YOUTH! O MYSTICAL ROSE.
All communications for the Editor should be sent to 38, Cursitor Street, Chancery Lane, E.C.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

A year ago Mr. Balfour was laying his hand on his heart and declaring himself a House of Commons man. To-day he is a House of Lords man. Less than a year ago Lord Northcliffe, the now prospective Marquis or Duke, was telegraphing from Berlin to the "Daily Mail" that the Germans were beginning to believe England the home of nervous degenerates. To-day the "Daily Mail" is the first and last resort of all the panic-mongers and nervous degenerates, of whom Mr. Blatchford is the latest and, in our view, the most distinguished. Yes, this Mr. Blatchford, the old and thrice tried Socialist, the Socialist who twelve months ago declared is the "Clarion" that for his part he cared not how soon the noble Germans came over to degenerate England and put us out of our legislative miseries, it is this Mr. Blatchford who is now in the columns of the "Daily Mail" raising once more the bogey of a German invasion.

Of consistency in its superficial sense we take no stock; nor are our citations of the past opinions of publicists such as the above intended to discredit the opinions now expressed. On their merits alone such statements must be examined, be their past good, bad, or indifferent. Regarding Mr. Blatchford's presentation of a case for a threatened German invasion, we have this to say: that both the occasion and the platform are as badly chosen as well could be from the standpoint of Socialist reformers. Already it is evident that the issue thus raised is being used to obscure the issues raised by the Budget and the action of the House of Commons.

Mr. Blatchford pretends to know, and not merely to guess, that all our Admiralty officials, all the members of the Cabinet, and all the statesmen on both sides in the official ring of secrecy are aware of the facts he himself reveals and attribute to them a similar significance. But this we find ridiculous. Only the yard-arm remains for statesmen of both parties if such an indictment is true. Then it is not a case only of every vote for a Liberal being a vote for Germany, but every vote for a Unionist as well. Nobody is to be trusted—Mr. Balfour any more than Mr. Asqith, Earl Cawdor any more than Mr. McKenna. They are traitors all, liars and criminal lunatics. So, too, are the Admiralty officials, Conservative as well as Liberal. They also know the terrible facts, and wink at them. They, too, are either in league with Germany or in mortal dread of the English mob. But what else is there that Mr. Blatchford suggests? Two feuds for one? That may be sense, but Mr. Stead has long ago suggested it. To sink the German Fleet right here and now? That is exactly what we challenge Mr. Blatchford to demand. Yet everyone knows that this is precisely the course, not only open, but incumbent on any Government that really believed what Mr. Blatchford believes.

Mr. Blatchford has had his day; he has said only so recently as in June last, or that could not wait another month until the General Election is over? We have read his articles with all the attention due to them, they are swallowed up in the merits of the party purpose. We have read his articles with all the attention due to them, they are swallowed up in the merits of the party purpose. We have read his articles with all the attention due to them, they are swallowed up in the merits of the party purpose. We have read his articles with all the attention due to them, they are swallowed up in the merits of the party purpose. We have read his articles with all the attention due to them, they are swallowed up in the merits of the party purpose. We have read his articles with all the attention due to them, they are swallowed up in the merits of the party purpose. We have read his articles with all the attention due to them, they are swallowed up in the merits of the party purpose.
a second eye. He sees Germany through it quite romantically as a kind of superhuman power, relentless, unerring, and irresistible as fate. He sees the German Navy, not in fact, but in his mind's eye, Horatio, building, building, and building. He hears, he knows nothing, of the criticisms directed against the German Navy by Germans themselves. With the revelations of Lieutenant Blise concerning the German Army he will have nothing to do. With the recent Kiel Dockyard scandals he is incapable of concerning himself. All he feels is the terrible statistics of German naval expenditure creeping up his back like the tremor of a tale by Edgar Allan Poe. And meantime his other eye, that should be turned on England, is closed and glued to his pallid cheek. Germany is, he sees, building and building; but England, he says, is doing nothing, nothing, absolutely nothing. True, there are a few toy ships nominally British in the North Sea, but what are they against the statistics of the German Navy? True, if you insist upon it, that every once in a while, very occasionally, a British Dreadnought is begun to be talked of as about to be built; but Mr. Blatchford cannot see any sign that it is being built. That eye is closed. Mr. McKenna echoes Sir John Fisher that we may sleep in our beds, but Mr. Blatchford, open-eyed, and the Irish, but he has nothing but a cat's eye, will not let him sleep o'clock. The new Cassandra would have us know that Mr. McKenna is a liar, Sir John Fisher is a liar, they are all liars and wilful, treacherous, cowardly liars.

In the "Daily Telegraph" of last Thursday appeared the following paragraph: "The new battleship St. Vincent has been built at Portsmouth, and she and her sisters will join the Home Fleet before the end of the financial year, when the British Navy will contain ten ships designed on the all big-gun principle, in contrast with five belonging to the rest of the world. Germany will then have two such vessels in commission." To our two eyes the proportion in our favour as against Germany appears, we confess, like five to one. But perhaps it really is not so. Arithmetic until it is Tariff-reformed often appears equally misleading. Jesting aside, however, and even if the figures should appear rather less favourable than the Unionist "Telegraph" makes them out to be, we have to remind our readers of three things. First, that the assumption of the complete treachery and incompetence of both the Admiralty and each of the two political parties leaves us an alternative but the instant surrender to Germany. Secondly, that Mr. Blatchford knows as little of British naval preparations as he pretends to know of German naval preparations. (Can Mr. Blatchford tell us, for example, what has become of the three nominally Brazilian "Dreadnoughts" completed in England last spring?) Thirdly, that whatever Mr. Blatchford's intentions, the fact remains that his articles are being deliberately and unscrupulously used, not for Navy reform but for Tariff Reform. And of these conclusions the last is not the least certain.

Now the worst of this gigantic red-herring across the path of current politics is that it was both anticipated and comes at a fateful moment in the struggle for democracy. Writing in the "Nation" no longer ago than on October 30, Mr. Lloyd George said: "I predict that another concerted effort will be made to rouse a fresh naval or military panic, so as to rush the Government into the criminal extravagance of unnecessary armaments on land and sea." That was before the House of Lords had made up its mind to try conclusions with Socialist legislation while the latter was still mewing its callow youth in the House of Commons. Despite the warning, the "concerted effort" has been made, only not for the purpose of rushing a Government into extravagance, but for swaying a party election and deadly, unfriendly unity in the country. We who have engineered an attack on the party of the people. Meantime, the real issues are, as usual, being not ignored, but silently decided behind the public back. While the Naval panic is monopolising public attention, the Lords and the Budget, Socialism and Representative Government are fighting out their feud before empty houses.

But that is the very last thing we desire. Nothing is more fatal to democracy than privacy; nothing is more fatal to Socialism than apathy. Lively discussion of the actual issues of the present struggle is essential, whether we win or lose; since we neither desire to win nor to lose by false pretences. And what specious propositions are being bandied about on either side! We have already more than once expressed our doubt about the bonâ fide of the official Liberals in their attack upon the Lords. And there seems almost no room for doubt now that we were right. Strangely wild notions are issuing from Liberal sources of a need for the establishment in this country either of a Referendum or of a reformed and therefore strengthened Second Chamber. Both suggestions are anathema to us. The Referendum has the double effect of delaying progress and of reducing representation to delegations the experience of Switzerland demonstrates clearly. Switzerland makes no progress, and Switzerland has no parliaments. But even if the Referendum were applicable, as it is not, to Switzerland, it would not be applicable here. Switzerland is not an Empire, and the issues of its politics are seldom larger than those of the parish pump. Fancy a Referendum in England on the question of India, or of a war with Germany! The truth is that the Referendum is applicable only to communes of small and local dimensions in which all the inhabitants are known to each other, and can meet for mutual discussion under the same roof tree. Outside a parish or a hamlet the Referendum is impossible. To an Empire it is fatal.

Regarding the Second Chamber we hold still that neither in the form of a House of Lords nor in the form of an elected Senate is any such body with a veto necessary. If a Second Chamber for safety, why not a Third and a Fourth, to make assurance doubly sure? Besides, have we not a Second Chamber in the existence in our midst of powerful interests whose weight overbalances whole majorities of the community? In every village the squire and vicar and publican already constitute a Second Chamber, whose veto is exercised before the election results are declared. The House of Lords, we contend, has nothing of substance to lose by parting with its veto. Small fear need be felt by our aristocracy that its power will vanish with the proposed new Second Chamber. Even a reformed House of Lords would be a more deadly House of Lords. Yet Liberals are playing with the idea,—into the hands of the Unionists themselves.

Various other fallacies are getting themselves ridden as hobby-horses in the present discussion, to the confusion of the genuine issues presented. What the real issues are we need scarcely remind our readers. They concern, in our view, both the right of the House of Commons, the Representative House, to govern this country; and the ultimate right of Socialists to govern the House of Commons when they have persuaded the country to let them. A pretty state of things it would be if, after years of propaganda, Socialists had won a majority in the House of Commons, only to find that
The question is: Can we rely on the Liberals to maintain the Commons for us? If we are doubtful, Liberals have only themselves to blame. Not for the first time has the issue of "Down with the Lords!" been raised and responded to, and—ignored when answered! Will it happen again? The unprecedented rejection of the Finance Bill may be said to distinguish this occasion from all its predecessors; but is the constitution of the Liberal party such as to ensure the occasion being pushed up to the hilt of consequences? While very willing that the last chance should be given, we rely on the Labour party as wise to keep its powder dry. Independence is not won in a day, but it can be lost in a day. Doubtless the objects of both the Liberal and Labour parties appear for the moment to be the same; but we know that they are not the same. They will diverge, and on that day it is to be hoped that the pertaining of the parties may not be hampered by ties wrought now. We do not hesitate to say that if there were a declared Socialist party, with a Socialist organisation, in the country, we should at any rate choose even the appearance of an alliance with Liberal or Unionist parties. But there is no such party and no such organisation. The I.L.P. is but a mere wing of the Labour party, as the Labour party is but a mere wing of the Liberal party. Bound almost hand and foot by the alliance with trade unions, the I.L.P. is no more than the advanced guard of the Parliamentary Labour party, making straight and smooth its path in the most difficult areas. But there will come a time when a real Socialist party is formed, consisting not of one class, but of all classes, concerned not with merely one interest, but with all interests, a party of the national welfare, as distinct from the welfare even of the largest class in the nation, a party for the Socialist reconstruction of society on a basis that no nation in the history of the world has ever witnessed. Such, we say, is the party to which we look forward, but such is the party that does not yet exist. And this is because it neither yet exists, nor can we refrain from belonging to it, that we find ourselves somewhat aloof in spirit from the political and partisan dissensions of the moment. That the Liberals may on this occasion be returned and the Labour party be found in the new Parliament in increased strength is ever witnessed. Such, we say, is the party to which we are somewhat aloof in spirit from the political and from the welfare even of the largest class in the nation, considering the issues involved. The expenses you have been put to, we tender you our thanks for accepting this apology and withdrawal in lieu of the damages you would be entitled to. And we authorise the publication of the above by advertisement or in such other way as you may desire.

Dated 21st day of December, 1909.

For The New Age Press, Ltd.: FRANK PALMER, Managing Director (Publishers).
A. BONNER, Printers.
C. E. REDFERN, Author.

To the above-named Plaintiff,
Gilbert Edward Powter, Esq.,

Senior Assistant Treasurer,
Mombasa, East Africa.

ANOTHER CHRISTMAS CAROL

("For the poor shall never cease out of the land."—Deut. xv., 11.)

O Christ, we have seen Thy salvation,
And Thy gospel has gladdened our souls
Till this life is our scene of damnation,
And no hope of another consoles.

To Thy cross we are nailed, and our portion
Of life is but death or despair;
And the Orient star that of yore shone
Has led us no where.

Like to us, Thou wast born amongst cattle,
Like ours was Thy death full of shame,
But Thy voice gave no signal for battle,
Thy hands held no livening flame.

Far from life and its power and glory
Thy gaunt soul has fled and still flees;
And our hearts have grown faint, our heads hoary,
Beneath Thy decrees.

We are taught in Thy name to be humble,
And to love most where least love is due,
And we falter thro' life, and we fumble
For secrets that none ever knew.

But the rich thro' the ages have thriven
And waxed as we waned; we have naught,
But to him that hath much Thou hast given
Much more than he sought.

Didst Thou live, or did Herod invent Thee,
Did Caiphas give Thee Thy creed—
Thy creed that has given them plenty,
And us not so much as we need?

Didst Thou teach them Thy charity truly,
Didst Thou but mouth their device
To unbalance the scales, and unduly
Reward avarice?

Was it wisdom that made the kings seek Thee,
O King of the Kingdom of Kings,
At Thy birth, when so lowly and meekly
They dazzled Thy sight with rich things?

Did they worship Thy weakness sincerely,
Or view as in vision the chain
Thou hast forged for all nations that hear Thee,
And worship again?

There were poor in Thy land, and Thou fedst them,
And the sick Thou didst heal by thy grace,
But from life to the wilderness ledst them,
From earth to the desolate place.

