RIDERS TO THE SEA.
it was begun, and the fact on which it is destined to
the fact on which it was originated, the fact on which
issues, we will admit, are of even greater importance.

But to regard the political and constitutional question
finance of the nation. Abstractly and potentially other
end
immediacy of an economic for a purely political ques-
Nobody will accuse Socialists of willingly sacrificing the
decision has to be made whether facts have or have not
been perfectly considered. Under these circumstances
as overshadowing all other questions. Many Socialists,
acted on. There is no room on a ballot paper for
combatants.

If it were possible to remain completely isolated from
the issue and to study them philosopher-wise, with no
need to act upon decision, we might prefer to luxuriate
in the innocuous impartiality which philosophy and the
reflection that in the long run all parties are alike in
fallibly give. But on the day of the poll impartiality
is impossible. A decision must not only be made, but
acted on. There is no room on a ballot paper for
expressing the perfect balance which wisdom gives. A
decision has to be made whether facts have or have not
been perfectly considered. Under these circumstances
we shall not hesitate to sink all the minor distinctions
which weigh pro and con amongst the parties, and to
fix our eyes clearly upon the major issues of the main
combatants.

What are they? Attempts have been made to ob-
scure the initial fact of the whole of the present election,
the fact on which it was originated, the fact on which
it was begun, and the fact on which it is destined to
end: the right of the House of Lords to control the
finance of the nation. Abstractly and potentially other
issues, we will admit, are of even greater importance.

Nobody will accuse Socialists of willingly sacrificing the
immediacy of an economic for a purely political ques-
tion. But in the present instance we have no choice
but to regard the political and constitutional question
as overshadowing all other questions. Many Socialists,
We support the principle of land taxation in the Budget because, until the land is restored to the people, it is but just that increment created by the community should contribute more largely towards the national revenue. We desire, further, to see the same principle extended to all forms of unearned income, including those derived from interest on capital.

We point out that there are still millions of pounds of taxation pressing on the necessities and comforts of the poor. This taxation is even increased by the Budget. All such taxes should be removed, and the food of the people entirely freed.

But the most vital matter in this and every present-day election is the poverty of the people. This is, above all, a subject for the imperative consideration of all Christians.

We appeal to the electors to consider the immeasurable importance of the question of unemployment and the condition of the children.

We remind our fellow-Christians, with emphasis, that, as four years ago so now to-day, there are millions of persons living on the verge of destitution. In the metropolis alone there are at least 100,000 children, the provision of whose daily bread is never assured. These children, by the commission of Christ Himself, were specially committed to our care.

We therefore urge the electors to require of every candidate that, if he be elected, he will, in the first session of Parliament demand not merely the carrying out of the promises already made by the Government in the direction of social reform, but also the creation of a National Labour Department for the organisation of industry, viz.:

1. To raise the school age to 16 years, with maintenance, through the Education Authority, for those children whose parents are unable to provide it.

2. To reduce the long hours of labourers to 48 hours a week at the least, together with the fixing of a minimum wage.

3. To regulate casual labour, and to provide maintenance and special training where necessary.

4. To insist upon drastic reform of the housing of the poor, so that the present destruction of family life may be stopped.

5. To break up the poor law as demanded by the Minority Report of the Royal Commission, so that destitution shall be treated no longer as a crime, or as the object of temporary relief, but as a social disease that can be prevented or cured.

6. To establish the "right to work" for all men and women capable of earning their living; and to effect this not only by such means as road development, but also by a wide expansion of municipal enterprise in all departments of productive and distributive industry.

Finally, as Christians and Socialists, we urge that our common ideal must extend far beyond the accomplishment of these immediate reforms, whether constitutional or economic. We are working for a co-operative commonwealth, in which land and capital shall be owned collectively by the whole community.

We call upon all Christians to help us in the fight, which is not only against evil conditions, but also against mammon worship, injustice and inequality, idleness and luxury, materialism and other sins, all of which we are pledged by our faith to resist.

We appeal to our fellow-Churchmen to raise anew with us the banner of Christ in defence of the poor, the weak, and the oppressed, and to proclaim afresh His Word: "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His justice."
Foreign Affairs.

The use to which Mr. Blatchford's articles advocating conscription in England are being put makes it necessary to recapitulate the reasons why conscription is practically and economically worthless. The first line of British defence against any German attack is the Navy. Everyone is agreed on that, and upon the importance of maintaining a strong Navy. Mr. Blatchford and the Conscriptionists urge that a strong Army would be a good second line of defence. This is an absurdity. In order to bring the Army into defensive operation one must assume that the Navy has been annihilated in various sea-fights to such an extent that the British coasts are unprotected by naval forces. The Army could never be brought into action. The coasts of England would be blockaded. The routes of food supply would be commanded by the victorious German fleet.

To answer this question they might be listened to. The importance of maintaining a strong Navy. Mr. Blatchford and the Conscriptionists urge that a strong Army would be a good second line of defence. This is an absurdity. In order to bring the Army into defensive operation one must assume that the Navy has been annihilated in various sea-fights to such an extent that the British coasts are unprotected by naval forces. The Army could never be brought into action. The coasts of England would be blockaded. The routes of food supply would be commanded by the victorious German fleet.

From the point of view of aggression, the British Army is sufficiently strong. It would be hopeless to attempt to conquer Germany by force; but England at this moment can put 100,000 men across the North Sea with much more ease than Germany. The economic objection to conscription is that the expense would entail no advantage; but it would limit naval expenditure. If these vast sums must be spent upon defence, then they should be expended in such a way as to secure the best return for the money. A million spent on the drill sergeant and the engine of military law, Mr. Blatchford dared not defend military law; therefore, he has ignored it. There is no machinery of oppression so terrible in the world as military law, which is a device for crushing the spirit and the independence of the soldier.

The compromise in the Friedjung trial was generally anticipated. The longer the trial proceeded the more revelations were threatened of discreditable Austrian intrigues. It is a singular fact that the Austrian Foreign Office should have thought it worth while to supply Dr. Friedjung with forged documents to prove the guilt of the Austrian police force. The trial is a splendid performance. The "Times" has rendered a substantial public service. The literature of South American Republics published in English is consistent only in its badness and lack of breadth. Many of the "Times" contributions should be accepted with large grains of salt. The account of the Panama Republic was written without any knowledge of its inaccuracy. The Panama officials were bribed by the United States to declare Panama independent, so that the Canal Isthmus might be collared by Uncle Sam. No hint of this, however, can be found in the "Times" record. In the roseate picture of South America as a trading country there is no reference to the terrible exploitation of the working classes. The Supplement is completely silent on this topic, simply because nothing good can be said of the Republics. The wealthy classes of South America are powerful and rapacious. The Trade Unions are weak. The system of elections is a sham, while the administration of justice is a fraud. The recent anarchist outrages in Buenos Ayres has led to a panic-stricken repression of Socialist, Trade Union, Anarchist, or Progressive organisations. Many of the most advanced and liberal-minded South Americans have been expelled, and the Monte Video. This method of wholesale deportation in one instance of an isolated outrage and the placing of a peaceful city under martial law are remedies of panic and injustice. While the commercial classes flourish in South America, the wretched working men, who are Indian or South American, are living in a hell. As "Truth" said of Peru, South America for working men is "The Devil's Paradise."
Eye-openers for Electors.  

III. The Taxing of Mining Royalties.  

By O. W. Dyce.

On the station walls of certain metropolitan railways may be seen little boxes bearing labels that invite the passer-by to contribute a copper or two and maintain the London Hospital for a number of seconds. Many travellers reading the appeal for the first time have doubtless been mystified; how could it be possible for a small coin to keep a gigantic institution going for any appreciable portion of time? By taking the trouble, however, to work out a simple sum in multiplication they have recognised that a penny a second is 5s. a minute, £15 an hour, £30 a day, and more than £10,000 a month. Thus it is perfectly true that the largest hospital that London possesses can be entirely financed for part of the year by an East End coal girl. This little effort in mental arithmetic came into my mind the other day on reading an extract from the "Shipping Gazette" to the effect that the Lusitania consumes more than a ton of coal per minute on her voyages to New York. Now, the royalty paid by a colliery company to a landowner for the right to take coal from beneath his land is about 8d. a ton in the north of England, and about 1s. 3d. a ton for the best Welsh coal, such as the Lusitania would use. Taking it at 1s., to be on the safe side, we discover that the landowner pockets more than £3 an hour and between £70 and £80 a day whilst the ship travels. It has also been calculated that the total wages of the Lusitania's firemen and greasers and trimmers amount to £53 a day. In other words, the owner of the soil whence the coal has come can sit at home at ease and pocket as a daily toll half as much again as 300 men working hard on the vessel.

Coal is a raw material for a thousand industries. Is there anything unfair or unreasonable in levying a special tax upon one who is so fortunate as to be able to himself to levy a tax upon the country's industries? If the burden to be laid upon the shoulders most capable of bearing them, do not his shoulders come within that category? The House of Commons, doing at last what ought to have been done years ago, has agreed that the Budget should hit the owner of mining royalties. It is a very mild "hit"—5 per cent. on these easily pocketed rent charges. "Wild and revolutionary," say the House of Lords; but their lordships' notion that the electors will say the same is a huge joke.

According to the "Daily Mail," the Duke of Hamilton draws £67,000 a year in mineral rents, whilst the Duke of Portland gets from the same source £6,000 a year, and the Duke of Buccleuch £4,000. These amounts are supplementary to their revenues from ordinary rent of land, which is estimated at the colossal sum of nearly £400,000 a year for these three ducal personages. From another source of information I learn that Lord Tredegar nets £12,300 a year from tolls on coal carried over a little railway a mile long. Figures could also be given for the Duke of Norfolk and other anti-Budget peers. Altogether the sum abstracted in the form of royalties and wayleaves runs into millions per annum. The most modest estimate—that of the 1910 "Daily Mail" Year Book—puts the total at £4,872,240, but that publication quotes ancient figures from the year 1889. The Royal Commission on Mining Royalties of 1893 estimated the total royalty charges at £6,000,000, and Mr. Lloyd George at Limehouse gave £8,000,000 as the figure. A still larger estimate was taken at a recent conference of Scottish miners by Mr. William Galbacher, who expressed the opinion that nearly £10,000,000 was annually paid in royalties. Whatever the total may be, it is agreed enough to affect the price of coal, iron ore, etc., seriously, and affords us an opportunity of smiling when we hear the enemies of the Budget implore the Chancellor of the Exchequer not to put taxes on industry. Que messieurs les assassins commenceant! It is well worth while to note how the landlord's royalties penalise our steel trade. Royalties on iron ore are 2s. 6d. a ton—much heavier, therefore, than on coal. To make a ton of pig-iron two tons of iron-ore are required, together with some limestone, and two tons of coal are used in the process. The royalties on this ton of pig-iron are thus little short of 7s., and more coal is needed in turning the pig-iron into steel. A lecturer at the Wigan School of Mines has explained the effect of royalties as follows:—Extra cost for plates for shipbuilding, in England 5s. 9d., in Germany 2s., in France 1s. 6d. That comparative statement was made many years ago, and the English figures are higher. Again, Sir Christopher Furness says: "For every ton of iron we produce there is included in the price 4s. for royalties, whereas in the United States it is only 1s. and in Germany only 6d." Is it strange that Great Britain under such circumstances should sometimes find itself cut out by foreign competitors? In Germany and France the coal and iron ore are national property; French mining companies pay 5 per cent. as royalty to the State, and German companies pay 2 per cent. on their coal prices; but nothing at all is paid in England. In Spain the minerals belong to the nation, and only a nominal rent is charged to the firms that work them. Belgian coal is nationalised, and the lessees pay a royalty of 2½ per cent. There are even portions of the British Empire where minerals are State-owned. Now what justification can there be for applying the epithet "revolutionary" to a proposal that goes just a fractional part of the way in the direction of assimilating the system on this side of the English Channel to those that prevail on the other side?

No advantage worth mentioning could be got by abolishing mining royalties; the price of coal, for instance, would only fall to the extent of the smallest royalty charge—say, threepence per ton. All the royalties that were higher would drop automatically into the pockets of the shareholders in the colliery companies. The best mines would be able to cut prices and destroy their less accessible or less productive rivals, and would become powerful trusts, raising their prices afterwards to the consumer, and yet keeping the poorer mines shut down by the everlasting threat to undercut them, should they restart working. Royalties serve one useful purpose in maintaining the price of coal at a more or less steady level, the low royalties on the comparatively valueless mines affording them the chance to compete. Were the royalties entirely State-owned, a perfect sliding scale could be instituted.

