

THE NEW AGE

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THREEPENCE.



INDIGESTION.

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

JUDGING from the results of the first day's poll, which are all we have at the time of writing to go upon, the Liberal Government will be returned with a majority sufficient to enable it to pass advanced measures, but not sufficient to enable it to pass reactionary measures. So far so good. That the Irish and Labour Parties between them may hold the balance of power is not in itself or in relation to an ideal constitution a good thing; but under the circumstances we do not regard the prospect with any particular horror. If Mr. Asquith accepts office on these terms Home Rule is certain, and probably the Labour Party will secure the reversal of the recent decision regarding Trade Union funds. This latter will be a pity, since Payment of Members will be thereby postponed; but the former is an unmitigated advantage.

* * *

Of the particular results of the opening day of the election not much notice will be taken by the time these pages are being read. We refrain, therefore, from needless comment. The "splits" in the Progressive forces have been responsible in two cases for the return of a Unionist Tariff Reformer; but it appears that they could not be helped. We are genuinely sorry that the veteran Mr. Hyndman has again been defeated at Burnley. There will need to be some serious reconsideration of the policy of an organisation that has during a quarter of a century failed to return the soundest Socialist in England. His defeat is, however, mitigated in our opinion by the defeat of his Liberal opponent, Mr. Maddison, whose outbreak of anti-Socialism on Mr. Grayson's first election for Colne Valley will not be forgotten in the list of his offences. London has done better than we should have expected. Birmingham is like Moab, a Highbury washpot. The Labour Party has nothing to fear if it maintain the position it holds on the first day's poll.

* * *

Apart from the measures already named we may say at once that the prospect of drastic treatment of the Lords begins to fade like the Cheshire cat. There is, we think, no doubt that Mr. Asquith, at any rate, was in earnest about it; but the same cannot be said for the other members of his Cabinet; nor, unfortunately, can it be said of the country as a whole. Liberal Cabinet Ministers have been as various in their speculations regarding the future of the House of Lords as any casual group of diurnal politicians; and the country to

whom a single appeal was to be made has received so many appeals that in its distraction it has answered Yes and No to anything and everything. In short, the election, as we maintained from the outset, cannot be decisive on any issue whatever, and should never have been held. Whatever mandate may be supposed to crystallise out of the ballot-boxes was as clear on November 30 as it will be on Jan. 30. Nothing is illuminated by the election, and only a modicum of good will have been done for a mountain of trouble and expense.

* * *

It is too soon yet, however, to raise the delicate question whether Mr. Asquith will get from the King the guarantees without which he will refuse to take office. Mr. Balfour did venture at Glasgow on Tuesday to compare the respective functions of the King and the House of Lords, and to hint that the Lords, veto and all, were necessary to the Monarchy, which in its turn was necessary to the Empire. The conclusion to be drawn was that the King might hesitate to give guarantees enabling Mr. Asquith to clip the wings of the circumambient House, lest the Monarchy should be imperilled. Mr. Asquith replied on Thursday on lines with which our readers have been long familiar. The strength of Monarchy in England lies in its weakness, not in its power; and its veto was effective because it was never used. The parallel, in short, broke down; but we imagine that the state of affairs is still in flux and that Mr. Asquith is still without his guarantees. This means, of course, that affairs are still critical and serious; for there is no mistaking one thing, namely, that Mr. Asquith is bound to refuse office without the King's assurance. So, after all, we may have Old Moore's prophecy fulfilled that Mr. Balfour will be the next Prime Minister.

* * *

That would be an odd, not to say a revolutionary, conclusion of a state of suspended chaos. And not the least embarrassed by it would be Mr. Balfour himself. It is rumoured that Mr. Balfour, despite the drums of his ragged regiments, has no desire for office under any conditions at present. And no wonder. For he is far from being master in his own house. Moreover, the number of hostages he has given to fortune in the shape of promises and half promises would prove ruinous. What has driven Mr. Balfour to such straits that he should solemnly pledge his word that food would not be increased in price if the price of it were raised by a tariff? No defence of philosophic doubt as to such a proposition can be offered. His speech at Hanley made a war with Germany, if the Unionists should be returned, almost a pledge. Yet Mr. Balfour certainly does not mean to make war on Germany. Then his letter and the letter of Lord Lansdowne on the question of Old Age Pensions are pledges of a kind, pledges that the Old Age Pensions Act may, after all, be "modified," as Mr. Ure said it would be. More extraordinary tactics were never devised to secure a defeat while pretending to aim at victory. We can only conclude, as we say, that Mr. Balfour does not desire office at this juncture.

* * *

Would it be unkind to suggest that Mr. Balfour is waiting until Mr. Chamberlain ceases nominally as well as actually to rule the Unionist Party? Two rams cannot drink out of the same calabash. Besides, the use to which Mr. Chamberlain's name has been put in this election, the extent of his invisible influence, the

miraculous number of his communications and the embarrassing particularity of his presumed instructions, would infallibly entitle him and not Mr. Balfour to the actual premiership of the party. Nothing is more anomalous in this anomalous election, in fact, than the position of Mr. Chamberlain. We hesitate to suggest flatly that Mr. Chamberlain is no more Mr. Chamberlain than Mrs. Harris was Mrs. Harris. But what are we to think of a personage active enough to conduct a general election like an orchestra, yet not able to be permitted to hear the first result of it lest the shock should prove too much? Curiouser and curiouser, higher criticism can easily prove that Mr. Chamberlain's innumerable letters, messages, manifestoes, and telegrams are either colourless or consist of colours taken from his old speeches meditated on the illimitable veldt. The final manifesto for certain is a thing of shreds and patches. It was not written with a pen but by a pair of scissors. We confess, however, that the problem is beyond us.

* * *

It is usually expected that miracles of nonsense will happen during general elections, but nothing can well be more absurd than promises made by politicians regarding things over which they obviously have no control. We have referred to Mr. Balfour's promise that food should not go up in price in consequence of a tariff, a promise exactly as worth consideration as a guarantee that we should not get wet if it rained. This desperate bait was preceded by Lord Rothschild's feudal offer to pay the old age pensions of Buckinghamshire should a Unionist Government fail to maintain them; and it was followed by an offer on the part of some manufacturer, whose name we forget, to pay £5,000 to something or other if he did not employ a thousand additional hands as a result of Tariff Reform. What irritates us most in all this pothouse boasting and betting is not so much its irrelevance to the real issues—for who wants to win such bets?—as the presumptuous stupidity involved in it. That any man, no matter what his calling, should be in a position to guarantee old age pensions in perpetuity to a county of the aged is a monstrosity in itself; that he should brag about it is a barbarous offence. Lord Rothschild, we know, is a very wealthy man, and our £5,000 manufacturer could likewise, no doubt, easily pay the money if he lost his bet; but what a commentary on the distribution of wealth in England and on its Mallockian distribution according to ability! No doubt, as statistics prove, the whole of the rest of England is less wealthy than a single small class of whom Lord Rothschild is the chief; but that is our shame, and should not be Lord Rothschild's boast. *Richesse oblige.*

* * *

But more sinister even than these foolish promises is the pledge, secretly understood, that a Unionist victory shall mean increased hostility against Germany. There is, indeed, no other construction to be put upon the speech made by Mr. Balfour and repeated by mob orators on hundreds of perambulating platforms. That Germany intends and is able to reduce England to the status of a fourth-rate Power, that the immediate raising of a loan of 50 millions for the Navy is imperative, that only Lord Lansdowne, Lord Milner, and Mr. Balfour, who bungled us into the South African war, are to be trusted to save us from Germany, and that finally a vote for a Liberal is a vote for Germany,—these are the popular propositions deduced in fact from the unwary utterances of Mr. Balfour at Hanley. Sir Edward Grey replied at Edinburgh on Monday, but his words, we fear, will carry no popular weight. He assured us that "at no time had the British Government found a greater disposition on the part of the German Government to handle questions which arose between them in a friendly spirit than during the last year."

* * *

That, no doubt, is true and arises, as we think, from the change in German policy which was notified when von Bulow was asked to retire. As M. Tardieu has ably demonstrated, the change from von Bulow to Bethmann-Hollweg marks the end of the period of

acutely dangerous Prussian Imperialism. We do not suggest that Prussian Imperialism has ceased to be a danger to Europe, but the critical stage is practically over. The German Naval Programme will cease to operate in 1917, by which time it is probable that Germany will feel herself strong enough, not to make war on England—an intention that only exists in panic-stricken British minds—but to negotiate on tolerably equal terms with England and America and Japan. That was certainly the intention from the very first; and in the absence of an international fleet and army to enforce its findings, a reasonable intention. Meanwhile, it is unEnglish of Englishmen to cry out while their ships outnumber, and will always outnumber, German ships by two to one. What, we ask, would Elizabeth have said to Drake had he demanded two ships for every Spanish one? In our own schooldays a lad who suggested that Englishmen would not positively prefer it the other way would have been sent to Coventry. Yet quite half our Press, and especially of the professedly bull-dog breed, whine like beaten curs at the prospect of a two to one conflict. Possibly one of the most salutary effects of the present Liberal victory will be the silencing of these cowardly bullies.

* * *

Our contributor, O. W. Dyce, writes: When the "Observer" audaciously describes its opponents as viewing the Unionist gains with "something approaching consternation," one is tempted to ask what the "Observer's" real feelings were on discovering that all hope of a Tariff Reform Ministry had disappeared within a couple of hours from the time of receiving the figures of the first of the contested elections. Readers of THE NEW AGE who found their own estimates harmonise with the forecast in last week's issue will not have felt anything approaching consternation, for the turnover based on the figures of the by-elections was there estimated to be large enough to reduce Mr. Asquith's majority to 200, whilst it was suggested that the vast expenditure of the Tariff Reformers on the electioneering, together with the lavish promises of work for the workless, might win them a further sixty seats, leaving the Radical coalition with a majority of between 80 and 100. The verdict of the early pollings is: "As THE NEW AGE prophesied—only better." With reference to the chances of the Labour Party, THE NEW AGE wrote: "Most of the Labour M.P.'s will retain their seats without difficulty. In a few cases the fight will be tough, notably in one of the Wolverhampton divisions, where Mr. T. F. Richards, with a majority of only 168 last time, is trying to ward off the attack of a wealthy capitalist." This opinion has been borne out by the figures. The Labour seat at Halifax has been held by 4,339 votes as against a Labour majority of 3,896 last time. The Labour seat at Bolton is retained by a majority of 4,385 as against 3,723 in 1906. Mr. Clynes wins by 1,478, Mr. John Ward by nearly 2,000, etc. On the other hand, the fight at West Wolverhampton has, as we feared, proved too tough for Mr. Richards. After remarking that it was very probable that the Liberal majority of 324 at Burnley would disappear, we asked whether the Tory or Mr. Hyndman would get those 324 votes. It turns out the Tory has won, but Mr. Hyndman can claim to have improved his poll at a time when most of the advanced candidates have at least lost some ground. Finally, we said: "Hitherto the Labour men and Irishmen have not been masters of the situation; the House of Lords has seen to it that they shall be in the future." That was the outcome we expected; it was what we wanted; it was what we shall get. It is with something approaching enthusiasm that we can recognise two forthcoming results of the great struggle—a majority small enough to compel the Government to bid for the Labour Party's support by the immediate introduction of Labour measures, and a majority large enough to make the arrogance of the House of Lords ridiculous. The Labour and Irish Parties are in the saddle; they hold the balance of power. At the same time, the lords and lackeys have had their answer—England's yea against their nay.

Poems.

By ALFRED E. RANDALL.

UNWORTHINESS.

Love turned upon the secret ways and fled,
 Pursued by phantoms to his guarded keep,
 Where lay he safe and desolate to weep.
 Forlorn as Hope, his heart renewed and bled
 And the lone anguish smote him with a dread
 And barren sorrow. Still he heard the deep
 And threatening cry that drove him from the steep
 Remoter height where he had dared to tread.
 His eyes uplifted to the mountain sought
 That evermore lost form and face that shone
 Like the fair promise of an unknown land.
 He knew himself for evermore alone,
 For where he had not stood and had not fought
 There stood the angel with the flaming brand.

PROMETHEUS RE-BOUND.

[“One thing is proved by these books—and that is that the old devices of regular metrical beat and regular rhyming are worn out.”—F. S. Flint, in a review of the “Personæ” and “Exultations of Ezra Pound,” in THE NEW AGE, January 6th, 1910.]

How many Flints weigh a Pound?
 Sacre nom de Dieu!
 Judge ye!
 Have I weighed them correctly?
 Perpend!

Along *this* path the treader of the sun
 Speeds on his volant way with wingèd heels,
 And the long wave of pinions thro' the dun
 And looming chaos that no form reveals.
 Upon the height Apollo sits
 Immortal in the form that fits
 The spirit with a self extern;
 And we the beauty may discern
 Held captive but unconquered thro' the veil
 That shimmers with the glory that would fain prevail.

Who called you out of Egypt, Flint, my child?
 What God impotent laid on you the curse
 Of desert wanderings with Ishmael styled
 The Outcast? What poor Hagar was your nurse
 To teach your infant lips the taste
 Of alien milk? The burning waste
 That knows no touch of tillage wants
 The husbandman, and ever pants
 For the sweet dew of culture and the skill
 To make the amaranth abound on dune and hill.

What are you but a breath, a crying voice
 Without an echo in the hearts of men,
 If, when you bid the springing hills rejoice,
 And the blithe brook trill merrily your strain,
 Only the swart Sirocco swathes
 Your music, and the firefly bathes
 A glowing wing within your fire
 To learn that Life is Death, expire
 In a mute agony that leaves no trace,
 A victim of the light he loved and would embrace!

Art has this message that her sons must hear,
 “I am the voice of immortality,
 Crying in chaos, nor can I appear
 To novice eyes in nakedness, or fly
 The wooing wind with beauty bare.
 Lend me your spirit's daily wear
 And I will walk the ways of men
 In modesty, nor be the bane
 Of the deep heart that loves for evermore:
 Not yielded quite to his dear clasp that would be sure

That I am Love requited, Hope reborn
 As Truth apparent in a thing of earth,
 But still his most who would be mine, nor scorn
 His image instinct with eternal worth.

Build me a marble carven fane
 And there my glory will remain
 Enthroned, and ages yet to be
 Will see what all have sought to see:
 The Light made Love, the beauty moulded fine
 As truth, and breathing life thro' every flowing line.”

PREMONITION.

Now is her face like Fate inscrutable.
 Perhaps her heart still beats, but that cold brow
 And carven cheek and rigid lips allow
 No changing flush to bide there, mutable
 As morn with cryptic presage suitable
 And strange. Those eyes I loved, that even now
 I watch for hope, are doom to me and show
 Dull as a dead desire, immutable.
 I know she will not change, but O, how hard
 It is to die like this and turn to stone!
 Better to burn with anguish unconsoled,
 To be the prey of pain upon a lone,
 Wild peak beyond the world, than to be rolled
 In this sad shroud and laid beneath the sward.

ELEGIAC VERSES.

(In Memoriam “E. E.,” who died Jan. 3, 1910.)

So she is dead, and somewhere in the sky
 A star is shrouded till her soul has passed
 The second sphere of woe. I heard the last
 Vague ghostly trailing of her robes go by,
 And heard the burdened brooding threnody
 Sob out its sombre sorrow in the waste
 And barren place of tombs where she doth lie,
 And let Earth take her own without a cry.

Nor even now the anguish overflows
 In easy floods of tributary tears.
 I only feel a burden as of years
 Laid on a weary heart that seems to close
 Against the frozen blood. The darting throes
 Of pain, the storming throng of thrilling fears,
 Have wrung no nerve to feeling. A repose
 That mimics death o'er all my being grows.

I know that Death was kind. He must have smiled,
 And turned the mask of doom to promise fair
 And twined the myrtle leaves within his hair
 And called himself young Love, ere he beguiled
 Her lively soul to follow to the wild,
 And brighten with her presence his dull lair.
 He knew the lure to lead her like a child
 To stranger ways by mortals undefiled.

I cannot think she sighed, or suffered pain,
 So gently did the spirit cut the cord,
 The golden band that wedded Life the Lord
 To flesh so humbly beautiful. A strain
 Of hidden music touched her with a fain
 And fervent strength, and as she heard the chord
 A smile lay lightly on her lips again,
 And Death forbade it not there to remain.

