We are not at all afraid of appearing as the apologists of Mr. Asquith, since it gives us a further opportunity of deprecating the misguided parsimony of Liberal journals like the "Nation" and the "Daily News." For the appearance of a breach of pledge in Mr. Asquith's deeds compared with his words the only persons to blame are the editors of these journals. It was they who misread Mr. Asquith's Hall speech, and it was they who propagated the absurd notion that the King had signed a blank cheque for legislation by a composite, and therefore useless, majority.

The paragraph reads: "We shall therefore demand authority from the electorate to translate the ancient and unwritten usage into an Act of Parliament. 

SUN.-era, 3, 17, 1910.

It was on the strength of these intoxicated dreams of coming power that these journals began to talk big about demanding royal guarantees. They pictured themselves as the Barons at Runnymede extorting the royal signature to their preposterous demands. In the same false light they misread Mr. Asquith's speech as a threat to the same effect; and Mr. Lloyd George's Celtic language encouraged the delusion. What they do not even yet realise is that their dreams have not come true. Mr. Asquith realises it, the Cabinet realises it; but a handful of Radical members, together with these journals, have as yet not awakened from their lotus sleep.

They are urging Mr. Asquith to make the same demands as he would be entitled to make if he had the authority of the electorate behind him; and they are actually angry that he should be sober while they are still all drunk. Let us put it to these people that they have indubitably lost, that the General Election has gone so disappointingly that the moment for declaring itself in favour of our plans, and that we have to make the best we can of so disappointing a result.

If anybody is to blame we would blame the rank and file of the Liberal Party for having so hopelessly lost the election. It is useless to talk as the "Nation" foolishly talks this week of the "signal verdict" of the country, or of Liberals having "gloriously withstood" the forces of Unionism. The fact is that the rank and file of the Liberal Party have badly let down their leaders; they have been pusillanimous, mean, indolent, and ill-tempered. We are not drawing up an indictment of a nation, but we certainly are accusing the Liberal electorare of unparalleled cowardice in the conduct of the recent election. The Liberal Party, as Mr. Lloyd George boasted during the Budget debates, contains quite as many wealthy men as the Unionist Party; but they did not spend their money to anything like the

and, secondly, to speculate on the chances of a defeat. The New Age alone advised what the "Nation" has at length come to see; namely, that the moment for attacking the Lords was the day following the rejection of the Budget. We understand that Sir George Keble-Chich, Sir Percy Bunting, and two members of the Cabinet (not Mr. Churchill and not Mr. Lloyd George) were in favour of the same course. But in the bellowings of the Liberal Press these voices were not heard; and the party went to its doom. What that doom was we again foresew. Our forecast of the result of the election was that the Liberals would be returned with a composite, and therefore useless, majority of about a hundred.

The "Daily News" was at the same moment prophesying a Liberal victory greater than that of 1906.

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same extent. Nor did they spend their strength with liberality. On the contrary, they left their leaders and paid organisers to do all the work, what time they sat at home or in their clubs drinking cocoa and talking of what they would do when Mr. Lloyd George had won the victory for them. This spectatorial attitude of garrulous reformers is typical of many advanced societies; but until the recent election it was not typical of the Liberal Party. Mr. Asquith has no need to feel under any obligation to a party that has betrayed him as surely as they affirm that he has betrayed them.

We say all this in the hope that our words may have some effect on the new electioneering campaign that lies before us. Writing as Socialists whose desire to end the House of Lords is infinitely greater than theism has been on its trial during the last four years that awaits them unless they bestir themselves. Liberal Party are prepared to put more backbone into their army to rot at ease. That, in fact, is the fate Liberal Party are prepared to put more backbone into the next election confirm the judgment of the country, has already pronounced the threat of its doom. Should divided amongst the Unionists on the one side and the Liberals have been strong in both; and their moral standing at this moment is at Westminster and Fleet Street. But whether a first-rate premier from an election fought on the text of the veto resolutions is possible or not, should not be fought on the Irish. Mr. Redmond is the motto that must guide him. This alone accounts for the bewildering series of threats, some by wily Irishmen that has emanated from Dublin and from London. The Irish urge on Mr. Redmond the necessity for an ultimatum; but all that Mr. Redmond can deliver is a sort of an ultimatum—an antepenultimatum, in fact. So much for the Irish Party in its parlous plight.

The Labour Party, on the other hand, if they have an easier position, have also behaved with far greater dignity. We do not know if the Labour Party have been strong in both; and their moral standing at this moment is higher than it has ever been, and well they deserve that it should be so.

Having considered the state of parties, we may now turn to examine the possible course of events. It is scarcely conceivable that the Government can endure its position much longer. Even should the Irish refrain from putting it out of its misery, the constant anxiety that must sooner rather than later persuade the Cabinet to dissolve. The moment for dissolution, however, if there is any choice, should be after, and not before, the veto resolutions are published for all the world to see. So much respite, we imagine, even the Irish will be willing to accord the Government, since it is to everybody's advantage, even if the proposals are not carried, that they should at least be known. And if known and published, there is no reason why the next General Election should settle if the veto resolutions on Ireland are or are not a disaster.

We said on the eve of the late election that there were too many issues for a clear decision to emerge; but an election fought on the text of the veto resolutions, and with the Budget, shows that there is no reason, save one, why a decision should not be clearly recorded. That single reason is that the electorate may not have made up its mind, and may, in fact, leave the parties evenly divided, as now.

That, however, remains to be seen. We confess that we do not see yet any great indications of revolution zeal in the country at large. Almost all the perturbation is at Westminster, and is confined to Westminster and Fleet Street. But whether a first-rate
campaign on the sole question would not arouse the latent democratic feeling of the country is what only experience can decide. At any rate, we would be prepared to risk it if once the issues were made plain and were kept comparatively free from entanglement. The alteration of the election of the Lords is a consideration to which the whole issue of the Lords has been prematurely raised, and to drop it at once. But who would have the courage to do that? Here we are, it seems, with each of the great parties saddled with an Old Man of the Sea and a dog in the manger: the Liberals with their Old Man of the Sea, the Unionists with their dog in the manger. The Unionists are prepared to postpone every other consideration. They neglect even the promise of social legislation, they drive their best men out of the party, offering them up as sacrifices to the Brummagem idol. And all the time they know their idol will never be enthroned.

* * *

It is quite possible that the Liberal party may find itself similarly hindered by the question of the House of Lords. The last election resulted in a deadlock, which may conceivably be repeated as the result of the next. If that should prove the case, it will be the duty of the most honest party to declare both Tariff Reform and the Veto of the Lords as temporarily dead issues, and to proceed as if practically and politically they did not exist. Only by some such excision would it be possible to restore politics to the plane of reality. This would not prevent Parliamentary groups from agitating the subjects as often and as publicly as they chose; but it should certainly make it impossible for any Ministry to include in its programme a proposal which had not only been proved impracticable, but which made every other proposal impracticable. The dog in the manger should be the last dog to be considered. Our proposal, therefore, amounts to this: that when once the Veto resolutions are tabled, passed through the Commons, and rejected by the Lords, the Government should then dissolve for a general election on the single issue, and when the result is known, abide by it. If the country should prove evenly divided, let the subject be dropped for another decade. If, happily, there should be a manifesting mass against the Lords, why then the course would be clear.

* * *

But we must object in advance to any Liberal toying with proposals for strengthening the Upper Chamber before its Veto is destroyed. When once its Veto is destroyed it may safely be reformed to any extent. A Chamber of Lords would, in fact, be highly desirable when once their power had been defined as that of a minority, which was the case. The power of the Upper House is, too. We are ashamed of so-called intellectual men desiring to have brute strength in addition to their wits. The great distinction of the Church is that its power has been moral and intellectual, and its best men are today content to work their claim in that. If we must give any encouragement to the House of Lords to contemplate their future condition, when deprived of the Veto, with equanimity, we can safely assure them that their power would be all the greater for being moral and intellectual. To that is added in England especially the enormous weight which social rank gives, a weight so great that even at this moment the word of a peer on any subject in the world comes with more weight than that of the greatest uninitiated mind in England. Is that not enough to assure the Lords of their present and future strength?

* * *

It is quite enough, and we will hear nothing of any proposals, particularly from the Liberals, for strengthening the House of Lords before the Veto is modified. Any such proposals may fairly be regarded as sycophantic and reactionary. Certain Liberal theorists have caught the infection of fear which is spreading through the Unionist ranks, and are contemplating the creation of a Second Chamber elected and nominated and delegated after the pattern of Senates in other countries and with all the disadvantages that the whole issue of the Lords has been prematurely raised, and to drop it at once. But who would have the courage to do that? Here we are, it seems, with each of the great parties saddled with an Old Man of the Sea and a dog in the manger. The Unionists are prepared to postpone every other consideration. They neglect even the promise of social legislation, they drive their best men out of the party, offering them up as sacrifices to the Brummagem idol. And all the time they know their idol will never be enthroned.

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An even more specious though less dangerous proposal emanates from the journal we have so often mentioned, the "Nation." It is that the whole question of the Veto of the Lords should be during the present session submitted to an ad hoc referendum of the electorate. There is only one adjective for such a proposal; it is demented. It would seem that the "Nation" has suffered so acutely during the present political strain that it is, to speak rudely of its political condition, a dog in the manger. The dog in the manger should be the last dog to be considered. Our proposal, therefore, amounts to this: that when once the Veto resolutions are tabled, passed through the Commons, and rejected by the Lords, the Government should then dissolve for a general election on the single issue, and when the result is known, abide by it. If the country should prove evenly divided, let the subject be dropped for another decade. If, happily, there should be a manifesting mass against the Lords, why then the course would be clear.

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House of Commons consists almost entirely of plutocrats or their nominees, who owe their position to money, and not to their representative character. Save for the Labour members and a few other members, none of the present Liberals, Liberal or Tory, would keep their seats if their electorate had an absolutely free option. It would be idle to say that himself occupied a "unique and individual position," which position was simply this, that he owed his election to his constituents, and not to his party. If that position is "unique," what becomes of the present representative character of the House of Commons? It is really a question whether the House of Commons does not stand in greater need of mending than the House of Lords of ending. We only decide on the latter because it is the condition of the former. When the Lords' veto is removed, the first use we should propose to make of our freedom would be to reform the Commons.