If anyone believes that Mr. Lloyd George's tax of a shilling in the pound on the royalties are State-owned by the landowners on to the colliery owners, he should stop to consider two points. In the first place, the landowners are not philanthropists who have generously determined to take it all on their own shoulders. Royalties have been fixed at exactly the point beyond which the lessees would leave the mine alone and leave the royalty owner with an income of nil. In the second place, existing leases are for fairly long periods on the average—for twenty years, maybe for forty, even for ninety-nine years. By the time that the majority of the leases shall have expired much water will have run under the bridge. Owners of land and proprietors of collieries will be occupying mining leases, if any seats at all, and the man who will count will be the hewer risking his life in the underground caver.
Imaginary Speeches.
No. 4.—By the Rt. Hon. A. J. Balfour.

Style: The Enlightening.

It is 1919, and the Unionist Government in power has introduced the Budget of 1919, with its proposal for the rateable valuation of land to be the basis of taxation. Much to Mr. Balfour’s surprise the Liberals have impugned his attitude, and he rises a little flushed or— as a liberal Parliamentary sketch-writer would say— "purple with rage."

Mr. Speaker, I really find myself totally unable to comprehend the most extraordinary objections which have been lodged against myself and my friends by honourable gentlemen opposite. One might have imagined that an Opposition which was confronted with a measure embodying principles which they themselves had, in however crude and incompletely a manner, first formulated and developed in legislative form, a measure to which by what appears to be common consent they do not at this moment assign to the category of Bills the substance of which encounters criticism from them on fundamental grounds, but into that other category of Bills which are based upon tenets which find general acceptance not merely upon one side, but upon both sides of the House, one would have supposed that an Opposition—confronted with a measure, a measure, moreover—providing for the financial necessities of the year which might well have found it both dignified and convenient to confine their attention, or, at all events, their hostile attention, to points of detail in the measure which, in their judgment, call for proper comment, and might have refrained from indulging in those more general observations to which the House is accustomed when matters of some importance, regarding which there is a wide and deep cleavage of opinion. That is what one would have supposed. That is the gross—(Ministerial cheers)—into which one would have fallen. Apparently our view of what is right and proper procedure is not shared by gentlemen opposite. Unable, apparently, to vent their political spleen upon our present, they have vented it upon our past. (Loud Ministerial cheers and Opposition laughter.)

If I be correct, and I think I am correct—(Ministerial cheers)—the gravamen of the accusation against us is that we opposed the land taxes of 1909, and that we have introduced the land taxes of 1919. (MR. LLOYD GEORGE: “Hear, hear.”) I understand the right honourable gentleman to have assented to that proposition. He and his colleagues have done me the honour of quoting some hoary and venerable observations—a measure which they themselves have not been even inconsistent. What did we attack? We did not attack taxes. (Cheers.) We did not attack land taxes. (Cheers and ironical cheers.) What we attacked and all that we attacked was the land taxes of 1909. In our speech of 1909, I made it quite clear. We distinctly and in terms repudiated any objection to the principle that the State should, if its financial needs should be justly pressing, absorb a fair portion of unearned increment in land. In my speech upon the Second Reading of the Finance Bill I plainly characterised that doctrine as a legitimate doubt. (Ministerial cheers.) I repeated my statement in slightly different words at Manchester, and many of my friends pursued the similar course. If I meant that, but, if I rightly remember, we actually pressed for the insertion of the specific word “unearned” before “increment” in the text of the Finance Bill, and our request was—incredible though it may seem—flatly refused by the Government of the day on the ostensible ground that if it were granted legal complications would follow. Did that action on our part connote any deep-rooted reluctance to secure for the community what was the result of a process of natural development? (Cheers.) Was there anything selfish and sinister in that? (Loud cheers.) Still, we fought the taxes. Agreed; but why? We fought them for the very simple and sufficient reason that they were not what our authors proposed them to be. (Cheers.) We objected to an impost so small—2 per cent., or 5, or 10 per cent.—that I forget the exact figure—that it produced a gross revenue absolutely insignificant. We objected, moreover, to a tax which carried with it a scheme of valuation which entailed upon the State an expenditure infinitely greater than the revenue which was to accrue to the State. (Cheers.) Our objections were not academic; they were business objections. They were founded not upon the idea that the taxation was bad, but upon a creed of economy. (Cheers.) Can anyone say that there is even the remotest affinity, save the bare terminological one, between the tax we are proposing now and the tax they proposed then? Our tax is a tax of 50 per cent. It will bring in twenty millions this year. (Cheers.) The additional cost of valuation will be nothing. (Cheers.) The great increase which we have fortunately been able to promote in the number of owners of land will make it far easier to exhaust the invidious and undemocratic tax than was that of 1909. As far as I can deduce, sir, what the argument of the Opposition comes to is this: "You refused to waste money ten years ago; therefore you have the moral right to raise money now." (Loud and continued Ministerial cheers, during which the right honourable gentleman resumes his seat.)

Jack C. Squire.
A Study in Jingoism.

By C. H. Norman.

The following article summarises in parallel columns the arguments of the British and German jingoists, by which they are driving the two countries into war. The similarity of the two cases as presented is very curious. The historical record of aggression by the two States is the same. The peoples of England and Germany were tools of their militarist and ruling oligarchies in the past; and only the greatest exertions will prevent them being tricked into war in the future. Both sides are in the position of being unable to prove either for or against the purpose of proving the existing hostility of the one country to the other. It is thimbleriggers in high politics.

Mr. Robert Blatchford.

The ENGLISH JINGOES.

Germany has attacked Denmark, Austria, and France.

Germany incited the Transvaal Republics against England, as witness the Kaiser's telegram to President Kruger, and the negotiations between Drs. Ley and the Kaiser.

Germany is building a great navy. Why? In order to attack Great Britain. "To the Great Day," is the prevailing anti-British toast in German naval circles. "The Admiral of the Atlantic Cigarettes" (German Emperor's signal to Russian Czar at Reval in 1907).

England should present an ultimatum to Germany demanding an explanation of her enormous naval armaments. Failing a satisfactory explanation the whole German fleet should be destroyed while it is much inferior to the British fleet in strength. (Mr. L. Maxse, the Imperial Maritime League, Sir Penrose Fitzgerald, Mr. Robert Blatchford, Mr. Garvin, and others).

Germany is preparing for war. Having crushed France, she is now ready to try conclusions with England. (Various naval and military writers.) The multiplication of ordnance factories, gun factories, and the enormous naval and naval stores, are all to the intent of a coming Anglo-German war. It is plain to all that Germany will be the unprodded aggressor. Germany is planning an invasion of England by sea. (Memoirs de mer. (See Erskine Childers' "Riddle of the Sands," various pamphlets and articles in English reviews, magazines, and weekly newspapers.)

"Probably no faction quite so deeply despicable as our Radical and Socialist party of to-day has ever been present in the history of any country... The object of the Imperial Maritime League is to call the sparrow of 'little England,' whether Radican or Socialist, or a nauseous mixture of the two by their proper names, and to hold them up to public execration and contempt" ("The True Facts about the Navy," pp. 5 and 8).

"Every vote for the Liberals is a vote for the Boers" (Mr. J. Chamberlain's telegram in 1900).

"Every vote for the Liberals is a vote for the Germans" (Mr. Garvin's "Defence of the Imperial Maritime League of England" in 1906). Is Mr. Garvin of German or Jewish nationality? "Who's who" is silent as to his birthplace. (Von Bulow).

"If I were a Cabinet Minister, I should advocate an expenditure of 100,000,000 on the Navy; a Compulsory Service Bill; a Bill for the military training of all schoolboys over ten; a large increase in secret service expenditure; Protection and an agitation against the employment of foreigners; a fiscal war" (Mr. Robert Blatchford in the "Daily Mail," Dec., 1909; "The New Socialism").

Mr. Robert Blatchford.

The GERMAN JINGOES.

England has attacked Spain, Holland, France, Denmark, Russia, and the Transvaal.

England incited Denmark against Germany, as witness Lord John Russell's despatches, and Lord Palmerston's speech on the Appropriation Bill in 1866.

England is building two ships to Germany's one. Why? In order to crush Germany, the Compromise of German trade. England has provoked war with every European Power which has become strong enough to menace English trade. Four notable cases are Spain, Holland, France, and Russia.

"War with England is not improbable, and our chances of success against England improve day by day" (General von der Goltz).

"The German fleet must be strong enough to resist an external attack on German coasts in the event of any lying involved in Continental complications" (various German writers and statesmen during the Moroccan crisis, the Power indicated as likely to make the external attack being England).

England is isolating Germany preparatory to annihiating her, by an unlimited naval blockade (speeches in the Reichstag on German foreign policy). England has entered into a secret treaty with France to land 100,000 men at Calais should war want a powerful army? To strike a deadly blow at Germany by land, either singly or in combination with France and Russia. (Par. German League, German Naval League, and German publicists' allegations).

The Social Democratic Party is formed by and constituted of Germans who wished to see the downfall of the British Empire (Mr. Hyndman). The Social Demo- crats must be suppressed as traitors. (Heinrich von Treitsche). "Herr von Belbe is a fit mouthpiece of the party of anti-patriotism" (Mr. Bulow's speech in the Reichstag).

Germany was faced with many powerful enemies abroad; but they could not be feared so much as the Socialist vipers she was nur- ing at home (private letter of the Kaiser).

"Every Social Democrat is a traitor" (Conservative election address in Germany). He believed he could rely upon the German electorate to deal with the Social Demo- crats. The German electorate had dealt with the Liberal party in 1900, and swept them out of effective existence.

He had read to them the statements of Mr. H. W. Rylands, Mr. Carvin, Mr. Robert Blatchford on "the German Peril." Unlike the German Social Democrats, English Socialists were openly advocating vast armaments against Germany (Von Bulow, 1908, and von Hollweg in 1910).

Patriotism and Socialism cannot grow side by side. Socialism is a noxious weed which will choke the fair flower of patriotism (Bismarck, Prince Hohenlohe, Von Bulow).

The hope for the workers of all countries was Socialism, by means of which the militarists would be destroyed (Herr Lede- boer).

"During the Moroccan crisis we knew war would be averted between Germany and France if the German and French Socialist leaders could be induced to meet. They met, and war was averted" (letter of an English socialist on Socialist foreign policy).

"We have settled our ac- quaintances with Austria-Hungary, with France, and with Russia. The last settlement, the settlement with Germany, probably will be the longest and most difficult" (Heinrich von Treitsche). "The Social Demo- crats must be suppressed and kept in their place" (Mr. Garvin). "Both sides are in the position that they are driving the two countries into war." (Mr. C. H. Norman). The United States can then carry out unhin- dered her destiny of dominat- ing America, and control- ling the trade of the world."
On Culture.

Every man who desires to become broad-minded, to dispel the illusions due to prejudice and town life, to understand his fellow man and woman, should dwell in a suburb—nor is it incumbent that it be a garden suburb. It is only since my sojourn among suburban men that I have understood how Matthew Arnold's sneer at the vulgarity of the middle classes and brutality of the working classes was wholly the offspring of ignorance.

We have no upper class in my suburb—a not uncommon circumstance, I am told.

We possess a veritable passion for culture in my (that age long magic of property, which neither I nor my ancestors have ever possessed, will out) suburb. Nothing subdues it, nor winter's frost, nor summer's heat, nor suburb's mud; we are indifferent to rain, storm and fog. Long before the tardy winter sun has risen we are diligently at work, and we can follow our delightful task long after the night has closed in around us.

Christmas and Boxing Day are welcome in so far as they give us further opportunities of pursuing our appointed task. The Saturday afternoon we hurry homeward in gleeful anticipation of the many hours of serious effort that now lie before us. The Sunday morning we are very early in pursuit till the church bells call us reluctantly to some less entrancing entertainment. We bolt from church ere the last Amen risen we are diligently at work, and we can follow our delightful task long after the night has closed in around us.