So passed she fearless thro' the portal dim,
 But not alone. A thousand Thoughts were there
 In phalanx, led by armoured Love, to bear
 Her safely thro' the underworld. A hymn
 Of joy thrilled onwards to the confines grim,
 And to the second portal sprang a fair
 And shining throng of sister Seraphim,
 Like sudden dawn above a mountain brim.

There earthly Love and his twin-brother Hate
 And clear-eyed Sorrow and unburdened Hope
 Turned back with lagging steps adown the slope
 And slowly took the daily road, to bate
 Their loss with labour, or to expiate
 The rueful past with hands that feebly grope
 For her sweet solace and perfected state,
 Nor hopeless of reunion await.

Foreign Affairs.

FOREIGN and Colonial interest in the General Elections has reached a high pitch. In Europe and the Colonies the electoral struggle is being followed with grave anxiety by nearly all classes. The use to which the Anglo-German naval rivalry has been put by Mr. Balfour has shown European diplomacy that the Tory Party means to work upon the inflammable British chauvinism, so as to draw the attention of the working classes off the urgent need for social reform. This danger has been repeatedly dwelt upon in these columns. It is one which should weigh strongly with all sections of the electorate in inducing them to record their votes against those candidates who are supporting the House of Lords. A vote for Toryism is a vote for a war party. In the meantime, a letter has been addressed to Mr. Balfour by THE NEW AGE inviting him to give the names of the Germans who will not "allow England to adopt Tariff Reform." Up to the time of writing, no reply has been received from the right honourable gentleman.

* * *

The German Government has been forced into bringing forward a Reform Bill. The Prussian franchise, being based on a property system of voting, and not on a counting of individuals, has enabled the anti-Socialists to limit the electoral power of the Socialists. The German Socialists have been holding mass meetings in support of a democratic Reform Bill. In the event of the Government refusing to accede to the Socialists' claim for more equitable treatment, the latter are threatening to resort to force. The internal situation in Germany is rather critical. It is possible that the German Government may try the same tactics as Mr. Balfour has been adopting in England—namely, to raise an Anglo-German war scare. The German Social Democrats will then be met with copious quotations from Mr. Blatchford's pamphlet. Mr. Blatchford and Mr. Hyndman will be cited as two leading English Socialists who are as hostile to Germany as the most rabid writer in "The National Review." Such is the evil men do in their haste. Mr. Blatchford has succeeded in wrecking any chance Mr. Hyndman had at Burnley, and his reckless support of the Imperialists will tell heavily against every Socialist candidate in England; but should his articles be quoted against the German Socialists, that would crown his self-imposed task of hindering the international advance of Socialism.

* * *

The Canadian Navy Bill has at last been introduced. Imperialists should earnestly consider whether this naval agitation may not shatter the Empire. Canada is a powerful and wealthy Colony. At the instigation of so-called Imperialists, a Canadian Navy is to be created. How long will Canada remain a Colony once the Canadian flag is flying over a Canadian Navy? Sir Wilfrid Laurier, in introducing the Navy Bill, stated that the cost to Canada would be £2,338,000, but if the vessels were constructed in the Dominion the cost would be increased 22 per cent. [Yet Mr. Balfour has pledged his word that prices will not rise under Protection!] A significant fact is that this navy would not engage in war unless the Canadian Parliament agreed. If this does not indicate a new view of the relations between Canada and England it is difficult to understand Canada's motive for incorporating this stipulation. In the debate several members protested against the idea that the Canadian Government should join England, assuming an European war broke out

when the Canadian Parliament was not sitting, since Canada was neither represented in the British Parliament nor in British diplomacy. The folly of the British Imperialists who have provoked this naval scheme cannot be too strongly condemned. Canada is drifting towards complete independence and separation.

* * *

The struggle between the Jesuits and the Jews has assumed a new phase in Austria. The Archduke Francis Ferdinand is well known to favour the Jesuits against the Jews. The Jews had the advantage hitherto that the Austrian Government was dependent upon the Viennese house of Rothschild for its loan flotation. By an adroit move, the Rothschilds have been deprived of their financial influence. At the instance of the Jesuits, Dr. De Bilinski, the Austrian Finance Minister, has decided to place a loan of 140,000,000 Four Per Cent. Krone Rentes with the Austrian Post Office Savings Bank, which will offer it to the public. The Austrian nation will be saved all the heavy underwriting commission. It is possible that the Rothschilds may organise a boycott among the financiers, in which case the Society of Jesus has undertaken to guarantee any portion of the loan which the Austrian Savings Bank cannot get its customers to take up. It is a notable piece of State Socialism. Until the Socialists can destroy the power of the great financial houses, the capitalists have a tremendous weapon against Socialism, as panic after panic could be engineered by the Rothschilds, Speyers, and Morgans to injure any Socialist Government.

* * *

Several articles have appeared in THE NEW AGE concerning the administration of the Gilbert and Ellice Islands. The Resident Commissioner, whose methods of government were severely criticised, has been transferred elsewhere. Mr. Arthur Mahaffy was sent on a voyage of inspection, no doubt as a partial consequence of the criticisms made upon the lack of supervision in these remote spots. His Report (C.D. 4992, 1d.) has just been published. The following contradictory paragraph, with which Mr. Mahaffy concluded his review of the conditions in the Gilbert Islands, is a justification of THE NEW AGE position, and a proof that the attacks on Mr. Telfer Campbell came just in time: "A relatively high level has been reached under Mr. Campbell's administration in so far as the material condition of the natives is concerned, but in the face of the impending decadence of the race sustained effort will be needed and a careful, just, and sympathetic treatment must be accorded to the natives if they are to be preserved in their most curious and most interesting islands." All NEW AGE readers should procure a copy of this Report upon these little known outposts of Empire.

* * *

The Catholic Church is taking an active part in the coming French Elections. The Bishop of Quimper has issued an address typical of the Catholic ecclesiastic mind.

The rôle of the priest is not to take part directly in the struggle, but to advise the faithful, and to remind them that they are called upon to come to an understanding with other Catholics and to vote as Catholics.

This is an amusing instance of non-intervention, coupled with judicious activity. The French Republican, Radical, and Socialist Parties should watch the Catholic ecclesiastical agitation very closely, otherwise they may find themselves losing a lot of provincial seats. A propos of recent comments on the "Times" South American number, this extract from the valuable "Special Correspondence" of "The South American Journal" is a confirmation of my statement that the electoral system was a sham:

The people take no interest in the Argentine elections, knowing that, except in the Federal capital, the results are arranged beforehand by the President of the Republic and the Governors of the Provinces.

"STANHOPE OF CHESTER."

Government by Poster.

By O. W. Dyce.

SOME Chancellor of the Exchequer, casting about for a tax that will directly hit neither the angry peer nor the exasperated proletariat, may one day ask the House of Commons to imitate our friends across the Channel and enact that every placard on the hoarding shall bear a half-penny stamp. If he be a Tory, he will be attacked on the ground that he is raising the price of the people's posters, restoring the odious taxes on knowledge, and adding to the percentage of unemployment amongst bill-posters. If he be a Liberal Chancellor, it will be pointed out that the foreigner escapes the tax, that the money raised by it is sure to be used for some nefarious purpose, and, somewhat irrelevantly, that the Chancellor himself is a predatory Socialist who objects to being lynched by a mob of hooligans.

I am not myself an advocate of a poster tax. Leaving other objections out of account, I should be sorry to see the wealthy politicians gain a further "pull" over those whose expenditure on poster propaganda is limited by lack of funds. Enormous sums have been spent in this electioneering period on appeals from the hoardings, and, as far as my observation has gone, the Labour candidates have been at a great disadvantage. They have had none of those subsidies necessary for the purchase of large quantities of gigantic cartoons; they have had to be content with smaller bills and small quantities of them, and, in some constituencies, they have had to make use of pictures issued from the Liberal storehouses.

There is justification for the theory that the country is now, to a great extent, governed by the political poster. A hundred years ago, orations on the hustings were listened to with wild enthusiasm by the independent but not very numerous electors. Nowadays a third of the electors are too busy to go to public meetings; they get home too late from the hard work of the day. Another third of the electors are too indifferent; they take no interest in political meetings and can only bestir themselves for such purposes as looking on at other people playing football. The poster, however, catches their attention by its glaring aggressiveness. Fifty years ago, the personal bribe played its part, but this has become a dangerous game, and the money saved by the man who wants to bribe and dare not is now laid out in posters. Twenty years ago, the chief electioneering method was the canvassing from door to door, but the results were out of all proportion to the time and trouble involved. Such a method suits the country village still; it is a wearisome waste of effort in the centres of industry, where half the voters are out when you call and most of the others resent being catechised, except possibly by the candidate himself.

Thus it has come to pass that the election literature on the walls can claim to be the factor fixing the votes of the undecided and determining the results in the close fights. I am prepared to maintain that it is the placarded interpretation of the action of the Lords and the imminence of a food-taxed future that have placed the Radicals once more in control of the Empire's destinies. Mr. Asquith re-enters by the "postern" gate.

I take it for granted that the pro-Budget posters have proved more effective than their rivals. Can any one doubt it? Let us make a few comparisons. I notice that a house in Portland Place displays a bill which asks "Where is that Radical cheap loaf?" It tells the passer-by that the loaf was 4½d. under the Unionist Government and is 6d. under the Radical Government. One can understand the attempt of the Tariff Reformer to persuade us that a wheat duty would be so small that the price of bread would remain unaffected, in spite of what the bakers prophesy, but how can the Tariffite expect the voter to believe that an increase of 1½d. in the price of the loaf is due to causes over which the Radicals have had any control? The market reports of their own newspapers explain it differently. Again, the resident in the lordly thoroughfare of Portland Place might make capital out

of the taxes on alcohol and tobacco, but what is the use of twitting a Government with a rise in the cost of something which it has refused to tax? Much more convincing is an illustrated Free Trade bill which reads: "Never forget that Tariff Reform means taxed food and taxed goods, a taxed loaf and taxed butter to spread on it, taxed meat and a taxed knife to cut it with. If you do not want to pay more for everything, stick to Free Trade." Effective, again, is a picture representing a cupboard with the door open and a gigantic hand extended to seize the food on the shelves. The fact that our Continental neighbours resort to an equine diet as one way of dodging the high price of taxed beef has not been neglected by the cartoonist, and the whole country has been laughing at the picture of a little girl who carries a piece of horse-flesh on a skewer and says to an expectant cat: "No, pussie, this is father's dinner!"

The Society paper known as the "World" and other Tory organs have been protesting against the vulgarity of the posters issued by their own side. One example to which they have referred is the large poster labelled "A Victim of Free Trade." The disreputable appearance of the fellow depicted on the poster has caused one of these Tory critics to declare that the British working man ought not to be painted as a good-for-nothing loafer, and that the poster might well be entitled "A victim of free drink." Says the victim in question, "It's work I want," and the "Daily News" has brought out a counter-poster representing a handsome young peasant whose appeal is "It's land I want." Quite oblivious of the fact that pictures of misery serve the Socialist cause more usefully than any other cause, the Tariffites have issued some expensive oleographs which show a workman seated in a dejected attitude surrounded by weeping relatives. This, again, is supposed to reveal the iniquitous results of Free Trade, but it might just as well stand for a portrait of a tenement-dweller driven to an overcrowded city by the land monopoly. All this "rubbing-in" of the desperate straits of the unemployed cuts both ways; in the long run it is true Socialist propaganda, and those who succeed in becoming possessed of these oleographs should save them up for use, with a different label, when the Right to Work Bill is again introduced by the Labour Party. Incidentally, it may be mentioned that one of these anti-Free Trade oleographs has been stuck up on the railings outside a block of flats called the Manor House, in the Marylebone Road. This seems an extraordinary procedure. Are we to assume that every occupier in this large block is a Protectionist?

A clever drawing by Bernard Partridge in a recent number of "Punch" represented a burly tramp (labelled "Socialist") accosting an elderly gentleman (labelled "Liberal") on the high road. The tramp offers his company to the alarmed old gentleman; he is going his way—and further. Although this cartoon hit off with splendid irony the difficulties of the old-fashioned Liberals confronted with a programme that carried them off their feet, I have seen no reproduction of it on the hoardings. Probably it was too subtle, too refined in treatment, too inoffensive; the enemy would take the ingenious jest in good part. What the Tories prefer is the malicious gibe, the scurrilous insinuation. They like to show Mr. Lloyd George escaping from a crowd of "mafficking" ruffians, so that they can stigmatise him as a coward for his inability to vanquish a hundred opponents with his strong right hand. Mr. Halkett, the "Pall Mall Gazette" cartoonist, has designed a poster representing Mr. Lloyd George lashing a number of the unemployed with a whip. How can such a poster influence electors who have observed that the Chancellor has spent the greater part of last year planning schemes for giving work to the unemployed at road-making, afforestation, etc.? I think I am right in saying that neither the Labour Party nor the Radicals have imported personal insults into their pictorial appeals. They have relied on principles and reasoned arguments. That is why they will poll a majority of the votes cast by British electors this month.

On German Spies.

ONCE upon a time I was wandering with a friend around the head waters of the Amazon, in the Caqueta, that unexplored province of Colombia. Acting up to the best boyhood traditions, we were accompanied by some friendly Indians. On descending the river Caquan, our friends became timid and anxious; we were approaching the Huitote tribe, who, we were given to understand, practised cannibalism. I tried to make it clear to our Indians that this was quite impossible; since diet reformers had proved that meat-eating was entirely a product of civilisation, that savage man ate nothing but nuts and berries and the fruits of the earth (after washing). They remained unconvinced, and at night-time stole away through the forest. My friend, Alexander, then became no little alarmed; not even my statement that the Huitotes were still in the precibicultural period of development could reassure him. He betrayed a revolting scepticism on vegetarian history, and commenced a series of yarns about cannibals at home and cannibals he had known that would have made my flesh creep had I not been so firm a Haigite. I felt a little uncomfortable, of course, but dozed off. I awoke myself by shrieking loudly: "Alexander, Alexander, they've eaten my right leg! Oh, Lord, what shall I do?" It was perfectly true, I couldn't feel my right leg at all. Alexander turned to my help, kicked me on the right shin, and I rubbed my leg till the sensation returned in the limb that had gone asleep. After all, we decided that as the scenery looked more attractive in the district we had traversed a few days earlier we would retrace our steps. Of course, we went astray, and, coming to the habitations of some Indians, dwelt with them for some days, when we discovered they were the dreaded Huitotes.

They did not eat me, so the vegetarians must be right. But that wasn't what I set out to show. My friend Alexander's talk about cannibal terrors threw me into a panic—I'll admit it after these many years—and sent my leg to sleep.

Blatchford and Balfour's talk about Germany and German spies is being used to throw the British people into a panic and send their brains to sleep.

But I shall not yet believe that the British are quite so lacking in courage and good sense as I was.

What are Mr. Blatchford's qualifications for acting as guide to the British people on the intentions of Germany?

He has written some excellent propaganda works on Socialism.

He has spent a few weeks in Germany.

He doesn't know any German.

He has, I hope, drunk some lager beer.

Of course, Mr. Blatchford is the superior person who is high above all party politics.

It is generally these high and mighty persons who will be found to do the kind of work that your mere politician would turn from in disgust.

Mr. Blatchford is a journalistic hack found convenient by the Tory Party.

Should the Tory Party be returned to power Mr. Blatchford will be engaged to work up a war with Germany.

This is the barrier the Tory Party means to set up against the growth of Socialism and of the Labour Party in this country.

Mr. Blatchford knows nothing of Germany; he knows less than I do about the intentions of the German Government and the views of the German people.

I say less than I do, because I can at least read the German papers and speak to the people in their own tongue.

It happens that a sufficient number of my early years were spent in Germany to give me a fair mastery

of the German language as spoken. I see scores of Germans every month; I see many of the young German waiters who come over to this country, ready, according to Mr. Arnold White and his friends, to mobilise at Sheerness, or Chatham, or Buckingham. The majority of these spies are young men in their teens, who have not yet served in the army, and another large contingent is, as Mr. Charles Lowe points out in the current "Contemporary," constitutionally incapable of serving in the army. If you are at all as intimate with these young men as I am, you will be able to follow their wanderings all over Europe—France, Germany, Austria, and Italy. You will know that their sojourn here is but an incident in their careers.

