THE CENSORSHIP.
NOTES OF THE WEEK.

There is a full in the political world, during which the parties are drawing conclusions from their election returns. Mr. Asquith has gone for a week alone to the South of France to meditate on his future ways. And well he may. Things have not gone as he was led to expect by the infatuate augurs of his Cabinet. They have indeed resulted in a state of affairs from which no part can be delivered by Mr. Asquith. Compromise of one kind or another is inevitable.

We do not see why the compromise should not be an advance, since in the matter of the Lords each party is prepared for a revolution. The Liberals would transform the Lords by virtual abolition, the Unionists and moderate men of all parties and of none by supersession. To create a Chamber fulfilling the functions of an Imperial Senate, while leaving intact or increasing the powers and privileges of the House of Commons, such is the constructive compromise which policy dictates. Our readers are referred to Mr. Allen Upward’s article on the subject in our February Supplement.

For the present, however, there would seem to be only one course for Mr. Asquith to pursue. It is unusual that a party should do anything else after a defeat but explain it away. The Labour Party, however, is not afraid to face facts, and in the “Labour Leader” of the current week frankly admits that the party has done badly at the polls. We have no mind to examine the Labour election returns in detail at this moment, but our impression is that the Labour Party has come to its senses, and the new issues which are somewhat pessimistic in their open-minded confession. While they have not done so well as they expected, they have done better than was expected of them by many of us, and rather better than they had reason to hope some twelve months ago. If a General Election instead of following the Budget has preceded the Budget, the Labour Party would most certainly have gone down with the Liberals. As it is, they have to some extent shared in the revival of Liberalism and profited at the polls by it. Moreover, considering that the party is new and that its appearance in 1906 was something of a phenomenon in the way of political experiment, it is gratifying to find the country confirming its choice of four years ago, despite the many errors the Labour Party has made, and the new issues which have in the meantime been raised. On the whole, the Labour Party has demonstrated that it has come to stay; if not in any great force, at any rate in a position strong and striking enough to command attention and respect.

Various criticisms have been directed against the Labour Party for entering into a free-love alliance with the Liberal Party during this election. But as the returns conclusively prove, there was no other way of preserving their existence. Most of the elected members owe their present seats to Liberal votes which would assuredly not have been given had the party assumed the position everywhere of open hostility. If it was more important to preserve the party than to preserve its nominal independence, its leaders were right in cultivating, or at least in not repudiating difficulties.
friendship with Liberal electors. Critics who take the opposite view forget the disastrous effect on the movement of the sectional and petty politics of the Parliamentary party. The party would involve. Though they had gone down with the Red Flag flying, only the fact that they had gone down would be remembered. As it is, they still float in a vessel not quite seaworthy, and if they have not lost their Parliamentary balance at any rate, cut the painter at any time. What is the use of independence if you cannot employ it as you please?

All this, however, is not to say that the Labour Party has done as well as the promise of 1906 led us to expect. On the morrow of the 1906 election, as everybody remembers, there was such a stirring in the political air as seemed to presage almost miraculous things. Never in the history of England, perhaps in the history of Europe, had the prospects of a proletarian seemed brighter than those of the English proletariat in the days immediately following the Labour Party’s triumph. Parliament was to be shaken free of its age-long dust. Labour was to come by its own, and the People were to go marching on. Subsequent events proved, as we know, that the Labour members were not Joshua, they were not supposed to be. The Parliamentary party rapidly developed all the faults, with the exception of corruption, which had distinguished the other parties. They were class-conscious to an appallingly narrow degree, Puritanic in their views, suspicious of any strong tendency to utilise the criticism, conventional, without imagination, and utterly without leadership. These defects, marring to a great party, were fatal to a small party. Within a twelvemonth of their election the Labour Party had chilled the hopes of all their more enthusiastic friends.

There followed a series of incidents more or less disappointing in their character, many of which we recorded sorrowfully in our pages. Opportunity after opportunity of restoring their prestige came to the party and was allowed to slip by unheeded. In the House, in the country, and in by-elections the party began to show signs of a double weakness: first, a too abject reliance on the Liberal Party; secondly, a too haughty contempt of the advanced sections of their own movement. The election, in face of their official disapproval, of Mr. Grayson, and his subsequent treatment at their hands, the treatment meted out to Mr. Grayson’s supporters in the Press or on the platform were further proofs both of the existence in the parliamentary party of a spirit far in advance of its age-long dust. Labour was to come by its own, and its Parliamentary party rapidly developed all the faults, brought about this condition of things. It is possible that our virtues have undone us, but it is also possible that our vices are to blame. If the former, then, there is no economic politics in the form of the Minority Report; if the latter, the sooner Socialist organisations become extinct the better.

By invariable rule the Socialist movement was at its highest point at the moment when the Liberal party had sunk to nadir. This was the case in 1906. Events proved, as we know, that the theft occurred in the months immediately preceding the introduction of the Budget. Then for the first time Labour and Socialists had united for a common purpose. Doubtless the resultant power would have soon disappeared, but not before stamping its seal on English social history. Mr. Lloyd George’s Budget, however, made any such action impossible. Instantly the limelight was turned upon him. The new experiment, and his Budget, became the object of main attention. In a word, Socialism was side-tracked. For how many defections from the Socialist ranks the Budget of Mr. Lloyd George has been responsible we would not care to speculate. Probably most of the recent recruits from Liberalism rejoined their old party, if not in name, at least in spirit; and their numbers were further increased by a new diversion from the straight path of economic politics in the form of the Minority Report of the Poor Law Commission. This, in the able hands of Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb, has been made to take the place as a practical proposal of the visionary schemes of the far-seeing utopian Socialists. Thus in two directions the forces of political Socialism were depleted: by a return of Liberals to Liberalism and by the secession from the party of the theoretic propagandists.

There is nothing in this discreditable to the Socialist movement, though the consequences at the first glance appear disastrous. It was always to be expected that the adoption by either the Liberal or Unionist party of any plank of the Socialist platform would carry a section of the movement with it. Far from being depressed at having their clothes stolen while they are bathing, Socialists should be positively pleased when the theft takes place. To be stolen from is the happiest fate for Socialists. Socialism has done as well as the promise of the Poor Law Commission. This, in the able hands of Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb, has been made to take the place as a practical proposal of the visionary schemes of the utopian Socialists. Thus in two directions the forces of political Socialism were depleted: by a return of Liberals to Liberalism and by the secession from the party of the theoretic propagandists.

But this suggests a view of the combined Socialist and Labour movement which our readers who are interested in one or the other will do well to ponder. It is plain on the one hand that the Labour Party as such has, to be quite frank, bitten off quite as much Socialism as it can chew. There is no hope now, nor is there
any longer in us the desire, that the Labour Party should ·· declare for Socialism." So much of Socialism as proves acceptable to electors we may be sure the Labour Party will provide. To provide more would be to risk the existence of the party; and probably the leaders are wise in placing self-preservation above all else. On the other hand, the Socialist is equally set free from political obligations to the Labour Party alone. Any talk now of a close and exclusive alliance between the two movements is out of the question. Socialists have been repudiated, and perhaps wisely so, by the Labour Party. This lack of a common ground, of their idealist theories and rather heterogeneous ideas perhaps wisely so, by the Socialist ranks. But it must also be conceded that their old task was formerly Gd., to 1d. We think that there is a quite considerable improvement. THE NEW AGE has gone through an ordeal almost of one-sidedness. Perhaps the greatest vice of the case is very different with some of our contemporaries, for whom we foresee the same fate. The Guardian is one of the oldest, and it has always been one of the best conducted, papers in the country. The New Age is not only a junior publication, but it has had as its founders the men who have enjoyed the respect due to trustworthiness and fearlessness of one-sidedness. Perhaps the greatest vice of the contemporary daily press is its intolerance of correction and contradiction. There was a day when the Times stood at the head of the world's journalism, and enjoyed the respect due to trustworthiness and fearlessness of one-sidedness.
lessness. To-day we can only express our regret that the news columns of the paper should partake of the partisan character of its leading articles.

All papers are liable to be misled by their contributors and correspondents, and perhaps no paper has suffered more in that respect than The New Age, owing to the scrupulous regard for principles of intellectual individualism and free speech. We cannot promise ourselves any immunity from mistakes in the future. To errors of fact, and errors of taste, we have had to plead guilty already, and may have to again. But out of conscious perversion or suppression of the truth we hope to have been, and to continue, free.

We are not less anxious to be free, and most of all when public affairs are in their present critical state, from those faults of temper which injure the best cause, and which are in themselves worse than a bad cause. If we accept Plato’s word music as the expression of that ideal after which we are all striving, consciously or unconsciously, we may put it that the ideal of sociology is to produce good-tempered men. By the language of their moral laziness and weakness. We mean men who can fight hard for their convictions without ever losing the sense that their opponents have just the same right to fight for theirs. Then we may put has it that the ideal after which we are all striving, conscious or unconscious, we may put it that the ideal of sociology is to produce good-tempered men. By all the vices, may be countenanced by the language of their moral laziness and weakness. We mean men who can fight hard for their convictions without ever losing the sense that their opponents have just the same right to fight for theirs. Then we may put has it that the ideal after which we are all striving, conscious or unconscious, we may put it that the ideal of sociology is to produce good-tempered men. By

The mission of The New Age cannot be confined to criticism only. From many quarters we have received the expression of what seems to be a widespread desire for some constructive suggestion, some new gospel touched with more spiritual fire, and opening wider vistas, than the unprogressive, not to say unscientific, dogma of Humanity. To that demand we hope to make a suitable reply.

The New Age will remain in the future what it always has been, the organ of free speech, the paper to which thoughtful men, who, perhaps, do most of their work for other organs, can come when they have something to say which they are not allowed to say in those organs. In addition, and as our increased means permit, we shall endeavour to secure the work of men of letters in England, on the Continent and in America, such men, that is, as are inspired by higher aims than that of breaking the six-shilling record. We have also, as our readers know, a faithful band of regular contributors, all able writers, among whom it would be invidious to name one rather than another. If we single out Mr. Allen Upward it is to announce that the author of “The New Word” has accepted an invitation to publish in The New Age a successor to that work, under the title of “The Order of the Seraphim,” in which practical ideals will be expounded, not as dogmas, but as suggestions to men of good will.