Now is the season of the year when the culture of Holland is our chief concern. The bulbs we planted some weeks ago—bulb of tulip, bulb of narcissus, bulb of daffodil. Strange names are given to these our own knowledge of fantastic shapes and eerie colours I may judge by the catalogues that break in upon me from importer, seedman, and horticulturist. Of my own knowledge of fantastic shapes and eerie colours I have nought to say—mine is a vicarious culture. I rejoice to see my neighbours digging and hoeing and Following his brilliant endeavor. Give him but a square yard of earth and he will see to it that something theii arise. Also he likes not to dwell in solitude. If, as Professor Lester Ward suggests, human society is still in a very rudimentary organic condition, yet the beginning of a society is the beginning of a civi-sationary organic condition yet the beginning of a civic state. It seems so. It seems that all the necessary work in a factory or shop is not so necessary, perhaps the political economist errs; though it may come out cheaper in money for us to wear cotton and send it away in return for wheat; perhaps it is dearer when that cost reckoned in terms of men and women. Perhaps it is good for us to expend our best energies in the occupation that most delights us; that only in some such way shall we find health; that only in this wise can the soul of man ever blend harmoniously with his surroundings.

Of this I have very certain knowledge: the little land possessed by no less a land hunger than his comrade in the village. The townsman is deprived of his natural rights when he is caged amid bricks and pavement. Give him but a square yard of earth and he will see to it that something theii arise. Also he likes not to dwell in solitude. If, as Professor Lester Ward suggests, human society is still in a very rudimentary organic condition, yet the beginning of a society is the beginning of a civic state. It seems so. It seems that all the necessary work in a factory or shop is not so necessary, perhaps the political economist errs; though it may come out cheaper in money for us to wear cotton and send it away in return for wheat; perhaps it is dearer when that cost reckoned in terms of men and women. Perhaps it is good for us to expend our best energies in the occupation that most delights us; that only in some such way shall we find health; that only in this wise can the soul of man ever blend harmoniously with his surroundings.

The Canadian advertisements for farm labourers nowadays read “No English need apply.” The Canadian farmer knows that the Englishman cannot stand the loneliness, the desolation of his isolated farm. Just for the same reason the Englishman cannot people the veld—Boer and Scotch succeed where the English fail. English society is more developed than either of these, and the need of companionship, of a dwelling together—a sign of advancing civilization—is the more imperative.

But companionship does not advance by geometrical progression. There is a limit to the number of companions you require; it is limited to the number of persons you can take a real and lively interest in—two or three hundred persons at the outside.

Amid these one can dwell joyfully in closest intimacy; yet after awhile you will grow weary of this companionship, and you will seek a change. So your suburb of two or three hundred persons must be linked up with some neighbouring community. Linked up, yet separated, so that the way across shall be a short and pleasant pilgrimage, a striding that may give you a jest and a pleased anticipation of interchange with new minds.

To this the culture of bulbs, even their vicarious culture, brings us all—the need for a bit of land for our main endeavour; an occasional turn at the wheel or counter, if you insist upon it. Our common suburb window. In our common suburb window. In our common suburb window. In our common suburb window. In our common suburb window.
Militancy and Humanity.

By D. Triformis.

When we consider into what depths of barbarism the continued power of Mr. Herbert Gladstone might have driven our country, I cannot help but wonder to myself whether the now timely removal is due to the protests both of our supporters and of those in opposition to us, against his mismanagement of the suffrage movement; when we reflect that at the bottom of this protest lies the feeling that we cannot trust public-spirited men that force will not serve in a civilised community—with all these facts weighing with us it is certainly our duty to examine patiently and fearlessly the question whether we ought not to support the efforts of those who are anxious to put a limit to the exercise of force the speediest way we can, namely, by ourselves abandoning forcible methods.

We will hint here at the possibility that a forcible wresting of the franchise may not secure us that which we most hope to gain by the franchise. Perhaps a quotation from the writings of a statesman on the subject of a cause not utterly dissimilar from our own may help us to an understanding of the unreliability of force to secure peace. Burke, while endeavouring to bring about a peace between Ireland and England, wrote: "Concessions, sufficient if given in good time and at a particular juncture of events, become insufficient if deferred." Again: "Concessions extorted produce no good; they are the recompense of treachery. These last three words should be kept in mind by all women who wish to gain the respect of that peace which is the basis of civilisation and the humane life. We must redeem ourselves from our present inferior position in such a manner as to be able to show our public-spirited men that force will not serve in a civilised community."

One of the majorities of men are still wondering in the dark why women suddenly developed the open hostility of militancy. Ignorant of women's needs, and conscious of no definite hostility towards women, men have been urged by their supporters and of those in opposition to us to use force in a struggle. We have the unusual spectacle, in the battle between the Suffragettes and the Government, of the majority of men being beholding each side attempting to coerce the other. It is time, in face of the inhumane aspect which the situation presents, for us to examine a few facts which seem to prove that the mind of England is averse from the dark ways of torture and oppression.

During the time that militant methods have been employed the militants have never seriously harmed anybody, and we believe that such deterrence has been, in almost every case, the result of accident. So much to indicate that the women themselves, though driven to use force, are averse from force. Now regarding their opponents. It cannot reasonably be denied that if the mob which has opposed the Suffragettes had had the mind to injure the women seriously, even fatally, it could have done so. The mob has refrained from attacking the Suffragettes with any real ferocity. They have not the desire to break the case of brute force. We conclude that it is actually averse from force.

True, the Suffragettes have been subjected to real torture in prison. Not, however, even in all prisons; not in Scotch prisons; only in such prisons as have received the direct mandate of the Home Secretary. Yet the evil spirit of torture and oppression has been let loose, if only among gaolers. We do not look for much humanity to men who would sink to be gaolers. They are the mental descendants of the men who formerly used the thumbscrew and who lit the pyres of criminals. Not, however, even so in all prisons.

Resentment that feeling will handicap us. Resentment unplayed will surely urge us towards punitive and prohibitive legislation which must, as it always has done, strike at the root of order and plunge us into imminent danger to civilisation when, for instance, a cause not utterly dissimilar from our own may help us to an understanding of the unreliability of force to secure peace.

We are upon a dangerous boundary. It is a sign of imminent danger to civilisation when, for instance, a man of the type of Mr. Gladstone, sentimental and bigoted, is allowed to find play for his evil instincts. Such men are never very far from the kingdom of hell. English people do not want that kingdom in England. We are upon a dangerous boundary. It is a sign of imminent danger to civilisation when, for instance, a man of the type of Mr. Gladstone, sentimental and bigoted, is allowed to find play for his evil instincts. Such men are never very far from the kingdom of hell. English people do not want that kingdom in England.
the evil spirit, fanning its ever-smouldering flame in men like Mr. Gladstone and the less respectable servants of State, is spreading! The removal of the Home Secretary is a recognition of this danger.

Mr. Gladstone's absence will not precisely settle our difficulties, but with this clumsy tyrant's departure from office will vanish a good deal of women's resentment. It appeared further from the marconigram that Dr. De Rougemont had now arrived in Copenhagen, where his frank and superhuman bearing have come to the notice of Denmark that he is a bona fide traveller.

The Glory Hole.

Dr. De Rougemont has now arrived in Copenhagen, where his frank and superhuman bearing have completely convinced Mr. G. K. Chesterton and the King of Denmark that he is a bona fide traveller.

The Glory Hole.

Dr. De Rougemont has now arrived in Copenhagen, where his frank and superhuman bearing have completely convinced Mr. G. K. Chesterton and the King of Denmark that he is a bona fide traveller.

The Glory Hole.

Dr. De Rougemont has now arrived in Copenhagen, where his frank and superhuman bearing have completely convinced Mr. G. K. Chesterton and the King of Denmark that he is a bona fide traveller.

The Glory Hole.

Dr. De Rougemont has now arrived in Copenhagen, where his frank and superhuman bearing have completely convinced Mr. G. K. Chesterton and the King of Denmark that he is a bona fide traveller.

The Glory Hole.

Dr. De Rougemont has now arrived in Copenhagen, where his frank and superhuman bearing have completely convinced Mr. G. K. Chesterton and the King of Denmark that he is a bona fide traveller.

The Glory Hole.

Dr. De Rougemont has now arrived in Copenhagen, where his frank and superhuman bearing have completely convinced Mr. G. K. Chesterton and the King of Denmark that he is a bona fide traveller.

The Glory Hole.

Dr. De Rougemont has now arrived in Copenhagen, where his frank and superhuman bearing have completely convinced Mr. G. K. Chesterton and the King of Denmark that he is a bona fide traveller.

The Glory Hole.

Dr. De Rougemont has now arrived in Copenhagen, where his frank and superhuman bearing have completely convinced Mr. G. K. Chesterton and the King of Denmark that he is a bona fide traveller.

The Glory Hole.

Dr. De Rougemont has now arrived in Copenhagen, where his frank and superhuman bearing have completely convinced Mr. G. K. Chesterton and the King of Denmark that he is a bona fide travellers.

The Glory Hole.

Dr. De Rougemont has now arrived in Copenhagen, where his frank and superhuman bearing have completely convinced Mr. G. K. Chesterton and the King of Denmark that he is a bona fide travellers.

The Glory Hole.

Dr. De Rougemont has now arrived in Copenhagen, where his frank and superhuman bearing have completely convinced Mr. G. K. Chesterton and the King of Denmark that he is a bona fide travellers.

The Glory Hole.

Dr. De Rougemont has now arrived in Copenhagen, where his frank and superhuman bearing have completely convinced Mr. G. K. Chesterton and the King of Denmark that he is a bona fide travellers.

The Glory Hole.

Dr. De Rougemont has now arrived in Copenhagen, where his frank and superhuman bearing have completely convinced Mr. G. K. Chesterton and the King of Denmark that he is a bona fide travellers.

The Glory Hole.

Dr. De Rougemont has now arrived in Copenhagen, where his frank and superhuman bearing have completely convinced Mr. G. K. Chesterton and the King of Denmark that he is a bona fide travellers.

The Glory Hole.

Dr. De Rougemont has now arrived in Copenhagen, where his frank and superhuman bearing have completely convinced Mr. G. K. Chesterton and the King of Denmark that he is a bona fide travellers.

The Glory Hole.

Dr. De Rougemont has now arrived in Copenhagen, where his frank and superhuman bearing have completely convinced Mr. G. K. Chesterton and the King of Denmark that he is a bona fide travellers.

The Glory Hole.

Dr. De Rougemont has now arrived in Copenhagen, where his frank and superhuman bearing have completely convinced Mr. G. K. Chesterton and the King of Denmark that he is a bona fide travellers.

The Glory Hole.

Dr. De Rougemont has now arrived in Copenhagen, where his frank and superhuman bearing have completely convinced Mr. G. K. Chesterton and the King of Denmark that he is a bona fide travellers.

The Glory Hole.

Dr. De Rougemont has now arrived in Copenhagen, where his frank and superhuman bearing have completely convinced Mr. G. K. Chesterton and the King of Denmark that he is a bona fide travellers.

The Glory Hole.

Dr. De Rougemont has now arrived in Copenhagen, where his frank and superhuman bearing have completely convinced Mr. G. K. Chesterton and the King of Denmark that he is a bona fide travellers.

The Glory Hole.

Dr. De Rougemont has now arrived in Copenhagen, where his frank and superhuman bearing have completely convinced Mr. G. K. Chesterton and the King of Denmark that he is a bona fide travellers.

The Glory Hole.

Dr. De Rougemont has now arrived in Copenhagen, where his frank and superhuman bearing have completely convinced Mr. G. K. Chesterton and the King of Denmark that he is a bona fide travellers.

The Glory Hole.

Dr. De Rougemont has now arrived in Copenhagen, where his frank and superhuman bearing have completely convinced Mr. G. K. Chesterton and the King of Denmark that he is a bona fide travellers.

The Glory Hole.

Dr. De Rougemont has now arrived in Copenhagen, where his frank and superhuman bearing have completely convinced Mr. G. K. Chesterton and the King of Denmark that he is a bona fide travellers.

The Glory Hole.

Dr. De Rougemont has now arrived in Copenhagen, where his frank and superhuman bearing have completely convinced Mr. G. K. Chesterton and the King of Denmark that he is a bona fide travellers.

The Glory Hole.