To be told that the German Army Staff is going to place the fate of her army in England in the hands of the young Germans who come over here as waiters, as clerks, or as hairdressers—well, even Mr. Blatchford will have to admit that the Germans are a fairly intelligent people.

Could anyone in his senses believe that Germany would employ as spies the class of young men whom you will find here as waiters in the hotels and the like? Really, if the English were one half as stupid as these spy maniacs try to make us out, we should not deserve any national existence.

It will be worth, on some other occasion, giving the reasons why there are so many foreign as compared with English waiters; certainly the trade is not one of the sweated industries. Mr. Lowe, in the article to which I have alluded, gives the following estimates from various sources of—

GERMANS IN ENGLAND.

Major Reed's spies	6,500
Sir John Barlow's trained soldiers	66,000
Lord Roberts' trained soldiers ("almost all of them")	80,000
Colonel Driscoll's trained soldiers.....	350,000

It will not matter to any of these "authorities" that the last census returns gave 49,133 Germans in this country. Mr. Lowe thinks there may be 55,000 now, which number bears about the same proportion to Colonel Driscoll's estimate as do Mr. Blatchford's 28,000 newly engaged men at Essen to the truth.

Soon we shall be taking the skin off every German sausage that comes into the country lest it enwrap a rifle. I suspect all those Westphalian hams are gun stocks and that the barrels of sauerkraut contain the most deadly of explosives—they certainly smell as if they did.

Indeed, I remember that one day I was talking to the proprietor of a death-dealing establishment, when a young German entered and asked for Zwei Frankfurters—two Frankfurters—or, as we might say, two Londoners. No doubt Mr. Blatchford or Colonel Driscoll would have rushed forth to tell the world that there are hundreds of Frankfort youths secreted in the German provision stores, whereas Frankfort is only celebrated for its sausages.

But all this scare-mongering, which looks so ridiculous, is really very serious. There can be little doubt that it is part of a plot to make the German a bogey in this country, just as the Boer was made. When that is accomplished, the Tory Party will declare war against Germany.

I do not think that the English people will be caught napping quite so easily a second time.

It is said that the German Government is preparing for war with us, and that it will come via a German attack on France. I know no more about the German Government's intentions than Mr. Blatchford, and that is just nothing at all. But there are a few simple considerations which all of us can make.

The German Emperor was credited with a restless and warlike spirit when he ascended the throne.

He has been on the throne for some years.

During these years he has had France more than once at his mercy—for instance, during the Dreyfus crisis, when there was no more question of England going to the aid of France than during the 1870 war.

He has not made war upon France in his younger days. Is he more likely to do so now, when one may expect that his youthful restlessness is somewhat tamed?

There is only one danger that I can see; that is, the German war party—such a war party exists in every country that is civilised enough to have an army and a navy—may get the upper hand and provoke a war to dish the Social Democrats of Germany.

It is an unlikely contingency, I believe, because the Social Democrats are strong and growing, because the Social Democrats are intensely patriotic, and are hence war-haters to a man, and because the German Social Democrats do not count a Blatchford among them.

The British people are also, I believe, strong enough to resist its war party and strong enough to come out of this sorry business resolved to create no more leaders—leaders who ever turn round and revile those who have created them.

Who are the leaders of this War Party?

Mr. Blatchford, an ex-Socialist; Mr. Garvin, an ex-Parnellite; Mr. Blumenberg, an ex-American Jew; and Mr. Eltzbacher, an ex-German. A motley crew.

Let the people make no more idols.

M. D. EDER.

Imaginary Speeches.

No. VI.—By Mr. Alexander Ure, K. C.

[As seen through Unionist spectacles.]

Style: The Candid.*

ON Saturday the Lord Advocate redeemed a promise of long standing by paying a visit to Pongleborough. The right honourable gentleman, who arrived overnight, and slept at the Crown Hotel, lunched with the Mayor (Mr. John King, J.P., C.C.) and Mayoress, and subsequently paid a visit to the De Wryggle Almshouses, the oldest charity in the town. The old people, men and women, who live in the almshouses, were already assembled in the little Elizabethan hall attached to the quaint old buildings, and when Mr. Ure stepped upon the platform to address them they displayed numerous perceptible signs of animation. Mr. Ure, who looked very well after his recent holiday, said that he wished he could have given old people in the evening of their days somewhat warmer comfort than he found himself able to give. But he did feel that the public man's first duty on every occasion was not to blink the truth. (Cheers.) He was afraid, although he did not like to say it, that there was still some chance that the Unionists would return to power at the latest within the next two or three years. Did they quite realise what that would mean? Well, it would mean first and foremost that Tariff Reform would be introduced. There seemed to be some doubt about as to what Tariff Reform really meant, but he could tell them. Mr. Balfour was vague enough in public, but in private he was frank to the point of indiscretion, and the last time he (Mr. Ure) had dined with Mr. Balfour that eminent statesman had told him that he was irrevocably resolved to put a tax of 20s. per quarter upon wheat. He need not tell them what the result of that would be. It would mean that the loaf which now cost them a penny—(A Voice: "Fivepence halfpenny, mister")—yes, fivepence halfpenny—would cost them one shilling and sixpence farthing. Where would their old age pensions be then? Amidst sobs and piteous moans—the tears were running in rivers down the face of one old lady who was sitting next the "Daily Post" representative—Mr. Ure went on to say that the weekly pension that a kind and thoughtful Liberal Government had bestowed upon each old man—yes, and each old woman—in that room would purchase three loaves a week under Tariff Reform, leaving fivepence farthing a week for tobacco, drink, meat, firing, light, clothes, and all the other little luxuries which added sunlight to

* N.B.—We do not necessarily commit ourselves to any of the statements in this speech.—Editor, NEW AGE.

the life of old folk. That would be bad enough; but he had worse to tell them. He had received that morning a letter from Lord Lansdowne. It was marked "private and confidential," but he felt that it was so important that it was his higher duty to reveal the contents. He would read it to them:

Lansdowne House, Berkeley Square,
Tooting, E.C.

My Dear Ure,—Between you and me, Balfour and me have decided that if we win the next election we shall have to lay down 54 Dreadnoughts. That means, of course, that we shall have to stop the old age pensions. But that will have to be between you and me just now. So don't mention it.—Yours ever,

LANSDOWNE.

Now, went on Mr. Ure, that can only mean one thing. (Hear, hear.) It means that if you help to send the Tories back to power your old age pensions are gone beyond recovery. No more silver five shillings from the post office, no more loaves, no more coals, no more nice warm blankets, you will all of you have to turn out—(sensation)—of your almshouses. They are going to be turned into barracks for the "Dreadnoughts," and you will all of you have to go to the workhouse—if it is not shut up—or sell matches in the street if these villainous conspirators don't introduce a Bill, as I have good reason for believing they will do, to forbid that. That is bad enough. Yes, my friends, that is bad enough. But there is one last thing that it is, yes it is, my duty to mention a thing so horrible that I can scarcely bring my tongue to utter it. Ladies and gentlemen, you have not yet heard of it. It has not yet got into the papers. But you have heard of Colonial Preference? ("Yes.") It all sounds very well, but I can tell you beyond fear of contradiction that the Colonies have agreed to give us preference upon the corn we send them only upon one condition. That condition is that we should allow them to send us the surplus population from their great teeming cities. And how can we find room for them? Only in one way; only by killing off our old people. (Loud cries of horror.) At this moment Mr. Balfour has upon his mantelpiece the complete Bill—the Existence Length of (Abbreviation) Bill—which embodies the demands made by Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the other Australian sovereigns. You are to be given three months in which you are to make your wills and kiss your grandchildren good-bye. Then, in batches of ten, you are to be taken to the municipal slaughter-house and poleaxed. This is what is in front of you. I shall do all I can to prevent it. If you vote for my friend Mr. Jones I will prevent it. I do all for your sakes. I have no personal interest in it. I have no old relations. I never had a grandmother. I never had a mother.

When the right honourable gentleman left the room the benches were strewn with the unconscious forms of the aged pensioners. One old man alone was on his feet blindly shaking his fist at Heaven and crying: "Them — Tories, God rot 'em."

J. C. SQUIRE.

AT AN L. C. C. BREAKFAST.

"John Duke" — a Picture.

ELBOWS serenely resting on the board,
Sipping the half-grudged philanthropic cup;
Content, at ease . . . and wearing some odd grace;
Half-kingly, and sublimely dignified;
The dark eyes very keen to give response,
The thin, pale lips half-curving in a smile;
Restfully indolent . . . but fierce reserve
Of passion lies beneath the glance and pose.
The kind of hair I love, . . . so pale and straight,
Close-cropped, yet fringed and long about the brow;
A lean neck muffled in a loose-tied knot:
Tatters and shreds for garments. I can see
A hundred visions as I watch you there,
I hear the sighing of a bondaged race;
And at a flash I see . . . more terrible,
The passionate force that seems to bide its time,
The cold disdain . . . the smouldering flame beneath.

C. W. H.

The Failure of Militancy.

By D. Triformis.

THE leaders proceed along their narrow bureaucratic path, urging more violence. Miss Christabel Pankhurst, in an article entitled bravely, "Powder and Shot for the Campaign," in the last issue of "Votes for Women," compares the protest of men against women's violence with their own conduct when appealing against injustice. She writes: "The militant methods of the W.S.P.U. are sometimes severely condemned by men who express strong disapproval of unlawful or violent action. It is edifying, therefore, to notice how quick are these same men critics when temptation comes to them to adopt militant methods themselves." Either that paragraph is an apology for or a justification of women's violence. Apology never having been part of the W.S.P.U. attitude, we accept the alternative, and consider the remark as meant to justify women's violence. We must first translate the sarcasm of the term "edifying"; it is surely intended as satire: we should read it as "unedifying." For there can be nothing really edifying, that is, spiritually strengthening, comforting, improving, in the spectacle of men, who in their calmer mood deprecate violence, being carried in a moment of temptation beyond sanity and the ways of peace. As a justification of women's violence, the passionate deeds of men done under temptation take an aspect the reverse of justifying, and constitute a strong condemnation.

In the same number of the W.S.P.U. organ there occurs an expression of censure upon the methods of the Women's Freedom League for the action of some of the members of that League in destroying the ballot-papers. With a rectitude which very nearly cries for a pat on the shoulder, the Pot calls the Kettle black. But where is the precise spot of difference between slapping the face of a police inspector and pouring hair-oil upon ballot-papers? Both actions were done in the way of protest against disenfranchisement. Both were violent and unlawful. Both might be thus justified and thus condemned. We mention the instances to point a conclusion that the W.S.P.U. leaders seem to think that violence should stop somewhere. We ask: Where should it stop? The Freedom League stop at slapping faces; the W.S.P.U. at injuring ballot-papers. Both ballot-papers and police inspectors are in the service of the male electorate. Presumably the W.S.P.U., which, as "Votes for Women" says, "is appealing from the misdeeds of the Government to the good sense of the electors themselves," believes that the electors' good sense may be quicker aroused and their prejudice against woman's franchise deeper allayed, by slaps and brickbats than by putting them to the expense and trouble of a fresh ballot. We do not presume to decide. Our object, in the despair of inducing the W.S.P.U. leaders to discourage violence altogether and to apply once more to reason, is to discover exactly to what extremities of violence they are prepared to go. If the vote is to be won by violence, it must be won by a violence exceeding that which the opponents of women's suffrage are prepared to employ. What indication have we that the leaders of woman's violence will exceed the violence of men and finally conquer by militant methods? True, none of the leaders have been forcibly fed, or frog-marched, or even played upon with a hose-pipe. They have, perhaps, not the personal impulse for a terrific retaliation which may justly be supposed to burn in the hearts of the minor members of the Union who have been so outraged. But we cannot thus separate from the interests of the outraged members the leaders who urged these members to pursue the tactics which resulted in imprisonment and torture.

There is nothing truly militant in urging persons to conduct involving spiritual degradation and physical agony and then, by way of avenging the loyal sufferers, merely paying out money for an action at common law against those who inflicted the suffering. We are driven to wonder whether, when Mrs. Pankhurst leads the next deputation to Westminster, she will consider a slap on some policeman's face sufficient protest against the injuries her devoted followers have endured.

If by militant tactics the leaders of the W.S.P.U. mean just slaps and an occasional slate or stone thrown "without intention of hurting anyone," as Mr. Gordon Hewart stated in his defence of Miss Davison; if these pin-pricks are all the deeds the militant leaders are prepared for—we can feel no great and overwhelming assurance that the methods will win the vote. The women are employing slaps as weapons against men who do not hesitate to reply with a hose-pipe. There can be small doubt as to which side will win in such an unequal combat. The greater force must prevail in a battle waged by force.

This question of the suffrage will never be settled by force, for the reason that the women are less certain of the utility of force than the evil and backward men who have control of the prisons. Three years of urging the members of the W.S.P.U. to militant methods has only produced amongst the most doughty an impulse to fling a stone or a ginger-beer bottle, "without intent to injure anyone." Clearly, the women do not want to use force. Even after they have suffered appalling indignities and risked permanent injury to themselves under the hands of jailers and prison doctors, they do not become the prey of their passions. They are then even more disposed to refrain from a violence similar to that which, when exhibited by low and coarse officials, fills the women with spiritual concern, though not with bodily fear. It is impossible for such women not to understand that the standard of woman's suffrage, seized by violence, would be a standard seized in the dark, and poisoned, perchance, by blood whose bane might transform the triumph into consuming bitterness.

The leaders of the W.S.P.U. have clamoured for militancy. The W.S.P.U. has not responded. Civilisation holds firm its place in the minds of women. An attempt to defend themselves from the degenerate lads employed as stewards—an attempt which might, unblamed, have resorted to extreme measures: a few stones and empty bottles—that is about all one may produce as progeny of the historic slap. Petty riot and petty damage committed by a handful of persons; by the majority of those belonging to the Union—no riot, no damage, but a steady appeal to the reason of their friends among the electorate.

Who would argue, in the face of the negative inaction of even those calling themselves militants, that women truly and earnestly accept the theory that militant tactics will win the vote, let alone that which the vote stands for—woman's freedom, of which the vote is the symbol? If the bloody spirit of barbarian ages were, by some hellish means, to be revived among the W.S.P.U. no one would say that the women might not conquer.

We do not believe—there is no evidence to induce us to believe—that that dark spirit may be revived in English women. We do not believe that there is any excuse for any suggestion of reviving it. The men who understand woman's right to the suffrage have not been led so to understand by violence; those who remain hostile will never be taught the reason of woman's right except by reasoning; and what humanity needs beyond all things is an understanding between men and women, a mutual tolerance of each other's particular desires.

Militant tactics have proved a failure. They were a resort to an obsolete roughness which has been trained smooth for centuries now in the class of women from whence the W.S.P.U. members are mostly drawn. The leaders themselves have done nothing more militant than minor assault. They have not been "tempted" even by the spectacle of their "outraged and inhumanly tortured" followers. It is time they ceased egging the others on!

Prophetic Paragraphs. VI.

St. Guido de Vaux: Canonisation in Rome.

From "The New Age" in 1960.

At last a long-delayed act of justice is approaching completion. By the time these lines meet the reader's eye there is every reason to hope that the name of Guido de Vaux, confessor and martyr, will have been inscribed on the roll of saints.

Proceedings to this end were instituted, it will be remembered, by the Roman and Anglican Sodality of St. Mary Tudor, immediately after the successful beatification of St. James II. All the other great heroes and heroines of the Catholic Faith having had their merits recognised, it was felt that the greatest of them all could not any longer be left unhonoured. The Archbishops of Westminster and Canterbury gave their support to the movement, and the collection taken in St. Paul's Cathedral to defray the legal expenses of the canonisation realised no less than £3 9s. 1d., made up to £1,000 by the generosity of Marquis Rothschild.

The usual Protestant howl was raised by the ignorant cranks who have not yet entirely died out from among us, but the press very properly ignored this fanatical outburst; and the meeting of protest called in Smithfield was wisely suppressed by the Labour Government. The bad taste of attempting to hold such a demonstration on a spot hallowed by the images of S.S. Gardiner and Bonner should have struck even the Protestant mind.

On reviewing the great national petition, signed by the King, the Royal Family, the Permanent Heads of Departments, and all the leading representatives of aviation, golf, football, racing, literature and science, His Holiness Alexander VII. graciously ordered the cause to be taken in hand forthwith, and on Sunday last it came before the Congregation presided over by His Eminence Cardinal Cæsar Borgia, nephew of His Holiness.

