LIFE OR DEATH — WHICH?
All communications for the Editor should be sent to 38, Cursitor Street, Chancery Lane, E.C.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

After all its prae ort the Government has decided to dissolve at the bidding of the Lords. The King’s prerogative has been chipped, the Commons’ right to grant Supplies abolished, and the whole representative system challenged by the Lords, with the only result that the Liberal Government with an unprecedented majority in the House, a united Cabinet, and a strong backing in the country has agreed to take the triple blow lying down. There are sometimes in history issues much greater than the leaders on either side regard as the crucial question of their period. The present crisis are smaller than we supposed or that the Liberal leaders have disgracefully abandoned their case in view of Mr. Asquith’s feeble speech in the House of Commons on the counter-resolution to the grant Supplies’ abolished, and the whole representative system of the Lords a little unreal. The unreality is not to be interfered in elections, and finally, by the great coup, of obtaining control over finance. All these things have been done, and we are now faced with a revival of the power of the Lords on a scale that has not been known in England since before the Wars of the Roses. What else remains of their programme is contingent on their success at the General Election which they have now boldly forced. We may say that among the items are, a possible war with Germany, a policy of Protection, and a deliberate and calculated reversal of the collectivist policy of recent Governments.

Unfortunately, in our opposition to this recrudescence of the oligarchic and its digressive tendencies, we have been both too much and too little. Asquith has succeeded in increasing his Popularity of the Press, and has been enabled to increase his influence over the members of the Lords. The Press has been almost wholly captured and enslaved in the service of the Lords, and particularly in Germany and France, such a party of the people, Socialist and democratic, has been formed of sufficiently formidable dimensions to defy the attacks of Kaiser and President to suppress it. But in England in 1906 the Socialist and Labour Party was still in the bud: it could, with courage and a plan, be nipped and killed while still young. This was the task to which the Sudanbeing reactionaries have devoted themselves ever since.

Anybody with inward eyes can discern now the signs of the efforts that have been made. The Press has been almost wholly captured and enslaved in the service of the Lords, and particularly in Germany and France, such a party of the people, Socialist and democratic, has been formed of sufficiently formidable dimensions to defy the attacks of Kaiser and President to suppress it. But in England in 1906 the Socialist and Labour Party was still in the bud: it could, with courage and a plan, be nipped and killed while still young. This was the task to which the Sudanbing reactionaries have devoted themselves ever since.

For what, we ask, will happen if the Unionists are returned as they may be? We know now what will happen if the Liberals are returned. It is nothing, absolutely nothing. The Unionists, as the Unionists, have to write in The New Age of plots and conspiracies against democracy and Socialism, but occasionally the evidence for these melodramatic movements is overwhelming. We have not the least doubt ourselves that for once in a way a regular plan of campaign against democracy has been drawn up by the oligarchy in England and is being pursued with an altogether admirable consistency and tenacity. When, in 1906, the Labour Party for the first time appeared in the House of Commons, the heads of the established powers of wealth and privilege were set furiously thinking. In continental countries, and particularly in Germany and in France, such a party of the people, Socialist and democratic, had been formed so that the heads of the established powers of wealth and privilege were set furiously thinking. In continental countries, and particularly in Germany and in France, such a party of the people, Socialist and democratic, had been formed so that the heads of the established powers of wealth and privilege were set furiously thinking. In continental countries, and particularly in Germany and in France, such a party of the people, Socialist and democratic, had been formed so that the heads of the established powers of wealth and privilege were set furiously thinking. In continental countries, and particularly in Germany and in France, such a party of the people, Socialist and democratic, had been formed so that the heads of the established powers of wealth and privilege were set furiously thinking. In continental countries, and particularly in Germany and in France, such a party of the people, Socialist and democratic, had been formed so that the heads of the established powers of wealth and privilege were set furiously thinking. In continental countries, and particularly in Germany and in France, such a party of the people, Socialist and democratic, had been formed so that the heads of the established powers of wealth and privilege were set furiously thinking. In continental countries, and particularly in Germany and in France, such a party of the people, Socialist and democratic, had been formed so that the heads of the established powers of wealth and privilege were set furiously thinking.
power four years, already brought in its great Reform Bill, establishing Adult Suffrage, Payment of Members, and the like? Only because these things would infallibly lead to a Reformed House of Commons which would jeopardise the existence not only of the House of Lords, but of the House of Commons Photocats as well.

To return to Mr. Asquith’s speech. What Mr. Ballour said of Mr. Asquith’s etiolated resolution was perfectly true. It will hurt nobody, it will encourage nobody, it will frighten nobody. What a ralying cry on the eve of a titanic struggle! Even the Liberal Press has been compelled to defer its enthusiasm to the Albert Hall meeting. Wait, it says, till then, and Mr. Asquith will really on that occasion inscribe on his banner: Down with the Lords. But he will do nothing of the kind. Nor, we make bold to say, will a single member of the present or any immediately prospective Liberal Government do anything of the kind. We go further, and say that any Liberal suspected of desiring to abolish the veto of the Lords will find himself excluded from the intimate councils of the potentates of the party. Mr. Ballour went on to chaff Mr. Asquith with a love of abstractions. True again. But the Radicals, to give them their due, are always concrete and practical; it is only their Liberal allies who indulge in generalities.

Of Mr. Lloyd George and his following we wish we could say something better. We could say this in his defence, that we understand now his contempt of his party leaders. Conceive a Cabinet consisting of two parts, one containing men like Sir Edward Grey, the worst Foreign Minister England has ever had, Mr. Haldane, a Conceptionist, Mr. Herbert Gladstone, a stupid anachronism, Lord Morley, an iniquitous Lord, Lord Crewe, a son-in-law of Lord Northcliffe; the other containing Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Asquith. Both demonstrate by their first water, and both therefore with an infallible nose for popularity; what is likely to happen but that frequent explosions should take place on the part of these two against the compact and impeneetrable majority of the Cabinet? Mr. Lloyd George’s speech on Friday at the National Liberal Club is a case in point. Complaint has been made that this speech consisted of vulgar abuse of the Lords, but it was also by implication, a contemptuous and ignominious one of the Resolutions moved by Mr. Asquith the previous day.

With the vulgarity of Mr. Lloyd George’s attack upon the Lords we have every sympathy. It is obvious and unmistakable; it bears its brand on every phrase. But what of that? The methods of the gentlemanly party, if there be one left in politics, are infinitely worse. Nobody will ever know in their entirety the shifts to which the Unionists have sunk in their campaign to restore the régime of the Lords. We hear of glittering house parties, of emissaries at week-end affairs, of pressure, social and commercial, legal and moral, brought to bear upon everybody who could conceivably be of use to the Lords and their allies. Does anybody think that the gentlemen of the Tory Cabinet, or the gentlemen of the Labour Party itself, there is to be no organised opposition? They are badly disciplined in the House of Commons, and they have no imagination. Worst of all, they show no disposition to admit to their leadership ranks anybody who has not gone through the mill of the proletariat experience. These apart, however, their total value is the greatest of any party in England today.

Doubtless good Liberals like to imagine that the Lords are angry on their account; but a Liberal majority, however large, in the House of Commons would frighten nobody, provided there were not in addition a strong contingent of Socialist and Labour members. Even more, we undertake to say that were the Labour Party to double its strength at the coming election that fact would be more disquietening to the Lords than a Liberal victory in which the Labour Party suffered some defeats. The truth is that the Lords fear Labour and Socialism, and nothing else. Liberalism is of their own class and kind; they have Liberal peers and Liberal friends in the House of Commons. But this is new force of the Socialist and Labour Party of which they are distantly afraid. Hence it is that as the Labour Party is the real objective of the Lords’ attack, it is the Labour Party that must be the real leader of the defence.

We are therefore glad to see that, except for obviously tactical considerations and solely in the interests of the Labour Party, the Lords are not securely by a Liberal victory in which the Labour Party suffered some defeats. The truth is that the Lords fear Labour and Socialism, and nothing else. Liberalism is of their own class and kind; they have Liberal peers and Liberal friends in the House of Commons. But this is the new force of the Socialist and Labour Party of which they are distantly afraid. Hence it is that as the Labour Party is the real objective of the Lords’ attack, it is the Labour Party that must be the real leader of the defence.

For this all, however, we see no chance of Mr. Lloyd George winning. It is true that the Liberal Party as a whole may be returned. We may even hope, since all politics is a choice between two evils, that they may be returned with a considerable majority; but even then the forthright and decisive intentions, if they are intentions, of Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Churchill will fail to be fulfilled in the Cabinet who shall still hold an unruly but not dominant tail. Moreover, it is unfortunate, but true, that Mr. Lloyd George in particular has qualities which will for ever make him impossible as more than a Rupert-like partisan. No one can conceive him as solidly and completely representative of the common-sense of England. There are bees in his bonnet of nonconformity and puritanism whose buzzing will always keep common-sense at arm’s length. Not his vulgarity but his intellectual provincialism will finally ruin him.

We thus come to a consideration of the Socialist and Labour Party. Here alone do we find the smallest hope of permanent betterment in our political and social régime. We have a Labour man returned is therefore equal to at least ten Liberal members, for popularity. But their defects are also patent, nor are they wholly English. They are class-conscious in the restricted sense in which Lord Northcliffe’s mind is so. They are bourgeois in their attitude towards religion and morality. They are timid and at times pitiful. They distrust brains and resent even friendly criticism. They are badly disciplined in the House of Commons, and they have no imagination. Worst of all, they show no disposition to admit to their leadership ranks anybody who has not gone through the mill of the proletariat experience. These apart, however, their total value is the greatest of any party in England today.

Doubtless good Liberals like to imagine that the Lords are angry on their account; but a Liberal majority, however large, in the House of Commons would frighten nobody, provided there were not in addition a strong contingent of Socialist and Labour members. Even more, we undertake to say that were the Labour Party to double its strength at the coming election that fact would be more disquietening to the Lords than a Liberal victory in which the Labour Party suffered some defeats. The truth is that the Lords fear Labour and Socialism, and nothing else. Liberalism is of their own class and kind; they have Liberal peers and Liberal friends in the House of Commons. But this is the new force of the Socialist and Labour Party of which they are distantly afraid. Hence it is that as the Labour Party is the real objective of the Lords’ attack, it is the Labour Party that must be the real leader of the defence.

We are therefore glad to see that, except for obviously tactical considerations and solely in the interests of the Labour Party, the Lords are not securely by a Liberal victory in which the Labour Party suffered some defeats. The truth is that the Lords fear Labour and Socialism, and nothing else. Liberalism is of their own class and kind; they have Liberal peers and Liberal friends in the House of Commons. But this is the new force of the Socialist and Labour Party of which they are distantly afraid. Hence it is that as the Labour Party is the real objective of the Lords’ attack, it is the Labour Party that must be the real leader of the defence.

For this all, however, we see no chance of Mr. Lloyd George winning. It is true that the Liberal Party as a whole may be returned. We may even hope, since all politics is a choice between two evils, that they may be returned with a considerable majority; but even then the forthright and decisive intentions, if they are intentions, of Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Churchill will fail to be fulfilled in the Cabinet who shall still hold an unruly but not dominant tail. Moreover, it is unfortunate, but true, that Mr. Lloyd George in particular has qualities which will for ever make him impossible as more than a Rupert-like partisan. No one can conceive him as solidly and completely representative of the common-sense of England. There are bees in his bonnet of nonconformity and puritanism whose buzzing will always keep common-sense at arm’s length. Not his vulgarity but his intellectual provincialism will finally ruin him.

We thus come to a consideration of the Socialist and Labour Party. Here alone do we find the smallest hope of permanent betterment in our political and social régime. We have a Labour man returned is therefore equal to at least ten Liberal members, for popularity. But their defects are also patent, nor are they wholly English. They are class-conscious in the restricted sense in which Lord Northcliffe’s mind is so. They are bourgeois in their attitude towards religion and morality. They are timid and at times pitiful. They distrust brains and resent even friendly criticism. They are badly disciplined in the House of Commons, and they have no imagination. Worst of all, they show no disposition to admit to their leadership ranks anybody who has not gone through the mill of the proletariat experience. These apart, however, their total value is the greatest of any party in England today.

Doubtless good Liberals like to imagine that the Lords are angry on their account; but a Liberal majority, however large, in the House of Commons would frighten nobody, provided there were not in addition a strong contingent of Socialist and Labour members. Even more, we undertake to say that were the Labour Party to double its strength at the coming election that fact would be more disquietening to the Lords than a Liberal victory in which the Labour Party suffered some defeats. The truth is that the Lords fear Labour and Socialism, and nothing else. Liberalism is of their own class and kind; they have Liberal peers and Liberal friends in the House of Commons. But this is the new force of the Socialist and Labour Party of which they are distantly afraid. Hence it is that as the Labour Party is the real objective of the Lords’ attack, it is the Labour Party that must be the real leader of the defence.

