THE CAR OF JUGGERNAUT.
All communications for the Editor should be sent to 38, Cursor Street, Chancery Lane, E.C.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Now that the cold-blooded debauch of Christmas cupidity is over, the country can resume its occupation with the political crisis. Things have indeed been singularly flat even to this time of the year. Tory organisers, in particular, have to report an almost universal slump in the purchase of their wares: due not entirely to the season, but in good part to the very nature of their traffic. The fact is that Tariff Reform is played out, and the attempted rehabilitation of the House of Lords is proving unpopular. Under these circumstances, should nothing catastrophic occur, there is little difficulty in forecasting the result of the General Election. The Liberals will be returned with a substantial majority. The Irish will support them and the Labour Party may rise a peg or two in both numbers and power.

It must be confessed that the result will not be due wholly to Liberals, who are experiencing, indeed, the most extraordinary luck. It will be due very largely to the complete incompetence, amounting almost to a blight, which has fallen on the Unionist Party. Nothing that they have done or do but turns out badly for their cause and almost without the possibility of recouping the dregs and scum of capitalistic dish-lickings. It is one of the tragedies of political history that Mr. Balfour should be associated as leader with the dregs and scum of capitalistic dish-lickings. But besides him who is there to assume even the nominality of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. We have every desire to make war on England, but nobody outside a small clique believes in it. The pro-consuls are exploded, and even Lord Curzon leaving the august presence not only a wiser but a scarcer man. We should  not be surprised to learn that Mr. L. J. Maxse, we observe, speaks of his interview with Mr. Chamberlain, a duller man never found greatness thrust upon him;

But there is one mystery in the Unionist Party: it is the mystery of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. We have every desire to make war on England, but nobody outside a small clique believes in it. At all events, the German scare will not be an issue of the present Election. We should be surprised to learn that four men whose names are Lord Northcliffe, Mr. J. L. Maxse, Mr. Strachey, and Mr. Garvin, engineered the whole action with no more authority than their own initiative. And unhappily for them, but happily for the world, the device has failed. Of that, of course, there can be no doubt. Germany may be preparing to make war on England, but nobody outside a small clique believes it. At all events, the German scare will not be an issue of the present Election.

Or take again the propaganda of Tariff Reform. Could anything be more inept than the way in which it has been carried on? To judge from their speeches and writings, no two Tariff Reformers agree on a single detail of their whole scheme. What one prominent person says on the subject to-day is completely contradicted by an equally prominent person to-morrow. There is no unity of theory, because there is no authority of any kind. Babel was a monologue in comparison with the speeches of Tariff Reformers. And the silliest statements apparently survive longest, through being uncontradicted. If we had tears to shed over the collapse of Tariff Reform we should begin to shed them now: for it is on its death bed, and the coming Election will end its days. But we have no tears, Danton. Tariff Reform began and will die as a counter move to the increasing cost of Social Reform. The governing classes snifled the approach of taxation for social purposes, and sought a means of recouping themselves by raising prices. Fortunately they are about to fail.

And what are we to say of the Unionist leaders except that there are none? Mr. Balfour is far and away the ablest man among them, incomparably subtle and incomparably ineffective. By nature detached from vulgar partisanship, he finds himself at the head of a trickle of mere, party, and collectively repugnant and vulgar partizasm. It is one of the tragedies of political history that Mr. Balfour should be associated as leader with the dregs and scum of capitalistic dish-lickings. But besides him who is there to assume even the nominality of leadership? Not a Unionist peer: of the full-blooded Tariff Reform faith but enters the fight discredited. The pro-consuls are exploded, and even Lord Curzon is an extinct volcano. The Unionists must be driven to a pretty pass when Lord Curzon is permitted to find himself in their front rank. As for Mr. Austen Chamberlain, a duller man never found greatness thrust upon him:
On the Liberal side, as we have said, however, the stars in their courses seem to be fighting. Only a week or so ago there were not wanting Liberals as well as Unionists to prophesy the defeat of the Liberals and the extinction of the Liberal Party. But to-day the dispute turns on the majority by which the Liberals will win. Many causes have contributed to this change in the state of affairs. Undoubtedly several of the Unionist guns, intended for so much mischief, have recoiled and slain their gunners. The German war-scare has been as disastrous for Unionists as it was meant to be disastrous for Liberals. The popularity of the House of Lords, again, has proved less considerable than was expected, and the appearance of the peers on the public platform has proved a Unionist calamity. No more talk now of the intellectual superiority of the peers over the members of the Government. Pretensions to Second Chamber authority, when expressed in the language of the stable and the heath, are sadly lacking in strength. In short, the peers as a whole have done their cause harm instead of good by their electioneering.

Of positive acts, further, the Government has not a few to its strategical credit. We may object as conscientiously as the political leaders, that impresses while we criticise certain changes in the Cabinet, and we have some of the rest of the Government cannot with all their faults, the rest of the Government cannot be regarded as negligible. There is a solidity about the Liberal leaders that impresses while we criticise them. Add to this the announcement of the proposed changes in the Cabinet, and we have some of the explanation of the powerful revival of Liberal optimism.

Nor is their programme bad from their party standpoint. The promise of Home Rule for Ireland has excited more enthusiasm and less opposition than might have been expected; and if the news is confirmed that Mr. Winston Churchill is to be the new Irish Secretary, the promise of Home Rule for Ireland has excited more enthusiasm and less opposition than might have been expected. The Election will be won this time by Mr. Lloyd George's cartoons. They have dominated the vocabulary of Liberal speeches throughout the country, and mopped up all the enthusiasm which would otherwise be wasted. This is indeed Mr. Lloyd George's Election out. Then, too, with all their faults, the rest of the Government cannot be regarded as negligible. There is a solidity about the Liberal leaders that impresses while we criticise them. Add to this the announcement of the proposed changes in the Cabinet, and we have some of the explanation of the powerful revival of Liberal optimism.

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There is really only one way out: it is the payment of members of Parliament by the State. We regret to see that Labour leaders are talking of procuring an Act to reverse the decision of the Judges, as they did in the case of the Taft Vale decision. A reversal by Act will, however, be impossible, for the decision was made by the Lords of Appeal, and the Lords are the ultimate appeal in the case of the Osborne decision. A reversal by Act will, however, be impossible, for the decision was made by the Lords of Appeal, and the Lords are the ultimate appeal in the case of the Osborne decision. A reversal by Act will, however, be impossible, for the decision was made by the Lords of Appeal, and the Lords are the ultimate appeal in the case of the Osborne decision. A reversal by Act will, however, be impossible, for the decision was made by the Lords of Appeal, and the Lords are the ultimate appeal in the case of the Osborne decision.

As a matter of fact, Lord Rosebery has already urged both parties alike to state their programme for the reform of the House of Lords. This is most dangerous. What is wanted is the reform of the House of Commons. We could easily suggest changes in the procedure of the House of Commons which would both make that House more democratic and efficient and at the same time more strikingly different from and hence less in theoretical or practical need of a Second Chamber check. All that need be done is to reorganise Parliamentary business on the lines of County Council business; to appoint Committees for the various functions of Parliament, which should periodically report. We have urged this more than once in the case of foreign affairs; and it is equally applicable to other Departments. The plan would do not only the humiliation of disempower all Members of the Lords, but of mitigating, if not of eliminating altogether the possible despotism of the Cabinet. Any reform of the House of Lords will be reactionary.

The Labour Party, or at least its I.L.P. section, declares, as we expected, for the complete abolition of the Lords, veto and all. That is honest, even if not feasible. But the decision of the Lords of Appeal in the Osborne Case declares, as we scarcely expected, for the complete abolition of the Labour Party. That is neither honest nor probable. Considering that funds are subscribed universally for the support of Liberal and Tory candidates who dance to the tune of the paying members, it does not pay the members to dance to the tune of the paying Trade Unions, it is mere cant to pretend that it is an infringement of personal rights in one case and not in the other. However, we are equally opposed to both and regard both as wrong and contrary to public policy. It is bad public policy to permit paid delegation of any sort or kind in Parliament, whether the delegates be tariff Reform, Liberal, or Labour. It is the complete frustration of Representative Government, which, whatever its faults, has not the humiliating feature of doll delegacy. If the Osborne decision were made biding not only on the Labour Party but on the other parties as well, we should not have a word to say. What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander.

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Foreign Affairs.

The passing year has been a turmoil of uncertainty for those interested in foreign affairs. It has been a year of European history, with the Russo-Japanese War and the consequent humiliation of Russia, as well as the outbreak of the Boxer Rebellion in China. Europe's political alliances were further complicated by the Balkan Wars, which were sparked by the assassination of Archduke Franz Ferdinand of Austria.

Germany, which had previously been considered the most powerful nation in Europe, was shocked by the defeat of Spain in the Moroccan War and the subsequent partition of Spanish Morocco. This event was a blow to Germany's prestige and its claim to be a great power. Germany responded to this setback by engaging in a series of actions that were seen as a challenge to the existing order of things.

The German war scare has completely failed. Lord Northcliffe and his consultants, Mr. Garvin, Mr. Maxse, Mr. Blatchford, Mr. Kenealy, and others miscalculated the moment for their scare. Even the tariff measures of the past have not been overrated.

The British fleet and the recognition by the would-be partitioners of Turkish determination to resist any further encroachments. England was irritated by the overt act of hostilities by which Germany mocked her military weakness. Italy was shocked at the revelation of German military confidence. Turkey can be organised, even in these days of widespread social and political disorganisation.

The German war scare has been a failure. Lord Northcliffe and his consultants, Mr. Garvin, Mr. Maxse, Mr. Blatchford, Mr. Kenealy, and others miscalculated the moment for their scare. Even the tariff measures of the past have not been overrated.

The Tory Party is to create trouble abroad, so as to attract the attention of English workmen from the work of the Government. The Tories are prepared to embroil England in foreign complications in order to catch votes. The foreign policy of Toryism is to create trouble abroad, so as to attract the attention of English workmen from the work of the Government.

The Spanish elections have resulted in a very subservient victory to the Spanish Government. The Spanish Government is permeating the East with its political forms and theories. The Indian Councils Act has set up an electoral machinery, and England can never turn back. The principle of representative government has been established in India. The future is uncertain; but England should trust India.

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Eye-openers for Electors.

II.—Landlord Taxation.

By O. W. Dyce.

The deafening racket kept up by Tariffite thumpers, trying to justify their exceptionally high duties by exceptionally loud clatter, is not to be allowed, thank heaven, to silence the advocates of genuine taxation reforms. All appearances point to the probability that such elec-tors as possess brains capable of simple mental processes will have excellent opportunities of making a choice and of indicating which particular shoulders are to bear the taxes of to-day and to-morrow.

General approval has been given in the past to various simple principles of taxation, one of which recognises it as just that every citizen shall pay something to the State that provides him with gun-boats, coast-guard stations, the British Museum, and other national paraphernalia. By the taxes on tea and coffee and beer and whiskey we may encourage our citizens in being especially virtuous. The term “luxury” is, in truth, narrowed down to the obvious; really great luxuries of a type not directly obvious have hitherto secured a delightful freedom from any embargo. What more resplendent “luxury” can a man indulge in than the ownership of freehold land in a populous city? He can sit in an armchair and say to the world around him: “Bless you, my children; work and be happy. Buy a little more in the shops, and I will raise my rents. Build tube railways, and I will see that the sixpence a week saved by the suburban clerk is added to his suburban rent. Lay out your municipal parks, and for every pound paid by the ratepayer for the laying-out an additional pound shall come to the landlord. To all intents and purposes there is no member of the community who occupies such a cogent of vantage as the landlord.

