THE MAN WITH THE RAKE.
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Great Britain. Abroad.
One Year ... ... 15 0 17 4
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All orders and remittances should be sent to the NEW AGE PRESS, 38, Cursitor Street, E.C.

MSS., drawings and editorial communications should be addressed to the Editor, 38, Cursitor Street, E.C.

All communications regarding Advertisements should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, 38, Cursitor Street, E.C.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Democracy is government by consent on reflection; demogrophy or partisan-government is government by consent without reflection. It is this latter that is unstable. We offer this distinction to those of our readers who deplor what they regard as the falling away of The New Age from democracy; we would also offer it as a test of the democratic pretensions of organs like the "Nation" and the "Daily News" and of writers like Mr. Belloc. We have no hesitation in saying that on ninety-nine issues out of any hundred both the "Nation" and the "Daily News" come to conclusions which the best mind of the people, the people in its reflective mood, would repudiate and disown. So much for the representative character of our pretentious contemporaries. If anybody knows, Mr. Belloc knows that the House of Commons stands in more need of reform than the House of Lords. If anybody knows, he knows that the Lords saved the country from the endowment of a pretty accurately. What, for instance, was the nature of the interview between the King and Mr. Asquith at Brighton on Saturday last we have heard at some length. The conversation will never be recorded, but its upshot would have amazed both the leading Radicals of the day, including Mr. Belloc and the editors of the "Nation" and the "Daily News," would turn a single vote or raise a single penny or give pause to a single mind. Of food for thought the theories of these persons are empty. They are the true individualists of to-day, who, when they speak, speak for themselves alone and never with a sense of responsibility for a people behind them. Occasionally they voice the opinions of a group, more often of a club set; but usually they are owls in a wilderness. Thus it follows that they mislead whoever listens to them, and are yet perpetually complaining that their victims are ill-guided. Rarely all the enemies of democracy, these professed democrats are the most dangerous. But they may always be known; since they never inspire the affections of the people.

We are writing these notes without any public knowledge of the contents of the King's Speech, but with enough private knowledge to enable us to forecast it pretty accurately. What, for instance, was the nature of the interview between the King and Mr. Asquith at Brighton on Saturday last we have heard at some length. The conversation will never be recorded, but its upshot would have amazed both the "Nation" and the "Daily News." These two precious organs have been for some time the terror of democrats; but they were never so ill-guided as when they endeavoured to rope the King into their partisan cabals. The "Daily News," with the unspeakable superciliousness which characterises its political opinions, was foolish enough to assure its readers day after day that "of course the

[THE NEW AGE will appear next week with an 8pp. LITERARY SUPPLEMENT. Articles by Allen Upward, Aage Madelung, D. Trifinoris, E. Belfort Bax, Bart Kennedy, Katharine Mansfield, A. E. Randall, etc., etc.]
King would do this, and of course the King would do that. What it amounted to was this: that of course the King would do it, and P. W. W., and Lord P. W. W. was in "our great leader's" pocket. It followed of course that the guarantees (whatever they were) were only to be asked for to be received. The King, in fact, was depicted as positively yearning to give them. The fact of the matter is that Asquith, if asked, let alone if he merely showed any modesty. Oh, dear, no! there was no doubt about the King giving the guarantees.

If Mr. Asquith did not know better before going to Brighton, he knew better on leaving Brighton. Briefly, he pronounced, not unpleasantly, nor without party deserved them. And the King said so. After all, is not that the fact? We have only to remember that the Liberal majority returned in 1906 under Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman was a majority of one party all acknowledging the leadership of the Prime Minister. . . . These extracts, official as they are, dispose of the circular subjects.

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Lord the result of the interview, however, threw the Cabinet into a greater panic than all the threats of the Irish and Labour parties had done. There had been some talk of putting Veto first and Budget second; but from the moment of the King's decision the engines were reversed. Properly too. If the Liberal augurs had demanded Veto first and Budget second last November they might have been listened to; but their cry was now out of date. The was now out of date. The majority Gazette, with its moderate and reasonable line, became the Government organ in place of the "Nation" and the "Daily News"; and Mr. Asquith's decisions may now be found therein. Read in this light the following extract from the "Westminster" leader of February 18th:

"The first thing for supporters of the Government to grasp is that the majority on the House of Lords question—large and impressive as it may be when brought together—is not a majority of one party all acknowledging the leadership of the Prime Minister. . . . Let us keep firmly in our minds the simple fact that the news which Mr. Asquith can claim to command until Parliament meets is 275 and no more, and we shall not ask him to act as if it were double that number. If the majority of his party, or of any other party, he could dictate any terms he pleased to the Sovereign and to the country. Much of the loose talk about "guarantees" will dissolve when brought to that test.

The British public are very practical, and they insist that if Mr. Asquith did not know better before going to Brighton, he knew better on leaving Brighton. Briefly, he pronounced, not unpleasantly, nor without party deserved them. And the King said so. After all, is not that the fact? We have only to remember that the Liberal majority returned in 1906 under Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman was a majority of one party all acknowledging the leadership of the Prime Minister. . . . These extracts, official as they are, dispose of the circular subjects.

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ST. VALENTINE'S SONG.
(Air: The Modern Major-General.)

I am the pith of saintliness and bane of secularity,
I know the way to heaven via love and Christian charity;
I rescue imprisoned damsels by climbing up their back tresses,
And bring to sentimental youths the autographs of actresses.

In a saintly way I "devil" for the witless would-be somnambulist:
Describe your mistress' eyebrow, I'll extemporise upon it hit!
I aid the loves of Zoophytes as well as Homo Sapiens',
And teach sonorous Chanticleer to serenade his happy hens;
Sweet phantasies I bring to plants—to poppies and to marguerites.

And almost soulful thoughts to him who sauerkraut with lager eats.
In short, as far as all-embracing love and Christian charity,
I am the pith of saintliness and bane of secularity!

I wake susceptibilities, though seldom with success immense,
In granite and in many other geologic specimens;
I quote without my Lemprière the loves of all the goddesses,
I know the odes of Sappho and the pattern of her bodices;
I weep like any crocodile and sigh with plan insidious,
I have been somewhat of a pedant, too,
Stuffed my void heart with words, read till my eyes streamed with the misty vision of old men,
Of dusty, dry and dog-eared men and things,
That once were fresher than myself, their judge.

In short, as far as all-embracing love and Christian charity,
I am the pith of saintliness and bane of secularity.

In fact, when I have mastered what is meant by homo-oousia,
When Nonconformist sermons scarcely make me any drowsier,
When Gothic-window attitudes don't give me quite so stiff a knee,
And when I know precisely when are Advent and Epiphany;
When I can understand the creeds, Nicene and Athanasian;
When bishops don't afflict me with convulsions Rubelaisian;
In short, when I am garnished, swept, and properly depaganised,
The Fiend himself shall say by such a saint he ne'er was agonised!

For theologic doctrine since the era Anno Domini
Is just about as clear to me as Double Dutch or Romance.
But still, as far as all-embracing love and Christian charity,
I am the pith of saintliness and bane of secularity.

ENCORE VERS.

When I can tell for certain a dalmatic from a crozier,
And do without a West End tailor, jeweller, and hosier;
When I can see the moral force of keeping nuns untrystable,
And ban (with Paul and Cantar) the late Deceased Wife's Sister Bill;

When I distinguish doctrines trans- and consubstantiational,
And see why Education Bills must be denominational;
When I can grasp the papal anti-modernist encyclical,
You'll say that I in saintly castigation of Old Nick lick all!
For though I cannot find beneath a hot and itchy halo case,
And know far less of Jerome than of Abelard and Heloise,
My Christian love and sympathy can never need apology,
And still I am the model saint of all the hagiology!

FROM "THE QUEST."

Who am I that wander hither?
Who am I, that pause beneath the bridge
Of yet one more fair town? Alas, a shadow!
Who am I, and what am I? 'Tis the quest
I go about for ever—aye, about;
For the gods know I come not nigh 't. Nathless,
For this it was I bleared my bright young eyes,
For this I loved, for this I drank with harlots,
And for this same I laid my studies by,
And loved and drank no more. For this dear quest
I might not think nor feel as other men,
Which joy and suffer and grow old. I smile not,
Nor do I weep, for all things touch me lightly.
I have wived and seen my children die;
And I have lost great riches in a trice;
Spent Christmas hungry, roofless and alone;
And yet I change not, neither can Old Age rule my smooth forehead with his pedant lines,
Nor silver my limp hair. Yet I'm not young:
I think too much for youth, and when I laugh 'Tis something harsh and loud, and some say bitter,
And others' laughter drives me out of door.
I have been somewhat of a pedant, too,
Stuffed my void heart with words, read till my eyes streamed with the misty vision of old men,
Of dusty, dry and dog-eared men and things,
That once were fresher than myself, their judge.

I have ridden bareback on Genesis, and bestrid every ship, and I know even-man's likeness and language, dead or living.
Science the monster, that would shake the earth,
Could she but move a full inch without faltering.
I have ridden with every pack Zoophytes as well as Homo Sapiens',
And for this same I laid my studies by,
And loved and drank no more. For this dear quest
I might not think nor feel as other men,
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I have ridden bareback on Genesis, and bestrid every ship, and I know even-man's likeness and language, dead or living.
Science the monster, that would shake the earth,
Could she but move a full inch without faltering.
I have sailed in barge and ironclad,
With jealous care, one yet untasted morsel
Found I a man could tell me my own name.
In every tongue I speak,—for I know nothing,
That once were fresher than myself, their judge.

I have mounted every beast, sailed with those that run,
With their heads backward, like historians,
Askew like statesmen, or i' the air, like poets,
In every tongue I speak,—for I know nothing,
That once were fresher than myself, their judge.

I have been wise as when I came. What shall I find
Here's none, 'tis sure, can tell me my own name.
I'll learn a few more words here likewise,
As wise as when I came. What shall I find
That I have not brought hither? For my quest:
Here's none, 'tis sure, can tell me my own name.

ALFRED FREMANTLE.
Foreign Affairs.