For this all, however, we see no chance of Mr. Lloyd George winning. It is true that the Liberal Party as a whole may be returned. We may even hope, since all politics is a choice between two evils, that they may be returned with a considerable majority; but even then the forthright and decisive intentions, if they are intentions, of Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Churchill will fail to be fulfilled in the Cabinet who shall still hold an unruly but not dominant tail. Moreover, it is unfortunate, but true, that Mr. Lloyd George in particular has qualities which will for ever make him impossible as more than a Rupert-like partisan. No one can conceive him as solidly and completely representative of the common-sense of England. There are bees in his bonnet of nonconformity and puritanism whose buzzing will always keep common-sense at arm’s length. Not his vulgarity but his intellectual provincialism will finally ruin him.
Foreign Affairs.

The rupture of diplomatic relations between the United States and Nicaragua, owing to the unsatisfactory attitude of the United States in regard to compensating the relatives of the two executed Americans, is arousing considerable interest in South America and in Europe. The terms of Mr. Knox's Note to President Zelaya have been most unfavourably commented upon, even by American newspapers which usually support the Imperialist intervention policy.

As is fairly well known, the United States foreign policy on the American Continent is founded on the Monroe Doctrine, enunciated in President Monroe's Message to Congress in 1823. The material passages are these: "In the discussion to which this interest has given rise, and in the consideration which it has excited, there may be some danger, to the occasion has been judged proper for asserting as a principle in which the rights and interests of the United States are involved, that the American continents, by the free and independent condition which they have assumed and maintained, are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonisation by any European powers. . . . We owe it, therefore, to candour, and to the amicable relations existing between the United States and those Powers, to declare that we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety. With the existing colonies or dependencies of any European Power we have not interfered, and shall not interfere. But with the Governments of the United States, the Governments of these colonies are held and maintained, and it is our declared and constant intention to extend their system, and to maintain and protect it, in any manner that our power can accomplish. The Monroe Doctrine was rejected, in a sense, by this resolution of Congress in 1825: "The United States ought not to become a party with the Spanish-American Republics to any joint declaration for the purpose of preventing interference by any of the European Powers with their independence or form of government." During the war between Chili and Spain in 1866, Chili appealed to the United States for assistance, and received a reply that the Monroe doctrine did not bind the United States to take part in the wars in which a South American Republic was engaged. The Isthmian Canal project is transforming the nature of this Doctrine. The Spanish-American War led to the transference of some Spanish dependencies to the United States. A sinister development of the Doctrine was the refusal of the United States to assent to the cession of St. Pierre and Miquelon to Canada by France in 1904. The Monroe Doctrine has been a safeguard in the past to the South and Central American Republics in upholding their independence; but, in the future, under Imperialist expansion, this doctrine may become a grave menace to their independence.

Reference has already been made in these columns to the unfortunate conflict now proceeding in Canada on the Defence question. The Tariff Reform Party are losing England much power and influence by their insane efforts to chain the Colonies to England by means of an unreal naval scare. The attempt to force Canada into European quarrels is being resented by the United States, whose Government has many times officially assured Canadian statesmen that the Monroe Doctrine will be extended to Canada in the event of European interference resulting from the Australian rejection of the Budget has shown this flourishing democracy that we are ruled by a selfish oligarchy. An extraordinary slump has occurred in the agitation for Australian Dreadnoughts.

The United States are watching the situation with some uneasiness. Mexico had been in negotiation with the United States for a settlement of this dispute; but, in the future, under Imperialist ex

Mr. Norman Angell is to be congratulated on having written a book which will slowly and steadily affect the political outlook of Europe ("The Great Parlia

The security of small States rests upon the fact that their conquest would show no economic gain to their conqueror. The truth of the matter is well put by Mr. Norman Angell in a little incident: "During the Jubilee procession an English beggar was heard to say, 'I own Australia, Canada, New Zealand, India, Burmah, and the island of the Far Pacific, and I am starving want of a crust of bread. I am a citizen of the greatest Power of the modern world, and all people should bow to my greatness. And yesterday I cringed for alms to a negro savage, repulsed me with disgust."

In the course of a controversy in August-September, 1908, on the naval scare, the present writer remarked: "The transfer of the British Colonies to Germany would not affect the British position in Europe. The more than the British working man's wages have been affected by the number of acres over which the British flag is nominally flying." With a quarter of the British population under the poverty line, and with the Colonial population in the colonies nominally free, affected by the Labour parties, it is the height of absurdity to say that the mere possession of vast tracts of territory must mean prosperity to the inhabitants of the countries which nominally hold them. It is more than absurdity; it is dishonesty. In placing this pernicious nonsense in its true light Mr. Norman Angell has rendered an incalculable benefit to human progress. The book should be read by everyone who is anxious to prevent Europe "rattling into barbarism."
Three-Cornered Fights.
By O. W. Dyce.

According to the Tory pressmen, who are just now able to gain the ear of the public to an extent unprecedented in journalistic history, there is something highly reprehensible in the proposal that the Radical Party and the Labour Party, in order to enter into a " pact " as regards the running of candidates next month. It is as well to remember, while their recriminations are hurtling through the air, that their own party indulges in innumerable bargaining in order to present a united front to the electorate.

If there is anything in the proposal to divide the votes in the seats including some scats of the kind that are called, old-fashioned individualist type to whom the Labour the Joicey and Illingworth type makes them given to Radical candidates. If that holds good for the self-denying ordinance for the Radicals, an appeal for a compromise comes from the official head of the Opposition, who is to say among others: "I ask them to remember that the Lords are scheming to secure sudden fortunes they are planning upon."

The ramparts of the fortress of privilege they watch the motto: " I will not surrender his seat to the thievish gang of Protectionist traders who are scheming to secure sudden fortunes by inducing Parliament to raise artificially the prices of the things they sell." All these reactionary people take as their motto: " Union is strength." Standing together on the ramparts of the fortress of privilege they watch the oncoming hordes of the assailants, and, holding up their hands in horror, they say to one another: "How shocking! These men hold different opinions, and they attack us together!"

Withdrawing any more time in considering what the enemy thinks of our methods of fighting, let us turn to the practical aspects of what has been called an "election deal." What does Labour stand to gain by surrendering seats? The election returns show how many Labour candidates are retiring from Parliament to raise artificially the prices of the things the public demands. All these reactionary people take as their motto: "Union is strength." Standing together on the ramparts of the fortress of privilege they watch the oncoming hordes of the assailants, and, holding up their hands in horror, they say to one another: "How shocking! These men hold different opinions, and they attack us together!"

Withdrawing any more time in considering what the enemy thinks of our methods of fighting, let us turn to the practical aspects of what has been called an "election deal." What does Labour stand to gain by surrendering seats? The election returns show how many Labour candidates are retiring from Parliament to raise artificially the prices of the things the public demands. All these reactionary people take as their motto: "Union is strength." Standing together on the ramparts of the fortress of privilege they watch the oncoming hordes of the assailants, and, holding up their hands in horror, they say to one another: "How shocking! These men hold different opinions, and they attack us together!"

Withdrawing any more time in considering what the enemy thinks of our methods of fighting, let us turn to the practical aspects of what has been called an "election deal." What does Labour stand to gain by surrendering seats? The election returns show how many Labour candidates are retiring from Parliament to raise artificially the prices of the things the public demands. All these reactionary people take as their motto: "Union is strength." Standing together on the ramparts of the fortress of privilege they watch the oncoming hordes of the assailants, and, holding up their hands in horror, they say to one another: "How shocking! These men hold different opinions, and they attack us together!"

Withdrawing any more time in considering what the enemy thinks of our methods of fighting, let us turn to the practical aspects of what has been called an "election deal." What does Labour stand to gain by surrendering seats? The election returns show how many Labour candidates are retiring from Parliament to raise artificially the prices of the things the public demands. All these reactionary people take as their motto: "Union is strength." Standing together on the ramparts of the fortress of privilege they watch the oncoming hordes of the assailants, and, holding up their hands in horror, they say to one another: "How shocking! These men hold different opinions, and they attack us together!"

Withdrawing any more time in considering what the enemy thinks of our methods of fighting, let us turn to the practical aspects of what has been called an "election deal." What does Labour stand to gain by surrendering seats? The election returns show how many Labour candidates are retiring from Parliament to raise artificially the prices of the things the public demands. All these reactionary people take as their motto: "Union is strength." Standing together on the ramparts of the fortress of privilege they watch the oncoming hordes of the assailants, and, holding up their hands in horror, they say to one another: "How shocking! These men hold different opinions, and they attack us together!"

Withdrawing any more time in considering what the enemy thinks of our methods of fighting, let us turn to the practical aspects of what has been called an "election deal." What does Labour stand to gain by surrendering seats? The election returns show how many Labour candidates are retiring from Parliament to raise artificially the prices of the things the public demands. All these reactionary people take as their motto: "Union is strength." Standing together on the ramparts of the fortress of privilege they watch the oncoming hordes of the assailants, and, holding up their hands in horror, they say to one another: "How shocking! These men hold different opinions, and they attack us together!"

Withdrawing any more time in considering what the enemy thinks of our methods of fighting, let us turn to the practical aspects of what has been called an "election deal." What does Labour stand to gain by surrendering seats? The election returns show how many Labour candidates are retiring from Parliament to raise artificially the prices of the things the public demands. All these reactionary people take as their motto: "Union is strength." Standing together on the ramparts of the fortress of privilege they watch the oncoming hordes of the assailants, and, holding up their hands in horror, they say to one another: "How shocking! These men hold different opinions, and they attack us together!"

Withdrawing any more time in considering what the enemy thinks of our methods of fighting, let us turn to the practical aspects of what has been called an "election deal." What does Labour stand to gain by surrendering seats? The election returns show how many Labour candidates are retiring from Parliament to raise artificially the prices of the things the public demands. All these reactionary people take as their motto: "Union is strength." Standing together on the ramparts of the fortress of privilege they watch the oncoming hordes of the assailants, and, holding up their hands in horror, they say to one another: "How shocking! These men hold different opinions, and they attack us together!"

Withdrawing any more time in considering what the enemy thinks of our methods of fighting, let us turn to the practical aspects of what has been called an "election deal." What does Labour stand to gain by surrendering seats? The election returns show how many Labour candidates are retiring from Parliament to raise artificially the prices of the things the public demands. All these reactionary people take as their motto: "Union is strength." Standing together on the ramparts of the fortress of privilege they watch the oncoming hordes of the assailants, and, holding up their hands in horror, they say to one another: "How shocking! These men hold different opinions, and they attack us together!"

Withdrawing any more time in considering what the enemy thinks of our methods of fighting, let us turn to the practical aspects of what has been called an "election deal." What does Labour stand to gain by surrendering seats? The election returns show how many Labour candidates are retiring from Parliament to raise artificially the prices of the things the public demands. All these reactionary people take as their motto: "Union is strength." Standing together on the ramparts of the fortress of privilege they watch the oncoming hordes of the assailants, and, holding up their hands in horror, they say to one another: "How shocking! These men hold different opinions, and they attack us together!"

Withdrawing any more time in considering what the enemy thinks of our methods of fighting, let us turn to the practical aspects of what has been called an "election deal." What does Labour stand to gain by surrendering seats? The election returns show how many Labour candidates are retiring from Parliament to raise artificially the prices of the things the public demands. All these reactionary people take as their motto: "Union is strength." Standing together on the ramparts of the fortress of privilege they watch the oncoming hordes of the assailants, and, holding up their hands in horror, they say to one another: "How shocking! These men hold different opinions, and they attack us together!"

Withdrawing any more time in considering what the enemy thinks of our methods of fighting, let us turn to the practical aspects of what has been called an "election deal." What does Labour stand to gain by surrendering seats? The election returns show how many Labour candidates are retiring from Parliament to raise artificially the prices of the things the public demands. All these reactionary people take as their motto: "Union is strength." Standing together on the ramparts of the fortress of privilege they watch the oncoming hordes of the assailants, and, holding up their hands in horror, they say to one another: "How shocking! These men hold different opinions, and they attack us together!"

Withdrawing any more time in considering what the enemy thinks of our methods of fighting, let us turn to the practical aspects of what has been called an "election deal." What does Labour stand to gain by surrendering seats? The election returns show how many Labour candidates are retiring from Parliament to raise artificially the prices of the things the public demands. All these reactionary people take as their motto: "Union is strength." Standing together on the ramparts of the fortress of privilege they watch the oncoming hordes of the assailants, and, holding up their hands in horror, they say to one another: "How shocking! These men hold different opinions, and they attack us together!"

Withdrawing any more time in considering what the enemy thinks of our methods of fighting, let us turn to the practical aspects of what has been called an "election deal." What does Labour stand to gain by surrendering seats? The election returns show how many Labour candidates are retiring from Parliament to raise artificially the prices of the things the public demands. All these reactionary people take as their motto: "Union is strength." Standing together on the ramparts of the fortress of privilege they watch the oncoming hordes of the assailants, and, holding up their hands in horror, they say to one another: "How shocking! These men hold different opinions, and they attack us together!"