We have a word to say in conclusion to political Socialists. We all know very well that the Socialist and Socialism came to be looked upon as—and, indeed, repulsive—form; so that at length the eyes of Socialists to their true position, served only as enemies, rather than as friends, of reform and progress. Irrelevant to its purpose. And in the majority of cases Socialist and Socialism came to be looked upon as— and, indeed, repulsive—form; so that at length the eyes of Socialists to their true position, served only as enemies, rather than as friends, of reform and progress.

The Royal Veto.

For six months all the alleged Liberal newspapers have been in full cry against the veto of the House of Lords. Within the last few days they have run up against the veto of the King, and their bayings have sunk down almost to silence.

We propose to attach little importance to the story which has been going round, to the effect that King Edward VII. has made an attack on the hereditary principle and the Crown apart from the person of the King—what was simply this, that he owed his election to his seat in the Second Chamber men. If, on the other hand, the Unionists are returned, the Socialist movement will be still more necessary to end the last two years. Those who, like ourselves, have been in daily touch with it have known it best, and have suffered from it most. What have been the particular causes of that depression during the last two years? Those who, like ourselves, have been in daily touch with it have known it best, and have suffered from it most. What have been the particular causes of that depression during the last two years?

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Protestant religion is not the one thing that really is obsolete. As a matter of law King Edward VII. can do most of the things that Charles II. or that James II. of dispositions of the preceding century. The didactic works of the school of the French is a rather absolute ruler than Nicholas II. of Russia—because he is an able man.

The present King was hardly on the throne before it was apparent to every practical politician that he had no intention of being a rat fainéant. The first thing he took in hand was the termination of the Boer War, to the intense chagrin of Birmingham. He next quietly assumed the control of foreign policy on the retirement of Lord Salisbury. He has visited his brother monarchs, accompanied, not by the Cabinet Secretary of State, but by the Permanent Under Secretary, a marked repudiation of the claim of Parliament to control his treaty-making power. He has organised a rather elaborate network of alliances and understandings, where there has been a shower of titles and decorations. He sees that the town of Sheffield, after returning a couple of respectable hotels in the city, the American habit of playing at the House of Lords, is proceeding, by the almost unanimous vote of the House of Lords, to erect a statue to the Duke of Norfolk. He sees that when another peer went home after a successful lawsuit he was received by a popular procession, including the whole inestimable Boy Scouts. He knows that when the House of Lords was first threatened some years ago, a few peers had only to threaten the doors to be closed and the lights to be put out. They just stopped short of taking the offensive travellers to the town pump.

Now that kind of thing is civil war. We do not say there was no provocation for it. We do not defend the tactics of those who divided the Realm, to advocate one law for the poor and another for the rich, one rule for the subject and another for the sovereign. King Edward VII. may enjoy a glass of wine with his dinner, but no one else may. Lord Rosebery is to be hounded out of the Liberal Party for owning Ladas and the owner of the sous. Bridge and billiards may be played in Windsor Castle, but dominoes and bagatelle may not be played at the Windsor Hotel. The King may go to the opera, but the working man may not go to a provincial music-hall almost without question. The first thing for which the Radicals are really fighting is, of course, not freedom, but the right to damn those sins they have no mind to, or no longer have a mind to. The true spirit of the general election was revealed in that impressive episode which marked the return of Mr. Lloyd George for Carnarvon.

If the Steads and Stigginses, and Cadburys and Chadbands, really persuaded themselves that King Edward VII. could be made the tool of their unchristian persecution, we hope they have now realised their mistake. If they hoped to frighten the country into thinking so, we hope they have now failed. There has lately been a good deal of the familiar talk about finding a Man. It looks rather as though the Man had returned to his post, under a feigned name. They closed these houses by the personal equation. Bismarck wielded greater power in Germany than Beaconsfield in England. And in the same way if they were strongly aroused against the House of Lords, the King would not play into the hands of the Catholic reaction in Spain and elsewhere. And in the same way if they were strongly against the House of Lords, the King would be perfectly prepared to carry out their mandate against that institution.

The Nonconformist Conscience is in the odious and ridiculous position of advocating one law for the poor and another for the rich, one rule for the subject and another for the sovereign. King Edward VII. may enjoy a glass of wine with his dinner, but no one else may. Lord Rosebery is to be hounded out of the Liberal Party for owning Ladas and the owner of the sous. Bridge and billiards may be played in Windsor Castle, but dominoes and bagatelle may not be played at the Windsor Hotel. The King may go to the opera, but the working man may not go to a provincial music-hall almost without question. The first thing for which the Radicals are really fighting is, of course, not freedom, but the right to damn those sins they have no mind to, or no longer have a mind to. The true spirit of the general election was revealed in that impressive episode which marked the return of Mr. Lloyd George for Carnarvon.

On the occasion a troop of quarrymen marched into the town, and resolved to celebrate the victory of Temperance to the species. To that end, they did not go home sober—they would have been mere temperance, with a little t. They decided to preach a more practical sermon; to give an object lesson on the aims and methods of modern Liberalism.

The thing for which the Radicals are really fighting is, of course, not freedom, but the right to damn those sins they have no mind to, or no longer have a mind to. The true spirit of the general election was revealed in that impressive episode which marked the return of Mr. Lloyd George for Carnarvon.
Restoration of Charles II. That is the nation which Messrs. Cadbury pretend to be holding back, like a hound in leash, from flying at King Edward VII. in the cause of compulsive cocoa.

A truce to these absurdities! In theory of course all educated men are republicans. But as long as we have got to live among savages and teetotallers, who can only be restrained from murdering us by their abstract superstition, we ought to be very grateful to any one who will consent to play the part of idol, and especially when he plays it on the whole with such urbanity and common sense as the present King of England.

A Lenten Meditation.
By Rev. J. Drew Roberts.

Sympathy, the most exquisite, marked the intercourse of Jesus with all whom He met. And it was His habit to move freely among all. He had dealings, unlike His countrymen, with the Samaritans. He was said to be the friend of publicans and sinners. He was as much at home at the marriage festival as in conversation with the woman at the well. The attraction of this sympathy, most human, most divine, was felt by all. To all this, however, there was a very apparent exception. One class He denounced with language so terrible that even to-day custom cannot stale the sense of its relentless severity. He constantly and publicly spoke of the Pharisees, His religious leaders, as those whose religion was, to use His exact words, "playing a pretence."—a matter merely of gesture, form, and word. He said their prayers were a pretence; He said they were Atheists, in that they knew not God, and lived entirely for the praise of men. He compared them to vipers that stung and poisoned men. And, in an overpowering climax, He said that, as a class, they could not escape from hell's damnation.

This is more remarkable because then, at least, the word Pharisee had no unpleasant connotation. It is expressly said that they were popular. They stood for what was most stable and true, as it was thought, in the national life. They were very strict in the practice of religion, as they knew it, giving a tenth of all they had, down to the very mint that grew in the gardens. The only other day a popular preacher lamented that he had few such Pharisees in his congregation. Rather than deny their faith, they had faced death and torture in the wars of the Maccabees. They were, in its relentless severity. He constantly and publicly expressed that they were popular. They stood for virtually opposite conceptions of God, of religion, and of human life. There, in a way never to be forgotten, met the religion of the Spirit, and the religion of form. Jesus, and in the ranks of the Pharisees, two diametrically opposite conceptions of God, of religion, and of human life. There, in a way never to be forgotten, met the religion of the Spirit, and the religion of form.

Now, it is evident that self-preservation is one of the strongest laws of life; with communities it is ruthless and instinctive. The social organisation will neglect a weak enemy, and, when possible, absorb a strong force. But when the opposing force is too strong to be neglected, too vital to be absorbed, then one or other must die. So it was then felt. It is expedient, said Caiaphus, "that one man die for the people, and that the nation perish not."

Jesus himself foresaw the collision—most fatal, most inevitable. He foretold that the new wine of his teaching would burst the bottles of the old law. He knew what the favour of the common people meant to him in the eyes of the ruling classes, and how much it could be relied on in the hour of need. His teaching meant, if it were accepted, the breaking down the walls of a narrow Judaism, and the proclamation of a world-wide religion. But the truly patriotic Jew could not endure to think that he was as other men were, and that his nation had no special privileges or rights. No Christian, said Swinburne, can be a patriot. Here again was cause for opposition, deadly and irreconcilable. So the Pharisees resisted, actively and instinctively hostile to Jesus and His Spirit. And they used the weapons they possessed. Religion is one of the forces that move men largely and deeply. They had captured and tamed the revolutionary force, and now they turned it against the Truth, and the Truth in the person of Jesus did not prevail.

During this Lent sermons will be preached on the iniquity of the rulers of the Jews. Adequately as it may be observed at other seasons, the proverb, "De mortuis," will be consistently forgotten during Lent. Pulps will resound with lusty blows dealt out impartially to Judas, Caiaphus, Pilate, and Herod. It is easier, as it is safer and more profitable, to attack dead rather than living persons in authority. And the piteous drama will be set forth in words to warn and console and to edify. Only no preacher will see or say that this tragedy is repeated from age to age, and is even now going forward. For He is still the despised and rejected by every Christian church and nation to-day, because that acceptance of His teaching is not to be reconciled with the practice of our existing systems in Church and State.

EXPERIMENT IN FREE RHYTHM.

I sing,
And as I sing I wonder if my song
Will ever be
Echoed down the aisles of time.
I do not spring
Upon the public mailed in melody.
No!
I babble like the brooklet free,
And that, and waver, and onward go,
And sometimes rhyme.
"The poet in a golden clime was born," said Tennyson; but he was wrong.
The poet seeks the golden clime,
And cannot wait to study rhyme,
And rhythm, or the classic forms
When
His pen
Must earn his bread, and pay
His rent at once, or storms,
Will lower o'er his fiery way
To Parnassus.
Any fool
Or eleutheromaniac
Can tread the track
And win the laurel, found a school,
And have his books reviewed,
And sometimes read,
And be the poet of a day,
(No more.)
If he will write like this, and shock the prude
Who only loves the verse-forms dead.
Yes,
The spirits free,
Who drag the heavens with reticular Appliances, and catch
A star,
(Sometimes!) Can never match
The bars who sing with measured chimes,
Who sculptured speech to shapes
Forlorn in majesty.
But
The soul
Jumps like the tortured flea,
Unequally,
We,
Being on the whole
Of similar nature,
To this poor creature,
Must do likewise, and thus we sing
In rhythms free,
Like this thing.

ALFRED E. RANALD.
The Persecution of Poets.

There are few nobler passages of English prose than that in which the author of *Ecce Homo* (Ch. XXI.) explains and urges home Christ's great rebuke to the Pharisees: "Ye are the sepulchres of the prophets, and your fathers killed them."