The wave of political unrest is not confined to Great Britain, but is spreading throughout Europe. The internal situations in Germany, Spain, and Greece are most serious. The Social Democrats in Germany are determined upon securing political justice. More suppression of the press is the most hated policy of the Prussian Government to pursue. The Prussian Diet franchise will have to be drastically reformed. The alternative to reform is revolution. In Spain the monarchy is as commercial treading under the pressure of popular indignation. Spaniards of all classes are demanding a pure government, free from clerical influence. At no time in the last thirty years has the Spanish Monarchy been in such a perilous situation. The Czar under these circumstances will probably not convene the Diet, or will dissolve it at the first opportunity. All these circumstances have now reached about forty. Mr. Jackson was the magistrate who sentenced an unfortunate journalist to transportation for life for having written a political article advocating Indian independence. He was murdered by a mob of this same journal. Apparently the Indian authorities have seized upon this splendid chance to effect arrests upon a wholesale scale. The postal authorities have now resorted to tampering with correspondence addressed to The New Act from India. The opening of letters, under English law, is a felony. As Carlyle said:—

It is a question vital to us that sealed letters in an English post-office be respected as things sacred; that opening men's property—private property—be a crime; that such personal examinations as that of Mr. Jackson be avoided. Perhaps the Indian authorities have seized upon this splendid chance to effect arrests upon a wholesale scale. The postal authorities have now resorted to tampering with correspondence addressed to The New Act from India. The opening of letters, under English law, is a felony. As Carlyle said:—

In Spain and France there are growing no contributions to the Paris flood funds have been received from the Spanish Catholic or Monarchist parties. A hostile France, actively helping the Spanish Republican Party, has indicated that it will dissolve its influence. The two Services are growing in intensity and acrimony. * * *

In Turkey the outlook is not encouraging. The Young Turks and the Old Turks are faced with a revival of the Eastern Question. The conflicts between the Christian and Moslem subjects of Turkey are once more threatening trouble. The violence of the "Turkey for the Turks" Party has rendered the Government's position almost impossible. All these troublesome elements may drive Turkey into war with Greece. Finland is another State where the storm clouds are gathering fast. The result of the elections has strengthened the Socialist Party. The Finnish Socialists have a representation of 43 per cent. There are eighty-six members now, as against eighty in 1907. The Czar under these circumstances will probably not convene the Diet, or will dissolve it at the first opportunity, which would mean civil war. In Hungary the Constitutional and Bank questions are exciting much feeling. The Cretan difficulty has been temporarily surmounted; but the internecine feuds between the two Services are growing in intensity and acrimony. * * *

The causes of this deep-seated unrest are numerous, but the chief one is education. The spread of education among the masses has produced a profound distrust of the classes. The severe struggle in England has interested the working men of the Continent very deeply. The political organism of Europe is most delicate, and events in England react immediately upon Europe. The universal poverty of the working classes, as universal as the great increase in the material wealth of the middle classes, is creating much discontent among the best of the working, middle, and aristocratic classes. The steady Socialist propaganda, with its international appeal to the workers to combine against their masters, is uniting the workers of Europe in a communism of ideals and thoughts. Criticism of the wealthy is becoming fiercer. Ownership of lands, mines, and railways is being claimed for the people. The principle that socially-created wealth should belong to the community has already been accepted by the British democracy. The progress of the European democracies towards social and political revolution, happily, is a steady one. * * *

The latest "sedition" prosecution in India is against a man who had the temerity to translate two chapters of Seeley's "Expansion of England" into Urdu! The arrests in connection with this murder of Mr. Jackson have now reached about forty. Mr. Jackson was the magistrate who sentenced an unfortunate journalist to transportation for life for having written a political article advocating Indian independence. He was murdered by a mob of this same journal. Apparently the Indian authorities have seized upon this splendid chance to effect arrests upon a wholesale scale. The postal authorities have now resorted to tampering with correspondence addressed to The New Act from India. The opening of letters, under English law, is a felony. As Carlyle said:—

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The Old Men and the New.

By O. W. Dyce.

When the new House of Commons assembles in the course of this week, nearly five hundred of its old members will sign the roll, but 105 seats held last year by Radicals and Labour men are now in Tory occupation.

To the democrat the first impression given by the news of this transference is a sense of serious loss—a feeling of dismay at the thought that a hundred sterling politicians, who have striven devotedly for the cause of progress, have been swept away by a hurricane of reaction, of whom, for the most part, nobody has heard anything particularly creditable. That is only a first impression; a diligent study of names reveals the fact that the House has lost but a handful of the "men who count." Electors have taken care to send back to their work all the leaders of parties, nearly all the skilled debaters, and nearly all the members who have established a personal popularity as distinguished from the popularity that attaches to the possession of a full purse.

Turning aside to examine for a moment the list of losses sustained in the Tory side, one discovers that the Unionist Free Traders have almost been blotted out. Not one of them has emerged from a contested election; their solitary chieftain is Lord Hugh Cecil, returned for a University seat without opposition—a leader without a head. The Tories refused to bow the knee to the Birmingham Baal—Lord Robert Cecil, the Hon. F. W. Lambton, Mr. C. H. Seely, Mr. G. S. Bowles—are out in the cold. Yet there are many Tory Free Traders in the country, and if they form, as is surely the case, as much as two per cent. of the electorate, proportional representation would give them thirteen members instead of one. The flat has, however, gone forth; they have had the alternative put before them of marching over to the Liberal camp with Mr. "Tommy" Bowles and Mr. Cameron Corbett or quitting the Parliamentary arena.

Undoubtedly the electors share the prediction of Rousseau; they prefer candidates in harmony with a conception of the general will to candidates representing an individual will. Thus we can account for the dismissal of Mr. Harold Cox, who seems to have succeeded in pleasing nobody but Lord Rosebery, and for the defeat of other Liberals who questioned their candidate's connection with the Government, such as Sir Henry Cotton and Dr. Rutherford. Extremists and particularists were barred in most constituencies, no appreciation being shown to those who specialised in ideas—Mr. Lupton in the East Riding, Mr. Leif Jones in temperance agitation, Dr. Massie in ultra-Conformist aggrcssion, Mr. Maddison in anti-Socialist virulence.

A correspondent of the "Outlook" writes: "The most pessimistic member of the Labour Party never dreamed that his party would return to Westminster with decreased numbers." The statement is simply not true; the colossal expenditure of the manufacturers on the hunt for Tariff profits was bound to have an effect on Labour seats as well as Radical seats, and the party recognised the inevitability of losses. Nevertheless, the Labour Party is in a position to congratulate itself in not having been shorn of its strength in as great a proportion as the Liberals. Two of its seats were lost in three-cornered fights, and, generally speaking, its polls were excellent. Mr. Crookes' absence and Mr. Curran's ill-health were responsible for the defeat of two candidates whose genial dispositions have tended more than any other circumstances. As for Mr. Grayson, he can quote Shakespeare and say: "If we do meet again, why we shall smile; if not, why, then the parting was well made."

Many of the Liberals smitten in the fray belonged to the Imperialist section—men who helped Lord Rosebery to set up his disruptive Liberal League, such as Sir Henry Normyn and Sir Charles Rose. Several other Liberals of more "moderate" views, who would have given trouble if they had stayed in, retired with Sir Robert Perks; we need not ask with any concern where are the Whigs of yester year. Defeat also befell the two ex-Liberal Tories, Major Leslie Renton and Lieutenant Bellairs.

With regard to the members of the Ministry who have disappeared, it does not seem likely that seats will be found for any of them except Mr. J. A. Pease and Colonel Seely, unless a peerage be conferred upon Sir Charles McLaren and a safe seat be thus available for his son-in-law, Sir Henry Norman. Mr. T. W. Russell, who had combined agrarian agitation with the running of temperance hotels and Parliamentary sketch articles, is said, however, to be down for an early vacancy.

The new men, taken in the lump, are not a brilliant contingent. Where are the Liberal interpreters of the wishes of the country? If a man should find out exactly what England wants, even to the extent that men have found out what Scotland, Wales and Ireland want, he would have unlimited power at his disposal.

The Labour Party will give a warm welcome to its new adherents, especially to Mr. Twist, the miners' agent, who has won Wigan from the party that has held it for nearly half a century, and to Mr. Seddon, whose work on the Manchester City Council has afforded proof of his future usefulness. The success of Mr. Mackinder and Professor Lee-Smith has a peculiar interest; sitting on opposite sides of the House, the former director of the London School of Economics and one of the present lecturers will be able to criticise each other's fiscal opinions from the standpoint of professional economists.

Amongst the new Tories is a group of King's Counsel who will have as a bond between them the qualification of possessing record results. There is, for example, Mr. Hume Williams, the Recorder of Norwich; Mr. Sanderson, the Recorder of Wigan; Mr. Tobin, the Recorder of Salford. There were barristers enough in the old House, yet these ascensions might have been dispensed with. What the new House wants is a larger contingent of representatives of history, science and literature. Mr. Donald Macmaster, one of the new legal members, has had the advantage of sitting in the Ontario Legislature, and Mr. B. G. Falle is a graduate in law of the University of Paris, who has served as one of Lord Cromer's English judges in connection with the Native Tribunal at Cairo. Of the rest of the Tories who have won seats it is difficult to say more than that they appear to be of a very ordinary type.

Anyone who reads over the list of Radical "freshmen" will find it hard to identify more than three or four "distinguished" temperance agitators; of these, if they possess any, is a local fame only. Mr. Gerald France, who comes up from the Morley Division of Yorkshire, is a great authority on the housing conditions of the Northumbrian pitman, but his reputation cannot be said to extend as yet very far south. We have all heard of the Rev. Silvester Horne, whose exaltation makes one wonder whether he will terrify the National Liberal Club by bringing in a Bill to exaltation makes one wonder whether he will terrify the National Liberal Club by bringing in a Bill to the wishes of the country which the Tory Press chooses to stigmatise as terrae reclusae. These gentlemen, up-to-date representatives of what was once called the Bantry gang, have been breathing out threats of slaughter, the outcome of which, if realised on a scale commensurate with the language indulged in, will be to make Mr. Redmond's task exceptionally difficult and England's attitude to Home Rule more unfriendly.
Vizier and Premier.
A Personal Reminiscence.

By Allen Upward.

By a coincidence which I should like to think of happy augury, the two men of whom I had occasion to speak most highly in the report of my Macedonian mission two years ago,* have just been called to the helm of their respective countries, Hakky Bey, in Turkey, and M. Etienne Dрагун, in Greece. A brief note of my personal intercourse with these distinguished statesmen may be more interesting, as well as more valuable, than any attempt at a general portrait.

1.—The Grand Vizier of Turkey.

HAKKY BEY is a lawyer, and when I met him he filled the posts of Legal Councillor to the Sultan, Abdurhamid II., a professor in the Law School of Constantinople—the latter one of those valuable institutions which Turkey owes to the deposed Sultan, and with which, like Byron's eagle, he "winged the shaft that quivered in his heart."

The choice of a lawyer for the head of the Government is one which shows great liberality on the part of the Young Turks, whose strength is drawn from the army. But the liberality will only be real if the powers exercised by the Grand Vizier are real. There can be no more difficult and thankless position that that of a Prime Minister who finds himself in office, but not in power. The part of House of Lords is played by a committee sitting behind the scenes, the responsibility becomes doubly burdensome.