Of ourselves we have now said enough. Of our readers and supporters we can say with some pride that we believe them to represent on the whole the highest public in these islands, and the one which is destined most profoundly to influence the future. The pioneer is the king of to-morrow; and we address an audience of kings.

NEO-NIETZSCHE.

I am the singer
Of Neo-Nietzscheans;
The dynamic soul
With an anemic wife,
With children like Spartans
Rigidly reared.

I am the camel,
Observe my great hump.
I am the lion
That laughs in the wilds.
I am the child,
A holy assertion.

I am the warrior
That never drew sword.
My speech is the lightning;
I slay with a phrase.
The Superman lives
In me the Up-goer.

I want a woman
Whose virtues are those
Of a world yet to come;
That: I may divest me
After my sham-fight,
With her to dance.

I want a house-wife,
A waltzer, a soul,
With whipcord to keep her
Tame to my hand;
And laughters
Shall be her reward.

Lo, I am square
To the four winds of heaven.
My children must be
Rectangular shaped;
But where is the woman
To bear me those cubes?

I am the Spirit
And Wisdom and Power,
And Truth is not secret
Or bashful with me;
And even my hammer
Is philosophic.

I am immoral,
Adore I all vice;
The lies of a just heart
Philanthropy are,
And great is revenge
For I am cruel.

Lo, I am the singer
Of Neo-Nietzscheans :
The Terror of Kindness,
The Slayer of Shams,
The Tyrant of Women,
But you must not laugh.

—ALFRED E. RANDALL.
Foreign Affairs.

The first meeting of the Imperial Legislative Council of India was held on January 25th. The shadow of assassination has darkened the brightness of this auspicious occasion. Persistence in the policy of deporting men of repute without formulating any charge against them has not calmed but irritated the feeling of discontent and disappointment caused by the limitations imposed upon the Imperial Council. The Council is divided into 36 official and 32 non-official members. The proceedings are thus regulated. No question or resolution shall be allowed upon (a) any matter affecting the relations of H.M. Government or of the Governor-General in Council with any foreign State or with any native State in India, or (b) any matter under adjudication by a court of law having jurisdiction in any part of his Majesty’s dominions. The President of Council may disallow any question or part of a question without giving any reason therefor other than that, in his opinion, it cannot be answered consistently with the public interest. Questions or resolutions disallowed by the President must not be entered in the proceedings of the Council. No discussion in Council is to be permitted in respect of any order of the President under the rules. Lastly, the rules of the local Provincial Councils are to be framed upon those of the Imperial Legislative Council.

Can anyone be surprised that the Indian Councils Act has been very coldly received? These rules are drafted so as to prevent any free debate upon matters of grave public importance. It is an insult to invite men of high intelligence, as most of the elected and non-elected members are, to attend the proceedings of this feeble assembly. The Government of India has met a grave situation by setting up an academic debating society. The following extracts from Lord Minto’s inaugural address are worthy of careful notice:

“It is important that my colleagues and the public should know the early history of the reforms now sanctioned by Parliament. They had their genesis in a note entirely based on views I myself formed of the position in India. It was due to no suggestion from home. Whether for good or bad, I am entirely responsible for it.”

The Liberal Press, which has acted as a mere claque to Viscount Morley, suppressed this passage. The speech of the German Ambassador upon the Budget would be that it might cause a civil war. Exactly the same observation may be applied to the Indian deportations, except that India is drifting into anarchy.

The Cretan problem has been once more troubling European diplomacy. M. Venezeles, a famous Cretan patriot, has persuaded General Zorbas and the Greek Military League to ask M. Mavromichalis, the Greek ambassador, to advise the King George to ask the National Assembly. M. Mavromichalis, notwithstanding the King’s protests, accepted this demand, providing that the Military League voluntarily dissolved itself upon the issue of the Proclamation sanctioning the convocation of the National Assembly. This condition has been assented to by the leaders of the Military League. Under the Greek Constitution, which has been guaranteed by the Powers, the National Assembly can only be summoned after an agreement asssenting to such a course has been come to by the Parliament. In the present case there is no decision by one Parliament, so the convocation will be wholly unconstitutional. The Ambassadors of the Great Powers will probably protest against any such action being taken. M. Theotokis, who is the leader of the majority in the Greek Chamber, may resist this dangerous proposal, in which case the Military League will lose control of the situation. The Greco-Cretan problem is recurring day by day. In Europe, but the settlement of the question presents grave difficulties. The Ambassadors of the Great Powers have stated that the settlement of the question presents grave difficulties. The Ambassadors of the Great Powers have stated that the settlement of the question presents grave difficulties.

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Deductions from the Election.

By O. W. Dyce.

With every desire to avoid the perpetration of a "bull," I feel bound to maintain that the most important deduction from the election is a deduction from something that has happened since. I refer to the departure of the Prime Minister in search of sunshine in Southern Europe. From that fact I assume that political affairs are not embedded in a morass of distracting complications, that Mr. Asquith has a cut and dried scheme, that he knows exactly where he is and has no need for conferences with King or Cabinet. In other words, the Premier has already in his possession the "guarantees" which he declared necessary to his retention of office.

If, however, Mr. Asquith has the "guarantees" up his sleeve at the present moment, we may make the deduction that he had them—with conditions attached—at the beginning of December. Where, then, is the necessity of going to the country a second time in 1910? A little consideration will show that the hypothesis under the title affords the only justification for his ever having gone to the country at all.

The idea that a second appeal would produce any result in the shape of a definite mandate other than what has already been produced is based on illusions. There can be no straight fight on a straight issue. No genuine Conservative voter can be found who believes in the Liberals' veto for the simple reason that the Tories are determined to shift the issue every time to Tariff Reform, that the North is not politically educated and the South is not.

If there be any serious element of uncertainty in the political position it is impossible to discover an excuse for the absence of Mr. Asquith and the Chief Whip of the Radical Party. To join the pleasure-seekers on the Riviera at a critical moment would be high treason to the Democracy.

Going back to the election results, one feature stands out as distinctly unpleasant—the landslide in the rural divisions. What is to be deduced from that? Surely the explanation is to be found in the fact that the Radical Party has not put before the agricultural voters a programme of reforms offering an attractive outlook. Hodge has said to himself: "Tories promise more work; Radicals praise Free Trade and promise to keep things as they are." Both parties swore that Old Age Pensions were as safe as the Bank of England. But full of workmen who could see the absurdity of the Tory assurance that taxation should not raise the price of food, but the voters in the villages swallowed any nonsense.

The antithesis between northern and southern England was an antithesis based on education. It is a simple truth, known for years past but brought out and specially emphasised in 1910, that the North is politically educated and the South is not.

It must be particularly uncomfortable for the House of Lords to recognise that the majority registered against it represents quality as well as quantity. Not only have 89 boroughs in England declared for Free Trade as against 78 for Tariff Reform, but the 89 contain the majority of the great cities and towns. Birmingham is the ewe lamb of the Tariffites; in that city alone is there a really large surplus of Protectionist votes. Liverpool has given the Tories a small majority and isolated victories, and many losses have been achieved in Sunderland, brighton, Preston, and Devonport. Nearly every other Tory borough is of the small order. The two Tory gains at Bath, for instance, are gains in an electorate of 8,000; how can that be explained by the decision of the Newcastle with nearly 40,000 electors, Oldham with 30,000, Bolton, Derby, Norwich, Southampton, Jarrow, Leicester, and Huddersfield with about 20,000 each?

With all due respect to the opinions of the honest tiller of the soil, it cannot be held that his opinion on such an issue as that of the taxation of imports bears the same weight as that of Manchester, Leeds, Bradford, Salford, and the towns mentioned above.

What is to be deduced from the polls in the Birmingham area? They appear to indicate that Labour wishes an appeal to a world-famed Birmingham citizen. Should that distinguished ex-Free Trader live to put forth another cry, consistent or inconsistent with his past record, the local patriots will follow with ridicule and contempt, as they well may. Charles I and Napoleon I had just such followers. "Our Joseph, right or wrong," has been Birmingham's motto for a third of a century.

After a routine survey of the results in the purely English boroughs, the numerical superiority thus revealed for Free Trade may be carried forward, whilst we turn to Wales and Scotland. Considering industrial and not rural districts, we find ten Welsh boroughs on the Free Trade side to one against, and twenty-six Scottish boroughs for Free Trade to four against. Here again the big populations of Aberdeen (10,000 electors), Cardiff (28,000), Dundee (19,000), and Swansea (11,000) have spoken out in a way that cannot be mistaken. The Tory Press has recorded with glee two paltry victories in the whole of Wales. One of them, Radnorshire, is a distant echo of Birmingham, for the Birmingham Corporation has seized that district for water-supply purposes, and has sent there three of its hundred and twenty-six members working politically for years. The Corporation is a big ratepayer in Radnorshire, and, naturally, on its own account and through its servants, is a very important purchaser of local commodities.

As for the Scottish polls, there is no need to regard the figures as entirely based upon the Scottish preference for sound fiscal opinions. In part the Radical retention of seats has been due to gratitude for a genuine attempt on the part of the Government to pass reforms that Scotland has been asking for, and to the belief that Scottish interests will receive abundant consideration at the hands of a Cabinet containing Mr. Asquith, Mr. Haldane, Lord Loreburn, and Mr. Churchill.

Ireland's behaviour in the contest has been of a peculiar character. It has chosen to fight out issues of its own, a number of little triumphs indicating a revival of strength on the part of the ecclesiocrats.

A section of the Press is doing its best to minimise the significance of the Tory election. Roughly set out, these totals are as follows: Anti-Old Age Pensions, three and a half million electors; Pro-Old Age Pensions, three millions. Majority against the Peers, 500,000. That is no contemptible majority. It would have been three-quarters of a million if plural votes, attached to the ownership of freehold land and the possession of University degrees, had been non-existent.

One weak point in the campaign on the Radical side was the omission to make clear the value of the Development Bill. Fine speeches by Mr. Lloyd George and others were delivered on that subject in the House of Commons, but it played little or no part in the orations on the hustings.