We are poor, and Thy bounty is boundless,
We are sick, and Thy power is great;
But taught by Thy wisdom's profoundness
We suffer and wait.

Alfred E. RANDALL.
Foreign Affairs.

Mr. Robert Blatchford is rapidly assuming a rôle in Europe which no Englishman has hitherto held. He is becoming the bogey man of international politics. This is Christmas, and there is the hoarse voice, the rattling of the ancient sabre, the screechy groans of warning, and the violence of impotence, all modelled on the Canterville ghost. In a sane world, with a joyous season upon us, the professional blood-curdler has a heedless audience. The croakings of Mr. Robert Blatchford echo through the corridors of England's mansions; but Mr. McKenna has told us we may sleep peacefully in our beds. This rationalistic society must be disappointing to the Blatchfords and their allies. Poor Mr. Blatchford! He has spent 25 years in decently burying Christianity, only to find himself discomfited by the famous case of Bardell v. Pickwick: these two damnably innocent Bardell (England—Britannia that rules the waves) It might be pointed out (in vain) that the anti-Home Rule is practically a dead issue, and that the Rule in purely Irish affairs is obviously necessary in the present congestion of Parliamentary business.

He has discovered two really serious signs of German hostility. The first is a period after the Boer War: "The strong evidence of Germany's designs against Britain is the German Navy." The second is: "All these preparations are made in the North Sea and its tributaries." In the famous case of Bardell v. Pickwick these two damning facts would have convicted the infamous Pickwick (Germany) of gross breach of faith towards the trusting and innocent Bardell (England—Britannia that rules the waves). It might be pointed out (in vain) that the North Sea is the only place where any German preparations requiring good ports can be made. Mr. Blatchford has relied on his ignorance of the geographical position of Germany. Mr. Blatchford's ignorance has never yet failed him. The Baltic, which is the one alternative sea washing the German coasts, has no ports, but these wicked Germans will insist upon building ships and constructing quays on the North Sea, where there are ports! Scandalous! Mr. Blatchford has given several quotations, but, with the wisdom of integrity, he has only dated one extract, which is put as a year after the Boer War! That was a period when every continental newspaper contained attacks on England, from which Mr. Blatchford's ignorance of the geographical position of Germany. Mr. Blatchford's ignorance has never yet failed him. The Baltic, which is the one alternative sea washing the German coasts, has no ports, but these wicked Germans will insist upon building ships and constructing quays on the North Sea, where there are ports! Scandalous! Mr. Blatchford has given several quotations, but, with the wisdom of integrity, he has only dated one extract, which is put as a year after the Boer War! That was a period when every continental newspaper contained attacks on England, from which Mr. Blatchford's ignorance of the geographical position of Germany. Mr. Blatchford's ignorance has never yet failed him. 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In reality this scare is the flimsiest political dodge. The Tories, finding the sweetest of office are not so near as they had hoped, looked round for an ally. It is sadly true that the enemies of the people in their hour of peril can find trusty servants among the people. The Tories have secured the services of Mr. Robert Blatchford. In plain English Mr. Robert Blatchford is being used as an instrument for the furtherance of Lord Northcliffe's public ambitions. There is not a new fact or a new idea in his six articles. It is a rehash of the Pan-German literature, just as the Pan-German writers served up the lunatic utterances of Mr. Maxse, and the incredible stupidities of Mr. Robert Blatchford, as evidence of the wicked designs of England upon Germany. Each side manufactures the evidence for the other, and then both sides quote each other with triumphant glee. Such men must pander to ignorance. An ill-informed public is the one audience of charlatans, because sensible men soon turn away in disgust. As to the "Daily Mail," a comment of 1906, when this pernicious agitation was begun, must be repeated: "The liberty of the Press is a sacred thing; but if ever a prosecution of a newspaper were justified it would be the prosecution of a newspaper which fomented war. Personal incitements to murder are punishable as felonies. Public stirring up of the war spirit is a greater felony than a private incitement to murder."

Mr. Asquith's Home Rule declaration has surprised many people, but it has a weltpolitischesignificance. Sir Edward Grey, Mr. Asquith, and Mr. Gladstone have been persuaded that the British Army and Government that the Irish element in the United States should be balanced against the German population. The pro-English party would be greatly strengthened in the United States if the Home Rule question were settled. The Anglo-German rivalry is undoubtedly much enhanced by the Chauvinistic of the respective nations; so, English diplomacy has been working in the United States to allay the anti-alliance feeling of the Irish. The Gaelic League wanted Home Rule in return. The various Irish-American leaders supported the League's view. It is a good stroke of diplomacy, as the Irish question is a festering sore in the United States, as well as in Ireland, where English policy is concerned. Anti-Home Rule is practically a dead issue, and Home Rule in purely Irish affairs is obviously necessary in the present congestion of Parliamentary business. All sorts of rumours are circulating in Europe concerning the future of Austria. One is the scheme attributed to Count Aehrenthal of creating a third division in Austria-Hungary, to be called Illyria. There is a more extraordinary report that an alliance is projected between Hungary and Turkey. This would mean the splitting off of Austria. Unfaithful to his wife, unfaithful to his friends, an unnatural parent, mean and avaricious in his habits, detested by his countrymen, he has ceased to trouble the world. If there is anything in communications with the spirit world, the mediums can now settle whether there is any hell. Leopold will know, for his residence there is certain.

The death of Frederick Greenwood still further thins the ranks of the old school of honest political journalists who had a good knowledge of foreign affairs. All these able editors of the past, except Mr. Strachey, are dead or in retirement. John Delane, David Urquhart, Frederick Greenwood, D. C. Lathbury, Byrom Curtis, and St. Loe Strachey all represented Free Trade. The Protectionist-tradesman-journalist has replaced these men of character. Mr. Garvin and Mr. Ebltzbacher have the advantage of a great deal of knowledge of foreign affairs. Mr. Eltzbacher should have urged the carrying through of a master stroke of Socialism! As an opponent one could respect, peace to his ashes! "Stanhope of Chester."
Eye-openers for Electors.
I. Tariff Reform.
By O. W. Dyce.

At the present time, in every town of Great Britain and in innumerable villages, at nearly every hour of the day, honest Free Traders and honest Tariff Reformers are arguing with one another. They are honest in the ordinary sense of the word; they want to get at the truth, and they are, in many cases, thinking of the general welfare of the country as well as of their own personal interests. Their sincerity is enough to make angels weep—such angels, at any rate, as have given attention to the matter and know what a farce the fiscal issue is. Here is one amiable elector figuring out how much is liable to be added to a workman's weekly budget by a 10 per cent. tariff on foreign food-stuffs. There is another discussing the effect that import duties will have on unemployment. Yet another is laboriously marshalling a lot of wearisome evidence. Instead I make categorical assertions; believe or disbelieve, as you like.

At this point the more fastidious of my readers mutter, "What, no proofs?" and somwhat imprudently turn to the next article.

In the first place, I assert that the Tariff Reform agitation was set on foot by Joseph Chamberlain in order to distract the attention of British electors from the collapse of the house-of-cards he had built up in South Africa. It is quite unlikely that he had ceased to "believe" in Free Trade; a man who had so mastered the conditions of the balance of world-trade as to be able to deliver the pro-Free Trade speeches of his earlier period would always recognise the validity of the ordinary economist's analysis. But he saw that the subject provided a fine opportunity for talk; it could be talked in and out, up and down, and round-about without any danger of its being brought to a head and disposed of summarily. One of the most useful of the Tory agitation, the campaign against the Continental immigrant, had had the unsatisfactory characteristic that it afforded no escape from prompt embodiment in an Anti-Aliens Act, whereupon its use as a "cry" was destroyed. Tariff Reform, on the other hand, offers the prospect of a long-winded controversy, into which could be stirred further indigestible ingredients from time to time.

Mr. Chamberlain's shrewdness was made manifest; South Africa was indeed forgotten in the British public's excitement at a new political issue. Developments followed fast. The Liberals welcomed the new pronouncements. This was what they wanted, and they rushed forward joyously to a battle-ground where they understood the lie of the land and where they had been victorious in many fights. It was a double god-send to them, for they were in no mood to hurry along that programme of social reform which was sure to prove unpalatable to the Perkeses and Lord Portsmouths of the party. Meanwhile, a gigantic underground conspiracy was being engineered, and the conspirators' bald heads and bull necks could be seen through crevices in the ground. The Tariff Commission was the outward and visible expression that indicated what was growing underneath, where every manufacturer who could work out a little sum in arithmetic showing what his profits would be in the next five or ten or fifteen years if prices could be artificially advanced succeeded was joining the subterranean army of the "Get-rich-quick." To disguise their self-centred aims, the Tariffites began to talk of the unemployed. Up to that time they had jeered at the unemployed as the "wont-works," the "unemployed." They will not admit that they are turning towards the grievances of the unemployed at any time, if you are careful to introduce the question from the humanitarian standpoint just when the fiscal problem is not the topic of conversation. If the big employers thought that they could get away with the unemployed, they would drop it like a hot potato, for they are well aware that it is the existence of the unemployed outside their factories that alone enables them to keep down the wages of those employed inside the factories. A Tariff must not fail to retain the power of saying to any employee, "If you do not like your wages or your hours, Smith outside is prepared to take on your job. The disappearance of the unemployed would take more money out of a manufacturer's pocket than any 10 per cent. duty on foreign competitors could put into it.

If a Tariff Reformer gets any pull at all, it is in being able to identify a few of those who would get work as the result of the exclusion of certain imports. The men making the manufactured exports out of work for those excluded imports would be thrown out of work, but who is to identify those men beforehand? Free Traders will endeavour to show that for fifty men who find work under Tariff Reform, a hundred will lose it. This is rank nonsense. The number must tend to approach equality, which shows how trumpery the issue is from the industrial point of view. Even the bright spirits who have been declaring that the Budget taxes would necessitate the dismissal of gardeners will doubtless begin throwing faithful servants on the cold world when the scientific tariff hits them. When one comes down to the people with fixed incomes of a pound and thirty shillings a week, obviously the slightest rise in prices must be met by a rise in purchases. Up goes the price of foreign butter; an Irishman finds work in the butter trade; the consumer, finding butter dearer, buys less bacon; an Irishman in the bacon trade gets the rise. Tariff Reform is all one jest like that—not a Heaven-sent blessing and not a tragedy, but a mere jest. What one makes on the swings one loses on the roundabouts!

It is ridiculous to regard Tariff Reform as capable of producing any terrible effects on the cost of living of the ordinary man. For the poor old woman who buys "ha'porths" of food at the little general dealer's the introduction of Tariff Reform might prove even fatal, but the average citizen would not find the increase in his expenditure worth noticing in comparison with the hard yards imposed upon him by his landlord and by the foodmongers and other middlemen who intercept his meat and fish and coals.

The Trade Unionist is perhaps inclined to take things easily, saying to himself, "In the days of the tariff we shall insist on higher wages, and go on strike for them, if necessary." Not only is it true that the workman would need a rise, but it is also strongly to be believed that he would succeed in getting it. The sending up of the wages bill would, however, cause, in its turn, a rise in the price of the products and a diminished demand for it at home and abroad, with a consequent increase in unemployment.

Whist, however, Tariff Reform is contemptible in itself, the Tariff Reform agitation is a very different matter. This can hardly be discredited, whether one looks upon it as an existing plot of wide ramifications or contemplates its hideous future when, should the plot but succeed, the lobby of the Commons will be crowded on decks of commercial and financial scalliwags in full cry.
Imaginary Speeches.

II. By the Right Hon. David Lloyd George.

(1919; he, as Premier, having introduced a Women's Sufferage Bill. The reports are taken from the "Times."

1. Inside the House. Style.—The Sucking Dove.

Mr. Lloyd George (Carnarvon Boroughs): Well, now, Mr. Speaker, I really didn't think it of the right honourable gentleman (Mr. Balfour). I thought this was a matter upon which we had all agreed years and years ago. When I introduced this bill I thought we should during this debate have a sort of little Hague Conference. Here, said I to myself, are the Liberals; they all want to give votes to women. Here are the Socialists; they've been like a regiment of human megaphones demanding votes for women. And here are the right honourable gentleman and his friends who, at any rate, during the general election—(laughter)—almost worried themselves into a rapid decline in their anxiety to prove their devotion to the cause of women's suffrage. (Opposition dissent.) Well, perhaps, they weren't quite as fanatical as dervishes about it, but seriously, Mr. Speaker, nine out of ten of the right honourable gentlemen's supporters, at least nine out of ten, I should say, said, either in their election addresses, or in platform speeches, or in replies to deputations, that they were in favour of the principle of this reform. So, of course, I thought in my childish ignorance that they meant to vote for it. (Ministerial cheers and laughter.) I didn't know the way their ingenious minds worked. (Ministerial cheers and laughter.) I thought that my bill would go down like—what shall I say?—like butter down a cat's throat. And now I find the right honourable gentleman turning and rending my unfortunate little non-controversial flack in the face with the savage ferocity of a rattlesnake with a red-hot poker on its tail. (Loud laughter, in which Mr. Balfour heartily joined.)