It is a passage which ought to be written in letters of blood over the doors of the Senate House at Oxford, the Manuscript Room in the British Museum, the offices of the Shakespeare Societies and Dante Societies, and the other temples for the worship of the dead at the cost of the living.

Because, as Seeley demonstrates with irresistible burning eloquence, it is the posthumous idolator who is the legitimate representative of the contemporary persecutor. He is, in short, the same man showing the same spirit in another way. It was the Jews who were most active in honouring Isaiah who were most active in crucifying Christ.

As Seeley points out, it is originality which always and sincrly down beside their doors, and therefore aghns the dance, be he religious priest or literary prig or government official or plain man in the street. Born for routine, they can accommodate themselves to everything but freedom. And so, when the original man does break their letters, they avenge themselves on his memory by forging out of the crowbars and files with which he made his way out of prison, fresh chains and bolts for his successors. They build a new prison for the human spirit, and blasphemously call it by the eschewed name.

"They love the past only because they hate the present," is the appalling, but true, verdict of Seeley; who dared not put his name to the first editions of his book, for fear of the bishops and the dons whom it so scrumpulously reproves.

Unhappily rebukes like these soon lose their efficacy, unless they are constantly renewed, and pointed by particular instances. It is necessary to apply the moral, as well as to apply vigorously, to the scandals of our times--as many as can be raked together--of dead and living evil.

The latest and grossest exhibition of the detestable thing was held over by a Cabinet Minister directly responsible for a peculiarly unsanction official persecution of the living poet. He whose poems little children sleep with under their pillow. We have no doubt that Lord Crewe's descendants will preside over banquets in honour of his victim.

We have not heard if invocations are to be extended to representatives of Marlowe, and Butler and Otway, and Savage and Chatterton and Thomson, but we take it for granted that places of honour will be reserved on the right and left hand of the chairman for the next Kin of John Davidson and Oscar Wilde.

Feminism and the Franchise.

By D. Triformis.

In considering the feminist movement, we must remember that this is not primarily a movement for the suffrage, and when stating our case for the suffrage we should be exceedingly careful to eliminate the domestic woman, her miseries, and her methods of revolt. The revolt of the married woman is purely a slave revolt. For the married woman there is necessity to arouse herself against her condition; but that is, on the ground of civic responsibility. Had they held to this limited but logically reasonable ground, the issues to-day would have been very much clearer than they are. One seeks in vain now for a statement of the purely political argument; it has become everywhere confused with the feminist argument.

In the early days the W.S.P.U., while refusing, quite legitimately, to permit discussion on its platforms of the sex-revolt, made the great mistake of attempting to ignore that revolt altogether. Instead of frankly recognising it as a movement proceeding side by side but by no means identically with their own, they puritanically opposed it and boycotted the feminist exponents. They made enemies of some of the most brilliant feminists, and they called into being the feminine anti-suffragist, who seems to see less danger in things as they are than as they might be if the automatic puritans ever got into power. With half the women in the country against them, the W.S.P.U. leaders grew uneasy. When Mr. Asquith declared that the mass of women were opposed to the vote, instead of recognising that this was not primarily a movement for the vote, but in the nature of things, a revolt against sex-disability in the home, and these, by means of concession, were induced to bind the vote to responsible women who did want it, they sought to prove that the mass of women were in favour of the vote. Thus, while declaring themselves a narrowly political and not a broadly sex-ethical party, they then strove by might and main to add to their numbers. There were not numbers of women to be found interested merely in the political justice of women's enfranchisement, but there were numbers of women in revolt against sex-disability in the home, and these, by means of concession, were induced to join the W.S.P.U.

A remarkable change of atmosphere occurred so soon as the new-born feminists began to take the platform. The sex revolt could no longer be ignored. For instance, a book by a spinster, disparaging the holy estate as "a license for sexual intercourse," was reviewed in the columns of *Votes for Women.* The book was hailed as notable and courageous; whereas a much earlier pronouncement by the feminist, Beatrice *Tina,* protesting merely against the abuse of marriage, had been officially boycotted and privately denounced.

Gradually the fortress of the political legion was given over to the feminists. Prodigious promises as to what would happen in favour of married women began to be made, culminating at last in the orgie of chimerical benevolence indulged in by Miss Elizabeth Robins, where such things as the safety of married spiritual heirs. It is wholly in keeping with Seeley's reasoning that this odious function should be presided over by a Cabinet Minister directly responsible for a peculiarly unsanction official persecution of the living poet. The W.S.P.U. were aware of this when they framed their resolution to demand the vote on the same terms as it is or may be given to men; that is, on the ground of civic responsibility. Had they held firmly to this limited but logically reasonable ground, the issues to-day would have been very much clearer than they are. One seeks in vain now for a statement of the purely political argument; it has become everywhere confused with the feminist argument.

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women from rivalry and a regular lien on the wages of a casual labourer were exhibited as involved in the winning of the vote. Many sound feminists now protest themselves as growing horrified at the prospect that the vote may be lost at length through the folly of the very persons whose business it is to leave feminism alone and attend solely to that which they set out to do, namely, to present the case for the vote. The W.S.P.U. should number more of the women interested solely in the political justice of women's enfranchisement: in short, in that which may be granted with the sympathy of Mr. Dragoumis himself, I believe, was the real author of a pamphlet, an English translation of which was present moment—that the first document put into my hands on my arrival in Greece is now to women summoned for violence. Among the electorate against the forcible feeding of passive resisters than against this torture applied as it is to women summoned for violence. Perhaps a less exciting method of winning the vote than the militant is the country, in which public opinion by the female the vote. Only in France, the French language and the interposition of the French language between the minds of the Greek and English peoples has a disastrous effect on the intercourse between them. Mr. Dragoumis is one of the Greek statesmen who have always grasped the serious extent to which the welfare of Greece depends on her cultivation of European, including English, public opinion. For many years past he has been the leader of a small party in the Greek Chamber, numbering perhaps not more than a dozen, or six per cent. of the whole, but commanding a respect and authority out of proportion to its numbers, by reason of the exceptional sense of duty of those who composed it. Among them was the author of a study of the national finances, published shortly before my visit to the country, which had been welcomed on all hands as the best contribution to the subject. Mr. Prosopopadakes, instead of Mr. Stephen, or Stephanos Dragoumis. The Greek Stephanos is, of course, far more intelligible for English ears than the French Etienne, and the interposition of the French language between the minds of the Greek and English peoples has a disastrous effect on the intercourse between them. Mr. Dragoumis, while excluded from office, rendered important public services outside, and his Parliamentary opposition to Mr. Theotokias did not prevent their practical co-operation... The Premier was the president and moving spirit of the Macedonian Association, an unofficial body which worked on behalf of the Hellenist cause across the frontier, there can be no doubt that the sympathy of the whole of the Greek Ministry, the Mr. Dragoumis himself, I believe, was the real author of a pamphlet, an English translation of which was the first document put into my hands on my arrival in Athens, and which surprised me not a little by its friendly references to the then Sultan, Abdul Hamid II. Mr. Dragoumis took the view—and it is this fact which becomes important at the present moment—that the cause of Hellenism had more to fear from the Bulgars than from the Turks. He may be regarded, therefore, as a sincere advocate of the principle of self-government with Turkey. But this policy, which I satisfied myself only the million and a half women who are entitled to the franchise. On this stand, and on no other, may this case be maintained: that the present legislation is unconstitutional. If it is true that going to prison for one's rights is a quick way of getting them, taxable women can resort to passive resistance. There would probably be a louder and swifter outcry among the electorate against the forcible feeding of passive resisters than against this torture applied as it is to women summoned for violence. Perhaps a less exciting method of winning the vote than the militant is the country, in which public opinion can be reached and influenced effectually in our own country.

I am reminded of this standing aberration of the Greek mind by my own slip last week in writing of the new Prime Minister in Athens, Mr. E. E. Dragoumis, instead of Mr. Stephen, or Stephanos Dragoumis. The Greek Stephanos is, of course, far more intelligible for English ears than the French Etienne, and the interposition of the French language between the minds of the Greek and English peoples has a disastrous effect on the intercourse between them. Mr. Dragoumis is one of the Greek statesmen who have always grasped the serious extent to which the welfare of Greece depends on her cultivation of European, including English, public opinion. For many years past he has been the leader of a small party in the Greek Chamber, numbering perhaps not more than a dozen, or six per cent. of the whole, but commanding a respect and authority out of proportion to its numbers, by reason of the exceptional sense of duty of those who composed it. Among them was the author of a study of the national finances, published shortly before my visit to the country, which had been welcomed on all hands as the best contribution to the subject. Mr. Prosopopadakes, instead of Mr. Stephen, or Stephanos Dragoumis. The Greek Stephanos is, of course, far more intelligible for English ears than the French Etienne, and the interposition of the French language between the minds of the Greek and English peoples has a disastrous effect on the intercourse between them. Mr. Dragoumis, while excluded from office, rendered important public services outside, and his Parliamentary opposition to Mr. Theotokias did not prevent their practical co-operation... The Premier was the president and moving spirit of the Macedonian Association, an unofficial body which worked on behalf of the Hellenist cause across the frontier, there can be no doubt that the sympathy of the whole of the Greek Ministry, the Mr. Dragoumis himself, I believe, was the real author of a pamphlet, an English translation of which was the first document put into my hands on my arrival in Athens, and which surprised me not a little by its friendly references to the then Sultan, Abdul Hamid II. Mr. Dragoumis took the view—and it is this fact which becomes important at the present moment—that the cause of Hellenism had more to fear from the Bulgars than from the Turks. He may be regarded, therefore, as a sincere advocate of the principle of self-government with Turkey. But this policy, which I satisfied myself
was right and indispensable in the interests of the Macedonian Greeks, is naturally unwell to the Cretans. And as it is the Cretan difficulty which is just now threatening, Mr. Dragoumis is likely to meet with considerable opposition in any attempt to place the relations between Turkey and Greece on a firm basis of friendship.

Of his attitude towards the dynasty I am not able to speak with knowledge, but I think it may be taken that he is not likely to favour any extreme or violent course. The Greeks are disappointed with their royal house, and there was a time when I shared their feeling on the subject. But a longer and more careful study of the subject has convinced me that it is the policy of the great European Powers which is responsible for any failure on the part of the Greek sovereign, and that probably no one else in the same situation could have done better than King George has done, and perhaps not so much.

