THE CAMEL AND THE NEEDLE'S EYE.
NOTES OF THE WEEK.

We have not the least desire that it should prove otherwise. Home Rule and the Right to Work Bill are measures which so far as they represent things and not names have our cordial support. But there is no use in disguising the fact that if they were passed in consequence of an electoral and party trick they would be passed without the general consent of the nation. And this, as we say, would be fatal to their success in practice. Why is it that so many Acts of Parliament have proved a dead letter? In many cases they have all said the same thing, and have all been wrong. And it is certain that the occasion demands a compromise, the "Nation" and the "Star" in particular are loud in their repudiation. Having received judgment at the bar of public opinion, they will deserve the fate awaiting a Ministry intent on usurping an authority which the best sense of the country denies to it. We repeat that the mandate revealed by the election is a mandate for compromise. As plainly as figures can prove it, the country has declared for a programme of legislation acceptable on the whole to both parties. All that the slightly dominant party can do to oblige its trust and utilise its power of initiating legislation to force legislation down the throats of the slightly inferior party, such a reaction will be produced in the country as will sweep the Liberals into oblivion at the next General Election.

What precisely should be the policy of Mr. Asquith's Government in the opening Session of the new Parliament? It is a difficult question, yet the following notes, we think, afford a complete answer. The keynote of the new Liberal Government should be Legislation by Consent; and this would provide in our opinion an amount of useful legislation such as would ensure the party the respect as well as the gratitude of the whole country. In the first place, let us admit that the problem of the Lords must be allowed to stand in temporary abeyance. It is clear that the Lords must be reformed in one way or another; and it is clear that there is a universal feeling that this must be done sooner or later. What is not clear is the method by which the reform is to be carried out. All parties without exception are agreed that the problem must be faced; all parties without exception are in the dark as to the solution. We do not want a mushroom constitution, a constitution one of whose parts has been transformed hastily, passionately, and without consideration. On the contrary, the work must be done thoroughly and slowly if it is to be done at all. Whatever else may be uncertain, it is certain that the opening each party is perpetually engaged in legislating contrary to or aside from the general good. Thus we see the Liberal Party quite prepared to force upon an unwilling, or at least a not consenting, country measures like Home Rule, Welsh Disestablishment, Teetotalism, and Nonconformist Education. The Unionists, on the other hand, go right on the subject of tariff reform, which plainly has the consent of more than half the country; while the Irish and Labour parties are similarly bent on working democratic mischief. It happens, however, that in the present time all these partisan defects become clearly visible; and there are voices from several sides urging all parties to drop for a while their partisanship and to co-operate for the general welfare.

It is to be hoped that Mr. Asquith will take a broader view of the situation than is taken by his Liberal organs. They have, as Mr. Asquith knows to his cost, been consistently wrong in their advice to his party from the very day on which the Lords took their novel step. The "Nation" and the "Daily News," the "Star" and the "Daily Chronicle" have all said the same thing, and have all been wrong. And it is certain that they are wrong still. Replying to the suggestion that the occasion demands a compromise, the "Nation" and the "Star" in particular are loud in their repudiation. Having received judgment in the bar of public opinion, they will deserve the fate awaiting a Ministry intent on usurping an authority which the best sense of the country denies to it. We repeat that the mandate revealed by the election is a mandate for compromise. As plainly as figures can prove it, the country has declared for a programme of legislation acceptable on the whole to both parties. All that the slightly dominant party can do to oblige its trust and utilise its power of initiating legislation to force legislation down the throats of the slightly inferior party, such a reaction will be produced in the country as will sweep the Liberals into oblivion at the next General Election. * * *
weeks of a new Government and of a comparatively weak Government are not the occasion for a profound change in the nature of the constitution. The occasion will come later.

On the other hand, there is no reason why the re-affirmation of the sole competence of the Commons in the matter of finance should not be accepted by both parties as obligatory. The election has not given the Commons a mandate for an immediate abolition of the House of Lords. And, as a result of the election, we therefore require the Commons to restore the status quo in the matter of Supply. The Unionists would be well advised in permitting this resolution to be carried, and the Lords would be wise to abide by it without abating from opposing it. More drastic innovations will need to be made in the Lords before our constitution has been adapted to the new conditions; and the loss of what has been for three hundred years a merely nominal right would neither be fatal to the Lords nor detrimental to the future of that body. On the whole, the first business of the new Government should be to reintroduce the Budget with a prefatory note to the effect that henceforward the Budget must be allowed to pass without either amendment or rejection.

Should this difficulty once be surmounted by the good-will and commonsense of the Unionists co-operating with the Liberals there would be no need that hostages should be given to the Welsh or the Irish or the Labour Party or to the Nonconformists. Any of the measures associated with either of these parties must be regarded as out of the question during the early days of the present Parliament. As a matter of plain fact, not one of the four chief Bills of these four groups is calculated to be of the smallest economic value to a single soul. Welsh Disestablishment has only a remote concern with anything of general interest; Home Rule in its partisan form is unintelligible in Ireland as well as in England; the Right to Work Bill is the affirmation of a principle which in practice is already being put into operation in Labour Exchanges, Unemployment Insurance, Old Age Pensions, and other such measures. As for education, the country needs a long rest from political strife and a period of reform, chiefly from within, in the matter of education itself; for another administrative change is for the present unnecessary. Thus there is nothing vital to the nation in the demands of any of the four groups which profess to hold the Liberal Government in the hollow of their hands. And it will be as foolish as it is unnecessary to put the Government to the test of relying on these groups when the alternative is so unmistakably simple and beneficial.

We assume, then, that the first measure to be brought in by the new Government is the Budget, with its preambulatory affirmation of the right of the Commons to control Finance; and we assume, further, that the Bill and its preamble are carried in the Commons by the consent of both parties. Its fate in the Lords will remain outstanding the larger problem of the future of that body. On the whole, the first business of the new Government should be to reintroduce the Budget with a prefatory note to the effect that henceforward the Budget must be allowed to pass without either amendment or rejection. It is agreed, for example, that what is called Social legislation is equally the desire of both parties. The most far-seeing Tariff Reformers, such as the "Morning Post," have indeed from the outset sought to associate Tariff Reform with Social Reform. In the "Observer" and the "National Review," Mr. Garvin and Mr. Maxse, as extreme Tariff Reformers as the world knows, are never tired of expatiating on the need for Social Reform. We are fortunately not under the partisan necessity of regarding these writers as liars or as traitors or as, in fact, anything but sincere if muddleheaded politicians. We take it that in face of their demands it would not be difficult to secure their support for measures of Social Reform that had not been tarred and feathered by the importation of non-essential matters. Is it impossible that a programme of Social Reform should be devised by the Government such as to ensure the support of both parties? Assuredly not; and we proceed to enumerate a few items on which by profession both parties are agreed. There is the proposed Unemployment Insurance Bill to be brought in by the Minister of the Board of Trade. Who has heard a single word against the principle of this Bill? Yet in effect it is a recognition of the first principle of the Labour Party, a kind of Poor Law Bill. The provision by the State of machinery and money for the purpose of insuring workmen against spells of unemployment is in itself public acceptance of public responsibility in the matter. Though both parties reject the letter of the Labour Party's demands, both parties accept the intention; and the Bill to be introduced by the President of the Board of Trade may safely be prophesied an early passage through the Lords as well as through the Commons.

Then there is the question of the removal of the pauper disqualification from the Old Age Pensions Act. On this subject, again, all parties are agreed. Not Mr. Balfour only but Lord Lansdowne and most of the Unionist leaders have, as the Buddhists say, "made merit" by unqualified pledges to this effect. It would be a crying shame if some idiot piece of Liberal pedantry were to delay for another decade a beneficent amendment of the best Act ever passed by any Government in this country. For we regard the Old Age Pensions Act, and that Act alone, as the real provision for the maintenance of the aged, and the rest of the constitutional tinkering to the Unionists has committed themselves no less explicitly than the Liberals.

But Unemployment Insurance and Old Age Pensions are only the outworks of a still larger problem on the main means of solution of which both parties are likewise agreed. Everybody admits the necessity of regarding the consent of the minorities as essential matters. It is impossible that a programme of Social Reform should be devised by the Government such as to ensure the support of both parties? Assuredly not; and we proceed to enumerate a few items on which by profession both parties are agreed. There is the proposed Unemployment Insurance Bill to be brought in by the Minister of the Board of Trade. Who has heard a single word against the principle of this Bill? Yet in effect it is a recognition of the first principle of the Labour Party, a kind of Poor Law Bill. The provision by the State of machinery and money for the purpose of insuring workmen against spells of unemployment is in itself public acceptance of public responsibility in the matter. Though both parties reject the letter of the Labour Party's demands, both parties accept the intention; and the Bill to be introduced by the President of the Board of Trade may safely be prophesied an early passage through the Lords as well as through the Commons.

We assume, then, that the first measure to be brought in by the new Government is the Budget, with its preambulatory affirmation of the right of the Commons to control Finance; and we assume, further, that the Bill and its preamble are carried in the Commons by the consent of both parties. Its fate in the Lords after that will be no uncertain. With the King, the country, and the best elements of both parties behind it, the Lords will pass it without further demur. There will remain outstanding the labor problem of the Lords' veto on general legislation; and this, as we say, need not be discussed at this moment. After all, why on earth does a Liberal Government insist upon introducing Bills which it knows the Lords will throw out? If the national integrity of the Bill performs such a character, the party would be justified, no doubt. But except from a narrow view the vast majority of the Liberal Bills thrown out by the Lords have been concerned with pedantic and wire-drawn legislation of concrete utility to nobody. There is not the least reason why Bills of a sound and practical character should not be introduced and passed by the Lords. And as a matter of fact if Unionist promises count for anything at all, the way is clear for the Government to follow up its Budget with a series of measures to which the Unionists have committed themselves no less explicitly than the Liberals.
members of the Committee for the Break-up of the Poor Law are to be found politicians of every shade of party. Several members of the new Cabinet are in entire sympathy with the main proposals; so, too, are several members of the last and new Unionist Cabinet.

No reason whatever exists for making the reconstruction of the Poor Law a party question in more than a technical sense. In essence both sides are in unison on the subject; and a Government that means business, and not mere Radical bounce, will ensure that the whole question is discussed and settled with as little delay as possible.

* * *

All these measures that we have named as in the main non-contentious have the additional merit of being sound social reform. And it is social reform that we need before anything else. But they will have to be paid for with money, and the money must be raised by a Budget. Here we come to what appears to be an insuperable obstacle to any legislation by agreement among the parties. But is it really so? Mr. Balfour, it may be remembered, speaking for his party, declared that of the new taxes proposed by the recent Budget, graduated income-tax, or even to some form of a land tax. Lord Hugh Cecil, whose intellectual influence is in some ways as great as Mr. Balfour's, went even further, and declared that the fault of the Budget was that rich men were not taxed enough. Are we honestly to suppose that the wealthy people of England are too mean to pay in proportion to their possessions? Would they fail to recognise the justice of the rich paying more than the poor if the matter were put to them fairly and without the suspicion of malice, revenge, or pedantry?

We do not believe it. We believe, on the contrary, that it would be possible to devise a Budget, and to carry it by practically universal consent, which, nevertheless, would be fair and equitable. Several methods of increasing the revenue were suggested during the debate on the last Budget. The fatal defects of Mr. Lloyd George's Budget were not the super-tax, a Socialist proposal, nor the graduation and differentiation of the income-tax, another Socialist proposal; nor even the land taxes, ill-deserved as they were. Its fatal defects were, first, its attack on Puritanic grounds on the poor man's beer; secondly, the additional tax it levied on the poor man's tobacco; thirdly, its maintenance of the taxes on tea, dried fruits, coffee, and the rest of the breakfast-table articles; and, fourthly, the more than reasonable suspicion of its malignancy in regard to landed property. Add to these the comparative favouritism with which it treated all other forms of property than land and licences, and its unpopularity is amply accounted for.

* * *

Now, there is not the least reason why the next Budget should contain any of these defects. If Mr. Lloyd George remains Chancellor, and can profit by experience and by the advice of his political opponents, he will be able to introduce a Budget this year every clause of which will in advance have been guaranteed a passage through both Houses of Parliament. The substitution of a steeply graduated income-tax for the cumbersome, onerous, and invidious land taxes will be all to the good. More immediately profitable, it will be also more immediately popular. Further, it is financially an unassailable method of taxation. The substitution of a few taxes for the cumbersome, onerous, and invidious land taxes will be all to the good. More immediately profitable, it will be also more immediately popular. Further, it is financially an unassailable method of taxation.
Sir Herbert Risley, an Indian bureaucrat whose special hatred of freedom has surprised even Anglo-Indian officials, was in his happiest mood when introducing the Indian Criminal Law Amendment Act of 1906. Sir Herbert Risley and his co-bureaucrats have deprived the Indian of personal freedom, of liberty of thought and freedom of speech. Public speaking in India involving any criticism of the Government is rendered illegal. Though the defendants have been defeated, this motion was a mistake in tactics, as the Vice-President, Herr von Oldenburg, a respected Conservative member, had allowed Herr von Oldenburg's statement to pass unchallenged. Herr von Oldenburg's statement was a threat, a rebuke of the Social-Democratic member for his interruptions. Herr Ledeboer moved a resolution of censure on the Vice-President, which was defeated. This motion was a mistake in tactics, as the Vice-President's statement was regarded as an indication of the lengths to which the German ruling oligarchy might be prepared to go in face of the menace of social democracy.

The objection to this kind of legislation is twofold. It is tyrannical. It is useless and pernicious. Tyranny only accentuates unrest and discontent. An examination of Sir Herbert Risley's figures will prove the soundness of this contention. He stated that in the years preceding 1907 16 Press prosecutions had been instituted. Repressive measures against liberty have been actively pursued from 1906 up till now. Sir Herbert stated that there had been 47 prosecutions since 1907, when the policy of deporting men without trial began. The effect of legislation such as this Press Bill is to drive all reformers into the secret agitation of the anarchists. The Government should not only suppress freedom of the press, but should subsidise native journalism, unless the Liberal Government had the security for good behaviour varying between 500 and 5,000 rupees. In order to keep out English criticism the Customs and postal officials have been empowered to detain and examine suspected matter.