Dr. De Rougemont has now arrived in Copenhagen, where his frank and superhuman bearing have completely convinced Mr. G. K. Chesterton and the King of Denmark that he is a bona fide travellers.

The Glory Hole.

Dr. De Rougemont has now arrived in Copenhagen, where his frank and superhuman bearing have completely convinced Mr. G. K. Chesterton and the King of Denmark that he is a bona fide travellers.

The Glory Hole.

Dr. De Rougemont has now arrived in Copenhagen, where his frank and superhuman bearing have completely convinced Mr. G. K. Chesterton and the King of Denmark that he is a bona fide travellers.

The Glory Hole.

Dr. De Rougemont has now arrived in Copenhagen, where his frank and superhuman bearing have completely convinced Mr. G. K. Chesterton and the King of Denmark that he is a bona fide travellers.

The Glory Hole.

Dr. De Rougemont has now arrived in Copenhagen, where his frank and superhuman bearing have completely convinced Mr. G. K. Chesterton and the King of Denmark that he is a bona fide travellers.

The Glory Hole.

Dr. De Rougemont has now arrived in Copenhagen, where his frank and superhuman bearing have completely convinced Mr. G. K. Chesterton and the King of Denmark that he is a bona fide travellers.

The Glory Hole.
board, was actually talking with a man who had shipped, and a brackish smell was in my nostrils.

Already I began to feel in another country, gliding away, for down in the Glory Hole they were not Americans, but men who talked their own bloomin', bloody language.

I soon drew out my companion, who, starved for companionship, was ready enough to talk.

"When a young man I went to Australia," he said, "where I have had no end of experiences. I beat drums and sailed for the coast, rode on the backs of the bushrangers, and have written a book on the aborigines. This book represents all the strange experiences of a lifetime. I have the book with me, but the Americans, by a trick, have gotten my photographs. I have no receipts, and can do nothing." Worried over this, I confided in a friend, who stripped me of money and everything worth taking. Now I am going back home, where they think perhaps I am long since dead."

Interesting people, I notice, often travel in Glory Holes.

At six in the morning the commotion was great. They were throwing off the hawsers, and the tugs were already straining away on the tow lines. While I was enjoying the spectacle my chief-steward came aft and said:

"You had better get below and put on your sea clothes; and, remember, do not let the captain see you. He don't like to see men on deck."

I was so surprised that I followed him back. The chief engineer had quarreled with one of the second stewards, and to vent his feelings, cut off the water supply. Here we were, riding out on the boundless ocean, with the water-closets choked and no water to wash the face and hands. I wanted to complain at once, but the captain, who don't like to see men on deck, said he was going to dress for him a little rest ashore in some garden spot, but the captain of a trans-atlantic liner is a busy man, and no doubt some philanthropist above, inspired like Byron by the dark, deep blue ocean, was walking oblivious the promenade thinking what a glorious world this is after all, and wondering whether it shall be books or churches that he shall give that the world shall know of his generosity.

And two things struck me forcibly on this voyage. There were no Americans there regularly employed, and there was not a man I knew. I was afraid of the captain. Men desperate with red eyes and sooty faces appeared in the gangway demanding food. They might be denied everything else, but they must have food in order to work. Their complaining was so guttural that I caught very few of their words, but I learned an order came to feed them more, and great hunks of meat were thrown to them on the floor. I have seen this done at zoos, but never before to human beings. There was no crime in the situation. I was going to dress for him a little rest ashore in some garden spot, but the captain was remedied probably he forgot the hopes he had stirred in the boy's breast.

The Australian, too, was soon as busy as the rest wiping tumblers. He worked hard for nothing, I mean for the stockholders. It was about the time they were cutting down expenses on the lines running under trust management.

We ate walking about or sitting on a kitchen-table, and the food was good. All the directors on earth could not stop the kitchen staff from eating. But murmurs came from below. Once there was almost a mutiny—unknown, of course, on the promenade deck—and the steward in numbers came and asked the kitchen. Men desperate with red eyes and sooty faces appeared in the gangway demanding food. They might be denied everything else, but they must have food in order to work. Their complaining was so guttural that I caught very few of their words, but I learned an order came to feed them more, and great hunks of meat were thrown to them on the floor. I have seen this done at zoos, but never before to human beings. There was no crime in the situation. I was going to dress for him a little rest ashore in some garden spot, but the captain was remedied probably he forgot the hopes he had stirred in the boy's breast.

The second is the lack of solidarity among the seamen themselves. The only solidarity in the vessel was unintelligent, when the stalkers, pushed by hunger, stood together for more food, and got it instantly. They simply acted on instinct, and correctly.

On the other hand, when the old weather-beaten Englishman arrived in London, not knowing whether any of his people were alive, and without sufficient money to get his trunk ashore at Tilbury, they told me I was a fool to assist him. I know human nature better than that, however, and he came to see me shortly afterward, saying that he had seen and heard the fatted calf, and he returned me all the money I had loaned him. Nothing has since attracted me more to England than this.

I have been living in London, then Paris, ever since, in spite of God's country, as my friends call it, being on the other side of the world. All God's countries, America, England, and France are only autonomous provinces, although many citizens do not yet know this. And it is just because the world is so glorious that it is downright criminal that human beings should be exploited, deprived of hope, and compelled to live on in the dark foul belly of a ship in order that others who have all the necessaries of life may have also almost undreamed of luxuries, when with a little common sense and less greed the work of the world could be arranged.

The New Age.

January 6, 1910
The Sage.
By Maxime Gorki.
(Translated by David Weinstein.)

Once upon a time there lived a sage.

He had understood the melancholy mystery of existence, and this mystery had filled his heart with a poignant and sombre anguish which extinguished the sunshine of his life and caused him to die of joy.

With the cold regard of reason the sage had scrutinised the depths of his time, and found only darkness therein; nor did the face of the future bear a brighter hue for him. He made his way through the streets and highways of his native land, and the head of this solitary thinker shook sorrowfully at everything that met his weary gaze.

And in the multifarious din of life the gospel of the prophet had the plaintive sound of a funeral bell.

"Men, you live enshrouded in the clouds of darkness. Your life is but a vain struggle. It is from the abyss of ignorance that you emanate, and the impenetrable darkness of ignorance awaits you!"

The people listened to these lugubrious words; they understood their bitter justness, and sighingly raised their eyes towards those of the sage.

But after having followed him for a while on his lonely way, they returned to their labours and their wives, eating their dry bread, drinking their coarse beverages. And whilst they smilingly contemplated their playing children they forgot of their miseries and made his way through the streets and highways of his earthly life.

They struggled against one another for riches and power, yet they listened attentively to the gospel of love. With their hands gory with the blood of their neighbour, they caressed their sweethearts and gave to their friends the traitors' kiss. They stripped them of their property with zeal. They lied without shame, what time they were saying that Truth alone believed in the strength of Truth, and these suffered for their faith. They liked the music which caused them to weep with tears of ecstasy; Beauty made them ashamed; and yet they admired many things that were vile and repellent, and committed many hideous acts. They were enslaved to one another all in saying that they thirsted for liberty. They had contempt for those who do not know how to create this "better" in themselves, for they were absorbed by the heaviest cares of the comforts of existence. They applied all the strength of their minds to hatred and lying, to the invention of coarse cunning, in order to glut their insatiable greed for the goods of this earth.

It is thus that they lived—like swine in a sty. And yet these odious creatures believed themselves to be fallen angels!

And their life was like an inexhaustible, muddy volcano, which shot in the clear, heavenly space the infected vapour of moans and cries, the viscous cinders of suffering and pain, the dusty mire of bestial desires.

The solitary sage walked slowly across this vast agitation of the men, and said, in a voice of omniscience:

"What is life to you—you who have never lived it? What is truth to you—you who never speak it? You know not what you exist. You want it all at once!"

When he met some lovers, he said to them, sadly:

"Death awaits you—you and your posterity!"

When he beheld men building sumptuous dwellings he addressed them reproachfully:

"All that will be the prey of destruction!"

"My eyes behold the harvest of Death!"

And when he listened to the other sages, those who loved life and sought its wonders to the young in the temples of science, he said, smiling:

"Mediocriy! That is the name of your wisdom. For the earth will perish, with all its temples, its sciences, with its truths and errors, and you ignore the dry and the woe of the annihilation."

But once, in the confines of a busy city, in a narrow alley inhabited by the outcasts, amid the heavy odours rising from the dirt and the stench, the sage saw a compact group of workmen. One was addressing the rest, and the sage was astonished at the attention with which they listened to him. Never had the people listened to his teaching with an equal ardour. And the goad of envy piqued the heart of the sage.

"Comrades," said the orator to the crowd, "we are submerged in the mire of toil, like the pebbles at the bottom of the sea, whilst above us roll the rapid waves of the life of our masters. For them our bodies are merely the stepping-stones by which they rise to the summits of Truth, and from thence they direct the strength of their minds against us in order to oppress our souls the more effectively. They know all; we know naught. They live; we merely linger on. They have learned wisdom; we merely a few fairy tales. Everything is so luminous in this across; we have naught in ours—not even sufficient bread with which to fill our hungry bodies. But our hunger will vanquish their satiety, for we live the life of the spirit and we are vigorous. We want to live, we want to learn, we want to be free! We want to tear out those insatiable souls by filling them with the wisdom of the earth built on the rock of our patience. We want everything that exists. We want to create that which is not yet!"

"Men!" said the sage to him, with a smile of condescension. "Error! That is the name of your words. Human knowledge is limited, and mankind will know no more than is capable of knowing. And what does it signify if you perish from starvation or from satiety, like those against whom you direct the half-blunted arrow of your wisdom? And what matters if you sleep ignorant in the grave or have your shroud covered with the pious doctrines of your masters? Benthink yourself, everything that exists on earth, aye, even the earth itself, will be precipitated into the black abyss of oblivion, into the dungeon of death——"

The silent men raised their eyes towards the sage. Immovably they listened to his wise words, and the more he spoke the more did their faces assume a cold and sombre air. Suddenly one of them, addressing his fellow, cried:

"Jim, my arm's in a sling; just you fling the old monkey one in the eye!"

And they was all! Yes, of course, I know them. They are a little coarse, these working people. But can we blame them? For, so far, no one has yet taught them better manners?
A Story for the New Year.

By Anatole France.

Translated with the Author's permission by David Weintraub.

HORTEUR, the founder of the "Spark," the political and literary editor of the "National Review" and of the "New Century Illustrated," Horateur, having received me in his study, said to me from the depths of his editorial seat:

"My dear Hammer, write me a story for my special number of the 'New Century'; three hundred lines on the occasion of the 'day of the year.' Something of real living interest, with an aristocratic aroma."

I replied to Horateur that I was not "dear," in the sense, at least, in which he said it, but that I would willingly write him a tale.

"I should very much like it to be called 'A Story for the Rich,'" he said to me.

"I should like it better as a 'Story for the Poor.'"

"That's exactly what I mean—a story which would inspire the rich with pity for the poor."

"That's precisely what I don't like: that the rich have pity for the poor."

"Sarcastic!"

"Not sarcastic at all, but scientific. I hold the pity of the rich towards the poor injurious and contrary to human brotherhood. If you wish me to speak to the rich, I will say to them: 'Spare the poor from your pity; they have no use for it. Why pity, and not justice? You have an account with them. Settle it. It's not a sentimental business. It is an economic business. If what you give to them graciously is for prolonging their poverty and your riches, the gift is iniquitous, and not all the tears which you shed will be able to put in it a point or two about Socialism. Socialism is quite fashionable. It's an élegance. I am not speaking, of course, of the Socialism of Guesde, or of the Socialism of Jaurès, but of that good Socialism which the upper classes offer as a substitute forCollectivism. Sketch me a few young faces in your story. It will be illustrated, and one likes, in pictures, only pleasant subjects. Put in the picture a young girl, a very young girl. Is it difficult?"

"No, it is not difficult."

"Could you not also introduce in the story a little sweep? I have an illustration quite ready, a gravure in colours, which represents a beautiful young girl giving charity to a little sweep at a street crossing. This would be an opportunity of using it. It is cold, it snows; the beautiful young lady is charitable to the little sweep. Do you understand?"

"I understand."

"You'll embroider the theme?"