I first had the honour of meeting the new Grand Vizier in the house of Sir Henry Woods Pasha, who has done so much to promote good relations between his native, and his adopted, countries. Our conversation turned on the Turkish Government, and Hakky Bey spoke of the Sultan with a freedom and impartiality which showed equal courage and wisdom. He drew a parallel between Abdul Hamid and Louis XI.

"Louis XI. was guilty of many cruelties; he imprisoned Cardinal Balue in an iron cage. But he created his Bey, his courtier could only make one response.

"If he is a Christian, and has got one wife already, I can't let him have another. If he had been a Mohammedan, now, I could have given him another wife."

The answer came like lightning,—

"He says he will be a Mohammedan!"

Hakky Bey was so tickled by this anecdote that he repeated it in Turkish to his colleagues, who laughed heartily over my success as a missionary of Islam.

The incident serves to show the complete freedom of the new Grand Vizier from that fanaticism once associated with the profession of Mohammedanism. His Highness is, in the sense of that much-abused word, a Liberal; and if the Christian races have anything to complain of under his rule, it will certainly not be on the score of their religion.

A little later I came upon Hakky Bey in his classroom, or rather in a hall, where he was lecturing in Turkish to a crowded audience, not confined to the regular pupils of the school, but including a large number of the general public, for whom there was only standing room. It was such an audience as might be drawn in London to a lecture on the North Pole, brightened by a magic lantern.

I inquired the subject of the lecture, and was told that it was the history of International Law under the later Roman Empire.

I hardly knew which to admire more, the people who could be attracted by such an unpopular subject, or the lecturer who could render it attractive to so large a miscellaneous gathering. There was a striking evidence of the new spirit which was stirring among the Turkish nation; and its significance was emphasised by the contrast between Hakky Bey's subdued audience and the classroom of the professors of ecclesiastical or religious law, which I found half empty. The first audience had welcomed my appearance by rising to their feet when I came in; the theological students remained seated—another mark of cleavage between the old and the new Turkey.

Speaking generally, I think it may be taken that the new Grand Vizier is a modern man, in the best sense, and that he represents that element in the nation which desires to emulate the achievement of Japan by placing itself in line with the most civilised European states.

In some ways this is unfortunate for Greece. While the policy of the Grand Vizier will be to accord the most favourable treatment to the Greek citizens of the Empire, on condition that they rally to the new regime, it is not likely to make concessions to the desire existing, for instance, in Crete, for separation from Turkey and union with the Hellenic kingdom. The view of Hakky Bey's party is that the Ottomans are the heirs by conquest of the Romans, and that they should aspire to renew the glories of the Byzantine Empire, rather than the Asiatic Caliphate.

To be concluded.)

* The East End of Europe. (John Murray).

[THE NEW AGE will appear next week with an 8 pp. LITERARY SUPPLEMENT. Articles by Allen Upward, Age Madelung, D. Trifonis, E. Bellott Bax, Bart Kennedy, Katharine Mansfield, A. E. Randall, etc., etc.]
Mrs. Potphar of Simla.

Every voter in the British Islands, be he Irish labourer or German mine-owner, is an absolute monarch, ruling with despotic power over just fifty human beings, for whose lives and happiness he is responsible to God and Humanity.

How does he discharge this solemn trust?

The answer is supplied to us from two quarters, totally opposite, and the agreement between the two reports is substantially complete.

On the one hand we have the account of that being loathed of every Anglo-Indian official, the globe-trotting M.P., that is to say, the man entrusted by the Constitution with authority over the whole Empire; who is conscientious enough to take his high duties seriously, and to seek to add, in however slight a measure, to his power of discharging them rightly, by going out to see in what spirit his paid and pampered servants carry out his orders.

On the other hand we have the account of the laureate of Anglo-India, the panegyrist of the bureaucracy, the prophet of Imperialism, in whose eyes the Empire is a sublime mile of the British voter an imperceptible excrecence, and the member of Parliament a blatant intruder and a traitor.

When we find that two such different voices repeat the same charge; and when we find that charge endorsed by every newspaper in India, English, or native, by every independent journalist from outside, and by every novelist writing on the spot; it does not seem perverse and shameful on our part to suspect that there may be some ground for it.

Are the people of England guilty of imperceptible meddling if they take notice of what is being done in their name to hundreds of millions of disarmed and helpless human beings?

India was first invaded by a Company having a Charter from the Crown which gave them rights over the Company, and formally asserted them under the flag of England, from interference on the part of other European powers.

The desire for self-government is an English instinct, the prophet of Imperialism, in whose eyes the Empire is a sublime mile of the British voter an imperceptible excrecence, and the member of Parliament a blatant intruder and a traitor.

As soon as the conquest was taken in hand on an extensive scale, the troops of the Company were reinforced by royal troops under the direct authority of the Home Government. The Home Government, moreover, demonstrated its intentions, and formally asserted and exerted its authority by the appointment of a Governor-General responsible to the Crown; and it steadily participated in the administration of India.

The India Bill of Fox, and the impeachment of Warren Hastings, were incidents of Parliamentary control.

Finally the Company forfeited its delegated powers in consequence of its own errors. The Indian Mutiny of 1857 was brought about by the incapacity of the man on the spot. The cartridges greased with cow's fat, which provoked the rising, were not sent out from home, but were manufactured within a few miles of Calcutta. When the present discontent in India first became threatening, a great London newspaper declined to publish independent news on the subject, on the ground that the story of Indian affairs was derived from a civilian of fifteen years' standing. It was civilians of fifteen years' standing who caused the last Mutiny. It is civilians of fifteen years' standing who have caused the recent troubles. They are the who, if anything, can still have to reconcile, as it seems, to their conscience that in that untoward event every civilian of fifteen years' standing who escapes will receive a pension.

To-day India is as fully a Crown possession, garassed from home, as the Rock of Gibraltar. What then is the grievance of the Anglo-Indian?

The desire for self-government is an English instinct, or rather a European one. Every English colony has thrown off the control of the mother country as soon as it was strong enough to dispense with our protection. The United States had to fight for their independence, and therefore they changed into foreigners against our will. The other colonies did not have independence without fighting, and therefore they remain friends and allies. The instinct of the Anglo-Indian is to do the same, but the conditions are different.

Two links bind India to England, climate and the service question; though the latter is merely derivative from the former.

The same climatic difference which drives the Indian official home, operates to keep the English emigrant from coming out in large numbers, and thus the Anglo-Indians remain after hundreds of years a small migratory minority; visitors, not settlers; a garrison but not a population.

It is this garrison which persistently meditates mutiny against us. It aspires to all the advantages of independence without any of the drawbacks. It is not strong enough to face the native population in its own strength, like the white population of South Africa. It is by no means anxious to renounce the British taxpayer's guarantee of its salaries, and the protection of the British flag against foreign Powers. It is unable to dispense with the use of England as a nursery for its children, and an asylum for its old age. Yet it resents, and very rudely resents, the interest taken in its affairs from home.

The people of England are permitted to admire the Anglo-Indian. His exploits against a numerous, but undisciplined and half-armed, foe may be respectfully rewarded with peerages and statues. The merit of having survived so many years of official routine may be marked with grateful stars and crosses. It is enjoined upon the humble home-staying citizen to look up to every Court of Justice Wallah who has escaped obscurity and poverty at home for luxury and greatness abroad, as a sort of Messiah, heroically sacrificing himself on the twin altars of Patriotism and Humanity. Such, at least, we understand to be the mood inculcated on us by Anglo-Indian literature.

The tiger faith is slightly more difficult to define with orthodoxy. It is understood that whoever slays a tiger covers himself with glory, and earns the grateful worship of dusky villagers. At the same time the Tiger Report tells of horrid Rajahs sacrificing their pleasure and even their subjects' lives and property, in order to indulge some feared but honoured guest with the prized privilege of shooting a tiger with an explosive bullet from the saddle. It is not a comfortable reflection after all.

Some apologists seems called for to harmonise and reconcile the seeming discrepancy.

Except for the most favoured class, who do not want a career, or a quality, or a habit of ability, the Anglo-Indian tribe has tended to become a hereditary caste,—hardly less than a separate nation.

In this caste or class there may be, considering its temptations and allurements, few who have virtue as we have any right to expect. But it has been made the subject of so much false eulogy that its head is turned, and its conceit of its own merits is vested in the form of aconious and surrious abuse of its employers, from the temperised rural voter up to the Secretary of State. We might go higher; but though the disrespectful nickname given to an exalted personage by his courtiers is familiar in the mouths of these bureaucrats, we have no doubt that the word disloyalty to than a desire to be thought in the fashion.

The result is the usual one. The Anglo-Indian esteems himself above criticism, and every attempt to help him to understand India is treated as a mortal affront.

Now nothing can be further from our mind than to emulate a once notorious Imperialist by discharging the vials of a Nonconformist conscience upon the gay
society depicted in Anglo-Indian romance. Morality, we are willing to admit, is a question of geography, and we do not expect from Simla the high standard of Mayfair. We merely remark in passing that the native mind does not partake of the experience of Christ—Christian reverence for the marriage certificate, as distinguished from the marriage vow, and must wonder why futile polyandry and polygamy are so slight a strain upon the Christian conscience, which is revoluted by legalism.

But the moral question becomes political when, as we are assured by the duplicate Report above referred to is the case, Mrs. Potiphar is permitted to play the part of vicereine in more senses than one. The prestige of the husband-hunter has been so invincibly established, that honorable women being its fruit, her courtesans Theodora and Marozia were seen bestowing the tiara on their paramours and bastards. And it cannot strengthen the confidence of Mahomedans and Hindus in our rule when they learn from every Anglo-Indian story, and as from their local observation, that the government of India is in the hands of Mrs. Hanksbee.

The most successful Viceroy of whom we read in history was named Joseph. Now, if the Report speak true, the husband-hunter had a poor chance of making his mark in Anglo-India.

The invasion of India by Mrs. Potiphar dates from the discovery that Anglo-Indian officials were well paid. A steady stream of unportioned or otherwise unmarriageable daughters, the sweepings of the honeymoon marriage market, has been directed to Bombay and Calcutta ever since. The husband-hunter has scented her prey from afar off. And of these women, at least, it may be pretended that they have sought the shores of India in any spirit of sublime devotion to that country, or their own.

It is idle to use such words as honour and duty, humanity and patriotism, in the ears of empty-headed, shallow-hearted adulteresses depicted for us by an Anglo-Indian writer's scathing pen. Is it too late to appeal to the self-interest of the over-fed, heavy-witted Indian to which no psychic incident or influence can rouse them. It is a fact that an avowed sceptic is never influenced by the opinions and beliefs of Imperial inspectors to all our dominions oversea—men free from official traditions and departmental tramrels, whose duty it would be to bring a fresh eye to bear to the situation, to report mischiefs, and to suggest remedies.