In certain quarters the Labour Party has been taunted with having sacrificed its independence for no corresponding advantage. This criticism seems grossly unfair. It is easy to urge, after the event, that the Radicals deserved no assistance, but the position in December, as it appeared to the Labour Party, was one of grave danger, not so much to the Radicals as to the State itself and to the ultimate welfare of the democracy. It was the highest ideal of patriotism that led the Labour Party to support its aspirations, its hope to win seats, its desire to strengthen its prestige, its special propaganda in social reconstruction, in order that it might help to save the country from the frightful catastrophe of a House of Lords victory. That noble action may be compared with the policy adopted by M. Jaurès and the French Socialists in the Dreyfus period, when it was necessary to help Waldeck-Rousseau to defend the Republic from the mighty onslaughts of clericals and monarchists and military despotisms.
The Law of Libel.

The recent action between Messrs. Cadbury and Mr. Pearson, or the Daily News and Standard, furnished an interesting illustration of the difference between common law and common sense, exhibited by the difference between the judge's opinion and the jury's. For that reason it is worth study by other litigants.

The case itself was in its nature political. For a great many years the Liberal press has been saying very hard things about the Unionist press. The Daily Mail seems always to have aroused particular ire in the Radical bosom; why, it is difficult to say. On one occasion when the Daily Mail had charged a contributor with a great number of crimes, he received a letter from a Radical solicitor begging him to let his correspondent take proceedings against that paper for libel. Apparently the solicitor was prepared to take up the case on speculation, and perhaps the speculation might have proved a good one. The assaulted individual had not read the articles complained of, but he wrote in reply that he did not suppose the Daily Mail had said anything worse about him than he should be prepared to say about his political friends, and that he did not think political attacks of that kind need be or should be taken seriously. And that seems to have been the view of the jury in the case under consideration.

Lord Northcliffe, and probably Mr. Pearson too, have been the subject of much more serious attacks than that made on the Messrs. Cadbury; inasmuch as they have been attacked in their business. The Harmsworth publications have been constantly charged with injurious and pernicious effects on their readers. Such language, if believed, of course would affect the sales of the papers attacked. But so far as is known it has never been made the subject of legal proceedings. The attack on Messrs. Cadbury was clearly not made on the Messrs. Cadbury themselves, but on their cocoa. It was a case of Chinese convict labour. The Lord Northcliffe, and probably Mr. Pearson too, have been the subject of much more serious attacks than that made on the Messrs. Cadbury. However, Chinese slavery seems to have been considered a good election cry by the Unionist agents, and so it is not surprising that the Government, in recommending that the Rabilies must have been uncommon joy in the Unionist Daily News over the discovery that the righteous Cadburys had been for years past buying and using slave-grown cocoa—"the Lord hath delivered them into our hands!" would have been the cry of the editor of the Standard, if he had been as well up in Scripture as the editor of the Daily News.

Unfortunately for itself what the Standard had discovered was little better than a mere's nest. Messrs. Cadbury had known about all the slave-grown cocoa; they had been the first to draw attention to the iniquity; they had sent to inquire; they had gone to the Aborigines Protection Society, and the Foreign Office, and the Portuguese Government, and in short done their very best to remedy things. They had only made one mistake: they had gone on buying the cocoa. They had not attacked Portugal except over the body of Sir Edward Grey. But that was not the line taken by the lawyers. They tried to transform a political quarrel into a personal slander. They appear to have suggested that the Messrs. Cadbury had merely feigned to object to slavery; that they had made a pretense to save the slaves, and that they were at heart Legrus or Leopolds, gloating over the sufferings which swelled their ill-gotten gains.

Such a defence can scarcely have been believed by those who put it on the record. The Cadburys are not pupils of Machiavelli. A respectable Quaker family does not embark on a course of tortuous intrigue of that kind. The fault of Messrs. Cadbury was that they were too simple. They were too easily entangled by the intrigue of the Portuguese traders.

In the court case stood thus. A political charge made from political motives had broken down, and a personal charge, resorted to as a means of legal defence had failed equally. But the action ought never to have been brought. If all politicians brought cocoa were to bring actions against the manufacturers who furnished their cocoa, and who had gone on buying the cocoa, on the Jesuit principle of doing evil that good might come. They had trusted in diplomacy instead of public opinion; with the history of Turkey and Macedonia and the Congo before their eyes, they had expected the whisper of English courts would have nothing else to try. The jury found that Messrs. Cadbury were free from blame, but they also found them guilty of wasting the time of the Court, by bringing a doubt Messrs. Cadbury had parted with their money.

That was the sensible view, but it was not the view of the judge. The judge was bound by the law. His mind was swathed in those fourfold bandages of rule and precedent, most of the rules ridiculous, and most of the precedents obsolete, which make up English law. He was not supposed ever to have heard the name Cadbury before, or to know what cocoa was. He now learned for the first time that there was a paper called the Standard, and another called the Daily News. His mental outlook was confined by the pleadings, as by a pair of blinkers, and he might not look beyond them.

According to the pleadings—things which the best minds on the Bench have been trying for fifty years to abolish—a certain company had called certain individuals hypocrites; and they had to prove it. They had utterly failed to prove it, and therefore they ought to pay heavy damages. Such was the summing-up, in effect.

The jury took another view. They seem to have said to themselves,—"What are we brought here for? Is it to criticise the language of political controversy, or to protect the character of an injured man?" They estimated the damage done, and in doing so, Messrs. Cadbury in the esteem of their fellow-citizens.
by this kind of thing in the rival political press, at one farthing; and one must hope that they were right.

It was the greatest service which Fox rendered to his countrymen that he passed an Act of Parliament making the jury the judges of the law as well as of the facts in cases of treason (I am informed on good authority) at the dinner table or in the drawing-room where you meet the aristocracy on apparently equal terms. That is the reason the editors of society papers was able to identify by name the many peers who visited my establishment. I was conscious of their presence among a crowd of commoners. This was not to produce the same physical phenomenon. Oddly enough, classes, more especially among those engaged in trade, are all equal in the sight of the Lords, as in the sight of the middle-classes, the acknowledged backbone of the country. Take away from them the knowledge that beyond them there is another class where wealth is not the only standard of power and influence, where something other than mere ability counts, and you turn them into tyrants, bureaucratic or political. They will be out of conceit with themselves. You destroy also an ideal. They can hope at present to become part of that aristocracy, therefore, if only to stimulate the Lords has know, for the most part, been infected with what can only be called a terrible disease, but I do not think they would dream of passing a Tariff Reform bill, the introduction of a question in the case of Mr. Lloyd George's, they first discovered if the country wished to be diseased. They have always been the scrupulous conscientious according to their beliefs. I never thought the indignation against them, on this score, would come to light. Mr. Slurk. I do not mean it makes them think it improves them.

A Plea for the Peers. II.

By Robert Ross.

UNLESS based on personal experience of some kind, opinion must be valueless, at best a brilliant guess. My opinion must be valueless, at best a brilliant guess. My opinion must be valueless, at best a brilliant guess. My opinion must be valueless, at best a brilliant guess. My opinion must be valueless, at best a brilliant guess. My opinion must be valueless, at best a brilliant guess. My opinion must be valueless, at best a brilliant guess. My opinion must be valueless, at best a brilliant guess. My opinion must be valueless, at best a brilliant guess. My opinion must be valueless, at best a brilliant guess.

The benefits to be obtained from an elected assembly, whether it be a first or second chamber, are, I think, to be exaggerated. The result of the present elections prove that both political parties will have to shelving their convictions. They will have to pretend to dishonestly, even if they do not do so because the next election must be near and hanging over their heads. The Lords, on the other hand, are morally in a far better position. They represent England officially throughout the world are either aristocrats or the nominees of aristocrats. That privilege would soon vanish with other perquisites of the Upper House. We should then have a number of clever plebeians gradually and democratically taking their places. It is needless to insist on the loss of our national prestige with European Courts and Governments always quick to detect social calibre of her corps diplomatique. The old legend on which England existed for fifty years, that one Briton was as good as three foreigners, was cruelly dispelled by the disasters in the Boer War. Do not let us explode the well-founded belief that our diplomacy is the finest in the world, and gets us more territory than our generals would ever enable us to keep. It is often still a question whether India a peer if not already ennobled. Is some plain Mr. Keir Hardie to negotiate the handing over of that continent to Russia? I shall be suspected of Imperialism!

But let us look at home for some of the other immediate uses of aristocracy. They form a splendid bulwark against Puritanism and Nonconformity. The old adulatory of the Liberal Party with Nonconformist ideals threatens one day to produce a tyranny against which Socialism, Roman Catholicism, Free Thought, Anglicanism, and Jewry have to sink their

George's and Winston Churchills of the future. When every conceivable piece of socialist legislation has been carried there must be a Conservative opposition: let it be one of gentlemen. Shall we cut the lion's fangs, draw his teeth, and turn him into the arena? And we require not the lion, but he is picturesque, but because he gives us prestige.

I have only met one peer deficient in manners; he was Irish—a representative Irish peer; elected, it must be remembered. Anyone obliged to seek the suffrages of his fellow townsman becomes in time through the action of extreme jealousy when it assails defenceless individuals. But Mr. Pott should not be taken too seriously as merely the one with which we are going to disagree, and of that with which we are to be in accord. Let us be careful in choosing our opposition. In the battle of life every man prefers someone as an opponent, victory over whom will bring credit. Let us keep our aristocracy, therefore, if only to stimulate the Lloyd
differences in order to contend. It is a notorious fact that some of the greatest leaders of men, the most useful members of the community, are not sufficiently balanced to separate their private weaknesses from their public life. General Hector Macdonald and Parliament are of these instances. The Nonconformist wolves are always waiting to tear them to pieces. The greatest stain on Gladstone's career was his desertion of the Irish leader. But he knew the wolf would eat him too had he hesitated. If Gladstone had been a peer it would not have been necessary. The scandals connected with peers provide excellent copy for Fleet Street and excellent subjects for Father Vaughan's sermons; there the matter ends. The peer does not cease to be one, and turns up as right as rain a short while afterwards. The good effect of this is that it teaches the middle-classes that in another community their own smug ideas about conduct have no place. The peers in short have a humbugging effect on English thought, especially Nonconformist thought. In an elected House, on the other hand, we should probably have inflicted upon us a number of Evangelical noblemen without a sufficient balance of the purely social element. For the philosophic politicians, of whom there are many among the peers, would succumb like the House of Commons to foolish puritanical legislation. Then, of course, I prefer an ancient injustice to a newly manufactured one from Birmingham. Without injustice there can be no conflict of interest. Violence is no more a Tory paradox to maintain that the Hereditary Chamber is a safeguard of democracy; it might also prove the safeguard of minorities, a most necessary piece of political furniture for every commonwealth. The only valid objection to the peers is that they enjoy their privileges by inheritance. That does not seem to me more unjust than the inheritance of good looks or health. Socialism, which will have to tolerate the latter, might, in view of the enormous advantages on which I have touched too lightly, tolerate the former. It may also be urged that by whatever abuses or corruption certain families acquired their wealth and position, the result comparing man with man is better than that of the newly-elected and uncorrupted House of Commons. The work of centuries has proved more satisfactory after all than that of the last three weeks. I would not harm a hair of the inherited ermine.