The King is in a false situation, not of his creating. The Powers whose intervention finally secured the independence for which the Greeks had fought so heroically, demanded that consummation, and it is to the Powers that it is for the Greeks should address themselves.

In his capacity as Consul-General of the Powers, King George has taken his course bitterly unwell to patriotic Greeks. On the other hand they have received through him solid extensions of territory, and he has secured them from external danger which was provoked by themselves. But whether he has acted wisely or unwisely, he has acted in the spirit of the understanding on which his tenure of the throne depends. He has been placed in the difficult position of a buffer, and the nation from time to time has overlooked that such is his position.

It therefore seems to me unfair for the Greeks to hold King George responsible for the action of the European Powers. The King, I have some reason to believe, is quite as zealous as any of his subjects for the rights of the Powers who have hindered that consummation, and it is to the Powers that the Greeks should address themselves.

The Foreign Offices of Europe are not run as a philanthropic, and still less as a democratic, propaganda. They appeal only to statesmen, who set aside what they conceive to be their interests, for the sake of abstract justice. At the same time there is such a thing as public opinion, and the public opinion of Europe as a whole is more generous and enlightened than that of any single country. When the Turkish revolution took place, that opinion pronounced itself in an unmistakable manner, and the most reactionary of the chancelleries were fairly swept off their feet by the current. The true wisdom of the Greeks would be to appeal to this great force, to educate it, to inform it, and keep it on their side; instead of trusting to Court intrigues, and to dynastic sympathies which rarely influence state policy.

I think of the English reader for what may seem a digression, but having on a former occasion adversely criticised the action of the King of the Hellenes, during the war in which I took part as a volunteer, I feel itstringently incumbent on me to record how George has earned the esteem on his Majesty's course, at a moment when every expression of foreign opinion on the subject is likely to receive attention in Athens, and to have some influence, however slight, upon the public mind there. To swap horses while crossing a stream is a policy which it requires a very great deal to justify, and the Greeks ought to be very sure of the good will of the Turks, before they part with their European protector.

Mr. Stephen Dragoumis, in addition to being a statesman, is a scholar and a patron of scholarship. He is the financial author of the first dictionary of the Koutzo-Vlach dialect or language, a work which deserves to be carefully studied for the sake of the light it should throw on the relationship between Greek and Latin.

The choice of this eminent man to conduct the nation through a constitutional crisis is a tribute to his towering patriotism, as well as to his high character and intellectual powers. But the fact that it is only in their extreme need that his fellow countrymen have turned to him shows that Greek human nature has not changed very greatly in the last two thousand years. What democratic institutions confer in freedom, they are apt to do less efficiently. Mr. Dragoumis' political rivals, perhaps, are no less patriotic than himself. But they have courted the people, and in order to win and keep their favour, they have had to do what in the end has injured the country.

A nation in its choice of statesmen, a party in its choice of leaders, seems often like some foolish woman, who would rather be driven to destruction by a pleasant-mannered chauffeur, than be saved from it by a gruff-spoken one. It is the old comparison of Socrates,—when the ship's captain is chosen by the crew it is not likely to be for his skill in navigation. When the storm rises the crew makes a different choice, and the helm passes from the hand of Alcibiades to that of Aristides.

### Spendthrift Work-Hards.

**By Bart Kennedy.**

Now and then I think of the vast reward that is given by a grateful world to those who do the bit of toil that is necessary to make the wheels go round—and I am suffused with enthusiasm. The ambassadorial salary of the navy, or the sailor, or the signalman, or the poor, or any other kind of seaman, is envy. Think of it! The signalman gets one pound of the best per week, and a bob or two over. And his work is of the most exacting and responsible order. He has to see that millionaires and dukes and Members of Parliament, and other top-notch people, travel in safety as they are dodging around to see that everything is all right on this our earth. And he gets for this one pound of the best per week, and a bob or two over.

It's a bit of all right, isn't it? One pound of the best per week, and the extra bobs! Were I a poet I would do a poem on it.

When I see the good old British nav. doing his bit of pick and shovel exercise I rejoice to think of the reward that is waiting for him at the end of this week when he puts his pick and shovel away to sleep till Monday morning. The dukes and millionaires, and lords and baronets and Jubilee knights, and all the rest of these very necessary people, are so kind to him. Oh, so kind! When I think of the kindness I feel tempted to go forth and get a job of navvying myself. The only thing that holds me back is the feeling that to do some navvy out of his soft and easy job would be base.

These huge rewards! These vast rewards! If you elect to do any of the work that is really necessary for the wheels of the world to go round, you will fall to your lot.

Isn't it a shame that the navy should spend his earnings in old, or rather new, nut-brown beer in the pub on Saturday eves? Why doesn't he save up a bit out of his mighty salary so as to buy a mansion in Park Lane when he is no longer able to do his bit of pick and shovel exercise? Why doesn't he pay heed to the dulcet voice of the Right Honourable John Burns when the Right Honourable John tells him to refrain from putting down the nut brown? Oh, John! my dear John! the nut brown was made to be put down. Just try a pint, and tell me what you think after.

But seriously, why doesn't the navy save? And
**LITTLE EDWARD.**

"*Are you Little Boy Blue?*

"No," he answered, "I'm little Edward." And thereon we fell into conversation.

It was a bazaar, on behalf of a Roman Catholic orphanage; there were fancy dresses present. After a time I announced to take place in an adjoining room. I detest concerts, but I went in to this. I hate concerts, as I have said, but I fear bazaars.

I went and sat on a red velvet chair in a bow window overlooking the sea. No one else was in the bow window. A man was singing a song. The audience appeared divided in opinion as to whether it was a comic song. In the middle of it a small boy, fancifully attired in a blue velvet robe, trimmed with white ermine, a blue velvet cap, trimmed with a white bird's wing, and white stockings and shoes, brushed past me rather unceremoniously, and sat down on one of the other red velvet chairs.

"Are you assisting in this bazaar?" I asked.

"I'm helping the lady that's got the flower stall. I've sold three. I make baskets myself."

"That's clever."

"We make them at school. It's easy enough. They give you the sticks, and you put them together like this, and then you have this coloured paper, and put it in and out between them. At the last bazaar we sold some—oh! so much bigger than this.

"Little Edward extended his arms. "That big! They were sixpence each. I shall sell this basket for a penny."

I began to suspect Little Edward. Had I flown from Scylla to Charybdis? Little Edward looked out of the window on to a terrace outside.

"There's a seagull, look!" I failed to see the seagull. "There, don't you see? The seagull's head was just visible above the edge of the terrace.

"We got up a concert, too. Oh, it was a very good one. And we blacked our faces, all over, you know, and under our chins, and our arms up to here."

"Up to here" was Little Edward's elbow. "But what spoilt it all was that my sister wouldn't sing. She has never put away something out of the enormous lot you get for work. You, my dear navvy, and you, my dear signalman, and all the rest of you, listen: It will be all right—very much all right if you will only be saving and careful. It will—I don't think. Oh, excuse me! I meant: It will—I think, Oh, I think. Yes, I think. With a stout, heavy accent on the think."

So be no more spendthrift: My good work-hards!

Irving, a blue velvet cap, trimmed with a white bird's wing, and white stockings and shoes, brushed past me rather unceremoniously, and sat down on one of the other red velvet chairs.

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of seagulls. He had taken part in the capture of five of these birds by means of nets. On this occasion—it seemed to be all one adventure—he had passed a night at sea, or at least, which he called the Bass Rock. It was fishing party, and they had cooked the fish in “a little fire” on the Bass Rock. So far I was able to follow Little Edward without suspicion.

Then, alas! he went on to describe the fish that his father—his father was one of the party—had lost. It was, oh! such a big fish, and it had carried off fishing-tackle, consisting of a cast with gut and swivels, which followed Little Edward at fifty shillings.

After that I was glad when Little Edward left me. And yet I was too because I had no Little Edward to go bass-fishing with me, and to tell lies about it for my honour and glory, behind my back.

George King.

Germans at Meat.

By Katharine Mansfield.

Bread soup was placed upon the table.

“Ah,” said the Herr Rat, leaning upon the table as he peered into the tureen, “that is what I need. My ‘magen’ has not been in order for several days. Bread soup is just the right consistency, I am a good cook myself”—he turned to the Englishwoman.

“How interesting,” she said, attempting to infuse just the right amount of enthusiasm into her voice.

“Oh, yes—when one is not married it is necessary. As for me, I have had all I wanted from women without marriage. I asked my hairpin into his collar and blew upon his soup as he spoke. ‘Now at nine o’clock I make myself an English breakfast, but not much. Four slices of bread, two eggs, two slices of cold ham, one plate of soup, two cups of tea—that is nothing to you.”

He asserted the fact so vehemently that Kathleen had not the courage to refute it. All eyes were suddenly turned upon her. She felt she was bearing the burden of the nation’s preposterous breakfasts—she who drank a cup of coffee while she buttoned her blouse in the morning.

“Nothing at all,” cried Herr Hoffman from Berlin.

“Ach, when I was in England in the morning I used to eat—”

He turned up his eyes and his moustache, wiping the soup drippings from his coat and waistcoat.

“Do they really eat so much?” asked Fraulein Stiegelauer. “Soup and bread and pig’s flesh, and cold fish and kidneys, and hot fish and liver. All the ladies eat, too, especially the ladies?”

“Certainly, myself I have noticed it, when I was living in a hotel in Leicester Square,” cried the Herr Rat. “It was a good hotel, but they could not make tea—now...”

“Ah, that’s one thing I can do,” said Kathleen, laughing brightly, “I can make very good tea. The great secret is to warm the teapot.”

“Warm the teapot?” interrupted the Herr Rat, pushing away his soup plate. “What do you warm the teapot for? Ha! Ha! that’s very good! One does not eat the teapot, I suppose?”

He fixed his cold blue eyes upon Kathleen with an expression which suggested a thousand premeditated invasions.

“So that is the great secret of your English tea? All you do is to warm the teapot.”

She wanted to say that was only the preliminary canter, but could not translate it, and so was silent.

The servant brought in Cecil, with “sauerkrut” and potatoes.

“I eat sauerkrut with great pleasure,” said the Traveller from North Germany, “but now I have eaten so much of it that I cannot retain it. I am immediately forced to—...”

“A beautiful day,” cried Kathleen, turning to Fraulein Stiegelauer. “Did you get up early?”

“At five o’clock I walked for ten minutes in the wet grass. Again in bed. At half-past five I fell asleep, and woke at seven, when I made an ‘over-body’ washing. Again in bed. At eight o’clock I had a cold bath before I woke, and at half-past eight I drank a cup of mint tea. At nine I drank some malt coffee, and began my ‘cure.’ Pass me the sauerkrut, please. You do not eat it?”