Withdrawing any more time in considering what the enemy thinks of our methods of fighting, let us turn to the practical aspects of what has been called an "election deal." What does Labour stand to gain by surrendering seats? The election returns show how many Labour candidates are retiring from Parliament to raise artificially the prices of the things the public demands. All these reactionary people take as their motto: "Union is strength." Standing together on the ramparts of the fortress of privilege they watch the oncoming hordes of the assailants, and, holding up their hands in horror, they say to one another: "How shocking! These men hold different opinions, and they attack us together!"

Withdrawing any more time in considering what the enemy thinks of our methods of fighting, let us turn to the practical aspects of what has been called an "election deal." What does Labour stand to gain by surrendering seats? The election returns show how many Labour candidates are retiring from Parliament to raise artificially the prices of the things the public demands. All these reactionary people take as their motto: "Union is strength." Standing together on the ramparts of the fortress of privilege they watch the oncoming hordes of the assailants, and, holding up their hands in horror, they say to one another: "How shocking! These men hold different opinions, and they attack us together!"

Withdrawing any more time in considering what the enemy thinks of our methods of fighting, let us turn to the practical aspects of what has been called an "election deal." What does Labour stand to gain by surrendering seats? The election returns show how many Labour candidates are retiring from Parliament to raise artificially the prices of the things the public demands. All these reactionary people take as their motto: "Union is strength." Standing together on the ramparts of the fortress of privilege they watch the oncoming hordes of the assailants, and, holding up their hands in horror, they say to one another: "How shocking! These men hold different opinions, and they attack us together!"
Looked in vain among the present generation of Labour position to render justice to every class, for which they --(loud Conservative cheers)--the founder of the Labour Party, was no hide-bound Tory. (Hear, hear.) But he was an English gentleman. He was a man pos--

The noble lord in charge of the measure could hardly of suited to mediaeval than to modern times, she would of

cally constituted the skilled artisan class an irresponsible oligarchy. On such an occasion it was natural

The Trades Congress was the legislative authority, as had been pointed out by Professor Chiozza Money in his standard work on the subject, and the House of Commons would be guilty of a breach in that constitutional custom which was stronger than mere law, if it ventured to dispute the decisions of the Congress. The only result of this amendment, if passed, would be the abolition of the House of Commons, and she, for one, would bitterly regret the disappearance of a venerable and moss-grown fossil, dear to the heart of every sincere Conservative.

Lord Strawbery, who was received with cheers from both sides of the House, said he had come straight from Buckingham Palace to convey to them the advice, Her Majesty was too gracious to use the word command, of the Queen. (Cheers.) Her Majesty ordered him to say that the word to be us was the word to be quitification. (Cheers.) He was not in a position to say whether, by that word, Her Majesty meant to designate Miss Pankhurst's Budget or Lady Birmingham's amendment. (Cheers). But they might take it from him that Her Majesty would look with disfavour on any-thing in the nature of civil war in her dominions. (Loud cheers.)

Cardinal Bonner, S.J., said that he also bore to them the sentiments of a personage too august for his name to be pronounced in a humble debate. In order to ensure strict fidelity in the extracts we have uproot our immemorial constitution began last night their modal debate on Miss Pankhurst's Budget. The Lord Chancellor, rising to oppose the amendment. He had cast her ladeship's horoscope, which showed that she was personally opposed to a revolution--(Opposition cheers.)--He himself had consumed it in the form of chocolate, and felt none the worse for it. But that was not the point. The Church had never condemned the moderate use of cocoa, and half the churches in the land had been built or restored with money derived from cocoa. It was therefore his duty to call upon the faithful in that House to vote for the amendment. (Cheers.)

Pastor Edison felt it more than usually painful to have to enter her strongest protest against the remarks which had fallen from his Eminence. The teaching of Christian Science on the subject of cocoa was diametrically opposed to that of the Vatican. Cocoa was a drug, and as such its use, even in the smallest quantities, was unlawful. In addition, cocoa was Matter, and therefore it did not really exist. They could not consume a non-existent thing. To argue otherwise showed a want of logical capacity and common-sense. (Hear, hear.) His Eminence offered no objections. But what about the criminal statistics, which revealed that nine-tenths of the inmates of our gaols and penal establishments were, or had been, consumers of cocoa? (Government cheers.) The Government was content to withdraw the clause from the Bench that nine-tenths of the crimes which came before her were committed by users of cocoa in one form or another. (Loud Government cheers.)

The Astrologer-Royal (Lord Bukit-Rajah) said he had come to say that it was a minor point of no capacity to inform their ladeships and lordships of the consequences of passing Lady Birmingham's amendment. He had cast her ladeship's horoscope, which showed that she was...
The Finnish Situation

I.—Finland before 1905.

By Madame Aina Malmburg

When Nicholas II. in 1899 broke the Finnish Constitution, solemnly ratified by his gracious self some few years earlier, the blow fell like a bolt from the blue upon the Finnish nation. For about a hundred years the Finns had lived in peace with the outside world, quite content only with each other. Finland being inhabited by two different nationalities, Finns and Swedes, it was quite natural that the chief political question concerned the supremacy of the two races and their languages. There was no demand for "movements" from abroad. At the end of the nineteenth century the word "Socialism" began to appear sporadically in the newspapers; but to the vast majority of people it meant nothing at all. Two Finnish poets, Runeberg and Topelius, both worshipped by the nation, had done their best to give what they thought an absolutely true ideal of Finland, besides granting many new rights demanded by the nation. We forgot for the moment our own perfection, and even our language—quarrelled. A great, black, indescribable sorrow—but not yet further—had overwhelmed every Finlander, making us fear for the fame condign of the Finnish. In less than a fortnight the great address to the Tsar, with more than 500,000 signatures, was ready to be sent to St. Petersburg.

It sounds quite incredible now, but, thanks to Runeberg and Topelius, and all the petty circumstancies in which the Finnish nation had spent the last hundred years, the Finns had preserved a child-like faith in the rectitude and goodwill of the Tsar. The majority of the Finlanders really believed that if that little caricature of a man who occupied the Russian throne only knew what was going on he would feel his responsibility, and hasten to alter matters. To Nicholas II. belongs the credit of having uprooted this naiveté in Finland.

During the six years from 1899 to 1905 the blows upon the autonomy of Finland fell with ever-increasing rapidity, despite addresses and protests, both Finnish and European. Finland was a period of political ferment for the nation, a change from the nice, sentimental melodrama of the past into hard, real life. By and by the illusions began to vanish, and things were seen in their real shapes. The first startling discovery was that there were lots of things Finns could not do, whereas on the other hand there were a great many Finns who both could, and would, betray their honour and their country. It was most astonishing how rapidly the worst elements of the nation rose to the striking. Persons whose more than doubtful past would have made them impossible for all social functions under normal circumstances were suddenly occupying high and important positions, while honest officials were dismissed, or exiled, or imprisoned.

Hand in hand with the outward events the inner psycho-political development made rapid progress. The tear-dropping loyalty to the "noble ruler" began to change into rather a different feeling, and the chief sections of the bourgeoisie, the Opportunists, also united, trying to "save the country" by bending to the storm. Those were what we will call the "visible" parties; but there were "invisible" parties too.

In 1904 matters had become almost intolerable. The arbitrariness of the Russian Governor-General knew no limits, and when the European press still kept repeating touching stories about the wonderful resignation and loyalty of the Finns the humiliation grew almost unbearable.

On June 16th, 1904, the tyrant of Finland, the Russian Governor-General, Bobrikoff, was shot by a young Finn, Eugene Schauman.

It is useless even to attempt to describe the feeling of relief and enthusiasm all over the country. The kireling press hastened to call the deed a crime, and, according to the clauses of the penal law, I suppose it was so; but according to all unwritten laws, it was an act of heroism, in which the soul of the nation took part. If there is a name that will always remain sacred in Finland it is that of Eugene Schauman.

A new era had begun. The words "Activists" and "Socialists" were whispered everywhere. And behind those words was something that meant "to be or not to be," for Finland.

"The Party of Active Resistance" was formed in 1904. On their programme was the independence of Finland at all costs. As they understood that the only thing that could save the Finland from total destruction was a revolution in Russia, they entered into relations with the Russian fighters for freedom. In a short time it became clear that there were numbers of people who were ready to give not only their work, but also their lives, for their country. Among these was the celebrated Lennart Hohenthal, who shot the procurator, Johnson. Finland was not "loyal" any longer. "Freedom or death" had become the watchword of many.

The revolutionary movement in Russia grew stronger day by day, till in October, 1905, it broke out into the "Great Strike." Finland followed the example. Irresistibly the storm of freedom swept over the country. The Russian Government hastened to restore the laws of Finland, besides granting many new rights demanded by the nation.
By W. Shaw Sparrow.

IV.—The Burden of Rent.

The battle-cry at the coming general elections ought to be LOWER RENTS, for there is scarcely a working home in this country but suffers from an excessive rent, either too high for the tenant's income or too extravagant for the domestic comforts granted by a landlord. So rent puts a great burden upon our backs; it drags with increasing heaviness on our home duties and economies; it is as hard to bear as the load of sin carried by Bunyan's pilgrim in his journey from wife and family to the Valley of Humiliation. I am no great admirer of a progress which it complicate the modern art of town management. There is no room here for an examination of those problems, but the next important of them may be summarised in four paragraphs.

1. Gradually to improve existing streets and houses, so as to make them efficient servants in the affairs of the time.

2. Gradually to gather together into a district by itself each manufacturing trade, in order that the employed may live well housed near to their work, and therefore free from the income tax of bus fares and railway tickets.

3. Gradually to get rid of house agents, for they earn their livelihood by a percentage on rents, and this tempts them to serve landlords while appealing to tenants for custom. High rents increase their income. Tenants should have their own agents everywhere, if not where the landlord himself is the house agent.

4. To set on foot a yearly Congress on Household Affairs, to be attended by delegates from all the various trades and professions and public charities, the subject of discussion to be chosen for each annual meeting, and a Speaker elected to stop all rambling chatter. In this Parliament of the Home it would be necessary to find out the average earnings and the present burden of rent among each class of the community. This information, tabulated and made public, would give us full knowledge of what money remains for household affairs after landlords have been paid. For example, what is the average weekly wage of clerks from youth to old age, and what their average weekly rent, plus railway tickets and 'bus fares'? If we had correct answers to these questions we should know what chance a given age a clerk has of prospering as a good citizen in his continual intercourse with labour on one hand and landlords on the other. W. Thoms, the Birmingham economist, has been so familiar with this subject that his Bradshaw's Guide in these intricate matters, the economics of social handicapping. No remedy can be found for real grievances concerning which we have only vague knowledge; and a Parliament of the Home, meeting once a year, would gather facts for tabulation, and make household with household in a common desire to improve and help to raise modern democracy to heights which other forms of government and older orderings of society have never yet attained.

workshops. To handicraft ourselves at the beginning of the day is said to be as good for energy as athletics are in bad weather. Yet only one thing is encouraged by the long-distance 'run' to work, namely, a vast competition in that kind of literature which no one tries to remember, and which is written to waste time. There are railway minds, 'bus intellects, and twopenny-tube wits, and they do not often wish to read with reflection. Even a newspaper is too much for them. They skim the surface only, and they never read with reflection. It is far easier to discuss their favourite sports, you know. These facts are very discreditable, because a nation cannot succeed to-day without infinite thought in the universal war of trade competition. There never has been a greater triumph of thought. I mean thought that was so imperatively essential to the affairs of life as it is now, that old traditions are dying and new ones are being invented by the prolific genius of speed. Yet a thousand things conspire to make education and wits and they do not often wish to read with reflection. There are other great counsels and rules. There are other great minds and health of household conditions.

A tenant for custom High rents increase their income. Tenants should have their own agents everywhere, if not where the landlord himself is the house agent.

4. To set on foot a yearly Congress on Household Affairs, to be attended by delegates from all the various trades and professions and public charities; the subjects of discussion to be chosen for each annual meeting, and a Speaker elected to stop all rambling chatter. In this Parliament of the Home it would be necessary to find out the average earnings and the present burden of rent among each class of the community. This information, tabulated and made public, would give us full knowledge of what money remains for household affairs after landlords have been paid. For example, what is the average weekly wage of clerks from youth to old age, and what their average weekly rent, plus railway tickets and 'bus fares'? If we had correct answers to these questions we should know what chance a given age a clerk has of prospering as a good citizen in his continual intercourse with labour on one hand and landlords on the other. W. Thoms, the Birmingham economist, has been so familiar with this subject that his Bradshaw's Guide in these intricate matters, the economics of social handicapping. No remedy can be found for real grievances concerning which we have only vague knowledge; and a Parliament of the Home, meeting once a year, would gather facts for tabulation, and make household with household in a common desire to improve and help to raise modern democracy to heights which other forms of government and older orderings of society have never yet attained.
THE NEW AGE
DECEMBER 9, 1909

A Continental Trip.
VI.—Art and Bruges.