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A railway takes a toll from a thousand people every day, but the toll is limited in amount by Parliament. The exploiter of a marvellous invention may levy tribute right and left, but only for 14 years. The landlord alone has his grip on a tenant for all time—his tenant for a lifetime. He might feel a little to blame for not having taken certain precautions with regard to his route, but the essential fact to him was that the robbing was part of the recognised social life of the period. What was the use of being a predatory knight unless you behaved as such? He (the landlord) would do the same under the same circumstances. After a somewhat different fashion, but cer-

tainly not over any less extended a range, the landowner of the year 1909 is a legalised highway robber. He is the natural enemy of trade, industry, locomotion, science, and the arts, because he can command all of them to stand and deliver.

The food-taxers have recently put upon the hoardings a cartoon representing a British workman staggering along half-throttled by a foreign workman who has mounted upon his back. Now, apart from the everlasting tomfoolery of representing our best customers as our worst enemies, the cartoon-makers libel the Britisher in pretending that he is so hopelessly outclassed in the struggle. The foreigner’s competition may be keen, but the British workman can give a good account of himself, and there is no beast of burden to any Prussian. On the other hand, the British workman has been distinctly worsted in his encounters with landlordism; the landlord is complacently living upon the workman all the time, and is not under the necessity of doing any of the hard work that is presupposed by trade rivalries. When I pointed out this elementary fact to a son of the Earl of Southesk, he said that the Britisher should probably take a different view if I had a bit of land. It was the answer the mediavale peasant used to give to those who criticised the predatory knight.

Members of the House of Lords have joined house to house and laid field to field, until, at the present day, the average holding of a peer is only a handful of earth. Is there any landowner or citizen of the Realm who has not taken an active part in laying down the condition of the crofters of Scotland only as a despotic oppressor. Here is an extract from the evidence before a Commission appointed to inquire into the condition of the crofters: Donald M’Dougall is complaining that the Duke’s factor had ordained that no crofter should have a sheep for fear the sheep should break in upon the large farms.

“‘The factor,” said M’Dougall, “went round holding a paper in the one hand and a notice to quit in the other, and he told us that unless we signed this paper, the effect of which was that we would require to be obedient to anything and everything which either he or the Duke would order us to do, we would have to quit the place. We signed. What we wish now to bring under your notice is that in the small towns where the law is enforced —it gladdens our heart that our country is a land of law and liberty—still neither the law nor the liberty reached this estate.”

There has been much in every exhibition of a frigid hypocrisy in connection with the General Election issues, but the palm may be awarded to those politicians who profess to see something new and astonishing in the Government’s proposal to tax the unearned increment of land. On a thousand platforms for a score of years this particular taxation reform has been put in the forefront. Almost every social reformer since John Stuart Mill has made it a plank in his programme. Nothing more in accordance with common sense and common justice could be devised as an object of taxation than this steadily growing wealth, secured without work, without risk, without self-denial, the increment created by the energy and enterprise of the working community.
Whither? *  

Mr. Hobson is rational without being a rationalist, he is an artist whilst not artistic, he is communal whilst not communist; he claims to be a Liberal, and he's a very queer type. However, that's more his affair than ours, except for our doubts as to what extent Mr. Hobson speaks for a common mind or is merely voicing an individual view.

Mr. Hobson is more revolutionary than most Socialists; he understands the dangers of Social-Democracy and of Collectivism, and he essays to meet their difficulties. He is perhaps nearest to a group of Socialists who have as yet found no convenient label, but who will not be satisfied with the mere extension of liberty, the coercion of the individual, although it come with material betterment. I know not whether to call it a defect in Mr. Hobson, but he seems altogether too courteous, too kindly in his judgment of some of his opponents; perfectly well recognising their underlying motives he treats them with a consideration altogether inconsistent with their real value. In his chapter on 'The Social Philosophy of Charity Organisation', Mr. Hobson comes to quarters with the 'Charity Organisation Society,' and he demolishes the Society by close and reasoned argument. He shows the gradual deterioration in the word 'charity'; he points out that the Society and their philosophers instantly denounce larges gifts to the poor as a 'bribe' and that they have to 'apply their solicitude for the maintenance of moral responsibility' in the direction of the rich. They never lift their voice to save the characters of the well-to-do, which are constantly assailed by these same demoralising forces.' Mr. Hobson trounces Mr. Bosanquet's suggestion that 'unearned incomes' are only excellent 'if one has enough to live on'; he exposes the hollowness of the Society's pretensions that it is impossible to maintain a case.

'The case' does not truly reveal itself because it feels it is regarded as a 'case'. The subjective human facts and their organic relation in character escape record or appreciation because the temperament and purpose of the visitor are material to their discovery.' Then Mr. Hobson winds up his well-reasoned indictment by assuring us that 'This, of course, involves no vulgar imputation of hypocrisy. Most of the men and women who hold these views are genuinely convinced of their accuracy.' Their fault is not that they are too hard-hearted, but that they are not sufficiently hard-headed. But is it not the truth about which we want to know perfectly well what they are doing? They know that they are merely pimps to the well-to-do classes, assisting the petty to swallow at their ease. 'Messrs. Loch and Co. live upon the poor in a very real sense; and all their arguments are simply restatements of their desire to continue that form of parasitic existence. I do wish Mr. Hobson could have been found for once praying for a revolution if only to have the satisfaction of seeing Dr. Bosanquet, Mr. C. S. Loch, Mrs. McCallum, Miss Dendy (the authors of a C.O.S. book) suspended from the lamp-posts. Mr. Hobson prefers to suspend them on the shafts of his philosophy and satire.

Representative government is on trial, which does not mean that it is not better than any other form of government that has hitherto been devised—it is much better—but merely that all governments are essentially bad, and that we shall have no peace until we abolish them entirely. Just now we have superior persons like Mr. Blatchford telling us that we shall gain our ends at the ballot box, but that he, artist and very superior person, would never soil his hands by signing a voting paper—how could he be a representative?—though this commonplace commonplace opinions like Mr. Bernard Shaw and Mr. H. G. Wells, who, it is known, hold much store by their votes. Mr. Hobson nowhere confesses that all forms of government must be partial failures, but he is at great pains to perfect the instrument. He favours adult suffrage, 'some form of proportional representation,' 'a check upon abuse of power on the part of a Cabinet and a House of Commons' by means of the Referendum and a Second Chamber.

"The true functions of the reformed Second Chamber should be purely judicial and deliberative. It should be composed of 'men of superior talent and acknowledged intellect and character, many of them possessed of experience in the making and administration of laws. It should be composed of elected persons perhaps from large electoral areas and on a proportional plan. Mr. Hobson recognises that this would be a somewhat conservative body, but he is not dismayed thereat, for though it would not have the power of veto it should be entrusted with a power of submitting to a Referendum any Bill passed by the House of Commons which in their judgment has not received the sanction of the popular will.'

The first objection to this Second Chamber is the difficulty, no, the impossibility of raising men. Mr. Hobson admits that to the upholding of the present system in the interests of the wealthy classes—'To this sociology of the vested interests, Biology, Psychology, Economics, Ethics, Philosophy, Religion are all made to contribute special aids. But the staple consists in a illicit extension of certain teachings of biology and a falsification of certain premises of economics.' In other words, all our professors and academicians are knowingly and of set purpose lying about the subjects they profess, and our politicians, who long ago brought home this charge to the economists and historians; I have, to the best of my ability, tried to bring it home to the biologists. As far as the judges are concerned we need go no further than to reason they have just given for their verdict in the Osborne Case. We see them inventing excuses and lies to show why the Labour Party should be treated differently from the Conservative and Liberal Parties. 'No one contends,' says Mr. Hobson, 'that the working man or washerwomen know as much about foreign policy or the general art of government as trained politicians, or even as members of the learned professions.' But they do know more about the special groups of facts which enter their life, etc. I believe also they know quite as much about the principles that should underlie our foreign policy as trained politicians—certainly I would sooner trust the views of a miner than I would those of Sir Edward Grey as to our dealings with Russia or Egypt.

'People of the twentieth century have set ourselves a problem which is incapable of solution; millions of persons cannot be governed according to the desires of these millions by any form of government. We must go back to small groupings of persons where no government will be required, where we can know exactly what is going on, what we have to do, and ourselves set about doing it.' Mr. Hobson labours to show us that the Referendum works excellently in Switzerland, but although he makes out the best case that has been as yet attempted for its introduction in this country, I think he fails. He has to show us that it will be very seldom used, and then only in a limited kind of case—with problems to which there is a ready solution, to which a yes or no can be made.

But are there any really important questions of so simple a nature where the issues would not be confused by devices of the modern electioneering parties? Suppose the question of treaty with Russia crops up, would our foreign minister not bluff the people in the same way as he would the Carey adviser in inquiring 'Do not more men of superior and acknowledged intellect and character, many of them possessed of experience in the making and administration of laws. It should be composed of elected persons perhaps from large electoral areas and on a proportional plan. Mr. Hobson recognises that this would be a somewhat conservative body, but he is not dismayed thereat, for though it would not have the power of veto it should be entrusted with a power of submitting to a Referendum any Bill passed by the House of Commons which in their judgment has not received the sanction of the popular will.'
utility of theory principle " in reform movements. He has no difficulty in showing that their neglect by poli-
critics like Mr. Webb and the Fabian Society generally
has been most disastrous. His chapter on " Millionaire
Endowments " deserves most careful study by Socialists
who still believe that non olet pecunia. He has a
proper disgust for all jobbery, whether manipulated by
collectivist or aristocrat. His considerations on the
limits of Collectivism or Social Democracy demand
more detailed information.

The whole book is replete with wise and carefully
considered judgments, with a wide and acute study of
existing conditions; with the evidence of a convinced
faith in man's destiny—the first requisite of every
democrat.

M. D. EDER.

Imaginary Speeches.

III. By Lord Rosebery.

Style: The JUDICIOUS-CONSISTENT.

The next Liberal Government has sent to the Lords a
Finance Bill, the only feature of which is the repeal of
the licence duty on dogs.

I have no party ties, my lords. I am but an ordinary
private, and I hope not altogether useless—(cheers)—
member of your lordships' House. I speak with no
glamour of ministerial authority about me. I have long
dwelt in isolation, I will not say splendid but certainly
complete—(laugh)—and I am not so vain or so shal-
low as to think that any halting sentences of mine will
have the merest modicum of influence upon your lord-
ships. Yet I cannot but deem it my duty to say my
feeble word—the tremulous mouthing it may seem,
maybe of an old superannuated, even doting, actor
who has long doffed the buskin—against this measure,
which from the bottom of my heart I believe to be
graft with the graven consequences to the welfare of this Empire and these ancient realms. (Loud
cheers.) What is this bill? It is, as far as my poor
intelligent can determine, an enabling bill to permit, nay
to compel—(loud cheers)—this country to take the first
downward step towards Avernus. Nothing more,
nothing less. "But," observe its suave and genial
genior—(laugh) "nothing is further from our
thoughts. (Laughter.) We haven't the slightest wish
to harm the country. " My lords, their intentions are
the very last things that matter. Your deeds may be
crimson though your desires be whiter than snow.