"Yes, I'll embroider it. The little sweep, moved by a sense of gratitude, throws his arms around the neck of the beautiful young lady, and discovers that she is the 'own' daughter of Count Lordknowswho. He gives her a kiss, and imprints on the cheek of that opulentic child a small sooty O, a pretty little O, quite round and black. He loves her. Edmée—yes, her name is Edmée—is not insensible to so sincere and ingenuous a feeling. The idea seems to me rather touching."

"Yes, you'll be able to make something of it."

"You encourage me to go on. Returning to her sumptuous apartments in Kensington Gardens, Edmée experiences for the first time a feeling of regret at having to wash her face; she would like to preserve on her cheeks the imprint of the lips which placed it there. However, the little sweep has followed her to the door; he remains in ecstasy under the windows of the adorable young girl. Will that do?"

"Indeed, it will!"

"I continue: The morning after, Edmée, sleeping in her little white bed, sees the little sweep emerge from the chimney of her room. He throws himself ingeniously on the delightful child and covers her with a little sooty O, a quite round, quite black. She cries, she calls. He is so busy that he neither sees nor hears her."

"My dear Hammer!

"He is so busy that he neither sees nor hears her. The count rushes in. He has the soul of a gentleman. He takes the little sweep by the seat of his trousers, which happens to be uppermost at the moment, and flings him out of the window."

"My dear Hammer——"
"I'll cut the story short. Nine months after the little sweep marries the young lady—and it was only just in time! There you have the result of charity well bestowed."

"My dear Hammer, you have set my head spinning like a top!"

"Don't believe anything of the kind! I finish. Having married Lady Lordknowswho, the little sweep inherits a large fortune, and is ruined on the racecourses. By being a master chimney-sweep at Camberwell. His wife keeps a shop in the Old Kent Road, and sells alarm clocks at 7s. 9d. each, payable in eight months."

"My dear Hammer, it's not at all funny!"

"Take care, my dear Horteur! What I have just told you is intrinsically 'The Fall of an Angel,' by Lamartine, and the 'Éloa' of Alfred de Vigny. And, all things considered, it is worth more than your touching little stories which lead readers to imagine they are good people, whilst really they are not good at all; that they do good whilst not doing so, that it is easy for them to be beneficent, whilst it is the most difficult thing in the world. My story is a moral one. Moreover, it is a happy and charming one. For Edmée found in the shop in the Old Kent Road the happiness she would have sought for in vain at 'At Homes' and garden parties if she had married a diplomat or a Permanent Under-Secretary. My dear editor, tell me, will you accept 'Edmée;' or, 'Charity Well Bestowed,' for the 'New Century Illustrated?'"

"And do you ask this seriously?"

"I ask you seriously. If you don't like my story I will publish it elsewhere."

"Where?"

"In a bourgeois paper."

"I defy you to!"

"You will see!"

Books and Persons.

(AN OCCASIONAL CAUSERIE)

I HAVE obtained the first production of the new "Riccardi Press." It is a brochure of 20 pages, being Mr. J. M. Rigg's translation of "The Story of Griselda," the tenth story of the tenth day of the Decameron. There are 500 copies on paper, and 12 on vellum. Mr. Rigg's version is all that the publisher, Philip Lee-Warner, Albermarle Street, W., has said of it. I have never seen any modern characters to equal these in sheer beauty and in freedom from precisiosity. The page is simply exquisite, which means, of course, it is a harmonious page have been splendidly overcome. This, I would remind the Florentine Press, is not letterpress printing. The explanation may be that the Riccardi Press does not possess a size of type which is considered large enough for the title-page. If so, it would have done better to follow the early great printers, and content itself with an insignificant title-page of its ordinary capitals. Or it might have had a handcurly device for the title-page which made no pretence of being printed from type. Or it might have employed a dodge which I invented for myself for the title-pages of privately printed books of my own, namely, to set so roughly that it needed to be forgotten. Its latest work which would annoy all the mandarins to fury. I was wrong. It has had an extensive sale, and will immediately go into a new edition. Outside Russia there is no short story that I think finer than "Montes," and I am one of a large cohort in that opinion. I venture to declare that Mr. Frank Harris will not follow the example of Mr. George Moore in rewriting his books as a preliminary to reprinting them. Let him let the words stand. I predicted a "bad press" for Mr. Harris's "The Man Shaksper," and I did so because I felt sure that its originality, confessedly so, would annoy all the mandarins to fury. I was wrong.

The book has had an extensive sale, and will immediately go into a new edition, and it has been excellently received by Shaksperian critics in the Press. The one startling exception was a singular article by Mr. C. H. Herford, in the "Manchester Guardian." The professor resolutely damned the book, but did not descend to specific details in his damnation; and he went so far as to describe a work which has occupied the mind of our supreme Shaksperian expert for fourteen years, and whose leading ideas have remained alive in the minds of hundreds of Shaksperian students ever since they first appeared in the "Saturday Review" a dozen years ago, as a "dodge which I invented for myself for the title-pages of privately printed books of my own, namely, to set so roughly that it needed to be forgotten."

With regard to Mr. Russell Flint's watercolour drawings for the illustration of the more elaborate books of the Riccardi Press, I have had a visit to Albermarle Street to inspect them. They are very clear, ingenious, and fanciful, and so carefully finished that they might hastily be mistaken for reproductions of themselves by some "art firm" that had carried the art of eliminating character from a reproduction further than it had ever been carried before. To my mind they are very lacking in originality. To call them "first-rate" seems to me a daring misuse of terms. They are pretty, and no more; and the mentality of the painter discloses itself, as the mentality of a painter always does, in the expressions on the faces of the figures. As adornments, for example, to a fine edition of Marcus Aurelius they are, in my opinion, simply an impertinence, and even for the "Song which is Solomon's" they are simply enough. Mr. Sullivan, since he could illustrate "Sartor Resartus" without offending, might possibly please me with a Marcus Aurelius; Mr. Flint certainly cannot. I regret it deeply. But I suppose that my regrets will not prevent the marriage of these prettinesses to the splendid type of Mr. Horne."

The Florence Press, elder rival of the Riccardi Press, continues its activity, and will assuredly not permit itself to be forgotten. Its latest work which I have seen is Swinburne's "Songs Before Sunrise." It is a beautiful book, and the difficulties of setting verse into a harmonious page have been splendidly overcome. But I must protest against the title-page. The title-page shocked me. It has a clumsy appearance, and it bears no relation to the rest of the book. It has been drawn by a skillful draughtsman to imitate type, and then printed from a block of the drawing. This, I would remind the Florentine Press, is not letterpress printing. The explanation may be that the Riccardi Press does not possess a size of type which is considered large enough for the title-page. If so, it would have done better to follow the early great printers, and content itself with an insignificant title-page of its ordinary capitals. Or it might have had a handcurly device for the title-page which made no pretence of being printed from type. Or it might have employed a dodge which I invented for myself for the title-pages of privately printed books of my own, namely, to set so roughly that it needed to be forgotten. Its latest work which would annoy all the mandarins to fury. I was wrong.

The book has had an extensive sale, and will immediately go into a new edition, and it has been excellently received by Shaksperian critics in the Press. The one startling exception was a singular article by Mr. C. H. Herford, in the "Manchester Guardian." The professor resolutely damned the book, but did not descend to specific details in his damnation; and he went so far as to describe a work which has occupied the mind of our supreme Shaksperian expert for fourteen years, and whose leading ideas have remained alive in the minds of hundreds of Shaksperian students ever since they first appeared in the "Saturday Review" a dozen years ago, as a "dodge which I invented for myself for the title-pages of privately printed books of my own, namely, to set so roughly that it needed to be forgotten."

With regard to Mr. Russell Flint's watercolour drawings for the illustration of the more elaborate books of the Riccardi Press, I have had a visit to Albermarle Street to inspect them. They are very clear, ingenious, and fanciful, and so carefully finished that they might hastily be mistaken for reproductions of themselves by some "art firm" that had carried the art of eliminating character from a reproduction further than it had ever been carried before. To my mind they are very lacking in originality. To call them "first-rate" seems to me a daring misuse of terms. They are pretty, and no more; and the mentality of the painter discloses itself, as the mentality of a painter always does, in the expressions on the faces of the figures. As adornments, for example, to a fine edition of Marcus Aurelius they are, in my opinion, simply an impertinence, and even for the "Song which is Solomon's" they are simply enough. Mr. Sullivan, since he could illustrate "Sartor Resartus" without offending, might possibly please me with a Marcus Aurelius; Mr. Flint certainly cannot. I regret it deeply. But I suppose that my regrets will not prevent the marriage of these prettinesses to the splendid type of Mr. Horne."

* * *

Mr. Frank Palmer is going to republish Mr. Frank Harris's two volumes of short stories, "Elder Conklin" and "Montes the Matador," at half-a-crown each. These volumes will sell. Outside Russia there is no short story that I think finer than "Montes," and I am one of a large cohort in that opinion. I venture to declare that Mr. Frank Harris will not follow the example of Mr. George Moore in rewriting his books as a preliminary to reprinting them. Let him let the words stand. I predicted a "bad press" for Mr. Harris's "The Man Shaksper," and I did so because I felt sure that its originality, confessedly so, would annoy all the mandarins to fury. I was wrong. The book has had an extensive sale, and will immediately go into a new edition, and it has been excellently received by Shaksperian critics in the Press. The one startling exception was a singular article by Mr. C. H. Herford, in the "Manchester Guardian." The professor resolutely damned the book, but did not descend to specific details in his damnation; and he went so far as to describe a work which has occupied the mind of our supreme Shaksperian expert for fourteen years, and whose leading ideas have remained alive in the minds of hundreds of Shaksperian students ever since they first appeared in the "Saturday Review" a dozen years ago, as a "dodge which I invented for myself for the title-pages of privately printed books of my own, namely, to set so roughly that it needed to be forgotten."

With regard to Mr. Russell Flint's watercolour drawings for the illustration of the more elaborate books of the Riccardi Press, I have had a visit to Albermarle Street to inspect them. They are very clear, ingenious, and fanciful, and so carefully finished that they might hastily be mistaken for reproductions of themselves by some "art firm" that had carried the art of eliminating character from a reproduction further than it had ever been carried before. To my mind they are very lacking in originality. To call them "first-rate" seems to me a daring misuse of terms. They are pretty, and no more; and the mentality of the painter discloses itself, as the mentality of a painter always
Paul Verlaine.
By Francis Grierson.

There is a striking congruity in the three names, Villon, Voltaire, and Verlaine. The letter V, crossed at the top, forms a triangle; to think of Villon is to think of Voltaire and Verlaine. They stand in the history of literature like symbolical figures on the dial of Time. They are pointed and personal, and yet because they are pointed and personal; they become permanent in the memory.

Two or three short poems, such as Villon and Verlaine have left us, refute with a stroke of the pen the maxims of philosophers who lay down rules for the training of the intellect and the development of talent. A single page discloses more intellectual force of poetry than tomes of scientific and psychological analysis.

One lines from Villon:

"Oh, quels sont les neiges d'antan?"

has swept through the avenues of Time like a souvenir of immortal regrets, and will pass on through the ages until the flood-gates of destiny swing together and the world fades on the shores of oblivion. There is more than there is in the whole of Milton's "Paradise Lost," A. Laine have left us, refute with a stroke of the pen the one lines from Villon.

"Il pleut sur le toit, où sont les neiges d'antan?"

In all Paris there was doubt about that. There was the face, the general calm broken by the small "Faust."

When he tipped his slouch hat back on his head he looked the picture of a mediæval troubadour who might have gone about with a copy of Petrarch in one hand and a blunderbuss in the other. He smoked incessantly, occasionally taking a snuff from a glass of cognac.

I divined beneath the drone-dreamy eyes the dim souvenirs of a thousand meditations too subtle for words. Once in a while he straightened up, raised his brows, and with an inimitable gesture of bonhomie passed a trivial remark. Certain gestures gave the impression that he was trying to suppress some passing emotion, and it seemed to me that he was smoking not so much for enjoyment as to keep his face from relaxing into one of the abstract composure.