A Fallacy behind the Militant Theory.

By D. Triformis.

In the issue of "Votes for Women" dated January 21st there is an "Open Letter to One who Condemns Violence." The article is signed G. Penn Gaskell, and it is apparently addressed to some Liberal woman who has written to "condemn and deplore violence." Not having seen the actual letter of this Liberal correspondent, it is impossible to make any comment thereon. In any case, that is not the present object; but to review the arguments marshalled by G. Penn Gaskell in support of violence.

These arguments make a formidable front. Among them are the violent reform movements of Magna Charta, the Ironsides' Rebellion, the Reform Acts, the French Revolution, the American Slave War, and the Young Turks' Revolt.

G. Penn Gaskell cannot reasonably object if we accept the obvious challenge of his attack, to knock upon them and hear whether they are the things themselves, solid and indestructible in their natural juxtaposition to the women's movement; or whether they may be only hollow imago of those movements which might be set behind the stage of any petty reform by some one assurred enough to use them so.

It is certain that the proximity of these vast up-heavals of men against tyranny must, if they may be rationally compared with the women's movement, considerably enhance the importance of this movement in, even, the mind of opponents; on the other hand, if it be found that the great revolts of history had humbled no parallel of tyranny to that of which women can complain, the use of these revolts as examples calling for imitation, will merit condemnation from women who do not wish to see their movement made to appear petty by comparison, and, perhaps, to find thereafter the real grievances of women crushed under a load of ridicule.

We may consider these revolts in the order they are quoted in "Votes for Women." A question is put: "Do you condemn the personal violence used by the barons wrung Magna Charta from the reluctant John?" Now let us quote the historian J. R. Green as to the state of things under John. We read: "John was the worst outcome of the Angevins. He united in one mass of wickedness, their insolence, their selfishness, their unbridled lust, their cruelty and tyranny, their shamelessness, their superstition, their cynical indifference to honour and truth. In mere boyhood, he bore with brutal levity the beards of the Irish chieftains. His punishments were refinements of cruelty, the starvation of children, the crushing old men under copes of lead. His court was a brothel, where no woman was safe from the royal lust. From the first moment of his rule, John had done away with the baronial courts and demands by seizing their castles, and taking their children as hostages. On the nobles John heaped outrages worse than death."

Regarding the Ironsides' Rebellion, we again consult Green, and we must go back to the reign of James I., and even to the latter years of Elizabeth's reign, to learn the causes which drove the people to rebellion under the much milder but more foolish Charles. Of James, the historian records: "It is evident that the enthusiasm of loyalty which had been the main strength of the Tudors. He had alienated alike the noble, the gentleman, and the trader. He had destroyed the authority of the Council. He had accustomed men to think lightly of the Ministers of the Crown. He had degraded the Judges. He had turned the Church into a mere engine for carrying out the royal will. He had quarrelled with and insulted the Houses as no English sovereign had ever done before." Under Charles: "Soldiers were quartered on recalcitrant boroughs. Poor men who refused to lend money to the King were pressed into the army or the navy. Stubborn townsmen were flung into prison." Even these grievances were not nationally considered ground for the violence of Cromwell. "It was soon plain that the revolution which had struck down Parliament and the Monarchy alike was without sanction from the nation at large." Even this may be the case; yet never, since Cromwell, made a boast of the execution of Charles; but our monarchs have been deprived from many a crime for the sake of Charles!

With reference to the conditions previous to the Manchester Insurrection which led up to the Reform Bill in 1832, York Powell states: "In 1803, one-seventh of the people was in receipt of poor-law relief. Men could be hanged for over two hundred offences. Six labourers who had pledged each other mutual support in their efforts to better their condition, were sentenced to transportation. In 1815, the new Corn Law prevented the bringing in of foreign wheat until English wheat was safely forty shillings the hundred. The report of a Leeds inspector states that some of the men started up in utmost paroxysm of desperate protest."

With reference to the violence of the French Revolution the "Votes for Women" claimant modifies the question thus: "You condemn, of course, the later excesses of the French Revolution committed after the cause was already won, but do you condemn the initial violence?" Before we discuss whether the cause justified the violence we ourselves may perhaps be allowed to put a question: Are English women prepared to behead one of the Government, and to flourish the head at the end of a pikestaff before the King at Buckingham Palace, to show that...
they mean business? For that was the sort of "initial violence" done in France, that which we are dared to condemn.

La Bruyère describes the peasants of France: "Certain savage-looking beings, male and female, are seen in the country, and belonging to the soil, which they dig and grub with invincible stubbornness. They are not capable of articulation, and, when they stand erect, they display human lineaments. They are, in fact, men."

Perhaps people are still familiar enough with the overwhelming arguments against slavery to need no refreshing of mind. The fact is, of course, that the American slaves were actually bought and sold, and might be whipped just so long as that they did not die under the lash.

The case of Turkey, also, is modern, and it may be sufficient to quote G. P. Gaskell's own description of the Turks "groaning under the bloodstained tyranny of Abdul Hamid."

We refrain from pretending to look for a parallel between the conditions preceding any of these instances of independence and the conditions of the members of the W.S.P.U. There is no parallel: and we are inclined to apply the word "shameless" to those women who persist in comparing their movement with the movement described above.

"a higher example still" in favour of violence. Christ! "I come not to bring peace upon earth but a sword," quotes our writer, and relates the scourging of the money-changers in the temple to justify women in using violence to gain the vote.

One would think that such a conclusive proof of Divine approbation of the W.S.P.U. might have been relied upon by its discoverer to bring the Liberal woman "to her senses. But what? She must be baffled, I suppose, so that she may fairly be supposed to have been defeated. She is adjured to "analyse more closely" her own feelings. If you consider why you applaud those great examples (she has not had the chance of seeing or of giving or withholding any such applause) of violence and yet condemn the violence now at length claimed, your share in the spoils of victory will not join in the chorus of acclamation that will hail the victors."

Here the tentative tone is dropped, and future conduct of the woman is boldly prophesied: "When you claim, as you will claim, your share in the spoils of victory, etc. It may not be out of place to comment upon all this by quoting Burke upon the violent instigators of the French Revolution, who displayed "that upstart insolence almost inevitably adhering to and disgracing those who are the first acquirers of any distinction."

Women were never before so well-considered in England as they are to-day. Men have relaxed in many directions the foolish restrictions we ourselves have accepted from Church and State. Thousands are even willing to divide with us constitutional responsibilities. And the Jovites, as we learn from Josephus, were a powerful and unscrupulous society, formed to combat the spread of philosophy, which was causing the income of the temples to fall off to a very serious extent. They were accustomed to use different baits for different minds; and in the present case they seem to have persuaded King Herod that he would be able to obtain forgiveness of his sins, which were many, from their Church, at a cheaper rate than from their Jewish rivals.

The tariff of the Jewish Church is admitted by its warmest apologists to have been exorbitant. A pair of pigeons for a theft, a ram for breaking the Sabbath, for speaking disrespectfully of Moses—these were penalties which only a rich man could afford to laugh at. The civil list of King Herod was fixed on a liberal scale, but He had seriously crippled Himself at. The civil list of King Herod was fixed on a liberal scale, but He had seriously crippled Himself at.

H.M. King Herod.

According to St. Judas Iscariot.

Few things are more painful to a well-regulated mind than the attitude of the old evangelists towards royalty. The contrast between the New Testament and the Book of Common Prayer on this topic is very marked; and the preference of the Dissenters for the former volume is no doubt the cause of their objectionable Radical proclivities.

It will be a source of unfeigned joy to the devout and reverent to know that on this point, as on so many others, the Gospel of St. Judas strikes exactly the right note. The other Gospels contain a passage in which the second person of the trinity is made apparently to speak disrespectfully of his Gracious Sovereign. It has long been suspected that this passage was an interpolation. But we now learn from St. Judas that the meaning of the language used by Christ has been misunderstood. In the Aramaic dialect, it appears, the fox is the proverbial type of prudence and wisdom. Therefore when Christ spoke of His Majesty King Herod as "that fox," he was saving, in effect, "that tactful and sagacious monarch."

How far the founder of Christianity must have been from showing any want of respect to his superiors is proved by the fact, recorded by St. Judas Iscariot, that His Majesty graciously appointed him one of His Rabbis-in-Ordinary. He further had the privilege on one occasion of effecting a reconciliation between His Gracious Majesty and His Excellency Pontius Pilate, the great Empire-maker who was Viceroy of the adjacent province. But even this episode has been misrepresented by another evangelist.

The true cause of this hostility on the part of S.S. Matthew, Mark, Luke and John towards so able and popular a Sovereign must be sought, no doubt, in the evil spirit of religious bigotry. His Majesty, although officially regarded as the defender of the Jewish Church, was secretly a Pagan, having been converted to that faith by a skilful and plausible member of the Company of Jupiter. The Jovites, as we learn from Josephus, were a powerful and unscrupulous society, formed to combat the spread of philosophy, which was causing the income of the temples to fall off to a very serious extent. They were accustomed to use different baits for different minds; and in the present case they seem to have persuaded King Herod that he would be able to obtain forgiveness of his sins, which were many, from their Church, at a cheaper rate than from their Jewish rivals.

The tariff of the Jewish Church is admitted by its warmest apologists to have been exorbitant. A pair of pigeons for a theft, a ram for breaking the Sabbath, a fat bullock for adultery, and a whole flock of sheep for speaking disrespectfully of Moses—these were penalties which only a rich man could afford to laugh at. The civil list of King Herod was fixed on a liberal scale, but He had seriously crippled Himself by losses at kotobas and chariot-racing. His Majesty had received many loans from His Jewish friends in former days, and latterly He had added to His income by an operation in the shares of the Jerusalem and Joppa Caravan Company. Nevertheless He appears to have felt the need of economy; and the Jovites knew how to fix their charges to meet their customer.