But we are beginning to believe that only the most crushing national calamity will have power to awaken a country and a ruling class that have learnt nothing from the Boer War. When that calamity arrives, the victorious Germans or Japanese will burst into the ball-rooms of London or Calcutta, like the Persians into Belshazzar's banqueting-hall, it will be too late to interpret the writing of the Divine Hand.

The Agnostic Agony.

By Francis Grierson.

The chief difference between pessimism and agnosticism is this: a pessimist may believe in a creed, but an agnostic has to live without the aid of any religious system or ism. A man can be a pessimist and a Christian; he cannot be an agnostic and take comfort in any ism or religion. The moment he begins to believe in the power of an avowed agnostic with fanaticism and an incurable cynic with scepticism. It is a fact that an avowed sceptic is never welcome in any company of people. The reason is obvious: the sceptic is more the judge of one's sentiments. A period of agnosticism gives some people time to think, look about and choose; but if the period be prolonged a sort of psychological atrophy begins to develop which often ends in a state of chronic apathy, out of which no poetic incident or influence can rouse them.

Some men boast of their ability to doubt, as others boast of their good fortune in perceiving and knowing. I have noticed that some agnostics are prone to damn the opinions and beliefs of others; but the people who believe do less sneering and more thinking. The fact is, as soon as we say we don't know we assume a negative attitude.

No general could long retain command of any body of troops if he gave it out that he was in ignorance of the strength and the movements of the enemy; it is his business to be knowing about the other side, for if the enemy remain invisible the greater will be the clamour to find out some facts about his strength, position, morale. The general, I say, who sits down and says he knows nothing would not long be left in command of any army troops. His business is to send out scouts and spies to bring back some knowledge, little or great, of the other side. In the commercial world the law of knowledge rules, as it does elsewhere. The merchant who refuses to look about him and keep up with the rules of progress will soon see his business pass beyond his control.
modern thinker who refuses to probe, analyze, investigate and search out, places himself in a negative position. Until he is promptly ruled out of the race of thinkers.

But there is a great change in the attitude of intelligent agnostics; for agnostics are of two kinds—the wilfully apathetic and those who are brave enough to learn. Con- tented with his apathy, the former believer who refuses to do battle with the mysterious forces which encompass us round about, as palpable as the air we breathe. If there were no mysteries there would be no such thing as mystery, no book-learning and no practical wisdom there would be no such thing as intuition. Everything is like everything else. There is but one source; but an infinite variety of appearances. The soul of the universe is one—its manifestations are without limit in variation. Phenomena produce mystery; the whole conscious world is engaged in the unravelling of mystery. Conscious or unconsciously, every human being is engaged in the pursuit to become wiser. The agnostic, in getting to know how the unscientific is controlling and dominating mystery is rendering mystery less mysterious. He is like a man who has fasted too long—his digestive organs have come, at last, to refuse nourishment.

I believe that there are as many diseases in the mental as in the physical man. Every ism, no matter under what guise, must be classed as a mental disorder the source; but an infinite variety of appearances. The soul of the universe is one—its manifestations are without limit in variation. Phenomena produce mystery; the whole conscious world is engaged in the unravelling of mystery. Conscious or unconsciously, every human being is engaged in the pursuit to become wiser. The agnostic, in getting to know how the unscientific is controlling and dominating mystery is rendering mystery less mysterious. He is like a man who has fasted too long—his digestive organs have come, at last, to refuse nourishment.

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work, mental or physical. Hesitation and fear have an affinity. No one who is in doubt can attain that plane of fearlessness so necessary to progress and achievement. Hesitation, if you but give it rope enough, will drag down from the top of the cliff any young man who has accomplished anything excellent has begun by believing in something. First, he has confidence in himself; second, he has confidence in others; third, he feels that in the eternal mysteries there is a law by which every right and wrong may be revealed by flashes of intuition; fourth, he knows that the world is not standing still. The greatest pessimists have felt something of all this, but the most typical agnostics have not. For instance, the old scientific agnostics will do anything with the power of their ingenuity and the aid of their discoveries to make man a little more hopeful and a good deal more helpful than he was with the old-fashioned methods of research. They will dream on and on in a sort of fool's paradise, placing crowns and kingdoms at the mercy of a cannon shot, and they will lose. The time is not far to come when a science of the mind will treat material science as if it were a plaything. The rulers of the future need not make themselves visible in public; their work will be done in silence and in secrecy; they will command from distant and isolated places. Material riches will play but a secondary part. Mammon will be forced under by purely intellectual pressure. Many of the self-made millionaires I have known were deeply interested in some religion or ism, out of which they expected some enlightenment and consolation. No progress can more consistently lead to stagnation than millionaires. But the day is coming when the psychic power of the intellect will kill milliarmirus. The two cannot exist together. There will be no battle, no struggle, between the two. The new science will fill the vacuum of agnosticism not only renders a man discontented with himself, but it renders him irritible and contradictory whenever the belief of others comes up for discussion. In spite of the attitude of some writers of the present, the age of science is past, and indifference can neither fill the position of thinker nor scientist. Indifference is both neutral and negative. And indifference is only make-believe when we see it turn into fury—which is half envy and half spite—and indifference is only make-believe when we see it turn into fury—which is half envy and half spite. A man who is indifferent can neither fill the position of thinker nor scientist. Indifference is both neutral and negative. And indifference is only make-believe when we see it turn into fury—which is half envy and half spite—and indifference is only make-believe when we see it turn into fury—which is half envy and half spite.

I remember the outcry against the attitude of Robert G. Ingersoll, who at one time was in the position of making agnostics of the majority of thinking Americans. While the most eloquent preachers in the different churches were listened to by wealthy congregations they made no progress. The churches had plenty of substance, but no soul or spirit, and the celebrated agnostic knew it. He attacked them on their weakest side, and had it all his own way for twenty years. But there came a day when Colonel Ingersoll found himself too old, too fixed in his ideas, to take any interest in the new order of things. Young men were bringing with them a new science and a new faith. The future was for the young inventors and thinkers, and Colonel Ingersoll belonged to the past and had done his work. But were he beginning his career now he would be considering nothing but the whole world of electric, magnetic, and psychic problems, to deny any one of which would make him appear ridiculous. Robert Ingersoll filled a gap in the world of thought which nature intended him to fill. Everything else in his day was in a state of transition, and the world was ready for a change. The new discovery, and cry out, for progress, and science, and intuition; fourth, he knows that the world is not stand-...
Bavarian Babies.
By Katharine Mansfield.

She was just beginning to walk along a little white road with tall black trees on either side, a little road that led to nowhere, and where nobody walked at all, when a hand gripped her shoulder, shook her, slapped her ear.

"Oh, oh, don't stop me," cried the Child-Who-Was-Tired. "Let me go!"

Get up, young fellow for nothing brat," said a voice, "get up and light the oven or I'll shake every bone out of your body."

With an immense effort she opened her eyes, and saw the Frau standing by, the baby bundled under one arm.

The three other children who shared the same bed with the Child-Who-Was-Tired, accustomed to brawls, slept on peacefully. In a corner of the room the Man was fastening his braces.

What do you mean by sleeping like this the whole night through—like a sack of potatoes? You've let the baby wet his bed twice."

She did not answer, but tied her petticoat string, buttoned on her plaid frock with cold, shaking fingers.

"That's enough. Take the baby into the kitchen with you, and heat that cold coffee on the spirit lamp for the master, and give him the loaf of black bread out of the table drawer. Don't guzzle it yourself or I'll know."

The Frau staggered across the room, flung herself on her bed, drawing the pink bolster round her shoulders.

It was almost dark in the kitchen. She laid the baby on the wooden settle, covering him with a shawl, then poured the earthenware cup, smeared over the black table. She sprang to her feet, poured his coffee into an enamel cup. gave him bread and a knife, then, taking his mouth and nose with a corner of her skirt.

"That's—ts-ts-ts."

She laid him on the settle and went back to her floor washing. He never ceased crying for a moment, but she got quite used to it and kept time with her broom. Oh, how tired she was! Oh, the heavy back of hair that ached so, and a funny little fluttering feeling just at the back of her waistband, as though something was going to break.

The clock struck six. She set a pan of milk in the oven, and went into the next room to wake and dress the three children. Anton and Hans lay together in mutual attitudes of amity which certainly never existed out of their sleeping hours. Lena was curled up, her knees under her chin, only a straight, standing-up pigtail of hair showing above the bolster.

"Get up," cried the Child, speaking in a voice of immense authority, pulling off the bedclothes and giving the boys sundry pokes and digs. "I've been calling you this last half hour. It's late, so I'll tell you if you don't get dressed this minute."

Anton awoke sufficiently to turn over and kick Hans on a tender part, whereupon Hans pulled Lena's pigtail until she shrieked for her mother.

"Oh, do be quiet," whispered the Child. "Oh, do get up and dress. You know what will happen. There—I'll help you."

But the warning came too late. The Frau got out of bed, walked in a determined fashion into the kitchen, returning with a bundle of twigs in her hand fastened together with a strong cord. One by one she laid the children across her knee and severely beat them, expending a final burst of energy on the Child-Who-Was-Tired, that returned to bed, with a comfortable sense of her maternal duties in good working order for the day. Very subdued, the three allowed themselves to be dressed and washed by the Child, who even faced the boys' boots, having found through experience that if left to themselves they bounced about for at least five minutes to find a comfortable ledge for their foot, and then spat on their hands and broke the hobnails.

While she gave them their breakfast they became uproarious, and the baby would not cease crying. When she filled the tin bottle with milk, tied on the rubber tit, and, first moistening it herself, tried with little coaxing words to make him drink, he threw the bottle on to the floor and trembled all over.

"Eye-teeth!" shouted Hans, hitting Anton over the head with his empty cup; "he's getting the evil eye-teeth, I should say."

"Smartly!" retorted Lena, poking out her tongue at him, and then, when he promptly did the same, crying at the top of her voice, "Mother, Hans is making faces at me!"

"That's right," said Hans; "go on howling, and when you're in bed to-night I'll wait till you are asleep, and then I'll creep over and take a little tiny piece of your arm and twist and twist it until—" He leant over the table, making the most horrible faces at Lena, not noticing that Anton was standing behind his chair until the little boy bent over and spat on his brother's shaven head.

"Oh, weh! oh, weh!"