Nothing, says Talleyrand, discloses the secrets of the mind so much as the mouth. To keep the mouth covered was this diplomat's way of maintaining facial composure. Verlaine, drowsy as he was on that particular evening, was doing all he could to assist nature in an attitude of indifference. Perhaps of all the devices of man to veil the true state of the mind that of smoking is the most effective. What has it not done to keep thought hidden from the crowd? The small glass of cognac before him helped him nothing; and I have noticed that the sipping of tea or coffee assists no one to hide the real expression of the face; that can only be done by holding a cigarette or a pipe in the mouth. And when the poet is in a cockney strain he have been an envious rival or a newspaper man in search of copy.

Another poet, M. Jean Moreas, occupied a corner, where he played dominos in silence. I watched him for a while he would fix his eyes on his friend and say, with childish glees: "J'ai du talent! Moi, j'ai du talent!" tapping his breast with delightful egotism as he pronounced the words. M. Anatole France had just written a startling notice of the young poet's first success, "Le Pélérin Passionné." I felt that I was being amused as well as instructed: there was Verlaine, sitting before us like a sleepy lion; others, here and there, playing dominos; the general calm broken now and again by the cry of exuberant naiveté: "Moï, j'ai du talent!"

Verlaine at last began to be talkative without saying anything worthy of note. Suddenly he proposed to accompany us to the Chat Noir. I offered some excuse. Sitting there, in an old, classical quarter of Paris, I felt myself still in an atmosphere of poetic and artistic tradition. We were as yet on the borders of sanity and sanitation, in a world where we might, in imagination, touch the wig of Racine or the skylight of Richelieu. "The age of the wig of Racine, and the perfumed fringes of courtly coquettes, in all of which some dignity and order might be surmised."

But sitting in a café of any description has always seemed to me like a descent into Bohemia. The difference between the independence of the garret and the disorder of the gutter is no more than six flights of stairs. There are people who try to hide the truth regarding the habit of spending a certain portion of the day or evening in such places, but the habit dissipates intellectual force. I noticed a clashing of individual interests and ambitions, which made me think of a cosmopolitan crowd at a table d'hôte. Indeed, a literary café, a table d'hôte, and a pseudo-mystical salon are three things which give a bad turn to the blood and a wry expression to the face. The first discourages, the second gives indigestion, the third develops madness.

I saw Verlaine twice again, once at his lodging-house, in a street in the poorest quarter of the Panthéon, close to Sainte-Geneviève, in the very neighborhood of the Fontaine-François. But his face--there was no doubt about that! There was the face, the general calm broken by the small "Faust."
the upper floors. The room, with its old-fashioned bed with faded curtains, was the picture of canonical misery. The sight still haunts me, in spite of the intervening years. There was not a book or a newspaper or a hand-bag or an ornament anywhere visible—nothing but the bed, a few chairs, and a table. I had visited genius on the top floors of dingy houses, in garrets far above the hum and movement of the material world, and yet in these places I had noticed signs of books, an easy chair, a pet cat or dog, and some one within calling distance. This room filled me with horror. The poet had aught here like a bird of passage on a withered tree, an unopened fruit of Paris. He held, in an unknown place I know not how nor for how long, and I am not sure that he felt the situation one way or the other, or gave himself much trouble about the appearance of the room, or anything in it. I had opened the door of Bohemia, and looked in as we look at a ward in a hospital.

After waiting about ten minutes Verlaine entered. He carried a bowl with food of some kind, and after a few words of apology he sat down and proceeded to eat the contents. My one thought now was how to get away, for I saw that the poet was not in a talking mood, and conversation under such conditions was not to be expected.

But I saw Verlaine once again, and for the last time. It was on the Boulevard Saint-Michael, some months later. He walked with difficulty, leaning on the arm of a young man who seemed half idiotic. They looked like two mendicants on their way home after having amassed a few sous at some church door. The poet's posture had altered considerably; he looked pro-occupied, indifferent. He was going to pass me, when a sudden impulse made me stop him. To my great surprise he began to talk seriously. He spoke of his souvenirs of England.

"Ah," he said, "among other things, "what a difference there is between the word 'mère' and the word 'mother'! The English word is soft, homely, and musical. I love the English language. There is the word 'heaven'; how much more beautiful it is than the word 'ciel'! English is made for sentiment and poetry."

I was now talking to Verlaine the poet. Every word he uttered was full of serious meaning. Pæthetic beyond expression was the simplicity, the naïveté of his handwriting. The aspect of the mediaeval ex-

book.*

That was the poet's task, and he has exquisitely accomplished it, with a tact utterly beyond the reach of Pope when he wrote the Rape of the Lock on a more trivial occasion. The habit of the poet's affection for a living royalty is laid under the poet's theme. The Queen of Scots and Elizabeth and her no less mysterious tribute to the poet's theme. The Queen of Scots and Elizabeth and her no less mysterious tribute to the poet's theme. The Queen of Scots and Elizabeth and her no less mysterious tribute to the poet's theme.

The course of true love never did run smooth."—* The Man Shakespeare, and his Life Tragedy.*

midnight, and what is called the last scene of the play is simply a choral spell pronounced by the fairies and their king and queen over the house, and the bridal bed of each wedded pair.

But I am surprised that Mr. Harris has not seen in the episode of Titania's love for a changeling boy, the poet's youthful infatuation for Anne Hathaway. For in the course of the action the two pairs of lovers, under the mischievous influence of Puck, fall in and out of love with each other, and exchange parts as in a sort of Puss-in-the-Corner. Living royalty is laid under tribute to the poet's theme. The Queen of Scots and her evil glamour, Elizabeth and her no less mysterious involunariness to the shafts of Cupid, are dragged in without the smallest apparent excuse—without any conceivable excuse except the desire to propitiate Her Grace's Highness on an occasion so certain to provoke her spite and jealousy as a young noble's wedding; by two reminiscences of the mischievous influence of Puck, the poet's own apologetic parodies of his own, and with each other, and exchange parts as in a sort of Puss-in-the-Corner. Living royalty is laid under tribute to the poet's theme. The Queen of Scots and her evil glamour, Elizabeth and her no less mysterious involunariness to the shafts of Cupid, are dragged in without the smallest apparent excuse—without any conceivable excuse except the desire to propitiate Her Grace's Highness on an occasion so certain to provoke her spite and jealousy as a young noble's wedding; by two reminiscences of the mischievous influence of Puck, the poet's own apologetic parodies of his own, and with each other, and exchange parts as in a sort of Puss-in-the-Corner. Living royalty is laid under tribute to the poet's theme. The Queen of Scots and her evil glamour, Elizabeth and her no less mysterious involunariness to the shafts of Cupid, are dragged in without the smallest apparent excuse—without any conceivable excuse except the desire to propitiate Her Grace's Highness on an occasion so certain to provoke her spite and jealousy as a young noble's wedding; by two reminiscences of the mischievous influence of Puck, the poet's own apologetic parodies of his own, and with each other, and exchange parts as in a sort of Puss-in-the-Corner. Living royalty is laid under tribute to the poet's theme. The Queen of Scots and her evil glamour, Elizabeth and her no less mysterious involunariness to the shafts of Cupid, are dragged in without the smallest apparent excuse—without any conceivable excuse except the desire to propitiate Her Grace's Highness on an occasion so certain to provoke her spite and jealousy as a young noble's wedding; by two reminiscences of the mischievous influence of Puck, the poet's own apologetic parodies of his own, and with each other, and exchange parts as in a sort of Puss-in-the-Corner. Living royalty is laid under tribute to the poet's theme.
down upon the follies and griefs of mortals with the half-mocking smile of Puck.

The name of Puck brings me to the question in which I am more personally interested: Where did Shakespeare write As You Like It? The poet is a wizard and his brother, Thomas Vaughan the mystic, were too devout to receive any ideas from a suggestion that they were Shakespeare's grandsons, even if it had been made. I confess that I should not esteem descent from Shakespeare less honourable than such descent from Charles II. However, it may be regarded as a mere coincidence that the "Ariel" of "The Tempest" and the "Robin Goodfellow," "Hobgoblin," and "sweet Puck." Puck himself, at the end of the play, describes himself as "an honest Puck," "the Puck," and "Robin." Malone seems to have been the first to point out that the name is current in Welsh as puc, translated in the Welsh as gwyl. At the same time he records the tradition that Shakespeare once visited the seat of my ancestors, the Vaughans of Scethrog, in Breconshire, and he suggests that Shakespeare there picked up the name.

Acting on this hint, H. F. Lyte tells us (in his book on the Vaughan family) that he made careful inquiries on the spot. The author of Abide With Me found that there was a valley near Scethrog called Cwm-Pwca (Goblin Vale), and that a tradition, strong in the neighbourhood, alleged it to have been the favourite haunt of a famous "bird," who had once visited the cottage. It is only necessary to add that the Herbert family themselves one of the three royal clans of Wales, and it has now become very strong. The half-mocking smile of Puck.

**Verse.**

**MR. POUND exults through the souls of great men.**

He says:--

No man has dared to write this thing as yet, and yet I know how that the souls of all men great at times pass through us. And we are melted into them, and are not Save reflexions of their souls. Thus am I Dante for a space, and am One Francois Villon, bad lord and thief, Or am such holy ones I may not write, Less blasphemy be writ against my name; This for an instant and the flame is gone.

But though he would have it that the "Masters of the Soul" speak through him, it seems truer to say that he himself speaks through the glamour which their names cast over him. That is why, for instance, Sandalphon, the poet D'Avenant was not unwilling to be thought of the Usk, and the hospitality of a land where bards stood forth the native sprite, obedient to the wand of the enchanter, like another Ariel, and "puts a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes."

"The best in this kind are but shadows," but such shadows were never cast on earth before or since.

**Golfers know the sprite as Bogie.**

Scethrog, whether or not attracted thither by some "dark woman" who was fair for him.

I picture him, pleased with the commission to write a mask in honour of his friend and patron. Perhaps it was now that he received the famous thousand pounds. At any rate this time he is not going to write for the groundlings. The season is midsummer. We may suppose the playhouses are closed. He sets forth from London, not this time for stuffy Stratford, and the society of peevish burgesses and the snubs of Justice Shallow, but for the wild and beautiful valley of the Usk, and the hospitality of a land where bards had once been the friends of kings. I picture the Ugly Duckling, no longer pecked at by hens, and chased by every cur, but welcomed into the kindred of the swans. I see him in his most glorious hour, wandering forth by moonlight into the goblin-vaunted vale, and peopling it with Oberon and Titania and all the fairy crew. Foremost among them stands forth the native sprite, obedient to the wand of the enchanter, like another Ariel, and "puts a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes."
funny "Have I dug him up again?" I am afraid not; for the "Sestina: Altofarte" is rant.

But with all these reservations one must agree that there is in Mr. Pound's new book a rift of real, though vague, beauty, impalpable gold as it were. "A Laudanum Decem..." and "Planth"; and in the sonnet "Plotinus" he lifts himself suddenly out of the picturesque and the subtle into six lines of bare, wrought beauty.

But I was lonely as a lonely child.
I cried amid the void and heard no cry,
And then for utter loneliness made I
New images as the swift images of me,
And with them was my essence reconciled,

While fear went forth from mine eternity.
It is when Mr. Pound is speaking for himself that he achieves music, I think, and certainly not in impersonations and such expéctatives—"damns!" and "Gods!"—to galvanise them into life. If Mr. Pound could only forget his literature he would exult to more purpose.

Nothing is proved by these two little books of his, "Personae" and "Exultations," and that is that the old devices of regular metrical beat and regular rhyming are worn out; the sonnet and the three-quatrains poem will probably always live; but for the larger music verse Mr. Pound has free from all the constraints of a regular return and a squared-up frame; the poet must forge his rhythm according to the impulse of the creative emotion working through him. And here I will bring in the "New Poems" of Mr. William Watson, which are like any versifier without the root of the matter in him, pours scorn "In the Orgy of Parnassus" on those whom he calls the "phrase-tormenting fantastic chorus":—

You prance on language, you force, you strain it,
Your rock is you, you twist it, it is a salt.
Form, you abhor it, and taste, you disdain it—
And here was a hard shall outlast you all,
the said hard being Tennyson. Of forms Mr. Watson has a number, of course, and certainly not in impersonations and such ability to fill the forms with the taste is about all his "New Poems" have. Here and there are some well-lined, of the kind for which the word "majestic" seems to have been specially debased; but, with the exception of a few sonnets—VIII. and XIV—, for example—the inspiration of the book is the irruption of prose—the prose of the diary and commonplace book. With this book Mr. Watson has added nothing to the literary riches of the language; but he lends his own to controversy. One is forced to think that his much-vaunted "austerity to his ideal of pure and perfect form" is impotence after all:—

You may flout convention and scout tradition,
You prance on language, you force, you strain it,
Your rock is you, you twist it, it is a salt.