Counsel for the candidate were Monsignor Hugo Cecilio, of the Dominican Order, and Sir Samuëlo Evanese, Attorney-General of England. The Defendant was represented by a masked advocate whose name did not transpire. On account of the defective ventilation of the Court, it seems that a sulphur pastille was burnt during the proceedings, with the result that several cardinals on the jury were observed to turn rather pale.

Monsignor Cecilio opened the pleadings briefly. The plaintiff, he informed their Eminences, was a gentleman of the highest character, carrying on the business of a conspirator in the city of Westminster, in the reign of James I. of England. In his statement of claim he alleged that he had organised, and nearly carried through, an important plot to blow up the Houses of Parliament, containing king, lords and commons, all of them Protestants. For this great service to the Church he had been falsely and maliciously arrested, tortured and executed by a Protestant government. He now claimed a declaration by that Court that he was a saint, and a mandamus to the Celestial Authorities requiring Them to remove him from his present uncomfortable quarters, and admit him to the glorious company of S.S. Mary Queen of Scots, Mary Tudor, Gardiner, Bonner, James II. and all the other victims of Protestant malignity and cruelty.

The defence filed by his learned friend on behalf of the Other Party to the cause alleged that the plaintiff had failed to carry out the plot aforesaid by his own fault; and that he had been guilty of contributory negligence. Those were the issues which their Eminences had to try.

Sir Samuëlo Evanese in a speech punctuated by frequent applause, which had to be suppressed, said that he would not detain the Court by a laboured panegyric on his client. An intelligent body of cardinals, such as he saw before him, were not to be influenced or led astray by the arts of sophistry. The name of Guido de Vaux had long stood high in the

eneration and esteem of the whole Catholic world. His merits had impressed even the Protestant imagination. There had been a time, which men still living would recall, when the Feast of the martyr was kept up in his native land by the juvenile population. Effigies, rudely designed, it might be, yet showing an unmistakable desire to perpetuate the honoured features of a great and good man, were annually prepared and carried through the streets. A hymn, the work of some unknown poet, but yet breathing a genuine inspiration, declared—

"We see no reason
Why Gunpowder Treason
Should ever be forgot!"

And his client's immortal exploit had been commemorated by the ignition of artificial preparations of combustible chemicals, and by bonfires in which learned, but mistaken, anthropologists had pretended to see a survival of solar worship.

His friend, acting, no doubt, on his instructions, had not ventured to impeach the character of his (Sir Samuëlo's) client. He had not challenged the splendour of his conception, to which there was no parallel among the boldest schemes of modern Anarchists and Nihilists. Had that great design been carried out, England might have been spared three centuries of Protestantism. They were still labouring to complete the work which Guido de Vaux had sought to accomplish by a single stroke.

The defence set up by the Other Side was, he must say plainly, a pettifogging defence. He would not call it an unmanly one, because that phrase would have no meaning for such a Being as the Defendant. He would call it an infernal quibble. (Loud applause.)

CARDINAL BORGIA: If that demonstration is repeated, I shall order the Court to be cleared. We are not in a theatre.

Sir Samuëlo, continuing, said that he did not know to what lengths his friend, acting, of course, on his instructions, was prepared to go. What was meant by the plea of contributory negligence? He had been informed, but he did not believe, that the Other Side intended to lay stress on the purely accidental circumstance that his (Sir Samuëlo's) client was arrested in a vault—it would be suggested, a wine-vaults. Were their Eminences, were a shrewd and level-headed set of men like those whom he had the honour of addressing, to be asked to credit that such a man as Guido de Vaux had fallen a victim to intemperance; that he had allowed himself to partake too freely of spirituous refreshment at a moment when the fortunes of the Papacy hung upon his sobriety? Such a plea, if put forward, which he still declined to believe it would be by any advocate practising in that Court, could only recoil on the head of the Defendant.

He would point out to them that his learned friend's Client did not occupy a disinterested position in the matter. He had something to lose. The verdict of their Eminences—and what their verdict would be it was impossible for him, Sir Samuëlo, to doubt—would destroy at once and for ever any reversionary interest the Defendant might have imagined himself to possess in that noble, that faithful, that heroic and Catholic spirit which now stood on trial at their Eminences' bar.

He would say no more. He would not seek to prejudice their judgment by reminding them of the raucous howl of exultation which was certain to be raised by the degraded Protestant factions now happily verging fast upon extinction, should their verdict be favourable to the Personage represented by his learned friend, a Personage who had been truly styled the Father of Protestantism. He would leave the cause of his client in their hands, with the full confidence that so enlightened, so upright and so sagacious a body of cardinals as he saw in that box would return only one verdict in such a case. He asked them to dismiss the blessed spirit of Guido de Vaux from that Court without a stain upon its character, and to declare it entitled to the worship of the entire Catholic world.

At this stage the Court adjourned for lunch.

ALCOFRIDA.

The Nativity.

According to St. Judas Iscariot.

THE interest taken in the discovery of the new Gospel, as already described in these columns, seems likely to have the best possible results. As a result of the warning given in THE NEW AGE, that the work was in danger of being translated literally by minds not actuated by the proper spirit of reverence and caution, it would appear that the Archbishop of Canterbury has now issued a commission to the Revs. Canon Driver, Professor Cheyne, and the famous master of religious romance, "Guy Thorne" (generally believed to be the literary pseudonym of the Bishop of London), to prepare a rendering suitable for perusal by readers who do not like to have their minds unsettled by disturbing suggestions.

It is a gratifying sign of the tendency of the Churches to unite in the presence of the common danger, that the President of the Wesleyan Conference should have accepted an invitation to nominate a committee of Greek and Aramaic scholars from among the members of his communion, for the purpose of reading the work of the Anglican divines in proof, and making suggestions.

The authorised version, when completed, will appear as a serial in the "Guardian" and "British Weekly" concurrently. The proceeds will form the nucleus of a Building Fund for the sorely-needed Stepney Cathedral. It was at first intended to allot one-half to the diocese of Kensington; but in view of the fact that more than one of the residents in that diocese has an annual income exceeding the entire estimated cost of the Cathedral, while the poverty of the East End diocese is so extreme that probably one-half of the population is *always suffering from hunger*, it has been decided that the Stepney Building Fund shall receive the whole amount. If this be Socialism, we cannot help thinking that it is the sort of Socialism which would have been approved of by St. Judas Iscariot himself.

In the meanwhile, as several readers of THE NEW AGE have expressed a wish to learn more of the character and contents of the Gospel which has so remarkably come to light—and of course it is not intended by those expressions to cast any doubt on the bona fides of the discovery, or to suggest that the antagonists of the "New Theology" have had any hand in its concoction—in the meanwhile it may be of interest to indicate some of the points on which St. Judas differs from his brother evangelists, or rather appears, to a superficial view, to differ from them; for there can be no doubt that these apparent discrepancies will speedily be made to vanish under the skilled treatment of experts in Christian apologetics.

At this season of the year a special interest attaches to the evangelist's treatment of the familiar story of the Nativity. Here St. Judas is seen at his best, explaining and harmonising the apparent contradictions between the accounts of SS. Matthew and Luke, and completely exonerating his Master from the imputation of a humble origin.

As we should expect, St. Judas Iscariot is too pure-minded a writer to contribute anything to the discussion regrettably raised by certain contemporary divines as to the physiological character of the Incarnation of the Second Person of the Trinity. But that he held the orthodox view, in opposition to the canonical writers, is made plain by the fact that he does not encumber his pages, as they have done, with irrelevant

and confusing genealogies of St. Joseph, but gives us instead the genealogy of the Blessed Mother of God, proving that She was descended in a direct line from Eve. Still more significantly, he traces Her descent throughout by the maternal line, thereby affording strong support to the Roman dogma of the Immaculate Conception of Mary Herself. Indeed there seems to be no good reason why Rome should not now take courage to define the Immaculate Conception and Virgin Birth of the whole of the Divine Ancestresses.

On the other hand, while carefully limiting the rôle of St. Joseph to that of honorary Stepfather of Christ, St. Judas gives us a far higher idea of his personal respectability, and worthiness for this lofty part, than that which has hitherto prevailed. He was, to begin with, not a mere working carpenter, but the leading timber merchant and upholsterer of Nazareth, if not of the whole of Galilee. We know already, from one of the apocryphal Gospels, that the firm of St. Joseph and Sons held the appointment of throne-makers by royal warrant to King Herod. The sons, so frequently referred to in the other Gospels as "brethren" of Christ, were, as reverent minds have long surmised, and St. Judas is careful to record, the children of St. Joseph by another wife, deceased before the sacred narrative begins.

St. Joseph, we are further informed, was a great captain of industry. He was, it appears, the founder and first president of a Cedar Trust, for dealing with the produce of the Lebanon forests. In that capacity the saint was much tried by the evil conduct of the Lebanon woodcutters, who entered into an illegal combination to resist the economies effected by St. Joseph in the wages bill of the Trust. On one occasion he found himself obliged to call in the Roman authorities to deal with these refractory employees, with the result that a dozen or more were seized and crucified. The centurion in command of the troops was named Jairus.

In addition to his great services to industry, St. Joseph was a liberal donor to philanthropic objects of all kinds. During his tenure of office as Mayor of Nazareth he presented his native city with a Free Library; and on the jubilee of King Herod, the saint gave a million shekels to the Society for the Conversion of the Samaritans. For this munificence he was rewarded with the Grand Pentagram of the Herodian Order.

It is sad to have to admit the existence of one blemish in so noble a character. But St. Judas, while evidently anxious to put him before us in the best light, has been unable to relieve him from the charge of scepticism, hinted at in St. Matthew's narrative. Much as we might wish to think that St. Joseph had accepted the story of Mary in simple faith, we are obliged to recognise that, like St. Thomas on a later occasion, he required stronger evidence than that which satisfies us; and that he was actually on the point of renouncing the guardianship of the future Messiah, when an angel was sent to him to confirm the explanation which had been so readily accepted by Mary's own family. Although this lapse of so good a man has doubtless been recorded for a warning, we confess to a hope that the episode will be omitted from the authorised version of the new Gospel.

St. Judas Iscariot agrees with the other evangelists in making Mary a resident of Nazareth. St. Luke has informed us that She was related to a clerical family; St. Judas goes on to state that She was of royal blood, being, in fact, the Legitimist claimant to the throne of Judæa. This circumstance affords a reasonable explanation of the attitude unfortunately taken up by His Majesty King Herod the Great at the moment of the Nativity.

The journey to Bethlehem, it appears from this Gospel, was undertaken by St. Joseph for prudential reasons. The Roman tax-gatherers were a suspicious and grasping set of men; and the legate Quirinius had

imposed a graduated income tax of a Socialistic character. To baffle this predatory attack, the saint decided to make his return at Bethlehem, where the assessors were not so well acquainted as those of Nazareth with his means of support.

It is probable that similar considerations influenced him in his choice of hotel accommodation, though St. Judas does not explicitly say so. On the contrary, the evangelist rather labours to prove that the accounts of the other inspired writers are exaggerated in order to impress the gallery. The actual scene of the Divine Birth, he assures us, was not a stable, but a room over the coachhouse, usually occupied by the inn servants, but frequently taken for the use of visitors when the necessity arose.

The story of the manger is similarly discredited in the present narrative. The Aramaic word which has been translated "crib," is really equivalent to "bassinette."

On one other point which has long vexed the orthodox apologist, the Gospel of St. Judas affords a welcome relief. It will be remembered that St. Matthew quotes a prophecy to the effect that the Messiah should be called Immanuel. St. Judas informs us that this prophecy was fulfilled, Immanuel being the name actually given to the Divine Child. The vulgar error that it received that of Jesus arose, it seems, through confusion between the Founder of Christianity and an obscure adventurer, of low origin, named Yeshua, who preached Socialism, and was ultimately condemned to death by the best minds of the Jewish Church, for blasphemy.

LUCIFER.

Books and Persons.

(AN OCCASIONAL CAUSERIE.)

MISS JANET E. HOGARTH, Chief Librarian of the "Times Book Club," has resigned on the Censorship question. This piece of news would of itself be important enough to justify me in continuing to discuss it in any case, for after all it is part of the greater question of the liberty of the subject, and I have as strong an objection to being automatically governed by the Circulating Libraries as to being autocratically governed by the House of Lords. Miss Hogarth, who is a woman of letters and on the editorial staff of the "Fortnightly Review," has written a remarkable and telling letter to the "Observer," in which occurs the following caustic passage concerning the libraries:—

We are credibly informed that they do not read books before buying them. The "Spectator" has said pityingly that they "unwittingly and unwillingly" have often circulated works which they afterwards found to be objectionable. All the more reason, one would think, for not entrusting the future of literature to these "unwitting" institutions, even though they now promise amendment. For whilst they are learning the A B C of their profession, are the authors going to meet with justice, and is the reading public going to get what it wants? If not, why not? The public has paid its money, and is entitled to have what it pays for, the opportunity of sampling for itself the current literature of the day. With very few exceptions, which any well-managed library can deal with without forming a "ring" for the purpose, that literature can safely be supplied anywhere but in a school library. It may be silly—it often is—it may be more outspoken than in the squeamish mid-Victorian days, it may think it is preaching a new gospel when it is merely uttering ill-digested crudities, but it is not indecent. To say that it is merely to use words with no true appreciation of their meaning.

* * *

At the end of her letter Miss Hogarth gives a list of last year's novels of which the libraries would probably have "restricted" the supply, had the Censorship then been in being. Miss Hogarth's list includes, inter alia, the names of H. G. Wells, John Galsworthy, W. J. Locke, Maurice Hewlett, Robert Hichens, Marie Belloc Lowndes and Evelyn Underhill. Comment is needless.

Miss Hogarth deserves the sincere thanks of all serious artists for the singular and courageous independence of her action. She has done a very brave thing. And the dignity and force of her letter to the "Observer" are quite admirable.

* * *

The "restricting" dodge of the Circulating Libraries is now in full swing. It is applied to all books which are in much demand or expensive. The result is that a subscriber has to apply ten or twelve times for a book which he ought to get at the first or second application. Correspondence in the "Times" has lately shown that one library wrote to a subscriber and stated that Mr. Henry James's volume of essays, "Italian Hours," illustrated by Mr. Joseph Pennell, was an improper book. I wonder why Mr. Henry James does not bring an action for libel. The only crime of Mr. James's book is that it is too expensive to suit the financial conditions prevailing in certain places where books are hired out. The result of the exposure in the "Times" was that there arose at all the libraries an immediate demand for "a rather improper book by Mr. Henry James—a sex-novel of Italian life." Ha, ha! What silent and sardonic mirth in the Reform Club! When the demanding subscribers were told that the book comprised merely essays, not even improper, their desire failed, and the golden bowl was broken.

* * *

In contradistinction to Miss Hogarth, three ladies write to the "Times" from the Church House, signing themselves Sumner, Erskine, and Wilberforce (no doubt the wives of prelatical mandarins), expressing gratitude to the libraries for their "public-spirited action," on behalf of the "Mothers' Union, an association which includes 300,000 wives and mothers from all parts of the British Empire." I frankly admit that the notion of making my novels appeal to the Mothers' Union had never occurred to me personally. And I should doubt if it had occurred either to H. G. Wells or Maurice Hewlett. I shall probably send my next novel for approval to the Council of the National Society for Promoting the Education of the Poor in the Principles of the Established Church.

* * *

The remedy for the censorship lies in the hands of the subscribers to the Circulating Libraries. And it is simple. All they have to do is to demand the books they want, and to withdraw their subscriptions if they do not get them at once. Such a course will speedily allay the high moral fever of the Libraries.

JACOB TONSON.

THE TABLES TURNED.

(A free translation of Goethe's *Vorgericht*.)

How has it happened? Think you now
I come here to tell *you*,
Who dare insult me—call me *that*,
And I a woman, too!

You ask his name, and never will
Get it from me, that's pat—
I like the suit he wears, and like
His gold chain and straw hat.

If jeers and sneers are to be borne,
Then vent your spleen on me.
I know him well, he knows me well,
And God knows it must be.

I've seen your ugly face before;
The Bench, I could upset it!
You saw a pretty bird, and thought
How nice 'twould be to net it!

You wanted me, you foul old beast,
To have you, and regret it.
I said to my true love, "I want
"To kiss you, and forget it."