Two recent instances of the tyranny now rampant in India will show how the Indian people are being provoked. The following telegram is quoted from the "Times" of January 31: "A Madrassi youth, who was arrested yesterday in the French steamer 'Sydney,' having in his possession a Browning pistol, formula for making bombs, and seditious pamphlets, was sentenced, after a long hearing in camera to-day, to two and a half years' imprisonment for importing arms. Such a sentence must incite the Madrassi's relatives to join the advocates of terrorism. The whole incident was an abominable misuse of the powers conferred by the Indian Criminal Law Amendment Act of 1906. The other case is even more astonishing. An inquest is proceeding in Madras against Lal Chand Fallak on the charge of having published the translation of a pamphlet called "British Rule in India." This pamphlet was the reprint of an article contributed by Mr. W. J. Bryan to the "New York Sun," and has been in circulation for four years. The Indian people are floundering in the morass of sedition and repression. Lord Morley failed to hold the bureaucracy in check at the critical moment. Philosopher Risley is not the man for a merciful and firm government. Lord Morley has mistaken a pedantic insistence on the maintenance of order for good government. To theorise about liberty is a dangerous practice when the natural inclinations of the theoriser are towards terrorism. This is the calamity which has overtaken India.
The New Party.

There is hardly any more melancholy reading than the prophetic literature inspired by Rousseau. From his time down to the present a long series of brilliant writers of whom we need only mention Schiller and Shelley, Mazzini and Hugo, Tolstoy and Wells, have been engaged in the trying business of forswearing that universal suffrage would bring about the millennium. One or two more logical spirits, like Marat and Mr. Keir Hardie, have seen that it would be necessary to eradicate every vestige of superiority, intelligence, and the result of their reflections has been the creation of the so-called Labour Party.

The difference between the Labour Party, as we have it in England, and a true Socialist or democratic party, as conceived by the founders of modern democracy, is practically the same as the difference between the old gang of Tite Barnacles and Stiltstalkings and a true aristocracy.

In the eyes of Socialists government is, or ought to be, a science, a view in which every wise man will agree with them. Indeed, it is pretty evident that no government that is not conducted on scientific principles has much chance of continuing in these days, a moral which my speaking commonly to all political parties. It is the acceptance of this fact which has made Germany what it is; and it may be said without much fear of contradiction that if England ever does go down before Germany it will be due to the refusal of the English people to perceive that government is a science.

Now the English party most steadfastly opposed to this view in our own day is the Labour Party. Both Liberals and Unionists now-a-days pretend to believe in Napoleon’s principle of the career open to talents, or in other words, the job to the man who can do it best. It may be no more than a pretence; the Tite Barnacles may have been found clustering with suspicion in the last Cabinet and the Mr. Baldwin and Nonconformist Stiltstalkings may possibly be detected by a microscope in the ranks of the present Ministry. But the homage which vice pays to virtue and to humanity. It is one more proof that brains and character are not hereditary, and that class distinctions are false and mischievous.

But it is not a triumph for the Trades Unionist principle, on which Mr. Hardie’s Party has been built; for so far as can be gathered from the public utterances, and still more from the public conduct, of that Party, it regards government, not as a science, but as a perquisite. It agrees with the Tite Barnacles and Stiltstalkings in considering public posts, not as opportunities for public service, but simply as high-paid jobs to be secured by one class or set of men to the exclusion of others. Its policy is a policy of loaves and fishes.

Up to the present the Labour Party has been the spoil child of politics. In the House of Commons its members have been listened to with a deference out of proportion to their debating and voting strength. They have been dealt with by both parties to the principle of efficiency. It is not paid by the Labour Party. The whole tradition of Trades Unionism is dead against it. Now Trades Unionism, regarded as a defensive principle adopted by the employed classes as a means of protection against heartless and hellish exploitation by wicked Christian capitalists, deserves everything that can be said in its favour. The British workman has every right to feel pride in it, and in what it has done for him. But the truth is that it is carried into public affairs the case is entirely altered. The best tactics for defence are the worst tactics for attack.

Nothing could be more pitiful than the confession of jealousy made by the system of continually changing the chairman of the Labour Party, in order to disguise the leadership of Mr. Hardie. But now suppose that the Labour Party were called upon to take office. On the same system, we should have the Premiership changing hands every few months. The Secretary for Foreign Affairs would be removed and renewed in the same bewildering fashion. The Lord Chancellorship would have to be abolished, as of course no lawyer would be tolerated in a Labour Ministry. But generally the present Government Departments would resemble those scenes on the stage in which one set of people keep coming in at one door while another set go out at the other.

The only result, of course, would be to put the whole power and control into the hands of the permanent officials, representing that very class which it is the Labour Party’s professed aim to exterminate. And that is pretty much what has happened already. A few years ago, after a Labour Government had been allowed to hold office for a few months in one of the Colonies, the writer made the acquaintance of one of the chief permanent officials of the Colony. We asked him how it was with their postmasters. They at first thought they were going to do great things, he told me, “but as soon as they came face to face with the actual work of administration, they were as helpless as children. The result was that they drew the salaries, and we did the work.”

Now contrast that with what happened when Mr. John Burns took command of the Local Government Board. Before he had been in office a few months it was the common gossip all over London that he was the one Minister who was master of his Department. And a few months ago, before the Lords had decided to give the Liberal Party a renewed lease of office, and there appeared to be some danger of the Unionists coming back, many members of that Party were so impressed by Mr. Burns’ services that they were actually talking of inviting him to remain at the Local Government Board under a Unionist administration, a compliment without precedent in the history of English politics.

The triumph of Mr. Burns is a Labour triumph. It is a proof that a man born and brought up in the working class, who has remained in its ranks, and identified himself with its interests, is the equal and superior of the best products of Eton and Oxford. The result is not merely a benefit to Labour, in the narrow sense of the word, it is a benefit to the nation and to the State, and to humanity. It is one more proof that brains and character are not hereditary, and that class distinctions are false and mischievous.

But it is not a triumph for the Trades Unionist principle, on which Mr. Hardie’s Party has been built; for so far as can be gathered from the public utterances, and still more from the public conduct, of that Party, it regards government, not as a science, but as a perquisite. It agrees with the Tite Barnacles and Stiltstalkings in considering public posts, not as opportunities for public service, but simply as high-paid jobs to be secured by one class or set of men to the exclusion of others. Its policy is a policy of loaves and fishes.

In a broad sense it may be said that all thoughtful men have the same politics. All alike aim to do good in their day and generation, and the only questions that divide them are questions of tactics and expediency. One man may feel that he can render most useful service by joining the Conservative Party, and educating it, as was done by Disraeli. Another may believe in the gradual transformation of Liberalism into Socialism. And others again may hope to convert the Labour Party into an instrument of freedom and progress.

Yet there are signs that some of those who have cherished such hopes in the past are beginning to despair. The Unionists appear to be falling into the clutches of an unscrupulous capitalism, and to be cherishing schemes of an oligarchic revolution. The Liberals seem to be unable to shake themselves free of the Puritan tradition. And the Labour Party seems equally fettered to the Trades Unionist principle.

If that be so, it will soon be time for those who for whom politics is the art of promoting human happiness by scientific government to form a Scientific Party to carry out their programme. But the dim vision of those who would enter Parliament, they have no banner under which they can fight with entire satisfaction to themselves.
A Military Debate in the Reichstag.

An interesting Debate was held last week in the Reichstag on the Budget of the Ministry of War. The Social Democratic Deputy, Sachse, who is also Chairman of the Ministers' Union, brought up, in the course of a discussion on the military, the provocative action of the military authorities during a recent mining strike.

One case gives in such a manner the way in which the soldiers come to regard the public, taking the cue, no doubt, from their military superiors, that I cannot forbear to quote it: A shopgirl, going out to dinner with a companion, passed a soldier standing with fixed bayonet—which in itself is most unusual. The soldier turned round, and in turning nearly cut her face with his bayonet. The girl remarked then very quietly: "Take care, you will be hurting someone." His answer was: "Hold your jaw, you filthy pig!" (Halts Maul, Dreckschwein!) The girl got angry and answered him pretty much in the same strain, whereupon she was arrested and only released on the appeal of the mining officials, who no doubt feared a scandal.

Of course it must be mentioned that on strike occasions only so-called trustworthy regiments are employed, that is regiments which are made of elements who cannot be suspected of having come under Socialist influences. The Government here have the power to send the ordinary recruit to whatever part they think fit, and Berlin recruits are always sent away from Berlin—often to Alsace Loraine—while the Berlin regiments are recruited as far as possible from the country districts, or at least from elements who are felt to be proof against the Social Democratic poison. Of course it would be idle to lay too much stress on this incident if it were not symptomatic of the manner in which those youths who come under the influence of the military spirit are taught to look on the public. Naturally enough, the more the Social Democratic influence extends the less does that spirit show itself, but there are still large elements of German Society who are untouched by it—notably, of course, the handworkers and peasants.

Sachse brought up a further case of a man who was chased from his own land by the military authorities. In this the captain called out: "Shut the fellow up in your own shop." The use of the term Kerl, which I have translated fellow, was meant to be as insulting as it could be, and not even the Minister of War in his answer attempted to defend it.

The Minister of War, General von Heeringen, answered in the usual tone taken by the high officers towards the Reichstag. A military debate in the Reichstag has to be seen to be appreciated. It must be remembered that in the Reichstag the Ministers and the president sit on a high raised platform confronting the Deputies. The President sits at the back of all and highest, while below him on both sides are two rows of seats occupied by the members of the Bundesrath, or Federal Council. These are occupied by the Ministers, who are all members of the Bundesrath, and the representatives of the various States. So far as they happen to be likely to be called upon to answer questions in connection with the policy of their various Governments.

On the occasion of a military debate these seats are occupied by the officers of the Staff and so on, who stand about and even walk about during the speeches. Members can when they speak do so from the Speaker's desk, which is just below the President and situated in an open space which divides the two rows of seats allocated to the Bundesrath into first and second row left and first and second row right, and I have seen these officers standing and passing so close to the speaker as almost to brush him. It makes a curious impression to see men who are not members of Parliament and not qualified to take part in its proceedings swaggering about in so insolent a manner in it. That they dare to do so is of course because they know that the Bourgeois Parties, with very few exceptions, are perfectly prepared to support them should any complaint be made.

To return, however, to the War Minister. He could hardly have adopted a more provocative tone.

After pooh-poohing most of the statements of Sachse and minimizing the importance of others, he remarked that no woman had been reported as arrested, but supposing a non-commissioned officer had it well to take a woman under his charge for five minutes, what then? And the House is reported to have laughed.

He capped his speech, however, by remarking that only civil officials had taken an oath to observe the constitution—the officers had only taken one to obey their King, hence were not bound by the constitution. Not bad that from a Minister of the Crown in a so-called constitutional hall.

However, the speech was cut in the shade by that of the Junker Herr von Oldenburg.

What the Junkers are I hope to show at greater length in a later article. It will be sufficient to say here that they are the squirearchy of Prussia—squires who have almost all been officers and have more power than any English squire had even before the county councils and parish councils were invented.

Squire Oldenburg, if I may so call him, began by expressing his regret that the good old days were gone. In his days as a lieutenant he did not care a rap what the Reichstag said. Now every officer was in a mortal terror lest what he said should get into the newspapers. And he went on in that strain till he finally wound up with the declaration that the Kaiser should be able to tell any lieutenant to take 11 men and shut the Reichstag.

There ensued a tremendous row, the entire Left, even National Liberals, protesting, and the indignation was only increased by the Conservative Vice-President's attempting to explain this speech away, instead of calling him to order.

The Conservative Party has since made a fresh attempt to explain this speech away, but at the same time declared their agreement with it.

The subject came up two days later in connection with the conduct of the Vice-President, who had called one of the Social-Democrats to order. But this time the Catholics and National Liberal both voted with the Conservatives in refusing what was virtually a vote of no confidence in the vice-chairman.

This vote was thoroughly characteristic of the whole policy of the National Liberal Party. On all decisive occasions they have invariably played into the hands of the reaction—when the decision lay with them.

J. B. ASKEW.

The Sociologist upon the Streets.

V.—Country and Town.

By Professor Patrick Geddes.

KEW GARDENS we have seen is the very vantage ground for recovering the true, the truly Roman, outlook of empire, and for preserving it from that deterioration now dull, now debased, now frantic, which it has been undergoing in London for the last half-generation especially, as in decadent Rome itself. We return to town, then, with that new idea of reviving John Bull which at Kew and other culture centres is quietly, indeed uncomprehendingly, preparing. What is this? The old yeoman farmer has vanished, the squire is urbanised, Hodge is still only awakening; yet here and there we begin to see the coming John Bull, the
Peasant renascent, equipped with all the resources of the sciences and their application, engineer and electrician, chemist and bacteriologist, physiologist too, and this of plant, of animal, and of human life, and selectionist, therefore, above all. He is the economic man, too, the re-physiocratic, that is, physical, biological, evolutionary school, which even now is arising to attack the pecuniary economies even here, in its very citadel of London, and which must ultimately silence into mere grumbling, if not wholly overpowers, its too alternately predominant factions, the free-trading and the tariff-raising alike. Behold him then, this next approaching avatar of John Bull, a yeoman, that old word, but no longer benighted, no longer fuddled by prosperity when not crushed by poverty, half-dulled, half-debased either way, but with his youth renewed by contact with living nature, his mind by contact with living science. Behold him, then, coming up to town! Before him expands and bubbles out the resonating glories, the glittering promises, the liberal and radical, the Liberal and Radical, the peasant aroused and efficient, may we not can hardly imagine such a steady mental attitude common to most Londoners you meet, when they are such as he, who by contact with living science, and there is an element of this genuine and vital rusticity in which their cleverer political programme they intend to carry out if ever they get the vote, we used to hear them say that the vote was only a Symbol.

The Whys of the W.S.P.U.
By D. Triforres.

Before the leaders of the W.S.P.U. had published the political programme they intend to carry out if ever they get the vote, we used to hear them say that the vote was only a Symbol.

This programme we now find outlined by Miss Elizabeth Robins in a series of articles entitled "Why Women Want the Vote." It is a title, we see, which seems to indicate that herein are expressed the desires of all suffragists, so that we may, without distinction of society or league, examine the reforms advocated and decide which of them, or whether any of them, may be safely presented to Parliament as truly expressing that of which the vote is the Symbol. We confess that we were made a little uneasy by the fact that Miss Robins was to undertake the exposition. We had read her preface to the work of Mary Wollstonecraft, and we had thought it harsh and unsympathetic. But we remembered how confidently Miss Robins adjudged the craftsmanship of the book, how she explained that it was "without system, without method, full of useless repetitions and for ever neglecting the main argument for trifling side issues," how it was "incoherent, hurried, and careless," and that the style was "turgid and bombastic." At least, thought we, from this confident critic we shall doubtless get a very brilliant and well-maintained thesis upon the rights of woman, even if we are deprived of Mary Wollstonecraft's charming method of leading us alongside instead of behind her. Well, since we are forbidden to suppose that Miss Robins is mentally incapable of constructing such a thesis if she cared to, we can only conclude that she did not care. The subject is developed in a way known to and feared by examiners of school papers—that is to say, in a way which defies comprehension, because the writer simply massses together more or less simulitudinous facts; and these facts she proves either now at all or by means of unauthenticated anecdotes and the gossip of her particular friends. In the absence of any discoverable method of thesis, we must, if we would understand Miss Robins at all, examine her random articles one by one.