By Bart Kennedy.

I.

These wonderful pictures by Hans Memling! How clear and simple and strangely beautiful they are. They give forth an effect of consonance, of absolute balance. There is nothing in them of the restlessness of effect that one so often sees in modern art. Not that I have anything to say against modern art. I would be the last man in the world to deprecate the present, for I have the highest honour and privilege of living in it myself. But the present is a most hurrying age, and it shows itself in our art. And the highest art is above all cool and clear and same and of absolute balance.

The pictures by Memling are surely now as when they were painted by the artist more than four hundred years ago. They are so fresh and vital in their colour effects. And they are here in Bruges in the old Hospital of St. John. Luminous pictures of saints and virgins and warriors. Pictures filled with soft, clear light. To see them is to feel that after all art is the thing that matters, that endures. Nay, it is to feel that art alone, is the only real and vital thing. It is the men of fine imagination that shape the world's destiny, whether they work in marble, or upon canvas, or in the weaving of thoughts into living words. Beautiful things are things of harmony, and harmony is the base of all existence—it keeps the worlds in place.

Through the day I had been going around Bruges, and I found myself here in the midst of these pictures. I was looking upon the Virgin as she sat upon the throne—a beautiful woman in whose face lived the holy mystery of motherhood. And here was St. Ursula, who went forth with the virgins on her strange journey which ended in martyrdom. And here were gallant knights clad in armour. And there were scenes of dread. Scenes stern and terrible, and scenes of strange mystery and sadness and terror. And he had presented it in one vivid blaze of strange shining. The past of centuries gone lived before me in this room. Evoked by the magic of one who lived though he was now dust.

Of what avail were the pomps of the kings and magnates who were gone when compared with the living work of this Memling? Of what avail their boastings, and their courts, and their magnificences, and their sounding proclamations, and the passing glory of their shining apparel as they lived their moment, and their feasting, and their clanking and bravery of show? Who were they? What did they mean, or what did they matter? To this worker who had created things of lasting beauty in his hour of life they were as nothing. Neither the proudest nor the best of them.

II.

I was in the beautiful church of Notre Dame, and here was the glorious statue of the Virgin and the Child by Michael Angelo. The mighty Angelo, who had pictured in the living, lasting stone the form divine of the human. He was gone as Memling was gone, but he lived in his gloriously magical art. And he had realized his dream of the Virgin. It was here, living in this holy place. A beautiful dream wrought from the living, lasting stone. Holy and rapt and tender and womanly was the face of the Virgin. Even as Memling had Angelo dreamed strangely of the beautiful mystery.

Art supreme and divine and magical and glorious. Partaking of God and of man. Partaking of the mystic Spirit and of the senses. A wondrous dream of art in this church silent and holy. It was religion that had inspired this mighty Angelo to create this imm mortal marble picturing. Neither gold nor the desire of fame. He worked in the living stone. An artist such as one can find only in himself of the mystic duality of God and man. Who was there to say that religion was not the light that would yet guide man to a heaven of peace and wonder and happiness? Religion, that flame at once soft and ineffable and terrible. That soft shining beacon of unimaginable glory. It lived here in this church of holy silence. It spoke in the pictures—in the living, lasting marble.

This supreme artist, Angelo, was most truly a priest of religion, beautiful and tender and holy and strange. I looked at the face of the Virgin. A face at once soft and rapt and mystical, the face of a virgin and a woman, a strange face of dreams, a haunting tender face, in which lived a warmth at once soft and mystical and calm. A face at once to adore and to love tenderly. Wrought in the living stone by this supreme artist—this Michael Angelo.

III.

This church of Notre Dame, that lived in this old town of Bruges where rang through the day and through the night the strange soft bells! To be in it was to be as if in a silence, for Bruges itself was a place of the past even though it lived in the present. Here in the church were the tombs of the dead. They lay here in the holy, strange, wondrous silence where lived the magical art. Where lived dreams statued in stone. Where lived dreams pictured on the sacred walls. Here in this calm, mystical, religious sanctuary they lay in peace.

Yonder was a picture of sorrow. The seven sorrows of the woman. A woman mourned and grieved. This picture expressed what comes to all women, for it is in women and in art that we see the terrible burden of the sorrows of the world. It is they who in the end bear all burdens. Poor mourning woman, the mother of man—his comforter in affliction. How pitiful and resigned and strange looked your face in the soft dimness of the church! Would the time come when you would no longer suffer? Would the time come when from your shoulders would be taken the burden? No, it was not man who upheld the burden of the woes of the world. It was the woman!

The face of a man looked from a picture. A brave, high, indomitable face. And here was a faded scene of strange darkness. And here a scene the meaning of which was beyond me. High up was shining the face of a saint. In it was a look at once of rapture and of peace. The glow of light fed softly upon it. This beautiful, holy, silent church!

Calm and peaceful was this Bruges where dwelled art in its very essence. A strangely beautiful place of the life of the spirit and of contemplation. A place shining with the soft immortal light of art. Bruges, a place still and strange, and of the past, and yet prefiguring the world to come when man beheld the light.

Bruges, a place of beautiful bells and churches and statues and pictures. A place of strange, soft quietude where one might dream. Here one might truly rest. A place of the beauty of the past and the beauty of the time to come. A place of the soft immortal shining of art. (The End.)
"The Dignity of Labour."

As a Socialist, which is the same thing as saying one who is compelled to be a good deal of a moral philosopher, I have often asked myself how our professional moral instructors—I mean the ministers and clergy—persevere with their task in the present age when so many moral appeals which used to be of force under other circumstances have now become outlawed or inoperative. With what measure of confidence, for instance, do ministers and clergy, witnesses of contemporary social and industrial conditions, recommend their congregations to love work and to honour the worker? If the churchgoers are of the middle or "upper" class, they must have bowed down and worshipped idleness as the golden calf of social ambition; if they are of the "working people," the majority of them might well inquire of the preacher how they are to love long hours, monotonous or exhausting occupations, and the cheapening, if not dishonest, processes which enable their employers to survive in this world. Since the love of one's own work and admiration for the best work of others are dispositions essential to the development of a man in whatever period of the world's history, I ask how the preachers set about to make men in the present age, in which both rich and poor have ceased to believe in industry, and the proclamation of the "dignity of labour" cannot be anything better for the majority of folk than a sentimentalism?

I am writing upon this topic because it has been long a subject of speculation with me, and because my latest reading—in the book of one, Emmanuel Deutsch—introduces me to some sociological records which I find of the greatest interest. About the time of Jesus, and afterwards, if the reader will pardon a little borrowed erudition, I gather that the Jews saw nothing dishonourable in labour. But what is even more interesting, knowledge towards working a change in our social estimates, unless this is very necessary. We shall get no farther than cant in our preaching of "the dignity of labour" until we have made it possible for all working people to be well educated and have put an end to conditions of labour which would not be tolerated by any people who were not driven into accepting them by use and wont and the fear of starvation.

It is to the accompanying conditions of labour, the lot which the labourer's life imposes, and not to anything disadvantageous in labour itself, that the scorn of labour has been owing in civilisations in which such scorn has made itself noticeable. The ancient Greeks who imposed most of the handicraftsmen's dispositions on a race of slaves were bound to be of this opinion of Plato, that "mean employments and handicrafts involve disgrace." For our own parts, we shall be compelled, even against our wills, to consider that "mean employments and handicrafts" involve, if not disgrace, at least social inferiority, so long as the conditions of employment in workshops and mines and offices and factories are such as bring inevitable injury to the body and the mind of all workers, save only the very strongest. Even you, gentle reader, disciple as you are of Ruskin and William Morris, and full of the ethic of the Socialist movement, are obliged to look down upon a man who has suffered his child to be taken away from school and put to work at the age of fourteen.

The conclusion of the matter is that the proclamation of "the dignity of labour" can be of very little use towards working a change in our social estimates, unaccompanied with the proclamation of the present indignity heaped upon labour. The smallest real beginnings of reform, Old Age Pensions, the Eight Hour Day, extension of the years of elementary and technical education, the minimum wage, and the like are of better augury than the preacher's fervour, however elevated, and the worshippers' response, however passionate, when these are contented with the acceptance of present-day inequalities.

HOLBEIN BAGMAN.

THE STAR PLAYER.

I lies between the guns; and I fiddles out the bars,
Thrillin' as I catches of the music of the stars—
It quivers in my 'eart, and it quavers in the staves—
It quivers and it quavers like star-tracks in the waves.

The mate comes forward roaring to square the
feels my soul a-stirring, and spreading of its wings
strings

E. H. VISIAK.
The Pale Person.

By Allen Upward.

One of the most popular and successful magnates of the journalistic world not long ago publicly testified to the decadence in the literary taste of the British public, and expressed his own regret at being obliged to lower the standard of his publications in order to preserve their circulation. This was a remarkable utterance on the part of one of the very group who are constantly charged, sometimes in most offensive terms, with being the authors of that curse of this age of Mr. Pearson complained. I am sure that Mr. Pearson was perfectly sincere, and I have equally reason to believe that his feelings are shared by at least one other plutocrat of the press.

Enemies of the people are accustomed to attribute this evil to the schools. Popular education has, of course, raised and not lowered the standard of literary taste among the populace. The worst doggerel published to-day is better written than the old ballads. The worst serials are more refined than the old chap-books, like Sweeney Todd, the legendary Fleet Street barber who was supposed to make his customers into mutton pies. It is the chap-book literature with which we ought to compare Tit-Bits; and if we do so we shall see that the popular taste has been enormously improved.

The only places in which really vile trash (I characterise it from the literary standpoint) is still appreciated and tolerated are the chapel and the theatre. The degraded character of religious literature is only partly due to the intellectual mediocrity of church-goers. It is far more due to the fact that the words are polarised (as Oliver Wendell Holmes put it) by old use and association; or as I might put it, that the readers' minds are mesmerised. Thus a writer of evident intelligence and culture in the Church Times recently told his readers that his favourite hymn was one beginning—

There is a fountain filled with blood
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains

That is the metaphor of a savage and the realism of a bleeding heart exposed on the outside of his chest.

The prevalence of an equally coarse literary standard is a sign of the improvement in public taste that the wares advertised. Advertisements of motors are not given to the Boy's Friend, nor advertisements of patent medicines to the Pink Pill. They appeal either to the thoughtful or the thoughtless section of the reading public, and the heavy expense of delivery would fall on the advertisers.

For unhappily the man with a bad liver is, as a rule, a man with a bad temper. He is irritated by the lexicost of the public press. The incident directed my attention to the true position of the extremely able business men who manage, and who do not control, the press. The press is controlled by the advertisers, by the vendors of cocoa and corsets, of patent medicines and patent secrets of success. The worst serials are more refined than the old books written with cleverness, but without any strong appeal either to the thoughtful or the thoughtless section of the reading public, had achieved an extraordinary vogue. The secret was explained to me by a publisher. She had risen on liver pills. Her father was proprietor of a widely advertised brand, and the whole of the press was at her devotion in consequence.

Almost every existing publication is sold below its cost of production. Commercially speaking it is simply an advertisement circular, distributed to the public at a fictitious price, in order to push the sale of certain wares. The London newspapers would be delivered to us for nothing, but for the fact that unless a nominal price were put on them the newsagents would have no inducement to handle them, and the heavy expense of delivery would fall on the advertisers.

The importance of this, then, lies in the character of the true object is not the largest circulation purely and simply, but the largest circulation among the class likely to buy the wares advertised. Advertisements of motors are not given to the Boy's Friend, nor advertisements of patent medicines to the Pink Pill. They appeal either to the thoughtful or the thoughtless section of the reading public, and the heavy expense of delivery would fall on the advertisers.

The significance of this is that the newspaper is ultimately edited, not by the man in the street, but by the belligerent man in the street. Generally speaking it is the weak-minded portion of the crowd to which advertisers address themselves, and to which they spend the most money to spend, because their wares are the most worthless, address themselves to weak-minded persons in bad health. The Pale Person is editor-in-chief of the British press. He is the Pink Pill, the irresponsible and silent ban genius, originality, truth, wisdom, wit and humour are steadily excluded from its pages.

There is nothing to choose, as regards tolerance, between one paper and another. Indeed an opponent is preferred to an independent ally. My own experience is that if I want to speak out I must send my letter to the Times or Daily Mail and have no doubt that if I join the Unionist Party I shall obtain admission to the columns of the Daily Chronicle and Daily News.