ERNEST RADFORD.

Old Currents and New Eddies.

By John Hamilton Churchill.

At no period in the world's history has society been so moved and influenced by "isms" as at present. And at no period have the isms been so entertaining and so alarming.

"Paganisme, Christianisme, Muffisme, voilà les trois grandes évolutions de l'humanité," said Flaubert. We have now something more formidable than mufisme to think about.

Protestantism was for a long time a tragic business, and so was Puritanism. The old isms taught men little that was new, the popular isms of to-day reveal a world of psychological truth under the mask of religious or social comedy. In the modern isms there is always something to make one laugh as well as wonder.

The isms of the present may be classed as the orthodox, the liberal, and the eccentric. Martin Luther presented the world with the first modern ism, out of which arose Calvinism, Puritanism, and Wesleyanism. These were followed by the liberal religions, such as Unitarianism and Universalism. Then came the eccentric isms, such as Mormonism, and those that make use of lecturers instead of preachers. One ism develops out of another, and Nature never skips anything. There was no jump from Catholicism to Wesleyanism. Puritanism had to prepare the way for Methodism, and it took two or three eccentric isms to prepare the way for Eddyism. Nature is brimming with political, philosophical, and sanctimonious irony. Joseph Smith pretended to have discovered a new Bible, and succeeded in founding a sect called the Mormons. Some years later it was announced that Mormonism was practically dead. But the thing had no idea of dying, and is now more alive than ever. With this ism Nature slapped the face of Western civilisation to let people see that the followers of the old sects could not have it all their own way. Then Spiritism loomed into view. Mormonism made converts and brought them to Utah; Spiritism made converts in the churches, and let them sit there.

Then came modern Buddhism. But just as Theosophy began to show signs of weakness Mrs. Eddy appeared on the scene with Christian Science. Nature, in this new mood, attacked the two chief factors in our educational system—orthodox religion and orthodox medicine. Christian Science was to sweep the field of the debris of doubt, the remnants left over from all the free and eccentric isms, take the bull by the horns in the arena of isms, twist the tail of the scientific lions in their dens, and prod the allopathic ox in the loins with the three-pronged fork of the mental cure. Nature shook with ironical laughter. She stood before the universal menagerie like the small boy who with one hand gives the old Adam-ape peanuts and with the other pokes him under the ribs with a sharp stick. And now the whole menagerie is in an uproar; and amidst the grins and grimaces of the Adam-apes of the old dispensation a screaming and biting goes on the like of which has not occurred in the world since Nero fiddled and danced to the burning of decadent Rome. Mormonism has its hundreds, Spiritism has its thousands, but Christian Science has its millions. In her ironies Nature is more interesting than she is in any other mood. And just as people made up their minds that Mrs. Eddy and her followers had received a death-blow, the Earl of Dunmore and his daughter arrive in Boston. And, presto! the thermometer of Christian Science rises at least twenty degrees! Before Mrs. Eddy's trial the temperature was normal. After that affair it rose to blood-heat. Previous to her trial her followers were somewhat scattered and isolated; now they are becoming a concrete body, with laws of their own, funds of their own, and a regular religion of their own. Nature is pitiless in her contradictions. The very systems which seem fixed on a rock of adamant are the ones she takes particular delight in tearing down. For my part, I see in the teaching of

Mrs. Eddy a direct attack on all the old religions without an exception. Spiritism attacked the churches, but did not seek to destroy them. Christian Science assails the old systems at their centre. It has played havoc with them by making them appear old-fogey, inefficacious, and helpless. Mrs. Eddy has taken the charm out of the pill-box and left the doctors scratching their heads to know what to do next. Dowie with his wings-beautifully simulated the appearance of a human flying-machine which needed but a whiff of air, an extra-paddle, a gossamer sail to have made him rise and float through the hall.

The least a heavy-weight can do is to imagine his body as light as his mind and his wings as real as his wishes. It is easy to imagine a thing when you are in some way assisted in the imaginary process. The people who imagine a thing and straightway do it are the ones who succeed while others dream. Then what a difference there is between an originator of a new ism and the stunted wit of a millionaire like Rockefeller, who finds it impossible to conceive anything more original than founding a university where the professors must pledge themselves not to tread on his illiterate prejudices. And Rockefeller has rivals in men like Carnegie. These things show no wit. They show imitation of the most primitive and simian kind. It is characteristic of people without culture to regard a university with awe, just as those who have never mingled with Royalty and the nobility think there is no society equal to that of titled people. Ignorance is the mother of illusion.

What causes interest in modern isms is the manner in which they are introduced and kept going. It is said that manners make the man. I believe it; and it makes the woman, too. Mrs. Eddy began by giving the lie to everybody and everything. This was *her* manner, and it pleased exceedingly. She knows the value of a little *divertissement* now and then. That stroke of the "veiled prophetess" was the last genial touch of a master mind. Just at the psychological moment, when her enemies, the jealous ones, were having their innings, she put on the veil! With one gesture she became invisible. Now, Dowie had to use his eyes when he spoke. Without his eagle eyes he could have done nothing. But Mrs. Eddy can well afford to be invisible. And the entertainment consists not so much in the antics of people like Mrs. Eddy, as in the attitude of people who try to stop them. It is the combination of fear and buffoonery that makes us laugh. It is the failure to stop them that creates all the fun and keeps the world in roars. Nothing is so mirth-provoking as official power bucking like a goat at a stone wall. We know the old goat is being punished for his vanity, and we keenly enjoy the scene. It was said of Boston that half the people were money-makers and the other half spiritists and reformers. At the present moment the city might be divided between Christian Scientists and Spiritists. People who stay at home imagine a thing is new because they hear of it for the first time. Before Mrs. Eddy was known thousands of "magnetic healers" practised healing without giving any medicine. It was this practice that enabled Mrs. Eddy to make such progress with her mental science. Thousands of people were ready for her book when it appeared; the soil had been cultivated and the seed sown.

Mrs. Eddy has displayed her knowledge of human nature by doing the right thing at the right moment. The dominant characteristic of the typical Yankee is that when he gives you a dollar he expects some day to receive one dollar and a half in return. No business or religion is ever conducted on any other basis. Mrs. Eddy, being a Yankee born, understood the nature of the animal and how to use him. She knew that she would have more difficulty in making patients pay for treatments than in making them pay for books. She wrote a book and sold it at sixty per cent. profit. It took some genius to see the opportunity and do the proper thing. Mrs. Eddy accomplished the miracle of remaining among the Yankees and becoming a millionaire!

We are living in an age when revolutions occur without bloodshed. Things are going at express speed, and the world now resembles a fashionable bathing resort, where three sorts of people are to be seen—the expert swimmers, those who puddle and splash about, and the ones who sit on the beach and look on. The people on the beach are of two kinds—those who are horrified at the sights and those who simply gossip and giggle. But the most amusing people on the whole coast are the people who are shocked. It is in them the comedy centres, and not in the bathers. The people in the swim enjoy themselves. As I am no swimmer and do not care to splash about, I fear I belong to the people who are amused. But it is not at the bathers I laugh, but at the effect they produce on provincial people. Herein lies all the humour of the present situation. There is nothing so amusing at a play as the attitude of certain people in the audience. I watch them with closer attention than I do the actors. Is there anything in the world more delightful than the sight of a monkey looking at himself in a looking-glass? Wonder, mystery, and indignation combine to give an inimitable expression to the monkey's face. It is nature mocking nature. The people who fight every new ism are the monkeys, who at last grow tired of holding up the looking-glass. Wonder and indignation at last wear them out, and they conclude it is better to throw away the glass and behave like proper monkeys.

The people who fight some special ism which is sweeping the country like a tidal wave admit their weakness and advertise their fear. Such isms are not like the isms of politics, which come and go with the party in power. The real thing is not to be put aside by sneers and abuse and the calling of names. For example, the more Ritualism is abused the stronger it grows. Persecution makes wealthy ritualists come forward with more money; it spurs them on to fresh efforts and compels them to sharpen their wits against their enemies. Ritualism contains enthusiasm, but Unitarianism is religion with the sap gone. Still it exists, and if it does not increase, it holds its own. I cannot call to mind one modern ism that has ceased to exist. But everything has its comedy; and the comical people are the ones who rise in the crowd and excite themselves about some person over whom they can never hope to have the slightest control. When a man enters a church to make a scene it is not the bishop who appears ridiculous, but the brawler himself. The angry man puts himself into comical attitudes.

The satisfaction people like Mrs. Eddy get out of the public is far greater than anything experienced by their enemies. The public have no power over them, but they have power over the public; this, I am satisfied, is the way such leaders regard the situation. While certain good people were spoiling their breakfast over the news that Mrs. Eddy won the action brought against her, she was taking life easy, receiving congratulations from all parts of the world and enjoying the pleasures of a glory far more hearty than that of any king on his throne.

Goethe said: "Evil and good have the same origin." We are just beginning to realise the full force of the maxim. The great isms contain a sort of magic, springing from something emotional, poetic, and symbolical, which it is not easy to define.

A universal religion is not possible without a universal tyranny. A religion founded on science is not possible, because it would lack the psychology of sentiment and emotion. The science in it would render it hateful to sentiment and impossible for the emotions. All who are familiar with the religions of the English-speaking world know what failures the isms of the intellect have been. When a religion appeals to the intellect, expect a system without sap, with a dry and leafless trunk. Boston Unitarianism, as Emerson called it, with a gesture of contempt, was the only way out of New England Puritanism; but it soon did its work, and ceased to progress. If dancing is the poetry of motion, emotion is the poetry of religion. And yet we

hear much about a universal Church founded on scientific truth!

If there were no isms in the world at the present time, a score or two would have to be speedily invented. Particularly in England. Only through them is independence of thought secured. Give an old system but half a chance, and it becomes tyrannical. Give a man the power to frame a law of his own and carry it into execution in his own Church or State, and you have parted with your liberty. As it is in the making of money, so it is in the making of religions; a little power leads to the seeking for more, and one man power in religion is no more a sign of virtue than one-man power in the money market. We deceive ourselves when we conclude that one ism is superior to all others. Every ism contains a truth of its own, and so long as progress goes on new sects are bound to develop from the old. A new fashion appears more or less eccentric at the first sight. No matter how ugly it looks, custom renders it familiar and universal. Nothing had ever appeared so eccentric as the Salvation Army, and its triumph was in proportion to its eccentricity. There was a void to fill, and nature promptly filled it in this manner. On the other hand, Mrs. Eddy's movement was one of the silent movements. The silent forces last the longest.

Of ancient isms Stoicism is the only one which has not been revived in some form. The secret of its failure is to be found in the fact that its roots were in the reason, and not in the soil of active human emotions. The isms built up on reason soon die out. The laws of life are based on action and reaction. In the countries parched by the sun famines are frequent. In nature too much sunshine means a parched soil. We speak of foibles and weaknesses of man, but the real weakness should be looked for in the assumption of perfection. Nature works out her laws by contrasts. No sect can prosper which does not contain a balance of reason and sentiment, aspiration and emotion, worldly wisdom and mystical symbolism. Stoicism was ethical realism. It died of emotional atrophy. The decay of Protestantism has been caused by too much intellect and too little soul, too much reason and a lack of poetic symbols and the powerful currents of emotional feeling.

THE NEW ZION.

Arise, O Jerusalem, and come up!
 Awaken, oh ye remnant, and come forth!
 Out of Gibeon a messenger comes,
 With words of flame and garments of fire;
 Return from Tyre and Tarshish rejoicing,
 Ye that have drunk of the fountains of life,
 For a whirlwind has scattered the vineyards
 Of Rehoboam and Manasseh's seed;
 Before the fierce blast the vintage has rolled
 As chaff, and the pools have vanished as dew
 From Sharon and Kedar; a noise is heard
 Like the rushing of waters from Rimmon,
 A rustling of dragons' wings is heard
 Through the valley of visions and anguish.
 Behold! the shadows lengthen on Horeb,
 They spread out as the bittern going forth
 From the waters of Mirom in the dusk;
 Like ravens' wings o'er Ramah they stretch,
 As clouds that darken the Pool of Siloam
 In the evening of a year of promise;
 As whirlwinds they rise out of desert shores,
 They sweep through the land like a bitter wind,
 They come from habitations of silence,
 Where the walls are strewn as dust in the gates
 That move no more at the call of Babylon.
 Awaken, O Jerusalem, and arise!
 Come up to the summit of the refuge;
 Bring forth the shining raiment from Judah,
 Sing and rejoice with the timbrel and harp;
 Out of the furnace and the crucible
 Arise and reign, O daughter of Zion!

JUDAH P. BENJAMIN.

The Strike at Vousigny.

By W. L. George.

(Ex of the 132e de Ligne, Reims.)

THE rumours which had been spreading all day were confirmed about four o'clock. A fatigue party brought in with the rations the news that the trouble at the Vousigny glassworks was increasing, and that we were likely to be ordered out. Some minutes later it was announced that the regiment was confined to barracks for the night, and in the midst of such excitement as only arises among French troops, we began to prepare for a move. In a couple of hours the canteen stores were cleared out, for any man who could add anything to the pay he had just received (twopence-halfpenny for four days) laid in a stock of chocolate, needles, writing paper or what not.

By nine o'clock marching orders were issued. Dawn was anticipated by the bugle, and in an hour and a half mobilisation was completed, every man carrying two days' emergency rations of beef and biscuits and twenty rounds of blank cartridge. Ball cartridge was entrained in large linen parcels on the company waggons. We crushed into cattle trucks, every truck carrying forty men. After two hours' journey in the stifling atmosphere we disembarked at Vousigny.

Vousigny is a small town, the staple industry of which, the glassworks, employs three-quarters of the population. As we lined up outside the station I noticed that, beyond a few children and a patrol of dragoons, none of the inhabitants were to be seen. Stranger still, every window in the station and those of all the houses in the neighbouring streets were broken. As the trooper is always left in the dark, it was some time before I heard that the strikers had begun operations by smashing every pane of glass in the southern part of the town. A Paris journalist made the joke of the week by suggesting that they merely wanted to increase the demand for glass so as to put pressure on the masters. My company was immediately taken to the market-place, the rest being told off to other parts of Vousigny. As we marched through the streets, though it was about eight o'clock, I saw that every shop was shut and that the town was deserted by all save small groups of men and women in the lanes, who sulkily watched us march past. Here and there a startled face appeared at the windows.

We piled arms on the market-place. Sentries were stationed at the mouth of the lanes that ran into it, after which we began to prepare the *soupe* upon which the French soldier largely lives. Three spoonfuls of lard, a spoonful of flour, some salt, a piece of garlic, and a pint or so of water make a wonderful dish when a man is young. We had barely tasted it, however, before two of our sentries signalled from the left of the square. I heard a peculiar shout. The bugle sounded to arms and recalled our pickets, who came running through the white market-place, accoutred in their heavy field kit, like red and blue marionettes.

The noise increased, and yet I could hear my heart beat. Suddenly, from two lanes on the left side of the market-place, a crowd of men and women, some two or three hundred, rushed in, rumbling over the stones like an avalanche. Or rather, emerging and spreading from the mouth of the two lanes, they resembled the black puffs of smoke that burst from the barrel of a fowling piece. There was a moment of silence. From the upper floors of some of the houses small crowds watched the scene. On the opposite side of the market-place a black dog ran howling into a doorway.

Shrill as a pipe came a woman's voice: "A bas la troupe!" Her cry was drowned in a savage howl

made up of insults and gibes. I could see every detail, the men in rough blue and white sweaters or in coloured shirts and coarse velvet trousers, mostly hatless, shod with cord espadrilles, the women in dirty blouses or in the camisoles that French women wear in the early morning. One or two men held out their fists at us; a woman launched at our captain a word that raised hoarse laughs about her.

We stood at attention with fixed bayonets. Then, from the lanes on the right of the market-place, a few dragoons came at a trot. They were no more than a dozen, yet, as soon as they had formed a line and put their horses to a canter, a cry arose from the crowd: "Les dragons! Les dragons!" Men and women turned. Before the dragoons had crossed the square the strikers had dispersed and were flying through the back streets.