In Article I. we have ten questions one after another. The first question, and the only one answered in the seven articles before us, runs: "Why are women of all classes in England banding themselves together to work for political enfranchisement?" Miss Robins pauses for half a column to complain that a lot of people do not want to hear why; and to illustrate the assumption...
that women are expected to be silent, she tells in twenty-three solid lines the familiar story of the little princess who let the King swallow the caterpillar, which intended further she said that not a vote that might be taken, but we would be wiser to hear what women have to say. At last, however, we get an answer to the question, in fact three answers. Out of considerable animadversion upon men and tedious redundancy we rescue them.

1. Women's Powerlessness in the Home. — "The mother's child has no legal right to a voice in deciding how they shall be nursed, or where educated, what trade or profession they shall adopt, or in what form of religion they shall be brought up in." There are anecdotes enough in this article to supply ten mothers' meetings. We cannot shut our eyes to the fact that in every case Miss Robins attempts to strengthen her argument by putting on a glaring patch wherever things might seem a bit weak. It is a needless procedure when the people she wishes to convince are not very clear-sighted friends, and a ruinous one when her audience is inimically intent on seeing things as they are. We are invited to consider the following case: "A devoted Churchwoman loses her husband when her children are young. He has never expressed any opinion as to the children's religious education. [Patch.] His family are militant Nonconformists. They are legally entitled to take the children in the father's faith, since he had not publicly broken with his sect." Let us suppose the law was equally in favour of both parents, and suppose the father to be still alive. Each parent might then lead the child along a path of duties it was meant to indicate one way for a woman to become economically independent: by receiving a gift from her father. Mr. Gladstone is quoted upon the injustice of the Divorce Laws. Then we find ourselves discussing inheritance as affecting women, but this question is interrupted by a sensational headline, "Her Children Not Her Own Unless Illegitimate." Not another word in the article refers to this. We are told next: "The wife cannot legally compel her husband to provide for her and the children so long as they are living together." One can only conclude from this being made a plank in the platform that it is a general thing in England for a man to refuse to support his wife and children when they are living with him. The next reason why women should have the vote is a weighty one as proving how lightly women of property value morality. Miss Robins informs us that to tax a married woman's income separately is to put a premium on immoral relations. Oh, Kensington, with all thy rich single women! We hesitate to accept the new wife. She desires social recognition. Induces husband to demand custody of children. Dies: custody is awarded to the stepfather.

2. To work for the public good without working through the laws is to salve one's soul with charity—2.

3. Conditions which England and America respectively be able to serve with benefit to the community." One can only conclude from this being made a plank in the platform that it is a general thing in England for a man to refuse to support his wife and children when they are living with him. The next reason why women should have the vote is a weighty one as proving how lightly women of property value morality. Miss Robins informs us that to tax a married woman's income separately is to put a premium on immoral relations. Oh, Kensington, with all thy rich single women! We hesitate to accept the new wife. She desires social recognition. Induces husband to demand custody of children. Dies: custody is awarded to the stepfather.

2. To work for the public good without working through the laws is to salve one's soul with charity—2.

3. Conditions which England and America respectively be able to serve with benefit to the community." One can only conclude from this being made a plank in the platform that it is a general thing in England for a man to refuse to support his wife and children when they are living with him. The next reason why women should have the vote is a weighty one as proving how lightly women of property value morality. Miss Robins informs us that to tax a married woman's income separately is to put a premium on immoral relations. Oh, Kensington, with all thy rich single women! We hesitate to accept the new wife. She desires social recognition. Induces husband to demand custody of children. Dies: custody is awarded to the stepfather.

2. To work for the public good without working through the laws is to salve one's soul with charity—2.

3. Conditions which England and America respectively be able to serve with benefit to the community." One can only conclude from this being made a plank in the platform that it is a general thing in England for a man to refuse to support his wife and children when they are living with him. The next reason why women should have the vote is a weighty one as proving how lightly women of property value morality. Miss Robins informs us that to tax a married woman's income separately is to put a premium on immoral relations. Oh, Kensington, with all thy rich single women! We hesitate to accept the new wife. She desires social recognition. Induces husband to demand custody of children. Dies: custody is awarded to the stepfather.
Here the story ends. Bad as it is, we fear that a very wicked man might find one quite as bad to prove that some woman once horribly treated her own child; from which the conclusion would be that women should not be allowed to appoint guardians!

Part IV. concerns the industrial woman. We disentangle three statements: (1) That factories have declined. For this Mrs. Robins quotes twenty lines of conversation between a friend of hers and a tidy, contented-looking mill-woman in a tramcar, maintaining the felicitousness of a mill-woman's life. (2) That the Government encourages sweating. That women, in their days of power, may be trusted to show that favouritism to men have been improved if the poor thing had led a shocking life and had a bad son?

The fifth article is headed "The Spoilt Child of the Law." "Those who believe that the administrators of the law can be trusted to show that the magistrate really did say that, but are unable to give their why, are informed, were beyond their best to put off votes until, at least they themselves were safely dead. Into such ugly passes are we brought when we are working for material ends, and have forgotten that of which the vote is the symbol!

Part VII., the latest issued at the time of writing, deals with the "Motherless Children of the State." Men, we are informed, have done nothing for the children nor ever will do anything until women have the vote. They have "stood by for years and let the evil go on," while women—what poor things Miss Robins does depict us!—have "waited and waited and hoped again." Dr. Barnardo might have given women a hint.

Surely the real difficulty of the founding problem is their increasing number. In Matthew Arnold's day this difficulty was not unnoted by him. He described "the knowledge how to prevent these children accumulat ing" as "the first law of prudence." Can we believe the W.S.P.U. will help to disseminate this knowledge among their "poorer sisters"? Or, will they now place Arnold on their Index Expurgatorius?

In the course of this article Miss Robins comes almost for the first time to the question of the vote. It is not improbable that which for which the vote for women is the symbol. She complains that although women are eligible as municipal guardians, even when they are elected the contempt in which their men colleagues hold them renders them helpless to get their suggestions accepted. True! "Woman's real grievance is a moral grievance. She is morally held in contempt. It is that contempt which we have to change before we may hope to gain any permanent material benefit. And yet this very change on the part of the public towards them, if we turned a deaf ear to the false ideas of honour, the many sentences to make our complacency uneasy, and for which the vote for women is the symbol. She complains that although women are eligible as municipal guardians, even when they are elected the contempt in which their men colleagues hold them renders them helpless to get their suggestions accepted. True! "Woman's real grievance is a moral grievance. She is morally held in contempt. It is that contempt which we have to change before we may hope to gain any permanent material benefit. And yet this very change on the part of the public towards them, if we turned a deaf ear to the false ideas of honour, the many sentences to make our complacency uneasy, and for which the vote for women is the symbol. She complains that although women are eligible as municipal guardians, even when they are elected the contempt in which their men colleagues hold them renders them helpless to get their suggestions accepted. True! "Woman's real grievance is a moral grievance. She is morally held in contempt. It is that contempt which we have to change before we may hope to gain any permanent material benefit. And yet this very change on the part of the public towards them, if we turned a deaf ear to the false ideas of honour, the many sentences to make our complacency uneasy, and for which the vote for women is the symbol. She complains that although women are eligible as municipal guardians, even when they are elected the contempt in which their men colleagues hold them renders them helpless to get their suggestions accepted. True! "Woman's real grievance is a moral grievance. She is morally held in contempt. It is that contempt which we have to change before we may hope to gain any permanent material benefit. And yet this very change on the part of the public towards them, if we turned a deaf ear to the false ideas of honour, the many sentences to make our complacency uneasy, and for which the vote for women is the symbol. She complains that although women are eligible as municipal guardians, even when they are elected the contempt in which their men colleagues hold them renders them helpless to get their suggestions accepted. True! "Woman's real grievance is a moral grievance. She is morally held in contempt. It is that contempt which we have to change before we may hope to gain any permanent material benefit. And yet this very change on the part of the public towards them, if we turned a deaf ear to the false ideas of honour, the many sentences to make our complacency uneasy, and for which the vote for women is the symbol. She complains that although women are eligible as municipal guardians, even when they are elected the contempt in which their men colleagues hold them renders them helpless to get their suggestions accepted. True! "Woman's real grievance is a moral grievance. She is morally held in contempt. It is that contempt which we have to change before we may hope to gain any permanent material benefit. And yet this very change on the part of the public towards them, if we turned a deaf ear to the false ideas of honour, the many sentences to make our complacency uneasy, and for which the vote for women is the symbol. She complains that although women are eligible as municipal guardians, even when they are elected the contempt in which their men colleagues hold them renders them helpless to get their suggestions accepted. True! "Woman's real grievance is a moral grievance. She is morally held in contempt. It is that contempt which we have to change before we may hope to gain any permanent material benefit. And yet this very change on the part of the public towards them, if we turned a deaf ear to the false ideas of honour, the many sentences to make our complacency uneasy, and for which the vote for women is the symbol. She complains that although women are eligible as municipal guardians, even when they are elected the contempt in which their men colleagues hold them renders them helpless to get their suggestions accepted. True! "Woman's real grievance is a moral grievance. She is morally held in contempt. It is that contempt which we have to change before we may hope to gain any permanent material benefit. And yet this very change on the part of the public towards them, if we turned a deaf ear to the false ideas of honour, the many sentences to make our complacency uneasy, and for which the vote for women is the symbol. She complains that although women are eligible as municipal guardians, even when they are elected the contempt in which their men colleagues hold them renders them helpless to get their suggestions accepted. True! "Woman's real grievance is a moral grievance. She is morally held in contempt. It is that contempt which we have to change before we may hope to gain any permanent material benefit. And yet this very change on the part of the public towards them, if we turned a deaf ear to the false ideas of honour, the many sentences to make our complacency uneasy, and for which the vote for women is the symbol. She complains that although women are eligible as municipal guardians, even when they are elected the contempt in which their men colleagues hold them renders them helpless to get their suggestions accepted. True! "Woman's real grievance is a moral grievance. She is morally held in contempt. It is that contempt which we have to change before we may hope to gain any permanent material benefit. And yet this very change on the part of the public towards them, if we turned a deaf ear to the false ideas of honour, the many sentences to make our complacency uneasy, and for which the vote for women is the symbol. She complains that although women are eligible as municipal guardians, even when they are elected the contempt in which their men colleagues hold them renders them helpless to get their suggestions accepted. True! "Woman's real grievance is a moral grievance. She is morally held in contempt. It is that contempt which we have to change before we may hope to gain any permanent material benefit. And yet this very change on the part of the public towards them, if we turned a deaf ear to the false ideas of honour, the many sentences to make our complacency uneasy, and for which the vote for women is the symbol. She complains that although women are eligible as municipal guardians, even when they are elected the contempt in which their men colleagues hold them renders them helpless to get their suggestions accepted. True! "Woman's real grievance is a moral grievance. She is morally held in contempt. It is that contempt which we have to change before we may hope to gain any permanent material benefit. And yet this very change on the part of the public towards them, if we turned a deaf ear to the false ideas of honour, the many sentences to make our complacency uneasy, and for which the vote for women is the symbol. She complains that although women are eligible as municipal guardians, even when they are elected the contempt in which their men colleagues hold them renders them helpless to get their suggestions accepted. True! "Woman's real grievance is a moral grievance. She is morally held in contempt. It is that contempt which we have to change before we may hope to gain any permanent material benefit. And yet this very change on the part of the public towards them, if we turned a deaf ear to the false ideas of honour, the many sentences to make our complacency uneasy, and for which the vote for women is the symbol. She complains that although women are eligible as municipal guardians, even when they are elected the contempt in which their men colleagues hold them renders them helpless to get their suggestions accepted. True! "Woman's real grievance is a moral grievance. She is morally held in contempt. It is that contempt which we have to change before we may hope to gain any permanent material benefit. And yet this very change on the part of the public towards them, if we turned a deaf ear to the false ideas of honour, the many sentences to make our complacency uneasy, and for which the vote for women is the symbol. She complains that although women are eligible as municipal guardians, even when they are elected the contempt in which their men colleagues hold them renders them helpless to get their suggestions accepted. True! "Woman's real grievance is a moral grievance. She is morally held in contempt. It is that contempt which we have to change before we may hope to gain any permanent material benefit. And yet this very change on the part of the public towards them, if we turned a deaf ear to the false ideas of honour, the many sentences to make our complacency uneasy, and for which the vote for women is the symbol. She complains that although women are eligible as municipal guardians, even when they are elected the contempt in which their men colleagues hold them renders them helpless to get their suggestions accepted. True! "Woman's real grievance is a moral grievance. She is morally held in contempt. It is that contempt which we have to change before we may hope to gain any permanent material benefit. And yet this very change on the part of the public towards them, if we turned a deaf ear to the false ideas of honour, the many sentences to make our complacency uneasy, and for which the vote for women is the symbol.
as of a well-founded context,' a double-lived, dirty reprobate of a diplomat married to an unfaithful wife?'"

"I am not in Mr. Carr's confidence," I replied, "but I suppose that a cynical and pathological people like to know that even diplomats suffer from inconsistency.'"

He sneered effectively.

"When you write books that dramatists misuse," he retorted, "you won't be in a hurry to find excuses or explanations of the misuse. But your reference to cynical people reminds me of another question. What does Carr mean by introducing a lot of 'old young people,' who were old when I was young, and making them pretend to be wicked with the aid of scandal, hot-water bottles, and ladies' cigarettes, when Hyde, my creation, is the embodiment of evil wickedness?"

I suggested dramatic contrast.