It should be added that His Gracious Majesty was not entirely free from the superstition which was prevalent in those times. Jerusalem was overrun by astrologers and fortune-tellers of all kinds, and the
most eminent of them, Sir Simon Magus, K.C.H.O.,* held the appointment of Court Wizard. It is therefore extremely probable that His Majesty was a genuine believer in the pretensions of the Jovites to be the sole custodians of religious truth.

That King Herod was not actuated by any narrow factional feeling in his treatment of St. John the Baptist, an episode which has been dealt with by St. Judas more fully than by his brother evangelists. During the first part of his ministry St. John was generally respected, and had he confined himself, in the Christian spirit, to preaching repentance to the poor, there is no reason to believe that he would ever have been interfered with by King Herod. St. Judas Iscariot informs us that His Majesty even sent for the popular revivalist on one occasion, received him in the kindest manner in His palace in Jerusalem, and authorised him to announce that his services were held under Royal patronage. Again, when St. John formed the project of making a tour of Judaea, His Majesty graci-ously intimated His intention to subscribe for the purchase of a camel for the use of the preacher.

Unfortunately Baptists are apt to be men of stubborn character, and to indulge in a freedom of speech which is unsuited to the character of a Christian minister. St. John so far forgot himself as to preach repentance to his Royal Patron. He was guilty of the unpardonable bad taste of commenting on His Majesty's private life, in terms which amounted to lèse-majesté.

Like the late King of the Belgians, Herod II. had formed a morganatic alliance with a lady of great personal charm whom the narrow restrictions of the Mosaic law hindered Him from making His Queen. The Countess Herodias, as she is styled by St. Judas, was naturally sensitive on the subject of her doubtful position at Court, unrecognised by the Pharisees, but winked at by the more tolerant Jovites. Had St. John remained on excellent terms with his exalted Patron; and the Lady Chouza, wife of the Lord Steward of the Household, became one of the most influential members of his congregation. Even Dr. Clifford confines his invectives to foreign monarchs such as the Tsar and Abdul Hamid. The conduct of St. John is in painful contrast with that of his successors.

The main outlines of the story, as told in the Gospel of St. Judas, agree with those in the familiar narrative of St. Mark. On St. John taking it upon himself to reprove His Gracious Sovereign, the tolerant King contented Himself with imprisoning the seditious preacher in the first division. But Herodias was not so easily satisfied.

It is impossible not to sympathise with the beautiful and high-born Countess when she found herself publicly flouted by a man whose birth and education, as a member of the priestly caste, ought to have made him one of the firmest supporters of the throne. Lady Herodias, we learn from St. Judas, was a Lily Dame, as she is styled by St. Judas, Iscariot informs us that His Majesty even sent for the popular revivalist on one occasion, received him in the kindest manner in His palace in Jerusalem, and authorised him to announce that his services were held under Royal patronage. Again, when St. John formed the project of making a tour of Judaea, His Majesty graci-ously intimated His intention to subscribe for the purchase of a camel for the use of the preacher.

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* Knight Commander of the Herodian Order.

are reading a page of D'Annunzio or the "Daily Mail" feuilletonist. We see the dark-browed patrician Jewess, with all the voluptuous languor of her Syrian blood, weaving her subtle plan for extorting the King's consent to the execution of her traducer. A request from herself might provoke suspicion; the pledge must be given to her innocent child. And so Salome is selected in her stead, in her eagerness to be the half of his kingdom, she makes her tigerish demand with an eagerness worthy of her insulted mother.

The importance of the episode, of course, is in its influence on the ministry of our Lord. The disciples of St. John, we are told by all the evangelical writers, came and told Christ what had taken place. St. Judas Iscariot is the only one who describes his reception of the news. He was then engaged in the preparation of a liturgy for the use of his disciples, when standing in the synagogues and at the corners of the streets. He had already taught them the rather brief and jejune prayer preserved in the canonical Gospels, and had given directions for its repetition four times at mattins and three times at evensong, in imitation of the heathen liturgiologists. He now composed in addition a beautiful petition, preserved by St. Judas alone, on behalf of His Imperial Majesty Tiberius Cesar, His Imperial Highness Prince Caligula, His Gracious Majesty King Herod II., the Lady Herodias, and all the Royal Family. The exquisite Greek of this prayer should lead to its inclusion, with the necessary alterations, in any future revision of the Prayer Book.

A hardly less delightful composition on behalf of His Excellency Pontius Pilate, which St. Judas refers to elsewhere, is unfortunately missing from this Gospel. But a similar compliment to His Grace, Caiaphas, High Priest of Jerusalem, and Primate of All Judaea, will be found further on.

From this moment to the close of his earthly career Christ remained on excellent terms with his exalted Patron; and the Lady Chouza, wife of the Lord Steward of the Household, became one of the most influential members of his congregation. Even the evangelist least friendly to Herod II. has recorded that He presented to her one occasion with a gorgeous robe, a well-known form of compliment in eastern countries. He also graciously commanded him to work miracles in His presence.

It is to be hoped that the new light thrown by St. Judas on this able and beloved monarch, and His descent towards the second person of the trinity, will lead to a revision of the judgment of ecclesiastical historians on his character. Marat's famous pronouncement that the Gospel was the most republican book in the world would certainly never have been uttered if he had been acquainted with the previous record of Iscariot.

LUCIFER.

THE MAD MAROON.

The south wind sings a sultry tune
Around the hollow-humped sand-dune;
The bowing breakers cringe and croon
Before the dancing master.

His eyes are bright, and roam about;
His raiment is an old dish-clout:
He kicks the sand in reck and rout;
Then starts in chase with laugh and shout.

But O! he dreads the fall of night;
The stars rush out: he shrieks with fright;
He scurries up the crumbling height,
And digs and burrows out of sight.
Books and Persons.

(AN OCCASIONAL CAUSERIE)

We have now definitely got the first fruits of the Circulating Libraries Censorship upon novels. The libraries have, I believe, more or less banned one or two books not fiction, including particularly the "Memoirs of Harriette Wilson." I object to the banning of the "Memoirs of Harriette Wilson," because the thing is not indecent, and if it is vapid, tedious and immoral in tendency, it is not so much as many volumes which the libraries circulate and even push. Nevertheless, I do not feel deeply about Harriette Wilson, who is the incarnation of a type of irritation. I do not think that a censorship would be likely to sit down heavily upon, unless trade reasons pointed to another course. The pert Miss Wilson's Memoirs are not new, and they are not imaginative (at least, not confessedly imaginative), and though they might perhaps be necessary to the complete studies of anyone who was writing a social history of Harriette's time, I do not suppose that they were published to the noble end of facilitating historical knowledge; and, anyhow, the serious student could obtain an original edition. What alone interests me is the attitude of the censorship towards new and imaginative works.

The first two novels to be banned are "Black Sheep," by Stanley Portal Hyatt, and "The Uncounted Cost," by Mary Gaunt. Both volumes are published by Mr. Werner Laurie. My mean and paltry mind am always ready to think of the worst. I have satisfaction which one almost invariably discovers in the Libraries' Association was not out for his scalp. I instantly put the question whether Mr. Werner Laurie, the hero, Jimmy.  

I have read Mr. Hyatt's "Black Sheep." I read it solely with a view to finding offence in it. I do not care greatly for it. I object to bad grammar, and there are some glaring specimens of bad grammar in the book. However, it is easy to attach too much importance to grammar. What I seriously objected to was the tepid sentimentality of it, the kind of sentimentality which one almost invariably discovers in those hard, disillusioned, superficially cynical wanderers who have seen constellations that cannot be seen from Greenwich Observatory. The book itself is weak throughout. In brief, I regard it as a fair average production. Clearly in discussing it I must not mince words. The pert Miss Wilson's Memoirs are not new, and they are not imaginative (at least, not confessedly imaginative), and though they might perhaps be necessary to the complete studies of anyone who was writing a social history of Harriette's time, I do not suppose that they were published to the noble end of facilitating historical knowledge; and, anyhow, the serious student could obtain an original edition. What alone interests me is the attitude of the censorship towards new and imaginative works.

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and fifty. And the "Times" has refused absolutely even to advertise it. In the literary way this is the most misguided thing, among many misguided things, that the "Times" has done during the last two or three years. What a collection of advertisements of veiled indecency could be made from the "Times"! And Smiths will only give you "The Uncounted Cost" under protest and only after many delays, whereas on their bookstalls they will thrust upon your attention such chaste family reading as "Life in a Garrison Town." A censorship is bound to be ridiculous. And it is bound also to be ineffective. For example, Mudie's are buying and selling "The Uncounted Cost" quite freely—this shocking work which Smith's have shied at and which the "Times" will not permit to soil even its advertisement columns. I am happy to be able to announce that there is going to be a great row over the censorship.

JACOB TONSON

The Immortal Burns.

By Bart Kennedy.

[Speech delivered by Mr. Bart Kennedy at the annual celebration of Burns's birthday, Jan. 22, before the Edinburgh Burns Club.]

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen,—I was sitting one night in London feeling depressed and wondering why I had ever been foolish enough to forsake the art of navvyng for the more precarious art of literature. Things were not going my way. In fact, they rarely go the way of the man who writes—till after he has been well gone.

However, as I say, I was sitting feeling depressed, when I was handed a letter. I opened it, and found it contained an invitation to propose the toast of the immortal memory of Burns, the great poet of Scotland—and, I may add, the great poet of humanity. This man of transcendent genius, who worked with his hands!

To be done the honour of being asked to help to pay a tribute to his memory cheered me up. My depression vanished. I was gratified beyond measure. Here was night in London feeling depressed and wondering why mortal memory of Burns in a way that would make a chaste family reading as "Life in a Garrison Town." I am happy to be able to announce that there is going to be a great row over the censorship.

He sang of glorious, immortal, splendid, deathless love.

Louis, what reck I by thee,
Or Geordie on his ocean
Dyvour, beggar loons to me
I reign in Jeannie's bosom.

Let her crown my love her law,
And be a tramp in her bosom—
Kings and nations, swith awa!

Real randies, I disown ye!