“No, thank you. I still find it a little strong.”

“Is it true,” asked the Widow, picking her teeth with a hairpin as she spoke, “that you are a vegetarian?”

“Why, yes; I have not eaten meat for three years.”

“Impossible!” Have you any family?”

Kathleen assured herself that it was the heated atmosphere which was making her flush.

“No.”

There now, you see, that’s what you’re coming to! Who ever heard of having children upon vegetables? It is not possible. But you have never had children in England now; I suppose you are too busy with your sufragetting. Now I have had nine children, and they are all alive, thank God. Fine, healthy babies—though after the first one was born I had to...”

“How wonderful,” cried Kathleen.

“Wonderful,” said the Widow contemptuously, replacing the hairpin in the knob which was balanced on the top of her head. “Not at all! A friend of mine has four at the same time. Her husband is so pleased he gave a supper party and had them placed on the table. Of course she was very proud.”

“Germany,” boomed the Traveller, biting round a potato which he had speared with his knife, “is the home of the ‘potato.’”

Followed an appreciative silence.

The dishes were changed for beef, red currants, and spinach. They wiped their forks upon black bread and started again.

“How long are you remaining here?” asked the Herr Rat.

“I do not know exactly. I must be back in London in September.”

“Of course you will visit Munchen?”

“I am afraid I shall not have time. You see, it is important not to break into my ‘cure,’”

“But you must go to Munchen. You have not seen Germany if you have not been to Munchen. All the Exhibitids, all the Art and Soul life of Germany are in Munchen. There is the Wagnertis, all the Art and Soul life of Germany are in Munchen. There is the Wagnertis, and Mozart and a Japanese collection of pictures—and there is the beer! You do not know what good beer is until you have been to Munchen. Why, I see fine ladies every afternoon, but fine ladies, I tell you, drinking glasses and glasses of high.” He measured a good washstand glass with his hand. “I had a good washstand pitcher in height, and Kathleen smiled.

“If I drink a good deal of Munchen beer I sweat.”

“Never!” said Herr Hoffman from Berlin. “When I am here, in the fields or before my baths, I sweat, but I enjoy it; but in the town it is not at all the same thing.”

Prompted by the thought, he wiped his neck and face with his dinner napkin and carefully cleaned his ears.

A glass dish of stewed apricots was placed upon the table.

“Ah, fruit!” said Fraulein Stiegelauer, “that is so necessary to health. The doctor told me this morning that the more fruit I could eat the better.”

She very obviously followed the advice.

The Traveller: “I suppose you are frightened of an invasion, too, eh? Oh, that’s good. I’ve been reading all about your English play in a newspaper. Did you see it?”

“Yes,” Kathleen sat upright. “I assure you we are not afraid.”

“Well, then, you ought to be,” said the Herr Rat. “You have got no army at all—all very few little boys with their veins full of nicotine poisoning.”

“Don’t be afraid,” Herr Hoffman said. “We don’t want England. If we did we would have had her long ago. We really do not want you.”

He waved his spoon airily, looking across at...
Kathleen as though she were a little child whom he would keep or dismiss as he pleased.

"We certainly will not want Germany," she said.

"This morning I took a half bath. Then this afternoon I must take a knee bath and an arm bath," volunteered the Herr Rat, "then I do my exercises for an hour, and my work is over. A glass of wine—a couple of small glasses, with some cake.

They were handed cherry cake with whipped cream.

"What is your husband's favourite meat?" asked the widow.

"I really do not know," answered Kathleen.

"You do not know? How long have you been married?"

"Three years."

"But you cannot be in earnest! You would not have kept house as his wife for a week without knowing that fact."

"I really never asked him, he is not at all particular about his food."

A pause. They all looked up at her, shaking their heads, their mouths full of cherry stones.

"No wonder there is a repetition in England of that dreadful state of things in Paris," said the Widow, folding her dinner napkin, "how can a woman expect to keep her husband if she does not know his favourite food after three years!"

"Mahlzein!"

"Mahlzein!"

Kathleen closed the door after her.

Books and Persons.

(AN OCCASIONAL CAUSERIE)

LITERARY censorship in the intellectual centre of the world: I need hardly say that I mean Boston, Mass. Boston is the city of Harvard University. It is also the city of Emerson, Lowell, Longfellow, and Holmes. Boston has a Public Library. It is supposed to be one of the finest public libraries in the world or any other. Great artists, such as Puvis de Chavannes and John Sargent, have helped to decorate the Boston Library. In brief, Boston and its Library are not to be sneezed at. Boston and its Library are not to be sneezed at.

The dear things—they found themselves in a situation to reconsider their attitude towards the universe. The dear things—they found themselves in a situation to reconsider their attitude towards the universe. The dear things—they found themselves in a situation to reconsider their attitude towards the universe. Among the genuinely artistic writers whom Mr. John Masefield, Mrs. W. K. Clifford, and himself.

But the lady had a husband, and the husband, being a prominent journalist, had the editorial use of a newspaper in Boston. He began to make enquiries, and he discovered that many of the catalogue cards were marked with red stars, and that a star signified that the work described on the card was not morally fit for general circulation. He further discovered that works rankly and frankly pornographic and works of distinguished art were starred with the same star. Lastly, he discovered that the Chief Mandar in Librarian, at one of his own head and off his own bat, had appointed a reading committee for the dividing of modern fiction into sheep and goats, and that the said committee consisted exclusively of Boston dames mature in years. He exposed the entire affair in his newspaper and made a very pleasing sensation. The first result was that the wife was afterwards received at the Library with imperial honours and given to understand by kowtowing sub-mandarins that she might have the whole red-star library sent home to her house if she so desired. There was no other result. The rest of reading Boston remained under the motherly but autocratic care of ces dames. Those skilled in the artistic records of Boston may remember that the management of the same Library once refused the offered gift of a statue of a woman holding a baby, on the sole ground that the woman was not attired.

I used to think that H. G. Wells, in that masterpiece of causticity, the Boston chapter of "The Future in America," had been a little harsh towards the city of culture.

The Californian correspondent who has been good enough to send me the above thrilling particulars, brings them forward to traverse my recent statement that in no other capital than London would a classical work be banned because its title contained the word "harlot," as happened to Balzac's "The Harlot's Progress," quite lately in Oxford Street. But his instance, though entirely delicious, is not to the point. The title of George Moore's novel does not contain the word "harlot," and the novel is not yet a classic. It will be.

I have already warned my readers to expect something unusually diverting from Mr. C. E. Montague's first novel, to be published this week by Messrs. Methuen. Not only all Manchester, but every neighbourhood where style is distinguished from syrup, and industry from facetiousness, is besieging this book with interest. And if it does not come up to expectations, there will be a demand for sackcloth and ashes. The hero of "A Hind Let Loose" is an Irishman who came to Fleet Street, and in the Press advocated three different sets of political views simultaneously, none of which three happened to coincide with his own convictions. I have had no definite news of Mr. Montague's half-promised volume of critical essays, but I have reason to believe that it is on the way.

Messrs. Chatto and Windus have just brought out a shining edition of Ambrose Bierce's "In the Midst of Life." It is impossible for any person not blind nor perverse to admire the cover, but the enterprise as a whole deserves encouragement, which I have no doubt it will get.

The first act of Messrs. Nelson's dramatic venture of a series of new novels by expensive authors at the price of one florin begins next month. If the third act succeeds, the mandarins of the publishing world will have to reconsider their attitude towards the universe. The first act of Messrs. Nelson's dramatic venture of a series of new novels by expensive authors at the price of one florin begins next month. If the third act succeeds, the mandarins of the publishing world will have to reconsider their attitude towards the universe.
Nikolaew.

By Aage Madelung.

I MET him in the summer I spent in the forest by the great river.

Every time I returned from my shooting trips I saw him sitting on the bench outside the neighbouring log hut. He sat leaning his grey head against the wall and gazing thoughtfully into the white northern summer night.

My dog Pan was in love with his white bear-hound. He might be so tired that his legs gave way under him when we returned; but no sooner did he catch sight of white "Lajka," as they call the north-country dogs up there, than his weariness was forgotten in love-sick zig-zag bounds. . . .

But it so happened that Pan and I had been far up the river for a couple of days, in search of new shooting grounds. There had been no end of game, but still our fare had been very meagre. All my matches had exploded when I tried to light the fire, and we had to content ourselves with bread and water, though we worked hard. Pan, from sheer thirst, almost refused to chew the dry bread, but drank as often as he found an opportunity of doing so. The sun hung down almost between the tree-tops and scorched one's skin till the pores were near bursting, while at night we slept in dew and chilly fogs.

"Our feet got sore from much wandering, and on the way home Pan lost heart. He was done for, and would not willingly have parted from me. But he had been dragging myself homewards, with Pan on my back.

"Re... . . .! . . . . " I have told you that I was in prison for some years, and was later on exiled to this place. But if they had caught me right in the river—well, I shouldn't have been sitting here now. . . . Later on they caught me, meanly, from behind, in the street; quite a surprise it was to them, as well as to me. But in spite of all their efforts, they could not sufficiently unravel my past, and I escaped on comparatively easy terms. Well. . . . Nikolaew rolled himself a cigarette, slowly and carefully. . . .

"We have told each other many a hunting tale by the river. Something long forgotten and mighty plays like waves of gold through the heavy turmoil of the blood. . . . The ore and dust of the soil flickers and trembles before the eyes. Solely under the open sky, alone, and far from the broad trodden road, man feels his own self when he puts his ears to the black and swelling earth! He is alone . . . something that was, and is, and yet never has been. . . .

Nikolaew roused himself, spat the remains of his horse feed into his hand, and helped himself to another mug of tea.

"It is strange," he said, half aloud, "with that lust of chase. It will rule the heart of man as long as he exists.Is there anything that is more strong than a passion?" he asked, in amazement. "The arrow of war? Disappear in the river?" I asked, in amazement.

"Yes, I once saved my life in the Neva. It is long ago now. I have never told you about it. But to-day I happened to think of it. That, too, was a chase of life or death."

"How so?"

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Nikolaew put down his mug and gazed across the river with half-closed eyes.

"And yet it avails!" he continued, in a hard voice, clenching his hand. "This, our instinct to possess life and make it perfect, can never die, even if earth be splintered into atoms and dispersed all over the infinity of space. . . . When I thus look out over the river I feel a burning desire to hunt and be hunted for decent life once more. Yes, for life's own sake! Some day it will end by my disappearing in the river again.