Well, really, I don't know what to make of it. I didn't hear any arguments from the right honourable gentleman. (Derisive Opposition laughter and cries of "Didn't hear any arguments from the right honourable gentleman.") But, seriously, Mr. Speaker, nine out of ten of the right honourable gentleman's supporters, at least nine out of ten, I should say, said, either in their election addresses, or in platform speeches, or in replies to deputations, that they were in favour of the principle of this reform. So, of course, I thought in my childish ignorance that they meant to vote for it. (Ministerial cheers and laughter.) I didn't know the way their ingenious minds worked. (Ministerial cheers and laughter.) I thought that my bill would go down like—what shall I say?—like butter down a cat's throat. And now I find the right honourable gentleman turning and rending my unfortunate little non-controversial flack in the face with the savage ferocity of a rattlesnake with a red-hot poker on its tail. (Loud laughter, in which Mr. Balfour heartily joined.)

Well, really, I don't know what to make of it. I didn't hear any arguments from the right honourable gentleman. (Derisive Opposition laughter and cries of "Oh! Oh!") No, seriously, I didn't recognise any genuine arguments. I know the right honourable gentleman has as kind a heart as any man in the House. (General cheers.) He wouldn't, if I may say so, hurt a hair on the head of a gnat. (Laughter.) I've promised to consider every hard case, every objection on points of detail that members on either side of the House may bring forward. If you've any fault to find with any clause or any sub-section in this bill, you've only to bring it before me, and I promise faithfully that I will give it my most earnest consideration. I'll do that. I'll meet you half way. I'll meet you more than half way. I'll run to meet you with open arms. (Laughter.) So, come, come; just let's see if we can't agree about this business. I don't believe the right honourable gentleman is mean. I don't believe he likes to be thought mean. I don't think he'd lead people in the country to say that he and his friends were mean. In many and many a humble cottage tonight, where the rain is pouring through holes in the thatch, where the only light comes from a candle stuck in a broken bottle, where there isn't a crust left in the cupboard, and there isn't even a little bit of coal in the grate, poor old women are sitting waiting for what this House can give her without harming anybody the least bit in the world. Some of you have had sisters and mothers. (Ministerial cheers.) Surely you aren't going to let it be said that the Opposition was so niggarly, so callous, so hard-hearted as to refuse a poor miserable old vote to a poor old woman, to block up the little ray of sunshine which would light up with its flickering gleam—

Earl Winterton (Sussex, Horsham): "Garn! Stow that slime!"

The Speaker: I must remind the noble earl that the language of every day life is not permissible within the walls of this House.

Earl Winterton: Of course, Mr. Speaker, I submit to your ruling and withdraw.

2. Outside the House. Style.—The Fortiter In Moco.

These Tories! Look at 'em! What a greedy, stingy lot they are. (Loud cheers.) What a greedy, miserable crew. (Loud cheers.) The more you give 'em, the more they want. These Lansdownes and Rothschilds, and dukes, and lords-who-knows-whats, why, they've got stomachs like the Bottomless Pit. (Laughter.) They've got stomachs like the Bottomless Pit. (Laughter.) They've got stomachs like the Bottomless Pit. (Laughter.) They've got stomachs like the Bottomless Pit. (Laughter.) They've got stomachs like the Bottomless Pit. (Laughter.)

I came to 'em, and offered 'em concessions. I said to 'em, "I'll give you anything within reason; ask me anything within reason, and you shall have it." (Loud cheers.) I offered 'em concessions by the bushel—hogsheads, perhaps, are more in their line. (Laughter.)

I raised the age limit for 'em; I told 'em the Tory agents could stand outside the polling booths as the women came in and examine their teeth to see there was no cheating about age. (Loud laughter.) I increased the property limit. (Cheers and dissent.) I told 'em I'd exempt mothers-in-law if they liked. (Roars of laughter.) What did they do? They took up my concessions in their bloated, blue-blooded fingers, and flung 'em back in my face with a curse. (Cries of exasperation.) Faugh! It makes one almost bilious to think of it! These waddling old Tory members, these dilapidated, doddering, drivelling old dukes—(laughter) —they're plural voters, every man of 'em. They've got two votes apiece. (Shame!) They've got four votes apiece. (Shame!) They've got six, eight, twenty, a hundred votes apiece. (Hisses.) Why, you'll hardly believe me, but there's one old monkey-faced idiot, who gets all his income from liquor, and spends it on the same, who has no less than six hundred and seventy votes. (Loud hisses.) Surely you aren't going to let it be said that the Opposition was so stingy that members on either side of the House.

The Speaker: I must remind the noble earl that the language of every day life is not permissible within the walls of this House.

Earl Winterton: "Garn! Stow that slime!"

The Speaker: I must remind the noble earl that the language of every day life is not permissible within the walls of this House.

Earl Winterton: Of course, Mr. Speaker, I submit to your ruling and withdraw.
By W. Shaw Sparrow.

VI.—Building Problems.

Building costs to-day are far too heavy and give rise to much jerry-ambition. I will say little of my own on this pressing theme, but will quote a passage of weight and authority from the late Thorold Rogers, the greatest master we have in the historic prices of British craftsmanship.

"The artisan who is demanding at this time (1867) an eight hours day in the building trades is simply striving to recover what his ancestor worked by four or five centuries ago. It is only to be hoped that he will emulate the integrity and thoroughness of the work which his ancestor performed," when "the relation of employer and employed was exceedingly direct; nor do I doubt that it was to his directness that the high remuneration of the artisan was due. A church was to be built, a new wing or new offices to be added to a conventual house or college. Perhaps the owner supplied the plans. If not, the master mason knew how to draw his plot, and the master carpenter bought the employer bought the raw materials direct from the manufacturer, and put them ready for use on the spot. He could calculate within a very moderate margin what the whole would cost, and what would be the charge of hiring the labour force. In the building high which he referred to (University College, Oxford, the bell tower, built between May, 1448, and May, 1450), the cost of materials, on much of which labour is expended, was £24 10s. 3s.; of labour, £73 0s. 1d.; and the extras connected with the structure, but not immediately associated with the materials and labour, £14 9s. 0½d. Thus in the aggregate charge the cost of materials is 38·3 per cent.; that of labour, 51·4 per cent.; and of extras, 10·3 per cent. The average price of twelve cranes put up at a cost of £1,703 12s. 6d. (in to-day's money), from which should be deducted certain eranes, worth, on the same estimate, £73 12s. 1d., and therefore leaving £1,629. Now, I make no doubt that at the present day the same would cost from £6,400 to £6,500, and I infer that the additional cost would be entirely due to the charge of contractor's profit, architect's commission, and middleman's advantage. It is upon the aggregate charge that this enormous rate that the energies of the intelligent employer are directed, and the advocates of increased wages for workmen should cry. It is surety from the stint of wages that the profits of middlemen have been derived."

This building may worthily remind times.

This is as horrible to think of that waste of money as it is to remember the unnatural cost of sites and the unnatural cost of legal instruments, which mean other hindrances to a good and thriftful housing of the people in big towns. Take the question of ground rents in the worst parts of London. Have they not formed nearly the whole of that for which rent has been paid? And the history of the Metropolis Board of Works, does it not record the purchase of many a loathsome tenement at the price of a good house in a fashionable district? Under buildings either vile or good, century after century, the price of town land has risen artificially, not unlike a plant under a globe of glass. Income tax did not produce more natural conditions, and death duties have not lowered the anti-social cost of civic and urban sites. So the problem to-day is to ameliorate the common lot by restoring a citizen friendship between the art and class and the huge change for sites, building, legal instruments, and consequently for rents.

In 1887 Thorold Rogers was a director in an industrial building company, and his experiences taught him that if the charge of local taxation was distributed equitably over the groundlord and the building landlord the effect on the cost of sites would be such as to make the housing of very poor folk, in two-roomed flats, with all conveniences of cleanliness and decency, a matter of comparative ease and of moderate commercial profit.

But in our land country, with its long-inherited ways of life, good and bad, justice has a hard time. To suggest reform is to set by the ears some large band or other of political voters; then compromise begins to choose between two blunders or more, and infinite discussion accrues or discards a second bad building reform is often thwarted by the building trades, which employ a good many more than a million workmen, whose traditions at the present time show the effect of fifty years or so of jerry labour. Trade schools would certainly help to improve the training of workmen, and this would not only quicken the general intelligence of the building trades, but enlarge the moral vision necessary in the arts of home-making.

Meantime, if we think, we must attack all handicaps to modern culture, which unites four things: utilitarian aims, scientific methods, a rationalistic spirit, and the quick graciousness of art. The grey and venerable past holds for us secrets of the thoroughness to be heeded on. And to a good many may we say how their thrifty greatness in building methods can be renewed with modifications? That is a point for a Congress to decide. There is a chaos of trade profits and commissions, of middlemen and jerry-speculators, of contractors in huge offices remote from their workmen, of architects so numerous that the inefficient may discredit in each great town the masterly few; and there is also a jumble of materials from all parts of the world and a plethora of styles. Good heavens! What is the purpose to do? What price must we pay for when we wish to build for ourselves and for our children a snug modesty in houses?

If all good architects were builders also, or if all good builders were competent architects, the problem to be solved would be less entangled and difficult! The State would not waste time if it gave attention and care to this matter. Other public servants who have a great influence over our lives—physicians, for instance, and surgeons, not to speak of clerks and lawyers—have examinations accepted by the State as tests of efficiency. Why architects and builders should be exempted from this public guarantee of fitness for duty I do not know. Homes need as much protection as health needs. And architects would benefit much in authority if they had two degrees known to everybody amid their choicest clients above the rank of Harley Street or to earn my bread as a lawyer. Certainly, we cannot ask for too many proofs of integrity and skill from those men who design and build homes for the nursery generations that forecast the future of Great Britain. Degrees, it is true, are not guarantees of genius, but they are barriers against charlatans and duffers.

At this moment architects are being ousted from practice and authority by at least four bad kinds of competition. There is the competition of the inefficient against the good; there is the waning success of jerry-speculators; there is also the increased prestige of the Connoisseur Shop, as represented by those corporate furnishing companies in towns that wish to de incumberable things, from designing and completing a house to the sale of beddrulls, pincushions, cradles, and bath-chairs. These wonderful trademen advertise the names of many clients above the rank of baronets. There is nothing in a home that they will not do. They are professors of all arts and crafts. Yes, and they estimate costs as exactly and as remotely from their such tactical skill that when you compare their charges for details with those in the estimates of an architect you lose confidence in that architect. You declare that he ought to leave the building trades. It never occurs to you that the art of building needs much more than a vast shop, made famous by advertisements. To defeat that, of course, organisations of builder-architects are necessary; and even then some clever fellows
from their ranks would join the shopmen if tempting
salaries were offered.

Do not let it be supposed that I underrate the value
of good shops. On the contrary, a furnishing trades-
man, under proper discipline, if he does well in a single
trade, is very helpful to the middle-class household.
But let his designs and his finished work be approved
by your own architect. Go to him as you do to a
chemist, and not as you go to a doctor. One cannot
protest overmuch against a reckless encouragement of
the Connoisseur Shop System, with its encyclopedic
wish to store up in nutshells those worlds of knowledge
that specialists explore with difficulty. Nothing is
more frightful than a furnishing system that knows
only what inexpert households will accept in a great
many forms of design and taste and learning.

WALTER SHAW SPARROW.

On Thrift.

They are taking up or putting down the footwalk—
so called because there no foot is ever allowed to walk.
One day an electric light company pulls the road up and
the next day the public authorities put it down; on the
third day a gas company pulls it up again, so that the
public authorities may replace it on the fourth day. By
that time the electric light people have thought of
supplying another house, and we start again. In the
intervals the local authority experiments with different
kinds of mud for pavement.

However, I was not thinking of this form of thrift.
They are taking up or putting down the footwalk. And
every night the score or so of shovels and pickaxes are
to be carefully guarded. An oldish man is their sen-
tinels. He comes on duty at half-past four every after-
noon, and stays on guard till 7. He is allowed a little wooden shelter and a fire. I don’t
know whether this is to keep the cats and other wild
animals of my suburb away, or whether it is that he
may now and then warm his hands. The shelter is put
at the most exposed corner.

And the nights are very cold. “You must feel
perished with these east winds, old man?” I asked him
one night. “It do blow a bit,” he admitted.

“With that he might have a nice, comfortable
home, a nice warm bed at night, and a steward’s-room
for his money at times without stint on the things he
wished to store up. Many forms of design and taste and learning.

No doubt he’s worked well all these years according
to his lights. He knew a good deal about horses and
cartage; he was a trusted man with a load. But
rheumatism, he told me—

“Then, of course, I got on to him about a free-purin
drink, and beer; and no doubt he was fond of a cup of
tea.

“Couldn’t do without it.

Then I plied him with Dr. Haig’s views on this tissue
toxin.

“It was a beastly cold night, and we were both glad
of the steaming cup of coffee.

More than a shilling a week on beer! Why not,
somebody asks me, and why was Burton built on Trent?

In order that the Bass’s might practise thrift, I sup-
pose. Had they been as extravagant as the old shovel-
minder, does anyone think they’d now be in the
peareage?

Shilling a week on beer—yes, most weeks when he
was in work.—Horrible.