(Laughter and cheers.) What, I may ask, have we to
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M. D. EDER.
The Collapse of Sinn Fein.
By F. Sheehy Skeffington.

To those who have learned that the Sinn Fein party has recently established a daily paper in Dublin, it may seem surprising to speak of the collapse of the movement. The Sinn Fein organisation is none the less undergoing rapid disintegration—a crumbling process which has led to the publication of a paper whose chief asset is rather its own retard by its inevitable exhaustion of the funds. The decay is evident to disinterested onlookers for at least a year past; but startling confirmation came, out of the mouths of the Sinn Feiners themselves, in the very week that saw the last tangible sign of the Sinn Fein organisation as a whole. The weekly congress of the Sinn Fein party was held in Dublin; and the report on the progress of the organisation submitted to the congress, and subsequently published in their weekly organ, eloquently of disaster. There are only 106 branches of the Sinn Fein organisation in Ireland. Most of these branches appear to have only a paper existence, the central executive having admittedly failed to procure from them any reports of what they are doing. On the financial side, the aspect is even darker. The membership subscription is the merely nominal sum of one shilling annually; but the number of members who took ship subscription is the merely nominal sum of one shilling during the last twelve months was a small sum during the last twelve months was but startling confirmation came, out of the mouths of the Sinn Feiners themselves, in the very week that saw the last tangible sign of the Sinn Fein organisation as a whole. The only comment that need be made on this figure is to state that one Dublin branch was held in Dublin; and the report on the progress of the organisation submitted to the congress, and subsequently published in their weekly organ, eloquently of disaster. There are only 106 branches of the Sinn Fein organisation in Ireland. Most of these branches appear to have only a paper existence, the central executive having admittedly failed to procure from them any reports of what they are doing. On the financial side, the aspect is even darker. The membership subscription is the merely nominal sum of one shilling annually; but the number of members who took ship subscription is the merely nominal sum of one shilling during the last twelve months was a small sum during the last twelve months was but startling confirmation came, out of the mouths of the Sinn Feiners themselves, in the very week that saw the last tangible sign of the Sinn Fein organisation as a whole. The only comment that need be made on this figure is to state that one Dublin branch was

The failure of Sinn Fein to grow, or even to maintain itself as a separate force in Irish politics, is to be attributed less to its impracticable concrete proposals than to lack of able leadership. The weakness and inertia of the Irish party has raised the Rilke question, as though many an opportunity. Especially in 1907, in the full flood of the disappointment caused by the Irish Council Bill, many eyes were turned hopefully to Sinn Fein as offering, perhaps, a new way of salvation. But there was no leader to rise to the height of the occasion. Mr. Edward Martyn, the first president of the Sinn Fein Executive, is a thoughtful dramatist, a munificent patron of music, a connoisseur in art and literature, but no politician. He brought (and won) a legal action against the Kildare Street Club for wrongful expulsion, although he was the leader of an organisation which had as one plank of its programme the refusal to recognise British courts of law. Mr. John Sweetman, the second and actual President, is an amiably gentle gentleman, who finds ranching more convenient than tilage, who, therefore, denounces cattle-driving as "class war"; and who declined to carry out a strike against income tax—another of the Sinn Fein proposals—because his funds were too meagre. Mr. Sheehy Skeffington, a clergy Catholic, and an anti-feminist—although Sinn Fein, unlike the United Irish League, admits women to its membership and even to its executive—his presidency has contributed to give the movement an anti-democratic and republican air. Mr. Arthur Griffith, the inventor of the Sinn Fein policy, the brain of the party, and the editor of its papers, is a man whose undoubted earnestness and force of character are hardly such as to justify him in posing as the new Patrick. Mr. Griffith, his glasses, his air of incomprehensible narrowness of outlook, and a venomous bitterness in controversy which needlessly alienates honest opponents. There is no one else except Mr. Colley, the bosom friend of the Propaganda Club, with whose views he can be said to agree. The Sinn Fein party and its organ, The Irish Nation, is a paper which, while advocating Sinn Fein ideas, has consistently urged on the Sinn Feiners the folly of adhering to a separate political party, and pleaded for the permeation of all existing organisations with Sinn Fein ideas. The party is a separate political party, and pleaded for the permeation of all existing organisations with Sinn Fein ideas. The party is

December in Africa.

So meltingly of one blue is the colour of sky and sea that the net of sunbeams seems to hang sheer from the empyrean to the surf waves. There will be seen no horizon, nothing behind the veil of sheen but blue of the tide out of the haze beyond.

There is a dazzling ribbon of stone paving on top of the sea-wall. It runs, backed by a parapet with seats cut out of the stone, for two miles along the south shore; half-way, is the south jetty, which is connected with a lighted and very busy railway station by a row of coal trucks; but nothing of all this is clear to-day. The white stone ribbon above the sea, just here and there a few minutes until the sun moves from the oblique position.

Seven children have come to play on the beach. They pull their sunbonnets close over their eyes, and paddle in among the water which emerges with each pulse of the tide out of the haze beyond.

But in a while, as the sun climbs higher, the hot, slanting sheen breaks, the red funnels appear of the Great Northern, and the white stone ribbon of the outer waves show white above the rolling blue. An island of cloud in the sky, with celestial shores, looks real as the one in the bay. A fisher, with a straw shade crowning his red Malay turban, is rowing out in a colour-hewn boat to the isle of penguins. The children consider the best way to get to the island in the sky.
Inland, the sand silts to a bank of dunes whose contour changes with every change of the wind. A breath of hot wind now blows a cloud of atoms away. Whither?

The mind calls up a story of vast regions where a sun too merciless, forbids the sojourn of man, nor allows the bare hills and stony valleys to harbour any beast. Where no life dwells, death dwelleth neither; and where life and death are not, man values nought. Yet, within the book of the heavens the creation of this desert must be recorded since the sun and the moon know the ways of it, and the stars fulfil their watch above it.

Beyond the dunes, on the top of the firm land, is in building a new harbour, very ugly, yet useful since the black sleepers make a fine see-saw. But to tumble off twenty times among the loose sand when the throat is already thirsty! The subjects of the Kingdom of Heaven know not anxiety, but only expectation. From the town soon will come N'dota, black N'dota, with milk. They run down to the shelter of the rocks, and for a new age, fan each other with their sea-wet garments.

And there comes forward alongside the sea-parapet a woman of Africa. She steps victoriously, balancing upon her head a basket. Her face is bright as if ready to welcome those who will welcome her. Her drapery is blown by the breeze springing ever stronger from the sea. As the sun goes down upon the sands, herself undiscovered, she knows from the sounds of laughter where the children are playing behind the rocks. And now, like a leopard, she advances, her powerful body amidst her blown garments, swaying upon each well-poised foot.

Too soon the hunt is over. A little child runs out from the rocks and calls the news. N'dota breaks out of her fancy, and sends a wild laugh like a curling arrow among the children, to show 'm hands everybody wants, but she has great presents to give to wa people. But she has great presents to give to wa people. But

* Pronounce “oo.”

** Epigrams in Drams. **

By John Hamilton Churchill.

The Star:—It would soon be a morning star if it did not set at nine every evening.

The Daily Telegraph:—Not frank enough for a telephone, and hardly cosmopolitan enough for a cable.

The Daily Express:—Goes at forty-two miles, and makes its passengers believe it is doing a mile a minute.

The Daily Mail:—All mail-bags lead to its office. The only daily which is cynical and practical enough to utilise all parties, persons, and all principles. Liberals hate it, and read it; Nonconformists hate it, and praise it; Socialists hate it, and write for it. Unrivalled methods, unique influence.

The Sphere:—A theatrical orb for the manufacture of moonshine.

The Nineteenth Century:—An old gentleman afraid of his horses, too proud to take a taxi, too timid for a motor, and too light in the head for a flying machine.

The Contemporaries:—It would be contemporaneous were it not fifty years behind the new age and twenty behind the times.

The Standard:—Liked by country landlords and quiet dowagers in Bayswater.

The Saturday Review:—Scattered prophets crying in a wilderness of lost causes.

The Athenæum:—A pedantic book-worm that has ceased to attract even the crows of literature.

The Spectator:—An old lady in a night-cap well supplied with specifics against progressive microbes, thankful for an abounding measure, but not disinclined to accept any fresh favours that may be going—for example, like the fatted pig in the nursery story, running about with a knife stuck in its back, crying: “Who’ll eat me; who’ll eat me!”

The Society column in the morning paper:—

For the exclusive use of two sorts of people—the rich without brains and the titled without wit. Both meet in the morning paper on level ground, and the titled
Sermon in Wormwood Scrubs,

It was reported recently in the Christian press that a minister of religion had preached a sermon to the boy prisoners—the boy prisoners—in Wormwood Scrubs, from the text:—"It doth not pay to go wrong."

The following report of the sermon is not authoritative.

"It doth not pay to go wrong." Gospel according to St. Judas Icariot, ch. VII, v. 27.

My dear young Brethren,—I address you by that name in the hope of convincing you that I am not here in the interest of Society. I have not come as an emissary of the well-to-do, respectable classes, to talk you into accepting drudgery and starvation as your natural lot; to the end that they may be relieved of the serious expense of maintaining judges, policemen, and gaols for their protection against you.

No, I am here as a minister of Christ, and as such, I have received power, and commandment, to declare and pronounce to you, being penitent, the abdication and renunciation of your sins. "Neither do I condemn you: go, and sin no more."

At this point there was a momentary interruption, due to the congregation rising, and moving in a body towards the door, under the impression that they were to be let out. On the Governor of the gaol reminding them that this was the 1909th year of the Christian era, they went back to their seats rather sadly.

The words of our text this evening form part of an address given by Christ to the money-changers in the Temple, during their luncheon interval. The fame of our Lord as a preacher, and his tact in accommodating the blessed Gospel to all classes of men, from the learned scribes and lawyers down to the rough fishermen of Galilee, had made him a persona grata in his country, as well as in his own family. On his coming to Jerusalem, we learn from the evangelist, the Sanhedrin unanimously resolved to present him with the freedom of the city. It was shortly after that honour had been bestowed upon him that the great business community of the money-changers invited him to address them.

Consider, my dear young friends, what that means. The money-changers were not poor, fallen sinners like you. They were successful men, the elite of the Jewish nation, enjoying all the advantages of wealth and worldly prosperity. Many of them, I have no doubt, were Pharisees, a Jewish denomination which seems to have closely resembled the modern Wesleyans, in its scrupulous observance of the moral law, and the fearlessness with which it made its religious profession in the face of the world.—Never be ashamed of your religion, my boy. You will find it a commercial asset. Never, when you are going to pray, retire into your closet, even if there be no need of the Gospel. But did they? No; they knew which side their bread was buttered,—the know-ledge I have come here to impart to you. They knew that religion was a commercial asset; and that if they wanted to attract the public to an undertaking of dubious character, there was no better way than to build a synagogue.

Doubtless, also, they had heard that Christ was doing a good work among the poor in the east end of Jerusalem, and wished to testify their approval of it. They knew of his compassion for the widows and orphans, reduced to want, perhaps, as the sad, but inevitable, consequence of those great financial operations in which they themselves were concerned, and without which civilisation would disappear. They may have felt actual regret for the misery inflicted by them in their splendid careers as captains of industry. They may have gone so far as to say to themselves, "Well, we have had our money; we will let them have the Gospel." There is no limit to the goodness of really good men.