We saw no more of the glassworkers for some hours. All we knew was that the masters had refused to receive a deputation from the union; all remained apparently quiet. The midday sun was lighting up the square which lay before us, its cobbles almost dead white, relieved only by the cafés painted blue or brown. Suddenly once more I heard the sound. A dragoon came galloping out of a lane. Hot after him the mob. Then, before we had time to do more than line up, from every side street a tide of humanity flowed into the market-place. It was no longer the sardonic crowd I had seen in the morning. The sun and a sup of wine had maddened it; the snub inflicted on the union was the last straw. This time the market-place was half filled with the seething mass of men and women, from which arose a mighty roar.

At once the mob looked round for weapons. In moments such as these the brother or son who is serving his time in another garrison town is forgotten: the trooper is merely the tool of capital, the symbol of oppression. The town being in a state of siege, the dustbins that every householder places before his door had not been cleared. In a trice the strikers had discovered them, and, filling their hands, pelted us with the refuse. Our officers bore the brunt of it, but we were not spared. I was struck in the face by a mass of some rotting vegetable. All the while the chorus of jeers and raucous cries rose about us as we stood immovable. The troops may not act without orders. Even with orders they may do nothing for fear of Parliament.

The dustbins were empty. A young workman seized one, and, staggering a little, threw it with all his strength towards our front rank. It fell short. At that moment, as some of the rioters knelt down and tried to tear up the cobbles, the welcome rattle of horses' hoofs made itself heard. Some seconds later the dragoons were riding into the crowd. Slowly they cut it up, striking here and there with the flat of their swords. With howls of execration, horribly blended with the cries of women and children, who were thrown down and trodden under foot, the crowd broke up. A whirlpool formed round a fallen dragoon, whose horse, furiously kicking, cleared a circle round its rider. The crowd squashed itself against the sides of the square and gave way towards the side streets. There the struggle between the dragoons and the strikers continued, for the horses could not penetrate the wedged mass. For almost an hour I watched the scene. The air was filled with cries. At times a man fell under the hoofs of the horses and remained to be trodden to a shapeless mass. Far away, in a side street, I could hear the chorus of a song. Now and then, with a dull thud, the side of a horse struck the crowd.

Then once more the sound of the torrent came upon me. The dragoons, hard pressed on the left of the square, did not move. From the streets on the right again came the crowd. But this time its front ranks were made up of women and children, every one screaming, some waving a coloured rag. Behind them were the men, confident that the troops would not dare to charge. They had weapons now. Showers of sharp stones, collected from a road in the making, fell upon our ranks; I saw blood run off the faces of

half a dozen of our men ; the sub-lieutenant fell to the ground with his hands to his head. At last the word of command was given ; the drums and the bugles sounded the charge :

Y a la goutte à boire là haut
Y a la goutte à boire
Y a la goutte à boire là haut
Y a la goutte là haut.

Faster and faster we ran across the market-place. I could see nothing but the cobbles racing under my downcast eyes ; my haversack crashed into the back of my neck. In another instant we were driving through the front ranks. The angry face of a woman, with her hair falling over her shoulders, flashed past my eyes. Behind me I could faintly hear the drums and the bugles. We drove into the mass, the butt ends and barrels of our rifles entering into the crowd as if it were butter. Half blinded and dazed, we struggled through the dust, forcing back the mob inch by inch, until it had vanished into the side streets.

The bugle sounded. I stopped and wiped the sweat out of my eyes. Then I saw a glow ahead of me, and a cry arose : " The glassworks ! The glassworks are on fire ! "

Alexandre Dumas.

By Francis Grierson.

I.

My wanderings had landed me in Paris in the spring of 1869, in the centre of the rush and roar of an Empire about to crumble away. I had arrived at the borders of a social maelstrom without knowing the meaning of its movement and mystery. Unconsciously France was preparing for war and revolution. Destiny went with a whirl, and no one was idle. I was ignorant because of my youth ; the Parisians were ignorant because of their blindness. As delirium increases with fever so pleasure increases with prosperity, and the Parisians, like so many spiders in a garden of roses, were busy weaving a web that would hold them prisoners when the flies were dead and the roses withered.

From noon till late at night every one was busy. Napoleon and his court were busy ; political intrigue was indulged in simply as an interlude between the fashions and amusements of the hour. Every one, from the Emperor down to the modest *bourgeois*, lived by the day. The people were like mechanics who prefer piece-work, for all had grown indifferent and independent ; no one thought of the morrow. All prospered who cared to work. Beggars and drunkards were seldom seen ; money poured into Paris from the provinces. For the French vineyards, in those days, supplied the whole world with wine, writers with wit, and the populace with good humour. The *opéra-bouffes* of Hervé and Offenbach kept Paris in roars of bacchanalian laughter. During the last years of the Empire Paris went mad over " Orphée aux Enfers," " La Belle Hélène," and " La Grande Duchesse de Gérolstein." Princes, millionaires, and potentates from abroad were regaled by the nonchalant beauty and piquant personality of Hortense Schneider, who, by her insouciant grace and artless abandon, seemed to typify the spirit of the dying age. Offenbach embodied the spirit of the time in music, but Hortense Schneider gave it a living form. Auber—the wonderful octogenarian—had just composed " Le Premier Jour de Bonheur," which was drawing all Paris to the Opéra Comique, and women of all classes raved over the singing of Capoul, the boy-tenor. " The First Day of Happiness ! "—an innocent work, full of humdrum melody, composed by a typical optimist who never in his long life had known care or sorrow, who lived by the day, composed by the yard, and thought by the minute. But it was wonderful—this old man who could conceive passionate tunes like a young man just fallen in love ! This opera represented the ideal of the *bourgeoisie* of the period. They oscillated between Auber and Offenbach—sentimental inanity and satirical farce.

Destiny unfurled her symbols, but no one could read

them. Orpheus descended nightly into Hades and danced the cancan with Pluto's court. These things symbolised the end, but no one understood. At the Opéra, " Faust"—another symbol of disillusion—was the all-absorbing production, with Madame Carvalho, the last of the great dramatic singers of France, as Marguerite. One thing was in harmony with another. People were passing out of the world of romance, and had not yet arrived at that of realism. The majority of the Parisians filled the gap between the two with careless merry-making, laughter that was half farce, half satire, and amusements that contained neither merit nor instruction. People danced and dined, wondered at nothing, asked no questions about the future. All were floating down stream in the pirate's craft manned by Napoleon. In twelve short months they would reach the open, and then, of a sudden, Charybdis and Scylla would loom bold in front of master and crew.

Meanwhile, the great writers were reposing after a lifetime of adventure and agitation. Hugo was in exile, Lamartine had just passed away, Flaubert and Georges Sand had retired to the country. Dumas alone was left in the capital. The lions of romance were leaving the field to the jackals of realism. Zola had already begun to gnaw the bones left by Balzac—for destiny had preordained a realist to depict the coming *débâcle*. Action for action, fact for fact, everything has its time and place. Sedan fired the last volley over the grave of romanticism. This was the *état d'âme* of the Parisians on my arrival amongst them in 1869.

One evening in the beginning of June I was taken to the residence of Dumas, on the Boulevard Malesherbes, by an intimate friend of the great novelist. As one thinks of a lion, with his shaggy mane full of the jungle-burs of adventure, so I can see the author of " Monte Cristo " as he appeared on that memorable evening. Standing about were women friends—actresses, writers, poets, attracted by a world of romance symbolised in the figure seated in the middle of the salon. I was instantly impressed with two things : the frescoes on the walls and the attitude of the host. He sat like a silent oracle, surrounded by a crowd of female admirers, the whole company set off by panels representing life-sized figures from Goethe's great drama : Faust, Mephistopheles, Marguerite. There were no other pictures in the room. The influence of these figures, the attitude of Dumas and his worshippers, concentrated the mind on the quintessential element of romance. Half indifferent he sat, as some handsome young woman would stroke his head, while another would place her hand on his shoulder, as they might have done with an old lion long tamed and without teeth. There was nothing to distract the mind from the harmony of idea and personality : the company of women might have been part of the frescoes, and Dumas the creator of " Faust " instead of " Monte Cristo." There was an enchanted element about the people and the room.

There are two kinds of romance—the silent and the active. This scene was quiet and contemplative. A silent influence seemed at work ; the picture was like the apotheosis of some Greek divinity ; but there was something mediæval in its simplicity and something Falstaffian in the huge figure surrounded by handsome and pleasant-faced women. What now was the current of his thought ? What the state of mind of the man who had charmed the readers of two worlds and made romance a reality for thousands who never knew adventure ?

The whole company conversed among themselves, standing as if they were at court, while the host sat still and mused. I was held by the mystery, the fascination of the romantic atmosphere, the peculiar smell of the huge mass that filled the *fauteuil* like an idol of adamant. For there was something of the idol about the man. I thought of a Buddhist statue in a sitting posture, corpulent at the base, crisp at the top. The lower part of the face was of porcine dimensions, the skin swarthy, the hair curly, the expression of the eyes

calm and sphinx-like. He was a man who not only invented life, but had seen it.

Every matured mind has a cycle of personal experience. Genius begins life with notions and ends with ideas. What were Dumas' ideas now? A romantic Bacchus, who had written "Monte Cristo" and compiled a dictionary of culinary art, what, at last, were his views of men and things? The form of a face corresponds to the spirit beneath, and had I been old enough to judge I might have guessed that this wonderful man was, above all things, a lover of sumptuous living, rare wines and rich dinners, romantic suppers after dramatic triumphs, the table decorated with human flowers from theatre, circus, and opera. I might have guessed that this immense frame was never made for fasts and vigils, and that, like Handel, he might have ordered dinner for three and cleared it off himself. And what must have been his powers of digestion! Think of the barrels of dynamic force consumed by such a human generator within a period of fifty years—the rows of Bordeaux and Veuve Clicquot, brought forth from cellars where spiders put the finishing touch on the crusty bottle before it is sent up to weave new illusions in the brain of the weaver of romance; the rare fruits, in and out of season; the succulent dishes concocted by scores of famous chefs for his special delectation; the quantity and the quality of the viands, that went to produce books like "Monte Cristo" and "Les Trois Mousquetaires"! For a man who could dictate for two or three novels within the hour, and carry the plots along without confusion, must have had a marvellous memory and a perfect digestion. Voltaire sharpened his wits by forty cups of coffee a day, tea inspired Mozart, but Dumas lived on the pick of the viands and vineyards of France, the garden of the world.

Not till years after my meeting with the great novelist did I realise the full meaning of what he told me on that evening. At last he rose from his easy chair and invited me into his study adjoining the salon. I had heard a good deal about his experiences in the world of occultism, and I was curious to find out if possible what he really believed. After he had addressed me about my own career, the conversation turned on the mystical in art; but as I was anxious to know his ideas about a future life I put the question direct. He looked at me with the calm expression of one who had long since made up his mind. The answer was: "I believe in magnetism." He sat impassive, without moving an eyebrow or raising a finger. I was talking to the man who wrote "Le Collier de la Reine" and "La Comtesse de Charny." Magnetism—the keynote of these and other of his books—was the keynote of Dumas' experience. This then was *his* secret. Here was *his* meaning of life. I put other questions—his mind was fixed; he refused to go beyond the wonders and mysteries of personal magnetism. This, he said, was the cause of the manifestations which had perplexed the world since the beginning.

There was no denying the fact, I was in the presence of a sort of mystical sceptic. He believed in the reality of all occult phenomena, but not in their spiritual origin. He believed in second sight, palmistry, somnambulism, trances, magnetic attraction, magic, and mesmerism. And, in truth, his novels are based on the mystery of action, as Scott's are based on the poetry of action. A little more and the man sitting before me might have given a personal account of Mesmer himself, for the famous German only died in 1815. I shall never forget the tone of Dumas' voice, his look, when he said, "Je crois au magnétisme"; as much as to say, "I have got that far, about the rest I know nothing." It was the nonchalance of a mind that had passed beyond dispute and discussion. I could see in his face the result of a lifetime of thought given to one subject. For the author of "The Queen's Necklace" was now near the end of his days. I was sitting in the presence of one who would soon pass away. Here I had proof, in his own words, that the celebrated romancist was not a manufacturer of sensational scenes in which he did not believe.

(To be concluded.)

MAGAZINES.

"SCHOOL HYGIENE," the new monthly review, of which Dr. Eder is the general editor, claims that "The existence of problems affecting alike the medical profession, the public health service, the teaching profession, and eventually the parents themselves, is a sufficient excuse for the appearance of a journal devoted to their consideration and solution." It says that the overcoming of disease in children "is a field where international rivalry is welcome," and suggests that Germany and Britain might "lay down a grand dental programme, and let each carry out a warfare against dental disease. Here is a battle to be fought where both sides stand to win." Dr. Kerr, in a most interesting article on "Elementary Schools and Tuberculosis," quoting some recent statistics, claims that "the high numbers (40 per cent.) of those reacting in whom neither heredity nor contact could be determined, show how frequent are the opportunities of infection." For remedy, "there is more wanted than food; there is room to live. That is the crying need of many a child in London," whilst "the child who is tuberculous, or is likely to become so, requires treatment in open-air schools, many more than are in existence being wanted, and probably the best form will be where children are resident for months." Modern ideas penetrate more than is usually believed. We find the Headmaster of Eton, in an article on "Interest in Schools," maintaining: "The best remedy of a broad common-sense kind that has been thought of at present is the combination of disciplined progressive hand work, with language work, history, and geography, and mathematics. But the proportion of handicraft should be a great deal larger than is generally admitted, as in public schools at any rate it is still only a tolerated extra." Miss McMillan, who writes on the new work for the doctor, is always interesting; Dr. Guhik's article on "Athletics for Girls" requires more consideration than we can here devote to it. There are other articles and features in this new review which show that it fills, and will fill, a gap in our periodical literature. It is published at the popular price of 6d.

In the "Contemporary Review" Mr. G. K. Chesterton asks for a nice fat Christmas-box for himself—something that shall taste good or smell jolly. In the "Theology of Christmas Presents" he finds it odd that "our European sceptics are perpetually sneering at the one Oriental element which Christianity eagerly incorporated, that one Oriental element which is really simple and delightful. I mean that Oriental love of gay colours and an infantile excitement about luxury." "Christmas presents are a standing protest on behalf of giving, as distinct from that mere sharing that modern moralities offer as equivalent or superior." Modern moralities do not offer it as a substitute, but as an addition. Giving must be without the offence of patronage. A gift is something personal, and modern moralities do not rule out a "pungent tinge of taste" by the making of Christmas carols and the making of Christmas pies. Mr. Chesterton is followed by an article on "Rudolph Eucken and St. Paul," which opens out the dismal prospect "that, if Eucken has come to stay (as I believe he certainly has), one of the results will be a substantial reaffirmation of some of the main Pauline positions." And so we get back to justification by faith, to redemption, to dependence upon God, and union with Him, to the salvation of the soul, and to all the debased materialistic individualism wrapped up in terms of spiritual idealism. Mr. E. T. Cook deals with The Issue and the Record, and convicts the Lords, out of the mouths of their best friends, of wrecking the Constitution. Mr. Cook deplores the necessity for having to restrain formally the action of the Lords. This will destroy the elasticity of the Constitution. Lord Welby has a Free Trade article in "The Budget and British Capital," in reply to Lord Revelstoke's criticism. It is surprising how seriously these people take one another. Why a Baring should be accepted as an authority on finance from the standpoint of national well being is incomprehensible. Mabel Holmes describes "A Night with Vika of Vavon," Vika being married to an Englishman and very jealous of his friendship with the white woman. The incident is exciting, and should have led to an interesting insight into a foreign mind, but the writer did not get there and has no gift of description. Dr. Dillon's story of Greece and Crete does not redound to the credit of Greece; Dr. Dillon writes from the anti-Turk point of view, and, as our readers know, Dr. Dillon's statements are never to be relied upon. He is quite unscrupulous in his manipulation of facts and opinions. We are badly off for trustworthy reports of news in other lands.

It is refreshing to find the editor in "The Open Review" disposing of Free Trade and Protection in a single sentence. "The Bank of England is the real enemy that English trade and commerce has to fear — far greater than either the United States or Germany!" For proof read "The Secret of Free-Note Issuing," by Mr. Egmont Hake. In an article

by the late Major Phipson the correct reply to all Free Trade and Protection arguments will be found: "To facilitate the multiplication of home cultivators then, and encourage the increased production of food surpluses by them, is the direct and most advantageous way of ensuring continuous employment for wage-earners, while to facilitate the access of home wage-earners to foreign cultivators is the indirect and least advantageous way of ensuring continuous employment to home wage-earners, since this method benefits only those at home, and not the country." This would lead up to Kropotkin's communist-anarchism, but the writer wanders away into currency questions.