The Child-Who-Was-Tired pushed and pulled them apart, muffled them into their coats, and drove them out of the house.
"Hurry, hurry! the second bell's rung," she urged, knowing perfectly well she was telling a story, and rather exulting in the fact. She washed up the breakfast things, then went down to the cellar to look out the potatoes and beetroot. She was nearly ready to put the coal cellar. With potatoes banked on one corner, beetroot in an old candle box, two tubs of Sauer kraut, and a twisted mass of dahlia roots—that looked as real as though they were fighting one another, thought the Child. She gathered the potatoes into her skirt, choosing big ones with few eyes because they were easier to peel, and bending over the full heap in the silent cellar, she began to nod.

"Here, you, what are you doing down there?" cried the Frau from the top of the stairs. "The baby's fallen off the settle, and got a bump as big as an egg over his eye. Come up here, and I'll teach you!"

"It wasn't me—it wasn't me!" screamed the Child, beaten from one side of the hall to the other, so that the potatoes and beetroot rolled out of her skirt. The Frau seemed to be as big as a giant, and there was a certain heaviness in all her movements that was terrifying to anyone so small.

"Sit in the corner, and peel and wash the vegetables and keep the baby quiet while I do the washing." Whimpering, she obeyed, but as to keeping the baby quiet that was impossible. His face was hot, while little hairs stood all over his head, while his eyes stiffened and cried. She held him on her knees, with a pan of cold water beside her for the cleaned vegetables and the "duck's bucket" for the potatoes.

"Ts-ts-ts-ts!" she crooned, scraping and boring; "there's going to be another soon, and you can't both keep on crying. Why don't you go to sleep, baby? I would, if I were you. I'll tell you a dream. Once upon a time there was a little white road—"

She shook back her head, a great lump ached in her throat and the tears ran down her face on to the vegetables.

"There's no good," said the Child, shaking them away. "Just stop crying until I've finished this, baby, and I'll walk you up and down."

By that time she had pegged out the washing for the Frau. A wind had sprung up. Standing on tiptoe, she began to nod.

"Make the beds and hang the baby's mattress out. What must I do now, please?" she said.

"Ts-ts-ts-ts!" whisper the "freeborn" one to the baby.

The wet clothes flapped in her face as she pegged them: danced and jigged on the line, bulged out and pushed by her hands. As she walked up and down she saw the potatoes and beetroot.

"If I were you, what are you doing down there?" cried the Child. "I can't wash with a child in my hand, and then, just for—"

"Don't you know her? She's the free-born one—daughter of the waitress at the railway station. They found her mother trying to squeeze her head in the wash-hand jug, and the child's half silly."

"My insides are all twisted up with having children too quickly."

"I see you've got a new help," commented old Mother Grathwohl.

"Oh, dear Lord!"—the Frau lowered her voice—"don't you know her? She's the free-born one—daughter of the waitress at the railway station. They found her mother trying to squeeze her head in the wash-hand jug, and the child's half silly."

"Just stop crying until I've finished this, please. I'll teach you a story? She could not remember, and yet it was

"Put on the coffee."

"Bring me the sugar tin."

"Carry the chairs out of the bedroom."

"Set the table."

"Carry the chairs out of the bedroom."

"Set the table."

And, finally, the Frau sent her into the next room to keep the baby quiet. There was a little piece of candle burning in the enamel bracket. As she walked up and down she saw her great big shadow on the wall, like a grown-up person with a grown-up baby. Whatever would it look like when she carried two babies so?

"Ts-ts-ts-ts!" Energetically, upon a time she was walking along a little white road, with oh! such great big trees on either side.

"Here, you!" called the Frau's voice, "bring me my new jacket from behind the door." And as she took it into the warm room one of the women said, "She looks like an owl. Such children are seldom right in their heads."

"Why don't you keep that baby quiet?" said the Man, who had just drunk enough beer to make him feel very brave and master of his house.

"If you don't keep that baby quiet you'll know why later on." They burst out laughing as she stumbled back into the bedroom.

"I don't believe Holy Mary could keep her quiet," she murmured. "Did Jesus cry like this when he was little? If I was not so tired perhaps I could do it; but the baby just knows that I want to go to sleep. And there is going to be another one."

She flung the baby on the bed, and stood looking at him with terror. From the next room there came the jingle of glasses and the warm sound of laughter.

And she suddenly had a beautiful, marvellous idea. She laughed for the first time that day, and clapped her hands.
the newspaper felt themselves secure in Mr. Wells's disdain. "Ann Veronica" is not pornographic. It is not even indecent. It is utterly decent from end to end. It is also utterly honest. The New Age has expressed itself unfavourably concerning the relative merits of the book. It is not one of H. G. Wells's major productions. But if a work of an honourable and honoured artist is to be damned because it happens to be inferior to other works of the same artist, Hull ought to consider the full case of "Measure for Measure." By the way, would Canon Lambert as soon send a Miss Lambert to a house infected with mumps as put "Measure for Measure" into her hands?

The "Hull Daily Mail," taken to task, sheltered itself behind Mr. Clement Shorter and the "Sphere." I will not discuss Mr. Shorter's singular pronouncement upon "Ann Veronica," because I am in a very good humour with him just now for his excellent acid remarks upon the "success" literature of Mr. Peter Keary. But I may remark that Mr. Shorter did not advocate the censoring of the book, nor did he come within seven Irish miles of describing it as pornographic.

Canonical people have tried to make capital out of the fact that "Ann Veronica" is not to be found in the public libraries of sundry large towns. But the reason may not be connected with the iconoclasm of "Ann Veronica." In an interview, Mr. T. W. Hand, the librarian at Leeds, said: "I haven't read the book through [Why not?], though I have seen it, and we haven't got it here any of us." The reason for this is not the character of the book, but the fact that we never purchase our novels until they have become cheaper." Charming confession! A subscription ought to be opened for poverty-stricken Leeds, which must wait to buy an English book that is or will be translated into every European language, until it has become cheaper! A few weeks ago the country was laughing at little Beverley because its Fathers publicly decided to purchase no fiction less than a year old. But are the great towns any better off? Is Leeds? I know that the administration of the Birmingham Free Libraries, for instance, is outrageously grotesque.

The translating of verse from one language into another is a great exercise, nearly always destined to end in the ridiculous; but still a great exercise. The reason why so little good verse translation exists is that the people who could do the work well have usually something better to do. Occasionally they take a fancy to amuse themselves, and the result may be Rossetti's "Dante and his Circle." Or they are young and ardent, and the result may be Maurice Rostand's admirable translations of Alphonse Daudet. French literature is, in my opinion, much too horrible for British taste. He has attempted the two others. But if a work of an honourable artist is to be damned because it is not pornographic. It is utterly decent from end to end, I think. Or they are born specially with genius for thankless tasks, and the result may be the marvellous translations of Whitman by Léon Bazalgette. Mr. Cyril Scott has translated, and Mr. Elkin Mathews has just published, some of the "Flleurs du Mal," under the title, "Baudelaire: The Flowers of Evil" (1s. net.). I am obliged to Mr. Scott for having tried to do what most people would say was impossible. I do not think it is impossible. Talent and patience might produce very fine, very striking renderings of even the unique masterpieces of Baudelaire, such as "La Charogne," "La Beauté," "La Géante," etc. Mr. Scott has not attempted "La Charogne," doubtless because it would be too horrible for British taste. He has attempted the two others. I consider that he has quite failed. He has failed at the crucial points. It is worse than useless to translate immortal, brilliant lines like:

Je hais le mouvement qui déplace les lignes.

Et jamais je ne pleure, et jamais je ne ris,

by lines like:

And I hate every movement, displacing the lines.

And never weep, and never smile.

"Displacing the lines" is a complete condemnation of Mr. Scott. It is a fair sample of the little book. Why,
I saw in the "Referee" the other day a rough, rapid verse translation by Mr. John N. Raphael of a fairly long passage from "Chantemerle," which easily surpassed Mr. Scott's work in some of the essential qualities of good translation! Mr. Scott has dedicated his book to Arthur Symons, an exceedingly fastidious craftsman himself, and Mr. Scott certainly and must do better. It is difficult to animadvert and to encourage simultaneously. I wish Mr. Scott to regard this feat as accomplished by me.

JACOB TONSON.

Present-Day Criticism.

When Michel Lévy, the eminent French publisher, set about the cheapening of books, certain distinguished authors of that day objected that people would certainly patronise frivolous and unhealthy books and neglect works of sound study and literary merit. Lévy replied: "Possibly it may be so at first, but to inspire these people with the curiosity to read at all is our first necessity." In commenting upon this, Matthew Arnold (of whom some wild ass of our desert lately opined that "of course, no one would read him"") contrasted the matter, the good printing and neat binding of the sort of "cheap" book issued by Lévy with the slovenly work of which the cheap publishers of England and America shocked all decent taste. There is plenty of promise that we may perhaps find better things in England where the legitimate successors of M. Lévy are now trying to raise our standard of popular taste. These successors are such publishers as Messrs. Routledge, from whose shining press we now have to acknowledge an admirable volume of Sainte-Beuve; Walter Scott, in spite of occasional incompetent, and even impertinent, prefaces, to this library; the founders of Everyman's, though it suffers from the same defect; and Messrs. Chatto and Windus, whose presentation of the essays of Franz Blei is in very good form. If—and surely we may believe so—the increasing output of inexpensive reprints of good authors, is a sign of increasing public interest in high-class literature, we may expect a greater degree of public discrimination in other literary matters. It is not to be supposed, for instance, that a public, sufficiently curious to buy and read the literary criticisms of Sainte-Beuve, will remain contented with the sort of criticism to be found in the majority of present-day review columns.

We will first deal with and discuss a certain type of venal review which has greatly contributed to making sincere criticism ineffective. We do not over-estimate the effect of this venal criticism in seducing the popular mind. The result of the close relation between certain reviews and advertisements—becoming daily more clear—is that people follow the directions of the reviewers, but that they begin openly to contempt all criticism. Anarchy of taste in literature is at least as deplorable as anarchy in any other direction; and this is the condition to which we shall be brought, if no way can be found to convince the public that unfettered criticism exists, that in some journals the reviewer of books is uncontrolled by managerial orders. There is probably a connection between the growing distrust of modern criticism and the revival of classical works. We have only to contrast the same and dignified reviews given to reprints of ancient authors whom reviewers dare hot insult with over-praise, and the revolting adulation heaped upon almost every modern author whose work is well advertised. It is certainly likely that the reading public has observed this contrast, and that while it is content to run the risk of getting a bad, but much-belauded volume from the circulation library, when the question is of buying books, those of less novel but more assured merit are preferred.