And so these busy, hard-worked money-changers took
advantage of the brief interval in which the Temple was closed to invite our Lord to preach to them. Did they sacrifice the claims of their bodily nature to the spiritual? Or had they heard of the miracle of the loaves and of the feeding of the multitude? Had they received any indication that the sermon would be followed by free refreshments— that religion would pay twice over? If so, they were doubly disappointed; their expectation was unreasonable. It showed that they were imperfectly acquainted with the character of Christianity. The sermon was followed by a collection.

St. Judas Iscariot, who was keenly interested in this department of the divine work, holding, as he did, the responsible position of treasurer, has explained to us that when the collection came before the money chest, what would now be called a missionary fund. One of the other evangelists, St. Mark, has recorded that when our Lord originally sent out his disciples to preach, they were ordered to take neither scrip, nor bread, nor money in their purse. Such directions contrast very unfavourably with the policy of our own great missionary societies, who provide their agents with bungalows, and wives, and steam-launches, besides a fixed salary and the prospect of a pension. At the moment of his career, He had come not to sinners, but to the righteous. His congregation was composed entirely of the wealthiest class in Jerusalem. The moral law (Christ went on to say) stood in no need of reform. It could not but soothe their consciences to know that while they were changing money in the outer court of the Temple, and adding field to field, a choir of men and boys hired for the purpose were engaged within the sanctuary in putting up for their own benefit petitions and psalms in which their ancestors had given expression to feelings and ideas with which they themselves, perhaps, were a little out of touch. In his belief religion was worth the money spent on it. He knew that this pleasant place at Bethabah; and if they did the right thing by their Maker, depend upon it, he would do the right thing by them.

The moral law (Christ went on to say) stood on a different footing, because morality was a progressive science, and precepts which had been properly addressed to ignorant slaves were out of place in the case of men of means and culture. The words, Thou shalt not steal, were intended to apply to the pillerings of the Temple and in an especial manner to the unrighteous strikes and combinations by which the workmen who were in an especial manner to the unrighteous strikes and combinations by which the workmen who were engaged within the sanctuary in putting up for their own benefit petitions and psalms in which their ancestors had given expression to feelings and ideas with which they themselves, perhaps, were a little out of touch. In his belief religion was worth the money spent on it. He knew that this pleasant place at Bethabah; and if they did the right thing by their Maker, depend upon it, he would do the right thing by them.

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Plain Words to Plain Men.

A Manifesto in support of the Liberal and Labour Parties of the North Staffordshire Potteries.

By Arnold Bennett. Author of "Tales of the Five Towns," etc., etc.

Food-taxers (who try to conceal their real aims by calling themselves Tariff Reformers) admit two things:—

1. Food-taxing will not cure unemployment.

2. Food-taxing will make the people's food dearer.

Under a food-taxing Government wages might possibly go up slightly; but it is quite certain that the cost of food would go up much more. And the cost of food would always remain up. It would remain up when the workman was out of a job. It would remain up when the employer forced wages down.

In this district the home trade is bad from two causes:—

The first cause is that the trade is badly organised, and that it has scorned technical education. The Germans have advanced because German employers have spent vast sums on organisation and on technical education. The blame for our backwardness lies on the whole community, but chiefly on the masters.

Protection, instead of curing this defect, would undoubtedly make it worse.

The second cause is the cutting of prices. The blame for this lies on a few manufacturers, whose names are well known. These manufacturers are guilty of a crime against the community. It is owing to them that the public can buy its crockery too cheap, and that it has scorned technical education. The Germans, instead of curing this defect, would undoubtedly make it worse.

The working-men are the heirs of the masters, and it is they who will have to pay the price of their masters' errors.

Why are the hoardings, not only of this district, but of the whole country covered with immense posters whose object is to persuade the working man that it will be advantageous to him to tax his food? These posters cost 5s. each, and 15s. each to post on the wall.

There are hundreds of thousands of them about, and they are renewed at frequent intervals.

Why has the food-taxing party spent millions of pounds in buying newspapers— such as the "Times" and the "Standard," and many others—which were opposed to food-taxing?

When old-age pensions were discussed, did the Tories spend a penny in placarding our walls with the merits of old-age pensions? Did they buy newspapers in order to help old-age pensions? Did they organise meetings in factories, with the employer in the chair, to push old-age pensions? No. They opposed old-age pensions, and they opposed every effort to do justice to the working-man.

The assertion that the Food-taxers are actuated by sympathy with the working-man is an absolute lie.

Food-taxing has never benefited the working-man. It has not benefited the working-man in Germany, where he works longer, earns less, and lives plainer (often on horse, dog, and black bread) than the English working-man. It has not benefited the working-man of the United States, where, in the north, ironworkers work 12 hours a day, seven days a week, under the revolvers of the employers, private police, and corporal punishment. Little children are forced to go to the factories instead of to school. It has not cured unemployment in Berlin, nor in New York, nor in Chicago.

The working-classes and many of the middle-classes in Germany and the United States are strongly opposed to Protection; but they have almost no voice in the press, because there, as here, the Food-taxers have bought or bribed the press.

Some people would undoubtedly benefit by food-taxing. These people are the large employer, the wealthy financier, and the manipulator of the wholesale markets. These unprofitable people would gain fabulous sums, and we should see commercial fortunes in England as large and as arrogant as those in the United States.

The hugeness of the spoil which these people covet may be judged by the millions of money which they have subscribed among themselves in an attempt to get it.

They talk to the working-man about imperialism, while preparing to pick his pocket and to snatch the food from the mouths of his children.

They say to him:—

"At any rate you might give our food-taxes a trial. You could not be worse off than you are now."

"This also is a lie. The working-man could be worse off than he is. Ask any old workman about the past. And then ask yourself if you would like those food-taxing times to return."

The food-taxing question is extremely important; but at the present juncture it is far less important than the question of the House of Lords.

In all legislation, except financial legislation, the Lords have always had the final word, including the right of absolute veto. They have enjoyed this power, and they have exercised and still exercise it, by virtue of what is called the hereditary principle; that is to say, because they are the sons of those who were their fathers and the descendants of their ancestors. It is therefore necessary to inquire into the origin of their titles.

Now the vast majority of the Lords enjoy and exercise their enormous privilege for one of the following reasons:—

1. Because their ancestors were royal bastards.

2. Because their ancestors openly robbed the church.

3. Because their ancestors bought their titles by open purchase from ancient kings.

4. Because their ancestors bought their titles by secret payments to the campaign funds of modern political parties.

5. Because their ancestors, being inconvenient to their own party in the House of Commons, were enabled to get them out of the way.

Broadly speaking, the mass of the Lords owe their position either to robbery on a gigantic scale or to the wrongful use of money. Broadly speaking, the annals of noble families are annals of high-handed crime or secret plotting against the commonweal.

These facts are not denied; and they cannot be denied. They are the commonplaces of history.

The most eminent peers of all shades of opinion have themselves advocated the reform of the House of Lords, and the hereditary principle has now no defenders. It is indeed so obviously ridiculous that none but a lunatic would try to defend it.

What would you say if the present Duke of Wellington claimed the command of the army on the plea that an ancestor of his had won the battle of Waterloo?

What would you say if men came forward and attempted to dominate your Town Councils on the plea that they were ancient kings or the descendants of ancient kings?

Not content with their already enormous privilege, the Lords have now sought to increase it by putting a veto on taxation. In order to do this they have violated the most sacred part of the constitution.

The excuse which they allege is that they wish to protect the people.

This also is an absolute lie.

The Lords have never wished to protect the people.
On the contrary, they have always done their best to oppress the people. Every reform for the benefit of the people has been bitterly opposed by the Lords. Every great champion of the people has been basely slandered and villified by the Lords. The Lords have bowed to threats, every trifling offence against property would still be punishable by death on the scaffold. If the Lords had not been cowed by threats, there would be no such thing to-day as free popular education.

If the Lords had not been cowed by threats, not merely would there be no such thing to-day as free popular education, but the greatest Pottery towns would have no member whatever. If the Lords had not been cowed by threats, there would be no such thing to-day as the Socratic cat while the whole neo-Platonic school amused themselves with a rag mouse worked by a dialectical string in the hands of illusionists.

Nietzsche is a bulldog among the dialectical canaille. The others scratch and bite; he holds to the death. If he gets more than a butt, he has the eye of the condor. He sees across the misty summits of time to regions of dry light and radiant power.

There are but four classes of minds—the positive, the supreme positive, the neutral, and the negative. Schopenhauer was positive in his writing, negative in his philosophy. He renounced power; Nietzsche assumed it. Without Schopenhauer Nietzsche would have been impossible.

Palaces can be erected on virgin soil; all scientific work is built up on the relics and rubbish of the old.

Before Nietzsche appeared and the philosophers sat contentedly on their rubbish heaps, Nietzsche criticized everything, transformed everything.

To say that a writer holds with the grip of life is a negative expression. Nietzsche grips with the certainty of death, the inexorable absolute. The scientist dare not make a positive declaration about what he believes. He makes a statement after he is in possession of some fact. He is searching for more knowledge, the philosopher is searching for more systems. It has taken more than two thousand years to yield a Titan whose armour was proof against dialectical canaille. He emerged from the slaughter unscathed, and if the man was amazing, the result of his work fringes the superhuman.

Others attacked the citadels of philosophical relics: others raked the rags of decayed systems. Many had nosed so long among remnants as to become infected with the sleeping sickness of decadence. With delightful naivete we called them iconoclasts. Before Nietzsche's day there were no iconoclasts.

For the first time Plato has been explained away. We see him now in the position of Schopenhauer, positive as a writer, negative as a thinker. Nietzsche accomplished an intellectual miracle.

Socrates inoculated Plato with the dialectical microbe.
Decadent Athens impregnated young Rome, old Rome, renaissance Europe, and modern Europe, reactionary America.

There are two kinds of mob—that composed of the ignorant, and that composed of the learned. As soon as a philosopher becomes popular his followers become a mob, skilled in the sword-dance of the dialectician, the floor strewn with eggs, not one of them sound. It is not the sword but the bad eggs that make the dancing so dangerous.

Dialecticians are like professional duellists fighting with rapiers in the dark. Their seconds are the amateur thinkers who judge the duel by sounds. The duellists alone know when they have been struck under the fifth rib.

One has to read but a few pages of "The Will to Power" to realise how the philosophers have hated science. The moment science dabbles in illusion it ceases to be scientific. The basis of all philosophy is illusion.

Before Nietzsche's time the world revolved in a vicious circle of philosophical systems and intellectualism. Continental jugglers played dialectical tricks borrowed from the Greeks after they had lost the faculty of seeing and understanding. A world of common-sense lay hidden in the pre-Platonic period. It required not only a key but a combination to unlock the old treasure vaults. The author of "The Will to Power" found both, and disclosed the treasure. Had Nietzsche done no more than this he would have made his name immortal.

How dilapidated, how antediluvian he makes their palaces of truth appear, inhabited by phantoms of the grotesque, haunted by doubt and insecurity, no longer a halting-place between two worlds, no longer a haven for individuals or a hope for nations, but a roosting-place for metaphysical owls blinking in the twilight of fading civilizations.

Let them fade! The sooner the night the sooner the dawn! Mars will be the last star before the morning, fire will come before light, smoke before for individuals or a hope for nations, but a roosting-place for metaphysical owls blinking in the twilight of fading civilizations.