"Dramatic contrast be - " Here the spirit required a piece of sugar. After a moment, he continued more calmly: "I object to a good, straightforward tale being cumbered with unnecessary accessories. My Jekyll was a bachelor, and it adds nothing to the power of the tragedy to burden him with a blind wife. By the way, Comyns Carr is not complimentary to Miss Dorothea Baird. She made her first appearance as Trilby, the girl who could not sing; she has appeared since as King René's Daughter, the girl who could not see. Now she appears as the wife who cannot see, and evidently Comyns Carr thinks as the actress who cannot act, for he gives her nothing to do. How can he pretend that her large consists of a character, walking with outstretched hands, an everlasting saying of 'good-bye' or 'come to me,' and 'Oh, how much I love you, and how I hate Mr. Hyde,' cannot be called a 'fat' one, and it is not Miss Baird's fault if she worries her husband as much as her husband.'"

At last we had come to grips.

"Don't you see," I said, "that her references to Hyde are a dramatic necessity if we are to be shown the struggle between the two natures. She may not be a character that requires any importance or interest in herself, but as a device for calling up Hyde in Jekyll and Jekyll in Hyde, and thus giving Mr. Irving his chances of subtle characterisation, she is very necessary"

"No, I don't," he snapped. "Lady Carew was created for that purpose, and I object to this duplication of an unnecessary character. The play is full of the same inept trickery. Not only is Jekyll a double person, but Dr. Wellaby is created to tell a story of another dual personality: Bellingham must be spoken of in a similar connection; and even Sir Danvers, my aged and beautiful gentleman, plates his character of two men and leading a double life. Lady Carew is doubly created for dramatic purposes, for her double life results in an appeal to Jekyll that rouses Hyde to the murder of Sir Danvers. The trick is wearisome and unnecessary: my story would offer greater dramatic opportunities if these devices were destroyed.'"

I left the play and turned to the performance.

"What do you think of Irving's acting?" I asked.

The reply was astonishing when one remembers how the critics have praised Mr. Irving.

"He doesn't get a chance," was the reply. "He is a genius, but even genius requires opportunities for its manifestation. How can he do himself justice when he is interrupted either by his wife or Lady Carew, or a comic charwoman? Not one of these characters is mine, and the force of a comic charwoman upon human relations in his most monstrous moments. It is no fault of Irving's that his Jekyll talks like Paracelsus before dinner, or that his Hyde mops and mows like the village idiot. The Hyde that I drew could walk about the streets without inviting anything but detestation; but the Hyde that Irving is forced to portray would be arrested as a criminal lunatic by the first policeman. My Hyde had at least the manners of a gentleman: Mr. Enfield, in speaking of him to Uterson says: 'There was the man in the middle, with a kind of black, sneering coolness—frightened, too, I could see that—but carrying it off, sir, really like Satan.
"If you choose to make capital out of this accident," said he, "I am naturally helpless. No gentleman wishes to make a scene." That was what my Hyde had in him, but Carr could not show it, and Irving was obliged to assume a curvature of the spine that would have convinced the pithecanthropus erectus of the truth of the descent of man. "But the murder of Sir Danvers," I said, "Wasn't that well done?"

"The strangling was excellent," and Stevenson chuckled, "but quite unwarrantably postponed to the end of the act. But I object strongly to the stabbing: it is never convincing on the stage, because no blood flows. Irving realised my idea of Hyde when he tried to pluck out the man's windpipe, but the stabbing was an added horror that did not horrify. The scene in the Soho lodging, too, was well acted, but that awful charwoman must be discharged. Irving is the man for the part, but he must find somebody who will give him his chances."

I suppose that the spirit was exhausted, for my friend became himself again, and was rather bored when I told him what had happened. Media never are interested in the drama: their minds cannot rise above politics.

MysteRystead.

Rabelais Socialist.

I owe it to no Socialist, to no political student of any shape or hue, but of all persons in the world, to the Ser Péladan, expounder of aesthetics and prophet of certain aesthetics, that I was sent to "Pantagruel" again the other day to seek for Rabelais's Socialism.

"The 57th chapter of the fourth book of 'Pantagruel,'" says Péladan in his "Clé de Rabelais," p. 95, "gives us the most positive statement of the anti-feudal faith that has ever been written. . . . In truth it is the charter of socialism, the literal text of what is ever legitimate and irrefutable in its claims." And this is not too strongly worded. Rabelais, for all his exuberant insistence on the gross material facts of life, was no materialist. Nay, he was an intellectual in the very fibres of his being; and his career was one long struggle for the ample and free nourishment of the intellect. But his feet were well planted on mother earth; and none knew better how life on this planet is conditioned. It is the veriest truism that man lives by bread—though not by bread alone. Unhappily, the truism needs repetition. At all events, the modern world is only beginning to recognise the extension of the truism: that, as man lives by bread, so man dies without it; and that bread, got by work or otherwise, is the barest elementary right of man, which has to be protected a good half of its significance, and to overcharge him with the terrible rôle given to the "bonne dame Penie." When Messer Gaster is resisted, Penia the regent makes her progress—and all yield. The message is rather: "Ensure bread, and all that is to be done. . . ." But that is to omit a good half of its significance, and to overcharge him with the terrible rôle given to the "bonne dame Penie." When Messer Gaster is resisted, Penia the regent makes her progress—and all yield. The message is rather: "Ensure bread, and all that is to be done. . . ."

"To serve him all the world is busied, all the world labours; also as a Recompense he does this Service to the World, that he invents for it all Arts, all Machines, all Trades, all Contrivances and Crafts."

I leave it to Hecate to paraphrase, in a Ballade, Rabelais's description of the Progress of Penia the Regent.

IV. The Ballade of Penia the Regent.

Ballades of Hecate.

She rises from her low cold lair,
Shiver and quake the hearts of men.
Councils and camps stand empty, bare;
And laws are paper-pulp agen
Our policies three score and ten,
But childish scrawlings on the sand
The roads are open. . . .
The world is hers—a fierce Gehenn
Shivers and quakes through Europe's land.
Scattered our landmarks are and broken.
Penia the Regent walks the land.

My Lady Poverty was fair,
Free mate of Lord Abundance then
She may do all who all may dare.
And she is out. The roads are open.

Queen by her first wide-open starc.
Throne-chamber is her lonely den.
She may do all who all may dare.
And she is out. The roads are open.

The world is hers—a fierce Gehenn
Of white fire that her breath has fann'd.
They catch the glint of her searing brand.

Penia the Regent walks the land.

EnvoY.
Lords and Commons make vain pests' when
They catch the glint of her searing brand.
To their behests they quaver, 'Amen!'

Penia the Regent walks the land.

The Order of the Seraphim—I.*

By Allen Upward.

ADVERTISMENT.

Thus saith the Lord God of Israel: Let my people go, that they may hold a feast unto me in the wilderness.

The Editor of The New Age has asked me to put forth in these pages the second volume of that Overman's Library which begins with The New Word. It is not meant to be Everyman's Library. We have toiled long in the building of treasure cities for the Egyptians. The time who should have stood before the Pharaoh, and in clearing the choked-up watercourses, so that the water of life may flow freely.

The only criticism (of which I need take notice) against that book has been that it was too far enough in the way of practical construction. That last word is often cant: he who hews away marble, and lays bare a statue, is not less a creator than he who builds a wall. However, I shall be glad if these pages escape the opposite complaint; for this time I am going to write a poem.

It is not practical to build on the sands of a false sociology. Too many architects have built the House of Man, only to find that men refused to live in it; like those who should provide stately palaces for savages, only to see them roving forth again to their wigwams in the wood. Let us wake out of that old delusion, and be content if we can lay firmly the first stone of an Asylum for Architects, and City of Refuge for the Righteous.

It is time that the Son of Man had somewhere to lay his head.

I.

In these pages I shall first try to distinguish the Order of Angels, for which I write, in the spirit of a naturalist marking for different orders of plants and animals.

In passing, to demonstrate that the theory underlying the cant word Humanity is scientifically unsound; and if it be so, it cannot, according to the evidence, serve us as the basis of either political or practical sound.

Next I shall outline briefly the history of the Order, and criticise its successive avatars; the savage Wizeards, the scientific Priesthoods, the Brahmins of India, the Mandarins of China, the Lamas of Tibet, the Hebrew Prophets, the Christian Monks, the modern Jesuits and Freemasons, the scientific Priesthoods, the Brahmins of India, the Mandarins of China, the Lamas of Tibet, the Hebrew Prophets, the Christian Monks, the modern Jesuits and Freemasons, and so forth.

It must not be supposed that I fall short in rendering the germ of much that shall say is contained in a poem written twenty-five years ago, and printed for private circulation in 1890. At that time no one was prepared to understand it; but, unknown to me, a stronger hand had already begun to break up the ground, an with an iron rough hand.

Nietzsche, I may now cast in the seed with some hope of a harvest.

Nietzsche, on the other hand, if I follow him only the first step upon the way, I cannot pay a higher tribute to him than by using his word Overman as the shoehorn wherewith to fit my own words on the understanding of the reader. In the spirit of The New Word I shall take Nietzsche’s version as the Adversary, in battle with which my own, or rather, the pragmatically sound.

The battle is between the Cherubim and Seraphim, that is to say, the Angels of Mught and the Angels of Light.

The old Chaldeans in their prophetic sculptures represented those Messenger of Heaven, the thunder, the lightning, the twin forms of winged bulls and winged serpents (Kirisu and Saraf). Both forms seem prophecies of evolution. The body of a beast, the head of a man, and the wings of an angel, indicate the stages of an ascent in which Humanity is only the middle term.

For the two forms are symbols of one order, and accordingly Carlyle has included both Cherubim and Seraphim in his Order of Heroes. Shakespeare and Luther, Burroughs and Napoleon are not equally Messengers, but they are not charged with the same Message; so that Carlyle’s category is too wide.

Nietzsche, on the other hand, if I understand him rightly, was thinking only of the Cherub, when he prophesied of the Overman. And one effect, included the Seraph, or man of genius, in an order of Undermen, among criminals, lunatics and incurables. I am by no means certain that the "eugenic" policy in some hands will not be directed to the extermination of the Seraphim.

But the Rabbis of the Jews have delivered the tradition, perhaps derived from Babylen, that the Seraphim are the highest order among the angels. Milton has confounded the cherubim and seraphim together, yet he seems to have portrayed Nietzsche’s ideal Overman

* We much regret that owing to disposition Mr. Upward has been unable to revise the proofs of this chapter. All errors are therefore ours.—Ed. NEW AGE.
in Satan, and to have summed up the gospel of the Overman in an immortal line—

"Fall'n Cherub, to be weak is miserable."

It so happens that both of these Chaldean symbols have a history which throws light on their significance.

IV.

Animals were among the first words of man, and from an unknown date the Bull was a word for strength. Most likely it was first a northern, or Aryan word, introduced into Babylon from Persia, as the Bull afterwards figured in the Persian faith of Mithra, the most powerful rival of early Christianity. If so, Nietzsche was inspired by his racial affinities in inventing his cherubic Overman, as much as in his choice of Zarathustra for a non-de-plume.

However that may be, and whether the Bull of the zodiac was named after the sun, or the sun after the sign, it is certain that from about 5,000 years ago, when the sun rose at Easter in the sign of the Bull, it was called the Bull of Heaven, and worshipped in the form of a Bull. In other words, the priesthood had made the scientific discovery that the sun was the great source of energy, and had translated their knowledge into language understandable of the people.

That is the meaning and the interpretation of the Golden Calf of Israel, and the Apis bull of the Egyptians. (The bull may have been already the local totem of Memphis, like the cat and crocodile elsewhere.) For what was famous of these solar Bull-gods was the dreadful Moloch, or Mêlekh (king), the devourer of children, who reigned in Tyre and Sidon, and from thence to Jerusalem and Sardis and Crete and Sicily.

In this bull-headed idol, within whose brazen belly innumerable human beings were cast alive to be burned, it seems to me we have the true type of the Serpent who, in the true myth of the Tree of Knowledge, is the Overman of Nietzsche.

Such, as I understand it, is the Cherub, a true Overman, as the slave-driver is over the slave, and a true angel, as are the inhabitants of Hell. But the word Devil is less likely to be misunderstood. It is the Order of Devils of which Nietzsche seems to me to be the prophet.

V.

The Serpent has been for all ages, and for all mankind except Christians, the symbol of wisdom. It is the Serpent who, in the true myth of the Tree of Knowledge, has the part of Prometheus. Nay, the Christians themselves have seen in the Serpent raised up by Moses in the wilderness a type of Christ. The Serpent is the badge of Æsculapius, the God of Healing. The prophet Shelley has chosen the Serpent as the type of the Saviour in The Revolt of Islam.

The worship of the Serpent has been world-wide, but it has been accompanied by fear. Man, like a spoilt child, fears the Good Physician. The brute strength of the Bull is what he understands. The fascination of the Serpent terrifies him. Lastly, in the Dark Age, in that catastrophe of science known as the Christian Era, the Serpent was changed into the Enemy of Mankind.

To care about symbols is idolatry. The Bull and Serpent, having served their purpose, may now be discarded. The Angel will be a better symbol, if it be understood that when I write of angels I am thinking of the Seraphim and not the Cherubim.

In the Tate Gallery there is a picture of Nietzsche's Overman, crowned and throned, and trampling on Humanity. The artist has named it Mammon. In the same Gallery there is a picture of the Son of Man, a winged child standing with bowed head before the locked door of the human heart. The artist has named it Love.

That is a more glorious symbol than the saraf.

And the word Angel has a yet more high significance for those who believe in a life beyond the grave, and discern in Man's age-long effort to become an angel here an apprenticeship for that Heavenly state, and a promise of it,—if not a promise, at least a prayer.

It will be understood by men of good will (for whom I am writing) that these papers, put together from week to week, must be read as notes for a book, rather than a book. I do not pretend to write ex cathedra, and I shall be glad to hear from readers who wish a fuller explanation of anything they find obscure.

Controversy is valuable when it is carried on between those who are equally inspired by the love of verihood; who are more solicitous to learn than to teach; and who feel that there is more honour in being believed than in convincing. When Seraphim are seen in the air casting fiery bolts at one another, they sin, and set a bad example to Humanity.

I should be glad if these papers could develop into a friendly conference between the writer and the readers. I like the part of arbiter better than that of advocate: it is an instinct with me to see truth on both sides, and to seek the reconciling formula. Is not all I am saying here such a formula to reconcile angels with men?

(To be continued.)

THE OVERMAN'S LIBRARY.

THE NEW WORD.

By ALLEN UPWARD,

Corresponding Member of the Parnassus Philological Society, Athens.

PRESS OPINIONS.