What I am saying is known to everyone in Fleet Street. Editors have explained to me their slavery to
and delighted with life and with his wife, who bore him
narrow foyer in the small wooden theatre of the town.
gables than the playhouse of a provincial capital.
away. He was wonderfully hale at that time, hearty
of it. He had lost flesh, and there was a sort of
chocolate boy," he answered vaguely, blinking his eyes.
I looked at his uniform, which made me think of a
squaring of accounts I once had had with him.
"How did you get into those clothes?" I asked.
"Isn't it a police uniform?"
"'Tis that of an army surgeon," he replied pompously,
pushing out his chest, so that my eyes caught
sight of the Stanislaus Cross.
"How did you come by that?"
"I was assistant to the head doctor," he said
breakingly between his teeth, and speaking with
difficulty.
I never could abide gossip from men, and now I
stood and reflected on this. But he evidently had
forgotten the incident. . . . Clearly . . . he had forgotten
it, sore as he was up to the skin of his skull. . . .
"Yes, I remember. You had to go up there and
change practice, so to speak. Where did you fall in with them?"
"After the battle of Laojan."
"Then you were present, too, at the flight from Mukden?"
His mouth fell; his eyes looked glassy.
"How did it happen?" I asked, and forgot quite
suddenly that I had disliked the chocolate boy before he
got mixed up in the war—against his will—and had
seen the day of Mukden.
But he said nothing, only waved his hand. It looked as
though he was searching for words and found none.
"Do tell a single episode out of that race for death."
But he only continued to wave his hand.
"There isn't anything to tell; there are no episodes.
It stands out in memory like one great, red flaring
flame. And—and all that amputated life?"
"Yes, I have come back," he answered vaguely,
"I dare not insert this; it is too true."
And so, the present plea for individualism is at length
suffered to appear in a paper founded in the interest of Socialism!

1,200 Frozen Men.
By Age Madelung.

He was standing at one of the entrances to the narrowoyzer in the small wooden theatre of the town.
It looked more like an old stable with carved wood
gables than the playhouse of a provincial capital.
The crowd thronged and jostled one another in
the narrow passage. A hot atmosphere of couples, closely united, and burnt cigar-
ette paper hung about the place.
I recognised him at once, as I saw him standing there,
watching the people like a stranger, and yet like
an old acquaintance. Just how you would look when
returning after a long absence to a place where you
used to know everybody. You somehow try to get
firm footing on the outstretched palms of the hands
that bid you welcome. . . . He certainly had been
away for a long time, quite an eternity. . . . So much
had happened meanwhile.
He looked as though he had had rather a bad time
of it. He had lost flesh, and there was a sort of
haggard look about him. The 'ladies' doctor,'" the
chocolate boy," we used to call him before he went
away. He was wonderfully hale at that time, hearty
and delighted with life and with his wife, who bore him
no children. Rather pleased with himself, too. He
used to find a particular pleasure in relating what his
lady patients looked like inside. He was thoroughly
versed in those matters. As for being mistaken, no
fear of that, when about 90 per cent. of them . . .
He didn't even lose countenance when he surpassed
the limit of the 90 per cent., and thereby ruined a whole
family, the husband blowing his brains out.
"How do you do?" said I, shaking hands. "So
you have come back?"
"Yes, I have come back," he answered vaguely,
looking at his uniform which made me think of a
Roman Catholic friend in the most intimate councils of the party. I then took it
to the magazines. Not one of them would touch it. They
used to know everybody. You somehow try to get a
short summary which I sent to my editorial friend, who
edits a London morning newspaper, hearing of
the occasion. The point which I made clear, in the
written imprimatur of a Roman Catholic friend in the
in our papers. I have had articles on Freemasonry
already to every man in Fleet Street. How is it, then,
what I have said now, but in
instance of intolerance I can recall was on the part of a
worst-tempered man in every section who edits our
papers for us. I have had articles on Freemasonry
suffered to appear in a paper founded in the interest of
persecuted that it is enslaved, not to the populace, but to the Pale
regret of my Masonic friends. The most malignant
papers for us. I have had articles on Freemasonry
in the lowest and most malignant mind that can possibly offend the meanest and most malignant mind among that section.

And by and by we all of us got wounded—in our
own hands, all the world, notice it? I used to have pretty
short summary which I sent to my editorial friend, who
edits a London morning newspaper, hearing of
the occasion. The point which I made clear, in the
written imprimatur of a Roman Catholic friend in the
in our papers. I have had articles on Freemasonry
already to every man in Fleet Street. How is it, then,
what I have said now, but in
instance of intolerance I can recall was on the part of a
worst-tempered man in every section who edits our
papers for us. I have had articles on Freemasonry
suffered to appear in a paper founded in the interest of
persecuted that it is enslaved, not to the populace, but to the Pale
regret of my Masonic friends. The most malignant
papers for us. I have had articles on Freemasonry
in the lowest and most malignant mind that can possibly offend the meanest and most malignant mind among that section.

And by and by we all of us got wounded—in our
own hands, all the world, notice it? I used to have pretty
strong nerves." His face twitched again. "But now I am going abroad—for a cure."

"You won't get leave. There is a great need of doctors just now in the war against internal enemies."

"Oh, no! Not I! Never! I have had enough of it!" He made an impatient gesture and smiled—a strange, helpless smile. There was something at once terrible and fascinating about that smile, something rigid and mad, that melted into a sort of voluptuousness.

"You laugh!" I said, and looked at him. He cleared his throat and painstakingly tried to recover himself. "I'm going abroad," he said apologetically in an undertone.

At this moment the bell rang from behind the scenes. The "Violin Virtuoso" was going to attack the last part of his programme. I went back to my seat and sat there thinking of those well-meaning and kindly people who find an excuse for war and for those who make war, and who confound the struggle of the many for daily bread with the battle of one single man to steal the pillars of his throne.

Equally cruel may they seem. But the one is inevitable, while the other is obsolete, because it concerns but one single man and his escutcheon, and not the masses, who all bear the same colours, deep under the shroud.

Memories of bygone days seized me. I seemed to hear a soft whispering of lonely fitfobs, gently swaying in the moonlight.

It was Tschaikowsky's serenade.

It was like branches stirred by the wind, like chains of maidens gliding past in heavy shrouds. Pain and desire swell and fall. Grains rise as if from lips stiffened in bluish-cold terror and die away in a dirge for something which once has been and never will be again. Never.

I felt someone getting up from his seat: and when I too—overcame by the despairing hopelessness of this

Never . . .

rose to leave I saw it was the doctor.

He went straight to the bar and emptied a tumbler of brandy at a draught. Then he sat down at one of the small tables with red and blue covers.

"Some beer," he cried with chattering teeth. I sat down next to him.

"Are we going to get that beer, you Adonis, eh? Another glass, please! You will take one, won't you? Or shall we have some brandy first?"

"Thanks. I never take brandy."

"As you please."

He rose, went over to the bar, and ordered another glass, which he swallowed straight off.

When he turned round again I could see the whites of his eyes.

"A damned way of amusing people! And that block-head can't even play properly. It's on our nerves he plays! Whoever can stand all those Andantes and Adagios, or whatever you call them?"

He stopped and poured the beer into our glasses. We nodded to one another and took a draught.

"It isn't that I don't like music," he continued—"there's a wonderful go in some sorts of music. The old Kamehamehaja, for instance, or some of the other dancings, or a cake-walk like this one . . ."

And he began to whistle an obblige cake-walk, and rocked himself to and fro, gesticulating wildly.

"That's what I call music! What go! Not that stuff with tears and all earth's misery in it!"

"Did you have much music in Manchuria?" I asked.

"Music? You bet we did! As soon as we got there we began with that sentimental stuff about 'The girl I left behind me' and 'Old Folks at Home.' But it didn't last long."

"You took to playing livelier tunes?"

"Of course! Who could stand all that sentimental-ity in the long run? The new arrivals, who were still in their salad days, at once began to chimp trembling dirites, like little crickets, early and late; but they soon left off. . . . Some of them got on quite wonderfully well even with those instruments of primitive tribes."

I only looked at him questioningly. Evidently I had touched a subject that set him going. He seemed to have gulped down a couple of thousand years with two glasses of cognac. The instruments of the primitive people tore in his ears.

"Yes, they fell upon everything that could produce a sound. We stole all sorts of tin and brass things which could be used for music. There was a great demand for corks and champagne bottles with a high note. Many of those that were broken in drinking had a high note . . . A lad who came from the North had plenty of work in making horns—of the kind, you know, that cowherds use for calling their cattle. Even those who possessed no natural ability whatever wanted to make music . . . Fainly, there were no keys left to our boxes and trunks. Quite unique it was when we gave a concert. The two best singers were incomparable. God rest their souls!"

And the doctor, quickly turning to the holy icon in one of the corners, crossed himself hurriedly. . . .

"They were incomparable when they sang to the accompanying of the orchestra!

"One of them sang through his nose, the other trilled and rattled far down in his throat, squeezing it the while with both hands. They had learnt it when topographers on their journeys in Asia and Abyssinia.

"Babylon and the pyramids rose dewily out of their gurgling and snuffling:

"If we possessed a whole drum one of the cleverest of the musicians would kick into it, while another would sprawl across it on his stomach and beat his fits into a samevar in front of him. . . ."

"The only incurable one was a Finn. He stuck to his own ideas. There was no depth in him. You should have heard him play the violin. We did not listen much to him, though. He went his own way; but as an exception he was allowed to play in the orchestra; the sound of the violin was so faint that nobody could come to grief through it.

"One night, after an evening party at the mess, he was sent for from the barracks: a bandage had to be changed in his division.

"We all lay asleep amongst the instruments and empty bottles.

"When the messenger had shaken him awake an idea struck him. I suppose it was caused by the exhalations of the wounded, that odour of dissolution and decomposition, with its rank smell of newly-slaughtered flesh. Or perhaps it might have been the sudden sound of the screams and ceaseless groans which the patient get gradually hardened to in the waking state, but which now came upon him unawares. At any rate, he sat up with a jerk, caught hold of his violin stealthily, and struck the messenger hastily on the head with it. It was never a violin again—after that.

"From that time forth he played the concertina. He became quite a virtuoso on that monster of a concertina, which he had got hold of at one of the traveling 'tingel-tangels,' and which fitted so well into its place, a bandage had to be a music cupboard!"

"his mother had seen him in that state . . . good God! But she never did see him again. He played something to pieces in himself when the twelve hundred wounded men froze to death—under our hands—after the affair of Sandepo . . . And he could not have done better . . ."

I looked anxiously at the doctor. But no trace of
irony or mockery showed on his face. He only touched my glass with his own and ordered another bottle.

"It was beyond human endurance to look at or to listen to," he whispered mysteriously. "There were others who met their fate. But the others were handled too tenderly up to the ambulance-division, which ought to have removed the cloaks and fur coats from the dead—they had no need for fire, so we remained at Sandepo and carried the wounded to the railway. A few of them had been temporarily bandaged, but the others had no bandages. They were covered with flies. Only that it wasn't silent like the theatre like a flock of wild beasts let loose. He walked and rested interminably, now playing, now cursing. But he himself no longer saw or heard what went on around him. He put his whole soul into his music, becoming entirely absorbed in it with what was left in him of his own. He could stand it no longer. For each time we worked like madmen to get them on their way. There were not even carriages enough for the whole 1,200 men to the railway-line. A few of them had been left behind."

"Holy Virgin! There the mangy curs of the Chinese devoured the wounded to the railway. A few of them had been riven off by a shell. He walked and rested interminably, now praying, now cursing. At last he lay down, and seemed to have grown calm. But after one of the pauses, during which we had been straining our ears to catch the slightest sound, we heard a shell which had struck where he lay. He opened and shut his mouth several times, grining his teeth and trying in vain to produce a sound. Then, quite unexpectedly, there came a bellowing from deep down in the un-covered gang between a roar and a growl, followed by a furious volley of blasphemies and invocations to the Evil One.

"Then it was that the Finn began to play his concertina—"

...
Books and Persons.  
(AN OCCASIONAL CAUSERIE)

Some time ago I received a letter from the manager of one of the three largest English serial-buying syndicates, asking me whether I would approach, on his behalf, a certain M. Gaston Leroux, who had written a sensational story which had been translated into English and had had an epoch-making success in some Harmsworth publication. The manager wanted somehow to get in front of Harmsworths, and evidently his theory was that I held the whole of literary Paris in my pocket. Ever ready to oblige an enemy, I duly approached M. Leroux, and was, however, not able to get into controversy owing to an irreconcilable difference of opinion between M. Leroux and the manager as to M. Leroux’s value in the market. Events have proved that M. Leroux was right—authors usually are in these amiable altercations. I never thought any more about M. Leroux, and certainly I never dreamed of attempting to read a story which had marked an epoch in the literary annals of Carmelite House. Later I happened to see in the “Daily Mail” an interview with M. Leroux, in which M. Leroux had temporarily hoaxed the reporter by telling him a yarn about a lady who stepped out of a red motor car into four pieces a piece of red paper, and gave them to the wind, and then departed. It was a very pretty and original fancy, and I thought that a man capable of throwing it off spontaneously could not be a mere French edition of Sir Conan Doyle or Mr. Max Pemberton. I had a vague desire to inspect his work. Then I read in a paper whose sole interest lies in its advertisements that Mr. Edward Arnold, having published “The Mystery of the Yellow Room,” had determined to republish it at sixpence, was so “encouraged” by its reception that he had determined to republish it at six shillings. At this point my fatal gift of curiosity got the better of me, and I determined to read “The Mystery of the Yellow Room.” I bought out of my own money the forty-sixth French edition of it.