These common working-men are really extravagant.

In this month’s “National Review” Dr. Elizabeth
Sloan Chesser calls attention to the extravagances of
the Lancashire operative: “The standard of living in
such households would horrify the middle-class house-
wife of a thrifty and careful habit of mind. Salmon,
lamb and green peas, and new potatoes at 4d. per lb.,
provide a luxurious Sunday dinner for the same family
who live on a starvation diet of bread and tea and
tinned salmon from Tuesday to Saturday. There is no
method, no care exercised in laying out the household
wages in the majority of cases. They buy the most
expensive meat and butter if the money is there,” etc.

I do not know if this is a true picture of the average
Lancashire operative. I hope so. After all, in a
Christian country why shouldn’t the Lancashire opera-
тив behave as such? I suppose Dr. Elizabeth Chesser
regards Christ’s enjoinders as binding on the Lancas-
shire operative. Why should he be ever taking thought
for the morrow?

Although I do not know the Lancashire operative—
and I can only hope he has the good sense to spend
his money at times without stint on the things he
enjoys—I’m afraid that the picture is a little highly
coloured. Perhaps Dr. Chesser knew one Lancashire
operative who once upon a time had a glorious tuck in
of salmon, lamb and green peas, and new potatoes,
and who knew the miners in the North of England, and
the workers in the south and the agricultural labourers.
I would complain of their miserly thrift—yes, thrift is a
mean, starving virtue. The women wear themselves
out body and soul by their foresight and prudent care.

Up the first thing in the morning, cooking and polish-
ing and scrubbing all the day, sitting up half the night
mending, patching, and darning. The men just as bad
—with their club and sick benefits and the rest of it.

Many a time have I rounded on a Cumberland
miner’s wife for her thrift—I have urged her to spend
all the man’s wages—to give the children some extra
fun and jollity in the early days—for it’s little enough
they get of it as they grow older. But the women
were always having an eye to the future—to the time
when he’d not be able to work or some other equally
pleasant prospect. The thrifty middle-class, who give
such joy to Dr. Elizabeth Chesser, are the most extra-
vagant of all our English castes. The cost of human
flesh and blood is never counted—they deny themselves
everything, they slave and worry all the years of their
life—become sour and miserable, ill-tempered before
they are thirty. And to what end? That their chil-
dren may carry on the tradition of grudging care.

The extravagance of the upper classes is disgusting,
and the thrift of the working classes is stupid. The
Lancashire operatives’ midway shows dignity—a good
time when the money’s there, and a drawing in when
it’s gone.

Had he drunk no beer all his days, would my old
shovel-guard now be any the better off?

M. D. EDER.
Prophetic Paragraphs.


We are glad to welcome another historical monograph from the pen of Professor Molesey, a scholar whose wide reading and sober judgment, combined with an extraordinary power of graphic presentment, have justly earned for her the title of the Feminine Macaulay.

The long-promised reform of literature brought about by the Suppression of Fiction Act, by sweeping our libraries of the degrading sensational romances formerly in vogue, has opened a field for a new class of writers who, instead of pandering to the popular taste, elevate it by means of instructive compilations based on solid research. Among the class of reasoned reproductions of the past which, we are glad to say, are daily gaining a greater hold on the reading public, those of Professor Molesey enjoy a larger circulation, we believe, than any others, and the present treatise will add to her reputation as a painstaking and accurate sociologist.

As a text-book on that remarkable movement which resulted in the emancipation of Womanhood from its degrading bondage to the inferior sex, the work before us will supply a long-felt want. We have gone carefully through it, without being able to detect a single error or oversight. Every page bristles with footnotes, and in every case the author has fulfilled the duty of the conscientious historian in going straight to the undeefed well of truth, the contemporary document. The Court Circular, the Daily Mail, the Sporting Times, and the immortal serials of Le Queux, have been placed under the microscope; and the result is a picture of the age which might well surprise an Edwardian reader, could one have survived to read it. Professor Molesey stands, scalpel in hand, beside the sick bed of the despair of social archaeologists, we think Professor Molesey surpasses herself. But the reader shall judge.

As Lady Peggotty sat down opposite her partner, the Dowager-Duchess of Suffolkshire, whom he had recently divorced, glided up to her, and offered her advice. Peggotty, who did not know that the divorce had been merely a ruse to throw dust in the eyes of the Duke's paying guests, so that the pair might cheat unsuspected, naturally supposed that they were still on bad terms, and that the Dowager-Duchess was offering her aid out of spite against the Duke. Lady Peggotty therefore declined the offer for fear of annoying her hostess.

It was now the last trick of the game, and Peggotty, who was beginning to feel the effects of the morphia, scrutinised the eyes of the Duke's paying guests, to give her a true picture of the Duke's jockey, who has received secret instructions from the Duke to reduce her to helpless poverty. The jockey accordingly set about, with beer and benedictine, and the Lady of Ranelagh from time to time injects morphia into her arm on the sly, pretending that the pricks are caused by pins in her sleeve.

The banquet is such as the gluttonous habits of our foremothers demanded. At one end of the table is a barrel of oysters, and at the other a fox roasted whole.

As soon as she has lit her cigar, Peggotty is taken by the Duke into a quiet corner for a game of bridge.

Her description of this famous game, which has been studied and right bowers. He glanced anxiously at her victim's ear. She nodded. He glanced again at her pack with care. She held it in her hand, and casting it into the laps of the Duke, who held his pack in reserve, watched her breathlessly. Then came the awful glare in the gambler's eye unwomaned her. "A revoke!" she heard her partner cry out triumphantly, as he sprung to his feet, and made a snatch at her diamond tiara. "You've lost everything-do you hear? Everything!"

The awful glare in the gambler's eye unwomaned her; her abstract theories convincing is rescued by a body of Outragettes who have been out rick-burning on the Duke's estate, as a protest against his supposed injurious treatment of his Duchess; and the subsequent history of the most important revolution in the history of the world, students will learn for themselves from this instructive volume. ALCOFRIDA.

LONDON: Clapham University Press, paper extra, illustrated front, 270 pp., 6d. net.

A correspondent writes that much interest has been excited in Constantinople by the discovery of a manuscript in the Sultan’s library, containing what purports to be the lost Gospel of Judas, or, as the M.S. styleth him, St. Judas Iscariot.

It has always been known to ecclesiastical historians and scholars that a very large number of gospels, attributed to different apostles, were in circulation among the early Christians, including the various heretical sects. But the four Gospels only, which have been reported, were selected from the rest by a favourite plan of the primitive Church, which we know to have been employed in the election of a successor to St. Judas himself. The whole of the evangelical narratives were placed under a table, it is said, and shuffled together by the feet of the bishops engaged in framing the canon, till the four known to us were extruded.

From that time forth the remaining gospels, being regarded as apocryphal, gradually fell into neglect, and very few of them are known to Western scholars; the Church of Rome in this matter, as in so many others, has merely published what she received from the Great Monastery of the Panaghia, on Mount Athos, he being one of the four evangelists already recognised by the Church. On that account, but not, it is important to note, on account of its being written in the nature of a gospel or misnamed epistle bearing his name must have been received with respect in some quarters.

Allusions to the lost gospels, however, frequently occur in the writings of the Fathers; and as the character of St. Judas early became the subject of Patriotic investigation and complaint, it is reasonable to suppose that some of these allusions were in the nature of a gospel or epistle bearing his name. The hypothesis is even more probable because they are not merely extemporised passages among the ignorant part of the religious public.

According to the correspondent already referred to, the M.S. under consideration first attracted the attention of the Reverend Father Anastasios, of the monastery of the Panaghia, on Mount Athos, he being one of a commission of scholars appointed by the Ecumenical Patriarch, on the invitation of the Young Turks, to search the Imperial Library for works of interest to the Orthodox Church.

On its being laid before the Holy Synod that body at once decided that it would not be expedient to put it in general circulation, in view of certain divergencies between the standpoint of the writer and that of the four evangelists already recognised by the Church. On the other hand, it is not possible to set at nought on account of any doubt as to its authenticity or credibility, the M.S. has not yet been issued by the press of the Patriarchate.

Unfortunately, the fact that such a work had been found, and had been withheld from the public, leaked out in Constantinople, where it was naturally made the most of by the less reputable Mohammedan journals. The only strictest censorship on the part of the Christian news agencies has prevented the episode, and the malicious comments made on it, from reaching the ears of the British public. In spite of the care thus exercised on behalf of the Christian reader, it would seem that the truth has now penetrated to the very hearts of the unorthodox journals. Unfortunately, the same difficulty has always existed with the Church, which ultimately triumphed. But, if so, how are we to account for its unknown author putting it forth as the work of so unpopular an Apostle? It would have been equally easy for him to have ascribed it to Peter or James; and from what we know of the critical intelligence on the part of the Sacred College, it is impossible, we have no right to attribute any such imposture to the Highness of the Christian Church.

It is, on the contrary, the extremely striking correspondence given to Catholic teaching by this gospel, as compared with the rest of the New Testament, which has raised a doubt as to its authenticity in certain quarters. Papal commentators are inclined to admit the view that it must have been written at some time during the Arian controversy, that is to say in the fourth century A.D., to be used as a weapon by the party which ultimately triumphed. But, if so, how are we to account for its unknown author putting it forth as the work of so unpopular an Apostle? It would have been equally easy for him to have ascribed it to Peter or James; and from what we know of the critical intelligence of the Sacred College, it is impossible, we have no right to attribute any such imposture to the Highness of the Christian Church. In weak minds.

by such explanations as may be necessary to allay doubt in weak minds.

Whether the gospel is, or is not, the actual composition of the Apostle whose name it bears, is a question on which different opinions are likely to be formed by scholars. The circumstance that it purports to describe the death and burial of the inspired prince, Judas Iscariot, will not be taken as conclusive evidence by the critics, bearing in mind that the same difficulty has always existed with regard to Moses. Neither should any importance be attached to the fact that on this point, as on countless others, the apostle given over in the gospels is in conflict with those already revealed. The differences between the present gospel and its rivals are not greater than those between the two narratives which are admittedly inspired. Thus St. Matthew relates that Judas, after returning the thirty pieces of silver to the chief priests, went and hanged himself; and the chief priests bought a cemetery for aliens with the money. St. Luke, on the other hand, tells us that Judas himself bought a field with the money, and that he died by falling headlong and bursting asunder. Both of these accounts being true, there seems no reason why a third account, which contradicts them both, should not be equally true.

In support of the inspired character of the fifth gospel, it should be stated that it is both more reverent in tone than its rivals, and more definitely orthodox. On many points of Christian belief St. Judas has, in a manner, anticipated the modern[P.243] the Orthodox Church, as may be inferred from the Preface to the Authorised Version is not less decisive on the point.

“The Lord of heaven and earth bless Your Majesty with many and happy days, that, as his heavenly hand hath enriched Your Highness,” etc.

Unless we can suspect English divines of thinking more of their earthly than their heavenly ruler, which is impossible, we have no right to attribute any such impiousness to the Holy Synod.

It is, on the contrary, the extremely striking correspondence given to Catholic teaching by this gospel, as compared with the rest of the New Testament, which has raised a doubt as to its authenticity in certain quarters. Papal commentators are inclined to the view that it must have been written at some time during the Arian controversy, that is to say in the fourth century A.D., to be used as a weapon by the party which ultimately triumphed. But, if so, how are we to account for its unknown author putting it forth as the work of so unpopular an Apostle? It would have been equally easy for him to have ascribed it to Peter or James; and from what we know of the critical intelligence of the Sacred College, it is impossible, we have no right to attribute any such imposture to the Highness of the Christian Church.
An alternative view is that the gospel is actually the work of an Ariotician, who sought to discredit the doctrine which has since become orthodox, by putting it in the mouth of an Apostle with a tarnished reputation. But a sense of humour was not a strong point in the character of the early Fathers, and it must be doubted whether such irony would not have entirely missed its mark. A saint like Athanasius or Augustine would have welcomed the support of even Judas Iscariot against a rival theologian.

It is a much more plausible suggestion that we have here the work of a Pagan satirist. Perhaps Julian the Apostate himself, who hoped to discredit the Christian Church by showing that the only Apostle who could fairly be claimed as a good Churchman was the one who betrayed Christ. If so, it can be said with confidence that the weapon which he forged against Christianity has recoiled against himself. This gospel, if we are not mistaken, will be received, like the Moabite Stone, the Flood tablets, the Hammurabi Code, and so many other ancient documents apparently falsified by revelation, as the strongest possible confirmation of it. It will be said, and it will be said successfully, by Christian apologists, that the author of this gospel was made an instrument for good in his own despite. It is only startling contradictions between him and the better-known evangelists merely confirm their authority, by showing that they cannot have been in collusion with him. At the very worst it affords some evidence that the Founder of Christianity was beloved for his existence, and not for personal power, in very point which apologists have always felt the most painful doubt in private.