"A mine of diamonds."—The New Age.
"The first compelling book of the Twentieth Century."—St. Louis Mirror.
"The man of letters and the thinker will study it with care as the possible spark of a new illumination."—Publishers' Circular.
"He has given us at least a glimpse—and a very wonderful glimpse at that—of the 'Unknown God.'"—Current Literature (New York).
"Mr. Upward has initiated by means of 'The New Word' a new school."—Western Morning News.
"One of those books which should be examined by a special committee of the people, so that they might advise the State how its suggestions might be carried out."—Public Opinion.
"A book to add to the small store by the side of your bed."—Westminster Gazette.
"Men of science will approve of the spirit in which Mr. Upward writes."—Nature.
"The sort of writing that means stimulus to the well-grounded faith of a Church."—Chuch Times.
"A plea for the liberation of mind, the encouragement of hope, and of everything that helps men to hope helps them to live."—Light.
"A book of rare enchantment, with something of the freshness of the world's youth about it."—Daily Chronicle.
"Almost every page is so full of suggestion that Mr. Upward almost lays himself open to the charge of sowing with the sack."—Clarion.
"The most amazingly original book I have read for many a long year."—Young Man.
"The reader rises from a perusal of it amazed at its clearness, stimulated by its insight, and convinced that a mind so fertile will yet express itself in volumes which will secure a wider attention."—Dundee Courier.
"I utterly despair of conveying within my appointed limits any inkling of the author's fertility of thought and imagination."—William Archer in Morning Leader.

Cloth extra, large crown 8vo, 392 pages, Price 5s. nett.

LONDON:
A. C. FIFIELD, 44, FLEET STREET, E.C.
Stéphane Mallarmé

By Francis Grierson

I.

Stéphane Mallarmé was one of the original members of the band of poets who called themselves Parnassians. His companions in the early days were François Coppée, Sully Prudhomme, and Catulle Mendès. There were many others. All became more or less celebrated later on, but Mallarmé broke away from conventional poetic bonds, and found himself, without wishing or trying, at the head of a literary salon the like of which had never before been known in Paris.

The real founder of the Parnassians was Louis Xavier de Ricard, a mere boy, the son of General Marquis de Ricard, who acted as aide-de-camp to Prince Jerome. The young Parnassians first met at the salon of the Marquise de Ricard, 12, Boulevard des Batignolles. Here in the soft light of the sumptuous salons, amidst rich brocades and rare Gobelins, the celebrated Parnassian School of poets had its beginning.

Had there been no meeting-place like this, the Parnassian School of poets had never before been known in Paris.

When I arrived in Paris in 1884, the Parnassians were organised, and the meetings at the salon of the Marquise de Ricard had become regular functions.

Here François Coppée read aloud to a company of his young friends his unpublished poems, and Sully Prudhomme first read his Vase Brisé, which later made him celebrated. Two of the poets of this extraordinary group were the two friends, Stéphane Mallarmé and Villiers de l’Isle-Adam, the first of whom lived to make his name known far beyond the confines of France. The young Parnassians were in need of a poet of mature years to lead them, and they found him. Mallarmé had never before been known in Paris. He was obscure with a purpose. He would make it manifest itself in freedom. Everywhere else pose and persiflage were in order. Anyone coming here with the airs of a patron would in a few moments settle down in his seat, subdued, transformed by the serenity of the place.

Once I witnessed the arrival of an obstreperous visitor; but Mallarmé, with his usual easy manner, let silence bring about the miracle of subjugation. The visitor, once seated, was soon overcome by the collective calm.

Whistler and Manet have pictured Mallarmé at two periods of his life. Whistler’s subtle portrait suggests the apparition of an extraordinary personality between two epochs—the old and the new. Time, like a dream, has settled over his features as the mists of twilight over an enchanted landscape; there is a suggestion of a poetic veil separating him from the world like the smoke from his cigarette, which, he said, he used as a screen between himself and the crowd.

In Manet’s canvas the poet is younger and the figure restless; the conflict between the poetic and the material is at its height; there is a suggestion of a poetic and puffery, made him conspicuous. But there was method in the obscurity of his literary manner. Mallarmé was an intellectual aristocrat. His tranquil dignity, spiritual poise, politeness without hypocrisy or affectation, his freedom from the usual vulgarities of a society skilled in the art of sensuality and puffery, made him conspicuous. But there was method in the obscurity of his literary manner. He was obscure with a purpose. He would make it impossible for the critic à la mode, be he a Brunelière or a Lemaître, to scale the barriers of his poetic domain.

The official professors were in a strange state of ignorance respecting his influence. Here was a man, living very near the borders of actual want, exercising a power which no millionaire could claim. Here was an intellectual magnet that attracted other intellects, causing young poets, artists, and journalists to mount
four flights of stairs once a week to sit and listen to what words might fall from the lips of the master. He drew them towards him, not by his will, but by his influence. He never made an effort to induce a visitor to return, never flattered, never tried to be more approachable to one than to another. Mallarmé, this poet and dreamer, was not only in Paris, but a vital part of its intellectual life. Yet with him, art and life were in no way connected with the fashionable world.

There was a notion prevalent that Mallarmé's salon was frequented exclusively by poets and the academicians were ridiculing Mallarmé, he without much humiliation. His visitors represented all the schools of the day; and it is easy to understand the jealousy of some of the Sorbonne professors, who saw the taking of talented honours to a man who paid no heed to the examples of the academicians. It was but natural that "official" professors should pretend that Stéphane Mallarmé was without serious influence. Every one understood. To a philosophe this might have led to some clatter among the guests. The guests came to hear Mallarmé, not to talk among themselves. At first I was not aware of the real nature of these evenings. Once I noticed that when one guest addressed another no reply was given; conversation between the guests was therefore impossible. M. Henri de Régnier, who on each occasion occupied the same seat, at the corner of the host's feast, with a philosophic mind, had noticed these evenings were so many lessons in the virtue of silence. No one tried to make the poet speak; he himself never tried to make others speak. And yet these evenings were full of instruction and charm. Thoughts came as in a Quaker meeting. If, by this difference: Mallarmé was the presiding Quaker who never sat down. He occupied the floor by the will of the guests. Here one learned the true value of silence in affairs of the intellect. Everything that is made up for the occasion belongs to the puerile and the trivial. The talk imposed by self-interest and vanity is never edifying. If you wish to influence others be natural; let Nature have a hand in your talk and your receptions.

Mallarmé owed much to his sojourn in England in his earlier youth. Here he entered into the spirit and substance of English poetry, and attained that extra something which he needed to embellish the exclusiveness and delicacy in his nature which later made him such an ardent admirer of Poe.

I saw Mallarmé alone on several occasions. "Poe," he remarked, on one of these visits, "I regard as an Irish genius transplanted to America." "Hugo," I said, at another time, "advise writers never to dream." "He is wrong," answered Mallarmé; "dreams have as much influence as actions." He was so right. The dreamer of dreams exercised a power seldom attained by any Frenchman before or during his day. Every thing comes to him who seeks for nothing. The dreamer contents himself in a world of meditation and contemplation; his ideas are many, but his words are few. He dislikes action, yet he attracts the active. He seeks no réclames, yet he is acclaimed. In a study of Mallarmé and his salon, which appeared in 1892, I said: "In this poet we are placed in a region totally free from superstition and prejudice, a thinker who embraces all that is vital in art, music, and literature."

But the best minds are often led into foolish acts, even against their better judgment. The poet was inveigled into accepting a banquet in his honour, offered by a number of his admirers, at which there were toasts, speeches, and responses, prearranged and machine-made, were the order of the evening. He was proclaimed "prince" of the young poets; but Mallarmé sat immovable, fatigued, and bored. It was no place for him. When a wise man is placed in a ridiculous position, the fools, as Goethe says, have their innings. We blunder the moment we cease to reason and permit others to reason for us. Mallarmé, who was king in his own sphere, cut a poor figure at this banquet. In this attitude the poet descended to the arena of life, on a level with others of not half his merit who had dinners given in their honour. How difficult it is to refuse at the right moment! The art of saying "No" is the supreme art in the life of every thinker. Of all this Mr. Mallarmé was conscious. When the day's talk began to rise up to the level of the ordinary the poet submitted to the arena of life, on a level with others of not half his merit who had dinners given in their honour. How difficult it is to refuse at the right moment! The art of saying "No" is the supreme art in the life of every thinker. Of all this Mr. Mallarmé was conscious. When the day's talk began to rise up to the level of the ordinary the poet submitted to the arena of life, on a level with others of not half his merit who had dinners given in their honour. How difficult it is to refuse at the right moment! The art of saying "No" is the supreme art in the life of every thinker. Of all this Mr. Mallarmé was conscious. When the day's talk began to rise up to the level of the ordinary the poet submitted to the arena of life, on a level with others of not half his merit who had dinners given in their honour. How difficult it is to refuse at the right moment! The art of saying "No" is the supreme art in the life of every thinker. Of all this Mr. Mallarmé was conscious. When the day's talk began to rise up to the level of the ordinary the poet submitted to the arena of life, on a level with others of not half his merit who had dinners given in their honour. How difficult it is to refuse at the right moment! The art of saying "No" is the supreme art in the life of every thinker. Of all this Mr. Mallarmé was conscious. When the day's talk began to rise up to the level of the ordinary the poet submitted to the arena of life, on a level with others of not half his merit who had dinners given in their honour. How difficult it is to refuse at the right moment! The art of saying "No" is the supreme art in the life of every thinker. Of all this Mr. Mallarmé was conscious. When the day's talk began to rise up to the level of the ordinary the poet submitted to the arena of life, on a level with others of not half his merit who had dinners given in their honour. How difficult it is to refuse at the right moment! The art of saying "No" is the supreme art in the life of every thinker. Of all this Mr. Mallarmé was conscious. When the day's talk began to rise up to the level of the ordinary the poet submitted to the arena of life, on a level with others of not half his merit who had dinners given in their honour. How difficult it is to refuse at the right moment! The art of saying "No" is the supreme art in the life of every thinker. Of all this Mr. Mallarmé was conscious. When the day's talk began to rise up to the level of the ordinary the poet submitted to the arena of life, on a level with others of not half his merit who had dinners given in their honour. How difficult it is to refuse at the right moment! The art of saying "No" is the supreme art in the life of every thinker. Of all this Mr. Mallarmé was conscious. When the day's talk began to rise up to the level of the ordinary the poet submitted to the arena of life, on a level with others of not half his merit who had dinners given in their honour. How difficult it is to refuse at the right moment! The art of saying "No" is the supreme art in the life of every thinker. Of all this Mr. Mallarmé was conscious. When the day's talk began to rise up to the level of the ordinary the poet submitted to the arena of life, on a level with others of not half his merit who had dinners given in their honour. How difficult it is to refuse at the right moment! The art of saying "No" is the supreme art in the life of every thinker. Of all this Mr. Mallarmé was conscious. When the day's talk began to rise up to the level of the ordinary the poet submitted to the arena of life, on a level with others of not half his merit who had dinners given in their honour. How difficult it is to refuse at the right moment! The art of saying "No" is the supreme art in the life of every thinker. Of all this Mr. Mallarmé was conscious. When the day's talk began to rise up to the level of the ordinary the poet submitted to the arena of life, on a level with others of not half his merit who had dinners given in their honour. How difficult it is to refuse at the right moment! The art of saying "No" is the supreme art in the life of every thinker. Of all this Mr. Mallarmé was conscious. When the day's talk began to rise up to the level of the ordinary the poet submitted to the arena of life, on a level with others of not half his merit who had dinners given in their honour. How difficult it is to refuse at the right moment! The art of saying "No" is the supreme art in the life of every thinker. Of all this Mr. Mallarmé was conscious. When the day's talk began to rise up to the level of the ordinary the poet submitted to the arena of life, on a level with others of not half his merit who had dinners given in their honour. How difficult it is to refuse at the right moment! The art of saying "No" is the supreme art in the life of every thinker. Of all this Mr. Mallarmé was conscious.

It was remarked by a journalist that Mallarmé, at this banquet, looked as if he had come to bury his last friend. And it was no wonder. For he had taken his sanctuary in the Rue de Rome to a place where his star gave no light. He was attracted beyond his orbit by the comets and meteors of the phenomenal world, and he could say with Joseph Roux: "When I return from the country of men I take with me illusions and disillusions."
of contemporary social history, largely because women, demeanour of the master. Considering that he understood the alleged peculiarities just been issued. "Lettres d'Amour on the romantic period, M. Léon Léché. I historians by reason of his historic connection with the distinguished critic and amoret that a white-haired lady called one day in March, 1880, on M. Troubat, and said to him with simple ingenuousness:

"In my youth I was the mistress of Alfred de Musset, and I have a certain number of the poet's letters, as to which I am troubled by scruples."

"Can you tell me what these scruples are?" asked M. Troubat, probably as amusing as well as he could the demoner of the master.

"Yes, I have come here for that purpose. Our liaison was not publicly known, and I am asking myself whether I ought to divulge it or whether I should not do better to suppress the correspondence."

"Take the letters and burn them," said M. Troubat, excited. "You have no right, in conscience, to burn any letters of Alfred de Musset."

"But they are so burning," said the lady, who was, in my opinion, guilty of a too feeble witticism. But I got her to this conclusion recorded.

"The more reason for not burning them. If I might offer advice, it would be to deposit them in the National Library. ..."

The lady agreed to this suggestion. The letters were deposited in the Bibliothèque Nationale, under agreement that they should not be disturbed for thirty years. The proceeding strikes me as deliciously French.

The period has now expired, and the letters have just been issued. "Lettres d'Amour à Aimée d'Alton," by Alfred de Musset, with a preface by that expert of the romantic period, M. Léon Léché. I need not say that the "Mercure de France," has published them (3fr. 50c.). It is always the "Mercure de France" that gets hold of these elegant windfalls in literary history. The volume is entirely charming; but it must not be over-estimated. It must be taken for exactly what it is, the epistolary record of an ordinary liaison, into which heroically passionate and deathless love certainly did not enter. The affair lasted a couple of years, and then died quietly and gracefully. As Aimée d'Alton married Alfred's brother, Paul de Musset. Times are altered. Never could such a matter have been conducted in the same way in England. And even in France of to-day such a matter would have fallen out differently. As Aimée d'Alton wrote in a MS. note at the beginning of the original letters: "Ideas have changed so much since that epoch! What seemed quite simple then has become incomprehensible to-day. What will it be in 1930? At that period love had another 'way.' When the world found it excusable it went so far as to protect it. When people turned to love there were no half measures, and the exchange of feelings and of everything was without limits." True! Some of the letters are masterly in their kind. See letter 40, in which Alfred criticises his own faults of character. It is wonderful. We are not likely to be favoured with any volume written in similar circumstances by any English author of the nineteenth century. Yet materials for such a volume might exist, if they have not been destroyed by the sorrowing families of at least two great Victorian novelists "(male).

