any other occupations. In America all these positions are open to women, not only in name, but in reality. Many prominent preachers are women, and so are the clergy at age 75. In Canada the teaching staff is a woman. Canada is behind the United States in this matter, yet in Little Canadian town in which I live, the women teachers in the public school are all women, although half the pupils are boys.

English women are always complaining that the divorce law discriminates. In America it is exactly the same for both sexes. Moreover, divorce is very easy and very cheap, and the large majority of those who apply for it are women. In most of the States you can get divorce for almost any imaginable cause. A few months ago a woman in Seattle was granted a divorce from her husband because he smored. In the San Francisco papers there are advertisements from lawyers who undertake to get anybody a divorce for $12 (about $520). In England a married woman has no right to her own children while the father is alive. In at least twelve of the States, the father and mother are equal guardians of the children.

Suffragettes should know that the right to sit on juries is an important right which women have it, and use it. Moreover, all accused persons have the right to a jury trial in America. If the suffragettes lived in America, they would be tried by juries which would probably contain some women.

It is true that women have the franchise in only four States, but that is because not of sectional but of general prejudice. Moreover, woman suffrage means vastly more in America than in England. It means that every woman can vote, if she has the wealth and the education to attain her position, from President down, but also that she can hold every office within the State. In these four States women can be elected to the Legislature, and many have been elected. An American woman would feel no less of an outsider if the same laws applied to women in England than she would if they applied to men in America.

I hope some enterprising suffragette will publish a list of rights which women have achieved in England, but not in America.

R. B. Kerr.

INDUSTRIAL ASSURANCE.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

For several months there has been considerable ferment regarding the Assurance Bill introduced by Lord Hamilton of Dalzell in the Lords, and tended by Mr. Churchill in the Commons. The Bill will establish the British Association of Industrial Assurance Companies and Friendly Collecting Societies, a combine which is likely to play a big part in the near future. It is the first concrete measure for collecting societies based on representative government and owned by the members, and the few societies of that nature attached to the Church, are inclined to cut their connection with the Register of Friendly Societies, and to creep under the wings of the Board of Trade, where members and delegates cease from troubling, and problems are at rest. Unfortunately, Mr. Churchill has received his insurance education at the hands of the association's executive, and therefore it was made possible for such a clause as Clause 37 to appear in the Bill.

The clause referred to makes it easy for a collecting society to convert into a proprietary company, the only obstacle being the objection of 25 per cent. of the membership. For example, a society with 120,000 members could be converted by the committee of management making application to the court, providing the society, by their vote or in their behalf, declared their will to convert the society and to pay a further subscription of £1 to the cost of the conversion. Mr. Churchill has got enlightenment since the Bill was introduced, and doubtless he will move in committee an amendment on the lines of the understanding between the Editor and Mr. Churchill and at the Second Reading, and make it necessary to show 55 per cent. of the adult membership in favour of conversion before sanction being secured.

During recent years, quick changes have been common in the insurance world. Amalgamations and conversions have been numerous, and it would not, therefore, be surprising, if, in consequence, we found industrial assurance concentrated in a few hands. The aim and tendency seems to be in that direction; and this is why the suffragettes should not make too much of the attitude of company promoters and amalgamators towards friendly collecting societies. Within those societies there is a present great unrest, the unrest in some cases being similar to that of the young lady who, being suppressed by a crowd of courtiers, cannot make up her mind which suitor to choose. Taking everything into account, we would earnestly advise all trade unionists, members of the I.L.P., and other Socialist bodies, who are policy-holders in collecting societies, to take a keen and active interest in the societies to which they belong, and especially in those societies where the delegate system prevails. The district meetings at which delegates are elected should be attended, and in no other way can the societies be assured of continuation, for they will be centres of uncertainty so long as they are controlled by people with individualistic proclivities. They are essentially co-operative concerns, and should be delegated to the care of men of collective tendencies and active interest in the societies to which they belong, and use it.

In a paper on "Occupation Mortalities," read to the Faculty of Actuaries at Edinburgh, Dr. R. E. Kerr, Director superintendent of the Statistical Department in the Registrar-General's office, said that the twelve occupations with the smallest expectation of life at age 25 were: General labourers, 27.8 years; tin miners, 25.8; costermongers, 29.1; inn and hotel servants, 29.4; publicans and innkeepers, 30.4; seamen, 31.7; file makers, 31.5; general shopkeepers, 32.4; cutlers, 32.6; dock labourers, 32.9; potters, 33.5; and the clergy at age 25 have an expectation of life of 42.8 years. The clergyman is a man of uncertain hands in his checks at the age of 52, and the clergyman makes a mess at the age of 67. As far as the general labourer is concerned, there is not much likelihood of him encroaching unduly on the Old Age Pension Fund.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD.

GERMANY IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

Merely in the spirit of inquiry it occurred to me that the German attempt to secure a port in the Mediterranean has nothing to suggest, so THE NEW AGE seems to suggest, to do with the solution of the problem of the German external position. The statement of fact set forth in the "Week End" was based on diplomatic materials in my possession, as to the argument which is there, if I may say so, no question. I am sure I may appeal to the Editor and to his correspondents to write this point publicity in your columns, and I offer you my best thanks in advance.

THE MANAGING EDITOR.

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