From time to time the stock of pieces was renewed by Oxford scholars. The chronicle was brought down to date. The fresh novels that came over from Italy were dramatised as eagerly as the successes of Wilkie Collins and Mr. Hall Caine by modern managers. And in most cases the personality of the dramatist was equally without significance.

The Oxford wits, feeling their intellectual feet, began to fret at the insecurity. The fame of Aeschylius and Euripides, of Plautus and Terence, stimulated their ambition. The saucy genius of Marlowe indicated the right to use the stage as its instrument, and to be the master of the players, instead of the camp-followers. There were the circumstances and the tendencies amid which the world's greatest poet began writing for the English stage.

His first entrance on the boards was probably as a swordsman. The line who has the most to say at the beginning be the first called in to swell the ranks of a stage mob. His first dramatic contribution was most likely a successful gag, uttered without premeditation. It was his verbal repertory, in the true spirit of the age, that first endeared him to his audience. It runs riot in all his earlier work, and he never quite abandoned the vein to which he owed his first success.

The players were not slow to detect and employ the talent of their young recruit. He was called to provide jokes for the popular comedians. He was given the stock pieces of the company to touch up with a view to brightening the comic relief.

The poet exceeded his instructions. As his eye ran down the manuscript it picked out passages, honed for revision, and opening after opening for poetry and sentiment as well as wit. These corrections passed muster with the others. They drew the public applause. It became evident that the Oxford wits had met their match.

The Stratford runaway was recognised as a rising playwright, and a valuable asset of the company to which he was soon admitted as a shareholder.

The ice thus broken the swimmer soon essayed his strength without the aid of corks. Here he was less successful. He lacked the constructive faculty. He rarely if ever wrote a good play entirely out of his own head. He got on better when he chose stories out of Holinshed or Plutarch and dramatised them. Yet he remained a dramatic poet rather than a dramatist. His strength is in his dialogue. He has written almost perfect scenes. But only one play of his has leapt forth out of his imagination an entire and perfect chrysolite.

So great a master was ever more unequal in his inspiration. Only egregious scholarship can pretend to discern second-rate Shakespeare from first-rate Elizabethan. His worst passages are as inferior as anything in the works he altered. In his own lifetime, and for long after his death, no distinction was made between the plays which he had written throughout, and those which he had written in collaboration or merely edited. All alike were published as his work.

The name of Shakespeare was a trade mark of literary excellence, and it was used wherever possible.

After his death the plays continued to hold the stage. They were popular, but they were not sacrosanct. They were dealt with by Shakespeare's successors much as though they were the rolling stock of the English theatre. Dryden edited them with the greatest freedom to meet the prevailing taste for the French drama; yet not more freely than he and others handled the plays of Molière, who was a great original and constructive playwright. The process continued after Dryden's enormities had been rejected. Colley Cibber added to Richard III. the best line in the play, from an actor's point of view, the famous

"Off with his head!—So, hang him, hang him!"

The process continues to the present day. No play is ever put on the professional stage exactly as it is supposed to have left Shakespeare's hands. There is no reason why it should be. We have Shakespeare's work as a bookroom for ever. To perform the plays word for word from the copy of Heming and Cordell out of respect to Shakespeare's memory would be rank superstition and idiocy.

The Unknown Shakespeare.—I.

By Allen Upward.

In the reign of Elizabeth the stage was, more than it ever has been since, a national institution. Except the ballad sung in the streets, the stage-play was the only secular literature of the mass who could not read. It furnished the only instruction in English history in a country whose schools were, and are, organised for the exclusive teaching of the Roman language, literature, and history; in which every English was tabooed in my own day.

The English drama, like every other, arose out of pageant and pantomime, in which the action was far more important than the words. Its first authors are unknown. In some cases the actors spoke without book; in others they wrote their own parts, or revised them. By degrees the stock pieces of each company of players assumed a traditional form, which acquired some fixity. The words were preserved in writing, the business of the stage in the professional memory. To this hour, when Shakespeare's popular plays are staged in the London playhouses, the actors go through a traditional pantomime in certain scenes, of which there is no indication in the book, and yet which may be handed from the stage of the Globe.
That the poet of Lear and Hamlet and Othello must have had a tragic life history ought not to have to be stated to an extension lecturer. Every man has had a tragic life history. That the poet of the tender and the passionate sonnets overflowed with feeling, which must have found vent in nearly every play he touched, with or without his own premeditation, ought not to have to be stated to any man of feeling, or imagination, or knowledge of literary or human nature. Yet I must express the thesis that Mr. Frank Harris has found himself called upon to maintain in the face of nine generations of Shakespearean "scholars"—"in his "Shakespeare the Man, and his tragical life story."

On only one question of taste am I obliged to differ from Mr. Harris, and from Swinburne. The sonnets express a more romantic sentiment, a purely Romantic doggerel of the Passionate Pilgrim. It moves us less than the verse of Adonis, the most excruciating sonnet, and the anonymous doggerel of the Poetaster. It is the Shakespeare of Cleopatra, not Mistress Fitton, who offers her "bluest veins and ruddy eyes" and "unusual love-letters. It must have pleased her to boast among her friends that she was being sonnetted by a poet in some way whatever he might have been accused and applauded by Southampton and Herbert. But one doubts if she did not laugh at them in her sleeve.

In some of her moods they must have bored her; in others, perhaps, made her angry. I see Mr. Harris has in the press a play on Shakespeare's love story. It will not be very true to nature unless it has at least one scene in which Mistress Fitton teases Shakespeare as Beatrice teases Benedick, and throws the sonnets in his face.

"The upstart国の's wrong, the proud man's cumenly, the insolence of office, and the spurns That patient merit of the unworthy takes." He was no longer Elizabeth's subject but her peer. The kingly charter tomorrow purges any clouds that may have laid possession of his kingdom. It is the voice of royalty in distress that we hear, for poets are kings in exile.

I must disagree with Mr. Harris more strongly on another point. I cannot accept Falstaff as the caricature of a laughing rogue, and the scene of his revels to be stopped by Ben Jonson. It is the caricature of Shakespeare, and the scene of his revels the setting down of the emotions, not their rage. It is the tragedy of the Herbert sonnets, and it is the Shakespeare that we know, as well by his works as by traditional anecdote. The Shakespeare of the soliloquies is also the Shakespeare of the clowns.

The plays are better than the poems simply because Shakespeare could lift himself above the circumstances of worldliness, and dropped him. Treatment bitter enough for any sensitive and tender-hearted friend, but too much might make a jester of him and a buffoon of worldlings, and the scenes of his revels must have bored her, some of her moods they must have bored her, and there was no knowledge of how the dark lady took these unusual love-letters. It must have pleased her to boast among her friends that she was being sonnetted by a poet in some way whatever he might have been accused and applauded by Southampton and Herbert. But one doubts if she did not laugh at them in her sleeve.

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The public that the plays were written for included Mr. Harris and every other worthy reader. In them Shakespeare could lift himself above the circumstances of his time:

"The upstart国の's wrong, the proud man's cumenly, the insolence of office, and the spurns That patient merit of the unworthy takes."

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The man who fascinated the gods as a jester assuredly fascinated the Herberts and the Southamptons, and one would dare to wager, the Fittons, in the same character. It is the boon companion, the Yorick who could set the table in a roar, and keep it so till he had to be stopped—by Ben Jonson; it is the Shakespeare who went wandering in his youth, and who died of a drinking-bout in his middle age, that is revealed in Falstaff, and not without some consciousness of the self-revelation.

That is the tragedy of the Herbert sonnets, and it operated not less surely than the Fitton tragedy to break the poet's heart, as in the case of Werther. In the first scene of the play which I once thought of writing, Shakespeare is leading the revels at the Mermaid. It must have been so they parted with a final jest from Shakespeare. The pang that wrung Shakespeare's heart, where Herbert was concerned, had nothing to do with the dark lady. That was an essay easily forgiven and forgotten. But this youth had caught Shakespeare's imagination; he had opened for him the portals of that great world of which all Shakespeare's plays are pictures; he had taken him as an intimate into his own family circle; he had turned the poet's head, and then tired of him, and listened to the voice of worldliness, and dropped him. Treatment bitter enough for any sensitive and tender-hearted friend, but it made the Shakespeare of the soliloquies the setting down of the emotions, not their rage. It is the tragedy of the Herbert sonnets, and it is the Shakespeare that we know, as well by his works as by traditional anecdote. The Shakespeare of the soliloquies is also the Shakespeare of the clowns.

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Prophetic Paragraphs.

IV. Bureau of Population.

Diurnal Statistics.

Report of the Registrar of Urban District K.N. 17:

BIRTHS.


The Nativity Board found two males unfit to survive, and they were electrocuted accordingly, without being registered.

MARRIAGES.

The Matrimonial Bureau ordered the following unions for twelve months:—B.L.C. 496 with C.D.O. 774; W.I.A. 57 with V.B.V. 811; Z.O.B. 899 with S.T.A. 654; and E.T.O. 771 with M.A.P. 5.

The Bureau committed Z.O.B. 899 and M.A.P. 5 to the Mental Sanitary Colony, Broadmoor, until further notice, for refusing to enter into the unions prescribed by the Bureau on the ground that they desired to be united with each other.

The Bureau found A.B. 201 unfit for marriage, and referred her request for electrocution to the Lethal Board.

DEATHS.

In the Urban District Sanitary Hospital, F.O.B. 222, of hyperpylomastigmatia; P.S. 377 of meningital paralaxia; O.H.M.S. 662, of complex vermicular superdistortion of the convoluntary aortic glanular parallax.

By order of the Lethal Board, M.A.D. 873, on account of senility; and Q.U.I. 566, on account of incurable anti-social mentality. Electrocuted by request, A.B. 201.

Alcophrada.

Books and Persons.

(AN OCCASIONAL CAUSERIE.)

I thought that in my last week’s article I had written wisely and moderately about the question of the censorship which the Great Circulating Libraries propose to establish over the art of literature in this country. Indeed, I imagined that I had said the last word on the subject, and hence I intended to say no more. But they have shown me this week that I committed a great error last week, but I quite agree with it.

I don’t care whether a book’s in one volume or in a hundred volumes. If I want it, and if I’ve paid for the right to have it, I’ve got to have it, or I’ve got to have my money back. They mumbled something in their letter about having received many complaints from other subscribers about novels being in two volumes. What do I care about other subscribers? I don’t care whether a book’s in one volume or in a hundred volumes. If I want it, and if I’ve paid for the right to have it, I’ve got to have it, or I’ve got to have my money back. They mumbled something in their letter about having received many complaints from other subscribers about novels being in two volumes. What do I care about other subscribers?

And he continues, after a deviation into forceful abuse: “I don’t want to force novels in two volumes down the throats of other subscribers. I’m not going to force anything down their throats. They aren’t obliged to take what they don’t want. There are lots of books circulated by Mudie’s that I strongly object to—books that make me furious—as regards both moral and physical heaviness and tediousness and general tommy rot. But do I write and complain, and ask Mudie’s to withdraw such books altogether? If Mudie came along with a pistol and two volumes by Hall Caine, and said to me, ‘Look here, I’ll make you have these!’; then perhaps I might begin to murmur gently. But he doesn’t. I’ll say this for Mudie; he doesn’t force you to take particular books. You can always leave what you don’t want. All these people who are alleged to belibrary-minded are simply idle! If they really want a censorship they ought to exercise it themselves. Robinson has a daughter, and he is shocked at the idea of her picking up a silly sentimental novel by a member of the aristocracy, or a first-rate beautiful thing by George Moore. Am I then to be deprived of the chance of studying the inane psychology of the ruling classes or of enjoying the work of a great artist? Be d—d to Robinson’s daughter! I don’t care a bilberry for either her or her innocence. I’m not going to be responsible for Robinson’s daughter. Let Robinson, if he is such a fool as to suppose that daughters can be spoiled by bad books or good books—let him look after her himself!