I see now that I have begun this causerie without art. I ought to have begun it like this: “The other evening, sitting in an easy-chair in my study, I threw myself into an easy-chair in my study and picked up at hazard the first volume that came to hand among a pile of new books that had reached me. Neither the title of the novel nor the name of its author was familiar to me. In an unlucky moment, that is, for my night’s rest I began to read it. It is a long book, four hundred and fifty close pages, but I could not stir until I had read every one of those pages. The book held me absolutely. It is a detective story, and it is better than Sherlock Holmes. I kept me up till three in the morning.” Etc., etc. That is how I ought to have begun. But the mischief with me is that I too often spoil my effects by sticking to the un-journalistic truth. I did not read “The Mystery of the Yellow Room” at a gulp. And I could wish that my study, if I wish to do so, should be a study, and not my study, that is, a place where you could move about and think. If you are not tired, after reading this mystery I was drawn by vague recollections to Voltaire’s stories (an everlasting joy), and I re-read “Zadig.” It may not have occurred to everyone that the modern originator of the detective story is not E. A. Poe, but Voltaire. (It is true that Voltaire did everything.) When Zadig gives a description of the queen’s missing dog and the king’s missing horse he is shoved into prison for having stolen them, and is fined 400 ounces of gold. Later he addresses his judges in these terms: “Stars of justice, abysses of science, mirrors of truth, who have the weight of lead, the hardness of iron, the brilliance of the diamond, and much affinity with gold, I swear to you that I have never seen the respectable bitch of the queen, nor the sacred horse of the king of kings. Behold what happened to me. I was walking in the little wood... I saw on the sand traces of an animal...” And I am not going to process M. Leroux’s “The Mystery of the Yellow Room” by a description of the queen’s missing dog and the king’s missing horse, but I am going to venture a phrase which you will not understand, is really too thick. And the cause of the sentimentality between Mr. Rance and Miss Stangerson—stopping runaway horses—is not well found. Lastly, in the description of the trial the farcical side of French justice is too much insisted upon—especially for an English audience. These things are trilles. The book is, artistically, a very considerable success. It has both grace and power. It has wit. It has even a description of the queen’s missing dog and the king’s missing horse which, by the way, have been translated into most European tongues. I vouchsafe this information not in the least to show that when I talk about mystery stories I know exactly what I am talking about, but from sheer ingenuous vanity.) But it is not as good as Gabriel Chevalier; for a couple of pages reconstituting the physiognomies of the dog and the horse from a number of minute indications. The 400 ounces of gold are restored to him, but court fees came to 358 ounces, and the valets had to be tipped. However, his ought to be the glory of having forerun Poe, and I trust that the fact will henceforth be openly acknowledged.

It is amusing to note that M. Leroux’s detective is extremely severe on Sherlock Holmes. When he has been led away on a false scent he bursts out: “I find myself more abject lower in the scale of intelligence than those detectives imagined by modern novelists, detectives who have acquired their method in reading the stories of Edgar Poe or Conan Doyle. Ah! Literary detectives, who built mountains of stupidity with a footprint on the sand, with the print of a hand on a wall... You have read too much Conan Doyle, old man! Sherlock Holmes will cause you to commit follies of reasoning more colossal than those to be found in books... With your method à la Conan Doyle.” This is not at all amiable to M. Leroux. He himself has brought nothing really new to the detective novel. He has not cast off any of the old conventionalities. His detective is as literary a detective as Sherlock Holmes himself; that is to say, grossly untrue to any sort of life. We are still waiting for the novelist who will bring a genuine realism to the mystery-story.

JACOB TSONS.
BOOK OF THE WEEK.

We are led to suppose from a motto on the title page that the genesis of this book, with its twenty-two special contributions, was due to indignation, but an eager search through its nearly 600 pages for evidence of indignation has not once been rewarded. A milder mannered and more amiable group of collaborators it would be difficult to imagine. Careful judicial thinking is everywhere, but of indignation there is not a trace.

Part I contains an able written account of secondary education in England, America, France, and Germany; Part IV, dealing with education out of School Hours, is full of quite unexceptionable statements; Part II is mainly technical; and Part VI suggests reforms. Part III will provoke controversy, as it is concerned with methods of teaching. Here, if nowhere else, indignation should have abounded; still even here the heightened expression is wanting. In a word, an excellent book for all who desire to see our present system strengthen its hold on the affections of the English paterfamilias. The aim of the writers appears to be to make us feel what an excellent system the Renaissance bequeathed to us, and how beautiful at their best are public and secondary schools of good old England.

With such an ideal naturally nothing is said of co-education, of open-air schools, of the evils of boarding-schools, and of other things of real interest. There is no more to say. The volume is singularly uninspiring, and, except for Part I, curiously monotonous, although the monotony is on a high level. The various writers have written without enthusiasm of what they have thought about, and from their own experience. They have left out of consideration many problems that it is impossible to believe they have not met with in education controversies. On the whole, they are satisfied with the type of education received in the best schools, but for all that it would have been interesting to know what answers they would return to the questions: What sort of man or woman do you want to produce? And do you think this kind of man is being turned out of old universities and colleges? Still, it is good to have a nice fat volume devoted to the praise of that fine flower—life—are to be found.

There are a few passages that even in a brief review are worthy of notice.

On page 205 we read: "The different value of these subjects is well summed up by Canon Glazebrook, who tells us that languages train the memory, taste, imagination, expression, and observation." Where did the Canon learn that? Perhaps Shakespeare anticipated this remarkable summing-up of the learned Canon in representing Sir Andrew Aguecheek, the most contemptuous this remarkable summing-up of the learned Canon is not aware apparently that abstract and concrete reasoning cannot be separated, and that mathematics are not particularly noted for their ability to think outside their own subjects.) If this assessment is correct—and Canon Glazebrook's opinion should be impartial, since he is a 'Double First' in Classics and Mathematics—then it is obviously psychologically proven that Languages, which train far more faculties than any other subject, must, here, as abroad, form the staple of our Secondary Instruction." We suggest to the writer that there is only one way of proving anything psychologically, and that is by experiment. Neither the Canon's "Double First" nor his impartiality will avail him anything unless he knows of what he is speaking, and can produce evidence for his conclusions. Such evidence are due to be found in the reference to the "Double First." Meanwhile perhaps the writer might whisper to the Canon some day that many educationists have allowed "faculty" psychology to go discredited.

Another dip into the book brings up another gem (p. 350)—

"Such a result (the disappearance of Greek) I should regard as a national calamity, neither more nor less, for, without entering into the polemics of compulsory Greek, it is easy to see the incalculable loss to art and literature, criticism, politics, and history that would follow from a general ignorance of the language of the people who have been in so special a measure the inspirers of the world."

What can be more than a national calamity? Why does the writer refrain from discussing the question of the universal Greek, because it has been so often mentioned, our general ignorance of Hebrew of the Old Testament been an incalculable loss to English literature? Is it not a fact that with the decay of Greek in schools there springs up a great interest in Greek art and literature? Is a knowledge of languages agreeable necessary to appreciate Greek sculpture? Is it not possible that our little Greek has stood in the way of our knowledge of the Greek poets and prosateurs? Many more questions occur to me, but these will perhaps suffice.

At the close of an exceedingly thin article on discipline—that subject that never fails to inspire the incompetent teacher—these words occur: "And it is no use for educationists of any kind to pretend that anybody can learn without drudgery. Let the drudgery be reduced to a minimum, but let us never blink the fact that it must be faced." The fact is that boys delight in certain forms of drudgery—tidying a laboratory, mending a fence, putting in a window, working in a hayfield, for instance; but they do not delight in the hard work of thinking out a problem for themselves when there's a chance of a soft option, if they have not been allowed to acquire the habit of working things out in their own way, of feeling the joy of discovery, of initiation. Work is distasteful to the best worker sometimes, but it is not the drudgery that the boy objects to; it is the sense of the task given to him, not as something suitable to him, but as a member of a class. The teacher sets a boy with no mathematical gifts to learn formulae. The lad naturally resists, tries to evade the learning. Then are told that his resistance springs from laziness, whereas often it springs from intelligence. Give him an opportunity of discovering the formula for himself, then he will take all a sportsman's interest in holding on until he has run his quarry to earth. Boys, inventors, artists, skilled workmen generally, will face quite cheerfully, as biography shows, numerous obstacles so long as they see that the obstacles come between them and their desire. Dante did not want to go through the fire until Virgil cunningly told him that Beatrice was at the other side. That single illustration from the history of the Lord thy God; in it thou shalt do no work." This quotation, the Rev. S. M. James thinks, neither wholly valid, nor wholly inaccurate. Indeed, it is at the very heart of the teaching of Tolstoi and Ruskin: The loss of an index to the book is not compensated for by the often useful lists of books given at the end of some of the essays. F. Kettle.
Verse.

"The Ballad of the Mad Bird." By Edward Storer. (Priory Press. 15. net.)

"Rose and Vine." By Rachel Annand Taylor. (Mathews. 5s. net.)

Mr. Storer's book, "The Ballad of the Mad Bird," contains some very charming verse. He has taken to himself a flute, an "awada" reed, and with it he embroiders silver patterns on the broaze roar of the world; the universe becomes the golden plaything of his fancy; he would

Pluck the stars from off their branches,
Make a mirror of the moon,
Gather winds like silver rushes,
Whistle to the day a tune.

He sees the "pale drugged stars . . . like a swarm of silver bees . . . . in the supple bowl of night." He has an Eastern delight in sensuous imagery. The poems in this book are hardly more than pretexts for the weaving together of flowers; and they satisfy as flowers do. One does not quarrel with the Madonaa lily for not being more than beautiful, or for flowers do. One does not quarrel with the Madonna and God the secret of truth and beauty in the flowers, and metaphor-the not being the first of its kind. To change the heart, imagination drunk and flaunting in tinsel and crimson lily for not being more than beautiful, or for stars beyond the sun and moon of our nights and days.

An impertinent note defends the last rhyme. We do not mean to say that Mr. Storer would be a symbolist in this deep and mighty sense of the word; so far as I gathered from his book, "Mirrors of Illusion," he was aiming at a form of expression, like the Japanese, in which an image is the resonant heart of an exquisite moment; he seems for the time being to have abandoned the quest of the absolute.

Not the exquisite moment, but the hour of reverie pleases Mrs. Taylore wherein may pass before her eyes the weary and splendid tapestries of her dreams. Bacon wrote that "pompa mortis magis terret quam mors ipsa;" but to Mrs. Taylor the pageant of Death has only a wishful beauty over which her fancy and imagination may linger. Her verse is impregnated with sadness; even her joyous moments are filled with the melancholy of beautiful memories, for the world has become so gaunt and barried a place that she has been forced to create it again in all the imagination of all the fair things that were in times gone by. So her poems have the atmosphere of an imaginative renaissance, a faery renaissance of pages and kings, princes and princesses, heralds and pilgrims, wars that happen nowhere, from which one only returns, or does not return, and meditations on the rose and vine, love and death, life and fate, the soul and the body, all revolving round the central symbol and mystery of the Rood. It is the land of the French poet, Stuart Annon, in which Mrs. Taylor has conquered a province and compelled it to the suzerainty of her own temperament; and only in this land of her imagination is she at home. In "The Appeal to the Artist" (addressed to Professor Patrick Geddes), where she calls upon the artist to face and annihilate the present and build "cities like sunsets and sunrises," she does not write with ease, and, although she is perfectly sincere, her verse has the air of embroidery on a chimneystack. But it is true that the artist alone can save the world, and the artist will understand Mrs. Taylor. In one other poem she approaches again the world she has fled, "The Mother Desires the Joy of her Children," which does not seem to serve so much to convey the mother's feelings as to give Mrs. Taylor a theme to decorate. But when she is free of temporal care, free to play with coloured silks on the embroidery frame of her verse, she attains sometimes a perfection of decoration hard to find elsewhere, as in this sonnet, "The Beauty of Earth":

The crested peacocks bear their gold green moons
Under the cypresses. Where gloom and gleam
The secret spaces of the great lagenes,
Immaculate king-swans of Leda dream,
While Lotos lies jade-white amid his leaves
Green virgin-eyes rise like irou towers,
And damask-roses too desirous die.
Strange rainbows break like music through the day:-
And when the peace of jewels holds the sky,
Seemingly down his emerald-paven way
Exquisite Hesperus goes violating
Through azure dusk, some lonely, lovely thing.

It will be seen how much colour Mrs. Taylor can put into her verse, and, in this poem, "A Soul Laments the Decay of her Body," how much emotion:

The moth is in my raiment.
My rose and white brocade
Like overwaried lilies
Rebeld it fall and fade!
(Se petals fall and fade!)