I have been told that it is no part of my business in this column to criticise French verse, and that my views on French verse have brought tears of rage to the soft eyes of the French criticism on these points. I therefore content myself humbly with mentioning a new volume of verse, "Au Loin, peut-être ..." by a poet whose name is fresh to me, François Porché (of course. "Mercure de France," 3fr. 50c.). Here is an extract:

C'étaient de larges quais pleins de brume, a palais Couleur de sang ancien, et, derrière des grilles, L'hiver qui pourrissait sous de sombres charnelles. La neige de la rue était jaune. ..."

The arbes dénudés et les vieilles façades Avaient de hauts profils impérieux, maussades, Tournés avec raideur du côté du Passé. Tout était malveillant, terne, humide, glacé, Et, pareille à un crapaud qui sort de son mariage, Soulevé de son dos la vase, une prison Basse, accroupie, ignoble, une espèce de cage Monstrueuse osfusquait de partout l'horizon Nulle éclaircie au ciel, par où vint l'espérance; Dans l'air gris et tout comme un méal désargenté, Un troupeau de pesants nuages, tourmenté Par la bise, faisait des gestes de souffrance. Combiné s'étoufferont de cris et de sanglots, Avant que la douleur qui couvre là s'entende, Que, sous sa pression, enfin, l'airain se fende, Et qu'éclate ce monde hermétiquement clos. J'ai regardé longtemps, fenêtre par fenêtre, S'éclairer les maisons, le soir : chaque flambeau Qu'est-il qu'une veilleuse aux voûtes d'un tombeau? Ceux-là sont morts, ceux-ci pleurent, d'autres vont naître. Pour pâti à leur tour, et c'est de la démesure Que ces Destin qui toujours frappe et recommence. And if this is not original, individual, and exquisitely youthful in its charm, may all my works be censored by all the Libraries, may I contribute a serial to "Cornhill," and may I have my wife's dog's portrait published in the "Queen"?

The death of Edouard Rod does not seem to have caused much emotion in literary England. Personally, I should not like to say more than that he was a very dignified and a very sincere writer. I never could get to the end of any of his novels; but I am acquainted with people, whose judgment I respect, who regard him as a great writer. I do not at present! He was, I believe, a man of exceptional charm; but for me his books lacked emotion; they were, in the French sense, pedantic. He was a Swiss, but he lived most of his life in France. One cannot conceive any body who believes himself to be an artist living long in Switzerland, save under compulsion. It doubt if there is any European country, large or small, this side of the Balkans, more perfectly inartistic than Switzerland. No doubt this said state of affairs is due to the disastrous influence of the English leisured classes on the composite Swiss character. I would sooner live in Hull, Wigan, Belfast, or even a south-English cathedral town, than in Lausanne; and I should say that Lausanne Museum is the inferno to which will be consigned insensitive artists and sincere library censors. Yet Edouard Rod would not give up his Swiss nationality, and this was natural and right. He might have been naturalised a Frenchman, in which case he would certainly have been elected to the French Academy, and I doubt if he would have been naturalised a Frenchman, in which case the lesser evil. His last novel, "Le Glaive et le Bandeau," is running serially in "L'Illustration," which would be a highly interesting periodical just now for its admirable photographs of Rostand and all that is his. It has given way to the prosperous "The Uncounted Cost." There is absolutely no connection between advertisements and reviews. However, the most interesting coincidence was sometimes happen. On the next page to the advertise-ment occurred a criticism of "The Uncounted Cost,"
Shakespeare's Women.

Are there any women in Shakespeare? Is it possible that a poet who acclaimed "Venus and Adonis" and the "Rape of Lucrece" as the "first heirs of invention" could ever have imagined a woman as anything but the plaything or the slave of man? It is interesting to note how he treats his old maids. Cassandra is mad; Joan of Arc is a witch; the three old maids in "Macbeth" are witches; Ophelia becomes insane at the prospect of dying unmarried; and he is so disgusted with Rosaline, who has "forsworn to love," that she does not bring her on the stage, but promptly introduces Romeo to a less fastidious mortal.

Surely no poet was ever more certain that a woman's only purpose in life was to capture a man and stick to him. Shakespeare, it has only to see Orlando win a wrestling match, and straightway she is in love.

Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown More than your enemies.

Helena has scarcely exchanged two words with Bertram before she has doubts about the value of virginity and the possibility of proving it. Juliet arranges her wedding at her second meeting with Romeo. Miranda loves at first sight with more excuse, as she had never seen any man before other than Prospero or Caliban, neither of whom was eligible. Perdita, in spite of her pastoral training, can yet fear that Florizel "wooed her the wrong way," and it was probably her comparative loneliness that inspired her famous simile:—

"pale primroses,
That die unheard, ere they can behold Bright Phoebus in his strength, a malady Most incident to maids.

Beatrice and Katharine the Shrew are no exceptions to the rule. Everyone knows that Beatrice intends to marry Benedick as soon as their store of "carefully prepared impromptus" is exhausted. Katharine's first words in the play are addressed to her sister:—

Of all thy suitors, here I charge thee, tell
Whom thou lov'st best: see thou dissemble not.

Is't not Hortensia?

Her reply to her father in the same scene shows her evident intention to have a husband before her sister:—

Will you not suffer me? Nay, now I see She is your treasure, she must have a husband; I must dance barefoot on her wedding-day.

And, for your love to her, lead apes to hell.

It is curious to remember that Shakespeare improved upon Plautus in the "Comedy of Errors" by introducing "upon the unsentimental scene two figures of young lovers, a fervent youth and a fugitive maid, round which he has thrown a musical glossie of lyric and elegiac poetry beyond all reach or all aspiration of all other comic poets," if one must quote Swinburne's splendid hyperbole. Desdemona, although "so opposite to marriage," as her father declared, was soon violently in love with Othello for his "bragging and telling her fantastical lies," as Iago phrased it. Shakespeare is so certain that his women must marry almost the first man they meet that he actually makes the Duke say:—

I think this tale would win my daughter, too.

Shakespeare's thesis might well have been "Venus and Adonis" with this difference: whereas in the poem Venus is unsuccessful in her chase, I cannot remember one case in the plays where a woman fails to secure a husband, or at least a lover of some sort. Even Dame Quickly gets Ancient Pistol as a sort of consolation prize.

On the other hand, Shakespeare is in no doubt as to the relative position of woman. She is always the "weaker vessel": the husband is always the "lord, the king, the governor."

Such duty as the subject owes the prince, Even a woman owes to her husband, says that over-crowed bully, Katharine. Lear can actually interrupt his magnificent tirade over Cordelia to say:—

"Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low, an excellent thing in woman."

The best thing that Shakespeare can say of Desdemona when Othello is raving is that she is "truly an obedient lady." The prime compliment of Coriolanus to his wife is:—

"My gracious silence, hail!"

Shakespeare is careful to make you understand that Lady Macbeth is ambitious for her husband, and not for herself.

"Glamis thou art and Cawdor; and shalt be What thou art promised."

Even Portia, in the "Merchant of Venice," does not attempt to save Antonio because of her ability as a lawyer, or because she is friendly with him, or that she is aghast at the injustice that he is about to suffer. She is careful to state "that this Antonio, being the bosom lover of my lord, must needs be like my lord."

"Shakespeare, with that ever-present contempt of woman, could scarcely let her win this case on her merits. He must pack her jury for her, allow her to plead without a professional opponent, and give judgment in favour of her own cause. Brutus' Portia, perhaps the finest of Shakespeare's women, has no other idea of her existence save that she is Brutus' self."

"Am I myself? But as it were in sort, or limitation; And her impatience of Brutus' absence drives her mad. Hermione and Imogen love their lords more than their enemies. We await a poet who will show us a woman who can do something better with a man than marry him, who can see a star in the sky in the husband is always the "lord, the king, the governor."

"Weaker vessel": the husband is always the "lord, the king, the governor."

Resting place for the wife is the home.

The best thing that Shakespeare can say of Desdemona when Othello is raving is that she is "truly an obedient lady." The prime compliment of Coriolanus to his wife is:—

"My gracious silence, hail!"

Shakespeare is careful to make you understand that Lady Macbeth is ambitious for her husband, and not for herself.

"Glamis thou art and Cawdor; and shalt be What thou art promised."

Even Portia, in the "Merchant of Venice," does not attempt to save Antonio because of her ability as a lawyer, or because she is friendly with him, or that she is aghast at the injustice that he is about to suffer. She is careful to state "that this Antonio, being the bosom lover of my lord, must needs be like my lord."

"Shakespeare, with that ever-present contempt of woman, could scarcely let her win this case on her merits. He must pack her jury for her, allow her to plead without a professional opponent, and give judgment in favour of her own cause. Brutus' Portia, perhaps the finest of Shakespeare's women, has no other idea of her existence save that she is Brutus' self."

"Am I myself? But as it were in sort, or limitation; And her impatience of Brutus' absence drives her mad. Hermione and Imogen love their lords more than their enemies. We await a poet who will show us a woman who can do something better with a man than marry him, who can see a star in the sky in the husband is always the "lord, the king, the governor."

"Weaker vessel": the husband is always the "lord, the king, the governor."

Resting place for the wife is the home.
spite of a husband, who is neither an intolérable voluntary nor an equally intolerable slave. If ever men are to be noble, women must be free; and when that day comes we shall hear less of Shakespeare's knowledge of womanhood, of his wonderful gallery of adorables angels.

ALFRED E. RANDALL.

GHAZAL.

Guide, thou laughing fairy, home where laughter dwells,

Him from whom thy ever-bubbling colour wells.

Wing! From me, with wishing wings, now wings emerge;

Weave, he high in cloudland, his enwreathing spells;

Or, in million spirals, hath he million homes,

Voicing low from rhythm-haunted ocean shells:

Clings his ruddy form on buoyant mountain peaks:

Greenly, makes he heaven in enfolded dells,

Copes where creative music ripples through;

Is't his laughing voice among the woodland bells

Flatters these to flourish forth their shielded buds?

Lead me, lead me where thy god his story tells!

Yet, fay, wouldest thou still thy secret, sleep, secret keep,

Tell not me: for I to larks andphilomels

Word will send—that these, by night, and those, by day,

Wing the path to Laughter may that Care dispels.

BEATRICE T. HASTINGS.

ART.

I stood one summer day watching Como carving itself in dazzling sunshine. To me it appeared the articulate value of even the commonest things of life when bathed in luminous gold and shimmering light; when the sky becomes sapphire and the lake emerald; when the gardens become as clouds of tinted flame enveloped by the halo of vine-coloured hills; when flowing villas and exalted campaniles turn warm silver in the gossamer air. Thus seeing Como with the sun transforming all things with beauty, it was not difficult to understand that Luini centuries before, being touched by similar influences and led to praise them in paint, should, in gratitude for so much inspiration, richly endow his Antwerp, should adorn the palaces inspired by the early beauty and splendour of Venice. He wanders through one room hung with fourteenth-century masters, of which but three are original and untouched, all else being examples of the restorer's ingenuity through many centuries. Everywhere he goes he notices recent requesters and acquisitions. He spends a little time examining the Salting bequest, and observes, now without surprise, that among its Italian masterpieces are pictures that he has seen house-painters in Tuscan villages turning out by the hundred, and dreadful and uninteresting Dutch canvases, of which the small Dutch Masters left studios full, and which other men got hold of and finished.

* * *

His impression of the acquisitions is equally disappointing. He notices a large French painting of a nude which has been half burnt and atrociously restored, and is now attributed to Velasquez. For this the nation paid many thousands. He sees a Holbein probably worth three or four thousand, which a nobleman who knows nothing about art has turned into 70,000 golden coins of the realm given by a nation unbalanced by pathological sentiment. Elsewhere he sees a Raphael with an original design and later additions, of which 10,000 was paid, which cost a millionaire much less, but which, if only reckoned dealer fashion by the figures it contains, should have cost twice as much. He sees all these things, and, aided by his sharpened vision and knowledge, he perceives the true value. He asks himself what an Old Master really is; knowledge and common sense have taught him that the best painter that ever lived never painted more than half a dozen masterpieces, that all the rest of his works are of little account, and it would not matter one jot if they were at the bottom of the Atlantic. But unfortunately they are not there; since neither sentiment nor greed will allow the hundreds of thousands of indifferent pictures painted by the dealers and fabricators, and re-painted, retouched and restored, even when in rags, by and through the dealer, to disappear.

* * *

The dealer has set his seal upon his mountain of rubbish, and he it is who preserves it; who forms the collections of Tate-Gallery millionaires without taste or judgment; who chokes our galleries with shoddy, to the exclusion of sound modern stuff; who gives impious picture owners the cue to use the National Gallery as an exchange and mart; who knows there is no law to prevent him effecting sales through our national art institutions; and who profits by the disgraceful trick of loaning pictures to the nation for the purpose of attracting buyers at inflated prices. In a word, it is the dealer who controls the national sentiment and purse in art matters. He is the real director of the National Gallery. This is our traveller's final and lasting impression. He has seen this national collection of foreign treasures from Italy, light, and he hates and despises it accordingly, just as artistic English hates and despises the R.A. A month later he turns his back on this land of fools and hypocrites, and goes south, where gorgeous palaces, and sunlit skies, and transparent water put on colour, fresh and golden as in the days of Giorgione.

* * *

Some day the monied classes will learn the truth also. Then they will come to hate and despise our dealer-ridden galleries as heartily as the traveller from Italy. And then they will no longer subsidise the dead, but...
the living. That is, if there are any living artists left worth subsidising. So far as I can see the neglect of modern artists is tending to their extinction. There is so little demand for big canvases and so great a demand by the exhibition gallery for studies that will sell, that a case of conscience, even the best may be urged out nothing but portfolio scraps. Scraps, for instance, predominate at the exhibition of drawings and etchings of the Society of Twelve at Messrs. Obach's Gallery, Messrs. Legros, Mitchell and Bond, D. Y. Cameron, and J. C. Cameron. Although A. C. Langton, A. E. John, S. Moore, Charles Shannon and William Strang have studied the market. D. Y. Cameron just washed in a dark foreground or two and leaves the skies paper, and sends them along. Francis Dobson does best by exhibiting work. Edmund A. Cole tops the lot. He is a newcomer, a draughtsman of immense power, whose work is so fine and strong that even John's vigorous line, with its note of contempt for the public, looks comparatively feeble.