Below the clatter of dishonest reviews raised to applaud or condemn according to editorial and proprietorial orders, our capable and once-respected critics have been silenced. John O'7rrell, whose candid and unprejudiced judgment may be considered a guarantee of their respectability above wilful dishonesty, have allowed sound criticism to be thrust aside and replaced by something much too similar to interested adulation. We have lately amused ourselves by making composite reviews of many taken from certain columns. The "Daily Telegraph" appears like this: "Most excellent romance. Told with a master touch. The author has done few things finer. A tale of extraordinary complexity.

Abounds in dramatic situations. The reader is held enthralled to the end."

These nine superlative encomiums have not been bestowed upon one grand world-genius, but upon nine separate novelists! What would the "Daily Telegraph" have left in its vocabulary to say if one of the gods were now to write a book? We select the "Telegraph" for our composite reviews because we could suppose it in this matter to be beyond any charge but that of incompetence. Other papers of good standing have equally debased the function of criticism by employing reviewers ignorant of the true standard of literature and possessed of an author's passion to forbid the use of any but superlative adjectives. We find trashy romances compared with works like "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and sensational "shockers" ranked with the "African Fairy Tale," and quite lately we saw a readable but quite unclassical story, "Anne of Green Gables," established with not merely "Helen's Babies," not merely "Little Lord Fauntleroy," but with the model of all this order of work, "Alice in Wonderland." Alice in Wonderland whose creation went to the scholarship and the literary genius of Carroll! That these four books, so different in degree of merit, should have been lumped together, sets us wondering whether the reviewers had read a single one of the four.

Now this kind of indiscriminate criticism is clearly not going to have any weight with a reading public which has begun to make reprints of literary critics like Hazlitt, Coleridge, Matthew Arnold and Sainte-Beuve, a part of its speculation. If much individual and careful criticism continues to appear in our journals, the public suspicion of the bona-fides of modern critics must inevitably deepen as acquaintance with classical standards of criticism is widened. The worst danger is lest all criticism, the private and the public, should be unjust, share a like fate of contempt and indifference. In the absence of any academic influence, we English are forced to depend upon individual critics who know the best standard in literature and who understand the value of good criticism in producing, as well as in maintaining, that standard. There is a colossal task coming ready to their hand in England. The "great British public has passed the stage where it was necessary to inspire people with curiosity to read at all. They are willing now to try a more discriminating flight. If we are to reap the advantage of this hopeful state of the popular mind and to produce a modern literature which shall compare favourably with the reprints issued by Mears, Routledge, Nelson, Chatto and Windus and the others, we must have a system of modern criticism which shall be above the suspicion of insincerity. Perhaps it will be necessary to relinquish anonymity. For certain it is that this task of readers should no longer be abandoned to its growing contempt of criticism and forced to grope a way for itself among the rubbish of the circulating libraries. There is some good and sound modern literature. Among the many authors criticised by the "Daily Telegraph" was one of distinctive genius. We ask our readers to pick out the particular sentence which applies inevitably to him.
REVIEWS.

The Life and Times of Martin Blake. By J. Chanter. (John Lane. 10s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Chanter has dug up many bones, and presented them to the public and the County Literary and Archæological Association as "The Life and Times of Martin Blake," and Mr. John Lane has published what one may call an illustrated catalogue of the remains at 10s. 6d. net.

Who was Martin Blake, B.D.? He was vicar of Barnstaple from December 1, 1628, till September, 1673. What did he do? He preached to prove that the "traduction of original sin from the parents to the child" was thereby approved. He averred that the "preaching of the sentence of the Lawgiver against sin and sinners was not of itself sufficient to produce the gracious effect of conversion, but was a good preparation to qualify the subject for the offer of grace tendered in the Gospel." We may here mention that in the photographic frontispiece he looks like a half-civilised gargoyle. He was one of the prime movers in the surrender of Barnstaple to the Royalist troops (with the best of intentions, Mr. Chanter says) and tried to persuade Plymouth to a similar reconciliation with the King. The rest of his life was occupied in gaining and retaining possession of Barnstaple vicarage, for the Puritans persecuted him, and in obtaining orders from the Committee for Plundered Ministers, directing him to "offer up the cure of the parsonage according to his title thereunto." What did he suffer? He was objectionable to a Puritan and Archaeological Association to which they could be referred twice dispossessed him of his living. He seems to have suffered great depression of spirits because he had pledged his honour to perform no religious duty upon pain of excommunication, and could not therefore bury those of his parishioners who died during a plague epidemic. That seems to be all that is said of him in this book. We have not been able to find any documents to prove these facts: otherwise, they would be incredible.

There is a famous passage in the thirty-seventh chapter of Ezekiel that, we believe, was written for the guidance of biographers. "The spirit of the Lord," said Ezekiel, "set me down in the midst of the valley which was full of bones . . . and, lo, they were very dry. In those days there was no County Literary and Archæological Association to which they could be presented. Ezekiel would have liked to say that he was commanded to prophesy upon them. And he said: "I will lay sinews upon you, and will bring up flesh upon you, and cover you with skin, and put breath in you, and ye shall live." But Ezekiel was a prophet.

The Reminiscences of a K.C. By T. E. Crispe, K.C. (Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.)

This is a delightful work. Mr. Crispe wanders from grave to gay, from villainy to virtue, with a light touch which makes his book the best of reading. Mr. Crispe figures much better as a raconteur than he did as a King's Counsel. Good counsellor and clever man of the world as he was, he never seemed to us strong enough to deal with judges such as Ridley and Grantham, J.J., in the High Court, and Bacon and Emden, J.J., in the County Court.

He has told many topnotch and has told some excellent stories. The chapters on the Bar as a profession are admirably written. The tips to the junior "devil" are quite as straightforward as those given "in a place within the meaning of the Act." Mr. Crispe is not so happy in the passages on the morality of advocacy as in the other sections of the book. The moral case against advocacy is this: Counsel are paid to win the case, whether justice be served by victory or not. The best counsel is usually employed by the wealthier of the two litigants, and the best counsel almost always wins. The other day there was a case in which this maxim was well illustrated. A poor man had quarrelled with his master whom he had served loyally for thirty years. The agreement of service was a monthly one, and the master gave the man a month's wages, refusing him any character. The man brought an action in vindication of himself for wrongful dismissal. The master resisted and retained a most eminent counsel. The latter told his client that his behaviour had been most scandalous, and that he would lose the case. The master refused to settle. The case came on at the assizes, and the eminent counsel conducted it with such ability that he secured a verdict. On coming out of court he remarked to his opponent on the stupidity of the jury in not seeing through the hollowness of his case! This was a case in which well-paid ability had triumphed over justice.

Mr. Crispe is in favour of legal reform. On the vexed question of whether counsel should return their fees when they have neglected a case, he thinks the rule should be, broadly speaking, that fees should be returned. A barrister cannot be sued for negligence, as his fee is an honorarium, so that the unfortunate client, under the present practice, loses both his case and his money. We cordially recommend this lively book to our readers with the certainty that they will thoroughly enjoy it.


This book admirably illustrates our present tendency to come together in congresses and talk and talk and talk. If the subject happens to be town planning, our talk is of the experience of Germany. And while we are talking other nations are doing. America, with its love of system and its capacity for coming to practical details at once, has long been transforming itself, while we have been thinking about it or putting up pretty garden suburbs by way of experiment. Possibly Mr. Culpin believes that in publishing this report of the papers and speeches given at last year's National Town Planning Conference, he is advancing matters, and adding a useful appendix to the Town Planning Act. But unfortunately the T.P.A. is already 20 years or so late, and the talk still goes on. And whole communities are perishing of the City Dreadful what time sleepy legislators and civic windbags are talking of the City Beautiful. When will the ideal city of which we have heard so much begin to take shape?

Ireland's Great Future. By Clara Smith. (Sealey, Bryers, and Walker. 5s.)

In her knowledge of the Bible, as in her attempt to read in her prophecies books Ireland's greatness in the future, Mrs. Smith has our respect. The author makes great play with the disputed Book of Enoch, discovered as recently as the eighteenth century and variously stated to date both prior and long subsequent to the Old Testament. Her object is to show its influence on the Pentateuch, the Prophets, and so forth, and to exhibit it as the lost key to the destinies of nations. Unfortunately she speaks in terms of archaic theology requiring a special dictionary. Her manner of writing is generally pleasant. She has a genuine feeling for Ireland, which we are glad to share. She is apt to overdo the moralising and emotional apostrophe.

Natural and Social Morals. By Garveth Read. (Black. 7s. 6d.)

If we were asked to place our finger on Professor Read's weak spot in this exposition of moral philosophy from a sociological standpoint, we would unhesitatingly lay it on his anthropomorphism. Thus it is possible "that the simpler forms of altruism—pity and generosity—however amiable may be held injurious to our own civilisation; but they are not so, as the author maintains, in intra-tribal relations. He speaks of finding no report of polygamy among chimpanzees. The fact, however, is that wherever the male has greater strength than the female, he is polygamous. He sug-
his anthropology is faulty the author is closely ac-
 acquainted with both philosophy and modern biology. His occasional slips into rhetoric have done no harm to his better intentions, but some rather to carelessness than to want of knowledge; as when he confuses natural with artificial selection, claiming that one of the practical lessons to be drawn from natural selection with a view to moral improve-
ment is to "care to the breeding of the same kind" (111). In one place he points to the difficulties of theoretical and practical eugenics. In another he is very bitter with certain sections of the press that do nothing to promote biology. He emphasises a very important truth: "If Galton has overlooked in drawing his statistics from the upper class, namely, that portion of it that unchanging religious ideas are unprogressive (228). Finally he points to the utilitarian advantages of primitive religion (229). Summed up, this is an admirable book by a thinker and a widely-read man, which the world does not deserve to have read.

Ritschlism. By J. K. Mozley. (Nisbet. 5s. net.)

Mr. Mozley's exposition of the Ritschlian theology is the sort of thing students will like who are attracted to mid-Victorian German theology. The author apparently has been attracted by the efforts of Drs. Garvin and Orr to rescue Ritschl from the neglect with which he has been treated in this country, and seeks on his own part to hand him over to popularity. His strong insistence on the present value of Ritschl's work is, however, love's labour lost. Ritschlism—that strange mixture of Luther, James, and Sabatier—is, so far as this country is concerned, out of date. The positive development of the Christian doctrine of justification and reconciliation has had its day. The movement towards "the time-of-the-Ref ormation with its attempt to make theology independent of science and metaphysics, is now replaced by one aiming to reconcile these three. Intuitionism is replacing his-
torical positivism and anti-Hegelianism, Ritschl is superceded, and the tyranny of dogma is yielding to the consideration of real problems—those of salvation—social first, then spiritual. It is with dogma, and not salvation, that Ritschl is concerned. For the rest the author is earnest and well acquainted with his subject, and his preface tells us that this essay divided the Norrisian Prize at Cambridge for the year 1908.