"I'm sick of reporting myself every evening. . . . The time has come! The arrow of war is passing from hand to hand. . . ."

"The arrow of war? Disappear in the river?" I asked, in amazement.

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wheels dance and bound along the pavement. A tedious in the long run, especially under such circumstances after I half rise in my seat.

reality they would represent. The reality is sublime— the copy almost never.

acquaintances I shall only bring disaster upon them. The indifferent crowd as most actors stand out from the reality with a lady on board the steamer.
Some Considerations.

By E. Belfort Bax.

The modern view of the reign of law in history, and of the "historical relativity" which is its outcome, often leads to the idea of a kind of mechanical fatalism in the estimation of historical phenomena. The truth that everything is relative to the general conditions of a period leads with some to a sort of sacramental necessity being assumed as attached to the whole of the concrete reality of an age which it is conceived must have happened so, and could not have happened otherwise.

For example, in discussing the question of the origin and success of the Christian propaganda in the lands constituting the Roman Empire, during the first three centuries of the Christian era, the average modern rationalist is apt to assume the Christian religion in all its aspects to have been the necessary form of the "historical relativity" which is its outcome, often in this case, the content of history as a real process in time, far from a logical aspect alone. This view ignores the truth elsewhere insisted upon by me with considerable elaboration (e.g. "The Roots of Reality"); to wit, that all reality consists of two elements or aspects, an alogical as well as a logical; that the former can never be completely absorbed by the latter or legitimately treated as reducible under it, notwithstanding that in our experience we find both elements in indissoluble union.

Now, if we are to form a correct judgment upon the content of history as a real process in time, it is essential to distinguish between the element in that content which is determined by the inner necessity of the whole historical movement at the period dealt with, and that other element which, while forming part of the total result, is nevertheless per se accidental, and hence which might have happened otherwise—which, in short, belongs to the alogical side of the historical.

Reverting to the instance before mentioned, which forms the main subject of the present article, as to the way in which we regard the functions of the Christian religion in history, the problem would seem to stand as follows:—In how far are we to attribute the success of the Christian Church in the Roman Empire to its answering to certain intellectual and moral aspirations forming part of the mental atmosphere of the then world, and hence in how far in this case regarded as a necessity of the historical process itself, and in how far it was an event which consistently with the general trend of that process need not have happened or might have happened otherwise?

If we take an impartial view of the conditions of the first three centuries of the Christian Church, and think of the contemporary political and economic condition which contributed to intensify the general intellectual attitude, it is unnecessary to speak here. It is sufficient that it existed, that notions derivable from this thought and the belief in the supernatural and the consciousness of the time, and that some religious system formulating them, together with the needs and aspirations bred of them, was inevitable. Every philosophical and religious theory of the universe which was then current endeavoured to meet these demands in its own way. Christianity did this, and gradually absorbed, or successfully competed with, the rest, owing to reasons which, with our scant and imperfect data, is impossible at present fully to determine.

Now the main point of interest for us here is that the element of "historical relativity" to the success of Christianity consisted solely in its expression of the aforesaid tendency of thought and aspiration. But there were other features specially characterising the Christian religion in history, which we have no reason to regard as inevitable—i.e., as necessarily given in the conditions of the time, but which might well have been otherwise.

First and foremost among the features which from out all the creeds and cults of the Roman Empire is peculiar to Christianity alone is the idea of religious persecution, which was otherwise alien to the ancient world, would never have arisen to stain the pages of subsequent history.

Another peculiarity of the history propagated by the Christian church, but the inevitability of which cannot be concluded from the general historical process, is the imperfection of the character-ideal embodied in its central figure. I am aware that many hold the Jesus-figure to have been the great pièce de résistance of the Christian faith, that which enabled it to successfully outbid rival systems and cults. Many have admitted that the morality of the Gospel discourses is not original, since it is to be found in earlier and elsewhere in contemporary thought, the Jesus-figure is supposed to have exercised a unique charm on that man uncríticist of the first three centuries of the Christian church, but the inevitability of which cannot be concluded from the early history of the Christian religion, and not given in the general tendencies of the time; and that hence we are justified in pronouncing Christianity as on the critical age from among which the converts to first and second century Christianity were mainly drawn. It is possible that there may be something in this. But the relative success of other religious systems the success of one at least very nearly approaching that of Christianity—which had no historical or quasi-historical figure as a delusion of salvation, would tend to show that such a figure was not essential or inevitable to the religious of the time. It is essential to the historical characteristics of the Christian church and its doctrine, and not given in the general tendencies of the age; and that hence we are justified in charging them, for good or evil, to the account of the Christian religion per se—namely, as a particular product of the human mind and judging it with regard to them as an isolated phenomenon. It is from this point of view that I hold we are justified in pronouncing Christianity as on the whole a bad religion ab initio, just as I pronounce a man to be a bad man who has certain bad personal qualities over and above those attributable to his age,
class or race. But it will be said, What do you mean by alleging imperfection of the holy and sinless personality depicted in the New Testament? I reply, on holiness and sinlessness I am no authority as implying theological virtue which loses its savour for all but the theoretically-minded person. Nor is the super-eminent human virtues of the Jesus-figure as presented in the Gospels, I am ready with my answer. I do not rest my case on my non-appreciation of particular traits—e.g., of a young person who at twelve years of age disputing with his learned elders—or of the wisdom of heaven-sent teachers who use strong language at trees for not bearing fruit at the right time of year as a vent to their ill-humour at being unable to satisfy their hunger. Neither do I premise heavily on the question as to the reasonableness of basing a dogmatic estimate of personal character solely on an avowedly partisan recital of certain selected events or speeches alleged to have happened or been made in a three-years' propagandistic campaign. What I do say is, that the character portrayed in the Gospel narrative, so far as one can form a judgment on it from the data given, conveys to me the impression of a real self-idolatry combined with a mock humility which is singularly unpleasing, and which, if brought to the rank of a model, rank as I conceive, been a fruitful source of that vice of hypocrisy to which the Christian religion in all ages has so readily lent itself. In the above-mentioned impression I am so far from being alone that an eminent divine of the Scottish church, in an article in a leading theological periodical, so far from being alone, admits the self-idolatry, but saves his ecclesiastical face by trying to forgive out of it an argument for the divinity of the Jehovah. "We are," says he in effect, "the heaven-born descendants of Jesus—a virtuous person and a quite imperfect character, or else he was God, and as representing divinity in human form he had a perfect right to "put on side" (so to say). Our Scotch member then reminds us of the points even adduced by the case of the ambassador of a great Power who has to me the impression of a real self-idolatry combined with a mock humility which is singularly unpleasing, and which, if brought to the rank of a model, rank as I conceive, been a fruitful source of that vice of hypocrisy to which the Christian religion in all ages has so readily lent itself.

The foregoing are certainly defects in the Christian system viewed as a special phenomenon of human culture. The reply of the Christian to such a criticism (apart from personal abuse of the critic, his usual weapon) I can very well foresee. "By its fruits ye shall judge," he will say. (1) How came it that such an imperfect creed, as you picture it, gained over other systems also embodying the general religious aspirations of the first three centuries? (2) How was it that such a creed purified and regenerated the world?

The rejoinder to the first question is that in the absence of any even approximately adequate data as to the inner social and intellectual life of the period, above all our almost total absence of knowledge of the feelings and aspirations of the masses, it is a sheer begging of the question to assume that the success of Christianity was due to its intrinsic merits. Even as it is we can see many external causes which undoubtedly contributed to that success (e.g., a skilfully devised and carried-out system of agitation and organisation, the latter including elements of religious influence), the commencement of which was a slow process, moreover, and its greatest numerical extension, it should be noted, took place precisely at a time when it is admitted by most Christians themselves that their religion had lost its original purity and was, indeed, advanced far in the path of corruption.

The second question, as to the purifying and regenerative effects of Christianity, may be answered by a simple denial of the facts. To make good this denial at the present time and place is obviously impossible, but an open-minded reader may go to the well-known and succinct statements of the case from this point of view, in the late Cotter Morison's "Service of Man" and in Mr. McCabe's recently published work, "The Churches in Britain." In short, it can be very conclusively shown that not a single one of the beneficent effects ascribed to the advent of the Christian religion in the Roman Empire are really due to it, but, in so far as they rest on facts, are traceable to quite other causes—causes in most cases already in operation before Christianity dawned on the world.

On the other hand, two things Christianity has undoubtedly given to the world, viz., religious persecution and religious hypocrisy. A Catholic bishop had the effrontery, after the murder of Ferrer, to talk in an encyclical about the "knowledge of the wicked world to "Christ and his church." Yes, there has been, is, and will continue so long as a vestige of organised Christianity remains an antagonism between all that is best in the world, all that is worth living and fighting for in human affairs, and the system of knowledge backed by cruelty, toadism to wealth, privilege, and lust of oligarchical power, for which in the main "Christ and his church" have always stood. The men of movements are, after all, largely symbols. It is not the way well now what the Idea of the Christian and the Freethinker, of the future will oppose to the memory of the self-purifying Galilean of what by an arbitrary convention (as reckoning from the 27th year of Augustus, A.D. 27, or the 27th year of the Christian era), the 27th year of the Christian era of the self-effacing Catalan of what by the same reckoning we term the twenty century.
Verse.

The author of "Home Once More" quotes a passage from an article in the "Nation" which struck me also at the time. It says: "The poetry that will prevail will be something less ascetically intent on the pursuit of beauty than the lyric of to-day, something that will not shrink from direct dealings with raw human nature, heart, mind, and spirit." Mr. Storey concludes with the hope that the critics will go on talking like that, and hold the poets to human life, so that man will prevail over prayer, become, as of old, the voice of the prophet. But Mr. Storey has made one great mistake. His themes are, as he says, human, but his treatment of them is not divine. Indeed, unless a poet is an artist, that is, unless he is in complete possession of faculties which perceive the world and register his emotions in their own quaint, bland, and peculiar way, his appeal will be altogether lost. An artist, for instance, would not write such verse as "The Battle of the 'Bus":

There are battles on the ocean,
There are battles on land,
Causing great and wild commotion,
Dealing death on every hand.