Let him establish his confounded censorship at his front door, or at his drawing-room door. Let him do his own work. Nothing but idleness—that’s what the matter with him! The whole project that Robinson wants is simply monstrous. He might just as well say that because his daughter has a weak digestion and an unruly appetite for rich cakes, therefore all the cake shops in London must be shut up. Let him keep her out of cake shops. All I want is for him to defend me publicly against anybody wishing to force novels down my throat—publicly or to apologise for them. If I wish to hire a certain book, that’s enough. I must have it until the police step in. There can only be one censorship, and that is by the publisher. A Library is simply a method of force you to take particular books. You can always leave what you don’t want. All these people who are alleged to be library-minded are simply idle! If they really want a censorship they ought to exercise it themselves. Robinson has a daughter, and he is shocked at the idea of her picking up a silly sentimental novel by a member of the aristocracy, or a first-rate beautiful thing by George Moore... Am I then to be deprived of the chance of studying the inane psychology of the ruling classes or of enjoying the work of a great artist? Be d—d to Robinson’s daughter! I don’t care a bilberry for either her or her innocence. I’m not going to be responsible for Robinson’s daughter. Let Robinson, if he is such a fool as to suppose that daughters can be spoiled by bad books or good books—let him look after her herself!

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The Passing of Naphthali Imber.
By Desda Cornish.

Forty-eight years ago, in a little town in Galicia, Naphthali Herz Imber started on his brilliant and tragic journey through life—the life that passed miserably away last October in the New York Ghetto. Outside the Ghetto his death was scarcely noticed, and yet he was a man who was really great, this national poet who has been compared by "Israel Zangwill" to "Melchisedek Pinchas" in the Children of the Ghetto.

There are many who have recognised Naphthali Imber as the original of Melchitsedek Pinchas in "The Children of the Ghetto."

Many years ago Imber was the first organiser of Zionist societies in England, and Zangwill befriended him and constituted himself his patron. Afterwards the poet expressed himself as believing in Zionism, but not in Zionists. The dreamer, the iconoclast, found it impossible to ally himself with any settled organisation of workers. But he has done more than the work of many societies in writing three volumes of poems, sweet songs of Zion, which possess a magic power of awakening the longing for Palestine which lies dormant in the Jewish breast.

In 1879 Imber was taken to Palestine by Lawrence Oliphant, and while there he wrote the revolutionary poem, "Watch on the Jordan," for which he was expelled from the country by the Turkish Government. But he would never have left his country for any other reason. He loved Palestine above all other things. He was essentially a man of the world, and Zionism was with him more a literary inspiration than anything else.

At one time he published the "Confession," one of his finest poems. The poets thought he was writing his will, and took it away from him, but later, when he was recovering, he made an English translation:

When my day will come
To wander in distress,
Call the priest to my home
My sins to confess.
The crimes I have committed
With deliberation
By the Lord they will be omitted,
Who promises salvation.
The sins I have done,
Not conscious of the action,
Have passed and gone,
Not leaving satisfaction.

There are still beautiful roses
Whose aroma I have not caressed,
There are still handsome maidens
Whose lips I have not pressed.
Before me on the green table
The gamblers make noise aloud;
And I am not able
To mingle with the crowd.

This has made greatly affected,
My heart is full of remorse
That I have neglected
The girl and the roses.
I cry like an erring child,
From father's house driven;
And thou, O priest, good and mild,
Speak out the word "Forgiven!"

Of late Naphthali Imber had made his home in the New York Ghetto, though his wanderings often led him to Philadelphia, or Chicago, or Boston, where he had friends and patrons who were eager and glad to buy copies of his poems in order to pave the way for the weary wanderer. A vagabond of vagabonds, Imber was a familiar figure among his own peculiar people, with his small body, emaciated and stooping, his thin hair straggling over his eyes, he bore a striking resemblance to Israel Zangwill—a more sensitive and delicate, but a less resourceful and less strong edition of the novelist. Now uplifted to heights of powerful passion, now immersed in childish pettiness, this man of extreme moods dragged his shabby figure through the noisy thoroughfares, unnoticed and neglected.

It was a rare occasion when Naphthali Imber was absent from any Zionist gathering of importance, and when his famous song, "Hatikvoh" (Hope), was sung at the close of the meeting, he, the author of this Jewish Marseillaise, stood unnoticed among the crowd by the door. Once indeed he was removed from the hall by an usher, who could not recognise the great Hebrew poet. But this shabbily-dressed stranger

Imber loved Hebrew and English of all the languages, writing his poems in Hebrew, his prose in English. He was essentially a man of the world, and Zionism was with him more a literary inspiration than anything else. At one time he published the "Uriel," a monthly magazine, which was devoted to the mysteries of the Kaballah; but it is by his two poems, "Hatikvoh" and "Mis Mare Hayarden," that Imber will best be remembered. His song of Hope was inspired by a woman, and the more popular of the two; but the poet himself was proud of "The Watch on the Jordan."

I.
Like the crash of thunder,
Which spliteth asunder
The flame of the cloud,
On our ears ever falling,
A voice is heard calling
From Sion aloud:
"Let your spirit's desires
For the land of your sires
Eternally burn.
From the foe to deliver
Our own holy river,
To Jordan return!"
Where the soft flowing stream
Murmurs low, as in a dream,
There set we our watch.
Our watchword, "The sword
Of our land and our Lord!"
By the Jordan then set we our watch.

II.
Rest in peace, loved land,
For we rest not but stand,
Off shaken our sloth.
When the bolts of war rattle
We shirk not the battle,
We make thee our oath.
As we hope for a Heaven,
Thy chains shall be riven,
Thine ensign unfurled.
And in pride of our race,
We will fearlessly face
The might of the world.
When our trumpet is blown,
And our standard is flown,
Then set we the watch.
Our watchword, "The sword
Of our land and our Lord!"
By the Jordan then set we our watch.

III.
Vea, as long as there be
Birds in air, fish in sea,
And blood in our veins;
And the lions in might
Leaping down from the height,
Shake roaring their manes;
And the dew nightly laves
The forgotten old graves
Where Judah's sires sleep—
We swear, who are living,
To rest not in striving,
To pause not to weep.
Let the trumpet be blown,
Let the standard be flown,
Now set we our watch—
Our watchword, "The sword
Of our land and our Lord!
In Jordan now set we our watch."
Poe, Voltaire, and the Police Novel.

Readers of Jacob Tonson's article on the police novel in a recent number of The New Age, who question Poe's responsibility for that form of fiction, should also read the following extract. It is taken from the new "Life of Poe," by Mr. George E. Woodberry, the well-known American poet and critic. ("The Life of Edgar Allan Poe, Personal and Literary," Houghton, Mifflin, and Co., Boston, Mass., 1909):

It has been objected that really there is no analysis in unravelling a web woven for that purpose; and, in a sense, this is true. Acute as Poe's penetrative powers were, the ratiocinative tales (with the exception of "The Mystery of Marie Roget") do not illustrate them. The primary gift employed in these ingenious narratives is constructiveness; they differ from the Fall of the House of Usher, for example, not in the intellectual faculties exercised, but in their aim and conduct. The main difference is that in the old process the emotional element counts for more, while in the new the incidents are necessarily the important part; indeed, they almost absorb attention. That the ratiocinative tales are on a lower level than the imaginative ones hardly need be said, since it is so conclusively indicated by the fact that later writers have surpassed Poe in the complexity of this sort of mechanism and therefore in the apparent miracle of the solution. They come short of Poe only in the original invention of the plot; that is to say, they fail by dint of invention, in the selection of an artistic power in the grouping, of their facts, for it would be a mistake to suppose that the interest in "The Murders in the Rue Morgue" is simply the puzzle of detection.

In supplement to this it is useful to consider Poe's own statement that he wrote "The Murders in the Rue Morgue" by tracing all the varieties of it which have their origin in Jacob Tonson's article on the police novel. Jacob Tonson, of course, knows all this as well as I do; but I suppose he found the notion of fathering a "Daily Mail" "shocker" on Voltaire too piquant to resist. And it is very amusing.

Vincent O'Sullivan.

Swinburne's "Hymn of Man" and Carducci's "Inno a Satana.

The Ecumenical Council which sat in Rome from the 8th of December, 1869, to the 18th of July, 1870, to decide on the question of papal infallibility, inspired the two great republican poets of the last half of the nineteenth century, the direct descendants of Landor, Shelley, and Hugo, to write two of their most powerful poems. To be exact, Carducci's "Inno a Satana" was not inspired by the Ecumenical Council: in fact, it was written in September, 1863, and was published two years after in a small edition, the copies of which were mainly given away to the poet's friends and acquaintances; it was then reprinted without the author's permission in several democratic and masonic papers of Palermo, Florence, and Spoleto, and at last appeared with the author's permission in "Il Popolo" of Bologna on the 8th of December, 1869, when it was virulently attacked and more virulently answered and defended by the author. Although these are the facts of the case, as expressly stated by Carducci himself, it is certain that the hymn was received by the public as a protest against the Council then sitting at Rome, and that it helped greatly to add to Carducci's growing fame.

Swinburne's "Hymn of Man" takes its place with "The Eve of Revolution," "The Watch in the Night," "Hertha," and "Perinde ac Cadaver" as one of the most powerful and sustained efforts in the "Songs before Sunrise."

In the grey beginning of years, in the twilight of things that began,

The word of the earth in the ears of the world, was it God?

Was it man?

Was it pain or passion or prayer, was it love or devotion, or dread?

Was it love or hate that was the moving spirit of the earth?

Was she cheerful or unhappy?

And bursting her shell as a bird, night shook through her sail-stretched vans,

And her heart as a water was stirred, and its heat was the Embrun mad back,

We say that one spirit created all things "out of darkness"; the seed exists before the plant, and there must be a grower before the growth.

But what was seed of the sower? and the grain of him, whence was it grown?

Foot after foot ye go back and travail and make yourselves mad;

Blind feet that feel for the track where highway is none to be had.
Therefore the God that ye make you is grievous, and gives not aid, because it is but for your sake that the God of your making is made. Thou and I and he are not gods made men for a span, but God, if a God there be, is the substance of men, which is man. Our lives are as pulses or pores of his manifold body and breath; as waves of his sea on the shores where birth is the beacon of death. What though.

Spirit by spirit goes under, a foam-ball’s bubble of breath, * * * Not men’s but man’s is the glory of godhead, the kingdom of time, the mountainous ages made woary with snows for the spirit to climb. The poet then passes in review God’s manifold cruelties and injustices, and judges him by them. Thy slave that slept is awake; thy slave but slept for a span; yea, man, thy slave shall unmake thee, who made thee Lord over man.