The Art of Theatrical Make-up. By Cavendish Morton. (A. and C. Black. 5s.)

There is a rare guide to make-up in the letterpress, and thirty-three quarto pages of illustrations show how successfully Mr. Morton has carried out his own instructions in presenting such different characters as King Lear and Bottom the Weaver, the Witches of Macbeth and Uncle Tom, St. Dunstan and Shylock. The volume is handsomely got up and the printing and reproductions are excellent.

Fenelon's Maxims of the Mystics. Ed. by B. W. Randolph. (Mowbray. 18s.)

This translation of the maxims written by Fenelon under the influence and in defence of Madame Guyon is speedily becoming a standard work. The first edition, produced at a moment when quietism or mysticism was not in favour with the Romish Church and the author was opposed by the enmity of Louis XIV., influenced by the brilliant Bossuet, the subtle La Chaise, and the astute de Maintenon. This admirable little book reveals the true innocence of the mystic writing within the Church. It contains an appendix which is a useful guide in brief to the biographies of several well-known historical mystics.

For the Sake of Kitty. By C. G. Whyte. (Collins. 7s. 6d.)

"It is only suburban to find out what the correct thing in manners is before you do it," said Aunt Jane in her most rigid voice. This is a well-written book, with something very near the approach of that quality of style which is called a "tone." Whether the incidents are adventurously, humorously, or pathetically, they are almost always interesting and related concisely. It is a little disappointing, however, to find unmistakable signs of goody-goodyness here and there. The humour is particularly bright.

Drama.

"The Way the Money Goes" (the Stage Society).

This is a drama of life in a Northern industrial town. A drama of life certainly, for Lady Bell, its author, knows her subject. She does not confound the humanity of the masses with their class as a race. Her characters are always real to her without studying them at all, as some Stage Society authors have done before her. She simply understands them. And this quality of understanding has enabled her to write a play which, though technically undramatic, crude, and (as regards the ending) commonplace, yet achieves reality. To bring Yorkshire to London is in itself no easy task, and to make York-
shire interesting to the Stage Society, that most cos-
mpolitan of theatres roaming Europe from Ibsen to Lanuza, is no mean feat for Gerhart Hauptmann's drama of the Silesian peasantry in their phase of transition from agriculture to mining. Lancashire and Yorkshire, Durham and Northumberland have gone about their business as mechanically as if they were inwardly no more than the mere outskirts of the great English Empire. In contemporary art they have counted for nothing. Our novelists and dramatists, busy with the life of London, of the country house, and of the peasantry of the West, have passed them by unnoticed. And yet such an enterprise as Miss Horriman's The X in Manchester, with all its notable achievements, has hardly produced a single play that touches upon local life in the neighbouring towns. And as for London, its prevailing impression seems to be that the Northern counties are inhabited by a strange race of beings, who spin wool and cotton for the world, dig coal or work in factories, wear clogs, vote Liberal or Labour, attend football matches and Nonconformist chapels, invade the Crystal Palace once a year by excursion train for the Cup-tie final—and that is all. The chief duty of—Lady Bell's play is that it draws a vivid little picture of a more intimate daily life.

What is" the way the money goes" among these Northern artisans? In rent, a twofold levy upon factory and dwelling-house? In interest paid to direc-
tors and shareholders; to old ladies in Southern watering-places, to young men in Piccadilly, or (if I may whisper such a possibility) even to some of the cultured audience of the Stage Society assembled in the Shaftesbury Theatre on a fine February afternoon to witness the performance of a new and original play? Not at all. Lady Bell is no revolutionary economist. She is concerned, not with the total wealth produced by her workers, but with that portion of it which they receive in wages. And what is that portion? Partly rent and interest, or in the ordinary cost of living, or even in drink, but simply in betting. Life is dull; the
bookmaker is always hovering within call; the evening newspaper is cheap; and there is racing all the year round. True, the majority of backers have never seen a racehorse, much less a race, but that matters nothing. They would bet just as readily on an aeroplane circling the Parnassus if they could be found to lay the odds. The one necessity is excitement; something to look forward to all day, even if it be only the late news column of a pink halfpenny paper. There is the early morning rush to work at the factory, the breakfast-hour discussion of the Hungarians, and their odd gattons; the thrice-famous clock or two-thirty passes, the hour-appropriate and appointed by Fate for the Jockey Club for the disposal of the hardly-earned shilling; the almost unbearable enforced wait until work ceases at five-thirty; another blind rush to discover the results; an evening passed in ecstasy or despair, and bed—with the same programme to-morrow. That, or something like it, is the theme of Lady Bell's drama. Her Mrs. Holroyd (remarkably well played by Miss Helen Haye), married, as Wilde put it, to 'a man men in the right' does this craving for excitement, i.e., is of a saving disposition, and does not believe in holidays at Blackpool or any similar extravagance. He is the ideal workman, sticks closely to business, keeps a keen eye on the housekeeping accounts, and, one feels, sees nothing wrong in the same thing as the employer. Needless to say, he is incapable of gambling. But his wife, in an incautious moment, puts a shilling on a race. Like all late beginners, she is unable to stop, plunges heavily, borrows money to cover her debt, and does it all again. The results are ruin, with £28 odd owing—a state of affairs communicated to John by the bailiff. Wrath, confession, forgiveness. A painful scene—painful merely because it does not contain a single unexpected line. Every phrase is banal and common, and no doubt there are many domestic scenes over-preserved over the egregious John. This is the misfortune of ‘real life.' The play left me with the impression that I had witnessed a number of incidents occurring upon the stage precisely as they occur daily in the industrial districts of the North of England—and nothing more. The milieu of a work of art is there, but the work of art is lacking. The skeleton is provided, but there is no moving substance to give it life.

I must touch very briefly upon the intentionally rather aggressive ‘moral' of the play. It may be objectied that as long as the world is to be regarded as a logical system into which the law of one money for nothing, the particular form of the attempt matters little. The answer to this is, of course, that people who bet do not get money for nothing. They only pay heavily for momentary excitement. Backers invariably lose in the long run. It is the bookmaker who gets money for nothing, and he gets it with the same mechanical regularity as the shareholder in Consols, with the additional advantage that he pays income tax at a lower rate on an income supposedly 'earned.'

Lady Bell has shown that she understands the daily life of her workpeople. Well and good. That is one step in the right direction. Let her write purely domestic plays about them—such, for instance, as Lady Gregory's comedies of Irish life. They will be interesting enough. But if she attempts to deal with social problems such as this problem of betting, it may be well to warn her that she cannot be at all sure of success without a fuller understanding of national economics. High rents and low wages, half-time labour and half-education, factory and housing conditions, all contribute to the dulness of which her characters complain. And when a gigantic monopoly such as the monopoly of the Turf, supported by all the powers that be, from his Majesty to Messrs. Topping and Spindler, commission agents, backed by the daily press and fortified by the Jipster, offers to dispel this dulness for a shilling or so, can there be any wonder that it succeeds in luring them? That is the real secret of 'the way the money goes.'

ASHLEY DUKES

ART.

Art in the livery of officialism is not art, but a mummy without human interest.

My first acquaintance with the result of this aspect of art was made some time ago. I was at Liverpool, on the point of leaving for America. With time on my hands, I sought the seven miles of wet and dry docks opened and barred by an Aladdin-like key of hydraulic machinery, in quest of those atmospheric effects which there abound. I found them in the dim interiors of vast warehouses stored with the fruits of the earth; in opalescent seas dipping afar off at the creamy horizon; in stately ships silhouetted on silver dawns hung athwart the Mersey bar; in the dark masses of liners outlined in a galaxy of lights, drifting through violet dusks to the open; in the sculptured forms that lay motionless in mid-stream, powdered with vibrating sunlight, or masked by the pensive greys of summer rain. Thus engaged, I sometimes met a youth in whose dress, manner, and method of observation I seemed to detect the artist. One day I stopped and questioned him. He told me he was an artist, and, as I suspected, penniless. He was most anxious to get to America, whence he had received a provisional offer of artistic work. He had walked from London to Liverpool, hoping to get an opening to work his way across to Washington. He had been far unsuccessful, and was now badly in need of assistance. Could I advise him? He replied that there was one way out. I would take two steerage tickets instead of one second-class ticket, as I intended, and we would go together. We did so.

The horrors of that fearful voyage need not detain me here. The account of how we were literally buried alive in the lower part of a huge liner that seemed to be a gigantic soap-bubble with its 1,000 odd emigrants of all nationalities; how we writhed hour after hour, day after day, in this Dantean inferno, berthed like animals in open docks; how we roared round the entire cabin, poisoned by the nauseating odours from unclean human bodies, bilge-water, sickness, and machinery, maddened by the ceaseless bale of voices and the relentless thud of engines, turning not at all from our hating and cursing our day of departure, to work his way across to Washington. He had been, so far, unsuccessful, and was now badly in need of assistance. Could I advise him? He replied that there was one way out. I would take two steerage tickets instead of one second-class ticket, as I intended, and we would go together. We did so.

* * *

The picture left me with the impression that I had witnessed a number of incidents occurring upon the stage precisely as they occur daily in the industrial districts of the North of England—and nothing more. The milieu of a work of art is there, but the work of art is lacking. The skeleton is provided, but there is no moving substance to give it life.

It is with the very common story my companion told me that I am concerned here, having myself been a student of personal experience of the system of art education in England. His had not been an ardent career. He was born in Lancashire. At first he was self-educated. His ability for craftsmanship early asserted itself, and he worked so successively at lierernament, as found to do sculpture. Endowed with unusual ability, there was hardly a prize he did not carry off. He gained L.C.C. scholarships to the amount of £300, with free
admission to the R.C.A., Kensington. Here, too, there was no scholarship he did not gain. It was not long before he knew more than all the professors put together. Then he began to have doubts as to the true nature of the system of art education that held him in its clutches. He found he had been put to study under Government-manufactured incapable and inartistic art masters, who had never done a practical thing in their lives. He found it was the convention of these masters to encourage nothing but convention, and to forbid the student the right to exercise originality, curiosity, invention, and imagination. He found, too, that classes were mainly organised for the benefit of the master and not of his students, as well as to provide lectureships for the relatives and friends of the principal. As a result of this, students were forced to attend useless lectures, and only those cursed with the capacity and courage to resist were not indoctrinated permanently into wrong channels. He saw what such a system meant. If the student be a fool without money, he in turn becomes an incapable art master; if he have money, he leaves the school a lymphatic, pretentious ignoramus, a mild sophisticated ass, who will presently set to work and help to flood this overburdened country with the conspitiuous results of his art education. If, on the other hand, he possess talent, perception, and money, he casts off a machine designed to produce the ineffectual results of his art education. If, therefore, he possess talent and no money, he does as his companion did.