Hedley Fitton, whose drawings and etchings are to be seen at Messrs. Dunthorne's, has also gauged the market for cheap and scrappy things. His work is direct and well-drawn, but lacking in charm and individuality. The subjects are topographical, portraits of streets and buildings, and appear, most of them, to have been copied from photos rather than sketched from the things themselves. Mr. Fitton would be wise to spend more care and skill in finishing his work, and not leave so many inches of surface wasted.

HUNTY CARTER

Insurance Notes.

MR. HAROLD EVERTON, the proprietor and editor of the "Choreyholder," has been returned to Parliament as the member for Gateshead. His election will be welcomed by those insurance papers who have cried long and lustily for the representation of insurance interests at Westminster.

** **

We are not in any way affected by the superior and surly remarks of the editor of the "Insurance Mail" with regard to this column, as we find nothing in his style and matter to indicate technical expertise. He may rage at our prediction that State insurance is coming: it will come all the same. And, seeing he is interested in us, we shall from time to time keep him right on special subjects.

** **

Under the new Act, says Mr. H. Kingsley Wood, solicitor, and author of the "Industrial Assurance Agents' Legal Handbook," a person who is unconnected with a collecting society cannot insure another person for funeral expenses in a collecting society to which he is not a member, and is therefore, not entitled to the privileges of the society. We must emphasise the fact that it is only members of collecting societies who are entitled to the widened scope of the new Act. Only a member can insure his parent, grandparent, grandchild, brother, or sister for funeral expenses. If a person not a member were to effect an insurance on the life of another with which an assurance is to be effected.

** **

The Central Office of Friendly Societies has made the following communication to a correspondent who raised several questions as to the operation of the new Act. Amongst the points raised, it is not within the number, and is therefore, not entitled to the privileges of the society. We must emphasise the fact that it is only members of collecting societies who are entitled to the widened scope of the new Act. Only a member can insure his parent, grandparent, grandchild, brother, or sister for funeral expenses. If a person not a member were to effect an insurance on the life of another with which an assurance is to be effected.

** **

(1) The funeral expenses insurance can only be those of the specified relations of the member. The parents, etc., must bear that relationship to the member.

(2) The funeral expenses insurance can only be those of the specified relations of the member. The parents, etc., must bear that relationship to the member.

(3) The assurances can only be for funeral expenses. It remains, however, to give an assurance on the life of any person other than a member. The assurance must be granted to the member and not to the person whose funeral expenses are assured. So the policy should be what is called a party policy.

(4) Before granting assurances of the nature specified in Section 36 (1), a society should amend its rules so as to include such assurances within its objects or such of them as it desires to have power to effect.

** **

Taking into account the importance of this subject, and the fact that we have had inquiries in regard thereto, we reprint a statement of the relative powers of companies and societies as established by the Insurance Companies Act, 1909:—

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Person</th>
<th>Society</th>
<th>Amount</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>A man may insure</td>
<td>Collecting Society</td>
<td>£300</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Himself</td>
<td></td>
<td>Any amount</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>His wife for</td>
<td>Funeral Expenses</td>
<td>Any amount</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>His children for</td>
<td>Funeral Expenses</td>
<td>Funeral expenses, if under 30 years of age.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>His grandparents for</td>
<td>Funeral Expenses</td>
<td>Any amount</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Any other person in whose life he has an insurable interest</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

With regard to canvassing, it is found useful to adopt illustrations from the topics of the moment. What better chance could there be than at this time to point to the provisions of the Government to introduce a system of compulsory insurance, and then ask: Where is the State insurance? The Government was so convinced of the necessity of insurance that it intimated the introduction of a Bill to make insurance compulsory for the working classes. This should be an answer to those who are still unbelievers.

CORRESPONDENCE.

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

THE HOME OF THE HUMMING BEETLES.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

The only occasion on which I died of hunger was at a great banquet, where I saw the greatest and soundest people who preached the gospel of right feeding. When I was about to take a sip of water one of the guests suggested that, as my own death might be in view, I should make sure of the system of the next bottle. I drank. I was satisfied. I gave thanks, and was proceeding to help myself to a little golden sherry when another guest hinted that, for my own sake, I had better refrain, as wine led to rheumatic. I deemed this attention so singularly kind, and I ruminated over the circumstance while casually breaking a piece of bread.

Before a morsel reached my mouth another guest told me that bread made with yeast should be avoided, because it was antagonistic to longevity. I commended my friend for his good advice, and advised him to let his guests know that bread and wine were the only things in whose life he had lived with such singular success. He, having been asked toasts, had met with a very learned and generous people.

Mr. Forrester then made a speech, and advised me for my own sake, to shun the soup. I deemed this attention singularly kind, and I ruminated over the circumstance while casually breaking a piece of bread.

I had a splendid appetite, and rejoiced exceedingly when the soup was served, but, alas! I had to let it go untouched, in deference to the superior wisdom of an elderly gentleman on my left, who asserted that the sauce had been flavoured with a ham-bone, and, the pig being an unclean animal, he advised me, for my own sake, to shun the soup. I obeyed with slightly diminished grace, and when the next course came round in desperation I asked for fillet of sole. My neighbour, with a most winning smile, advised me, for my own sake, to shun the soup. I deemed this attention singularly kind, and I ruminated over the circumstance while casually breaking a piece of bread.

I had a splendid appetite, and rejoiced exceedingly when the soup was served, but, alas! I had to let it go untouched, in deference to the superior wisdom of an elderly gentleman on my left, who asserted that the sauce had been flavoured with a ham-bone, and, the pig being an unclean animal, he advised me, for my own sake, to shun the soup. I obeyed with slightly diminished grace, and when the next course came round in desperation I asked for fillet of sole. My neighbour, with a most winning smile, advised me, for my own sake, to shun the soup. I deemed this attention singularly kind, and I ruminated over the circumstance while casually breaking a piece of bread.

I had a splendid appetite, and rejoiced exceedingly when the soup was served, but, alas! I had to let it go untouched, in deference to the superior wisdom of an elderly gentleman on my left, who asserted that the sauce had been flavoured with a ham-bone, and, the pig being an unclean animal, he advised me, for my own sake, to shun the soup. I obeyed with slightly diminished grace, and when the next course came round in desperation I asked for fillet of sole. My neighbour, with a most winning smile, advised me, for my own sake, to shun the soup. I deemed this attention singularly kind, and I ruminated over the circumstance while casually breaking a piece of bread.

I had a splendid appetite, and rejoiced exceedingly when the soup was served, but, alas! I had to let it go untouched, in deference to the superior wisdom of an elderly gentleman on my left, who asserted that the sauce had been flavoured with a ham-bone, and, the pig being an unclean animal, he advised me, for my own sake, to shun the soup. I obeyed with slightly diminished grace, and when the next course came round in desperation I asked for fillet of sole. My neighbour, with a most winning smile, advised me, for my own sake, to shun the soup. I deemed this attention singularly kind, and I ruminated over the circumstance while casually breaking a piece of bread.

I had a splendid appetite, and rejoiced exceedingly when the soup was served, but, alas! I had to let it go untouched, in deference to the superior wisdom of an elderly gentleman on my left, who asserted that the sauce had been flavoured with a ham-bone, and, the pig being an unclean animal, he advised me, for my own sake, to shun the soup. I obeyed with slightly diminished grace, and when the next course came round in desperation I asked for fillet of sole. My neighbour, with a most winning smile, advised me, for my own sake, to shun the soup. I deemed this attention singularly kind, and I ruminated over the circumstance while casually breaking a piece of bread.

I had a splendid appetite, and rejoiced exceedingly when the soup was served, but, alas! I had to let it go untouched, in deference to the superior wisdom of an elderly gentleman on my left, who asserted that the sauce had been flavoured with a ham-bone, and, the pig being an unclean animal, he advised me, for my own sake, to shun the soup. I obeyed with slightly diminished grace, and when the next course came round in desperation I asked for fillet of sole. My neighbour, with a most winning smile, advised me, for my own sake, to shun the soup. I deemed this attention singularly kind, and I ruminated over the circumstance while casually breaking a piece of bread.

I had a splendid appetite, and rejoiced exceedingly when the soup was served, but, alas! I had to let it go untouched, in deference to the superior wisdom of an elderly gentleman on my left, who asserted that the sauce had been flavoured with a ham-bone, and, the pig being an unclean animal, he advised me, for my own sake, to shun the soup. I obeyed with slightly diminished grace, and when the next course came round in desperation I asked for fillet of sole. My neighbour, with a most winning smile, advised me, for my own sake, to shun the soup. I deemed this attention singularly kind, and I ruminated over the circumstance while casually breaking a piece of bread.
My strength was failing, and the severity of my schooling books, music, cards and all. Apart, I was determined not to have a cup of coffee to revive me. Here again I was in error, for coffee is a destroyer of the nerves. Could I have a card table collected by no insignificantness, very often by impaired vision, and always by baldness. In a weak voice, not untinged with melancholy, I think of the wind, I think of the wind, I sauntered through the town. In this pleasant time came the shadow of a man who, without much ceremony, called me a miserable sinner. I entirely agreed with him. Thereupon he invited me to go along with him to a large room where he would show me more fully the scope of my degradation, and, nothing loth, I went. There were a few others present, to whom he had also spoken subwice, and now, having us in a lump, he blackballed us for all he was worth. He called us false creatures, unworthy wretches, the most abjectly poor. 

On the following week I went again to hear myself denounced, and was not a little grateful to see a larger audience. The first was a splendid speaker, and with considerable chaff he again denounced us as spiritually blind, lovers of the belly, stomach worshipers, hypocritical knaves, lusters after the flesh, slothful drunkards, soldiers of Satan, foot-kissers of Baal, and egregious ephemeralities. It was all true, and, having been moved to pay the gas and the rent of the room, we separated. I didn't count the collection, but it seemed to me there might be considerable cover and stock.

On the following week I went again to hear myself denounced, and was not a little grateful to see a larger audience. The first was a splendid speaker, and with considerable chaff he again denounced us as spiritually blind, lovers of the belly, stomach worshipers, hypocritical knaves, lusters after the flesh, slothful drunkards, soldiers of Satan, foot-kissers of Baal, and egregious ephemeralities. We were in general convinced of his charges, and when between the intimations and the benediction a collection was taken up, we subscribed liberally. Week after week I went to hear this man belittle and condemn me, and a growing number followed my example, but in course of time the man became less articulate and earnest. Thus we found it to our comfort to have the seats cushioned and the walls painted and the windows coloured, so that we might not be too wearied when listening. For his part, he stuck well by ancient adjectives and strong expletives, seldom inventing a new contumelious phrase, and at his request we hired a few good singers to enliven the proceedings.

Soon after we subscribed for an organ, and as these attractions were added he cut down the length of his attack on me. Referring to his usual denunciatory diatribe, it struck me that he looked very sleek and fat. Shortly after we had built a large, commodious villa for him, surrounded on the strong side by Sahara, but I made no demur, because he was much better off than I, and I had always paid him to humble and deride me. His annual collection was, however, used in the illustration about foxes having holes. Such is the origin of the now universal institution known as the Home of Humming Beetles.

** JOTTINGS FROM A NOTE-BOOK IN INDIA. **

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

I see that The New Age sometimes makes reference to the uncomfortable relations existing between the British and the Indians, and perhaps my personal observation of the condition of society after a year's residence in a Native State may not be without some interest.

In this city the Parsees, Mohammedians, and Hindoos are seldom on terms of intimacy, but at one house where we visit all the gatherings have experienced at least once a week for games and afternoon tea in a pleasant garden.

Some British attend occasionally, but the few 'Army ladies' who do so are so small and so out of the crowd as to be unobtrusive and unnoticeable. There are, however, among these agreeable people, come openly armed with the determination to be bored and contemptuous.

The other day a charming lady (who was wearing a dark linen skirt with embroidered hem, and a piquetoshoulder gauze veil, which frames in her dark face with its sparkling golden border. She welcomes her guests heartily, and dispenses tea in as agreeable a manner as anyone could wish. She is an accomplished artist and a true artist, in which the fashion-plate figure of a stiff Englishwoman is a distinct blot.

The gymkana, for certain political reasons, has been thrown open to all Indians during the last year. The time his terms of reproach became stale and familiar, and the cold manners of the Englishwomen attending there made me feel that the cold manners of the Englishwomen attending there were a species of hypocrisy.

But it is when one spends an evening in Anglo-Indian company that the attitude of the British to the Indian comes out fully. It is impossible that anything but bad feeling can be excited by the shower of scornful epithets lavished on our brown brother.

On one occasion I began to be so uneasy that I suggested it might be quite possible that some of the servants—waiting upon us so humbly, with the most impassive faces—could hear something from the conversation. 'Oh, we don't study the servants' say they do, I suppose, as they like; we never pretend to do anything but hate the native,' was the reply of mine host.

I tried to lead the conversation towards artistic channels, as sketches by my hostess were hanging upon the walls, and she was complaining that in this "deadly hole" time hangs so heavily upon her hands.

"Why not paint?" I demanded.

"Paint what?" she demanded, and added in an unde- salable tone of scorn.

"Natives?"

"Yes," I answered; "there are magnificent subjects crying out to be done. Look at the coolies, the milk-women, water-carriers, the tigresses of the bazaars, the decrepit old man; the appealing grace of joyous children at play; if, I repeat, I cannot see these and other things." I demanded.

"I could not paint a native; I dislike them too much. I can't see any beauty in them, and when you have been here a few years you can look at them as you like; I wonder if I shall. I think and hope not.

If the time comes when I cannot see the beauty of a mother bending over her baby, the touching helplessness of the decrepit old man; the appealing grace of joyous children at play; if, I repeat, I cannot see these and other things attributes simply because they are illustrated in a darker-coloured clay than I. I hope that Nemesia will be just enough to wipe me out of existence.

A LOOKER-ON.

THE FUTURE OF SOCIALISM.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Will you allow me to give a few of my impressions strengthened by my experience in the last election?