The most valuable contribution to "The Thrush," a new monthly magazine for the publication of poetry and kindred matter, is Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer's excellent article on "Modern British Poetry." "Laudanum Decem..." and "Planth"; and in the sonnet "Plotinus" he lifts himself suddenly out of the picturesque and the subtle into six lines of bare, wrought beauty.

The book is altogether as spurious and as sterile as the fear even then there is dishonesty in the pose of the honest place behind him. To seek to confine the artist to stereotypes is not "honest," is careful to have good authority the king in question being Tennyson with the exception of a few sonnets—VIII. and XIV., Mr. Watson's respect for the language is for example—the inspiration of the book is the in—

The most valuable contribution to "The Thrush," a new monthly magazine for the publication of poetry and kindred matter, is Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer's excellent article on "Modern British Poetry." "Laudanum Decem..." and "Planth"; and in the sonnet "Plotinus" he lifts himself suddenly out of the picturesque and the subtle into six lines of bare, wrought beauty.

You prance on language, you force, you strain it,
Your rock is you, you twist it, it is a salt.
Form, you abhor it, and taste, you disdain it—
And here was a hard shall outlast you all,
the said hard being Tennyson. Of forms Mr. Watson has a number, of course, and certainly not in impersonations and such ability to fill the forms with the taste is about all his "New Poems" have. Here and there are some well-lined, of the kind for which the word "majestic" seems to have been specially debased; but, with the exception of a few sonnets—VIII. and XIV—, for example—the inspiration of the book is the irruption of prose—the prose of the diary and commonplace book. With this book Mr. Watson has added nothing to the literary riches of the language; but he lends his own to controversy. One is forced to think that his much-vaunted "austerity to his ideal of pure and perfect form" is impotence after all:—

You may flout convention and scout tradition,
You prance on language, you force, you strain it,
Your rock is you, you twist it, it is a salt.

The most valuable contribution to "The Thrush," a new monthly magazine for the publication of poetry and kindred matter, is Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer's excellent article on "Modern British Poetry." "Laudanum Decem..." and "Planth"; and in the sonnet "Plotinus" he lifts himself suddenly out of the picturesque and the subtle into six lines of bare, wrought beauty.

You prance on language, you force, you strain it,
Your rock is you, you twist it, it is a salt.
Form, you abhor it, and taste, you disdain it—
And here was a hard shall outlast you all,
the said hard being Tennyson. Of forms Mr. Watson has a number, of course, and certainly not in impersonations and such ability to fill the forms with the taste is about all his "New Poems" have. Here and there are some well-lined, of the kind for which the word "majestic" seems to have been especially debased; but, with the exception of a few sonnets—VIII. and XIV—, for example—the inspiration of the book is the irruption of prose—the prose of the diary and commonplace book. With this book Mr. Watson has added nothing to the literary riches of the language; but he lends his own to controversy. One is forced to think that his much-vaunted "austerity to his ideal of pure and perfect form" is impotence after all:—

You may flout convention and scout tradition,
You prance on language, you force, you strain it,
Your rock is you, you twist it, it is a salt.
The God and the Harlot.

Thrice and thrice again M'hadeva
Comes to Earth, whose Lord he is,
Taking flesh that he may thoroughly
Know our joys and miseries.
Here he stoops to dwell and suffer
All things human, human-wise:
Who would mete out wrath or pardon
Man must see through mortal eyes.

In the city he sojourns awhile, the Most Holy;
He spies out the great, he takes thought on the lowly,
Departing ere sunset has paled from the skies.

Comes he where the last low houses
Lie without the city gates;
There, with painted cheeks, is waiting
One, a fair unfortunate.

“Greeting, child!” “Thine handmaid thanks thee
Gladder than thou wastest of!”
“Nay, who art thou?” “Lord, a harlot,
And this house the house of love.”

And hasting, she clashes the cymbals, advancing
Bewildering sweet in the whirl of her dancing,
And gives him a blossom in token of love.

Coaxing him to cross the threshold,
Blithesomely she draws him in:
“Come, fair stranger, thou shalt help me
Light the little lamp within.
Thou art wearied? I’ll refresh thee
Or thy feet are sore, perchance?
Thine be all that thou shalt ask me—
Thou art wearied? I’ll refresh thee
Or thy feet are sore, perchance?
Thine be all that thou shalt ask me—
Thou art wearied? I’ll refresh thee
Or thy feet are sore, perchance?
Thine be all that thou shalt ask me—
Thou art wearied? I’ll refresh thee
Or thy feet are sore, perchance?”

She busily tends his feigned hurt
The Lord of the Uttermost chooseth to move her
But even yet hardlier seeking to prove her,
And hasting, she clashes the cymbals, advancing
Bewildering sweet in the whirl of her dancing,
And gives him a blossom in token of love.

All mean service lays he on her;
She but joys the more for this;
So by soft degrees grows nature
What has erst been artifice.

Not in vain the petals scatter,
So at last the fruit be whole;
Love is near, when meek obedience
Fills, unquestioning, the soul.

But even yet harder seeking to prove her,
The Lord of the Uttermost chooseth to move her
To ecstasy, terror, and infinite dole.

So the painted cheeks he kisses,
And she knows the might of love,
For the first time falls a-weeping
At the cruel bliss thereof.

And she knows the might of love,
Nor for wage of harlotry—
Nay, the lissome limbs refuse her
Their bewonted ministry!

And all the while Night has been furtively spinning
To ecstasy, terror, and infinite woe.

She hears the priests’ death-chant, and frenzy comes o’er her:
She raves, and runs headlong; folk scatter before her:
“You are a harlot, thou sinner! What wilt thou with him?

“Give me back my man, my husband—
I’ll not yield him to the grave!
Would ye burn and bring to ashes
Limbs so godlike, young, and brave?

Down she flings her by the litter,
Shrieking to the Infinite:
“Mine he was! He knew none other!
He was mine for one sweet night!”

The priests sing: “We carry the old to the burning,
Whose blood hath grown chill in the days of their yearning;
The young, whom Death took ere they wist of his might.

“Thou wert not wedded,
Gavest him no wisely vow;
Nay, thou livest as a harlot,
Naught of duty owest thou.
What shall cleave to him that goeth
Where the silent dead abide?
This the duty and the glory
Of a wife, and none beside.

Ho, trumpets, awake ye the Gods from their sleeping!
Ye Holy Ones, take, in quick flame, to your keeping
This youth, this day-flow’r that hath withered and died!”

Priestly, pitiless, they double
All the woe she suffereth.
Till, with hungry arms, she flings her
Prone upon the burning death.

But the youth, reclothed in Godhead,
From the ravening flames doth rise,
And in folding arms upbeareth
His beloved to the skies.

The Gods, the immortals, have joy in relenting
Toward children unfortunate, lost but repenting,
And bear them in fiery arms to the skies.
—Goethe: done into English by Robert Levy.

Drama.

Recent Plays.

The other evening I happened to see the third act of Robertson’s "Caste," given at a benefit performance in Birmingham. "Caste" is almost a classic. It represents the highest achievement of English dramatic art during the third quarter of the nineteenth century—during the period, that is to say, when Dickens, Meredith, and Hardy were all at work upon the English novel, and Swinburne and Tennyson upon English poetry. And now—who is Robertson? Surely there could be no more vivid illustration of the decadence of the theatre. I do not know the exact date of "Caste." Certainly it is more than thirty years old, and it still has a place in the repertory of a few touring companies. Its machinery creaks a good deal. Its soliloquies grow wearisome. In outward form it bears the same relation to the present-day comedy that a George Stephenson locomotive bears to the latest London and North-Western express engine. Its view of life is wholly romantic, with the pure romanticism of melodrama. It is of the stage stagey. The condition of the theatre must indeed have been terrible when Robertson was hailed as a realist. He was surely the father of modern melodrama. In "Caste" we have all the conventional puppets adopted later by Frank Melville and G. R. Sims—the red-nosed, shabby old drunkard-philosopher, the blonde heroine with her baby, the cheerful sister, the comic workman (poor but honest), the soldiery hero,
his aristocratic mother, and all the other exclusively British products familiar to the audience of the Elephant and Castle. Only "Caste" is much better worked, and "The Light of London" or "Half Second Time on Earth." Its treatment of the problem of caste is, of course, quite superficial. The aristocratic figures are stage aristocrats. They behave throughout as just as the melodramatic audience expects them to behave. If necessary, they sit down to tea quite democratically with the old drunkard and the comic workman. This world of "Caste" is utterly unreal. The types are the types of Dickens, but the art of Dickens is lacking.

So much for Robertson and the drama of the eighteen-seventies. How much further have we got? Is the modern West End comedy, with all its show of realism and superficial cleverness, really an advance at all? Take, for instance, "The House Opposite," by Mr. Perceval Landon. Here the stage machinery works smoothly enough. The exits and entrances, the dialogue and the action in general are never farcically improbable. There are no soliloquies. The play is centred in the governing class among people, that is, with every opportunity for being cleverer, wittier, more cultivated than the democracy of the Robertsonian comedies. There is no intrigue in his calligraphy of life viewed from the stage view. There is plenty of realism without reality. We still have the old romanticism cropping up, and the old codes of honour. In effect, the play is nothing but well-acted melodrama.

There is a sensational plot. Richard Cardyne (played by Mr. H. B. Irving) is about to leave the house of his mistress on the night of the murder. Some mysterious happening in the house opposite attracts his attention, as he stands at the open window. A light passes and disappears. "It's odd-devilish odd," is his comment as he goes. The next morning all London knows that a murder has been committed. In the house opposite, of course. An old bachelor has been stabbed, and his housekeeper is arrested. What is Cardyne to do? He saw a man with a candle. It was a man, therefore, who committed the crime. The window overlooking the room is the window of Mrs. Rivers' boudoir. Is he to sacrifice her reputation in order to save the innocent housekeeper's life? Obviously it is an unfortunate dilemma for a man of honour. Cardyne is thoroughly capable of performing the deed. He is afraid to let him speak, afraid of public opinion, and particularly afraid of his wife, the Right Hon. Henry Rivers, K.C., an ex-Home Secretary. Seven weeks pass. The unfortunate housekeeper is sentenced to death, and still Cardyne makes no definite move. He begins, however, to talk of his code of honour of a gentleman, and the audience is able to breathe more freely. Clearly no gentleman will allow the poor woman to be hanged.

The day before the execution a last desperate effort is made to save Mrs. Rivers from the scandal. Marie, her maid, comes forward and offers to take the blame upon herself. She detests Cardyne, but she will say that he was visiting her on the night of the murder. Cardyne does not hear her, and reads on calmly. When she has done, he looks up, and remarks quietly that news of the real murderer's confession has just reached London. The incident is now closed. Cardyne is quietly dismissed, and the audience is left to infer that the subject will not be touched upon again. The Rivers' ménage will continue as if nothing had happened.

This is plainly enough a journalist's play, sensational and scrappy. It dabbles occasionally in ideas, without the courage or the intellectual honesty to give them a fair hearing. A sop is thrown to the mob in the discussion of crime, another to the bourgeoisie in Cardyne's precious code of honour. Mr. Landon seems to have tried to please everybody. His play is neither fish, flesh, nor fowl, nor good rehearing.