And here may say in parenthesis that Burns might well—well even when not in a state of exaltation—speak of Louis and Geordie as real randies, as sturdy beggars. For these kings, when compared with him, were as nothing. They were hardly fit to tie the latches of his shoes. This poet was a king indeed. He was a king by the divine right of intellect.

Yes, he sang of love:—

The golden hours on angel wings,
Flew o'er me and my dearie.

For dear to me as light and life,
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

And again:

If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,
One cordial in this melancholy vale.
'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,
In other's arms breathe out the tender tale.
Beneath the milk-white thorns the seeds the evening gale.

Say what one will, it is love that really makes the world go round. And this great poet sang of it in all its phases. He had that fine wisdom that realises that, compared with it, all other joys are pale indeed. And I also realise that the kirk but too often puts a damper on the soul of man.

Burns preached the gospel of joy.

And again he preached the gospel of manliness. This son of the soil, this genius from the plough, was no truckler and bow down. He was every inch a fine, square-standing man.

A prince can make a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that,
But an honest man's boon o' his might,
Guid faith he munsa fa' that!

Then let us pray that it may be,
As come it will for a' that;
That Sense and Worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that:
For a' that, and a' that,
It's coming yet, for a' that;
That Man to Man, the world o'er
Shall brothers be for a' that.

Gentlemen, these noble lines—my friends are the time that is coming into the world when man will have intelligence enough to live in amity with his fellow-man. They prefigure the time when horrible and dreadful blood-carnivals will pass into the darkness whence they came. For it is not given that man shall be forever guilty of these dread blood-carnivals.

And may I say again that these noble lines of your great national poet also prefigure the time when the equally hideous strife that occurs here in the midst of our so-called peace when man tries to snatch the crust from his fellow-man. They prefigure the time when this strife, too, shall cease.

He preached brotherliness, camaraderie. He saw that man's only chance of salvation would come through a trying to understand and to be tolerant of his fellow. For it is not given that man shall be forever guilty of these dread blood-carnivals.

And may I say again that these noble lines of your great national poet also prefigure the time when the equally hideous strife that occurs here in the midst of our industrial system shall cease. I mean this strife in the midst of our so-called peace when man tries to snatch the crust from his fellow-man. Yes, these lines of the poet prefigure the time when this strife, too, shall cease.

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of France, comes from the sun. It enters into the earth and lives again in another form in the grain or in the vine. And we by our skill get it, and imprison it, and vivify ourselves with it. And, say what anyone may, it is given us in moderation.

Burns sang of the life of the people to whom he belonged, the common people. And let it not be forgotten that it is the common people who are the people. It is they who bear upon their shoulders the weight of the world. It is their labour that carries everything.

This great poet came from out the darkness and the obscurity of poverty. His genius shone as a great light springing from a humble place. As a beautiful flower coming from out a dark soil. He was the people, the clay of the people and children of his. It is a wonderful picture of the cotter going home on the Saturday night after his week's labour—one of the finest pictures in the world's literature. The tired cotter lays his tools aside and goes slowly home over the fields. And then comes the joy and happiness of meeting his family. The scene has changed from the darkness and the cold of the November night outside to the inside of his cottage, where shines the fire and where shine the welcome face and children. It is the real and beautiful and moving picture that the poet gives us.

And there is Tam o' Shanter, who sees ghosts as he is going home to his wife, who looks upon his doings with the cold eye of the critic. How many millions upon millions of men have seen these very ghosts? Burns has caught and imprisoned these in his immortal pages.

Yes, this great poet came from out the common people, from out the masses, who labour with the hands and toil now in the world and go to the grave and are forgotten. But there is a fact. And perhaps it is that the great artist can only be fully gauged when his work is done—when the work is gone. The comparison that must be instituted between his work and the work that the world accepted as great takes a long time. And so it is that the great individual artist must suffer. Not through the fault of the world, but because of the nature of the work in which he is engaged. Lesser artists, the copyists, so to speak, do far better from a worldly standpoint than the man who does the work that lives.

Yes, the world honours and fully appreciates Burns now; yes, well, is it so to say that he does not know of it? Who is to know of the things that happen to a man after the change comes upon him that we call Death? May not the entity, the very individuality of this great poet be still with us? Who is to know? Who is to tell?

He sang of the sacredness of old friendships:

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,

And never brought to mind?

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,

And old lang syne?

Old friends, gentlemen, are the best friends. And friendship between man and man is the finest of all friendships. You are in personal consonance with a man, and you like him far more than if he were of the one blood with yourself and you part with him. You go far away. Or he goes far away. And the long years pass. And you meet him. How strange are the feelings that the meeting evokes! At once sad and pleasurable and regretful. A new beautifully and tenderly has Burns pictured all this!

This poet was in direct touch with all nature. He had a feeling for and an understanding of a life-forming other than our own. He realised the linking that exists, however small it be, between all vital things:

I'm truly sorry man's domination

Has broken Nature's social union,

An' justifies that ill opinion,

Which makes the bee startle;

At me, thy poor, earth-born companion,

An' fellow mortal!

These lines show the all-reaching sympathy that came from this man. They might have been written by some nature-philosopher of the Far East.

This elemental man was in touch with all things; in touch with the life that is called inanimate as well as the life that is called animate. He sang of the strange beauty of the flower, of the wide-spreadings, fields, of the corn lying in its sheaves. And he sang of the hurdle and roast and press of the winds, of the moving sea, of the running of the water of the burn; of the warmth of summer he sang, and of the cold and the dew of winter, he sang. He expressed the whole of life in its absolute roundness. This great, strange seer who came from the plough, who was of the common people, this man, who though he was a seer, was at once human and lovable and kindly, who loved the good things of life, who loved work and song. This fine poet who transmuted what he saw into magical, immortal pictures.

And here let me say why he was so great. He was a seer and a philosopher who was a human being. Too often is the philosopher sour and crabbed and flinty. Too often does he feel superior to the rest of the world. Too often does he forget that after all he is of the same clay as his fellow-man. And while we may respect him for his profoundness we feel for him no love. It is impossible to love the man who sets himself up on the cold and icy throne of superiority.

Your great, national poet was too big to be superior. He was a man among his fellows. One who walked abroad in the midst and shared their life. One who was fine and great, and still who was of the people. A human, kindly, jovial man.

And that is why we love him. We respect and honour his genius, and we love him because he was so human.

This man from the ranks! This great poet of Scotland! I ask you to drink to him. Gentlemen, to the immortal memory of Burns!

Verse.

Mr. Laurence Binyon's new book, "England and other Poems," has been reviewed at great length by those weekly journals of standing (on account of their solidity) for which one pays threepence or sixpence, or reads in a club, or the local library, or not at all; and we will honour Mr. Binyon in the same way.

Almost every praise has been lavished on this book. What would appear to be stoicility to the unsophisti-cated person is "the poetic impulse well-disciplined by the conscious artist." What would seem platitude (as in "The Crusader," where Mr. Binyon addresses an effigy, and enquires after the state of its soul) is the "grave and individual mind concerning itself with the deeper things of life—love, fatherhood, duty, patriotism, in their more tranquil and solemn aspects"; what mere empty rhetoric is a "rich, clear sonority and a sustained elevation of phrase." At least, it is to be supposed that this is so, since none of the aforesaid journals mentions Mr. Binyon's platitudeus, or his stoilility, or his empty rhetoric. Yet in two pieces, at least, "England" and "Milton," both "patriotic," we get that stolid, platitudinous rhetoric which might for a moment hold our attention, and then leave us wondering what impression or what reality was the richer for—what message; and all through the book the stolidity, the platitude and the rhetoric are to be found, either together or separately.

It is safe to say that of the deeper things of life Mr. Binyon knows and feels little; the love, fatherhood, duty and patriotism of which he sings are the love, fatherhood, duty and patriotism of the comfortable, well-fed, and well-meaning middle-class, which means well to itself, in which feeds its body and mind on the fare it is accustomed to, and which looks in art for certain conventional elegancies, ecclecticised among the well-established, and will have no other. It is the class which supports the "Fortnightly Review," the "Corn-
the "Westminster Gazette," "Country Life," and "Temple Bar," to all of which Mr. Binyon contributed pieces reprinted in this volume.

We have to bring against Mr. Binyon the fundamental charge of class parochialism, and having said that we deny him the title of conscious artist, which his reviewers have bestowed on him in praise that might seem stretched if given to the greatest and the finest. In the work of an artist—all artists are conscious—we find a different atmosphere from that created by Mr. Binyon; the words do not stand in our way, they do nothing with their own; but rather like wings conveying us to strange lands of new intoxications, and emotions that do not suggest one set of modern society. We admit Mr. Binyon's carefulness; we admit the carefulness of the suburban for the flowers of his garden, and though he says nothing new, though you do not push back by so much farther, yet the old emotions wound (woond)—profound (rhyming). Poems, epigrams, and fragments; translations and adaptations, apparently well translated, from the "divine Sappho." A cheap little edition for those, without Greek who would know the reason of the raving about Sappho. Some of the fragments are comical in their brevity: "Crafty Medea." "Fragrant myrtyle:" A true divine. One may ask scholarship
Edward Carpenter's Play.*

Edward Carpenter is a poet who has never "got there." It is a long time since he was going "Towards Democracy," but if my readers imagine that he has at last reached "The Promised Land," even in five acts of blank verse, they are deceived by a title. I want to say two or three kind things about this "Drama of a People's Deliverance (In the Elizabethan Style)" to show that I am a critic, and not a mere sand-bagger of genius, and, as these compliments are choking me, I say them now to avoid discomfort. The play is written of blank verse; I confess without shame that the lullaby perfection of the rhythm sent me twice to sleep. This is a god-send in these days of plays that will neither let you sleep in comfort nor induce you to keep awake. Then this play contains a lyric that Shakespeare could not have written with his eyes shut.

Alack-a-day, alack-a-day! Love slipt out upon the way:
No one came,
No one missed it:
Ah, alas! alack-a-day!