As fair meath-eaten raiment,
One moment sweet and sad
Shows itself, unearthly beauty,
Far tenderer than it had.
(Far dreamer than it had.)
Mr. Taylor is perhaps at her best : the two moods, decorative and emotional—meditation with her is emotional—are more often combined, rarely so separate as here. But what is most notable in this book is the love of delicate and beautiful words. Mrs. Taylor is never magnificently verbose; in her magazine columns she does not use great-sounding words, as he did, but she has a wealth, a Pactolus, of words which, translated into pain, would illuminate books and missals, whereas Thompson's genius would only be illuminated by music; she loves, too, to bring in rare words like maunds of apples, seel, balas-rubies, peridot, libbard, azimuth. She has learnt much from the French, but her rhythms, her rhythms, for instance, the trick of the last line breaking away in regular quatrains, are often disjointed. They do not perish for lack of the minor have a more envious fate: they are destined for the pleasure of the refined. But in the control of rhythm—rhythm of idea, rhythm of execution—lies the quality of greatness in art. Is this the reason for Sardou's "Hearts of Heaven"—shall I say?—the greatest poem in the English language. An artist must have a personal vision of the universe unobscured by historical prejudices: the novice must transcend what he sees, and should it with a free hand into the terms of his conception, cynical of all technical platitudes, submitting it at every moment to the demoniac spirit within him; and so the painter, and so the sculptor; the poet and the musician must form great rhythms, fling them out skillfully, like long and sinuous lightning, controlling every moment of their ineluctable way.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"Echoes of Poetry." By J. D. B. (Pear Tree Press. 6s. net.) Praise. The author has had only sixty copies printed, by hand on hand-made paper. The title does not bete the contents—and they are good echoes.

"Arrows of Adolescence." By H. B. S. (Nutt. 1s. net.) Some degenerate satire and bad punning. The "Death of Shelley" and "Messalina" contain some exceedingly fine lines—and the world a surely tired of la décadence!

"Suntul Leaves." By Dernst Freyer. (Glaisier. 1s. net.) Dedicated severally to seven ladies and to the Fas
cination of All Things Exquisitely Feminine. Dainty measures and translations from Verlaine and others. The book will not be read, but what he sees, and should it with a free hand into the terms of his conception, cynical of all technical platitudes, submitting it at every moment to the demoniac spirit within him; and so the painter, and so the sculptor; the poet and the musician must form great rhythms, fling them out skillfully, like long and sinuous lightning, controlling every moment of their ineluctable way.

"Verse Pictures." By E. Herrick. (Mathews. 1s. net.) Mr. Herrick is said to be a descendant of the Hesperid.
the death scene his personality is lost in a pretentious display of "visions" and stage thunderstorms. After all, his deafness is the tragedy, not his death.

Mme. Lydia Yavorskaia (Princess Bariatinsky) and her Russian company are at present in possession of the Afternoon Theatre at His Majesty's. Last Thursday they gave the last three acts of "La Dame aux Camélias" and an act of Ostrovsky's "Ivan le Terrible," playing, of course, in Russian. In the case of "La Dame aux Camélias" the language matters little, and with so many Marguerite Gautiers already in the field there is also little room for any very striking originality of treatment. Mme. Yavorskaia played the part with immense realistic force, and upon the whole without being stagey. This in itself is admirable in such a masterpiece of theatricality as Dumas' work. But in the second play she gave a truly wonderful performance. The Tsar Ivan IV., a person of incredible blood-thirstiness and singular domestic tastes (he wished to marry Queen Elizabeth) was named "le Terrible." Vassilissa played by Mme. Yavorskaia, is his sixth wife. She has murdered her predecessor, and is haunted by her ghost. But the actual story matters little; it is only the final incident of a long drama. Mme. Yavorskaia was superb in her scene with the amorous old king—most remarkable of all in her suggestion of utter physical self-abandonment together with mental aloofness and contempt. She will play again this week in "Hedda Gabler" and Strindberg's "The Stronger Woman," in addition to "La Dame aux Camélias" and "Ivan le Terrible."

St. James's Theatre.

"Lorrimer Sabiston, Dramatist," has given place to Oscar Wilde's "The Importance of Being Earnest." It is a pity that a play so interesting as Mr. Carton's should have failed, but at least the revival of "The Importance of Being Earnest" was long overdue. Wilde is at his happiest in this comedy. I think Mr. George Alexander is at his happiest, too, although he must have looked very different when he first played Jack Worthing eighteen years ago. The acting as a whole is very good, if never quite as brilliant as the dialogue.

Recent Music.

I have not had the honour of reading what Mr.斯特雷特菲尔德 has written in his new book on Händel. Last week's "Spectator," however, contains some enlightened remarks by its comic writer upon the mild theories advanced by Mr. Streafteifel. Mr. Streatfeild, we regret if you circulate statements about a duke, and are then proved to have misrepresented the facts, it is not necessary to apologise so long as you have not charged the duke with rapacity;" and "Mr. Streafteild, we regret to see, lapses almost into the Limehouse vein in his eulogy of Händel's independence."—this reviewer indelibly stamps his written comments with the worst marks of cheap, petty, time-serving journalism. Neither Mr. Streafteifel nor Mr. "C.L.G." has, I suppose, any personal antipathy to a duke or a prince or a king; yet what a pretty quarrel for two certainly critics. Mr. "C.L.G." devotes nearly a thousand weighty words—three-fourths of his review—to this most urgent question.

Slowly and surely the best French music is finding its way to this country. We have had to wait for a long time for it, and soon we shall have all the heavy daily papers ponderously approving its value as art and their own acumen in discovering it. The Société des Concerts Français has been doing its best to educate a small minority of us in the literature of French music. This is an institution which we have every reason to believe does not exist for financial profit; its programmes are not popular in the sense of arranging for the appearance of French Clara Butts and Mark Hambourgs. There is probably a very handsome deficit at the end of each season. But we listen to good music and we know it is well done. It is only natural, in any musical scheme of the kind, that one should experience little moments of dullness and boredom, but the occasions are rare, and one has always the liveliest memories of these charming concerts. The programme of the Sixth Concert at the Bechstein Hall contained examples of the work of H. E. Inglebrecht, Florent Schmitt, and Reynaldo Hahn. I think Schmitt's composition for chromatic harp and strings suffered a little from imperfect sympathy between the harp and the strings; exactly whose fault it was I cannot say, but in no work such as the "Andante and Scherzo," where the harmonies are in the most modern vein, there must be absolute correspondence between all the instruments in the tuning. The discrepancy was slight, but in this kind of music it made all the difference.

Andre Caplet's "Deux pièces pour Flute" were wonderfully played by M. Fleury on a beautiful instrument. These little pieces show less derivation than the same composer's songs, which are decorated with a variety of labels like a well-travelled portmanteau. The pieces of M. Inglebrecht which struck me as being most original were "Deux Esquisses Antiques," for flute and harp, a combination which only a master could make all tolerable. She then played "Si bleu, si calme," which I consider the more beautiful, and I don't care to know; they both belong to that exalted order of beauty in which comparisons, if at all possible, serve no purpose.

The second part of the programme was given over to M. Reynaldo Hahn. M. Hahn's compositions are very characteristic of the French school and yet quite peculiar to himself in many ways. His work has many quaint and exquisite little affectations of a kind not to be found in the work of his important contemporaries, and it has also less consistently high merit. I had thought at one time that Reynaldo Hahn had solved the eternal problem of the relation between music and poetry, that he had arrived at a reconciliation between the two arts; but no; his setting of Verlaine's immortal lines beginning "Le ciel est car dessus le toi Si bleu, si calme," imaginative and beautiful, entrancingly beautiful as if is, will always stand condemned for his repetition of the first two lines after he had completed the poem. It is an unpardonable habit. It is very bad art. To have edited works of perfect form is the worst of fashions and the aggravaing thing is that his music to the song is superb.
One of the best narrative art songs in existence is this composer’s ‘Cimiterre de Campagne’; the accompaniment is superlatively fine. Mme. Jane Bathori and M. Emile Engel sang the songs faultlessly.

At the Queen’s Hall one day last week Mr. Ernest Schelling, an American pianist of reputation, played some famous music. His playing of classies like Bach and Chopin and Humann revealed a happy combination of a poetical temperament and an imperfectly trained mind. The modernity of Bach’s ‘Chromatic Fantasia’ is an amazing prophecy of present-day musical habits, but Mr. Schelling deliberately brought it out of its actual period, which is early eighteenth century. This was accomplished by a too free use of the pedals. His playing also of the ‘A-flat Ballade,’ while it was tender and sympathetic in detail, or occasionally robust as indicated by the text, showed complete lack of that sense of proportion and perspective without which no pianist is qualified to attempt any considerable work of art. When Mr. Schelling, for instance, found a chance of exhibiting the agility of his fingers, that agility would be demonstrated to the uttermost at the expense of all else. In an ‘episode’ after the ‘second subject’ and in the later development of that subject—opportunities for right and left hand respectively—Mr. Schelling fell into the usual mistake of racing the music along at far too high a speed, and of course, after each little exhibition, he had to return to the proper tempo, and the whole piece was, as a result, knocked out of joint. I do not wish to accuse Mr. Schelling of the vulgar expediencies of the virtuoso—the piece is often interpreted just as he played it—but I merely wish to point out that he has got hold of a bad tradition. I enjoyed his playing of three Debussy pieces much more. Fortunately for him, these pieces are not old enough to have a traditional rendering, and their straightforwardness showed Mr. Schelling at his best. The ‘Sarabande’ and ‘Toccata’ I had not heard before. They are very curious, most characteristic of Debussy, and thoroughly unlike either a toccata or a sarabande.

The Symphony in C of M. Paul Dukas was performed for the first time in England on Saturday afternoon at the Queen’s Hall Symphony Concert, and nobody knows definitely whether the packed audience was there to hear Madame Clara Butt or this new work. It has taken thirteen years for this symphony to cross the English Channel. In manner and matter it belongs to a sort of middle-period in the development of modern French music, that is to say, the period of D’Indy and Duparc (contemporary with Saint-Saëns and Massenet but in a different category, thank goodness), when musical art was beginning to express something more than the erotics of drawing-room drama or the sentimentalities of religion. It is a thrilling piece of work, interesting from beginning to end, virile and passionate and transparently honest. I have only heard it once, and dare not say another word about it."

**HERBERT HUGHES.**

**ART.**

In the faint green gloom of Hyde Park on a late June night there are gathered the earthly harmonies of scene, sound, and movement. Three in one, one in three, a perfect Trinity! A half-enricheing mass of soft foliage flings itself thick-set against the luminous western sky. A crescent moon and attendant star crown its soft grey-blue heights, vistas of infinitude peer through the fretwork of its branches, and rostrum lights and scarlet banners ruffled by the breeze enfold it as with faint floating ribbons and sheets of flame. And in the midst of this People’s Forum a hungry multitude passionately demanding light and life. The right to know, the right to live. The sound of its insistent voice mingles with the lift of Welsh hymn, the whisper of startled bird, the hum of traffic, with the perfume of dusk and space. Around each speaker—each a personality, each bringing to the surface an undercurrent of marked feeling, the sense of hatred or love hidden in this sea of humanity—around each a crowd folds and unfolds. Individuals pass and repass, respond and linger, attract and repulse, approach and recede, ever forming new combinations, ever emphasising the perfect balance and rhythm of motion.

A tall electric lamp springs sheer from the heart of a small group. Its tender liquid light descends, and with caressing touch feels its way across the lean, lithie form of an Indian beggar-student. Like an inspiration it settles on this fasting friar, in moon-wrangling with the problem of the soul. It reveals that the wisdom of the East has taken up its abode for a brief moment in this wilderness of thought, seeking to leaven the cruel bitterness of Western civilisation with the sweetness of its philosophy. In long talks pacing the streets of London with this simple and austere being, I learn why his message was not understood. The East has divined the secret of self-realisation; the West has not.

Near Benares, just where the plain of the Ganges lifts itself to the vast Himalayas, we met again. Together this disciple of the great Vivekananda and I pursued the deep mysteries of the Buddhists and the Vedantis. We trod the two spheres of reality where the colour and form of India are finest. Seated by the blue waters of a tank rich inlaid with the jewelled form of a snow-white mosque or traversing endless joyous fields of wheat and rice hung on their borders with strings of gemmed villages as with votive offerings, or ascending Labrador-tinted mountains that lift amber turrets against a white-hot sky, or penetrating far-stretching woods carpeted as with mossies by shafts of light, or crossing opaline streams by ford and boat, or tramping yellow roads held between great grey rocks and foaming cataracts, or lingering in pagoda and palace, in tomb, temple, and ruined town, in citadel and castle, and wherever the genius of the Indian has striven the landscape with things of decorative beauty, the theme of my vagrant companion was ever the same. ‘To him the one thing that mattered in life and art was self-realisation. To him who had wandered through life’s paths hungering for happiness and seeking it in renunciation, strict Yoga practice, and simple fare, had come enlightenment, the consciousness of self and its absorption in the universal soul of Brahma."