The theory most likely to commend itself to the higher critics is that the Gospel according to St. Judas Iscariot is the work of a Christian forger, actuated by the best motives, and possibly working from a memoir of the Apostle, which has not been preserved. No one is ignorant that the Christians of the first few centuries held views on the possibility of fraud and found even the defense of revelation, which are regarded as disavowed in our own day, as tending to lower the Church in the esteem of the worldly-minded. The endless interpolations and prevarications, the spurious anecdotes and fabricated miracles, which the Encyclopaedists have reluctantly detected in the canonical gospels themselves, should satisfy every fair mind that this apologist was faithfully imitating the other writers of the New Testament.

Less judicious than his collaborators in the choice of a name, perhaps, he is far more likely to be congratulated on the general tone of his narrative. Nothing savouring of socialism, communism or anarchism has been retained in his version of the Master’s career and teaching. All constituted authorities, the Pope, the bishops, or public officials, are treated with entire respect. The respectable Pharisees and Sadducees evidently enjoy the evangelist’s esteem, and the sinner and the licensed victualler are properly regarded. Only one instance need be given of the gratifying harmony between the mind of St. Judas, or the writer who shelters himself under that name, and the mind of the modern Churches. The famous miracle at Cana is given a totally opposite character in this gospel; and it is certainly given in a way else wise unknown. We now learn for the first time, what we ought to have suspected long ago, that instead of water being changed into wine on that occasion, it was the wine which was changed into water to guard the weaker party from the danger of intoxication. The mistake of the other evangelist is easily explained by this account, from which it appears that the miracle went unperceived at the time; because only the substance of the wine underwent a change into the substance of water, and the wine retaining its species, or sensible appearance, including its colour, scent, taste and exhilarating properties.

This single improvement on the old gospels should be sufficient to secure the reverent reception of the new one, and to bring about an entire revision of judgement on the character of the Apostle who has been so strangely regarded as a traitor to Christ.

N.B.—No notice need be taken of the unpleasant report that this wonderful testimony was fabricated by order of the ex-Sultan—with what motive it is impossible to conceive!

**Psychic Parallels.**

By Francis Grierson.

Every habitation attracts or repels, according to the mental impression of the beholder. Houses and districts have a psychic influence which harmonises with the material form. Localities resemble individuals: no two are alike. Not only has it been pointed out to me, but to the psychologist and the poet, every street has its personal atmosphere.

In the study of psychic parallels no city in the world can rival New York, or London. An artist walking about London will pass from one mood to another many times in the space of an hour. For the influences of locality and conformation are more potent than those caused by sound and mobility. The street that moves a change has no influence upon the soul. It is not the traffic and movement which make us feel deeply, but the fixed and adamantine rows of brick and stone, forming a sort of symbolic bas-relief for the people who dwell within. Houses symbolise the lives of people who live in them, streets represent the mind, and localities mental tendencies. Neighbourhoods are provincial, cosmopolitan, commercial, or intellectual. To the author of "Vanity Fair" Baker and Harley Streets were the most snobbish streets in London; but the metropolis has changed considerably since Thackeray’s time, for Park Lane, which was ultra aristocratic so late as 1870, is now cosmopolitan in the most confused sense of that word. Worldly ambition, passion, and robbery are there. People take the straightest road to the desired object. Poverty and vanity runs parallel with fashion. This is why Park Lane has fallen a ready prey to the invaders who were compelled by the law of psychological attraction to seek a goal on the same social high road.

People think they use reason when they are only following the inward and secret forces of attraction. Men act more from sympathy or repulsion than from reason or experience. But the old denizens of Park Lane were never excitable or intellectual; they had no thing in their composition akin to the people they looked down upon. The difference between the old and the new is one of degree: the old are standing on the top rung of the ladder, the new have just begun to climb the same ladder, the foundations of which nature has marked out for us; never upon another. The soul finds an affinity in form as well as in temperament. Habitations, streets, localities, towns, cities, plains, rivers, and lakes are all unconscious creators of mental images, moods, and sensations which have a direct bearing on thought and affect the quality of a man’s work.

Although appearances are the most deceiving things in the world, there can be no mistake about the meaning of certain districts of London. About localities like St. Pancras and King’s Cross no false impression is possible. Here we feel certain the mind conforms to the physical environment. Flowers and bright patches of green fail to lift the mind, but the sordidness everywhere manifest from the beginning of Euston Road, in a direct line, to the hill at Islington. The sordid has its parallels, like refinement and beauty. To the people who prefer to live in these districts the influence of the street and the city is as much pleasure as the atmosphere of Richmond Park gives to the poet.

Not so easy is it to judge of the denizens of certain seas, squares, and districts of the West End. The sordid districts are more ponderous and concrete; the forces of matter seize upon the imagination and crush the soul under the weight of the universal mass; the mind finds no relief until the locality is left far behind. But in passing down from Hyde Park into...
Belgrave Square is unique. Here, the visional impression is so strong that the architect or the visitor may think of it as the biggest worm in the aristocratic orchard. We think of incurable invalids, who are always away being cured; of old Rome in decadence, when the nobility were resigned to whatever might happen. But St. James’ Square is unique. Here, the visional impression is so strong that the architect or the visitor may think of it as the biggest worm in the aristocratic orchard. We think of incurable invalids, who are always away being cured; of old Rome in decadence, when the nobility were resigned to whatever might happen. The difference between Bryanston and Eaton Squares seems to be in proportion to the great distance which separates them. The first possesses a personality of its own, which is a poor imitation of Belgrave Square; and this difference is a little, if anything, to do with the architectural distinction—it lies in the personality of the inhabitants. The names in the Court Directory reveal this. But how shall we distinguish as many colours as there are districts in the great world we call London. The expressions “local colour,” “local atmosphere,” applied to literature, are not applied properly, for everything has a quasi-colour. And, as one quality may not harmonise with another, so the people of one district may be at variance with the people of another, and yet be separated by nothwithstanding more than a street or a small hill. Every musical chord represents a colour; and there is for every person a dominant chord which is the key to the person’s temperament. If we could arrive at the truth in these things we should find that the different people have a correspondence in colours and musical chords. There is a psychic and magnetic correspondence through all things. Viewed hastily, everything looks like chance; but the deeper we go into the meaning of the things which play upon the law of phenomenal relativity become. Perhaps the chief cause of inharmony among people is the ignorance of the world concerning the attractive and the repulsive forces in trivial as well as great things. If we could call our attention to the relation of people and things would become apparent; colours, sounds, and perfumes would blend in an endless symphony of chromatic tones and tints, and we should recognise law where we now see nothing but chance and chaos.

Observing travellers have been impressed with the difference between the Neapolitans and the Romans, but if we start from Naples and go north we find not only a physical correspondence in the great cities on the main line, but an intellectual ascent which reaches a climax at Milan. For Rome is half Neapolitan, and Florence reminds one of Rome, but in Milan we emerge from the religious and artistic for a world which unites the commercial with the scientific while it still retains an overloading of Eve’s artistic degrees of intellectual expression beginning with Innsbruck and ending with Berlin. Innsbruck corresponds to Naples, Munich to Rome, Dresden to Florence, and Portman to Milan. If we take the great cities on the Atlantic seaboard from Boston to San Francisco, there are another striking instance of intellectual progression in a direct line from south to north. Washington is political and social, Baltimore religious and commercial, Philadelphia religious and philosophical, New York commercial, social, and philosophical, Boston philosophical and scientific.

But the districts of a city differ as much as the sections of a country. To pass from the Latin Quarter, in Paris, to the Rue de Rivoli and the Champs Elysées is like passing from what is French to a cosmopolitan quarter moulded in a French pattern. The districts of London are more varied and complex, but the different quarters of Paris are more clearly defined, and they are easier to classify. There are no recognized districts in the Latin Quarter; as the Frenchman would not be ashamed to allow that among the people living on the other side of the Seine. Twenty years later, while visiting M. Paul Bourget, I was forcibly impressed with the appropriateness of the locality to the style and thought of his novels. It was in the heart of the Faubourg Saint-Germain; the silence was like that of a Roman ruin; the house was hidden from the street by an old wall, while inside I felt the repose of the cloister and the ordered refinement of modern decoration and comfort. In the same neighbourhood lived and died Saint-Beuve; and where else in Paris could J. K. Huysmans have written his mystical novels? The Latin Quarter and the Faubourg Saint-Germain are the quarters where artists, thinkers, and society people prefer to assemble for conversation en petit comité. Here, as nowhere else in the world, the intellect is separated from the passions of the crowd and the exigencies of fashion. On the other side of the river people live under the influence of society, newspaper men, and expect to be talked about in the newspapers; but here one gravitates unconsciously to that group of persons whose interests are akin. Nowhere else in the world is the line so marked between social affluence and financial ruin as in Paris, but few exceptions. The worldly interest sways the titled people of the Champs Elysées; while intellectual sympathy and historical association keep the students, philosophers, and nobles of the old traditions in the district that lies between the Panthéon and the Hôtel des Invalides.
The Nonconformist Nettle.

By Allen Upward.

The Nonconformist Conscience has taken a step forward. For some years past it has protested with a 'shrewd' sense of righteous indignation that the Church doctrines of England to Nonconformist children in schools kept up by Nonconformist rates. It now claims a right of censorship over the most private teaching given by the Church of England to its own children, in the course of its evangelical ministry. It assumes not merely to suppress the parish magazine, and silence the parson in his pulpit; but to overhear his instructions, given at the most solemn moment of their lives, to pupils for communion, and to denounce them in the public press, should they contain anything contrary to the Nonconformist creed.

This last instance of the Nonconformist temper is recorded, with every mark of sympathy and approval, by the "Daily News of December 14th, 1899.

"Indignation has been aroused in Nonconformist circles in this neighbourhood (Sevenoaks) owing to the action of a Church of England curate." (The Rev. R. P. McAuliffe).

Mr. McAuliffe's crime consisted, briefly, in thinking that his Church was right, and the Dissenters wrong, that his Church was right, and the Dissenters wrong, that his Church was right, and the Dissenters wrong, that his Church was right, and the Dissenters wrong, that his Church was right, and the Dissenters wrong.

"He instanced Spiritualism as a growing evil." Spiritualism, in the form of necromancy, is practised by a person who once played the part of a parson in his pulpit; but to overhear his instructions, given at the most solemn moment of their lives, to pupils for communion, and to denounce them in the public press, should they contain anything contrary to the Nonconformist creed.

Mr. McAuliffe's crime consisted, briefly, in thinking that the Church was right, that the Church was right, that the Church was right, that the Church was right, that the Church was right. Few, indeed, of those whom this amazement will affect, will ever have heard the term "false doctrine, heresy and schism." If there have been any such, they will have met with, was even stricter than the curate, insomuch as he included the Church of England in his communion.

On the other hand he made a partial exception in favour of the Baptists, authorising his followers to apply to them the names of various Nonconformist sects whose teaching the Church of England does not recognise as sound. These were the Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Baptists, Quakers, Wesleyans, and Salvation Army. —I gratefully note the omission of my own sect, the Plymouth Brethren, but believe I am not influenced by that omission in these observations.

In the coarse language of the Litany, Mr. McAuliffe appears to have characterised the 'distinctive teaching of other denominations' as milk, before coming and saying so to six lads whom he was preparing for confirmation. "He instanced Spiritualism as a growing evil." Spiritualism, in the form of necromancy, is practised by a person who once played the part of a parson in his pulpit; but to overhear his instructions, given at the most solemn moment of their lives, to pupils for communion, and to denounce them in the public press, should they contain anything contrary to the Nonconformist creed.

The curate of Sevenoaks has presumed to apply it to those who have hitherto applied it to him; and the Rev. C. Rudge, Baptist minister of Sevenoaks, has boiled over with indignation.

"You have made an absolutely unprovoked attack upon the ministers of the Evangelical Free Churches," he writes to the curate. And again: "This is the last of a sort of dogma that is sometimes advocated as 'Religious Instruction' and 'distinctive Church teaching,' and there are simple-minded people who cannot understand why we object to it being taught in the elementary schools at the public expense."

Mr. Rudge's last point is irrelevant. Mr. McAuliffe was not teaching in any public school, or at the public expense. He was giving private instruction to the children of his own Nonconformist brethren to be false; and he said so. Indeed, I must admit that Brother Lincoln, who had resigned a valuable position in the Plymouth Brethren, is well aware of the nonconformist brethren to be false; and that he said so, not privately to his own communicants, but to the whole world, in the 'Sword and Trowel.'

Had Mr. McAuliffe's history, I could understand him. For the curate committed himself to the rash statement that the Baptists were another kind of Congregationalists, founded in 1633. Mr. Rudge, as a Baptist minister, is well aware that the word Baptist is a shortening of Anabaptist, and that so far from being founded in 1633, as a branch of the Independents, the Anabaptists had a glorious history on the Continent, where they seized the city of Munster, in Germany, and established a name closely resembling the French Reign of Terror, with features of the Salt Lake City and the Agapemone added. But it may be that Mr. Rudge saw no duty cast upon him to enlighten the curate on that head.

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Mr. McAuliffe's doctrines. I doubt if the Church of England on the subject of infant baptism to be "false teaching," and are not afraid to say so. It will astonish him, perhaps, to learn that some Baptists do not encourage their children to worship in the parish churches. He must, of course, amaze him to hear that some Baptists do not encourage their children to worship in the parish churches. He must, of course, amaze him to hear that some Baptists do not encourage their children to worship in the parish churches. He must, of course, amaze him to hear that some Baptists do not encourage their children to worship in the parish churches.