No more need has he to ask “witness or warning from temple or tripod or tree”: For his face is set to the east, his feet on the past and its mists, and the God we have made us and set up as lord over creation is dead, and to help him there be, is the substance of men, which is man. The blood of paterfamilias has turned to milk and the sun rearisen is his priest, and the heat thereof halloweth his head. And the God we have made us and set up as lord over creation is dead, and we cry out to him in vain to help us:

Till his corpse be cast out of the sun will ye know not the truth of his death? * * *

Thou art smitten, thou God, thou art smitten; thy death is upon thee, O Lord, and the love-song of earth as thou diest resounds through the wind of her wings—Glory to Man in the highest! for Man is the master of things.

Carducci’s “Inno a Satana” was written two months ago in September night in 1863. The corrections, says Chiarino, the poet’s life-long friend and biographer, that afterwards made were neither numerous nor important. The hymn begins with an address to pantheistic Nature:

A te, de l’essere
Principio immenso,
Materia e spirito,
Ragione e senso.

Jehovah is dead, and the angels rain down from the heavens pale mortals and dead planets: only Satan, king of phenomena and king of forms, lives on in sleepless-ness.

The poet then passes on to celebrate the incarnation of Nature in the beautiful and divine mythology of ancient Greece.

Che va! se barbaro
Il nazareno
Furor de l’agapi
Dal rito osceno.

Con sacra fiaccola
I templi t’arre
E i sogni argolici
A terra sparse?

Te accolse profugo
Tra gli dei lari
La pietre memore
Ne i casolari.

Che va! se barbaro
Il nazareno
Furor de l’agapi
Dal rito osceno.

Con sacra fiaccola
I templi t’arre
E i sogni argolici
A terra sparse?

The poet then sings of the necessary rebellion of humanity to the principle of dogmatic authority; and here we have a beautiful commemoration of men who have lived and died worthily in the cause of light and liberty: Wycliff and Husse, “che il rubato rogo non strusse,” Girolamo Savonarolo and Martin Luther.

Giotto, la tonaca
Martin Luther
Giotto i tuoi vincali,
Uman pensiero,
E splendi e folgore
Di hamme cinto;
Materia, inalzati;
Satana ha vinto.

And the poem closes by celebrating the glorification of man over Nature, represented by the power of steam.

Sante, o Satana,
O rivellone,
O forza vindice
De la ragione.

Sacrì a te salgano
Gli incensi e i rori.
Hai vinto il Geova.
De i sacerdoti.

Although the poems are so different in metre and diction (let me here record my admiration for the ingenious contrivance of rhymes with which the hexameter has been strengthened and beautified by the English and the lyric conciseness of the Italian poet) the general trend of ideas is the same. For what is Carducci’s Satan but Man, whose Mother is Nature, Man who has incarnated Nature in the beautiful myths of Greece, Man who has rebelled against the mythical God like Man’s imaginary precursor Satan, Man who has subdued the forces of Nature, who has annihilated time and space by the magnificent power and energy of his mind, by the all-compelling strength of thought.

For both poets God does not exist, but has been created by man; for both poets the recognition of this fact by all men is the first necessary and only step towards the perfection of humanity; for both poets the injustice and execrable deeds of kings and priests are the first things that are to be done away with before earth become heaven.

O earth, reality of heaven! P. F.

Driven to Latin.

A few months ago a famous German medical work, Professor Bloch’s “Unser Sexualleben,” was translated into English as “The Sexual Life of Our Time.” Shortly after its publication here, this book, although sold according to the usual restrictions placed upon medical works, was seized by the authorities as the natural result of the blighting effects of our exaggerated Puritanism. I merely recall this, in conjunction with the new literary censorship established by the libraries, as an example of the increasing difficulty experienced by scientific or philosophical writers in giving publicity to their views. Mr. Allen Upward, in a recent New Age article, showed how many of our newspapers are dominated by the tender young maiden of 16. It seems to be assumed that every volume passed out to lending library subscribers is perused by an entire family. The young ladies must not be shocked. Hence books are no longer written for men, or even for women, but for girls. The blood of paterfamilias has turned to milk and water, and he holds up his hands in horror if a novel or man of science swerves but an inch from the straight and narrow way of unctuous Nonconformist rectitude.

Now, it may seem curious that, while progress, even if only mechanical progress, is now evidenced in nearly every department of our national life, such a form of censorship as that recently instituted by certain circumscribed libraries should have come into existence. It may easily be said that our intellectual progress is not keeping pace with our mechanically scientific progress; and this is very true: but why? The answer to this question necessitates a discussion of certain psychological principles—a discussion to which I am prepared to contribute on the lines referred to in the latter part of this article. I will merely say here, without fear of being contradicted by anyone who has given some consideration to the matter, that such retrogression as that shown by the establishment of a censorship by a band of ordinary tradesmen, however well meaning, takes us with a jump away back to the Middle Ages. I therefore propose that, having gone back to the Middle Ages in this respect, we return to them in yet another. In future, when poets or philosophers or men of science wish to communicate
their thoughts to their intellectual equals, I propose that they should do so in Latin, the procedure in the Middle Ages.

The advantages of this procedure are, when one comes to think of it, really very great. Especially in the naturally expectation, and science to be the productions of scholarly minds; and even at the present day a man is hardly considered as scholarly and scientific unless he can read and write Latin. If the suggestion now made can be carried out, it will at least sweep away the uncultured, boorish, board school philosophers, who block up the path leading to high ideals and hinder the progress of truly cultured men, the only men who have a right to—or possibly can take part in—an upward movement. This relegation of the board school philosophers to the intellectual scrap heap is of course a factor of the utmost importance.

Again, by writing in Latin, we preserve our works from the pinying, superficial, cat-like brains of intellectual aberrants and degenerates. Only a scholarly, fine-trained mind can read Latin; only a man imbued with the spirit of classicism can adequately appreciate what is conveyed in a Latin sentence. We do not necessarily desire elaborate Ciceroan periods; the clear conveyance of a noteworthy message is the aim; but even then the genius of the writer will be fully impressed upon his work. Hence no mere mechanical translation by some hack professor can fully convey in a modern language the spirit and exact meaning of the original writer. Hence, again, no philosopher acquainted with Latin could have his work translated into Latin by some student or teacher; for the stamp of the actual thinker would be lost. If we assume—for example—doubtless a most unlikely supposition—that Mr. Wells, Mr. Shaw, and Mr. Chesterton cannot write Latin with the ease and grace that might be expected from such philosophers, then such works could not be rendered into Latin by other hands; for those peculiar nuances which go to make up style would be lacking. Then, too, no hack translator could take the wind out of our sails by publishing, say, an English version of our work; for, in view of the censorships, it would not in most cases be permitted by the authorities. In short, by writing in Latin, we keep our work select.

I am assuming, of course, that the censorship does not apply in the case of Latin sentences. We do not do this as a real cure, inasmuch as it responded to the taunt of the actual thinker would be lost. If we assume—for example—doubtless a most unlikely supposition—that Mr. Wells, Mr. Shaw, and Mr. Chesterton cannot write Latin with the ease and grace that might be expected from such philosophers, then such works could not be rendered into Latin by other hands; for those peculiar nuances which go to make up style would be lacking. Then, too, no hack translator could take the wind out of our sails by publishing, say, an English version of our work; for, in view of the censorships, it would not in most cases be permitted by the authorities. In short, by writing in Latin, we keep our work select.

Now let another advantage of writing in Latin be overlooked. When composing in an ancient language like Latin, board school philosophers cannot pitch off a thousand-word article at a moment’s notice and send it to the printer in a couple of hours. To write in Latin necessitates much time and patience: two factors which certain modern writers are not usually prepared to call upon. The advantage of having our works read wherever the noble language of Rome has penetrated, in places, for example, so entirely different as Tokyo and Moscow, is balanced, and justly balanced, by the fact that we are really talking about, that we must weigh every word with the minutest accuracy, and that we are no longer permitted to write slapdash English for the Daily Blank at so much a column.

It will not be forgotten that Latin is still largely used on the Continent. The entire official correspondence of the Vatican, for instance, is carried on in the ancient tongue; and Russian, German, and other universities maintain their steady output of Latin treatises, essays, theological works, etc.

Ever anxious that his paper should be in the van of any new movement tending to promote philosophical and scientific investigation, the Editor of The New Age has kindly agreed to throw open his columns to suitable Latin contributions. For the sake of English scholarship it is to be hoped that advantage will be taken of the offer. And not only for the sake of English scholarship, I would add, but also for the sake of stamping out that noxious breed—the breed of board school philosophers.

J. M. KENNEY.

REVIEWS.

Health in the Home. By Dr. J. Johnston. (Heywood. 6d. net.)

The Morphia Habit. By Dr. Oscar Jennings. (Baillière. 7s. 6d. net.)

Secret Remedies. (British Medical Association. 1s. net.)

The first of these books tells people how to keep themselves in good health, the second how to rid themselves of a bad habit, and the third explores the widening development of the means of health. The public to whom the public is trebly exploited—firstly in health, secondly in wealth, and thirdly in mind. The gutter Press of this country is largely maintained by the advertisements of patent medicines. It is very significant to learn that The British Medical Journal " an advertisement tendered to the Daily Mail was at first declined, but afterwards accepted. The Daily Express, Daily Chronicle, Star, Graphic, and News of the World refused to insert the advertisement." The British Medical Journal says: "It is not an incident of which the British Press can feel proud, but it is one of which the medical profession must take note," and the public treble note, we may add, for it is the people who pay the bill.

Dr. Johnston’s book deserves a wide circulation; it contains a great mass of valuable information on children and their ailments in a concise and attractive form, and the book is cheap enough to find its way into most homes. The most valuable portions of the book are those dealing with the prevention of disease; the chapters on consumption, air, ventilation, breathing, motherhood and infancy cannot be too often brought home. For the working man it is a duty, both to himself and his children, to endeavour to see that the present order of society allows to himself and his children in sound health. A sick man can put up but an ineffectual fight against his despoilers. This will lead us to consider how our children are destroyed by the present conditions of society, and how they may best overcome their disadvantages. Dr. Johnston is strictly orthodox in his medical views, which is perhaps as well when a Socialist medical man addresses the public profession.

Dr. Jennings’s book will interest many persons other than morphinists and those who undertake their cure. The vagaries of the morphinists will attract the psychologist, and the merely curious. The author makes a strong claim for the recognition of this treatment as a real cure, inasmuch as it responded to the taunt: Physician, heal thyself. The method is a complicated one, but we think that the most powerful factor is one which perhaps the author's modesty forbade prominent recognition. A patient writes: "While you constantly enlarged on the different drugs, Turkish baths, etc. . . . I must insist, and hope you will publish it, that your own personality, your moral power, and the force of suggestion as exercised by you . . . are to my mind of far greater value in the treatment than any system of drug substitution." One statement made by Dr. Jennings seems to require some corroboration: "One medical man out of four is a drug habitué, usually a morphinist . . . and that one-fifth of the mortality in the profession is said to be caused by morphinism."
The medical profession has for a very long period practised one great Socialist principle—equality of opportunity for all in its ranks. It is incumbent upon every doctor to make known his methods, to use no remedies without revealing their composition to his colleagues. The manufacturers of the so-called patent medicines act upon another principle. They take advantage of the public’s foible for secrecy and for the belief that there are mysterious remedies procurable at great cost for all ills. The British Medical Association has done a great service to the public in publishing a popular price these analyses of the pills and medicines so extensively advertised by which the manufacturers and the newspaper reap fortunes at the expense of the unfortunate sufferer. When they discover that Beecham’s pills, the main being worth a grapebox a box, contain a little aloes of which the prime cost is half a farthing, that Dr. Williams’s pink pills, sold at 2s. 9d. for 30 pills, are simply a variety of the Blaud pill, which any chemist will sell for half the price, we may hope that the public will refuse to enrich these advertising gentry who trade upon the ignorance of poor people. In this book you may discover the composition of all the largely advertised cures for consumption, coughs, gout, sooth- ings, bee stings, venereal disease, and those medicinal remedies are usually some quite simple drug for which you are being charged an extortionate price, and that there is the great danger that even then you are using drugs which may be dangerous for an illness which can be cured perhaps by some simpler method.