For the benefit of those readers who, like one of the Georges (I forget his number), have no taste for hawking or boating, I point out the haunting beauty of the refrain: "Alack-a-day, alack-a-day." The lyric does not proceed with:

When Jesus washed my sins away,
as that would be anachronism. The last kind thing that I have to say is this: Moses has had his hair cut, and, as he speaks in the Elizabethan, and not the Biblical style, he is as meticulously careful of his measurement, and then would refuse to scan; and it says much for the chastity of Edward Carpenter's style that Moses does not use them. Any young lady belonging to any Ethical Society or Sunday school may read "The Promised Land" without a blush; it would be as innocuous as "Eager Heart," but that it has a love affair. I hasten to assure my readers that it is quite harmless, and is undiscoverable except to the practised critic.

Just as Edward Carpenter journeyed "Towards Democracy," and never got there, so he now journeys towards the "Promised Land," only to see the curtain lowered as Joshua gives the command: "Forward, evermore!" A captain tells us that the-

land o'erbrims
With rich confusion. Corn there is, and oil,
Honey and figs and melons, kid-flesh, fish,
Cucumbers, quinces, cattle unnumbered, sheep
[which should surely be innumerable]
And every bird on earth—that is not quail.

As the captain says nothing about women, I conclude that this is Heaven, or that the captain is a member of the Salvation Army. I suggest, though, that this trait is neither Elizabethan nor Biblical. An Israelite in the company indulges in a panegyric of wine that would shame Anacreon, and all to astonish an innocent youth who has never tasted it.

Cold is its kiss
Upon the lips, but in the heart 'tis fire.
Sweeter than old malice; sharp and sweet:
And yet not neither.

* * The Promised Land." By Edward Carpenter. (Swan Sonnenschein. 2s. 6d. net.)
is an Elizabethan hero, he is falsely accused of sexual desire, and puts his wife away to preserve his reputation. I am tired of this realistic interpretation, and will just say a few words about the dramatic value of this play before I finish.

The essential condition of a good drama is that all the action necessary to a clear understanding of the character, and of the situation on the stage. This is all the more necessary when the play is an attempt to explain the greatness of more or less mythical people. If there were no Lord God of Israel able to work miracles and to inspire his children with wonderful courage and their enemies with abject fear, we should find the explanation in the commanding power of a great personality, and we demand to see it at work. To explain the split in the ranks of the god-worshippers, and the slaughter of the recalcitrant, this speech is not enough:—

Come forth, come forth, them—all that hold with me; And most, ye sons of Levi, oh, come forth! To-day must bring an end to all this trifling; And those who will not forward to the Land Of Promise and of Freedom under Heaven, Let them not back to Egypt, but lie here For ever, for a warning. For they shall see The Lord God, God of Israel: If need be Take every man his sword, and go from gate To gate throughout the camp; slay, every man His brother, his companion, and his neighbour. (Renewed uproar, fighting, and curtain.)

This would not inspire the most truculent man to go bug-hunting, but we are asked to believe that it inspired thousands of their brothers. One can understand the English fighting like demons at Harfleur after Henry V.'s magnificent speech; even I, who am the most law-abiding of citizens, have wanted to slay the reciter; but this speech only arouses a musty nervous frenzy against Moses. Then when Aaron and Miriam accuse Moses in the tabernacle of lustfulness, the audience is only informed of it by hearsay. The scene surely afforded opportunities for dramatic treatment, and we want to know how Moses managed to abash his brother and sister. It is nonsense to make two Israelites talk about it indifferently in the next scene, which is constructed only for the purpose, and it is the weakest anti-climax to close such a scene with the remark:

These deeds are stuff For politicians, not for men like us.

Just imagine "King Lear" constructed like this. Two nobodies come on the stage and tell us how their army, which was drawn to the land of Canaan and Gomorri, and how his violent temper nearly choked him, concluding with Dr. Delaney's tag: "Thank Heaven, it's no business of mine." When the action does take place upon the stage, it is not a duly prepared meeting, with an occasional Protestant riot. Joshua is the man who does and inspires all the fighting, but it is as difficult to understand his success in this play as it is in the Bible. More so, for the ever-present power of an omnipotent God is there to explain it, but here Joshua is only an uninspired rowdy without a word beyond:—

Unsheath your swords, ye men of Israel! Slay, slay, and slay these traitors from your sight! Not even the threefold "slay" and the exclamation mark quite explain his success, for once again "thousands are slain".

The love-making is too funny for words. Take this sample:—

JOSHUA: You speak, fair maiden, in strange metaphors, Enigmas dark; will you not grant some word Of clearer favour? ZILLAH (vexed with herself): 'Tis my foolishness to have too long sword; Joshua (bit sarcastic): And yet that were in you Straight against nature and all former use. ZILLAH: Oh, I have had my speech, and lost it too; And yet again, doubtless, ye are double. Gibb phrasing for a thousand follies. Joshua (aside): Nay, what an imperious, proudest girl it is! "The Lord God, God of Israel, is there to explain it," and that's how it happened down in old Judee.

ALFRED E. RANDALL

REVIEWS.

The Dauphines of France. By Frank Hamel. (Stanley Paul, 10s.)

To judge by the subject of this volume of historical biography, it would seem as though the vein of French history which has been so industriously wrought in English writing, and is fast diminishing, is to be again gauged by the volume of the Dauphin's birth, baptism, household, and all the little-tattle of etiquette and precedence, with which the book opens. The material provided by the Dauphine is not much better. As a rule, the latter is young, a foreigner, of uncertain ability, completely overshadowed by prominent persons, and chiefly of interest for her capacity to bring heirs to the throne. It is as regent or queen that she has an opportunity to assert herself and to become an important personage in France and in history. In short, except in one respect, the Dauphine is a very colourless subject to treat. Her one interesting side is that, as a rule, she is a tool, one of the most effective weapons in the hands of ambitious statesmen, in her for the purpose of advancing political careers in which finesse, lying, and assassination play no inconsiderable part. This side of her fourteen heroines Mr. Hamel has, however, been careful to neglect, so that while we learn a great deal of the marriages, betrothals, marriages, and so forth, we hear practically nothing of their real political significance. We hear practically nothing of the political motives of Pope Clement VII. Three of the Dauphines were working for the advancement of Catherine de Medicis; neither are we shown Mary Stuart in the hands of her uncles, the Duke of Guise and the Cardinal of Lorraine, as a remarkable figure in a great religious revival; nor do we see Marie Antoinette as the instrument of the political ambitions of the Austrian Court. Even as an aperçu of the various courts of which the Dauphines were members, the book is unsatisfactory. For instance, it provides no picture of the Court of Catherine de Medicis, which rivalled Rome at its worst, and in which Mary Stuart was reared. And it is full of facts that need revising. Penelope, not the other characters, should be quoted as the instructor of the son of Louis XIV. The book is history in storyology. The author's language is 'high falutin', and some of the portraits are rather good.

Peacock's Memoirs of Shelley, with Shelley's Letters to Peacock. Edited by H. F. B. Brett-Smith. (Frowde. 2s. 6d. net.)

A very charming edition of Peacock's reminiscences, which will be read with interest. It is a pity that the letters have been included, since they have been quite recently republished in the complete collection of the Shelley letters. These letters are of biographical interest, but Shelley was no letter-writer. Mr. Brett-Smith's introduction is just the kind of introduction you might have expected. Shelley's biography is "an unsavoury and debatable tract"; Matthew Arnold's "Essay" is a classic. Perhaps it is no; one would ever now think of reading it. The binding and general get-up of this book are excellent.

A Bibliography of Unemployment and the Unemployed. Prepared by F. Isabel Taylor. (King. 8s. 6d.)

The value of this book—an offspring of the School of Economics—may be gathered from the following extract from the preface by Sidney Webb: "The list here presented to the student, of nearly eight hundred books, reports, pamphlets, and articles relating to the problem of unemployment, is, of course, compiled in form and content, from being a proper bibliography of the subject. It is, in fact, no more than a summary guide to the principal publications of the United Kingdom, and to some of those of France, Germany, Italy, and the United States for the recent quarter of a century." From this it will be seen it is essentially a book for the reference library.
Drama.

"Dame Nature" at the Garrick.

"Dame Nature" is certainly much better than its title. I must confess to a prejudice against "adaptations" and anglicisations in general. They seldom amount to more than hasty attempts to propitiate the Censor. "Beethoven" and "False Gods," two of the more recent versions of French plays, were exceptions to this rule, but neither was very coherent or convincing. On the other hand, it is a little staggering to think that "Dame Nature" provides its English sensorium with a play that is at least no worse than that, if not of "Waste" or "The Breaking Point." I can hardly imagine that it would have been licensed as a simple translation from the French, but because it is in the least an immoral play, but because its treatment of sex relations is immeasurably freer than that, says "Dame Nature," in spite of its enormous cast, is simple and direct.

The theme of "Dame Nature," in spite of its enormous cast, is simple and direct. A painter has been living with his model Lolette. Sometimes they have to make a life together, and within a few months the painter is making love to her. After all, modern society is becoming more cosmopolitan. Ideas are an international possession, and when a Frenchman writes a play about French people it is of no use pretending that they are English. The "average Frenchman" and the "average Englishman" (if such people exist) may be very much alike, but there is an elusive Gallic spirit, very different from the English spirit, and harder for English people to understand than, say, the Teutonic spirit.

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There is no question of morality for her. Her mission is to teach English people to understand that there are too many fig-leaves. We can do without them, or, if necessary, manufacture them here in large quantities. But "Dame Nature" raises the whole question of anglicisation more acutely. It is an interesting play, but it leaves one with a feeling of distortion known as "adaptation," and the labelling of essentially Gallic characters with English names, it has evidently been managed to pull through. Most subtly British of all is "Dame Nature" as a polite paraphrase of the original title "La Femme Nue." Mr. Redford's heart must have been touched.

English versions of machine-made plays such as "Dame Nature" are hardly worth noticing. We can do very well without them, or, if necessary, manufacture them here in large quantities. But "Dame Nature" raises the whole question of anglicisation more acutely. It is an interesting play, but it leaves one with a feeling of distortion known as "adaptation," and the labelling of essentially Gallic characters with English names, it has evidently been managed to pull through. Most subtly British of all is "Dame Nature" as a polite paraphrase of the original title "La Femme Nue." Mr. Redford's heart must have been touched.

The Thieves and False Gods," in spite of its enormous cast, is simple and direct. A painter has been living with his model Lolette. Sometimes they have to make a life together, and within a few months the painter is making love to her. After all, modern society is becoming more cosmopolitan. Ideas are an international possession, and when a Frenchman writes a play about French people it is of no use pretending that they are English. The "average Frenchman" and the "average Englishman" (if such people exist) may be very much alike, but there is an elusive Gallic spirit, very different from the English spirit, and harder for English people to understand than, say, the Teutonic spirit.