Consciously or unconsciously I have come to apply the test of self-realisation, or its Western equivalent, self-expression, to Art. I have sought through the personal note, the personal emphasis, to distinguish the painter’s art from the mere science of picture-making. I have decided that art is something bound up with the distinct and emphatic expression of personality. It is the manifestation of ecstatic power—the power to praise. And the key-note of the artistic value of a work is to be found in the personality of the worker behind it.

The Exhibition of the Society of Portrait Painters—an exhibition of general interest, though not always in the direction of excellence—has many essays in personality. Here the finest personal note is that of J. E.
LEARN HOW TO BECOME SUCCESSFUL

"As trade and commerce increase, so will the chances of success; but the man who succeeds must be the strong man—the man of power—the man with will and determination. And such a man will be he who does not consider it contrary to his dignity and position to regard with a friendly eye everything and anything that will enable him to understand his position."

—MAERS.

Let us send you our book which tells you how you can become a strong man—a man of power, a man with will and determination—a success. Let us send you this book.

You possess the qualities which are essential to success; they will remain dormant, however, until awakened by exercise.

The difference between a successful man and an unsuccessful man is brain power. You have the brain, and exercise will give you the power, our book will tell you how to exercise.

Let us send you our book; it's yours for the asking. Write to-day.

Address the Secretary,
PELMAN SCHOOL OF MEMORY,
20, WENHAM HOUSE, BLOOMSBURY ST.,
LONDON, W.C.

AN EXPEDITIOUS METHOD OF WRITING.

By EDGAR FOSTER, M.A.


Price 6d. per set, post free from J. F. SPRIGGS, 21, Paterosster Square, London, E.C.

Catalogue free. Please name paper.

SOCIALIST CHRISTMAS CARDS.

EVERY CARD A SOCIALIST ARGUMENT.

WHAT happens to the ordinary Christmas card? After the name of the sender has been noted and the design of the card admired (perhaps momentarily), the card is placed on the mantelpiece amongst many others, and, when the festive season is over, is given to the children to play with.

Our Socialist Christmas Cards do not share that inglorious fate. Choleric anti-Socialists may put them into the fire straight away, but the average person cannot but admire their appearance. They are not a Socialist argument, but the most effective and the last of the season. We must lose no opportunity of teaching them. These cards are the most effective arguments we have. You may give them to any one at any time. Every card sent out contains a Socialist argument. After the festive season is over, our book will tell you how to write with will and determination—a success. Let us send you our book.

Address the Secretary,

SOCIALIST SOCIETY,
LEAZES PARK ROAD, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.
Blanche, whose experience is, as usual, finely summed up in paint. Tried by the standard of his “Marie Tempeste,” the merits of surrounding works stand out or recede. Thus Harrington Mann, good painter though he be, fails to conceal his vulgarity, especially conspicuous in his “Mrs. Thaw.” The excessive affectation of William Nicholson is apparent in “Lady Demnos.” The background means nothing; it is empty canvas. Compare it with the superb deep background of Orchardson’s masterly “Sir Walter Gilbert.” This canvas and Charles Shannon’s “Mrs. Patrick Campbell” are among the fine things of the exhibition. The latter, a beautiful example of picturesque design, is not, however, without its faults of careless form and dirty colour. But it appears to be less lumpy than when seen at the Franco-British. Alma Tadema’s note of thoroughness is apparent in “Leopold Lowenstamm.” F. G.画面 has handled the paint vigorously and effectively, and perhaps a little too emphatically in “A Plain Woman.” W. B. E. Ranken is assertively original in his obviously-painted-to-surprise “Mrs. Brown Potter.” The note of self-expression, with a certain compelling power of emphasis, are seen in the masterly Bastien-Lepage’s the telling Lavery (130), the quickly painted canvas of A. De la Gandara, the admirable Wolmark (110), in Sargent’s early and good “Jefferson,” and in the very fine example of Orpen portraiture (22) wherein the human spirit is so finely expressed in the spirit of genre. A sensitive refinement characterises the two portrait studies by James Gibbon, and an intensely vital individuality the work of Leopold Gottlieb (218,220). Among the women’s work of note are Miss Halhed’s very clever and very cruel “Frances Harrod,” Miss Gibbon’s broadly treated pastel “James Gibbon,” a very sweet study by Florence Small of “Mother and Child,” and the two live drawings, “The Big Hat,” by Miss Mary Creighton, and “A Head,” by Jean W. Inglis. The cleverest piece of sculpture is Charles Pibworth’s “Forbes Robertson.” The difficulty of being interesting in a personal way or of being personal at all is seen in such horrors as Mrs. Jopling’s “Mrs. Tree,” and the Hon. John Collier’s canvas.

At the Exhibition of the New English Art Club, which continues to provide the show of the most sustained interest, the key-note of personality is provided by Mr. J. E. Blanche’s “Interior,” and portrait sketch, and Wilson Steer’s “The Horse-shoe bend of the Severn.” The first excels in sheer beauty of painting, the second in strength and bigness. From these two the rest fall away more or less. Phillip Connard’s living qualities of light, life, and colour, as seen in “A Woman playing a Gogor,” are not so marked as usual. William Orpen’s canvases reveal his mastery of face and form draughtsmanship, as well as his absurd habit of copying landscapes from a painted backcloth in his studio. (Augustus John) best expresses himself in his sketch of “The Girl on a Cliff,” which is quite charming in design. His refined da Vinci-like study of a head drawn with a caressing pencil is interesting. But his portrait of “The Man from New York” is a mistake. Both Sargent and Granville also strongly assert themselves in delightful decorative landscapes. Walter Sickert’s Degas-like “Old Bedford” is a characteristic example of his music-hall theme. Louis Wain’s clever vibrant atmosphere reminiscent of Impressionist work; the nice series of water-colours by A. W. Rich; an extraordinary fine group of Muirhead Bone drawings with their refined treatment of carefully observed street scenes; and a series of charming realists by C. W. Muncaster (21), in which the importance of the street theme is finely accented—all impress by their strong self-assertion, through fine workmanship.

HUNTLY CARTER.
"THE BEST IN THE SHOP."

Fry's
Pure Concentrated
Cocoa.
"HAS WON MORE AWARDS THAN ANY OTHER."

300 GRANDS PRIX, GOLD MEDALS, Etc.

PICTURE FRAMING
To avoid disappointment,
kindly place your
Xmas Orders early.
J. EDGE, 155, High Holborn, LONDON, W.C.

DELICIOUS COFFEE
RED WHITE & BLUE
For Breakfast & after Dinner.

SOCIALIST CIGARETTE MAKERS
Give you 50 per cent. better quality Tobacco than any other firm.
The "NEW AGE" CIGARETTES are hand-made from pure Tobacco, narrowest possible lap, non-nicotinic, non-injurious,
and sold at a democratic price.
A Box of 100 "NEW AGE" CIGARETTES, Turkish or Virginia, 2/6 post free. Exceptional Value.
Higher quality at higher price.
Write to-day for Free List. We will be satisfied.
Dr. Cecil Clements, Ask and Threat Spectacles, of Lincoln, writes—
"I like your Cigarettes very much. I find them being freshly made with each order.
Hundreds of other testimonials of a similar kind.
Postal Orders and Cheques crossed "Parrow's Bank, Ltd."
Our only Address:
L. LYONS & SONS, 79, CEPHAS STREET, LONDON.

Nourishing Luncheons
Teas, and Dinners
AT
The EUSTACE MILES
RESTAURANT,
40, CHANDOS STREET, W.C.
(One minute from Trafalgar Square.)
Open 9.0 to 9.30.
Write for interesting Booklet on Diet by
Eustace Miles, M.A.

NEW AGE CARTOONS
100 Copies of the Drawing on the front page of this issue will be specially printed on good paper and signed by the Artist. Price 2/6:
In roller, post free, 2/8. To be had only from
The New Age Press, 14, Red Lion Ct., London.

SPECIAL NOTICE.
In consequence of the increased price of The New Age, the new SUBSCRIPTION RATES will be as follows:—

Great Britain. Abroad.
One Year ... ... 15/- 17/4
Six Months... ... 7/6 8/8
Three Months ... 3/9 4/4

All remittances should be sent to The New Age Press, Ltd., Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, London.

MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS.
Advertisements are inserted in this column at the following rates:—


ACCOUNTANT Undertakes auditing or writing up books, day
or evening: moderate. A., 20a, Darlan Road, Fulham, S.W.
BED-SITTING ROOMS, with breakfast; other meals by
arrangement. Vegetarian or otherwise.—199, Albany Street, Regent's
Park, N.W.
CREMATION: Reduced inclusive charges, particulars free.—
Wildman, 40, Marchmont Street, London, W.C. Telephone, Holborn 3897.
HUNGARY AND THE HUNGARIANS, Books gratis and
post free. Apply, Szemerg, 26, Halbus Road, Ealing, Kent.
LADY Wanted to Share Flat with another. Near stations,
trams; cheap, healthy.—L.M.N., q/o The New Age, 14, Red Lion Ct., E.C.
THE SPIRITUALITY OF THE BIBLE PROVED BY THE
SPIRIT OF TRUTH.
ZION'S WORKS, with Catalogue, in Free Libraries.
TYRANNITARIANISM AN AFFIRMATIVE FAITH, "The
Dictatorship Argument" (British), "Normal Punishment" (StapfordBrooke),
"Abridgment" (Page Hopp), given post free.—Miss Barnett, Mount Phoenix, Skidmore.
YOUNG MAN (21), well educated, Knowledge French, Spanish,
Shorthand, Typewriting. Literates, seeks clerical or literary post. British
Museum experience. G.W.C., 31, Danseville Road, Camberwell.
IN THE HEART OF DEMOCRACY.

By ROBERT GARDNER.

A PHILOSOPHY OF THE REAL CHRIST INTERPRETED AS THE SUPERMAN.

Crown 8vo. Cloth, gilt top, 3s. 6d. net.

EDWARD CARPENTER, in a lengthy review of the book, says:—"This book of Robert Gardner's is important. It is an effort to work into the exterior structure of Modern Socialism the spirit and the life which must inspire it, if ever it is to become a living and creative order of society. No book could be more free from religious cant or anything of that kind than this one. We have had enough (the author thinks) of economic and technical schemes and proposals. These are all right in their way. But without some inner enthusiasm, some living force to pervade and vitalise them, they will go no farther, but only develop their natural and inevitable defects, and in their turn fall into the old limbo of withered things. And, what is fine and effective about the book, is that for this inspiration the author looks not to any ordinary morality or religion. The author writes not from the standpoint of the student, but that of the workman on the wharf and in the warehouse: he writes from the heart of the people, and for that reason his prophecies have value I heartily recommend this book:"

Of all Booksellers, or from the Publishers.

London: THE NEW AGE PRESS, Ltd.,
12-14, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, London.

THE NEW AGE.

LAST WEEK.

A CARTOON: SUCCESS. By JOHN P. CAMPBELL.
NOTES OF THE WEEK.
FOREIGN AFFAIRS. By STANHOPE OF CHESTER.
A FUTURE FOR THE LORDS.
IN CAMERA. By O. W. DICE.
BRIAND AND HERVE. By MARGARET HOUGHTON.
THE ART OF HOME MAKING. III. By W. SHAW SPARROW.
A CONTINENTAL TRIP. V. By BART KENNEDY.
"CHRIST": AN INTERPRETATION. By ALLEN UPWARD.
SEARCHERS AFTER REALITY: DE GAULLE. I. By T. E. HULME.
THE PASSING DISPENSATION. II. By JUDAH P. BENJAMIN.
A DREAM. By ALFRED MARXS.
BOOKS AND PERSONS. By JACOB TONSON.

BOOK OF THE WEEK:
THIRIEST LIBERALISM. By M. D. EDER.
THE MAGAZINES.
DRAMA: A SUGGESTED PROLOGUE TO BAGER HEART. By ALFRED E. RANDALL.
ART. By HUNTYL CARTER.
INSURANCE NOTES.
CORRESPONDENCE.

THE NEW AGE.

NEXT WEEK.

A CARTOON.
EYE-OPENERS FOR ELECTORS. I. By O. W. DICE.
PREPRODUCED EXTRACTS. II. By ALCOFRIDA.
PEOPLES AND COUNTRIES. (now first translated) By FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE.
THE HARBOUR. By BEATRICE TINA.
A SPECIAL 4-PP SUPPLEMENT, consisting of a long article: "LORDS AND COMMONS." By ALLEN UPWARD.
"BLANCO POSNET." By ASHLEY DUKES.
"THE CAMEL AND THE NEEDLE'S EYE." By M. D. EDER.
ETC. ETC.