That is doggerel. Even the fact that such verse may be written—it was not in this instance, however—under the stress of an emotion so strong that the natural indolence to write was overcome, can be no excuse. Mr. Storey's book is interesting because in it at least we find a man writing down his own personal experiences of life. It is evident that he has had a very hard struggle. He has been forced to live and work in the dusty and dirty purlieus of London, although he was born in the country at Wolverton, and is now apparently a bookseller in Oxford. This book is to be the forerunner of other volumes; but I hope Mr. Storey will go carefully through them before he commits them to the world, so that there may remain only what is essentially the product of his poetic impulses. Mr. Storey scorches the writers of rondeaux on ladies' eyelashes and other prettinesses. His own work, however, is of much more grace, beauty even, and with great dexterity of verse; but one feels all the time that she is moved more by ideas, or by literature, or by the symbols of her religion than by the living well of things. It is a very wistful beauty that is got from looking back on the old stories of Greece; there is something hopeless in it. But surely Verhaeren has proved that hope is still in the world, and that a new mythology even may be created, a mythology of sensations brooded up in the contemplation of ships' masts and funnels, railways, and the throbbing telegraph nerves and the many-tongued rumour of the world. One never wants to "train" an autocrat, but with a poet like Miss Bunston one feels that there is so much accomplishment and grace of diction wasted by its withdrawal from the world and actual life, although even Miss Bunston looks at the world on her occasions. I quote one little song:

Blame the cuckoo that in June
He cannot sing the April tune;
Blame the flowers that at night
The brightness is but pale and white;
The earth that cannot keep till noon
The kisses gathered from the moon;
But never blame thy fellow man
If love should end as love began.

Without being supercilious in the least, one can praise and disparage Miss Bunston's verse.

Much the same things may be said of Mrs. Thicknesse's "Poems Old and New," but nearly all her poems are made out of her emotions. There are quite a number of simple and direct transcriptions which might be renderings from Heine:

Weariness.

I would my heart that beat so fast
Against thine own were still like thine,
Where is the grave thy sleep is soft,
Thy dreamless ease a thing divine!
So sweet it were at peace to be,
While overhead the skies would range
Through all the seasons' mystery.
In death's dim house secure of change!
So still, so solemn in thy rest,
Di boling in the restless light,
Would lay my head upon thy breast,
And share with thee the quiet night.

The minor poets seem to be afraid to look at life, and we can thank them only in part for it. Among them we still find the book, not the least attractive parts of which are some delicate versions from the Chinese:

Mr. Lance Fallaw's "An Amber Sky" contains verses mainly of Colonial inspiration, but though they deal mostly with themes taken direct from life, they do not, O, Perversity! move one much. They are very spirited and masculine, the work of a thoughtful and cultured man. Lance Fallaw, it is air he hoped to be due to an indifference to the idea of empire. The "Library" suite is very pleasant reading.

Mr. Ellis throws his "Five Lyrical Poems" on the world as a feeder. He has six volumes of verse awaiting the response. Among the five were one curious, the "Nocturne" and "The Ship of Fame" especially. But the little quatrains seem to cry the need for stringent selection in the volumes yet to come.

"Thomas of Kempen," by James Williams, is a book of exceedingly well written "sermonettes in
verse," Latin and English, on texts taken from the "Imitatio Christi" ;--
Divirge per viam facies ad patrum persequere claritas,
iii. 50. 4 (a).

Betwixt the midnight and the morning came
Sublimest thoughts that bore me far away
Beyond the dimness of the rising day,
And touched the common things of life with flame.

Perchance my dreams had been of love and fame,
Perchance I lost them--I dare not say
The thoughts that followed were so high that they
Imperious put all meaner dreams to shame.
The spiritual realm where Christ is King
Appeared a space, then vanished all too soon,
Until once more clanged fast the prison bars.
I saw the hem of God's own garments swing
Atheart the glory of the sun and moon,
Bejewelled with the planets and the stars.

A rare Christian singer and a sustained book.

THE NEW REPERTORY PLAYS:

Justice, a tragedy by John Galsworthy.

Missalliance, a debate by Bernard Shaw.

Upon the title-page of Hauptmann's " Einsame Menschen" are the words, "I dedicate this drama to those who have lived it." Applied to anything but a work of art, such dedication would be an impertinence, even though it had been planted a thousand times, and every word were taken direct from the lips of its characters.

Life is full enough of formless tragedy, witless hopefulness, their kindliness and sympathy, are the emotions that people have in the midst of life, the emotions therefore presumably hostile, find two friendly camps of men and women like-minded to themselves—the family and the office—and cling to both as instinctively as sheep huddle beneath a hedge for shelter from the driving snow.

There is no mystery about them. We can see not only their part in the passing incidents of the play, but the whole round of their lives. They may be interesting or uninteresting personally; but their chief business in life is to be a part of the machinery of law. Out there in the mathematical unknown world there are people who defend the machine, agitators who seek to change it, poets who sing revolt, artists who paint or write books and plays; but the machine takes no notice. It has no official cognizance of them. It rolls ponderously on. It rolls over Falder, and Falder is smashed.

The machine places him in solitary confinement for the first three months of his sentence, just to break him in and to assert prison discipline. It locks him in a kennel, excludes one of a row of low buildings, of which the rule is to break a lance with civilization, yet deft and light of foot. Hence the scene is the triumphant justification of Mr. Galsworthy's "Justice" and the "Silver Box" has been lifted, the "Get Married" and the "Missalliance"—the very thought is a nightmare. They have only been talked.

This does not mean, of course, that "Justice" is necessarily a great play, although it does mean that whatever "Missalliance" may be it has nothing to do with dramatic art. The interpretation of life is not a lecturing business, but neither is it the photographic reproduction of assise court scenes. In some respects "Justice" is a bad play. It is a play for revolutionists because it states the problem of injustice so wonderfully, and states it, not by declamation, but by restraint.

In the first act an extraordinarily good first act we learn that William Falder, a clerk in a lawyer's office, has stolen eighty-one pounds for the purpose of carrying off the woman whom he loves and rescuing her from a brutal husband. He is found out, arrested and sentenced to three years' penal servitude at the following assizes. The third act shows him in solitary confinement, and in the fourth, returning to the world after two years on ticket-of-leave, he finds everything against him, is arrested again for forging testimonials, and commits suicide. That is, baldly stated, the history of William Falder. He is no heroic figure pursued by Fate: nothing but a pitiful creature who is not wanted, an unsolved problem in a world too busy with its own affairs to study him. It is his life that is tragic; his death brings nothing but a feeling of intense relief. Nobody can touch him now. He has gone, as the old lawyer's clerk says, to gentle Jesus, and that is the only place for him.

But as a commonplace character William Falder is not alone. Mr. Galsworthy has deliberately chosen to write of everyday people. There is not a single person in "Justice" whose removal could be any loss to the world in any but a limited personal sense; no one (with the possible exception of the counsel for the defendent who is unforgettable) would be missed if he was replaced a hundred times a day. They go about their work as slaves of inexorable law. Their human feelings, their kindness and sympathy, are the emotions of people who have been reduced to their destiny as critics of the passing show. Above all, the persons of the drama must be engaged not only in being but in becoming. The final curtain must see them changed. Both they and the audience must have learnt something.

J. S. F. FLINT.

doubt many politicians, justices, and criminal lawyers, sits "at the play." What will they do with William Falder to-morrow? What will come of it all? If "Justice," may be noted, is not heard at all, and is not referred to. It may be that the Repertory Theatre will revive some of his earlier work. "Misalliance" is singularly like a lukewarm hash of yesterday's dinner. It will, of course, encapture the Shavelings. ("Shaveling," I may explain, is a diminutive now in use to denote a person who has not been there.) It is good to learn that the Repertory Theatre will make the play real and living. "Misalliance" was admirably recited.

ASHLEY DUNES.

ART.

I firmly believe that the majority of pictures in the world were painted by ghosts and ghouls, and all picture galleries are more or less mortuaries, haunted chapels, and wardrobes. There are living old masters, men who comb their crime for love of a woman, is beside the mark when we come to the third act. The system of solitary imprisonment is a piece of abominable cruelty, apart altogether from the motive of crime. The problems of the class called criminals are not to be solved by sympathy for the exterminating circumstances of an isolated case. But this special pleading matters little in dramatic effect. Falder himself matters so little. "Justice" is an interplay of forces rather than of persons, and it has moments of great note.

Turning to "Misalliance," it is interesting to note how the remarkable extremes with which the Repertory Theatre has opened. If Mr. Galsworthy's characters are commonplace, Mr. Shaw's are incredible. If the atmosphere of "Justice" is one of delirious restlessness, "Misalliance" offers compensation in the form of unlimited gush. If the persons of the one move tragically through a world too big and too strong for them, the victims of forces they cannot understand, those of the other are prepared to explain the universe to you in ten minutes. They know all about it. They are always cooers. If Mr. Galsworthy's Ruth Honeywill is a pitiful, clinging figure, silent and passionate, Mr. Shaw's is a glorious being making wild otures to the first strong man she meets, inviting him to chase her through the heather of Hindhead, assuring him that he will get a kiss and nothing more, and that he will have to fight hard enough for that. But "Justice" is much more, and it is last in advanced thought. One can imagine Thomas Hardy listening to that line with a grim smile, pondering upon the advance since the days of "The Woodlanders.

But though there is much that is foolish and wearisome, there is nothing at all improper in "Misalliance." The young men and women get married quite correctly in the end. Indeed, for a Socialist playwright, Mr. Shaw appears to have an extraordinary passion for weddings. All his later plays may be discussed as concerns on divers subjects, ending in marriage. "Man and Superman," "Major Barbara," and "Get Married" are themselves, and now "Misalliance." Even the artist's widow in "The Doctor's Dilemma" managed to find a new husband before the epilogue. This is all painindly conventional, but at least the birth-rate is in no danger. The young women will all breed—"breed" is, I am sure, the proper word for Hypatia—heavily. As for the chasing through the heather, it grows a trifle monotonous. Julia Craven began it in "The Philanderers," and it has been going on ever since. The redoubtable Jack's summer journey across Europe in a motor-car, and a lady in "Getting Married" [whose name I have forgotten] chased someone round the table with a poker. Always, of course, as a preliminary to marriage. The method varies, but the principle remains the same. Ann Whitefield one could forgive. She was amusing and something of a novelty. But Hypatia is unforgivable. Mr. Shaw has been trying desperately to "go one better" than his last effort, and he has only succeeded throughout the play in making advanced ideas repulsive. His earlier plays had one passion that made them fine—the passion of indignation. It was the only passion of their men and women—indignation against hypocrisy, against marriage laws, against prostitution, against poverty, dirt, and disorder. In "Misalliance," even this solitary emotion has withered. At best, its characters can only work up a little indignation against each other. The thing simply does not ring true.