It may surprise the Rev. C. Rudge to be told that many Baptists hold the teaching of the Church of England on the subject of infant baptism to be "false teaching," and are not afraid to say so. It will astonish him, perhaps, to learn that some Baptists do not encourage their children to worship in the parish churches.

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seriously. The use of the ring in marriage, coe of their favourite grounds of quarrel, they have long since adopted in their own communions. The Dissenting Fathers are fully entitled to the praise of uprightness, but the less said about their tolerance the better.

It never seems to have dawned on the Dissenting mind that the persecuted must always be rather more bigoted than the persecutor. It calls for more faith to lose the right but is not to be defended by the mere exasperation of a martyr. The Ironsides were infinitely better men than Laud. But they were not better Churchmen. Cromwell was the most tolerant of his party, but even he dared not or did not tolerate Prelacy.

There are few delusions in history more naïve, and more persistent, than this of the Nonconformists that Anglicans ought to accept, and then "resist" their Church of England because they thought it wrong to remain in it, and yet they are aggrieved because the Church thinks they were wrong to leave it. They may dissent from the Church, but the Church must not dissent from them.

The man who resigns a good income and an assured position, over a question like infant baptism or the ring in marriage, may be a hero, but he is also undoubtedly a fanatic. The man who steps into his shoes may be a hero, but he is also undoubtedly a fanatic and an oppressor, but the one sin that cannot be laid to his charge is bigotry. The Church of England has much to reproach herself with on the score of worldliness, but where intolerance is concerned, the Nonconformist little finger is thicker than her loins.

There is no " Free Church that would tolerate for a single day such widely differing schools of thought as are embraced within the Church of England. The credit may be the secular government's, the cause may be the loaves and fishes of Establishment. But the fact of tolerance remains; and it is such tolerance as no other Christian Church can show.

A Baptist will secede from his communion over a question of pew-rents. A Congregationalist will start a schism over the word Parthenogenesis. A Methodist will found a new sect out of personal jealousy. A Plymouth Brother will excommunicate his own mother because it contained blasphemy against his god. Such at heart are the men who denounce boycotting, and intolerance, and superstition, when practised by others than themselves. Such is the spirit which shot Ferrer.

The Pale Person is ubiquitous. The seat of the Nonconformist Conscience is too often in the Nonconformist liver. The class whose whole lives are a campaign of cruel slander against all who differ from them, whether Catholics or " freethinkers," licensed victuallers or bishops, find themselves squarely on their own poison, and straightway foam at the mouth. For weeks past the " Daily News " has been printing on its front pages manifestoes urging " Free Churchmen to take part in the election, and on its back pages, denunciations of Churchmen who propose to do likewise. The " Free Churchman is urged to use his pulpit in the service of his party; the Churchman is forbidden to use the parish magazine. My soul revolts at such hypocrisy.

At Sevenoaks the Nonconformist Conscience has looked in the glass.

SONG IN TIME OF FESTIVITY.

It was the night our Lord was born,
The snow lay grey upon the roofs,
The poor went sickly and forlorn,
And thought about the birth of Christ.

And all the night till Christmas morn
They beat their hands, and whined like dogs,
And took the streets to make her bread.
And in the darkness sung:

"To bring us good and happiness,
And save the mean folk from distress
For thy Young Child's sake give me ease.
( Sing Gloria! )

She said she would not accept it. If Anglicans were to devise a scheme of teaching suitable for Nonconformists, and demand its acceptance by them, the passive resisters would be the first to resent such impertinence.

The passive resisters are deliberately trading on the supposed fact that the English public still likes Catholic teaching less than Protestant teaching. They are fighting for a State religion, after their own heart, in the schools, just as their forefathers fought for a State religion, after their own heart, in the churches.

The great question that divides them from their opponents is whether the Bible ought, or ought not, to be read to children without explanation. And they propose as a tolerable compromise that it shall be read without explanation, or, still worse, with their explanation. That is what Nonconformists honestly believe to be tolerance.

The only test of tolerance is power. The only power the Nonconformists have enjoyed has been within their own communions and their own families, and in the intercourse of secular life. And within those spheres they have been uniformly guilty of intolerance such as Catholic countries are scarcely able to conceive. They}

forbid games of cards; they forbid theatres; they forbid horse-racing; and they have tried to forbid football. They exercise a censorship on literature so severe that the Romanist becomes a puerile prentice beside it. I once published a humorous broadsheet intended as a satire on the worst class of juvenile paper. I was asked to publish it by the director of a Nonconformist publishing the Press. Among the jokes was a page of portraits to which the wrong names were attached. A portrait of the celebrated Spurgeon was given as " The German Emperor." A more innocent joke it would be difficult to imagine, and if the German Emperor did not resent it, it is hardly possible to imagine that Mr. Spurgeon would have done so, had he been alive. I doubt if the most bigoted Roman Catholic would have tolerated such a joke in the expense of a Pope. But there are more Papists than those of Rome. One of them, belonging to Mr. Rudge's communion, to a communion in which I myself have worshipped, and hope and pray that no such impertinence, if Anglicans were to devise a scheme of teaching suitable for Nonconformists, and demand its acceptance by them, the passive resisters would be the first to resent such impertinence.
Books and Persons.
(AN OCCASIONAL CAUSERIE)

THE immediate origin of the new attempt by the libraries to exercise a censorship over books, and particularly over novels, is quite accidental and silly. A woman socially prominent in the governing classes of this realm has a daughter. The daughter obtained and read a certain book from the circulating library. (Naturally the family is one of those that are too rich to buy books; it can only hire.) The mother chanced to see the book, and considered it to be highly improper. (I have not read the book, but I should say that it is probably not improper at all; merely a trivial, foolish book.) The woman went direct to an extremely exalted member of the Cabinet, being a friend of his; and she kicked up a tremendous storm and dust. The result was that "certain machinery" was set in motion, and "certain representations" were made to the libraries; indeed, the libraries were given to understand that unless they did something themselves "certain steps" would be taken. It was all very vague and impressive, and it brought recent agitations to a head. Hence the manifesto of the libraries, in which they announce that all books must be submitted in advance to a committee of hiring experts, and that the submitted books will be divided into three classes. The first class will be absolutely banned; the circulation of the second will be prevented so far as it can be prevented without the ban absolute; and the sale of the third will be permitted without restrictions. * * *

Of course, that even the suggestion of a censorship should spring from such a personal and trifling cause is very scandalous. But I am fairly sure that it might happen under any Government and under any form of Government. All Governments must consist of individual members, and all individual members have friends. Most of them are acquainted with women, and with absurd women, who will utilise the acquaintanceship with all their might for their own personal ends. And exceedingly few members of any Government whatso- ever have the courage to tell a well-dressed and arrogant woman to go to the devil, even when that woman happens to be the sole correct answer to an impertinence. Wellington is merely damned for his portly darlings, but then Wellington, though preposterous as a politician, was a great man. * * *

The menacing letter from the Libraries was received by the Publishers on the very day of their Council meeting. This may, or may not, have been accidental, but at any rate it put the Publishers at a disadvantage. The Council meetings of the Publishers' Association, being dominated by knights and other mandarins, are apt to be formal and majestic in character. You can't blurt out whatever comes into your head at a Council meeting of the Publishers' Association. And nearly everybody is afraid of everybody else. No one had had time to think the matter over, much less to decide whether surrender or defiance would pay best or look best. Consequently the reply sent to the Libraries was a masterpiece of futility. The mildly surprising thing is that, in the Council itself, there was a strong pro-Library party. Among this party were Messrs. Hutchinson and Mr. Heinemann. Messrs. Hutchinson, it is well known, have consistently for many years tried to publish only novels for "family reading." It is an ambition, like another. And one may admit that Messrs. Hutchinson have fairly well succeeded in it. Mr. Heinemann issues as much really high-class literature as any publisher in London, but if his policy has had a "family and young lady" tendency, that tendency has escaped me. He has published books (some of them admirable works, and some not) which a committee of hiring experts would have rejected with unanimous execration. It is needless to particularise. Why Mr. Heinemann should have supported the Libraries in the private deliberations of the Publishers I cannot imagine. But that is the fault of my imagina- tion. I have an immense confidence in Mr. Heinemann's business acumen and instinct for self-preservation. * * *

The Publishers, if they chose, could kill the censorship movement at once by politely declining to submit their books to the censorship. If only the three big fiction firms concerted to do this, the Libraries would be compelled to withdraw their project. But the Pub- lishers will not do this; not even three of them will do it. The only argument against a censorship is that it is ex- tremely harmful to original literature of permanent value; and such an argument does not make any very powerful appeal to publishers. What most publishers want is to earn as much money as possible with as little fuss as possible. Again, the Authors' Society would kill the censorship conspiracy by declining to sign any agreement with publishers which did not contain a clause forbidding the publisher to submit the book to the committee of hiring experts. Those leading novelists could command the situation. But the Authors' Society will do nothing effective. The official reply of the Authors' Society was as feeble as that of the Publishers. I repeat that the only argument against a censorship is that it is extremely harmful to original literature of permanent value; such an argu- ment does not make any very powerful appeal to authors. What most authors want is to earn as much money as possible with as little fuss as possible. Besides, the great money-makers among authors—the authors of weight with publishers and libraries—have nothing to fear from any censorship. They censor themselves. They take the most particular care not to write anything original, courageous, or true, because these qualities alienate more subscribers than they please. I am not a pessimist nor a cynic, but I enjoy contemplating the real facts of a case. * * *

All the forces would seem to be in favour of the establishment of a censorship. (And by a censorship I mean such a censorship as would judge books by a code which, if it was applied to them, would excom- municate the Bible, Shakspere, Defoe, Richardson, Fielding, Sterne, Swift, Shelley, Rossetti, Meredith, Hardy, and George Moore. "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel" would never, as a new work, pass a library censorship. Nor would "Jude the Obscure," nor half a dozen of Hardy's other books; nor would most of George Moore.) Nevertheless I am not very much per- turbed. There are three tremendous forces against the establishment of a censorship, and I think that they will triumph. The first is that mysterious nullifying force by which such movements usually do fizzle out. The second force against it lies in the fact that the move- ment is not genuinely based on public opinion. And the third is that there is a great deal of money to be made out of merely silly mawkish books which the censorship would ban with such serious, original works. For such books a genuine demand exists among people otherwise strictly respectable, far stronger than the feel- ing against such books. That demand will have its way. A few serious and obstinate authors will perhaps suffer for a while. But then we are told not to suffer. We don't seem to mind. No one could guess, for instance, from the sweet Christian kindness of my general tone in this column towards Mr. Jesse Boot's library that Mr. Jesse Boot had been guilty of banning some of my work which I love most. But it is so. I suppose we don't mind, because in the end, dead or alive, we come out on top.

JACOB TONSON.
BOOK OF THE WEEK.

Love's Answer.

[The writer of the following stanzas had agreed with the Editor of THE WEEK to review such books published in America as seemed to be concerned with the dominant idea of this age, namely, the idea of Socialism in its best sense: the sense that is an attempt to make a new world for men. This agreement was shortly followed by the writer's reading of a book by Edward William Thomson, entitled "When Lincoln died, and Other Poems," published in Boston, Mass., U.S.A., by Houghton, Mifflin and Company; also in Canada under the title of "The Many Mansioned House."]

This writer at the time was living alone on the coast of California. For two weeks he roamed the shore, reading the book, and thinking of it, and living in it. His purpose was to review it for THE NEW AGE. The following is the form the review assumed. The quatrain quoted at the beginning is taken from the book in question.

'Tis only when Love's angel eyes
Gaze steadfast from a mortal guise,
They still the tumult of the doubt.

Your book lies by me on the sand—
Here where I lonely sit and mark
The billows crashing in from stark,
Untrammelled vasts of sea to land.

The dunes are as heaped misty gold
Drenched in the sun's transmuting wine,
Whereon the golden poppies twine
And wind-warped oaks keep twisted hold.

As molten sapphire is the sea,
Save for exasperated foam
That chafes the shore it cannot roam
With white rebellion splendidly.

The blue, serene, high dome of sky
Temples the world—as though its God
Had come to walk upon its sod,
Drawn by this day's meet majesty.

The sun and air and wind, and goes
Its course from lofty prayer to mirth.

Here, by the great Pacific's verge,
Your book's voice and the sea's voice whom
All other voices of life's realm,
Together chanting Lincoln's dirge.

I know that many billion years
And pow'rs of earth and air and sun
Conjoined to cause these waves that run
To cry God's language in my ears.

Also I know that miracles
Untellable of time and change,
Conjoined to cause your words that range
Man's homes and hearts and heavens and hells.

Do not know or sea or song
The more my soul with wonder thrills,
But song may be when these belong
With other seas and hills that passed
From their appointed time and place
To lend some undiscovered trace
To this our world—that will not last.

But words belong with living man,
And are the bodies of his soul,
When truth and purpose rule the scroll,
Firm-shaped for future men to scan.

And still must other Lincolns bleed,
And still must poets dirge their dooms—
For still the ancient menace glooms
Upon all sons of Adam's seed.