The classiness of the Labour Party seems to me fatal to its success. The sole argument put forward by the candidates, in my humble opinion, is that 'the working class' are not as well off as they used to be. But the "interests" they apparently mean only such things as school feeding and old age pensions, are, I think, not the things which really require their hearers with the thought that they are part of this great nation which has much greater interests than these. There is never a word said about foreign policy except to jeer at militarism, etc. This is not Socialism, never can be, for Socialism is the combined interest of Society, not of the very poor only. Even as an appeal to the working classes, I think it is not Socialism, because the greater number of them are not unemployed and apparently about to be

Following on from this, I do implore the intellectual Socialists to stand for Parliament. We must get the
scientific array of facts which the Fabians and the Minority Report Commissioners have gathered up during the past twenty years. Thoroughly known by the statistics of the power of Lloyd George and the new Liberals lies in the fact that they have made some of these things known throughout England. Just as the Tractarian movement had very little effect on the Church until the Ritualists began to popularise the views of Newman and Pusey by "Limehouse" sermons and hard work in the slums, so it will be with Socialism. Until the "Ritualists" keep in touch with the intellectual movement, this is their strength at the present time. For Sidney Webb to refuse to stand for Parliament is as if Bishop Gore had refused to be a bishop.

One other thing I wish to say. Could not the Labour Party lose its last heaps of votes by being mixed up with the Liberals? I should like Socialists to say to the Liberals, "When you bring forward your Education Bills, your Disestablishment Bills, and the rest, we will not support you at all. We think that so long as a single man has a child under five years' residence in France.

"It is too good and safe a weapon against an, increasingly intolerant democracy to be lightly discarded. Its staunchest supporters will be the priestly caste, and particularly the Ritualists who are the most authoritative ever published. The Professor of Poetry has consented to read the proofs, and the text will be decided to produce a sumptuous edition of the works of the poet in the present House of Commons and of the House of Lords. And in the numerous cases in which the death sentence is pronounced, but not carried out, the judge is usually the moving party. The Home Secretary always consults the judge, and seldom departs from his recommendation. Moreover, even if the judges were harsh and cruel, it could not follow that the legal profession were so. The lawyers have no power of altering the law. It is not, I think, correct to say that the lawyers "invented" the death penalty or that they "upheld it." Indeed, the mitigations of this penalty during the last century (though, of course, they had to be passed by the Legislature) actually originated with Socialists, who are usually pretty well represented in Parliament. There is no ground for alleging that the "law party" will not repeal our "murderous laws." There is no such party. Lawyers sit on both sides of the House of Commons and of the House of Lords, and their opinions are divided on this subject of capital punishment as well as on almost every other subject. A Bill to modify the law of murder (though probably not at present) is on the table. The Home Secretary sits on both sides of the House of Commons and of the House of Lords, and the opinions are divided on this subject of capital punishment as well as on almost every other subject.

The right of trussing a brother man into a state of helpless passivity, and then ceremoniously strangling him with a thick rope, is one of those sacred "vested interests" which your free-born Englishman is not going to surrender without a desperate struggle.

Capital punishment—that final expression of modern society's cruel cowardice—will find its stoutest defenders in the Churches, and among the reactionaries generally. It is a weapon against the underprivileged, an insolexand cruelty to be lightly discarded. Its staunchest supporters will be the priestly caste, and particularly the priests in the Church until the "Ritualists" begin to ennoble the views of Newman and Pusey by "Limehouse" sermons and hard work in the slums, so it will be with Socialism. Until the "Ritualists" keep in touch with the intellectual movement, this is their strength at the present time.
**Fry’s Pure Concentrated Cocoa.**

“Has won more awards than any other.”

300 Grand Prix, Gold Medals, Etc.

**NEW AGE POST CARDS**

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

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

**THE NEW AGE.**

Vol. V. (May—October, 1909) is now ready, bound and indexed. As a mirror of the advanced thought of the day the volume is indispensable to students. The most brilliant writers, new and established, have contributed to its pages.

Price 4s. 6d., or 5s. carriage paid.

Address: NEW AGE, 38, Cursitor Street, Chancery Lane, E.C.

**COX & CO., INTERIOR DECORATORS, have a VACANCY for a PUPIL (Lady) wishing to learn the Business and Handicrafts.**

**SOCIALIST CIGARETTE MAKERS**

Give you 50 per cent. better quality Tobacco than any other firm.

The “NEW AGE” Cigarettes are hand-made from pure Tobacco, narrowest possible lap, non-eolic, non-injurious, and sold at a democratic price.

A Box of 100 “NEW AGE” Cigarettes, Turkish or Virginia, 2/6 post free. Exceptional Value.

Write to-day for Price List. You will be satisfied.

Dr. CIRIL CLEMENTS, M.A., 4, Old Broad Street, Lincoln, writes—

“I like your Cigarettes very much indeed. I like the idea of being freshly made with each order.

Hundreds of other testimonials of a similar kind.

Postal Orders and Cheques crossed “Farrow’s Bank, Ltd.”

Our only address: L. LYONS & SONS, 78, CEPHAS STREET, LONDON.

**THE PERFECTED SELF-FILLING FOUNTAIN PEN.**

Everyone is interested in the New Invention applied to “Bloom’s Safety” Self-Filling Pen. It has the following advantages: Fills itself in a moment. Cleans itself instantly. No rubber to perish or other parts to get out of order; Does not leak or blot, and always ready to write. Twin feed and all the latest improvements.

The Makers claim that BLOOM’S SAFETY Self-Filling Pen is the Best Pen made being convinced everyone should use it.

A REMARKABLE OFFER IS MADE TO THE PUBLIC FOR THREE MONTHS.

The 10s. 6d. “BLOOM’S SAFETY” Self-Filling Pen, with 14-carat Gold Nib, for 5s. 6d.

The 15s. “BLOOM’S SAFETY” Self-Filling Pen, fitted with Massive Diamond-Pointed 14-carat Gold Nib, 5s. 6d.

A THREE YEARS’ Guarantee with every Pen for Rebalance, and, if you are not satisfied, money will be returned, or Pen exchanged till suited. Point can be had in Fine, Medium, Broad, or J, soft or hard. Readers of “The New Age” can have full confidence in “Bloom’s Safety” Pen.


**Nourishing Luncheons, Teas, and Dinners**

**AT THE EUSTACE MILES RESTAURANT,**

40, CHANDOS STREET, W.C.

(One minute from Trafalgar Square.)

Write for interesting free Recipes and Booklet on Diet by Eustace Miles, M.A.

**PICTURE-FRAMING**

**THE EUSTACE MILES RESTAURANT,**

40, CHANDOS STREET, W.C.

(One minute from Trafalgar Square.)

Write for interesting free Recipes and Booklet on Diet by Eustace Miles, M.A.

**NEW AGE POST CARDS**

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

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

**THE PERFECTED SELF-FILLING FOUNTAIN PEN.**

Everyone is interested in the New Invention applied to “Bloom’s Safety” Self-Filling Pen. It has the following advantages: Fills itself in a moment. Cleans itself instantly. No rubber to perish or other parts to get out of order; Does not leak or blot, and always ready to write. Twin feed and all the latest improvements.

The Makers claim that BLOOM’S SAFETY Self-Filling Pen is the Best Pen made being convinced everyone should use it.

A REMARKABLE OFFER IS MADE TO THE PUBLIC FOR THREE MONTHS.

The 10s. 6d. “BLOOM’S SAFETY” Self-Filling Pen, with 14-carat Gold Nib, for 5s. 6d.

The 15s. “BLOOM’S SAFETY” Self-Filling Pen, fitted with Massive Diamond-Pointed 14-carat Gold Nib, 5s. 6d.

A THREE YEARS’ Guarantee with every Pen for Rebalance, and, if you are not satisfied, money will be returned, or Pen exchanged till suited. Point can be had in Fine, Medium, Broad, or J, soft or hard. Readers of “The New Age” can have full confidence in “Bloom’s Safety” Pen.


**Nourishing Luncheons, Teas, and Dinners**

**AT THE EUSTACE MILES RESTAURANT,**

40, CHANDOS STREET, W.C.

(One minute from Trafalgar Square.)

Write for interesting free Recipes and Booklet on Diet by Eustace Miles, M.A.

**PICTURE-FRAMING**

**THE EUSTACE MILES RESTAURANT,**

40, CHANDOS STREET, W.C.

(One minute from Trafalgar Square.)

Write for interesting free Recipes and Booklet on Diet by Eustace Miles, M.A.
Soured Milk and Long Life.

LACTEETE.

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

ACTIVE LACTIC ACID BACILLI.

In a very small Lacteeete Tablet are compressed 50,000 of these micro-organisms, which of all the dumb creations are the friendliest and most beneficent to mankind. Their function is to make war upon and exterminate all the hostile bacilli, which working internally cause you to develop Indigestion, Constipation, Chronic Diarrhoea, Gastritis, or in a few words THE FOUNDATION OF ILL HEALTH.

Soured Milk is the Remedy and Lacteeete sours it.

Nearly all intestinal disturbances are due to irregular fermentative processes, and in such cases "Lacteeete" cannot fail to bring speedy relief.

The Lacteeete apparatus for keeping the milk at proper temperatures, and in each case, it has taken the scientific world by storm.

"LACTEETE TABLETS" are prepared in bottles at 2/9 for 5s., 50 for 4/6, or 7/6 per 100 post free.

The "LACTEEETE" Agency, (FRASER & MUIR), 32, Lawrence Lane, Cheapside, London, E.C.

MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertisements are inserted in this column at the following rates: Prepaid Rates:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1/2</td>
<td>28</td>
<td>6d.</td>
<td>1/2</td>
<td>10d.</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1s.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1/2</td>
<td>12</td>
<td>1d.</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>3d.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>3d.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Each must accompany order, and advertisements must be received not later than first post Monday morning for same week's issue.

Tents: Advertisements are not inserted at these rates.

Advertisements and orders should be sent to the Manager, THE NEW AGE, 35, Curzon Street, Chancery Lane, London.

ASHLET, SCHOOL-HOME, Fasley, Southampon. Reformed Diet, Individual Instruction, Careful Preparation for Public Examinations. Suitable for District. Highest References.—Apply, Mrs. A. G. Hopps, 30, Curzon Street, E.C.

CITY MEN'S EVENING LANGUAGE SCHOOL and simple Board in private family (no other adult guests). Society of young people essential. Address, Address, c/o New Age, 35, Curzon St., E.C.

COOMBE HILL SCHOOL, WESTERHAM, KENT.—A Girl's School, middle-aged, desires to have Two Rooms and Board in private family (no other adult guests). Society of young people essential. Address, Address, c/o New Age, 35, Curzon St., E.C.

COOKE'S HILL SCHOOL, WESTERHAM, KENT.—A Girl's School, middle-aged, desires to have Two Rooms and Board in private family (no other adult guests). Society of young people essential. Address, Address, c/o New Age, 35, Curzon St., E.C.

HIGGEN in the Home can be obtained by using Bennett's Dustless Brooms, which, as her name implies, sweep present objectionable dust and microbe-raising methods of cleaning carpets, etc., away. The convenience of portable vacuum cleaner at the price of a ordinary broom.—Bennetts, Station Road, Gravesend.

NEW THINGS—A NEW TIME—THE NEW MAN.

Read ZION'S WORKS. In Free Libraries.

ROOMS, furnished or unfurnished, with or without board and attendance, 7s. 6d. to 30s., large garden, open country, half-hour from town (Surrey)—Apply X.Y.Z., c/o New Age.

SPANISH, 18, Accountant, Librarian, Spanish, French and little English, who lost her position as Publishers' Manager through recent events, wishes to accept an appointment as secretary in England.—Write, in first instance, to "Lace", 4, Maude Terrace, Walthamstow.

CONVENIENT FLAT to Let, furnished, for six months; £12 per annum, with or without country cottage in addition.—Apply for particulars, C., 9, Grafton Mansions, St. Pancras Circus, W. (Unpublished.)

UNITARIANISM AN AFFIRMATIVE FAITH, "The Ancient Agnostic" (J. L. T., 17, Cambridge Pass, Cambridge)


BIBLIOGRAPHIES OF MODERN AUTHORS.

7.—ISRAEL ZANGWILL.

1888 THE PREMIER AND THE PAINTER. Political Satire. (With Louis Cowen). (Spencer Blackett. 10/6 and 3/6.)

1891 THE THOMSON'S CLUB. Fantasia. (Henry and Co. 3/6.)

1892 THE BIG BOW MYSTERY. Detective Story. (Henry and Co. 1/-.)

1892 THE OLD MAIDS' CLUB. Fantasia. (Heinemann. 3/6.)

1892 CHILDREN OF THE GHETTO. Novel of Jewish Life. (Heinemann. 3 vols., 31/6; 1 vol., 6/-. Paper, 6d.)

1896 SIX PERSONS. Play. (Haymarket.) (French. 6/-.)

1896 THROUGH THE WOOD. (Heinemann. 6/-.)

1896 THE KING OF SCHNORRERS. Grotesques. (Heinemann. 6/-.)

1896 THE MASTER. Novel of Art Life. (Heinemann. net. 6/-.)

1896 WITHOUT PREJUDICE. Causerie. (Fisher Unwin, 5/-.)

1896 DREAMERS OF THE GHETTO. Historic Prose-Poems. (Heinemann. 6/-.)

1897 THE BACHELORS' CLUB. Union of the Bachelors' and Old Maids'. (Heinemann. 6/-.)

1897 THEY THAT WALK IN DARKNESS. Ghetto Tragedies. (Incorporating the old and subsequently republished under the old title). (Heinemann. 6/-.)

1898 CHILDREN OF THE GHETTO. Play. (Adelphi.) (Unpublished.)

1899 THE MANTLE OF ELIJAH. Political Novel. (Heinemann. 6/-.)

1899 THE MOMENT OF DEATH. Play. (Walcott's. N.Y.) (Unpublished.)

1901 THE REVOLTED DAUGHTER. Play. (Comedy.) (Unpublished.)

1903 THE GREY WIG. Short Stories and Novelties. (Incorporating both shilling novelettes.) (Heinemann. 6/-.)

1903 BLIND CHILDREN. Verse. (Heinemann. 3/-.)

1903 MEREELY MARY ANN. Play. (Duke of York's). (Unpublished.)

1904 THE SERIO-COMIC GOVERNERS. Play. (Lyceum, N.Y.) (Unpublished.)

1905 A MILLION TO SPEND. Play. (Criterion, N.Y.) (Unpublished.)

1906 NURSE MARJORIE. Play. (Liberty, N.Y.) (Unpublished.)

1907 GHETTO COMEDIES. Short Stories. (Heinemann. 6/-.)

1908 THE MELTING POT. Play. (Comedy, N.Y.) (Macmillan, N.Y. $1.25.)


1910 ITALIAN FANTASIES. Essays. (In Press). (Heinemann.)

Also numerous of Zionist brochures and Female Suffrage speeches in penny form.

A Uniform Illustrated Edition of the Ten Volumes of Fiction sold in sets only at £2 10s.