The Serpent and the Cross. By Stephen Andrews. (Greening. 6s.)

“Look at the Church? Where are they (the poor) put? In the free seats at the back, or up in the gallery?” Thus Leonard, a priest, in the course of this Christian Socialist novelist’s complaint that the poor do not get their deserts. They ought to be in the stalls, poor things. He is led to this conclusion by many things, but mainly by the strange conduct of his curate. There is this Church for theCherub of a “New” Religion, the Power of Evil in Selfishness, and in this way he literally goes to the devil. Of course he has to reckon with Leonard, for the latter discovers the effect of this religion in a general Poverty which is not only sadly inconvenient to its possessors but by justice. This much he has learnt from “Major Barbara,” just as that Salvation Army young person learnt much so to speak from the Bacchae of Euripides. Armed with this information Leonard renounces his fashionable conviction concerning the Serpent (the ex-curate) is seen wending among evil influences, most Asiatic; whilst The Cross (the priest) is seen shining in dark places where the poor most do congregate.

Social Hygienics. By James Marchant. (Swan Sonnenschein. 3d.)”

For the wrecks of womanhood stranded in our streets, let us all respond, “We ought to sit desolate and weep.” For our young men and fathers who have fallen, we ought to sit desolate and weep. For the innocent who are being betrayed by the tricks of those cut-throats and vicious, the houses of debauchery, we ought, etc. For the shame upon our Nation, we ought, etc. There are other accompaniments of this trade in vice—a trade which our national conscience shirks and will not investigate on how children and adults enter the trade, and on those who are already in it, consult this useful little book. It embodies the urgently necessary propaganda of a new social crusade movement.

The Oxford Year. Miss Oona Ball. (Methuen. 6s.)

Miss Oona Ball is evidently a Canadian, and as such can be forgiven for dealing with so hackneyed a subject as Oxford. We are inclined to think that we preferred her earlier romance, “Barbara at Oxford,” possibly because her point of view was fresher when she wrote it. This sequel seems rather unnecessary, as though she had collected too many notes and sketches for the earlier book and was determined to make use of them somehow. Plot there is none, and the love story is not the main interest in the book. The author, who was interested in the subject of body decoration, it

ART.

LEOPOLD II.’s name is a sound evoking all the Congo horrors into being. It witch West Africa to me. In the velvet shade of a rubber forest four black figures squat, rigid, grief and horror-stricken. About them myriad trees rear graceful, gold-glimmering shafts and spires and vaulings for a green awning to spread itself across the sky; or issuing from their footless, leafless branches to loom up into bronze and purple undulations. Overhead a silken paw projects, latches an olive-tinted bough, loosens a flood of sunlight, and scatters it over them in a lattice of faint red crepe. Like a good-splashed church window they are broken-limbed, they sit, mourning a hand and a foot and a bone or two before them—all of their butchered dead that slave-dealers and cannibals have bequeathed them. An ebon face, fringed with drifting silver, looks out from an ash-green, and its head enfaines a thicket, a vision of winged yellow flits from waxen leaf to leaf down the golden dusk, through the silver-veined gossamer shadows to the far-off tracered arch pitted against the blinding light. In the sun a waterfall like a slip of polished jade melts into dancing mist and foam spirals. Sky-mirroring raps breath west banks that rise berline and topaz where cranes model themselves like roses against the grasses; a gray elephant, its crimson tail curving a note of passion, and a great black and white eagle hangs athwart the globe of blue. Over tropical Africa cirle the vast Nature Temples and their forest crypts, and in the midst—a Charnel House.

But the Congo holds another sight. I see acca-fringed hills skimming in pale turquoise and embracing a pearl-white and rust-red unruly village drifting in rivers of light; and deep olive banana leaves embossed with amber fruit sprawling behind curving roofs; and emerald-tufted palms flushed and drowsy guarding main paths; and sketchy black and brown bodies plastered against bamboo beams or frizzling on the sulphur gravel beneath parasol trees; and a broad blistering road splashed with hot sun and tinder-green shrubs; and a row of grotesquely masked and orna- mented niggers dancing a decorative frolic across its lower end. Such is the Congo of primitive art and religion.

These pictures were recalled partly by Mr. E. Torbay’s interesting lecture at the Royal Anthropological Institute, partly by the action of Haddon in taking off his hat, metaphorically speaking, to the decorative art of the Congolese. A little appreciation of this sort from the distinguished anthropologist goes a long way, and when Dr. Haddon begins to praise the artistic expression of the people of the particular Congo region—the ethnography of which Mr. Torbay appears to have studied as zoologists and botanists would study groups of its fauna and flora—there is nothing but to follow suit. Therefore I cordially endorse his opinion that the sense of form and decoration and the skill of craftsmanship revealed in the work of these Congolese is of a very high order. It is noticeable that their art tends to be realistic, and natural forms are copied—of the African beetle in particular—and whatever passes easiest into their favourite zigzag and spiral motifs. It was a wise thought to supplement the lantern slides by coloured drawings, though the former are a guide to head and body form, the latter are necessary to enable one to apply colour scales and to note details of local colour in hair, eyes, skin, vegetation, and so forth.

It is also noticeable that the aesthetic craving of the savage is largely expressed in the direction of body decoration. As a rule, the female savage is cut or tattooed all over. I have found that Caroline Island women form, for instance, a complete engraved work art. Though I might have mentioned the freedom and choice in the matter of body decoration, it is not at all certain that they avail themselves of them.
Indeed, many women, far from appreciating their heritage of dress and seeking to achieve an artistic effect, are as flashy and trashy as many a daub hung on exhibition walls. That there is no excuse for this sort of thing was clearly proved to me by Mrs. Mora Pucke, an exhibitor at the Newman Art Gallery, whose work in the artistic dressess deserves to be widely known and appreciated. Her hand-embroidered Djibbah is, in particular, noteworthy, and possesses the merits of utility, comfort, and beauty. Coming to more utilitarian artistic dressess, Miss Augusta Brown has attempted originality and achieved success in a hand-woven mixture of cotton and aluminium. The effect of a dress of this material seen in sun or shadow must be mystically brilliant. Appropriate ornaments are provided in the charming hand-wrought leather exhibits of Miss Roberta Mills. For instance, her neck-chains are very decorative, and a copy of the “Blue Bird” bound in vivid blue velvet calf should be in the possession of every artistic person just now.

The relation of lettering to art is close though not generally recognised. Mr. Taylor's great work in tracing the evolution of an alphabet reveals that the earlier forms of alphabetical signs or letters represent elementary sounds were far more artistic than the lettering of to-day from which utilitarianism has succeeded in eliminating the aesthetic element. To restore it, is the task Mr. Johnson has set himself. He has altogether succeeded. His portfolio of lettering is approved by such widely differing tastes as those of Lethaby and W. H. Smith. I need only add that the photographs from casts by Mr. A. E. R. Gill are admirable.

The relation of binding to lettering is no less close. Both should be equally beautiful. In his illuminating exposition of the process of production of the “Dove’s Binding” before a brilliant audience at Mr. Fisher Unwin’s Booklovers’ Exhibition, at picturesque old Gothic Clifford’s Inn, Mr. Cobden Sanderson demonstrated how a bookbinding may be a work of art. His work being quite original, one, of course, heard nothing of the different methods and styles of the old bookbinders, Le Gascon, Berthelet, Purgold, Petit Cuzin, Magnus Meunier, and the rest. I should have liked to hear Mr. Joseph Pennell speak on another evening on French cathedrals. Both his book on the subject and his many drawings exhibited here promise a fascinating hour. Though all his studies are very fine, I prefer his etchings. These, indeed, reproduce the rich picture, then geometrically-planned Carlsruhe, then Paris in picturesque cartography—why does not Mr. Gomme tell the story of Paris maps as Mr. Comme has told that of London maps?—then Haussmann’s Paris, then comparative bits of London and Berlin, then Hampstead’s garden suburb, minus an artist’s touch. When city builders turn their attention to the artists and arrange to provide them with suitable quarters? Must the artist always be left to burrow in the earth where he will? This is grey civics—and the chance of striking a decisive blow at it should not now be sacrificed to any Whig susceptibilities, however they may disguise themselves.

There can be the less possibility of objection, even on any tactical grounds, to the course we are urging, inasmuch as Mr. Henderson in his recent speech has made it clear that at this juncture Labour candidates will not be run in those constituencies where there is no real chance of success.

We feel bound expressly to exempt from this recommendation the candidates of Mr. Wm. Walker in Leith, Mr. Walker has declared himself an opponent of Irish Home Rule; he is, we believe, the only Labour candidate in Great Britain who occupies such an illogical and anomalous position. We can scarcely think such a man would be a source of strength to the Labour Party in the House of Commons, and we do not advise Irish voters to support him. This party stands not merely for the Irish National claim to self-government, but for the using of the machinery of self-government will give us to make the Irish people really masters in their own land. It is for this reason, therefore, that we ask you to help those who in Great Britain are working for similar ends, and in addition have proved themselves reliable friends of the interests of the people of Ireland.

For the Socialist Party of Ireland.

F. Ryan, secretary.

PROPOSED SOCIALIST REPRESENTATION COMMITTEE FOR MANCHESTER AND DISTRICT.

To THE EDITOR OF “THE NEW AGE.”

A meeting held in Manchester on Saturday last to discuss the above question brought together thirty-three delegates from twenty Socialist organisations, representing all shades of Socialist opinion.

The majority of the delegates present were very enthusiastic, and a vote taken showed that twenty-four voted for and only two against the following resolution.

“Resolved, that the delegations of the various Socialist organisations of Manchester and district are in favour of the establishment of a S.R.C. for this district.”

This meeting is promised to report the proceedings to their various societies and branches, and decided to hold another meeting at 50a, Market Street, Manchester, on Saturday, February 10th, at 3.30 p.m., when they hope to come armed with the necessary powers to proceed further.

The Secretary was instructed to send circulars and a copy of the proposed constitution to the executive body of every member who had been invited to attend the initial meeting, and suggestions or amendments to the proposed constitution were invited.

George Simpson, hon. sec. pro tern.

WITH REGRETS.

To THE EDITOR OF “THE NEW AGE.”

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your seventeenth manuscript. In desperation I turn upon you with a poem.

EPITAPH ON MSS.

I have seen them “bestialised,”
I have sealed them up at random,
I have all the rules respected—
Still they came back to the tumult.
I have asked the help of heaven
Unto seventy times seven:
Till the demons who were able
Came and played the very
tale of the tape on the table,
And they couldn’t push the things through.
Now my art is dead of mildew,
And it’s buried, for the ragman
Cleaned the loft above our stable.

Huntly Carter.

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