The menace of men's hate for man—
O bitter drink and Judas kiss
That ev'ry Christ must know, nor miss
Gethsemane's woe and Mary's ban!

Ah, strange it is to us who know
The worth of love—as Lincoln knew—
To see the sword of hate strike through
The peace of love and bring it low!

MICHAEL WILLIAMS.

REVIEWS.

The Submarine Girl. By Edgar Turner. (Stanley Paul. 6s.)

This book promised better things at the beginning than do happen in and after the foolish chapter called, "The Bursting of the Bomb." The bomb merely turned out to be a dummy one, and the girl, in whom the author certainly meant to portray a noble-hearted revolutionist, shows herself down as a facetious joker. Mr. Turner fails to manage his puppet any longer. That this silly character, during a voyage on a submarine, is made to meet with Vanderdecken, the historical Flying Dutchman, on board the famed phantom ship "Amsterdammer" is a sample of what Mr. Edgar Turner is prepared to do in order to sign himself a novelist. The tragedy of Vanderdecken is made a vehicle for some intolerably tame scenes, and as one new mother-law of the Dutchman is introduced for the first time on any stage. We are not surprised to hear that the "Submarine Girl" is not "different from all other girls." The volume might be acceptable to the inhabitants of Bedlam.

The Spiritual Combat. By Dom. Lorenzo Scupoli. (Methuen. 2s.)

This is a very valuable work containing the experiences of a Catholic mystic whose writings have exerted a wide influence. Perhaps our only objection to Scupoli is that, like many another intellectual, he occupies a rather narrow position. He rejects the physical observances of the Catholic Church in favour of the intellectual, and this notwithstanding that the physical have just as much significance as aids to the understanding of mysticism, for a certain class of people that is unable to understand the intellectual, as the intellectual have for those that understand them and reject physical observances accordingly. Such an attitude is illogical and tends to defeat its own ends. This in denouncing the Flight of the Holy Dove as a horrible observance, as many do, is to ask for the removal of an expedient that alone appeals to the imagination of many a dull person. However those who desire to know how spiritual perfection may be attained without the aid of masses, sackcloth, scourgings, vigils, fasts, etc., should read this excellent addition to Messrs. Methuen's Library of Devotion.

Reginald Bosworth Smith. By Lady Grogan. (Nisbet. 10s. 6d.)

All who were privileged to read that fine series of articles which Bosworth Smith contributed to the "Fortnightly" some years ago will doubtless welcome this deeply sympathetic expression of the natural life by his daughter, Lady Grogan. The book really forms an appendix to these articles, inasmuch as it shows the internal motives of a life of which the pursuit of natural history formed one of the chief outward expressions. Accordingly, you see the mind and character of the writer of "Bird Life," learn where and how he came to write his articles, his antecedents, the influences working through him, in fact all about a
charming and lovable personality. You are introduced to Stafford Rectory, a fascinating old place peculiarly suited to bring out field-naturalist propensities, as well as to the 37 years at Harrow where these propensities were developed, and you are given a good insight into the surroundings of the naturalist, but you do not see him at work. To this latter and most interesting side of the Harrow master but one short chapter is devoted, the rest of the book being given over to a comparatively dull account of his career as schoolmaster, biographer, and politician. So the book admirably serves its purpose in revealing the naturalist as a man of many and varied interests. But to us Bosworth Smith has given more interest than deserving rank, in a fascinating way. Thus in the "Wonder Book of Magnetism" he tells the story of a magnetic pocketknife-blade. Similarly in the "Wonder Book of Light" he shows the mysteries of the magic flux; and the Faerie Queene and Fortunatus holding forth on the magical properties of a magnetised pocketknife-blade. In this way fact and fable are made to work harmoniously, and juveniles who must explore the appalling regions of natural science are fortunate in having a nice white elephant to carry them round.

School Care Committees. A Guide to their Work. By C. F. Davies. (Burleigh. 6d. net.)

Last July a completely new organisation of the School Care Committees was inaugurated by the London County Council. The Central Children's Care Committee is a Sub-Committee of the Education Committee; the School Care Committees with which Miss Davies more especially deals are those connected with every public school. The duties of the members have been defined by the L.C.C., and are of real importance for the future of the children. Medical advice and treatment, the feeding and the after employment of the children are among the subjects the members have to consider. Miss Davies has written an extremely useful and comprehensive guide for those about to serve. She explains her little book one quotation will suffice: "To the member of a Care Committee, for example, the future capacity for independence of the child with its whole life before it; and depending, as it must, on a minimum of physical health, is of greater importance than any hypothetical influence on the independence of mature men and women whose physique and moral character are already formed." Unfortunately the chief care of most members of these Committees is that of themselves, and their chief article of creed is "the poor in a loom is bad." We hope Miss Davies's book will be widely and sympathetically read.

Greece in Evolution. Edited by G. F. Abbot. (Unwin. 3s.)

This collection of essays embodies a plea on behalf of the French League for the Defence of the Rights of Hellenism, and it is, oddly enough, prefaced by Sir Charles Dilke, one of the least likely persons we should have thought interested in the subject. It mainly reveals the rediscovery by a little band of Philhellenes of a Greece mostly living on its past. In this connection it tells us much that we already know. For instance, everybody knows that "Why We Love Greece" (Theophile Homolle) is because of its glorious past; that "The Greek Church" (Charles Diehl) has been the mainstay of Hellenism. Painters have recorded "Picturesque Greece" (Gustave Fougeres), and archeologists have "Hero of Greece" (Herbert Rose). But a Pioneers whilst recent events have brought home to us the spread of Hellenism in Turkish Asia and Macedonia. All this is not new. What the book ought mainly to reveal is the evolution of Greece since the Crimea War, which was but another outburst of the desire to put a king on the Greek throne. This war had the effect of changing Greece from the country of England and France into a limited liability company, with the European Powers as shareholders. To-day it has become an admitted liability to its government, and involves innumerable interests. Its present desire is, of course, to buy out its numerous shareholders and to become once more a one-man concern. The possibility that Greece may attain its former glory seems not to be excluded by these admirable essays, but the probability is altogether another thing.

The French Procession. A Pageant of Great Writers. By Madame Duclaux. (Unwin. 12s. 6d.)

This is altogether an admirable, well-written, and finely illustrated volume. The glorious past of France has been the undoing of so many deserving writers that it is a pleasant thing to be able to report to M. Jules Duclaux on having treated the subject with a fair measure of success. Thus she exhibits the Genius of France—invention, as seen in new and revolutionary movements; the secret of the success of thirty remarkable minds through three important stages, the classic, the romantic, and the scientific, from a purely literary standpoint. To her method of arranging the pageant we have but little objection to make. She draws from her story as she knows it, and tells her facts with care, and she selects her leading men according to her considerable knowledge and excellent taste. Of course, her arrangement and choice may not suit everyone. Some readers may object that the treatment of events runs too smoothly, and there is but little to indicate the clash of swords heralding each marvellous transforming movement, except perhaps in the case of Bruntéere, who fought for the classic revival, and of Taine, who struggled on behalf of science. Others may say that Corneille is to be preferred to Racine, that the influence of Molière deserves to be noted, that Rousseau, the democrat, should be heard at greater length than Voltaire, the aristocratic; and that Anatole France has no right in the classic world even as a tailpiece. But, as Aesop's Fable points out, you cannot please everybody. After all, the great thing is to please the appreciative; and all who can appreciate its treatment will find pleasure in this book, and many interesting moments also.

The Street of Adventure. By Philip Gibbs. (Heinemann. 3s.)

The moral we gather from Mr. Gibbs' book—it is essentially a book with a moral—is probably not the one he intended. Doubtless he would cry to all young men of journalistic tendencies, "Keep out of Fleet Street. Avoid the subtle poison of that atmosphere." However, since, like most novel-writers, he feels constrained to show us one or two nice, unpolluted persons in his pages—some true knights and gentle ladies of the "Street of Adventure"—we have, as we said, gathered our own moral, which is, that whatever we are we must become, and so we may as well go to Fleet Street as anywhere else. We were greatly interested in reading the book. There is much workman-like detail, and the story of the various persons on the paper is well held together. Some of the characters are evidently drawn from life—not, we should imagine, the hero, about whom his author protests so much. It is surely not merely unpleasant but untrue for Mr. Gibbs to suggest that movements which are good in themselves, but ill-nourished wife, overburdened with children, in some dreary suburb or other, and we are inclined to think Mr. Gibbs' portrayal of Katherine Halstead, the woman-reporter, is entirely unsympathetic.
should express a desire for her to marry the hero, Frank Luttrell, except because she is obviously in love with Christopher Codrington, and it would serve her right, so to speak, we cease trying to understand.

The Price of Lis Doris. By Maarten Maartens. (Nelson. 5s.)

The girl marries one man, whom, by the way, we are to suppose unworthy of her, to provide money for the man she loves in order to develop his genius of painting. That will not do. The novelistic self-sacrificing female villain-heroine is becoming a terrible bore. In less degenerate these cretices, and it is hard looking to have to review them in books. The live, self-sacrificing woman marries, not someone else, but the man of genius himself in his helplessness; she sacrifices herself and himself to his comfort all day long, and successfully thrilling articles run Taine, which has a bus was exactly this type of woman until Mr. Maartens began to imagine her psychology. Thereafter she had to develop melodramatically to marry the wealthy Pareys, and only go mothering—or smothering—his life. It is time some novelist treated this Yetta person truly. We are only plagued to find her set up as a theatrical marionette. She exists right enough; but her form of villainy is to bring her genius a bowl of soup in the middle of a.composition. It is time some of these articles has he ever eaten as you find it in Nature. Has he ever tasted wild olives? Does he really think that he can do anything without for discipline than boarding out. Would forcible feeding give women of this type any sense of discipline? It is less uniformity, not more, that is required in the elementary schools. Mr. Street writes of Franklin Harris's "Shakespeare", as the "most acute and original criticism that has appeared since Coleridge, and is far more interesting than Copley's. We protest against an advertisement appearing as an article on "Woman's Health." This is abominable.

In the "British Health Review" Mr. Upton Sinclair maintains, there is now one of the least unreadable of the reviews, and is certainly the best edited. "In Par-liament'' gives a lucid account of the death duties and income tax; the writer favours a simpler grading of the latter. Mrs. Hodgkinson's views because they lead to the destruction of agriculture entirely to Free Trade, I say with a good conscience, then, that most babies are fed too frequently, and all are badly clothed. Mrs. Hodgkinson's remarks on "The Girl and Her Rights" are quite sensible, and deserve consideration by all mothers. We can agree that soap is absolutely necessary for discipline than boarding out. Would forcible feeding give women of this type any sense of discipline? It is less uniformity, not more, that is required in the elementary schools. Mr. Street writes of Franklin Harris's "Shakespeare", as the "most acute and original criticism that has appeared since Coleridge, and is far more interesting than Copley's. We protest against an advertisement appearing as an article on "Woman's Health." This is abominable.

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"Violence has bred violence." We hope the women will remember this when they have the power; Mrs. Fawcett gives us pause with her "the Irish emigrated to a kind of wild-cat government." In "Bow and Spear," the editors repudiate the "Spectator's" suggestion that all our women should be robust and strong, and the French emigrated to the colonies. A Mrs. Somervell, reprobating Mrs. Gilman's views because they lead to the destruction of home life, etc., commences her "longed absence from home! All that these middle-class women mean, of course, is that the working class women must remain drudges. Unamuno continues his racy article on "The Spirit of Spain," and it is hard looking to have to review them in books. The live, self-sacrificing woman marries, not someone else, but the man of genius himself in his helplessness; she sacrifices herself and himself to his comfort all day long, and successfully thrilling articles run Taine, which has a bus was exactly this type of woman until Mr. Maartens began to imagine her psychology. Thereafter she had to develop melodramatically to marry the wealthy Pareys, and only go mothering—or smothering—his life. It is time some novelist treated this Yetta person truly. We are only plagued to find her set up as a theatrical marionette. She exists right enough; but her form of villainy is to bring her genius a bowl of soup in the middle of a.composition. It is time some of these articles has he ever eaten as you find it in Nature. Has he ever tasted wild olives? Does he really think that he can do anything without for discipline than boarding out. Would forcible feeding give women of this type any sense of discipline? It is less uniformity, not more, that is required in the elementary schools. Mr. Street writes of Franklin Harris's "Shakespeare", as the "most acute and original criticism that has appeared since Coleridge, and is far more interesting than Copley's. We protest against an advertisement appearing as an article on "Woman's Health." This is abominable.

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Haymarket Theatre.