Then he sits tight and works for the travelling scholarship. This takes him abroad, where he is able to study, among other things, foreign art education systems, and to learn that in respect to this, as in most other things, England is in a discreditable way. His reflection shows him that as a successful art student he represents a Government outlay of over £1,000; that for this reason, and because he is an efficient artist, he is the Government's property, that he must return to his own land, and there will be no wide field for his talent, as neither the Government nor the nation has any use for him. In order to live there are three alternatives open to him: to set up a studio and starve artistically; to do odd jobs, pot-boiling, teaching, and general utility work that will surely kill his talent; or to go abroad and enrich other nations at the expense of the English Government. This was the experience of the youth at my side—and he had chosen emigration.

After this one turns with immense relief to any movement showing the least trace of sanity. An interesting experiment in the back-to-the-studio movement was recently made by Cecil French and Miss Fraser, who organised a successful little exhibition in the studio at 6, Clarendon Road, S.W. Though it was too dark when I arrived to see all the qualities of the pictures, it was possible to note the outstanding feature of Mr. French's work. One can see that he is strongly influenced by what is significant in design. His hand, guided by the designing sense, is busy sorting subjects out of the tangle of natural objects, sorting results out of the maze of lines, and filling in decorative spaces, sorting a method out from a variety of methods, and turning temper into painting as a best and last resort. decidedly a movement and work to be encouraged.

One of the most interesting examples of artistic work is to be found at the Leicester Galleries. In the poetry of his decorative trees and flowers—little love songs, touched with the fragrance of Japan—in fine imaginative colour, and design and decoration recalling the mystic attitude of Layley Robinson, Maxwell Armfield, and MacWhirter, Mr. MacWhirter's back-to-nature scene painting (in another room) is like turning from the music of Purcell, Palestrina, or Vittoria to the tombs of niggers.

### CORRESPONDENCE

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

**MR. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM'S FIRST PARLIAMENTARY SPEECH.**

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

Turning over some old newspaper cuttings the other day, I came across the following remark (in the good old pre-war days) of Mr. Cunninghame Graham's maiden speech in Parliament, January, 1887. As we are not likely to have such a debate in these days, your readers may care to warm their hands at an old fire. R. M.

Mr. Graham remarked that a debate on the Queen's Speech was the best occasion for a new member to lose his political curiosity, invention, and imagination. He found, too, that classes were mainly organised for the benefit of the master and not of his students, as well as to provide lectureships for the relatives and friends of the principal. As a result of this, students were forced to attend useless lectures, and only those cursed with the capacity and courage to resist were not indoctrinated permanently into wrong channels. He saw what such a system meant. If the student be a fool without money, he in turn becomes an incapable art master; if he have money, he leaves the school a lymphatic, pretentious ignoramus, a mild sophisticated ass, who will presently set to work and help to flood this overburdened country with the conspitiuous results of his art education. If, on the other hand, he possess talent, perception, and money, he casts off a machine designed to produce the ineffectual results of his art education. If, therefore, he possess talent and no money, he does as his companion did.

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The noble lord's resignation had saddened him as children.

The noble lord, as he had always admired and detested him.

"The things, we know, are neither rich nor rare, but wonder how the devil they got there."

The Times correspondent then proceeded to express his doubts as to the likelihood of proper punishment being inflicted on the guilty. He wished to discourage the whole proceedings. This deploration received further and editorial support in the best style of the Times, and rare humanitarian moments. The Times fits of humanity, like those of the English Conservative and Whig papers, apparently only occur when the British bonds and interests are not affected; but when an opportunity is given for discrediting some foreign administration.

The Conqueror has issued a statement in Gun Square with revolting absurdities.

The various officials in this charming episode have been contorted under the lash. The noose was slung over the crosspiece. On a cross solidly constructed with the butts of the punishment of flagellation.

A correspondent in the assistants stand the voice that rhythms to the sound of the voice that echoed.

It must be observed that the Persian Foreign Minister expressed some regret at the Teheran brutality. Have Sir Edward Grey and Lord Cromer ever hinted at any contrition? Lord Cromer was received with a chorus of adulation in England, and, what is more to the nation, with the hope of £50,000 for having had his feelings hurt by the unfriendly criticism of which the Denshawai crime subjected him. The various officials in the Times are evading to promote their humanity! Supposing Persia had ventured to vote the official responsible £50,000 for his services, what an uproar the "Times" would have made. The condemned man was not strangled well, so he cries out on the cross.

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...
I am greeted with the "tongue of man and angels." I am told that I am right and wrong. I am linked up with George Eliot and Frank Harris; and I am grateful for the reprieve.

Let me thank H. Pulley for completing my education. I did not expect to be able to see that Shakespeare's plays were poetic; that is, if "poetic art introduces us, through the emotions, into the unknown." Of the unknown self, however, that I should be interested, particularly when I ever trespassed on that domain, and I venture to think that Shakespeare had a like ignorance. Perhaps even H. Pulley knows more about the unknown self than the mystical order of reality is not the unknown to a poet; he is far more ignorant of the material. Shakespeare utilised life as he found it. He knew, therefore, that the unknown was merely revealed by his. Perhaps the real difference between H. Pulley and myself is this: that I am more interested in the poet than in his poetry, and that he is satisfied with the poetic form.

The private figure of this tortured soul suffering at the hands of women, cursing in his frenzy, and consoling himself with "washes"-out" like Miranda and Perdita is to me far more moving than the women are irritating. I hope that I am not depreciating Shakespeare when I say that he wrote of nothing that he did not know; that he was essentially a realist; that the women he knew and depicted were either harlots or marlins; that his only interest was his own. What Mr. Harris insists upon in his altogether admirable book (for an original work cannot be "over-praised") is that a poet does not divorce his poetry from his life; that his poetry is simply an expression of his life; that he has a personal experience. Mrs. Jacobs' anecdotes about the public and the police-court tell us nothing of the personal side of Mr. Gaskell.

We are indebted to your correspondent, F. G. Howe, for the plainest permissible language we suggest to Mrs. Jacobs in such company.

D. TRIFORMIS.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

Surely there never existed before such opprobrious people as the intimate friends of the intimate friends of the W.S.P.U. We know no auxiliaries. We know no "Those (meaning ourselves) who persist." We are ready to parry prettily and with a "friend of mine," or "a man I know," trots up waving the revol master personal experience. Mrs. Jacobs's anecdotes about the public and the police-court tell us nothing of the personal side of Mr. Gaskell.

Mr. Gaskell has evidently grasped the fact that we were comparing the state of things: previous to the victory of the W.S.P.U., as a proto accent. He avowed the fact that he had known the true position of the members of the W.S.P.U., and that the rest of the article does not in any way lose applicability, we claim leniency for our offence.

When Mr. Rubinstein announced that he was armed with "the safe, the obvious, the absolutely conclusive answer" to our objections, both to militancy and an incompetent set of outrageous articles, we were considerably disappointed. It is not like Mr. Rubinstein to be abrupt. He usually presents his failacies in front of a guard of most diverting phrases. He gives us here, however, no indication of parry prettily, but if I have aimed, I rejoice to find myself missing in such company.

D. TRIFORMIS.

HUNTY CARTER AND THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

Mr. Blaker is angry because I want to murder the Old Masters. He is greatly exercisesm, because I do not love the National Gallery, any more than Ruskin, or some equally important person loved it when he stigmatised it as the laughing stock, and people little suspected that the Old Masters were lop-sided figures. We, however, had brought along what looked at a distance like a grand supporting army of Mefisto Chartists, Turks, Slaves, Sansculottes, and Jesus Christ; for the objection to this procedure, we laid ourselves open to being "accusers," we are ready to justify our accusation. But Mr. Blaker ignores very distinctly that the person home about the different matter, namely, our challenge as to the reality of the accused. That is the business of the detective counsel, the judge, and the jury.

We are indebted to your correspondent, F. G. Howe, for the plainest permissible language we suggest to Mrs. Jacobs in such company.

D. TRIFORMIS.
works influences the quality of his work, and that many great painters have been neglected, starved, derided, spit upon, and yet he says they never produced bad work. Look at an old master like Vermeer: he was not considered to be a genius until turned out for his life by economic pressure. He knows there was an immense output of paintings in the 17th century; that these were documented and that the techniques of the masters were known by scholars in the 19th century, and yet he refuses to detect the three periods in the canvas numbered either 751 or 3235 at the National Gallery.

I have not my National Gallery catalogue before me, and yet I can quote other prices and dates, but what we are coming across in this collection, one he prefers to read my statement as meaning that modern Tuscan painters are imitating the old Italians, and that every schoolboy will tell him that it is absolutely impossible to fake an old picture.

I am glad to see that one has taken up the cudgels on behalf of the old masters as against the riotous assault of Mr. Carter. I feel sure that Mr. Carter's intention was pure, and that he did not make a very wise choice of words.

The National Art Collections Fund does not encourage and limit funds with dealers' profits. The National Gallery is no more worthy of serious consideration than the Royal Academy. If once the public came to see things as they really are, it would note with deepest regret that the art of the Royal Academy has thereby acquired a fictitious value.

An observer of our own smart set remarked to me that the Party leaders are selling the Party for bias. To say, as Mr. Tillett has said, that in pursuing any policy, they are selling the Party under the nom-de-plume, Evelyn Douglas, can be purchased, or where it can be got on loan for a few weeks.

In conclusion, may I thank you, Mr. Editor, for the weekly pleasure afforded to me, and I am sure to many others, by The New Age?  

R. N. Warren

Mr. Mr. Ben Tillett and the Labour Party. To the Editor of "The New Age."

In reference to your comment on the subject of Mr. Tillett's relation to the Labour Party, may I say that if it were true that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's name is mentioned in Mr. Tillett's letter to "The Times," I should heartily endorse your remarks. The whole discussion at Newport centred round the scrupulous pamphlet published by Mr. Tillett over a year ago, and the "Times Letters" were seldom referred to. "It was this pamphlet, with what I believe to be its outrageous accusations, that Messrs. MacDonald and Henderson had in mind when they endorsed Mr. Henderson's article on 'The Times.' I should heartily endorse your remarks. The whole discussion at Newport centred round the scrupulous pamphlet published by Mr. Tillett over a year ago, and the "Times Letters" were seldom referred to. "It was this pamphlet, with what I believe to be its outrageous accusations, that Messrs. MacDonald and Henderson had in mind when they endorsed Mr. Henderson's article on 'The Times.' I should heartily endorse your remarks.

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