Mr. H. B. Irving played Cardyne admirably, with just the necessary weariness of voice and manner, and Miss Eva Moore saved Mrs. Rivers from fatuity. Her scenes with Cardyne were very difficult, and she carried them off well. The play is far too thin for four acts, and full of irrelevant matter. At least three of the characters might have been left out without loss. If murder and Mayhem were also displaced, there would probably be material for a good comedy in the relations between Mrs. Rivers and her husband.
**BIBLIOGRAPHIES OF MODERN AUTHORS.**

1. H. G. WELLS.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Notes</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1895</td>
<td>SELECT CONVERSATIONS WITH AN UNCLE.</td>
<td>(Lane, 4/6).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1895</td>
<td>THE STOLEN BACILLUS AND OTHER STORIES.</td>
<td>(Macmillan, 3/6).*</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1895</td>
<td>THE WONDERFUL VISIT.</td>
<td>Fantastic Story. (Dent, 5/-).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1896</td>
<td>THE ISLAND OF DR. MOREAU.</td>
<td>A Satire on Humanity. (Heinemann, 6d.).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1896</td>
<td>THE WHEELS OF CHANCE.</td>
<td>A First Novel. (Dent, 6d.).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1897</td>
<td>THE PLATTER STORY AND OTHER SHORT STORIES.</td>
<td>(Macmillan, 3/6).*</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1897</td>
<td>CERTAIN PERSONAL MATTERS.</td>
<td>Out of print.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1897</td>
<td>WHEN THE SLEEPER WAKES.</td>
<td>(Macmillan, 3/6). (To be published by Nelson in a revised form as &quot;The Sleeper Awakes.&quot;).</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
| 1898 | TALES OF SPACE AND TIME. SHORT STORIES. | (Macmillan, 3/6).*
| 1900 | THE FIRST MEN IN THE MOON. | A Satire on Specialists. (Macmillan, 3/6). |
| 1902 | THE DISCOVERY OF THE FUTURE. | Lecture given to the Royal Institution. (Fifield, 1/-). |
| 1903 | THE SEA LADY. | A Love Story. (Methuen, 6d.). |
| 1903 | MANKIND IN THE MAKING. | An Essay on Education. (Chapman and Hall, 3/6). |
| 1903 | THE FOOD OF THE GODS. | A Satire on Individualism. (Chapman and Hall, 3/6). |
| 1904 | A MODERN UTOPIA. | (Nelson, 1/-. Chapman and Hall, 7/6). |
| 1905 | IN THE DAYS OF THE COMET. | A Poetic Dream. (Macmillan, 6d.). |
| 1905 | THE FUTURE OF AMERICA. | An Essay on Individualism. (Chapman and Hall, 10/-). |
| 1905 | THE MISERY OF BOOTS. | Fabian Tract. (gd.). |
| 1905 | NEW WORLDS FOR OLD. | A Discussion and Constructive Socialism. (Constable, 6/-. |
| 1905 | THE WAR IN THE AIR. | (George Bell, 6d.). |
| 1906 | TONO BUNGY. | Fourth Novel. (Macmillan, 6d.). |
| 1906 | ANN VERONICA. | A Love Story. (Fisher Unwin, 6d.). |
| 1910 | THE NEW MACHIARELLI. | A Novel. (Macmillan). |

* The "Short Stories of H. G. Wells" will be re-published in 1910 in one volume, with an introduction by the author, by Messrs. Nelsons.
CORRESPONDENCE.

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

THE "TIMES" BEHIND THE TIMES.

To The Editor of "The New Age."

Regarding the backwardness of English newspapers where new philosophies are concerned, the following quotation from a leading American paper (the "New York Sun"), of December 6th may perhaps interest you.

"If the writer in the "Times" takes the public to look up the list of Freistadt, by his accomplished sister, Elisabeth Foerster-Nietzsche, he may be surprised to find that many of his new collected works have been commented on, if not even published, by a certain complacency. This news is to those who recall ten years of furious uncritical quarrelling, from 1890 to 1897, when the "Stones of the New York Times of Nietzsche were discussed in the middle eighties. Taine admired him early, as did George Brandes; but even the critical cachet of these thinkers did not save Nietzsche his stony road to Damascus. It will be news, however, to many letters weekly are omitted on account of their length.

THE "TIMES" HEADLINE.

We note with much interest that the London "Times" has at last discovered Nietzsche. "Until a few years ago he was so obscure that even a mention of "The Zarathustra," with a certain complacency. This news is to those who recall ten years of furious uncritical quarrelling, from 1890 to 1897, when the "Stones of the New York Times of Nietzsche were discussed in the middle eighties. Taine admired him early, as did George Brandes; but even the critical cachet of these thinkers did not save Nietzsche his stony road to Damascus. It will be news, however, to many letters weekly are omitted on account of their length.

THE "TIMES" BEHIND THE TIMES.

We note with much interest that the London "Times" has at last discovered Nietzsche. "Until a few years ago he was so obscure that even a mention of "The Zarathustra," with a certain complacency. This news is to those who recall ten years of furious uncritical quarrelling, from 1890 to 1897, when the "Stones of the New York Times of Nietzsche were discussed in the middle eighties. Taine admired him early, as did George Brandes; but even the critical cachet of these thinkers did not save Nietzsche his stony road to Damascus. It will be news, however, to many letters weekly are omitted on account of their length.

THE "TIMES" BEHIND THE TIMES.

We note with much interest that the London "Times" has at last discovered Nietzsche. "Until a few years ago he was so obscure that even a mention of "The Zarathustra," with a certain complacency. This news is to those who recall ten years of furious uncritical quarrelling, from 1890 to 1897, when the "Stones of the New York Times of Nietzsche were discussed in the middle eighties. Taine admired him early, as did George Brandes; but even the critical cachet of these thinkers did not save Nietzsche his stony road to Damascus. It will be news, however, to many letters weekly are omitted on account of their length.

THE "TIMES" BEHIND THE TIMES.

We note with much interest that the London "Times" has at last discovered Nietzsche. "Until a few years ago he was so obscure that even a mention of "The Zarathustra," with a certain complacency. This news is to those who recall ten years of furious uncritical quarrelling, from 1890 to 1897, when the "Stones of the New York Times of Nietzsche were discussed in the middle eighties. Taine admired him early, as did George Brandes; but even the critical cachet of these thinkers did not save Nietzsche his stony road to Damascus. It will be news, however, to many letters weekly are omitted on account of their length.
A NEW METHOD OF IMPROVING THE MEMORY.  
By EDGAR FOSTER, M.A., Cantab.  
Third Edition. 
Describes the essentials of MEMORY improvement in harmony with the laws of the mind, and provides numerous Exercises for the strengthening of the natural memory. 
Price 1s. per copy, post free, from J. F. SPRIGGS, 21 PATERNOSTER SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.

JUST PUBLISHED.

Land Songs for the People.  
Beautifully Illustrated. Four-page Song Folio containing:—

"THE LAND SONG,"  
"LAND MONOPOLY MUST CLEAR."

With Musical Score and Pianoforte Accompaniment.  
Post free 1d. 6d. for 100, carriage paid, from THE LAND VALUES PUBLICATION DEPARTMENT (of the UNITED COMMITTEE FOR THE TAXATION OF LAND VALUES), 376-7, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

ATTEND A COURSE OF SUNDAY LECTURES  
FROM JANUARY TO MARCH (INCLUSIVE)  
Under the auspices of the Secular Society, Ltd.)  
ST. JAMES'S HALL, GREAT PORTLAND STREET, W.  
JANUARY 9th 7.30 p.m
Mr. G. W. FOOTE. Editor Freethinker
Reserved Seats, 1s. and 6d. Back Seats Free. Doors open at 7.  
DISCUSSION CORDIALLY INVITED.

PICTURE-FRAMING  
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.  
MAPS, TRACINGS, &c., NEATLY MOUNTED.  
MOUNT-CUTTING.  
Any Kind of Frame made to Your Own Design.  
WORK DONE FOR THE TRADE.  
AMATEURS SUPPLIED.  
J. EDGE, 155, High Holborn, LONDON, W.C.

POEMS AND BAUDELAIRE FLOWERS.  
BY JACK COLLINGS SQUIRE.

Quarter Canvas Gilt, 2/-. By post 2/2.

"Morbid and macabre and sometimes . . . sensual."—The Times.

"Inspiration and force . . . many of the poems are antipathetic to me, but Mr. Squire has the root of the matter in him."—Mr. SIDNEY DARK in the Daily Express.

"His thought affects one like the smell of dead leaves, but it fascinates. He can write. He sings of love and similar themes like a man, not like a disembodied spirit . . . He has a way of seeing with his own eyes, feeling with his own heart."—Yorkshire Observer.

"A genuine poet . . . The Baudelaire Flowers are presented here to English readers with admirable skill and in their voluptuous beauty."—Dundee Advertiser.

FRANK PALMER, Publisher,
14, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, E.C.

Nourishing Luncheons  
Teas, and Dinners  
AT  
THE EUSTACE MILES RESTAURANT,  
40, CHANDOS STREET, W.C.  
(One minute from Trafalgar Square.)  
Open 9.0 to 9.30.

How & Where to Dine.  
Perfectly pure food, served in a quiet manner, in clean and artistic surroundings. Well-balanced luncheons and dinners, homely afternoon teas. An object lesson in the return of the low-cost dietary. Co-ordinated and managed by women.  
The HOME RESTAURANT, 31, Priory Street, E.C. (Queen Victoria St.)

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

NOW READY.  
POEMS AND BAUDELAIRE FLOWERS.  
BY JACK COLLINGS SQUIRE.

FRANK PALMER, Publisher,
14, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, E.C.

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

PICTURE-FRAMING  
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.  
MAPS, TRACINGS, &c., NEATLY MOUNTED.  
MOUNT-CUTTING.  
Any Kind of Frame made to Your Own Design.  
WORK DONE FOR THE TRADE.  
AMATEURS SUPPLIED.  
J. EDGE, 155, High Holborn, LONDON, W.C.

Nourishing Luncheons  
Teas, and Dinners  
AT  
THE EUSTACE MILES RESTAURANT,  
40, CHANDOS STREET, W.C.  
(One minute from Trafalgar Square.)  
Open 9.0 to 9.30.

How & Where to Dine.  
Perfectly pure food, served in a quiet manner, in clean and artistic surroundings. Well-balanced luncheons and dinners, homely afternoon teas. An object lesson in the return of the low-cost dietary. Co-ordinated and managed by women.  
The HOME RESTAURANT, 31, Priory Street, E.C. (Queen Victoria St.)

Absolutely pure,  
Therefore best.
SOURED MILK AND LONG LIFE.

LACTEEETE.

Professor Metchnikoff (of the Pasteur Institute, Paris) affirms it is the LACTIC ACID Bacterium that enables the human body to withstand the process of decay, so that one can live in health as long as one has sufficient wherewithal to buy "Lacteeetes." Their merit is that they are full of the Lactic Acid bacillus.

ACTIVE LACTIC ACID BACILLI.

In a very small Lacteeete Tablet are compressed 500,000 of these micro-organisms, which of all the dumb creations are the friendliest and most beneficial to mankind. Their function is to make war upon and exterminate all the hostile bacilli, which working internally cause sufficient wherewithal to buy "Lacteeetes." Their "Lacteeetes" are hand-made from pure Tobacco, narrowest possible lap, non-nicotine, non-injurious, and sold at a democratic price.

THE FOUNDATION OF ILL HEALTH.

Soured Milk is the Remedy and Lacteeete sours it. Nearly all intestinal disturbances are due to irregular fermentative processes, and in such cases "Lacteeete" cannot fail to bring speedy relief.

The Lacteeete apparatus for keeping the milk at proper temperature should be obtained. Ours is easily managed—it has taken the scientific world by storm—lowest cost price.

The Lacteeete Tables are prepared in bottles at 2/9 for 25, 50 for 4/6, or 7/6 per 100 post free. Literature and sample will be sent post free on receipt of stamp.

The "LACTEEETE" Agency,

(FRASER & MUIR),

32, Lawrence Lane, Cheapside, London, E.C.

NEW AGE POST CARDS

Several of the "New Age" Cartoons may now be had printed as Post Cards, price 1s. for 25, post free. Orders must be sent to...

NEW AGE, 38, Cursitor Street, E.C.

THE NEW AGE.

NEX:\ WEEK.

[The following items have been arranged for and will probably appear.]

A 4-page POLITICAL SUPPLEMENT containing a complete Summary of the Issues and Prospects of the GENERAL ELECTION.

THE BANKRUPTCY OF TRADITIONAL RELIGIONS.

BY E. BELFORT BAX

SOME BOOKS AND IRELAND.

BY ST. JOHN ERYVNE

THE RIVER.

BY PROFESSOR F. GEDDES

ANTHROPOLATRY.

BY ALLEN UPWARD

THE WAGNERIAN DECADENCE.

BY FRANCIS GRIESEN

A CARTOON. Etc., Etc.

NEW AGE, 38, CURSITOR STREET, LONDON.