MAETERLINCK'S "Blue Bird" is a delicate fancy, destined surely to be supreme among all fairy plays. Its form is classical; its treatment altogether fresh. We are familiar enough with the traditional story of the fairy play—with the children safely tucked up in bed on Christmas Eve, with their year-long night among the immortals, and their awakening in the humble woodcutter's cottage, possessors of the secrets of happiness. But who except Maeterlinck would have sent them upon their journey armed with a magic diamond to show them at every turn the souls of things? Who but he could have materialised the Soul of Bread, a jolly if cowardly monster, all well-baked crust, his very face suggestive of a cottage loaf; the Soul of Sugar, brittle and conciliatory; the Soul of Milk, a sweet Madonna clothed in dripping curds; the Soul of Water, shimmering green and mysterious, the incarnation of goodness, like Henley's "Ballade Made in the Hot Weather"; or the Souls of Trees—the Oak, an old, blind king; the Chestnut, a finicking, polished dandy; the Lime, a jovial bourgeois half enslaved by man? Man, says the Oak, is the universal enemy. He has already captured the fruit trees, the garden flowers. Every year his encroachments become more serious. The bull, the sheep, the horse are his, though they are still wild at heart and loathe their slavery. Only the dog is really faithful to him. Tyltyl and Mytyl are among the tombs, waiting for the dead than the conventional stage temple. Surely the children are sad, too, and the little bags they carry with them are filled with tears, for they cannot appear. The hour comes, with darkness and the air is full of mist. Then suddenly it happens, "There are no dead." The soul of the cat is there—a feline soul. The souls of the beasts and the trees belong to the hours of darkness; war, disease, and famine are chained up in the palace of Night. Death, however, is no power who are not yet born should dwell amid blue mists, playing with the tails of comets or riding upon shooting stars. Finally there is the Blue Bird, the symbol of happiness—the happiness of night that dies at break of day.

I had forgotten the Land of Memory, where those who have lived live again as often as others think of them, and the Forest where the children so narrowly escape the vengeance of the animals and trees. But all the adventures of Tyltyl and Mytyl are exquisite. The translation by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos is rather commonplace. Like most renderings from the French, it labours certain sounds, such as "probably" or "ideas"—words which fall lightly as a feather in Maeterlinck's original, but heavily in English, especially from children's lips. The scenery is designed by F. Cayley Robinson. The production, by S. H. Sime, and Joseph Harker. Have I already referred to the arrangement of the kingdom of the future? The Kingdom of the Past (among the tombs) is more successful, and, of course, much easier of realisation. The cypresses and the gloom of piles of rock made this scene extraordinarily impressive. It is evidently Mr. Sime's work.

Most of the costumes, too, are well designed. It is impossible to feel greatly impressed by the animals, with such very small voices issuing from monstrous heads, but the birds are a triumph, with white beards and sightless eyes, leaning upon a sapling, wears a marvellous robe, all crumbling lichen-bark and shaded green.

Olive Walter, as the boy Tyltyl, will delight everybody. It is to be hoped that if ever Mr. Herbert Trench returns to his original repertory scheme "The Blue Bird" will not be forgotten.

ASHLEY DUKES.

ART.

"Blas't yer merry Chris'mus! Blast you fer wyking me aht 'er nyce sleep! Blast everybody an' every-fing, I sy! Blast orl ter 'ell!" The speaker is a little flower girl who was fast asleep when I came across her on London Bridge early one bitter Boxing morning. She lifts her face to me—a pinched, painter's face that suggestive of a cottage loaf; a finicking, polished dandy; a jovial bourgeois half enslaved by man? Man, says the Oak, is the universal enemy. He has already captured the fruit trees, the garden flowers. Every year his encroachments become more serious. The bull, the sheep, the horse are his, though they are still wild at heart and loathe their slavery. Only the dog is really faithful to him. Tyltyl and Mytyl are among the tombs, waiting for the dead than the conventional stage temple. Surely the children are sad, too, and the little bags they carry with them are filled with tears, for they cannot appear. The hour comes, with darkness and the air is full of mist. Then suddenly it happens, "There are no dead." The soul of the cat is there—a feline soul. The souls of the beasts and the trees belong to the hours of darkness; war, disease, and famine are chained up in the palace of Night. Death, however, is no power who are not yet born should dwell amid blue mists, playing with the tails of comets or riding upon shooting stars. Finally there is the Blue Bird, the symbol of happiness—the happiness of night that dies at break of day.

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ASHLEY DUKES.

I grow confused. I look across the wide reach of river and resort. Big Ben booms. Dawn is breaking. The great red sun peers through the deadly white mist in which the atmosphere is enveloped. It is admitted that this is the inter-dawn purgatory. Beneath its glance an Empire's granite and continent-connecting ships that have come to gather in big, simple, stately masses under the unifying influence of the sun. The green and yellow and blue-gloaming ships without some object of the earth, the deep, sobbing sounds of "Lend me your aid" roll westward as though borne by a soul in pain. "Yer ain't a 'tec, are yer, guvn'ner?" It is the outcast speaking. I answer no, and to prove it I invite her to feed with phantoms and diseases, but all the scents of night, with glow-worms, will-o'-the-wisps, night-dews and stars. Finally there is the Blue Bird, the symbol of happiness—the happiness of night that dies at break of day.

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ASHLEY DUKES.
me. "Where can we go?" She knows of a nyce coffer palls dar th' Cut. Thither we go through hail, sleet, and snow, and cover the homely corfee pallis darn th' Cut. Thither we go through hail, sleet, and snow, and over the homely landscape of Manchester Town. We are the company of the eighteenth century, and the "English Landscape" of Constable. That Ward deserves the present renewed interest in his work may be garnered from his masterly canvases at the Tate and National Galleries, as well as from the admirable colour and photographic reproductions, and the useful long list of his complete works in the book before me. This volume should be of special interest to those who are interested in the English countryside with some of the most beautiful of which Ward's name is closely associated. 

Judging by the number received of "Great Painters of the Nineteenth Century" (Pitman, 7d.), the complete work promises to be both comprehensive and cheap. The biographies by Leonce Bédérite are brief and adequate and the many reproductions quite good. The study of the French masters in the Dowdeswell Galleries for the sorrow of Eugénie Burnardian's big dramatic picture in oils, "La Voie Douteuse." In this careful piece of academic work, in his series of drawings, "The Parables," the religious sentiment is none too far from the surface; his studies are photographic and hard, they reproduce well and the English version of the "Paraboles Illustrées" should make a handsome and seasonable present. That is to those who reverence the Christian virtues of humility and sorrow. But to us, as to Pierre Corneille, "Joy serveth in a thousand ways, But sorrow serveth not at all."

HUNTY CARTER.

Insurance Notes.

In a previous article we advised those readers who were members of collecting friendly societies to take an interest in their management and to seek representation as delegates, and we also pointed out how the remembrances of the deceased may be disposed of. The third sub-section deals with prospective operations under the Act. (4) Any collecting society or industrial insurance company which, after the passing of this Act, issues policies of insurance which are not within the legal powers of such society or company, shall be held to have made default in complying with the requirements of this Act; and the provisions of this Act with respect to such default shall apply to collecting societies, industrial assurance companies, and their officers, in like manner as they apply to assurance companies and their officers.

The fourth sub-section refers to the much debated conversion provisions. (4) Without prejudice to the powers conferred by section twenty-one with the "Friendly Societies' Act, 1896, the committee of management, or other governing body of a collecting society having more than one hundred thousand members, may petition the court to make an order for the conversion of the society into a mutual company under...
The companies (Consolidation) Act, 1908, and the court may make such orders, if, after hearing representations of management, or other governing body, and other persons whom the court considers entitled to be heard on the petition, the court is satisfied, on a poll being taken, that 55 per cent. at least of the members of sixteen years of age agree to the conversion; and the court may give such directions as it thinks fit for settling on a proper memorandum and for the conversion of the usual Scotch and Welsh style. When such petition is presented to the court, notice of intention to present the petition shall be published in the “Gazette.”

The last sub-section is explanatory. (5) In this section the expressions “collecting society” and “industrial assurance company” have the same meanings as in the Collecting Societies and Industrial Assurance Companies Act, 1896.

What the members have to remember is that the whole of Section 96, described above, is now in force, having come into operation on December 3rd.

CORRESPONDENCE.

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

ELECTORAL POLICY.

To the Editor of “The New Age.”

In your last note you say: “The way is plain both for Liberals and Socialists,” presumably such way being to vote Liberal, but for its ideal licensing impulse.

The wretched Education and Licensing Bills are to be introduced but for its ideal licensing impulse. . . . Mr. Lloyd George’s Budget would have been passed by the Lords but for its beer clauses; and the present Government would still be in power for its ideal licensing impulse.

Apparently we are to take this into account. Then we find “Stanhope of Chester” making a totally illogical charge against Mr. Blatchford in his defence of Liberal Ministers. He writes: “Mr. Blatchford is assuming that the Liberal Ministers are all traitors.” Mr. Norman calls “Nunquam,” a Socialist incendiary because his actions are “anti-Socialist and anti-Liberal.” He objects to Mr. Blatchford writing in an “anti-Liberal paper.”

Without going into Mr. Blatchford’s views, I submit as much right to advocate his views in an anti-Liberal paper as any other Socialist his views in an antiliberal paper, like the “Daily News” or the “Daily Chronicle.”

It is necessary, as most Socialists all over the world believe, to build up a Socialist party, surely it is essential, at this moment in our history, in the most careful and fully from being identified with a Liberalism that is anti-Masonic, and must be anti-Socialist.

FRED H. GOLE.

A BISHOP ON “CHANGE.”

To the Editor of “The New Age.”

Last Wednesday I succeeded in getting into the Royal Exchange, and having hidden in a quiet corner high over the heads of the people, I was able to witness the most beautiful and touching picture of the Bishop of London “preaching straight words” to the “men who are at the head of things commercial.”

I saw these babes, “with their silks hats held over one shoulder, listening intently to the Bishop’s words,” some winking with emotion, all blushing, as he praised the commercial morality of the city.

He had not come with a doctrine of rose-water, but to tell them plain truths; to speak of death, judgment, and redemption, of which they had never heard before, poor dears, being so busy “trying to get a little more money,” and to do good to anybody who had some of it to spare. In a word, in the usual Scotch and Welsh style of the “Daily Chronicle,” he told them of the things that matter most in life, for they didn’t know, poor innocents. He preached no austere gospel from lofty and unattainable heights of virtue, as the “D. C.” fe airily remarks.

Certainly not! Why should he? Not even a scourge of small cords did he bring to this temple of honest money changers. But why did the Bishop come there? Could he not have gone to people whose aims were selfish, who were not so much truth as to the necessity of self-restraint and self-control in the doing of business in general and the payment of taxes in particular, as to put his words in a truer and more business-like form. Was it for fun? Or had anyone said—had anyone been pulling his leg? A beadle opened the window and I flew out.

R. MARTIN.

THE ATTITUDE OF THE POOR TO THE C.O.S.

To the Editor of “The New Age.”

If I may venture to address a letter on this subject, I shall say that if the C.O.S. refuse relief without previous investigation to people either with or without pianos, they do so to the true end, that the poor are to be kept from the knowledge of the matter than Mr. Randall does. The bleeding sore is the existence of the C.O.S., not its methods.

A. JASTHIN.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

FREEMASONRY.—A recent reference to suppressed articles on this subject has brought me a letter from a correspondent, who puts questions which it would require a lengthy treatise to answer. With the Editor’s permission, I propose to deal briefly in THE NEW AGE with correspondence of such a character, arising out of articles in the paper.

My correspondent, who writes as though he were a member of, or sympathiser with, the Roman commune, asks why Lord Ripon was “hounded out of” Masonry, on joining that Church. I was formerly told, by a Roman Catholic friend, that Lord Ripon forsook Masonry for Romanism in consequence of his error on discussion of the tradition of Masonry. Both of these statements cannot be true, and probably neither of them is true. The Church of Rome formally forbids its adherents to belong to the Masonic body, before joining that Church, therefore, Lord Ripon would be called upon to resign his position in Masonry.

Masonry, like nearly every other society, from Catholic Church to to the Playgoers’ Club, has undergone schism and separation. In Roman Catholic countries it has rejected all connection with Christian dogma, and developed into a political, and practically a religious, institution, particularly distinguished by antagonism to the Roman Church. Its character has been determined by its environment. In Mohammedan countries, where the Roman Church has never been heard of, Masonry is not an Anti-Papal society. In France, where a Clerical boycott long reigned in the Army (as I have previously stated), the Masonic bills drafted for the Navy, the result of the Dreyfus case has not yet produced a Masonic boycott, from which Jesuit-bred officers are now suffering in their turn.

In this country, where Clericalism is a thing of recent growth, no organisation has yet sprung up to oppose it; and that fact constitutes a very serious peril for the nation. The Protestant organisations have so far failed to readjust themselves to the conditions of the new age. The Rationalist societies are equally behind the times. The work they are doing is already done. Their organisation, as stated in the Age of Reason, which are known to-day as the higher criticism, have been embodied in the Encyclopedia Britannica, and in the Encyclopaedia Britannica. The “New Church” of England canon and professor of theology in the University of Oxford. What more do they want?

While the self-meaning Masons, by introducing the air, the Church of Rome is quietly at work suppressing discussion, capturing the press, and filling the bureaucracy with her adherents. The Masonic Church is the Friendly Societies are equally behind the times. The work they are doing is already done. Their organisation, as stated in the Age of Reason, which are known to-day as the higher criticism, have been embodied in the Encyclopedia Britannica, and in the Encyclopaedia Britannica. The “New Church” of England canon and professor of theology in the University of Oxford. What more do they want?

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