It is good to see that the Repertory Theatre will revive some of his earlier work. "Misalliance" is singularly like a lukewarm hash of yesterday's dinner. It will, of course, encapture the Shavelings. ("Shaveling," I may explain, is a diminutive now in use to denote a person who has not been there.) As to the acting of the Repertory company, I can only say that in "Justice" it was so good as to be almost unnoticeable. It made the play real and living. "Misalliance" was admirably recited.
But Mr. Stodart-Walker does not by any means exhaust his subject. He might, indeed, have gone further, and told us that when the Old Men were born there was a fakery and the faker was born also, and have multiplied and flourished exceedingly ever since. He might have told us of the wholesale manufacture of old Italians in Siena; of Corots in France; of the wholesale forgery of the signatures of Delacroix, Daubigny, Millet, and Rousseau. He might have told us of the wholesale docility of Old Masters in France under the supervision and approval of the members of the Institute; of the existence in England of at least one forger of genius who turns out forgeries and Constables that challenge the best: He might have told us of the condition in the world of art, where every man and every woman, every expert and every non-expert, is a faker who nets enormous profits plastering fresh paint on old canvases which the ignorant owners have repainted, together with the front of their houses and household effects, once a year or oftener, for the sake of keeping things clean and tidy, you know. And he might have pointed to the mania of millionaires, retired contractors and bacon-baronets for heirlooms, and the curious readiness of dealers to place heirlooms in their way.

* * *

As to the collector and the expert he might have reminded us that they are but human, and, being human, liable to err. He might have told us of the helplessness of the expert in the face of the wanding bulb of pictures, and his inability to detect by a short spell of examination the changes which have swept over them in their passage from country to country, from collector to collector, so that in the end we may be dazzled by a babel of conflicting opinions, to lose himself in the worldwide maze of contradictory attribution and re-attribution, and finally to be engulfed in the vortex of authoritative and unauthoritative judgment. If Mr. Stodart-Walker, who is a man of light, were to write an article on this same subject I would strongly advise him to try the National Gallery, and sample the Lewes, Wheeler, Clarke, Walker, West, and Mackrell bequest pictures, and when he has decided upon those to go on the cinder-heap to the accompaniment of the offices of the Canadian Grand Trunk Railway in Conduit Street; and F. Noble Barlow exhibiting some landscapes not untouched by a Barbizon influence, and interesting for the mystery and charm of their trees, in a new gallery at 123a, Victoria Street, which aims to widen the field of exhibitions and to break down Bond Street traditionalism and independence. He would doubtless be impressed by several things at the Exhibition of the Modern Society of Portrait Painters, at the Royal Institute Galleries, notably the vibrating lines of the shortened sketches, and the "1800" by George W. Lambert, the very clever drawing by Eric W. George; the pastel and "Three Sisters," by Frank W. Carter; the fewy and sensational works of Mr. MacDonald; especially his "Manuelita" and "Myrna Herapath," the sure touch and nervous handling of Alexander Jamieson's "The Artist's Father." He would consider these good because so much of the other stuff is insufferably bad—the work of painters with a vilest temper, and give him to understand that she knows her art, you know, although we have not yet met personally. When you come home and retire from Simla I hope to be able to ask you to one or other of my gatherings, or, at least, to leave you a few marks of my personal endorsement of the Joseph affair. A thousand pities! It rather belittled you. It means, of course, that I shall have to work up a new campaign. I only want to say, Mr. Jewson, that we must restore your prestige somehow. You are far too valuable to us in our battle against Man and His Empires, all built up on women's skeletons, for us ever to forget our duty to you. First, do permit me to suggest that you were just a tiny bit ill-advised to select such a cherub as Mr. Joseph. He was obviously the game for one of our dear innocent girls. What was the use of your tackling him before he was ever safely married at all? There is always time for you afterwards. Now be manly and take a bit of catching! I'm sending out a very fine selection of young ladies just up from the schoolroom. You know they are so clever she one thing they are clever at is to catch. If she has captured Joseph, and fairly sickened him of home life, I will have you given the usual warning. Mr. Joseph will pretend to be jealous of you, and, of course, his wife will stake a week to top the affair. If you are very careful all the time that she is heartbroken at his treatment of her. If he declares that he hates you, and would sooner stay away from your house, she will receive the news with a burst of the vilest temper, and give him to understand that she knows his little tricks. If that does not utterly disgust him and make him towards you, we shall know then that he is more wedded to his work than to woman. The case would then after all be left to me. I have all the records of his family, and I see that his father was a Jew, my dear—Jacob, by name—and his mother, Rachel, was once charged with the theft of some statuettes! Still, Joseph himself is well on the way to be a Jew, and I simply hope it will not become necessary for me to drive money out of our hands. But now that we have beguiled men to build up an empire with enough to pay the cost of the whole enterprise, we do not want any Josephs propping it up against us, do we? It is hard enough that we still have to sacrifice our maidens to these great brutes of workmen, and really, if there were no prospect of the dear girl ever getting free of the annual nursery; if, that is to say, all the men were to refuse the boon you offer to their wives, I doubt but there would be a mutiny against legal marriage altogether; and if you know how absolutely fatal to us that would be. It is only by binding the bonds of marriage more and more firmly that we can hope to produce the future generation of our licentious wretches, in whom all the repression their forebears have suffered shall burst forth and become our governing weed. It is of vice that the arts have avenged their sisters that way, so did the Romans in their turn, and so shall we in ours. Only—no precipitation! Andromache must bow and bend her head for a long
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time yet before we shall be really ready for Aspasia, the politician, to set city against city, let alone for lazy, conquering Thasis. Volumina long must weep at the knees of her as the strait which weakens them for Fausta. How well women keep the women's secret, oh? You are in a fit to be a man in a fight. And we know to have the least suspicion of women like our ever-respected Cornelia of Rome. Her method, my dear, was to keep well in with the truth. Grunt with the day. Everyone is Aspasia, though lucky enough to be backed up by Pericles, the ruling power in Athens, was careful to cultivate the affections of the really married women, and never to offend where she might possibly conciliate.

But there, I may be boring you, dear Mrs. Potiphar. What I want to say is, in brief, that you must be more cautious. You know I always support you and work up to the scornful boast of a young calf like that, you would scarcely be blamed if, supposing you failed me, I were to point out the error of strategy which captures the strong, silent, woman-hating man in a twinkling. She appeals to him on his empire-building side, proposes to march forth with him to glory, and all that sort of thing, and she has already hundreds of disciples. I don't wish to have the least suspicion of women like our ever-respected Cornelia of Rome. Her method, my dear, was to keep well in with the truth. Grunt with the day. Everyone is Aspasia, though lucky enough to be backed up by Pericles, the ruling power in Athens, was careful to cultivate the affections of the really married women, and never to offend where she might possibly conciliate.

The suffragettes are affording me invaluable help in drawing off attention. They only just sprang up in time. You cannot pretend that these two stand for nothing of their human aspect. Professor Herron says that Messieurs Grierson, Bines, and he are about the only persons who see Lincoln to-day. Permit me to reply that not only in the States, but throughout the wide world, a great awakening takes place. New England was careful to cultivate the affections of the really married women, and never to offend where she might possibly conciliate. And that host is siding its time, as it should. There must be no more galvanised leaps in the dark. There is but one job before us, and that is to get awake! We shall see and know what well to do after that.

KENNETH CRAUFORD.

MR. BENNETT'S BIBLIOGRAPHY.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

Will you allow me to say, in response to various inquiries resulting from the publication of my book that none of the three privately-printed volumes of "Things which have interested me" is obtainable.

ARNOLD BENNETT.

A FALLACY OF MILITANCY.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

D. Triforis is satisfied that she has the victory, and so far as I am personally concerned, I am very willing to concede it to her, consoling myself with the belief that the case for militancy is strong enough to survive the defeat of so weak a champion as myself. However that may be, I am sorry that I entered into controversy with her, because I learn that she is an ardent worker for the Suffrage on constitutional lines. It is surely a pity to waste time doing battle with comrades in the cause, and D. Triforis is evidently a great deal more interested in the change of that slanderer of militant tactics is at best the idle and luck-wise supporter of the suffrage. When the sun of Women's Suffrage bearies forth, I think that neither militant nor constitutional Chantecler will be heard again. Quoting a sole credit for the miracle. Even though our sense of comradeship be too blurred by a little tactical differences, yet when the sun of Women's Suffrage bears forth, I think that neither militant nor constitutional Chantecler will be heard again.

DAVID BARLAS.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

In reply to Mr. David Lowe's inquiry in your last number about the poetry of "Evelina Douglas," this information may perhaps help him in securing a copy of the book.

There is an article, "John Barlas's Poetry," by Henry S. Salt, in "The Yellow Book," Vol. XI., October, 1896. This contains lengthy quotations from "The Golden City," "Santa Cecilia," "Le Jeune Barbaroux," "Phantasmagoria," "The Mummys Love Story," and "Love Sonnets." Mention is made of the impression of the books, and one is suggested of the volumes issued between 1884 and 1893, but Mr. Salt states that there is a complete set in the British Museum, and that the volumes were issued (in 1896) in a limited edition, 500 copies, and that the book was published in a single volume later. If Mr. Lowe has not read the article alluded to above it would give me pleasure to send him the "Yellow Book" containing it, if he would care to see it.

S, Calville Gardens, W.

RUSSELL F. WILKINSON.

BAVARIAN BABIES.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

With reference to the article in your last number of last week, entitled "Bavarian Babies," I beg to state that, in my lowly opinion, I consider Miss Katharine Mansfield has given quite a wrong impression of the home life of these people. As one who has lived among them for some years, may I say that "a bundle of twigs tied with strong string" would be found in almost every room, not only dirt, but also the homes, and then only intended for the decoration of the rooms. Of course, in some of the other German States the birch is greatly used, and it is no uncommon thing for a housewife, as the girls often do, to sit on the back of her daughter; but this does not apply to Bavaria. May I ask if in many English homes does not the mother lay her children across her knees for a birch? With reason, and indeed it seems to me that any — I would not comment upon it; my action would be superficially as that of the man who blacked his coal with lamp black.

VIDE.

FABIAN ELECTION POLICY.

To the Editor of "The New Age."

As a General Election between now and the autumn is almost a certainty, I should be very glad to hear from any Fabians who are favourable to an early meeting of the society in the discussion of the present and future election. Sunnyside, Hadley, Barnet.

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