In summing up the general election symposium in the "Socialist Review," Mr. Keir Hardie believes that the I.L.P. policy of the 1900 general election is that which will be generally followed. On that occasion it was decided that in those constituencies where the party had no candidate of its own, the weight of its influence should be cast on the side of candidates who were opposed to the war. He points out very truly: "When it is asserted that Liberalism and Toryism are the same today as they were twenty years ago, a serious reflection is thereby cast upon their work." This is the point of view THE NEW AGE has always insisted upon. Mr. John Edwards criticises the Report of the Inter-Departmental Committee on Partial Exemption. He objects to the postponement of the proposed abolition till 1911, and the possible exemption at 13. He remarks that: "There was, strangely enough, not one woman upon the Committee. The presence of a few workers would, perhaps, have made the recommendations more favourable to the children, and less considerate of the requirements of employers of cheap labour." Upton Sinclair has a comedy, "The Indignant Subscriber," and Mr. Henry Tompkins an interesting review of "Our Debt to William Morris: his passion for democracy and essential equality." He retells from Mr. Leatham's "Study" this never too often to be repeated story: "After Morris had given a lecture on Art, a man in the audience asked him to suggest a suitable decoration for a kitchen. 'Well,' said Morris, 'to begin with, I think a flitch of bacon suspended from the ceiling is a very good decoration for a kitchen.'" This decoration should reconcile even Mr. Chesterton to Morris art furniture.

The most notable article in the "Indian Review" is one by His Highness the Gaekwar of Baroda on "The Depressed Classes," who writes: "The system which divides us into innumerable castes claiming to rise by minutely graduated steps from the Pariah to the Brahman is a whole tissue of injustice, splitting men, equal by nature, into divisions, high and low, based not on the natural standard of personal qualities, but on the accident of birth. The eternal struggle between caste and caste for social superiority has become a source of constant ill-feeling in these days. The human desire to help the members of one's caste also leads to nepotism—heart-burnings and consequent mutual distrust. In other words, there is disunion where union is so eminently needed to enable us to take rank as a nation. Let us do away with these artificial hindrances to union. To remove the disabilities of the depressed classes and to unite the sub-castes are the first steps in that direction." The main remedy, he declares, is "to limit the tyrannical and despotic sway of religion," and especially of "the authority of the priestly class." Mr. Gandhi's message to the Congress and Mr. Hormusji A. Wadya's plea for a Congress in London deserve careful reading. The real motive for our stay in India becomes clear in Dr. J. N. Bahadurjee's criticism of the Indian Medical Service.

The "Englishwoman" shows us how evil companionship is corrupting good manners. Miss Clementina Black, reviewing the "Year's Progress in the Movement," regards the "People's Suffrage Federation" as the most damaging item. Her reasons come to this: that she believes that the propertied women are more capable of judging political questions correctly than working-class mothers. Of course, Miss Black does not put it thus baldly. "A Woman Worker" takes up the cudgels on behalf of Mrs. Gilman in "Live and Let Live." She admits that "The communistic kitchen is not always a success, as some of us know from bitter experience; but, at any rate, it provides a meal which is infinitely preferable to the repast of tinned fish and tea, which is often the only kind of meal that a fagged-out woman feels energetic enough to prepare. Those who are able to afford domestic servants can scarcely appreciate these points of difficulty. At present, life for a working woman, by which phrase I mean a wage-earning woman—for, as Mrs. Gilman points out, women have in all ages done much of the roughest work of the world, and have worked as hard, or harder, in their homes than men have done in workshop or office—seems a choice of evils." With all the talk about the proper sphere of women, it is amusing to find they are scarcely allowed to have a voice at the birth of children. The editors remind us that "When a Departmental Committee was appointed to consider the working of the Midwives' Act, the

Privy Council did not place upon it a single certified midwife, while in only seventeen English counties and seven county boroughs have women been appointed to a Midwives' Committee." Dr. Johnston regards as unfit for parenthood "the deaf and dumb, the feeble-minded or mentally defective, the epileptic, the chronic inebriate, the consumptive, and the insane." Surely here is eugenics gone mad; excellent judges would consider that proposals to lock all these kinds of people up can only emanate from lunatics, and that the whole body of eugenists should, by their own showing, be segregated. We are with these excellent judges. Miss Maude Meredith concludes her articles on "Children and the Nation"; she has nothing fresh to suggest. Mr. Gustave Le Bon concludes his article on "Birth and Evanescence of Matter," having much fresh to say.

Drama.

MR. CHAS. FROHMAN will open his repertory management at the Duke of York's Theatre within the next few weeks, and it may be interesting to consider its chances of success. New plays by Bernard Shaw, Granville Barker, and John Galsworthy are to be among the first productions. This means that Mr. Frohman may count upon the Court Theatre audience of 1904-7 as a reliable nucleus of support. It is no more than a nucleus, however, for a crowded house at the Court Theatre would only half fill the Duke of York's, and probably even Mr. Frohman is not above considering the difference of rent. Where is the remainder of the audience to come from? Clearly from the rather problematic body of playgoers who have become interested in the modern school during the interregnum of the past three years, together with those lazy persons who will go to a theatre near Charing Cross, but dislike a pilgrimage to the backwoods of Sloane Square. There are also the curious people who are wont to say to themselves, "Here's a theatre. Let's go in!"—a class not to be despised by the management, whatever the author may think of them. Possibly the tubes and the improved means of transit generally may count for something. Hampstead, for instance, is half an hour nearer to the West End than it was three years ago, and that means a good deal to busy people with, let us say, a choice between an evening's reading and a performance of "The Silver Box" or "The Voyage Inheritance." This applies particularly to a repertory audience, which consists chiefly of playgoers who know definitely what they want and reflect upon how to get it conveniently. Everybody finds the shop at the corner useful. And if there is a shop for the sale of ideas it is well to have it close at hand.

As to the new audience of the last three years I think it is probably quite a large one. "Don," for instance, one of the successes of the present season, is just the kind of play that would have been produced in 1905 for a few performances at the Vedrenne-Barker matinées, and never heard of again. Then the Vedrenne-Barker touring companies have visited most of the larger provincial towns, and as the audience of the London theatres (at least, in the reserved seats) consists largely of hotel-dwellers and provincial visitors, some additional support should come from them. It is well to remember, too, that a repertory theatre can succeed with a much more limited clientèle than any of the existing long-run theatres. Fifteen or twenty performances of a play, spread over six weeks, may be quite profitable. The same audience returns every few days to see a new work. Many of the French and German repertory theatres live comfortably on a total audience of some twenty thousand playgoers, or even less, while a Pinero play at the St. James', for instance, must attract a hundred thousand within its three months' run. A small body of people who make theatre-going a habit can exercise more influence than a multitude of the casual.

Mr. Frohman's prospects, then, should be hopeful. But the task of his theatre cannot conceivably be an easy one. The gigantic monopoly by which the governing class, not content with its control over the nation's industry and daily life, seeks also to dominate the nation's mind and to foist bad ethics, cheap codes of honour, snobbery, sentimentality, stupid generalisa-

tions about women, rubbishy thought and debased art upon the theatre, cannot be broken down in a day. Of course, the imposition is not a conscious one. The governing class has not enough coherence to think out these little plots. But its influence is there none the less. The whole tendency, the whole atmosphere of the commercial theatre is reactionary. Literature, music, painting, all the other arts have passed it by and developed in their own way, leaving the theatre as a resort for idlers, a place of amusement for tired people. There are a few honourable exceptions in the West End of London. There are some managers who "try." But if the new venture is to succeed, it must go far beyond any attempts that have yet been made. It must be a theatre for workers.

This is the heart of the whole problem. Take, for instance, the Court Theatre audience under the Vedrenne-Barker management. It was clearly a specialised audience—an audience very much in earnest, attentive, and willing to think. This was just because it was an audience of workers. Necessarily for the most part brain-workers, since it was drawn from the West End and the suburbs of London, but when the Court Theatre plays were sent on tour it was found that they made a universal appeal.

The Vedrenne-Barker performances, although an isolated experiment carried out under peculiar difficulties, have prepared the way. Mr. Frohman's new management has everything in its favour. If it succeeds, as it must with the support it deserves, within the next few years the English theatre may well become the first theatre in Europe. The Press has been exercised a good deal of late over the fact that some of our actor-managers are taking to the music-halls. Perhaps soon they will all be there.

ASHLEY DUKES.

ART.

A FEW days ago I applied for admission to Burlington House as the representative of this journal, and was refused on the absurd ground that the "free list" is closed to the Press after Press day. I was, moreover, informed that only a certain number of Press invitations are sent out prior to that date. This rule of the "R.A.," framed, no doubt, to ignore and keep out a certain section of the Press from its shows, is part of that unbounded silliness for which it is noted. It admits of but one interpretation. The R. A. is giving itself unjustifiable and unpardonable airs. This egregious body apparently has forgotten that it is a chartered company; that it holds certain privileges from the Crown, and thus indirectly from the public; that it is, therefore, a public concern, and has no right to pose as a private one, and that its attempt to select its own critics and ignore those who are likely to expose its utter incompetence in the public interest is a direct insult to all honest persons.

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Of course, fear is at the bottom of this censorship. The R. A. has always been frightened of free expression. It is terror-stricken when it thinks what might be said of its wretched plunges. It does not want the public warned that it is not getting its money's worth; nor attention drawn to the fact that there are exhibited on its walls pictures that would disgrace a marine-store dealer's. What it really desires to have is criticisms that serve to gloss over its defects rather than to expose them. It knows that if the truth came out the public would refuse to visit such an exhibition as the present, where in some rooms are scattered ascribed, doubtful, and defective old masters, and in others indifferent, amateurish, and spoilt modern ones. On the one hand, pictures that have either served a strenuous round as clothes presses till the stretchers have begun to pierce the canvases; or have been baked, faked, cleaned, rubbed down and scraped till the canvases have begun to show through the paint. There's one (39), for example, which some second-hand dealer has been rubbing browns and yellows, and other varnishes all over to make it look like something. There's another (51), labelled Titian, which is more like a copy

by a student tyrannised by Titian's types. Then there's a third (57), ascribed to Titian. I could paint a better Titian myself. And there are studio "throw-outs," pictures that, like the Tintoretto? (57), have been begun by some painter, then allowed to lie about his studio for pupils to walk over and finish. In time these "masterpieces" have found their way to the dealer's, and, in due course, with unerring instinct, to the walls of the R. A. On the other hand, canvases by Turner, Hogarth, Raeburn, Reynolds, and so on, that in many instances may only be described either as spoilt, empty, unfinished, or vastly inferior; in fact, the failures and experiments of eighteenth-century masters, who occasionally got in a good result and never destroyed a bad one. There is the "George III." of Reynolds as an example of the hash this painter sometimes made in his endeavour to obtain the rich, warm effect of the old masters. Reynolds has gone rubbing the work down and experimenting on it with glazes and varnishes, but has only succeeded in rubbing the dirt into the crevices of the paint and spoiling it. The R. A. knows that even the most deluded persons might refuse to pay a shilling to see such an exhibition as this, and sixpence extra for its amateurish, slovenly, and defective catalogue, even though they had never heard of the National Gallery or read the letter of the Master of the Charterhouse urging the R. A. to admit that it has been permanently vanquished by the Grafton Street Exhibition. I believe the latter—which will remain open during this month—has taught it a lesson in organisation and courtesy which it dare not neglect.

* * *

How different was the treatment accorded me at the Burlington Fine Arts Club, where the same day I was received and entertained by a member. How different, too, the exceptionally fine pictures of the Umbrian School now being exhibited in the gallery of the club. This exhibition remains open till the end of February, and for those who are fortunate enough to obtain a ticket of admission from a member of the club, and wish to escape close examination of each canvas, and yet gain a favourable impression of the representative things, there is a Piero della Francesca and a Raphael that ought not to escape them. The former began an experimental stage which culminated with the latter. And in another part Perugino's beautiful poem, a composition of four nude figures. Yes, and a group of Luca Signorelli, remarkable for composition, colour, movement, and expression, and a gorgeous Annunciation (16), and a rich Pinturicchio, and among the majolica, a superb Gubbio dish by Maestro Georgio, a dazzling mass of blue, brown, green, ruby, and gold lustre; which should not be too hastily passed by. Though these Umbrians give me the impression of being overloaded with their science, and apt to sink the painter in the topographer and anatomist, their works are a joy.

* * *

It would be possible to say many appreciative and depreciative things about the Arts and Crafts Exhibition at the New Gallery, but space forbids. In most instances the exhibits are good, but in others they are defective and verge on the fantastic. Among the former may particularly be mentioned the work of Allan F. Vigers, Lucien Pissarro, F. V. Poole, and Miss Mabel Chadburn and Miss Mary Sargent Florence, as well as a case of printed books by T. J. Cobden-Sanderson. The many exhibits in the three cases of silver work, 284, 292, and 579, are all fine. As to defects, I maintain it is a mistake to introduce screws into the costly satinwood wardrobe (334); they do not belong to this class of work. And if Messrs. Heal will remove the dangerous shelf from the semicircular washstand, included among their interesting exhibits, it will effect an improvement.

* * *

There is a small but arresting exhibition by the Senefelder Club of artistic lithography at the Goupil Galleries, which should be seen by those who are interested in a powerful medium of expression that appealed to Whistler, Goya, Daumier, Menzel, Fantin-Latour, and others attracted to phases of strong and delicate illumination. The best results are by C. H. Shannon, who

continues his application of the medium to startling effects of shimmering light; the velvety blacks obtained by Messrs. Steinlein, E. A. Hope, and C. Cottet; the colour effects of Willy Schwartz and Helene Lange; and a number of exceptionally clever drawings by Renoir, Harry Becker, Miss Mary Creighton, Miss Ethel Gabain, Jean Veber, and Forain. Here, too, I notice are some of the drawings that appeared in the artistic "Neolith." For instance, "The Rats on the Wall," by A. G. Hartrick.

* * *

The fifth annual exhibition of flower paintings at the Baillie Gallery is above the average. All the works attain a fair level of excellence. Special mention, however, may be made of an interesting little note on "The Apple Tree Bough," by Miss Muriel J. Baker, the uncatalogued study of a vine, by Mrs. Hartwick, and the clever work of W. A. Wildman. His "Roses" has a high experimental value, and is the work of a young artist who is turning his attention to modelling for light. In another unopened room, conspicuous among a number of uncatalogued, talented works I noticed two brilliant studies of the colour of Tangier by Henry Bishop. If I remember rightly, the subject in each case is walled-in sunlight, with spots of dazzling colour cleverly introduced to give the desired effect of space and height.

HUNTLY CARTER.

Insurance Notes.

A few weeks ago we drew attention to a remarkable judgment by Justice Joyce in the Chancery Division when he granted an injunction against the Royal Co-operative Society, which sought conversion into a company. He considered the powers under the memorandum of association were too wide and foreign to the origin of the society. Further, he was against outside shareholders, who were not members of the society, coming into the company. The news that the Court of Appeal has dismissed the appeal against the decision of Justice Joyce will create astonishment in many quarters, and unless the case is carried to the House of Lords and reversed there several proposed conversions will be nipped in the bud.

* * *

The reason for the transfer of the International to the Liverpool Victoria Corporation is not uncommon. The paid-up capital of the International was £14,266, against which there were paper assets, formation expenses, and establishment account, £8,610, in the balance-sheet. The premium income in 1908 was £49,000, and obviously the business had outgrown the capital backing. Amalgamation was the best way out of the difficulty, as was the experience of the General Collecting Society last year, when it also grew out of all proportion to its capital. There is no necessity, however, for such rapid growth.

* * *

A contemporary draws attention to the fact that many industrial insurance officials are gracing platforms during the election, and especially when front-rank speakers visit constituencies. Insurance workers and officials are recognised as men of influence and power in election contests. Some, it is said, have had the offer of payment for their services if only they allowed themselves to be used in some way or other.

* * *

According to the last Blue Book, the people of these islands were assured to the tune of £967,493,778, the premiums they paid being £36,952,296, while the claims they received amounted to £21,936,300 for the year 1907. In their assurance war-chests were balances amounting to £341,115,150.