There is no question of morality for her. Her mission is to teach English people to understand that there are too many fig-leaves. We can do without them, or, if necessary, manufacture them here in large quantities. But "Dame Nature" raises the whole question of anglicisation more acutely. It is an interesting play, but it leaves one with a feeling of distortion known as "adaptation," and the labelling of essentially Gallic characters with English names, it has evidently been managed to pull through. Most subtly British of all is "Dame Nature" as a polite paraphrase of the original title "La Femme Nue." Mr. Redford's heart must have been touched.

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Of course, it is not unusual for painters of genius or talent to die in poverty. The cause of their doing so is sometimes within and sometimes without them. It is just as often the case that the majority of the old masters and their imitations and forgeries, are in another. The fact was painfully brought home to me as I inspected the exhibits of the Camsix Club at the Goupil Gallery. Generally speaking, these pictures just escaped being interesting and a bad picture, and believing that all the pictures painted by modern men are the opposite. We adore old mediocrities because we are told to do so, and whereas the old men painted by modern men are the opposite. He is the barm that makes this particular kind of painting is to know how to bring the sky and a bad picture. The Socialist movement has neglected this in its disciplinary stage. The Socialist body had to be made first before the breath of life was breathed into it. But now the socialist revolution waits to come out at the expense of the soul of man. And the result is a surfeit of pictures as bad on one side as the old masters and art critics. The Socialist movement and the desire for a wider expression, the Socialist movement has neglected this in its disciplinary stage. The Socialist body had to be made first before the breath of life could be breathed into it. But now the socialist revolution waits to come out at the expense of the soul of man. It is this living soul of the Socialist movement that THE New Age is invocating and provoking. That is why I read it and get my friends to read it.

MR. JOSEPH FELLS.

I do not agree with everything that appears in THE New Age, but in days when the general Press has sunk to the nadir of pecuniary and political corruption, it is peculiarly necessary that the Socialist movement and the desire for a wider expression, the Socialist movement and the desire for a wider expression, the Socialist movement has neglected this in its disciplinary stage. The Socialist body had to be made first before the breath of life could be breathed into it. But now the socialist revolution waits to come out at the expense of the soul of man. It is this living soul of the Socialist movement that THE New Age is invocating and provoking. That is why I read it and get my friends to read it.

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MR. ISRAEL ZANGWILL.

Since you ask an opinion of THE New Age, though I did not very often see it before its rise in price, I have decidedly an impression of improvement. I think the introduction of cartoons an excellent idea, and welcome these as so very markedly in advance on the conventional ones. In the writing, I esteem the frankness and outspokenness, often, too, the insight, though I think, of course, that the bitterness need not be so unrelieved as it is apt to be in most numbers. In the economic question, which invested them, or with which they invested the spiritual nature it didn’t like “Ann Veronica,” but I forgive it and wish it well.

MR. G. D. H. HERRON.

I regard THE New Age as fulfilling its name. It is the best—in fact, it is the only—open door of expression into which the Socialist poet may freely enter, and be sure of sympathetic and sufficient readers. We have, in all nations, able socialists and journalists, devoted to the discussion of economics and}"
going to win this battle. Was any militant woman ever trying to reason upon a thing. It is the spiritual and moral force," etc. It was the conclusion. She declares on this subject were to lay aside, as far as may be, the know of instances in which the mere uttering of a few words that to be urged to commit violence is a sort of torture contemplating the mental and spiritual unbalacement of a woman." That is fairly conclusive. It is partly from cherished traditions much longer to withstand the fiery blast of down the wind. It is absolutely impossible for a great many younger generation so admirably presented in THE NEW AGE is unique in its line. The edited Socialist journal with which ship and culture in my own country were not either asleep, or am attracted by its fearless exposition of opinions held by sides a clerical who has hardly gone further than Cobbett. But every week I look forward to the vigorously expressed views of a political rivals can boast of as the most literary criticism of can be found in its pages.

I heartily wish you the success you so richly deserve.

A. E. FLETCHER.

THE NEW AGE

THE EDITOR

D. Triformis completely mis-

THE EDITOR

MR. EDEN PHILLPOTTS.

THE NEW AGE is more acutely alive than any other journal that

a technical assault, and this not merely because

I am not disposed to argue against Mrs. Jacobs that the "slap" was a technical assault, and this not merely because

COOPERATION.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Correspondents are requested to be brief.

Many letters weekly are omitted on account of their length.

THE FAILURE OF MILITANCY.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

The New Age is its courage, and its dis-

The New Age is not that of the W.S.P.U. That this is not

I am not disposed to argue against Mrs. Jacobs that the

lawyer's clerks. When "Votes for Women

The God of Wine with that of the Tyrant of Syracuse, and

I wish you the success you so richly deserve.

A. CUlTON-Brooc.

THE NEW AGE

MR. UPTON SINCLAIR.

Please to accept my congratulations upon your editorial on the

NEW AGE.

MR. ROBERT Ross.

THE NEW AGE.

I am not disposed to argue against Mrs. Jacobs that the

MR. W. S. P. E. ROSS.

W. S. P. U. I have not seen this statement of theirs)—the

I am not disposed to argue against Mrs. Jacobs that the

THE NEW AGE.

I am not disposed to argue against Mrs. Jacobs that the

This is as high a laudation as I can give to a paper. What chiefly attracts me in THE NEW AGE is its courage, and its dis-

I am not disposed to argue against Mrs. Jacobs that the

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THE NEW AGE
February 3, 1910

"GOVERNMENT BY POSTER."

To THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

I read with great interest Mr. Dyce's article, "Government by Poster," in your last week's issue. As, however, there is one point upon which he is silent, and which I am sure of importance to the public, I shall be glad if you will allow me to add it to it in your paper.

Who is responsible for the wasteful muddle and want of any sane coherent plan in bill-posting? It is especially desirable that when the people should be given every aid to a clear understanding of the interests at stake. A bad instance of this mismanagement was to be seen recently in one of the streets between Great Port-of-Spain and Wimpole Streets. There is a large expanse of hoarding in an excellent position, covered entirely with the bills and posters of the Radical and Labour Party. A good instance for Mr. Dyce's vote was forthcoming from them, and several copies of Mr. Moon's election address. The value of this station is greatly discounted by the printed matter being instead of trodden or gravelled earth it is paved with the two rough grey stone of the island, and it is a picture which soothes the nerves of your eyes as you look along it. Of the two places where, after no great interval of time, the road has been mended, the stones in one place have been cut and placed in harmony with the original scheme. In the other place the road has been—mended. I was told that the one piece of work would wear as well as the other—"which take the liberty to doubt—and what more should anyone want?"

But the posting of bills and poster stands is another matter—what the public is not, skill in stone-breaking and stone-laying. If anyone doubts it let him look at the two pieces of road-mending in the long military way which divides the two parishes of St. Peter Port, Guernsey. It is only a narrow lane winding through flat country, but instead of trodden or gravelled earth it is paved with the two rough grey stone of the island, and it is a picture which soothes the nerves of your eyes as you look along it. Of the two places where, after no great interval of time, the road has been mended, the stones in one place have been cut and placed in harmony with the original scheme. In the other place the road has been—mended. I was told that the one piece of work would wear as well as the other—"which take the liberty to doubt—and what more should anyone want?"

The struggle would be hopeless if that were the conclusion of the whole matter; fortunately it is not. No intelligence, however patient, can get the better of stupidity while it remains itself. Converted or defeated, it is no longer stupidity. You can only deal with it by annihilating and supplanting.

Whose stupidity is to be annihilated before our hoardings become intelligible and intelligent? My own knowledge of bill-posting is only in the theatrical way. We suffer there much after the same sort. When the Veddene-Barker Co. were at the Coronet my eyes were arrested—and held—by the following on a station near King's Cross:

After the usual insipidity as to dates and so forth—

BERNARD SHAW.

THE POLITICAL CRISIS.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

It is surely a mistake to disparage so extravagantly as you do in your greatness the Liberal (and Labour) victory at the election. You speak of Mr. Asquith's "enormously decreased majority"; but what Liberal ever supposed that such an extraordinary sweep as that of 1906 could be repeated. It is very unusual for any Government to come back at all after four years of office; and this time last year the Liberals would undoubtedly have been defeated. It has been made by the Budget (which is the social reform programme which it symbolises) together with the Lords issue that has rallied the country to them. And their majority is really a large one; at the time of writing, it seems likely to be about 150, which is not very far short of the kahki majority of 1906, when the Tories were considered to have swept the country. If the result had been exactly the same in 1906 it would have been regarded on all hands as a great Liberal victory; and there would have been very few who would suppose at the time it was so well. I cannot conceive what interest any Socialist can have in trying to make out that the Government has suffered even a partial defeat. With all their faults it would be at any rate fighting our battle against the Peers; our wisdom would surely be to back them up for all we are worth, and to demand the honest and manly contest.

On this particular issue at least the entire majority is absolutely solid. It is idle to enquire on what issue or issues the election was fought. No election can ever be confined to one issue. At any rate, the Lords v. People issue was placed before the country as plainly as any other; it was the issue on which the Government elected to stand or fall, and they have secured what is really a large majority whose views on this point are not in the smallest degree doubtful. There is not the smallest reason why they should now feel the slightest nervousness or hesitation. A revolution can only be effected by boldness and determination (and the abolition of the absolute veto of the Lords is a revolution in a small way); since when has THE NEW AGE made it its business to preach nervousness and funk to revolutionaries? If Mr. Asquith continues in office without the guarantees or fails to apply all the pressure in his power in order to obtain them, he will be guilty of such a monstrous betrayal as will utterly extinguish both himself and the Liberal Party.

N. E. EGERTON SWANN.

EUGENICS!!

To THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Surely a more important step to work for would be the subsidising of every mother who could show proof—in existing families—that she could bring forth, and bring up well, fine children sure to be a credit to the State. The issue of the unfitness of women for the ballot has far short of any Socialist can have to do with the question of the rights of women. It is a fact that the issue of the unfitness of women for the ballot has far short of any Socialist can have to do with the question of the rights of women.

FREDERICK K. EVANS.

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