* * *

It is generally admitted that should the Liberal Government return to power, they will in time proceed with great schemes of insurance. It is rumoured that they recently made advances to a very large company with a view to placing industrial business under State control. That appears to be the inevitable destination of industrial assurance.

* * *

George Barnes is of opinion that Labour Exchanges will do little in the direction of giving employment. They are of value only as indicating something further which may follow. They will be of service in sifting the unemployed when the community begins to deal with the problem in real earnest. They will also be used in connection with State insurance in the building, shipbuilding, and engineering trades this year. They are institutions in the right direction, and forerunners of a larger policy of reform.

CORRESPONDENCE.

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

THE HUNGRY FORTIES AND RICHARD COBDEN ON WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

We are all aware of the part which Free Trade has played in the public life of England during the past century and of the association with it of the name of Richard Cobden; but few are aware that at this early period his convictions on the subject of Women's Suffrage were very definite. In 1845, in Covent Garden Theatre, he addressed one of the largest audiences during the anti-Corn Law agitation in these words: "There are many ladies, I am happy to say, present. Now, it is a very anomalous and singular fact that they cannot vote themselves, and yet they have a power of conferring votes on other people. I wish they had the franchise, for they would often make a much better use of it than their husbands." Again, in a speech in the House of Commons on the 6th July, 1848, he narrated a conversation "with a gentleman who was engaged in drawing up the Charter." This was no doubt Francis Place, who asked Cobden to support Universal Suffrage on the ground of principle. He replied: "If it is a principle that a man shall have a vote because he pays taxes, why should not also a widow who pays taxes, and is liable to serve as churchwarden and overseer, have a vote for member of Parliament?"

In 1860 Mr. Cobden, still adhering to his convictions, in a letter to his friend Mr. Joseph Parkes, the father of Bessie Raynor Parkes, now Madame Belloc, who is still living, says: "My doctrine is that in proportion as physical force declines in the world, and moral power acquires the ascendant, women will gain in the scale. Christianity and its doctrines, though not yet coming up to its own standard in practice, did more than anything since the world began to elevate women. The Quakers have acted Christianity, and their women have approached nearer to an equality with the other sex than any of the descendants of Eve. I am always labouring to put down physical force, and substitute something better; and, therefore, I consider myself a fellow-labourer with your daughter in the cause of Women's Rights."

You Free Traders are doubtless also followers of Mr. Cobden in all the good ideals which he upheld. Amongst those stands pre-eminent the great principle that taxation without representation is tyranny.

At the last election representatives of the housewife's industry—one, if not the greatest of all industries—worked hard to return a Free Trade Government to power. Without doubt it was the women of England who, mindful of the days of the Hungry Forties, knew that for them Protection meant less spending power in the family and home. Now is your opportunity to second women in their righteous endeavour to obtain citizenship, and thus secure their support in the present struggle for the constitutional rights of the English people.

JANE COBDEN UNWIN.

* * *

CONSCRIPTION IN ENGLAND.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

In your "Foreign Affairs" on the 6th inst. you say: "What good could the bravest army, even one of three million strong, do when faced with a relentless closing of ports? When the Conscription Party deign to answer this question they might be listened to." Sir, the answer is "Nothing." Having had your answer, will you adopt your own suggestion and listen to us?

1. We do not contemplate the annihilation of the British Navy. But we do regard as possible such a degree of German success at sea as would enable them to do what they liked in the North Sea for two or three weeks. This might arise either from an unexpected attack like that of the Japanese at Port Arthur, or, more probably, from our having to send a large part of the Navy and most of the Regular Army to a distant part of the world. In such circumstances it would be easier and more useful to invade this country than to blockade it; hence our demand for a land force, outside the small professional Army, which shall be a reality and not a sham. If the demand means starving the Navy, as you say it does, why is it supported by 20 per cent. of our living Admirals? (They number, including both the Active and Retired List, about 350; over 70 are members of the National Service League; only one—Sir Cyprian Bridge—has actively opposed us.)

2. Personally, I can find nothing in the letter of the Army Act to justify your attack on military law; while, in practice the object of the military authorities to-day is not to "crush the spirit and independence of the soldier," but to teach him to use his brain so that he may carry out his orders intelligently. Still, "terrible machinery of oppression" sounds well. But when you say that "conscription is wanted in England to keep down the working classes," you might

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3.—JEROME K. JEROME.

(CORRECTED BY THE AUTHOR.)

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IF I WERE CARNEGIE.

By the Home Turkish Bath Man.

If I were Carnegie, rather than spend thousands of pounds in stocking libraries I would engage lecturers who should go throughout the length and breadth of the land teaching the value of hygiene in the home and hygiene in the human body. I would have them demonstrate the value of cleanliness of the skin, teach people how and when to bathe to obtain health; show how disease is at the bottom of all unhappiness; and how it might be prevented, or, if contracted, how it might be relieved by due attention to feeding, breathing, and cleanliness. Above all things, I would erect Turkish Bath establishments in every town and village, so that the poorest might enjoy free and at any time the advantages of thermal bathing. It would be a mission worthy of the best intellect and of the biggest fortune, and it would arouse intense enthusiasm, and give a rich reward in the happiness resulting from the disappearance of disease. I am, however, only a hard-working business man of limited means, but it is a source of great pleasure to me that in earning a living I am spreading the cause of hygiene and winning the gratitude of many, as my unsolicited testimonials show.

If you have not read my previous "talks," let me explain that I have a Home Turkish Bath Cabinet, costing 30s., a simple contrivance by means of which you can obtain in the privacy of your own home perfect Hot-Air, Steam, Medicated, or Perfumed Baths. It is made of waterproof material on a folding galvanised frame, which can be erected in a few seconds, forming a compact little room; when closed it will occupy an inch space against a wall. The special, patented stove which is supplied with each Cabinet burns methylated spirit, and is the best device of the kind ever invented, being at once simple, reliable, and perfect for the purpose of heating the Cabinet. I have Cabinets from 30s. to £11 11s., but the Cabinet I have built a business upon, the one to which nearly all my testimonials refer, and the one I and my family use is the 30s. Gem Cabinet.

When worried with business or wearied with work a hot-air bath has raised my spirits and given me fresh strength to battle anew. When aches or pains have come upon me suddenly like a thief in the night a vapour bath has dispersed them. I have used a Cabinet now for more than eight years, and during that time I have never needed a doctor. In liver and kidney trouble, eczema, rheumatism, embonpoint I have known of marvellous good done. I have treated my family on the same lines, and so insistently advised this treatment to my friends that I have been dubbed a "crank" and a "faddist," but I have splendid results to show for my belief, and I have always converted the scoffers if they have given me the opportunity.

What my Cabinet has done for me, my family, and my friends it will do for you. So great is my conviction as to the value of the thermal bath that I have an ever-strengthening desire to make its merits known, and an all-powerful ambition to see a Cabinet in every home in the land. Already I have sold more than 20,000 Cabinets, but the army of the sick is a mighty one, every year filled with new recruits, wearied almost to death with quackery and shams they have been induced to try from time to time, and it is in the hands of these recruits that I want to put the blessings of thermal bathing. I am willing to send a 30s. Cabinet on receipt of a ten-day post-dated money order, and if from any reason, after using the Cabinet as often as you like, you are dissatisfied, you can return the Cabinet within that time and have your money refunded. If you are not in a position to avail yourself of this offer I am prepared to go still further. Send me a postal order for ten shillings and your word that you will pay five instalments monthly of 4s. 6d. each, and I will at once send you a 30s. Cabinet. I don't ask for sureties or references; I will take your word for it and trust you. I have a great faith in the honesty of my fellow-creatures. I don't imagine I am the only honest man in the world. I know if you accept my offer I shall have your everlasting gratitude. You will note that in accepting payments in this way I cannot offer a free trial, and I charge you 32s. 6d. for the Cabinet, but it is worth every penny of it, and it only repays me for any extra cost of book-keeping, use of capital, etc.

Just think what it means. You can immediately enjoy the benefits of home Turkish bathing for a trifling sum equal to 1s. 3d. a week for six months—just about half the amount you would pay for a single visit to an ordinary Turkish bath establishment. You will have the Cabinet ready at hand for any emergency, and there isn't a man, woman, or child who may not be suddenly stricken with some trouble which, taken at its birth, may be as quickly relieved by this wonderful thermal treatment.

If you are well you want one of my 30s. Cabinets to keep you so; if you are ill you need it still more. A Cabinet would be the best investment you ever made. If you cannot make up your mind at once to buy a Cabinet, don't shelve the matter; it is of vital importance to you and your family. At least, drop me a post-card with your name and address, mentioning THE NEW AGE, and let me send you a 100-page book giving very valuable information about thermal bathing.

Postal orders and cheques should be made payable to my Company, The Gem Supplies Company, Ltd. (Desk 24), 22, Pear Tree Street, Goswell Road (near Gas Company's office), London, E.C.

give your opponents credit for ordinary sanity. Who but a lunatic would propose to give arms, and instruction in their use, to a class he wanted to oppress?

W. G. CARLTON HALL.

* * *

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Your ideals are so lofty, so different from those of the ordinary Tory or Liberal editor, that I am encouraged to write without flattery.

May I make an observation on your position with regard to an efficient Home Army. You say this is not required, because our ships defend us. Do you know—but perhaps you have been too busy—that the Home Army is required in order to set the ships free to do their work? Without an army they must remain tied to our shores. No Government dare permit the admiral to take them off in search of the enemy.

Why are you afraid of this Home Army? It always puzzles me. That they will be employed in quelling disorder? Are not our police sufficient, with the aid of the Regulars?

And, finally, do you desire an effective Second Chamber—not necessarily the present one? J. V. M.

* * *

SCORN NOT THE SONNET.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

I don't think we need let the question be obscured by Miss Tina's wit, and I shall not presume to advise her; if she has anything to say worth hearing she will command attention, whatever form she chooses or creates.

I note two facts:—

1. That a more spontaneous and unalloyed poetry is got when the rhythm is free; just as in architectural sculpture the vine is more beautiful (to me) when free than when in service. (The writing of regular stanzas, in itself, is hardly more than a clever trick, and, well done, is as admirable as acrobatics. I do not deny that genius has used regular stanzas, and has made great poetry in them. The achievements in a form may be imperishable, while the form itself is an absurdity.)

2. That all the poets I know who have used a free form of verse have written sonnets and three-quatrain poems, because, I suppose, they all have certain stereotyped moods which call up those forms. The finer mood demands the freer form.

If a poet write a poem as good as the "Skylark" or the "Grecian Urn," I hope I shall be able to recognise its poetry, however presented. "Lycidas" is in free verse.

F. S. FLINT.

* * *

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

As an old reader of THE NEW AGE, and author of "Songs of London," which were not unkindly noticed by THE NEW AGE critic, may I suggest to Beatrice Tina that her difficulties should not exist—if she is a poet (or poetess, as one should not say)?

The poet's difficulties, I submit, are the difficulties of life, not of verse. The poet's utterance is governed by that which he has to say.

If his thought is a sonnet, his poem will become a sonnet; if his thought is an ode, his work will become an ode. The poet does not begin by wishing to write a sonnet, a rondeau: he begins with a thought, and is only concerned with the clearest and, in his judgment, best utterance of this thought. The poet is as little concerned with what will "probably live" as he is with what will certainly pay. The poet requires no guide: his contemporaries, or rather posterity, will see to it that he finds his way safely and securely, to limbo or Elysium, according to his deserts.

HERBERT E. A. FURST.

* * *

"SERMON IN WORMWOOD SCRUBBS."

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

After having read, in your otherwise excellent issue of 30th December, the mock sermon written by one who uses the pseudonym of "Lucifer," I am inclined to think the early Church Fathers' application of that name a very excellent one.

Having been a more or less constant reader of THE NEW AGE for the last two years, I have, of course, gathered that your opinions are antagonistic towards the organised Christianity of to-day, and I may add that I imagine it would be difficult to find many thinking men who can be entirely satisfied with conditions prevailing inside the Church.

What I object to in the article in question is, however, the attack on the figurehead of Christianity—the Christ—an attack which can only be characterised as scurrilous. The implications made against the character and teaching of Christ in the article show either a most lamentable ignorance on the part of the writer, or, possibly, a deliberate intention to misrepresent. I challenge "Lucifer" to state on

what evidence he has formed the opinion of Christ which he puts forward.

I am sure that THE NEW AGE has the best interests of democracy at heart, and it must surely realise that some of the most ardent advocates of this democracy are devoted followers of Christianity, in its purest and best sense. Why, then, does it admit into its pages such open insult to the most cherished ideals of these said fellow-workers? We are, I know, all at liberty to hold our own views, and to expound them, but for goodness sake let us do so with some degree of courtesy and regard for the feelings of others. I sincerely hope that THE NEW AGE is not going to follow in the steps of its contemporary, "The Clarion," as, if it does, I feel certain that it will narrow its influence, and alienate many from the causes it has so manifestly at heart. One of the most pleasing features of your paper has been the good taste with which it was conducted.

MACKAY MACLEOD.

THE COCOA TRADE.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Cadbury-baiting is poor sport if "Scrutator's" letter in a recent issue is a specimen of it. To pick from the report of a trial some passages which "Scrutator" thinks reflect upon the conduct of Messrs. Cadbury in trying circumstances, is a trick worthy of the "Daily Express" or Lord Northcliffe. If this anonymous gentleman—or lady—had had any experience of King's Counsel, he would recognise that what a witness "admits" under a bitter cross-examination has generally no relation whatever to the motives of the witness's conduct in dispute.

JAMES CHAPPELL.

* * *

"PROPHETIC PARAGRAPHS."

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Usually, after reading THE NEW AGE I feel very cheerful, but after my perusal of last week's issue I felt extraordinarily sad and depressed; in fact, I am not sure that moisture did not dim my vision for a while.

The cause of my lacrymose condition was "Alcofrida's" "Prophetic Paragraph" on page 208—I felt so sorry for Z. O. B. 899 and M. A. P. 5, who were sent to Broadmoor because they wanted to be united to each other contrary to the prescription of the Matrimonial Bureau.

I know that some followers of Nietzsche want the future Socialist State to help them in their search for the Superman, but I think the great majority of Socialists will agree with me when I say that these lovers of the Superman must not expect to have the whole State to play with.

By all means let them experiment amongst themselves, but they must not force their ideal upon their fellow citizens who do not share their enthusiasm for it.

E. SCOTTON HUELIN.

* * *

EUGENICS.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

I hope I am a sane man. My reply to the question which Mr. Eden Phillpotts says the Eugenics Education Society is putting would entirely depend upon the nature of the measures recommended.

If these include compulsory detention, labour colonies, and the like where the policeman is to rule (under whatsoever name he may be disguised), I should certainly not reply in the affirmative.

What is meant, may I ask, by "feeble-minded and other degenerates"? My friend Dr. Johnston now includes the chronic drunkard, I find. A disciple of Dr. Haig would probably damn the tea drinker; a vegetarian regards a meat-eater as a degenerate type.

The Socialist would lock up the Capitalist, the Capitalist the Socialist; and Mrs. Webb would, perhaps, shut us all up until we conformed to her standard of efficiency.

There is no finality when you commence with these measures of force.

The reviewer was quite right to regard eugenics as an exploded superstition. We have come to learn that the liberties mankind has gained must not be sacrificed at the bidding of any new dogma that likes to call itself science.

There was something to be said for Sir F. Galton's positive eugenics, and for his manner of advocating it. Both have been dropped; the Nonconformist conscience has obtained the upper hand, and we have a series of don'ts and suppressives, based on evidence manufactured for the purpose at the eugenics laboratory. It is a superstition to believe that "man's future welfare" can be founded upon such shallow "science," and can be independent of a philosophy.

M. D. EDER.

MR. WELLS'S BIBLIOGRAPHY.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

From your list of the works of H. G. Wells was omitted "The Time Machine" (1895). The correspondent who made several additions to the list in the last number of THE NEW AGE also missed this book.

F. A. SWINNERTON.

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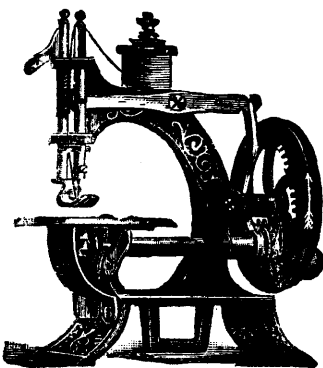
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